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The MINERVA;

PAGE 1.

Or, LADY's AND GENTLEMAN's MAGAZINE.

RICHMOND: *TUESDAY*, SEPTEMBER 11, 1804.

FROM THE BEAUTIES OF HISTORY.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

SENTIMENTS.

OF all the pleasures that endear human life, there are none more worthy the attention of a rational creature than those that flow from the mutual return of conjugal love.

When two minds are thus engaged by the ties of reciprocal sincerity, each alternately receives and communicates a transport that is inconceivable to all but those who are in this situation: hence arises that heart-ennobling solicitude for one another's welfare, that tender sympathy which alleviates affliction, and that participated pleasure which heightens prosperity and joy itself.

A good wife makes the cares of the world sit easy, and adds a sweetness to its pleasures: she is a man's best companion in prosperity, and his *only friend* in *adversity*; the carefullest preserver of his health, and the kindest attendant on his sickness; a faithful adviser in distress, a comforter in affliction, and a prudent manager of all his domestic affairs.

Good-nature and evenness of temper will give you an easy companion for life; virtue and good sense an agreeable friend; love and constancy a good wife or husband.

A married woman should not be desirous of attracting the eyes of any man but those of her husband.

He that allows himself to taste those pleasures which he denies his wife, acts like a man who would enjoin his wife to oppose those enemies to whom he has already surrendered.

EXAMPLE.

LEONIDAS, king of Sparta, suspecting a conspiracy was formed against him, fled to the temple of Minerva for shelter, whereupon Cleombrutus, his son-in-law, seized the government. When Leonidas was informed of this, he made his escape, taking his daughter along with him, who chose rather to fly with her father than to reign with her husband. Sometime after, Leonidas being restored to the throne, he advanced at the head of a band of soldiers to the temple, where Cleombrutus, upon this change of affairs, had, unmixed, fled for refuge. He there reproached him with great warmth for assuming the regal power, in violation of the ties of affinity between them, and for expelling him from his own country in so ignominious a manner. Cleombrutus, who had nothing to answer to these reproaches, continued seated in a profound silence, and with an aspect which sufficiently testified his confusion. His wife Chelonida stood near with her two children at her feet. She had been equally unfortunate as a wife and a daughter; but was equally faithful in each of those capacities, and had always adhered to the unfortunate side. All those who were then present, melted into tears at so moving a sight, and were struck with admiration, at the virtue and tenderness of Chelonida, and the amiable force of conjugal love. The unfortunate princess, pointing to her mourning habit and dishevelled tresses, "Believe me, O my father!" said she, "this habit of woe which I now wear, this dejection which now appears in my countenance, and these sorrows into which you see me sunk, are not the effects of that compassion I entertain for Cleombrutus; but the sad remainder of my affliction for the calamities you sustained in your flight from Sparta. On what, alas! shall I now resolve? While you reign for the future in Sparta, and triumph over the enemies who opposed you, shall I continue to live in the desolate state to which you see me reduced? Or, is it my duty to array myself in robes of royalty and magnificence, when I behold the husband I received from you in the flower of my youth, on the point of perishing by your dagger? Should he be unable to disarm your resentment, and move your soul to compassion by the tears of his wife and children, permit me to assure you that he will be punished with more severity for his imprudence, than was even intended by yourself, when he shall see a wife, who is so dear to him, expiring at his feet; for you are not to think that in my present condition I will ever consent to out-live him. What appearance shall I make among the Spartan ladies after my inability to inspire my husband with compassion for my father; or to soften my father into pity for my husband? What indeed shall I appear to them, but a daughter and a wife, always afflicted and contemned by her nearest relations?" Chelonida, at the conclusion of these words, reclined her cheek on that of Cleombrutus; while with her eyes, that spoke her sorrow in her tears, she cast a languid look on those who were present.

Leonidas, after a few moments discourse with his friends, ordered Cleombrutus to rise, and immediately to quit Sparta; but earnestly importuned his daughter to continue there, and not forsake a father who gave her such a peculiar proof of tenderness as to spare the life of her husband. His solicitations were however ineffectual; and the moment Cleombrutus rose from his seat, she placed one of her children in his arms and clasped the other in her own; and when she had offered up her prayers to the goddess, and kissed the altar, she became *a voluntary exile with her husband.*

How extremely affecting was this spectacle, and how worthy the admiration of all ages is such a model of conjugal affection! If the heart of Cleombrutus, says Plutarch, was not entirely depraved by vain-glory, and a boundless ambition to reign, it would have been sensible that even banishment itself, with so virtuous a companion, was a felicity preferable to the condition of a sovereign.

EXTRACTS FROM
LECTURES ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

BY J. BURTON.

* * * * * * * * * * *A mother well informed*
Entails a blessing on her infant charge
Better than riches.—————— [VILLAGE CURATE.

TO maternal care and instruction we are indebted for our first improvements. Bodily health and mental vigor, in future life, often proceed from the judicious management of infancy and childhood. The seeds of virtue or vice are then sown. The temper is then formed; and habits take root. The child may be spoiled by neglect or indulgence; but a prudent and discerning mother may have the satisfaction of beholding "her sons grow up as the "young plants; and her daughters beautiful as the polish-"ed corners of the temple."

The nursery is the peculiar department of the female sex. There they ought to govern. Now government of whatever kind, whether political or domestic, is an art, which must be understood, before those, who are to exercise it, can be qualified to discharge its duties. This part, therefore, which falls within the province of the women, requires from them some knowledge and much application. And, indeed, the two modes of government I have just mentioned, are more closely connected than may at first sight appear. For it is by education that mankind become useful members of the state; so that political government may be said to derive its strength from the nursery; if it be allowed that the virtues of the people contribute to its stability. But if children be corrupted in their early years, their principles and examples, as they grow up, may tend to a greater depravity of public manners. It is from Women, then, we receive the rudiments of Education; or these first impressions, which may influence our latter conduct. This tuition extends to both sexes; to Boys, in the younger part of life; and to Girls, to a much later period.

The domestic situation of your sex enables you to perform this office of instruction. Fathers are often employed abroad; or their business may require so much of their time and attention, as to afford them but little leisure to superintend the education of their children. The first part of it, therefore, naturally falls to the lot of the mother: and it is certainly one of the most pleasing and agreeable of her domestic employments: as whatever labour may attend the execution of this task, she finds sufficient recompense in the fond and innocent endearments of her offspring: who, by the care bestowed upon them, by training them to virtue, and instilling into their young minds, the fundamental principles of knowledge, will be rendered more worthy objects of maternal affection.—"However strong," says the author of the Beauties of History, "we may suppose the fondness of a father for his children, yet they will find more lively marks of tenderness in the bosom of a mother.—There are no ties in nature to compare with those, which unite an affectionate mother to her children, when they repay her tenderness with obedience and love."

The ladies cannot be seen in a more respectable light, than when they are employed in the offices of domestic life. The humble avocations of the nursery are not below their care, but rather add a lustre to their character. The love of mothers for their progeny has been always a subject of commendation; and, indeed, it is a passion so interwoven in their natures, that it is next to an impossibility to resist its impulse. For such is its influence, that it gives, as it were, a new turn to their affections, by removing their usual timidity; and inspiring them with a greater degree of courage. Those services, which, upon other occasions, would have been thought insupportable, have no longer the appearance of difficulty and fatigue. In sickness they have watched over them with tender concern; and have even injured their own health, to preserve that of their children.

"*Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,*
"*To teach the young idea how to shoot,*
"*To pour the [illegible] into the*
"*[illegible]*
"*The [illegible]*

There is no employment more honorable, and, at the same time, more important, than that of instructing the rising generation—the future hopes of the community—whose earliest life is committed to the mothers care. This task has providence assigned her: But in the present age of passion and refinement, where duty is often sacrificed to pride and indolence, how much is that maternal office neglected! This proves the necessity of your being early trained to domestic habits; lest a taste for dissipation should lessen the force of maternal love, whose operation, in its full extent, is productive of the most pleasing sensibilities.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A FRAGMENT.

SENSIBILITY.

Not that affected stuff which screams at the sight of a spider, or faints at the agonies of the dying fly, and yet can spurn a beggar from the door, or treat an aged parent with neglect.——DELIA has too much good sense too much greatness of soul, to play off such frightful distortion of features, & such pitiful debility of mind, through an equally pitiful affectation. No; hers is the sensibility of a heart naturally tender and exquisitely benevolent. Her soft melting eye bespeaks a soul that is united to all around her, and ready with a sister's feeling, to mingle their joys and sorrows: If she confers a favour, it is with an air of satisfaction that more than doubles its worth.—And if obliged to deny, it appears to give her such generous distress, that you cannot but love the poor girl, and feel yourself her debtor. When we have seen her at a single word from her mother, fly to her harpsichord and play with as much spirit as some others would exert to please a young lover—or, when we have seen her, beautiful as an angel, kneeling by her gouty father, keeping him on with his shoe—or, when we have seen her in high spirits, and the finest chat, all at once turn serious and silent on hearing of the breath of slander; we have felt that if there be any one grace which more than another makes a young woman look like an angel, it is a sensible, like Delia's. This sweet sympathy with the pleasures and pains of others; this lively expression of joy at seeing an acquaintance; this amiable benevolence, shining, I had like to have said speaking in the countenance, is more than beautiful, it is beauty itself. I can make a bonnily woman handsome, and a handsome woman angelical. 'Tis beauty in hand, an I beauty in reversion; it is more that tenderness in the future wife, which kindles the lover's flame into rapture; it assures the dutifulness in the daughter, which causes the parent with weeping joy, to bless his God, for such a child; and it insures that compassion in the mistress and mother, which sweetens every duty of domestic life, and renders our families the nurseries of all those gentle virtues that adorn & bless mankind.

BIOGRAPHY.

[*A long, but after an impatient enquiry for many years, we have it in our power to present the public with a copious, accurate, and elegant life of* HENRY MACKENZIE, *Esq. a gentleman who, from the ease and simplicity of his two successive works, upon the plan of the Spectator, has received and deserved the appellation of the modern* ADDISON. *To those, who are emulous of a [illegible] powers of captivation, such as are felt in the works of* STERNE *and* GOLDSMITH, *the story of a La[illegible] in the papers in "The Lounger," with the signature of [illegible] strongly recommended. The writer of this article [illegible] burlesque of a favorite author, has often [illegible] the night the hours due to repose, that he might [illegible] fortunes of the sensitive* HARLEY, *and trace the [illegible] jealousy in the mind of the vengeful Montauban.*]

MR. HENRY MACKENZIE

AUTHOR OF THE MAN OF FEEL[illegible]

Henry Mackenzie, a man eminent for elegance of genius, by his love[illegible] and ability in business, and by [illegible] conversation and manners, was born [illegible] med. about the year 1746.

His father was Dr. [illegible] ed branch of the ancient [illegible] North of Scotland. He was [illegible] and benevolence. [illegible] the edge of eighty-[illegible]

The ge[illegible] memoir, [illegible] vantages and [illegible] ge[illegible]

[illegible] even the delicacies of the polite literature [illegible] had, just about that time become ta[illegible] the best society in Scotland. David Hume, [illegible]s, Dr. Robertson, and Dr. Adam Smith, had [illegible]ergal history, philosophy, and eloquence, with [illegible]which excited emulation, and in conditions of [illegible]ich the same praise might appear desirable [illegible] gentleman, the man of business, and the man of [illegible] world, who would have damned the pedantry of ob[illegible]ge, adapted to the circulation of the remains of Ossian, Home's tragedy of Douglass, a few other successful pieces in the literature of fancy, had been also produced, from which it began to be supposed, that natives of Scotland even while permanently resident there, might [illegible]ain excel, not merely in science, learning, and [illegible]ement, but in those compositions which require to be well in all the many changing colours of English [illegible] language, in the fine diversities of the texture of English style, in the nicer modes of the superficial manners of [illegible]ety, which form as it were, the colouring and the drapery to our higher critical figure, in the art of touching [illegible] scale of giving vibration to those chords, of echoing those sweetly wild, yet elegantly artificial sounds, to which alone the native tones of English passion, and the peculiar energies of English imagination, are wont to awake responsive.

The [illegible]ces, in particular, of the English and French [illegible]ion, were, then, read in Scotland, with increased [illegible]; but, read as yet on y or chiefly by persons [illegible]. It is with our taste in books, as with our [illegible]dress. As the particular form of a head-dress, or the particular cut of a coat, however in itself happily elegant [illegible], no sooner descends to the use of the [illegible]per's smart wife, or the beau behind a compter, than it becomes odious to the gay flutterers of high life: [illegible] as for literary amusement become general [illegible] people—and the great shall be seen, [illegible] with one another, for the palm of ignorance [illegible] any new species of science or literature have just [illegible] set in a country as a novelty, and be known [illegible] as one of the pleasures or decorations of people [illegible]—and you shall see them pursue it with a [illegible] ardour, and a diligence the most persevering.

[illegible] an age in their favour, the works of Smollett, could not fail to [illegible] they had pleased much in Scotland: but the first [illegible] for them among the more refined order of readers [illegible] threads somewhat abated. Comedy in tears, and [illegible] now were, now, the *rage*. The Tristram [illegible] of Sterne, *La Nouvelle Heloise* by Rousseau, the [illegible] of Diderot, and such, to a certain degree, the [illegible] of the seventeen volumes of these [illegible] wonderfully to admire. Upon these [illegible] were formed. A young man, with a moderate [illegible], and feeling the first impulse of genius, [illegible], began not to have read them; but he could [illegible] to converse upon any subject related to taste in [illegible] of fancy, without having taught to think those [illegible] over which their writers delighted, the best [illegible] graces of whatever was elegant in literary com[illegible].

[illegible] soarings not up, like an Arabian palace of enchantment, in one hour, without the exercise of visible [illegible] of creation. It is not born with that culture [illegible] to which we owe the particular efforts [illegible] publications which afterwards distinguish it in the [illegible]. One may, therefore, hope to be pardoned in this [illegible] for the minute circumstances in the state of the [illegible] and taste of the time of Mr. Mackenzie's early [illegible], by which he was guided, to try with success, those [illegible] which delight to melt the heart with [illegible], or raise the soul to delicate generosity of sentiment, and to divert the fancy with the elegant poignancy of [illegible] wit.

[illegible]'s first attempts at composition were poetical. He [illegible] very young, many small pieces in verse. [illegible]gh of the gentlest and kindest of tempers, he [illegible], probably, by desire of the praise of wit, sometimes [illegible] verses in satire.

[illegible] even then, appears to have delighted much rather in [illegible] tenderness, the simplicity, and the charming [illegible] scenery, which belong to the pastoral. His [illegible] sometimes the form and plaintive tone of the [illegible] he is known to have tried also, to accommodate the ends of ethical disquisition [illegible]

[illegible] juvenile attempts in poesy, he was soon encouraged to rival the admired master in the [illegible] pathetic note. In 1768, [illegible] his hours of leisure from [illegible] that beautiful small piece, the [illegible] not, at first, received with the favour [illegible] those sagacious book-sellers to [illegible] of copy-money be made. But, this difficulty was, at last [illegible] printed. It came out without [illegible] had been a very short time before [illegible] there was, to enthusiasm, ea[illegible] and the young were [illegible] native sentiments [illegible] it more enchanting [illegible] were by some [illegible] roused to re[illegible] burden [illegible] of [illegible]

[illegible] he a[illegible] to [illegible] reason [illegible] of six Paris, the ladies of that capital, supposed the adventures of St. Preux to have been those of the author himself; and were, to such a degree, enraptured with the charming man, that he might probably have succeeded in an intrigue with any of them, to whom he should have chosen to offer his addresses. The virtue of the ladies of Edinburgh would be exceedingly disgraced by comparison with the amorous facility, described to those of Paris. Nor was the virtuous sensibility of Harley to be compared with the ardent sensuality of St. Preux. But, we believe, the same fancy in the adventures of Harley, were those of the author of the *Man of Feeling* himself; and a similar partiality to a being so tender of heart, endowed with moral sympathies so exquisitely fine, and so delicately good; were extremely common, for a while, among the female readers of Mr. Mackenzie's novel.

(To be continued.)

CHARACTER OF DOCTOR SMOLLET.

The person of Dr. Smollett was stout and well proportioned, his countenance engaging, his manner reserved, with a certain air of dignity, that seemed to indicate that he was ever ready to serve the unfortunate, and, on some occasions, to assist them beyond what his circumstances could justify.—Though few could penetrate with more acuteness into character, yet none was more apt to overlook misconduct, when attended with misfortune. He lived in an hospitable manner, but he despised that hospitality, which is founded on ostentation, which entertains only those, whose situation in life flatters the vanity of the entertainer, or such as can make returns of the same kind; that hospitality, which keeps a debtor and creditor account of dinners. Smollett invited to his plain, but plentiful table, the persons whose characters he esteemed, in whose conversation he delighted, and many for no other reason, than because they stood in need of his countenance and protection. As nothing was more abherrent to his nature, than pertness, or intrusion, few things could render him more indignant than a cold reception; to this, however, he imagined he had sometimes been exposed, on application in favor of others: for himself, he never made an application to any great man in his life.

Free from vanity, Smollett had a considerable share of pride, and great sensibility; his passions were easily moved, and too impetuous when roused; he could not conceal his contempt of folly, his detestation of fraud, nor refrain from proclaiming his indignation against every instance of oppression. Though Smollett possessed a versatility of stile in writing, which he could accommodate to every character, he had no suppleness in his conduct. His learning, diligence, and natural acuteness, would have rendered him eminent in the science of medicine, had he persevered in that profession; other parts of his character were ill-suited for augmenting his practice. He could neither stoop to impose on credulity, nor humour caprice. He was of an intrepid, independent, imprudent disposition, equally incapable of deceit and adulation, and more disposed to cultivate the acquaintance of those he could serve than of those who could serve him. What wonder, that a man, of this character, was not, what is called, successful in life?

INTERESTING LAW CASE.

COURT OF KING's BENCH, DUBLIN, May 18.

BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

FITZGERALD v HAWKSWORTH.

Yesterday, in the King's Bench, a verdict for 2,500l. and 6d. costs, was given for the plaintiff against the defendant. Few trials at Nisi Prius have more engaged the public attention, or excited an higher degree of interest; and whether we consider the nature of the action, the portion of the time it occupied, or the celebrity of at least one of the parties, it was eminently calculated to call forth much curiosity. The trial lasted three days, from Tuesday morning till late on Thursday evening.

The defendant is a young clergyman, who has figured as a preacher in most of the churches of this metropolis, within the last five years, and whom his admirers consider as scarcely inferior to Kirwan himself. In the year 1794, Mr Hawksworth, being then in his twentieth year, and on the point of taking his degree in College, became attached to Miss Fitzgerald, who was then scarcely sixteen.—This young lady was the daughter of a respectable officer, who had retired from the service with much honor, but no great share of wealth, and had fixed his residence in Castletown, a beautiful village in the neighbourhood of Mountrath, in Queen's County. Mr. Hawksworth soon gained her affections, but still he was not gratified, as his father was an enemy to early marriages, and of course, an immediate union was impossible. Time or accident, he apprehended, might defeat his hopes, or a parent's authority consign her to the arms of another. In his doubts, therefore, he urged her with all the ardor of a death[illegible] lover, to enter into a solemn engagement never to marry any but him; and to encourage her to make this vow, he called upon his God to forsake him, when he forsook her. The letters were read in evidence, and though they exhibited no very finished specimens of scholary elegance, [illegible] from the heart and were [illegible] to [illegible] reason [illegible] of sixteen: at length they made that, and thus the connection continued until the year 1802.

Meanwhile Mr. Hawkesworth had been ordained, had become a popular preacher, and was much followed. In January, 1802, he called on a Mrs. Palmer, a particular friend of Miss Fitzgerald, and after some preliminary conversation, he told her he was ready to fulfil his engagement with Miss Fitzgerald, if her friends would give her 1000l. and begged she would communicate his intentions to them. Mrs. Palmer delivered the message. A council of war was summoned. Captain Fitzgerald, the father, agreed to give four hundred pounds, the uncle, also an old officer, agreed to give two hundred; and the brother to the young lady, who was then serving with his regiment in Malta, upon being written to, immediately promised to add the remaining 400l. out of the honorable earnings of his profession; and though he was then actually in treaty for a majority, he cheerfully postponed his own promotion, to the happiness of a beloved sister—he did more, he came to Ireland to be a witness of that happiness.

Hawkesworth seemed delighted with his arrival, every thing was settled, the wedding clothes prepared, a special licence procured, and even the ring was purchased.——Mrs. Hawksworth and young Captain Fitzgerald went, down to the country on Friday: the next day, Saturday was to to be the happy day: when lo! instead of the bridegroom, a billet doux was delivered to the company, at Castletown, begging to be excused, as he was obliged to go home on pecuniary business. From this period until the action was brought, the interval was filled with evasion; the torch of love seemed completely extinguished, and the visions of his early days to have vanished forever. The action was then brought, and the verdict 2500l. is commensurate with his property.

AGRICULTURAL.

PLAISTER OF PARIS.

[*The farmers of the Eastern States are said to have derived great advantages from the use of Plaister of Paris as a manure. It is certain that the greater part of our soil is of that quality supposed to be most suitable to its operation. Why, therefore, the Virginia Farmers are so much averse to it, appears somewhat strange.—The following extract from a publication of Judge Peters on the subject, may be serviceable to those who choose to try experiments.*]

Question. How long have you used the plaister?

Answer. About twenty-five years. I was among the first who began the use of it in Pennsylvania.

Q. In what condition was your land when you began to apply it?

A. Worn out by long and bad culture: full of weeds and other noxious plants.

Q. What quantity per acre have you generally used?

A. I have seldom used more than two bushels per acre in one season, but generally one, and one and a half, bushels, which I find sufficient if repeated yearly, whilst in clover.

Q. What soils are the most proper for this manure?

A. Light soils, dry and sandy, or loamy. On clay I never succeed, though I have heard of its being used in clay with a degree of success.

Q. Have you repeated the application of it with or without ploughing? at what intervals, and with what effects?

A. I have beneficially repeated the application, with and without ploughing, but I succeed best in a repetition after cultivation, and dressing slightly with stable manure, or with ploughing in green manures, such as Buckwheat in full blossom.

Q. Do you find that it renders the earth sterile, after its useful effects are gone?

A. I perceive no greater degree of sterility after plaister than after dung.

Q. To what products can it be most profitably applied; grains and what kinds, grasses and what kinds?

A. Its effect is immediate upon grass of all kinds, and upon Indian corn; and upon all other kinds of grain the year following, when it is well mixed with the soil by ploughing.

Q. When is the best time to scatter it?

A. From the first of March, if the ground is clear of frost, to the first of May, being careful always to choose a calm, foggy, or damp time.

Q. What is the greatest product per acre of grass, &c. you have known by the means of plaister?

A. As much as from any other manure; I never weighed, or kept an exact account; I think I have had five tons per acre, at two cuttings, in one season; and I have sometimes, cut a third crop; though I seldom do this, as I prefer seeding the third growth.

ANECDOTE.

A dashing highwayman being at the place of execution in company with a chimney-sweeper, and anxious, wherever spots there might be on his reputation, to preserve his leather breeches unsullied, desired his companion to stand at a greater distance.—"What, sir," (says he) "I am [illegible] as you have!"

FOR THE MINERVA.

MESSRS. COOK & GRANTLAND,

I AM glad to hear that the first number of THE MINERVA will appear on Tuesday next.—The success which you have met with, proves beyond contradiction, that the taste of my countrymen is not so depraved as some people have falsely asserted. It proves too, that a regard for literature is not extinguished by that spirit of political enquiry for which the Virginians are particularly distinguished.—It has been thought, that the taste of society might be ascertained, by the writers which it patronised. If this be a just criterion, we are certainly becoming more refined. A few years past, each day presented the reputation of some individual stretched upon the Wheel, and the curtain torn, which should always separate domestic concerns from public inspection.—There are occurrences in families, where harmony and virtue range to the very confines of human perfection, which the sleepless eye of illiberal critics should never behold, or the forked tongue of slander repeat. In the hands of such infamous instruments, foibles the most venial, become vices he most hideous and alarming: and when reproduced by the sable pencil of such malignant agents, assume a form terrible to society. Suspicion, so fatal to good neighbourhood, becomes a necessary sentinel; and hails as a traitor, him whom we should otherwise greet as a friend and a brother.

I have defended my countrymen upon the ground of the patronage you have already received. It certainly is, in the commencement, a substantial basis, since you only promise us moral and literary amusements; an aliment upon which vulgar and vicious minds cannot thrive: these flourish alone upon the destruction of that excellence they cannot reach.—If you wish to second the defence, give it a fair experiment. Select for your Magazine with attention and caution, and never perplex your readers with trite and ordinary productions—You will soon find that people are sometimes seized with an *itch for writing*; and if you are fearful of giving offence, you will furnish a vehicle through which they will pour their tedious nonsense upon the public. Assure yourselves, my young friends, that Editors gain nothing by such timidity. They lose all the aid of good writers. Authors are particularly cautious how they introduce their essays into bad company. Their sensations are much alive upon these occasions. You had therefore better rely upon judicious selections from approved writers, than to degrade your Magazine by an imprudent propensity to furnish something *original*. Men of sense had rather read a good essay ten times over, than to be disgusted with a single perusal of such insipid nonsense as printers sometimes give us for *original matter*.

With a view to your future prosperity, I have taken the liberty to make the preceding observations. In a short time however, I am conscious that THE MINERVA will command such aid, as to render all future exertions on my part entirely useless.

Your sincere friend,

MENTOR.

TO THE EDITORS.

GENTLEMEN,

SINCE your design for furnishing the ladies with a periodical paper has been published, I have frequently had occasion to notice their observations on the subject. Their expectation appears perfectly on the alert; it has excited in your correspondent, considerable solicitude, that you may succeed in giving pleasure and entertainment, to a majority of them. They all appear pleased with the object: But let me tell you, many of them have already laid down rules by which they expect you to act; and they are so directly contrary in some of their opinions, that I fear it will be impossible to give universal satisfaction.—A single lady of three score says, she "will not patronize your details of faithful love, of honest courtship; of true, disinterestedness in man."—The Coquette "longs to see your pages filled with the sighs of wounded swains, lingering under the irresistible charms of inimitable beauty." But the refined simplicity of Julia says, "I have no doubt the Editors know their duty: let them censure us where censure is due; but, above all, I hope they will be sparing of flattery".....This observation, Messrs. Editors, so forcibly struck me, that I cannot forget it; and I transmit it to you as a just criterion by which you may guide your future labours.

ALEXIS.

The Editors thank their correspondent's for their communications, and hope they may profit by their advice.

FOR THE MINERVA.

THE RAMBLER.—No. 1.

IT was a beautiful evening in the month of June, when a refreshing breeze and the enchanting verdure of the adjoining fields, tempted me to stroll beyond the limits of the City: the picturesque scite of Richmond commands the spontaneous admiration of the beholder; and the level but beautiful country in its vicinity, forms a striking contrast to the Romantic situation of the City.

The pleasing and diversified scenes of nature, in its full bloom and luxuriance, banished from my mind the cares and disquietudes of life, while I rambled unthinkingly, from field to field: the little feathered tribe around me, warbled their simple lays in "tuneful melody" to the murmuring falls of the river, while the mocking-bird, perched on the waving top-branch of a towering cedar, repeated their various notes with wonderful accuracy.—The recollection of my misfortunes was entirel, dissipated by this enchanting scenery, and by a pleasing reverie which had stolen upon my mind: I had read pastoral odes and rural descriptions with inexpressible pleasure; but I had viewed them not as a true picture, but as the splendid sallies of a lively imagination; I was now convinced of their reality; and nature unadorned, never before appeared to me half so beautiful or interesting.

In this tranquil, soothing state of mind, I had imperceptibly wandered several miles, when a vivid flash of sulphureous lightning roused me from my reverie; and I discovered that the horizon, which but a little while before was transparently clear, was now overcast by dark and threatning clouds, presaging an impending thunder storm, that warned me to seek immediate shelter from its fury. The rain began presently to descend in copious torrents, and not perceiving any habitation within less than a mile, I retreated to a parcel of spreading oaks at a small distance from me, which formed a tolerable shelter from the rain: for although Mr. Volney in his late treatise "on the soil and climate of the U. States," has asserted, that with us "it is the *fashion* to go abroad without umbrellas, and get as wet as water-fowls," yet I protest that no *Frenchman*, not even the exquisitely sensitive Mr. Volney himself, has a greater aversion to wet clothes than I have.

The violence of the storm continuing unabated, and being accustomed to accommodate myself at all times as well as possible to my situation, I sat quietly down on the root of a neighbouring tree, and began to philosophize on the sublimity of the divine Creator. The repeated peals of majestic thunder, accompanied by almost incessant lightning, which darted in zig-zag lines along the troubled horizon, presented a grand, yet awful spectacle. The approach of night now added additional gloom to the scene; while the rain driven along in columns by a strong North wind, appeared like volumes of smoke flitting in the air.

While waiting with impatience for the dispersion of the storm, my attention was arrested by the sound of a female voice; I started from my seat with surprize, and listened with anxious solicitude:—but all was still as death, save the roaring of the troubled elements:—presently a few plaintive sounds again reached my ear, but I was unable to distinguish their meaning. My curiosity was excited to the highest pitch; full of anxiety and apprehension for the unfortunate mourner, I stole softly towards the spot from whence the sound had issued. I endeavoured, but in vain, to gain a sight of the distressed stranger; the thickness of the shrubbery and the darkness of the night completely obscured her from my inquisitive eye:—she again resumed her plaint or soliloquy, and I distinctly heard the following words; "Ah! cruel William! how "could you treat me thus? To seduce me from my "fond, my loving parents, only to ruin and forsake me, "was cruel indeed! How could you, most ungrate"ful youth, thus abandon, thus torture your poor So"PHIA? But I will not reproach you; I will not "call you ingrate; may that just God who sees all our "actions, and knows all our sentiments, forgive you, "as I sincerely do—but how dare I call on the name of "the Creator! HE is the protector of the innocent and "the virtuous; I, alas! am not among that number."—Her convulsive sobs here interrupted her speech: the tears which she shed probably relieved her oppressed heart—after a short pause she continued, "If thou, O Merciful "God, will forgive the transgressions of an unfortunate "girl, receive now, my Creator, the humble supplications "of a repentant sinner." * * * * * * * The incessant torrent of rain which now poured from the Heavens, prevented me from hearing the remainder of her melancholy supplication—the lightning which now and then illumined the dreary scene, at length discovered to me the person of the fair mourner. She was kneeling at the foot of a majestic oak, whose luxuriant branches, covered with thick foliage, in some measure, sheltered her from the violence of the storm; her hands were raised in a suppliant posture towards Heaven, while drops of rain, trickling down her forehead, mingled on her death-pale cheek, with the briny tears which flowed profusely from her large blue eyes. Her features convinced me that she had once been handsome—but her roses had been blighted by keen affliction, and beauty, alas! had fled forever! Her emaciated form appeared sinking fast under the load of grief which distracted her mind. While I viewed this pitiful object, every sensation of horror, of compassion, and of detestation, successively agitated my breast; my pity for the suffering victim of seduction, was equalled only by my hatred of her abandoned seducer.—My mind was wrought up to the highest pitch—and forgetful of my situation, I involuntarily exclaimed, "Yes, poor unfortunate "mourner; Heaven will hear thy contrite prayers; and "that just God who rewards the innocent and punishes "the guilty—that God will avenge thy wrongs."—She sprang nimbly from her kneeling posture with an exclamation of mingled surprize and fear; then looking wildly around she uttered the following words, accompanied by the most frantic gesture. "Is not that the voice of a man? Hast thou come again to torment me demon? Will no place hide me from thy sight? Whither, Oh whither shall I fly?"—She no sooner uttered these words than she sprang into the woods with surprising velocity, and was immediately obscured from my sight.—I sat for some minutes motionless, absorbed in silent melancholy:—I at length awoke from my stupor; and finding that the clouds were dispersed, I got up with a philanthropic sigh to proceed to town. But as my reader is probably tired by this time, as well as myself; the reflections which occurred to me on my walk, as well as some other remarkable incidents, shall be reserved for my 2d Number.

HARLEY.

TO THE PATRONS OF THE *LADY'S MUSEUM, & WEEKLY MAGAZINE.*

SOME explanation is doubtless due from the proprietors of this paper, to their subscribers and to the public, for having changed the title. The only excuse which we have to offer, is, that we conceived the present title more expressive and appropriate than the former, and believing also, it would be more agreeable to our patrons, we did not hesitate to adopt it.

It has been very generally admitted by persons of every class and description, that *if this paper is properly conducted*, it will be highly beneficial to society. To say much concerning the plan on which "THE MINERVA" will be conducted, would be superfluous. The paper must speak for itself; it is now before the public, and to their judgment, with deference, we submit its fate; hoping, nevertheless, that they will view with a lenient eye, any casual improprieties which may have escaped our notice, and make suitable allowance for the youth and inexperience of its Editors.

We should conceive ourselves guilty of ingratitude, did we not render our thanks to those gentlemen who have actively interested themselves in favor of our undertaking.—Let us not at the same time, forget the favors which we have received from *some* of the proprietors of Newspapers in this city; the gentlemen to whom we now allude, have behaved towards us with a liberality seldom experienced, we believe, by young-beginners, from persons of their own profession.

We take leave of our patrons for the present, with an assurance, that although we are highly diffident of our ability to do complete justice to the undertaking in which we are engaged, yet that nothing which is in our power to perform, shall be wanting, to render "THE MINERVA" worthy of their patronage.

THE PROPRIETORS.

☞ *The first number of* "THE MINERVA" *will be distributed generally through this City, that every person may have an opportunity of perusing it. A subscription paper will then be carried round, when those who are pleased with the publication, may subscribe to it, without the trouble of calling at the office.—A similar plan will be pursued in Petersburg and in Fredericksburg. Every person subscribing after the appearance of the paper, will be expected to pay the annual subscription,* TWO DOLLARS, *in advance.*

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPEAN.

London papers to the 12th of July state, that French deserters who had arrived at Deal from Boulogne in Normandy, that the French army is not very well satisfied with Bonaparte's assuming the Imperial dignity. Notice had been sent to the army at Boulogne of the day Bonaparte was to be proclaimed Emperor, on that day the generals commanding had an Imperial crown affixed on his tent, where it remained all day; but at night it was torn off, and trampled under foot by the soldiers.——Madame Moreau has caused a memorial to be printed and distributed every where shewing the innocence of her husband.——By letters from Portsmouth it is again affirmed, that the French meditate a serious attack on Jersey and Guernsey ——The troops within the vicinity of Brest, within a circle of 10 leagues, have received instructions to concentrate themselves to that town, that they may be ready to embark at a moment's notice.————We learn by accounts from Dublin, that symptoms of disturbance are again discovered in Ireland. Some days ago, we heard that midnight meetings had been held in the county of Kildare.

DOMESTIC.

Some misunderstanding is said to have taken place between the U. States and the court of Madrid, on account of Louisiana,; it is presumed, however, that the haughty Dons will not be anxious for a rupture, as they may thereby endanger their American possessions.——Several accounts from Europe assert, that the French General Moreau, is now on his way to this country, where it is said he has been banished for two years, by the Emperor Napoleon.——The latest New-York papers state, that the British frigates, the Leander and Cambrian, continue to insult and capture our merchantmen coming into that port.——In the defeat of Dessalines, at St Jago by gen. Ferrand, the former had one thousand men killed and a great many wounded; the enraged black chief to avenge his loss, cruelly ordered several whites and mulattoes to be massacred, and the cities of Monte Christe, and Port Dauphin reduced to ashes. St. Domingo is in a complete state of defence, and if the French agents in the United States exert themselves in its favor, it must hold out until peace is established, however remote that period may be.

SELECTED POETRY.

EXTRACT.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

VIRTUE.

O VIRTUE, source of every heart-felt joy,
Shall not thy living charms my lyre employ;
Shall I not own that in thy hallowed name,
Contentment, peace, and every pleasure came?
Tho' powerful wealth in many a venal state,
May raise our rank, and bid the mean be great,
Yet see, poor mortal, 'mid the pompous glare,
Can riches smooth the furrow'd brow of care?
From the proud gates bid Death's grim form retire?
Or wake the spark just ready to expire?
And what is Honour, youth's illusive theme?
A rain-blown bubble dancing on the stream,
It flaps awhile, buoy'd up by inward wind,
Then sudden bursts, and leaves no trace behind;
Lo! Beauty, blooming as the morn of May,
Surveys her rosy charms, and seems to say—
"Riches and Honour, what are they to me?
At Beauty's dazzling throne they bend the knee,
My smile the most dejected heart can cheer,
My frown can bid the boldest bosom fear:
Riches and Honour, what are they to me?
At Beauty's dazzling throne they bend the suppliant knee."
Vain Beauty, know, that thou must soon be laid
In the cold grave, and all thy glories fade;
But Virtue still serene and mild appears,
And, firm and faithful, life's sad journey cheers,
Supports our steps, though faithless riches fly,
And all our honours in oblivion lie,
Unfolds celestial charms which ne'er decay,
Tho' earth-born Beauty, withering fade away,
Teaches to meet, unmoved, Death's stingless dart,
And points to scenes where sorrow has no part.

HARLEY.

THE SOLDIERS DREAM.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq.

AUTHOR OF THE "PLEASURES OF HOPE."

OUR bugles had sung, for the night-cloud had lowr'd,
And the centinel stars sat their watch in the sky,
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die!

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And twice, ere the cock crew, I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-fields dreadful array,
Far far, had I roam'd on a desolate track,
'Till autumn and sunshine disclos'd the sweet way
To the house of my father, that welcom'd me back.

I flew to the pleasant field's travell'd so oft
In blithe morning march, when my bosom was young,
I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,
And well knew the strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine cup, and fondly we swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in the fulness of heart.

Stay! stay with us! rest! thou art weary and worn,
And fain was the war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

FROM MOORE'S FABLES FOR LADIES.

THE SPIDER AND THE BEE.

THE Nymph who walks the public streets,
And sees her cap at all she meets,
May catch the fool who turns to stare,
But men of sense avoid the snare.

As on the margin of the flood
With silken line my Lydia stood,
I smil'd to see the pains you took,
To cover o'er the fraudful hook.
Along the forest as we strayed,
You saw the boy his lime-twigs spread;
Guess'd you the reason of his fear?
Lest heedless we approach too near,
For, as behind the bush we lay
The linnet flutter'd on the spray.

Need's there such caution to delude
The scaly fry, and feather'd brood?
And does you with inferior art,
The cheat impart?
The maid who modestly conceals
Her beauties, while she hides, reveals;
Give but a glimpse, and fancy draws
Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.
From Eve's first fig-leaf to brocade,
All dress was meant for fancy's aid,
Which evermore delighted dwells
On what the bashful nymph conceals.

When Cælia struts in man's attire,
She shews too much to raise desire,
But, from the hoop's bewitching round,
Her very shoe has power to wound.

The roving eye, the bosom bare,
The forward laugh, the wanton air,
May catch the fop, for gudgeons strike
At the bare hook and bait alike,
While salmon play regardless by,
Till art like nature forms the fly.

Beneath a peasan"s homely thatch
A Spider long had held her watch;
From morn to night with restless care
She spun her web, and wove her snare.
Within the limits of her reign,
Lay many a heedless captive, slain,
Or flutt'ring struggle in the toils
To burst their chains and shun her wiles.

A straying Bee that perch'd hard by,
Beheld her with disdainful eye,
And thus began: 'Mean thing! give o'er,
'And lay thy slender threads no more;
'A thoughtless fly or two at most,
'Is all the conquest thou canst boast,
'For Bees of sense thy arts evade,
'We see so plain the nets are laid.

'The gaudy tulip that displays
'Her spreading foliage to the gaze,
'That points her charms at all she sees,
'And yields to every wanton breeze,
'Attracts not me: where blushing grows,
'Guarded with thorns the modest rose,
'Enamour'd round and round I fly,
'Or on her fragrant bosom lie;
'Reluctant she my ardour meets,
'And bashful renders up her sweets.

'To wiser heads attention lend,
'And learn this lesson from a friend;
'She who with modesty retires,
'Adds fuel to her lover's fires,
'While such incautious jilts as you,
'By folly your own schemes undo.'

THE VOICE OF LOVE.

SWEETLY, on the hawthorn spray,
Shakes the thrush his silver lay;
Sweeter, in the listening dale,
Plaints the pensive nightingale;
But a music far above
Is the gentle Voice of Love.

Smooth the servile note of praise
That the courtier's care repays,
When, in fortune's flattering hour
High he holds the helm of pow'r;
But a music far above
Is the gentle Voice of Love.

Grateful to the soldier's ear
Thrills the glorious din of war;
Grateful, o'er th' embattled ground
Swells the cannon's solemn sound;
But a music far above
Is the gentle Voice of Love.

Welcome to the farmer's toil
Ceres yields the golden spoil;
Loud the peals of joyance come
Ush'ring in his harvest home;
But a music far above
Is the gentle Voice of Love.

Be but bright Eliza mine;
Pow'r, and fortune I resign;
Flattery, with your syren crew,
War, with all your charms, adieu;
For yours music far above
Is the gentle Voice of Love.

A DOUBLE ENTENDRE,

A CITY fop, with haughty walk,
Would often o'er the common stalk,
One day, in boots that would surpass
The reflexivity of glass,
When stepping o'er the broadway street,
A pup came barking at his feet,
A stander-by observ'd the play,
And wonder'd why the pup should bay.
A boy replied, with wit acute,
"He sees A PUPPY IN THE BOOT"

[The following pathetic narrative is from the pen of the well-known Novelist, HELLEN MARIA WILLIAMS; it relates to occurrences still fresh in the recollection of Virginians—it reminds us of those melancholy catastrophes by which some of our readers, perhaps, have been bereaved of a father, a brother or a bosom friend.]

EXTRACTED FROM JULIA—A NOVEL.

"Mr. Herbert had an estate in the neighbourhood of Norfolk, in Virginia, and his house was within half a mile of the town. This gentleman had two sons and a daughter. The eldest son, who was personally known to Gen. Washington, had been appointed one of his aid-du-camps, and was with the main army: the younger son remained with his father, and was walking with him, and his sister on the lawn before their house, when the cry of arms was heard. The young man hastily tore himself from his sister, flew to his arms, and rushed towards the town: his father prepared to follow. Surprise and horror had, for a few moments, deprived Sophia of the power of speech or motion; but she now clung round her father's neck, and implored him not to desert her. He disengaged himself from her hold, intreated her to be calm, and go instantly to the house; told her he would soon return, and recommended her to the care of Heaven.

"Sophia looked after him in silent agony, and, when, he was out of sight, still continued standing in the same attitude, unable to shed a tear. At length she saw a soldier running past the end of the lawn, and called to him to stop. The soldier paused a moment—he was one of her father's tenants. "Ah, Madam," he exclaimed, "all is over! our troops have given way, and the English have set fire to the town; I have no time"——"Stop," she eagerly cried, with horror in her looks, "Have you seen my father and brother?" "Ah, Madam, you will never see your brother more; I served in his company, and saw him fall, and I fear——" Sophia waited not for more, she gave a piercing shriek, and flew with precipitation towards the town; but, as she approached, the sight of the spreading flames, the tumultuous cries of the women, and the clash of arms, made her shrink back involuntarily. She had, however, gone too far to retreat, and was mingled with a crowd of helpless women and children, who were flying in desperation, they knew not whither; some hastening from the scene of desolation, others returning with distracted countenances, to save an aged parent from the fury of the flames. Careless of danger, and almost insensible of her situation, Sophia still pressed forward, till she was stopped by a bleeding corpse which opposed her passage; when casting her eyes down she perceived the features of her brother, disfigured by death, and covered with blood. She clasped her hands—her lips moved, but they had lost the power of utterance: her whole frame trembled, and she fell senseless on her brother's corpse.

"When she recovered, she found herself supported by an English officer, who gazed on her with a look of earnest solicitude. She appeared for some minutes unconscious of all that had passed; but, when her recollection returned, and she perceived the dead body of her beloved brother, her sufferings were renewed in all their bitterness. Disengaging herself from the arm that supported her, she pressed the remains of her brother to her bosom, and bathed them with her tears. The officer entreated that she would permit him to lead her from that spot, telling her the flames would soon reach it, and that her life was in danger. "My brother!" she cried, "my beloved brother!" Then, starting with sudden horror, she exclaimed, "Oh merciful Heaven, my father! where's my father!"

"She attempted to spring forward, but the officer seized her arm, assured her that the town was nearly consumed, and entirely deserted, and begged she would suffer him to conduct her to some place of shelter.

"Without daring to cast her eyes again on the fatal object at her feet, she walked slowly away, leaning on her protector's arm. They turned from the town, and reached the lawn, which led by a gentle ascent to her father's house. "At the end of this lawn," said she, "is the dwelling where——" "Ah, I fear," answered the stranger; but, before he could proceed, Sophia lifted her eyes and perceived the whole mansion was in flames.

"A person wringing his hands in all the anguish of despair, approached: he was her father. She threw herself on his bosom; "Have I still my dear father left me?" said she, in a voice half choaked with sobs. "My son!" exclaimed the wretched parent, "my dear boy!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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The MINERVA;

Or, LADY's AND GENTLEMAN's MAGAZINE.

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TERMS OF "THE MINERVA."

1st.—"The Minerva" will be neatly printed, weekly, on a half-sheet Super-Royal paper.

2d.—The terms are TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid in advance.

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EXTRACTS FROM

LECTURES ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

BY J. BURTON.

[CONCLUDED.]

The two extremes of severity and indulgence should be avoided, if parents wish to be honoured and respected by their children. The former mode of treatment may, indeed procure obedience; but it will not proceed from affection; and when they are once extricated from the disagreeable restraints imposed upon them, while under the parental roof, they will retain an aversion to that authority, which they so much dreaded, and they will have but little reverence for those who exercised it. With respect to themselves, this reverse of situation may be fatal. They will make an ill use of their present freedom; they will enjoy it without moderation; and will probably rush into the extremes of dissipation.

But a rigid and unkind behaviour is so seldom shewn by parents to their children, that a partial and misguided fondness is much more to be apprehended. The effects of this are soon perceived. For when children are unreasonably indulged in all their wants, and their inclinations gratified without control, they have no sense of duty or obedience; but generally offend, by their rude and disrespectful manners. The favours they have received excite neither love nor gratitude; but, on the contrary, render them more unfit for the employments and civilities of active & social life.

To avoid these two extremes, prudence and fortitude are qualities absolutely necessary for discharging aright the maternal office. Knowledge will be wanted to direct the judgment in forming a right plan; and resolution will be required to execute it with effect. It is to no purpose to advise children properly, unless care be taken, that the advice be followed.—Good and wholesome maxims will make but little impression, unless they are enforced by some degree of authority. They will soon be disregarded, if they are not received with respect. And they, who begin to despise salutary counsel, will soon proceed to the next step—that of despising those who gave it.

But if this thoughtlessness be suffered to operate at school, as well as at home; if children be encouraged in a disobedience to those rules which are necessary for the purpose of conducting the business of education; if because of their dislike, their application is to be relaxed, and frequently interrupted by unseasonable amusements; and if frivolous complaints are to be seriously attended to, such an interference is not only improper, but must be extremely prejudicial. No improvement can or ought to be hoped for under such circumstances; and yet perhaps it is expected as much as from those, who are docile and diligent.

To precept should be added example. This proves the necessity of mothers having such a command over their own tempers, and conforming to such habits of regular conduct, as, at no time, to afford their children an opportunity of remarking any of those impropriities in their own behaviour, which they had admonished them to avoid.

A mother, employed in the important business of improving the minds and correcting the dispositions of her children, is not only acting the part assigned her by nature, but is also performing a duty highly respectable as well as useful. She will be held in the same veneration as was Cornelia, the illustrious mother of the Gracchi, who, after the death of her husband, applied herself to the care of her family, with a wisdom and prudence that gained her universal esteem. Her two sons, Tiberius and Caius, were instructed by her with so much skill, that though they were born with the most happy talents, it was judged, that they were more indebted to education than nature.

FOR THE MINERVA.

Messrs. Cook & Grantland,

THE Editors of several American newspapers, have lately published the character of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, as drawn by Chief Justice Marshall in his life of General Washington. I take the liberty to transmit you another portrait of that great man, by the celebrated Irish Orator, Henry Gratton.

CHARACTER OF WILLIAM PITT.

The Secretary stood alone—modern degeneracy had not reached him—original and unaccommodating—the features of his character had the harshness of a majesty—his august mind overawed majesty; and one of his sovereigns thought majesty so impaired in his presence, that he conspired to remove him in order to be relieved from his superiority. No state chicanery—no narrow system of vicious politics—no idle contest for ministerial victories sunk him to the vulgar level of the great—but overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable—his object was England—his ambition was fame.

Without dividing, he destroyed party—without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. France sunk beneath him—with one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the Democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite, and his schemes were to affect not England—not the present age only—but Europe and posterity.—Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished—always seasonable—always adequate—the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardor and enlightened by prophecy.

The ordinary feelings which made life amiable and indolent—those sensations which soften, allure, and vulgarize, were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties—no domestic weakness reached him—but aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system to counsel and to decide.—A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age, and the Treasury trembled at the name of Pitt through all her classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she has found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the ruin of his victories—but the history of his country, and the calamities of the enemy, answered and refuted her.

Nor were his political abilities his only talents. His eloquence was an æra in the senate peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instructive wisdom: not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully, it resembled sometimes the Thunder & sometimes the music of the spheres. Like Murray, he did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtlety of argumentation. Nor was he, like Townsend, for ever on the rack of exertion; but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of his mind, which, like those of his eye, were felt but could not be followed.

Upon the whole, there was in this man something that could create, subvert, or reform—an understanding—a spirit and an eloquence to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wilderness of free minds with unbounded authority; something that could establish or overwhelm empires, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through its universe.

☞ In the European Magazine for February 1793, it is stated upon good authority, that the foregoing character was certainly written by Grattan. No person now disputes the fact. Previously, it had been alternately attributed to Hume and Robertson.

MONTESQUIEU

Is a striking instance of great talents and astonishing industry at a very early age. When only twenty, he had already prepared materials for his great work, by copious extracts from the voluminous writings which compose the system of civil law. His modesty however, prevented him from exposing himself too soon to the public eye; and he had attained the age of thirty two before he ventured to publish the Persian letters, his first literary attempt. He perhaps remembered the maxim of Horace,

Si quid tamen olim
Scripseris, in Metii descendat judicis Aures
Et Patris et nostras: nonumque, prematur in annum.

A rule which may be applied to every species of authorship, as well as to poetry.

His travels were planned and executed with the same spirit of prudence and reflection. His view in leaving his own country, was to study the laws, constitution, and manners of others; to see and converse with the learned, the polite, and the ingenious artist of each. For this purpose, he waited till study had informed his mind, and reflection had matured his judgment. By the time he quitted France, he had attained a certain age, and his name was already known and respected. He was previously elected a member of the French Academy; and in order to be totally independent, and be able to devote his whole time to the objects he had in view, he resigned his situation as a magistrate of Bordeaux. After visiting Germany, Hungary, Italy, Switzerland, and Holland, he came to England, where he resided a considerable time. But he arrived too late, for Locke and Newton, the only men worthy to be associated with him, were dead. He was, however, much noticed by the Queen of England, he celebrated Caroline, who cultivated the sciences, and had long been in correspondence with the most learned men of her time.

Mr. de Montesquieu had one peculiarity; he never would suffer any painting or bust to be taken of him. His aversion to any such design was long insurmountable. At length, Dassier, a celebrated artist, travelled from London to Paris, on purpose to procure a likeness of the great Author of the Spirit of Laws, which might descend to posterity. But Mr. de M. either from motives of modesty, or because he was unwilling to spare the necessary time, constantly resisted the pressing solicitations of the artist. At lasst, Dassier after employing many other arguments, in vain, said to him, "Do not you think there is as much pride in refusing my proposal as there would be in consenting to it?" This shrewd and lively question disarmed the severity of Mr. de M. and he submitted.

This great man died at Paris, at a distance from his family and connections, but surrounded and deeply regretted by all the learned and illustrious characters of that capital. Louis XVth made repeated enquiries after his health, and his house was never for a moment free from a crowd of friends and admirers, who anxiously waited the event of his long and painful illness. He expired at the age of sixty six, with the calm intrepidity of an hero, and upright man, who had all his life devoted his talents, his time, and his fortune, to the service of his fellow-creatures.

[We extract from the last number of "The Enquirer" "The Rainbow—No V, Part 1st, *on the American Genius." It is great pity that these elegant Essays, which bear such honorable testimony of the literary character of Virginia, have not been generally republished, at least, in the papers of our own state.]*

THERE is not a country on the face of the globe, to which nature has been more bountiful than to the United States. The felicity of our situation and the diversified blessings we enjoy, have been the theme of panegyric, until it is no longer possible to advance a new idea, or to modify an old one, so as to give it an appearance of novelty. Without entering on a minute repetition of these advantages of soil, climate, productions, and remoteness from the Eastern continent, which seem to promise us an eternity of happiness; I shall confine my present remarks to those moral causes which are intimately connected with the character of a nation.

Europeans have sometimes accused America of a poverty of genius and weakness of intellect, which place her much behind the ancient world; and even the enlightened Buffon has adopted the idea that nature is more feeble in her efforts, in the Western than in the Eastern Hemisphere. The charge itself is a proof that European sagacity is still far from having obtained its perfection. It could only have been dictated by an illiberal preference of the soil on which we have been accidentally cast, and a contempt for all other nations whose habits, manners and improvements, are not similar to those of our own country. A philantropist will pause, before he consigns to oblivion the fairest portion of our planet; and a philosopher will forget that he has any other country than the globe itself, while he pierces with ardent gaze the mysteries of nature. If we cast our eyes over the map of America, we shall perceive that nature has not merely consulted its convenience or happiness in the distribution of her favours; she has done more; she has put forth all her strength, and erected monuments to her own glory. She has worked on a scale of grandeur and magnificence, before which the boasted prodigies of Europe hide their diminished heads. Where will Europe shew her Andes which heave their snow-clad summits above the clouds? Where are her *Amazon* and *La Plata* which would be regarded as fabulous, did not authentic history attest them? Where will she exhibit lakes like those of Canada, which connected with each other and with the ocean,

bind all the northern part of this great continent into one link of indissoluble commercial chain? The most enthusiastic admirers of Europe's exalted fame must shrink from this comparison; and so far back as knowledge that nature is here at least as bold in her sketches and as vigorous in her productions as on the Eastern Continent.

When these truths present themselves to our minds with irresistible force, are we to conclude that the hand which has lavished such unequalled favors, has penuriously withheld the more estimable endowments of the mind and the heart? Has a paradise been given to degenerate souls who are insensible to its charms? Is not the mind of the American sufficiently expanded to take in these vast objects in all their magnitude and sublimity? I will not insult my countrymen by addressing the question to *them*. I perceive a glow of indignation on every cheek, and, while I write, I feel it difficult to suppress my own. But it will be a more instructive task to examine the basis of these exalted pretensions; to pay the just tribute of deference and homage to European superiority, if it should be established by investigation; or to render to the insulted American, the honors which nature has conferred upon him, but which human ignorance has vainly endeavoured to obscure.

It has been a question of endless speculation among the curious, at what time America was peopled, and whether her inhabitants are her own offspring, or emigrants from the old continent. If we are to suppose America coeval with the world, and that she became peopled as soon as the other parts of the earth, we may be asked with triumph upon what principle we are to account for her vast inferiority in intellectual improvement? Why did the adventurous bands of enlightened Europe, who first explored our shores, find the native American, naked, ignorant and ferocious? Upon the supposition of equal talents & equal advantages of soil and climate, we may be told, that we have a right to expect an equal progression in the arts and sciences in any given time. The same causes must always produce the same effects. If the American genius had been equal to the European, it ought in the same lapse of years, to have explored as many sciences, invented as many arts, and humanized and polished manners in an equal degree.

This reasoning is at first sight specious and imposing; but cannot withstand the test of rigid enquiry. I shall assume the hypothesis most disadvantageous to my position; that America is as old and has been as long peopled as Europe, Asia or Africa. I shall also make the comparison, with the most enlightened part of the old world. When I select Europe for this purpose, it ought not however to be forgotten, that the arts and sciences have not originated with her, but have sprung up in Asia; from thence have been transplanted to the southern parts of Europe, and by very slow degrees have spread themselves into more Northern climates. It is also worthy of remark, that those countries into which the sciences were first received, where they were most patronized, and flourished with richest luxuriance, are now the gloomy residence of want, ignorance and despotism.

Whoever has observed the progress of the human mind, must have perceived that its first struggles with ignorance are always more painful and difficult, than its subsequent efforts. The steps by which we ascend from discovery to discovery, from science to science, are short, gradual, natural and easy. But to leap at once from absolute ignorance even to the humblest rudiment of knowledge, is indeed an Herculean task, and more frequently results from lucky accident, than any effort of the mind. This remark, which is here applied to the general progress of mankind in the career of improvement, is exemplified and fully established, by their advances in every particular science. Until the beginning of the eighteenth century, the world had adopted the ideas of Aristotle on all metaphysical subjects, and it would have been blasphemy to have *doubted* their orthodoxy. Locke explored the inlets of the understanding, and explained some of its processes; and what has been the consequence? Within the course of one century a galaxy of illustrious philosophers have arisen, who seem to have left scarcely any thing to be discovered hereafter. For many ages astronomers had vibrated from one absurdity to another, which were all at length *swallowed* up in the *vortices* of *Descartes*; a greater absurdity than all the rest. Newton appeared; recalled the mind from its devious eccentric track; gave it a *projectile* impulse and taught it to move in the *orbit* of truth. The world has not since produced a Newton; but a thousand humble followers have arisen, who have carried the science of astronomy beyond the utmost limits, which even his aetherial genius could reach. These examples are sufficient to establish the position, *that the first step in the progress of the human mind is the most difficult, and that when this is attained, all the rest will naturally follow.*

If these propositions are correct, it will follow that when we compare two nations with each other, we should first enquire whether their situations have been equally auspicious to their gaining this *first step*, and whether untoward circumstances have occurred to retard their progress afterwards. I shall endeavour to shew, that the superiority which Europe has enjoyed over savage America, results, in fact, from the fortuitous circumstances which attended her first settlement, by which she was enabled both to make an earlier advance in science, and to pursue her discoveries to a greater extent.

Greece was inhabitted by savage and barbarous tribes, when the Phœnicians, a people of Asia, sent forth colonies who took up their abode within her bosom. These colonists carried with them the arts of the mother country: which were indeed very inconsiderable in themselves, but highly important as I have already shewn, as they related to the future progress of their possessors. We know but little of Phœnicia, or whether she derived her knowledge from others, or gave birth to it herself. But whatever was the mode by which she acquired it, we may presume that it resulted from nearly the same causes which conspired to preserve, enlarge and ripen it, after it was transferred to the Greeks. As this period is more within the compass of history, our conclusions from it will be more just and accurate, than from any prior æra.

These colonists, small in number; surrounded by numerous bands of hostile barbarians; and unable to occupy an extensive territory, contracted themselves within the walls of cities, together with a small margin of land around them. As population increased, this land became insufficient for their support, and hence they were driven to the invention of new arts; hence they resorted to commerce as a mode of procuring subsistence; hence many turned their enquiries into the walks of literature, & gave to Greece her splendid pre-eminence over the nations of antiquity. Greece lost her liberties, but retained her science. The barbarians who came to despoil her of her wealth, carried off also a more precious treasure, of whose value they were unconscious, the seeds of learning & the sublime speculations of ethicks, which required only time to germinate and mature. The rifled flower faded and expired; but its sweets were hoarded up by the industrious plunderers, to become the sources of a more permanent delight. The human mind, which had flowed like a majestic river through the favoured soil of Greece, and dispensed its blessings around, now changed its channel, and by this melancholy alluvion, left its ancient bed a naked, dreary, and sterile desart. It happened, fortunately for Europe, that all the countries into which literature was introduced, after the ruin and subjugation of the Grecian states, were limited like them in extent of territory, abounding in inhabitants, and condensed within the dimensions of single cities. The necessary consequence of populous communities, is, that a division of labor should take place, which infallibly leads to excellence in all the arts which embellish life, as well as in those which minister to the wants of men. The Arcadian scenes of rural life may be the residence of peace, simplicity, innocence and happiness; but it is in the collision of towns, that the human energies are called forth, and the human mind swells into gigantic stature. It is in towns that the arts & sciences receive their birth; and there also they are carried to perfection. Rome assumed the wreath of the muses which had been plucked from the brow of Greece; and she in turn resigned it to the Northern barbarians who have founded the present political societies of Europe. From this rapid review of the progress of learning, it appears, that Europe was peculiarly happy, first, in having received the germs of literature from another country; and secondly, in having them deposited in cities, which like hot-beds quickened their growth.

The situation of America was the reverse of all this. A country of unbounded extent; possessing spontaneously every species of wholesome aliment; its forests filled with those animals which invite man to the chase; these apparent advantages of nature are the real causes of the retardation of the human intellect in America. None of those causes existed which could *compel* the American to take the *first steps* towards improvement; and men are only to be driven from ignorance, by the strong arm of necessity.

America it is true was occupied, like ancient Greece, by inhospitable and ferocious tribes. But this circumstance could only induce them to remove farther from each other, which an unbounded continent enabled them to peform, without limitation. Nor should it be forgotten, that uniform experience tells us, that there is a certain fascination in the wild and unrestrained state of nature, which would forever deter men from the yoke of civilization, did not necessity entame them.

Z.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

Court of King's Bench—London, May 11.

THE KING *vs.* STEPHENS AND AGNEW.

The Attorney-General, Mr. Erskine, Mr. Garrow and Mr. Abbot, shewed cause against the Rule obtained by Mr. Dallas, for arresting the judgment in the cause. The two defendents were convinced of extortion in taking a lack of rupees from an East-India Rajah, which, by our laws, is declared to be extortion. The information against them stated, that being persons in office under the East-India company, from the 26th of December, *until* the 29th of November, during the time they so continued in office, to wit, on the 20th of November, did take the bribe in question. Mr. Dallas obtained a rule to shew cause on the ground, that *until* the 29 of November, excluded that day; and that taking the bribe on the 28th, which was the day after their office was stated on record to cease, did not bring them within the word of the act. In shewing cause against this rule, the learned Gentleman cited a great variety of instances, where the word *until* was meant to exclude the day specified, and alluded to the word *to*, which Mr. Dallas had argued to be synonimous. The Attorney-General asked Mr. Dallas, if he had invited him *to* dinner, whether he would argue that the dinner itself was meant to be excluded, and that he was to go away when dinner was served up? He then quoted a variety of cases on civil contracts, where the word *until* was allowed to include the day named, such being the apparent intention of the parties on the face of their deed—he applied this to the record before the court, which he argued, sufficiently shewed that it was intended to include the 29th November in the term of the holding of the defendants.—Mr. Erskine in his argument elucidated the point by another quotation to prove that the word *until* included the day named: he cited a poetical line.

" *As chaste as ice* until *the marriage day.*

Mr. Dallas, in reply, insisted that the words *unto* and *until* were synonimous, the one applying to space, the other to time, and cited a case to shew it had been decided that *unto* a place meant to exclude the place itself.—With respect to the illustrations of his learned friends, he thought they made against them. He would answer to the learned Attorney-General's case by another. Supposing he had done himself the honor to invite the Attorney General to dinner with him, and knowing, as he did, the great value of his time, he had said that he need not come *until* dinner. Notwithstanding all the good temper of the learned gentleman, he believed that he would think it a bad joke, if he were not to send for him *until* dinner was over, and then justify it by the learned Gentleman's own arguments, that *until* dinner, meant to include dinner, that his invitation consequently was not until it was over. But his learned Friend, Mr. Erskine, had been more unfortunate still in his quotation of

" *Chaste as ice until the marriage day.*"

There was no fraction of a day in law, and therefore if *until* was inclusive, the lady must be chaste the whole of the marriage day, which he feared any lady would hardly think to be justified by this exposition of the word *until*; and some thirty years ago his learned friend would have argued differently on this subject. Mr. D. then proceeded to adduce a great many legal authorities to support his opinion and denied that any argument could be drawn against him from those cases which related merely to matter of contract inasmuch as they were inapplicable to matter of criminal charge.

The Court said, they must take time to consider of the case.

MR. FOX'S BUST.

His Grace the Duke of Bedford has erected, in the Garden at Woburn, a Temple consecrated to Friendship, and decorated with busts and poetical tributes to his most valued intimates. Several votaries of the muse, including General Kirkpatrick, have attempted to celebrate Mr. Fox—but his Grace, who acted as Mæcenas, has given the preference to the following tasteful lines from the elegant pen and refined genius of the Duchess of Devonshire, inscribed on a pedestal supporting a very fine bust of Mr. Fox:

Here, midst the friends he lov'd, the man behold,
In truth unshaken, and in virtue bold;
Whose patriot zeal and uncorrupted mind
Dar'd to assert the freedom of mankind;
And whilst, extending desolation far,
Ambition spread the baleful flames of war,
Fearles of blame, and eloquent to save,
'Twas he—'twas Fox—the warning counsel gave!
'Midst jarring conflicts stem'd the tide of blood,
And to the menac'd world a sea-mark stood;
Oh! had his voice in mercy's cause prevail'd,
What grateful millions had the Statesman hail'd!
Whose wisdom bade the broils of nations cease,
And taught the world humanity and peace!
But though he fail'd succeeding ages here
The vain yet pious effort shall revere;
Boast in their annals his illustrious name,
Upheld his greatness, and confirm his fame!

A CURE FOR THE BITE OF A SNAKE.

Olive Oil, or as it is frequently called, Sallad Oil, is an excellent remedy for the bite of a poisonous snake. This should be rubbed on the part affected, as soon as possible, while held over a pan or pot of coals. The embrocation should be continued till the swelling subsides, and the heat be as great as can well be borne. This remedy is neither painful, tedious, or expensive, and I am well assured is effectual for the bite of any reptile, however venemous.

It may not be without use to mention here, that Olive Oil is the quickest, easiest, and best cure for *burns, scalds, &c.* that has ever come to my knowledge, and is so useful in a family that none ought to be without it.

A Friend to Simples.

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

THE language of *adulation*, especially if delicate, is pleasing to most persons. Listen not however, with eager attention, to the compliments paid you by the other sex; nor believe, because they may utter a few tender expressions, that they are enamored with you. Remember that some gentlemen think it a duty they owe to ladies, to be very complaisant to them; but the very same compliments they pay to one lady, wil., with equal ardor, the next moment, be conferred by them on another.

Avoid *affectation*; it indicates a want of sense. Affectation is also disagreeable; it will expose you to ridicule; and may obscure the good qualities you possess.

While you shall hold virtue in the highest esteem, suffer not yourselves to be charged with *prudery*. It may cause your virtue to be suspected, and is often a cloak for a depraved heart.

Blush not to be thought *religious*; nothing can so dignify and bless human nature as religion. But while you strive to be *strictly religious*, you will discard all the parade and ustentation of *hypocrisy*.

Be not hasty to propagate a report *unfavourable* to any of your sex. It is an evidence of a *bad heart*, to publish with pleasure, the foibles or vices of others. Such conduct must be very unbecoming in *young ladies*, for reasons too obvious to mention; and they should always remember, that the vices of others, add not to their own virtue.

If a present is conferred by you, on a gentleman, it should be done with *great prudence*; and, it should be observed, that *equal prudence* is required of you, in *receiving* a present from one not of your sex.

It should be considered, that beauty is *no sign* of *merit*; and that a handsome person may be rendered disagreeable by pride.

It will add to your *reputation* never to be guilty of detraction, but to shew a *regard* rather for the *honor* of others. and to *your peace*, never to indulge the passion of *envy*.

TOBACCO.

HAIL, Indian plant! to ancient times unknown;
A modern truly thou, and all our own.
While through the tube thy virtues are convey'd,
Thou giv'st the *statesman* schemes, the *student* aid;
But soon as pulveris'd in smart rappee,
Thou strik'st sir Foplings brain—if brain there be;
He shines in dedications, poems, plays;
Soars in Pindarics, and asserts the bays.
Thus dost thou every *taste* and *fancy* hit;
In SMOKE thou'rt WISDOM, and in SNUFF thou'rt WIT.

ÆROSTATION.

A young man, a pupil of Blanchard's, arrived lately in a balloon at Cussionieres. He had been as high as 2,400 yards, and above the mountains of Bugei. He was only 4 hours and a half in making 12 leagues.

AGRICULTURAL.

METHOD OF IMPROVING WORN OUT LAND.

A Pound of turnip seed sown, after harvest, upon an acre of light, sandy or gravelly land, that is poor or worn out by over-ploughing, and where manure is wanting (the crop of which being ploughed in when grown high) will in two months' time, die away and rot, and enrich the land, as much as 20 loads of common manure to an acre.

ANECDOTES.

Lord Falkland, the author of the play called *The Marriage Night*, was chosen very young to sit in Parliament; and when he was first elected, some of the members opposed his admission; urging that he had not sowed all his wild oats. Then, replied he, it will be the best way to sow the remainder in the house, where there are so many geese to pick them up.

Some time after the conclusion of the late war, a young American was present in a British playhouse, where an interlude was performed in ridicule of his countrymen. A number of American officers being introduced in tattered uniforms and bare foot, the question was put to them severally—What was your trade before you entered into the army? One answered a taylor, another a cobler, &c.—The wit of the piece was to banter them for not keeping themselves clothed and shod; but before that could be expressed, the American exclaimed from the gallery "Great Britain beaten by taylors and coblers! Huzza!" Even the prime minister, who was present, could not help smiling, amidst a general peal of laughter.

FOR THE MINERVA.

OBSERVATIONS ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

THE immortal Addison in the 86th Number of the Spectator, makes some very sage observations on the Science of Physiognomy.—'We are no sooner' says he, 'presented to any one we never saw before, but we are immediatly struck with the idea of a proud, a reserved, an affable, or a good natured Man; and upon our first going into a company of strangers, our benevolence or aversion, awe or contempt, rises naturally towards several particular persons, before we have heard them speak a single word, or so much as know who they are.'

It is certainly true that we always form some opinion of a man's character upon first sight; but experience must have taught every one who has had sufficient intercourse with the world, that such prepossessions are as unjust as they are fallacious. It can be no harm, to entertain a favorable idea of a stranger, who has been blessed with pleasing features, although we may sometimes have occasion to repent our credulity; but to suffer ourselves to be strongly prepossessed against a person because his features are not so regular or so comely as some which we have seen, is highly illiberal. True, it is, that some countenances are so very strongly marked with the lineaments of vice, that a person might distinguish the possessor to be a villain by moon-light—but for the honor of human nature, such faces are extremely rare, especially on this side of the Atlantic.

'Every passion' continues Mr. Addison, 'gives a particular cast to the countenance, and is apt to discover itself in some feature or other. I have seen an eye curse for half an hour together, and an eye-brow call a man scoundrel. Nothing is more common than for lovers to complain, resent, languish, despair, and die in dumb show.' Few of the fair sex, I believe, will pretend to dispute the Spectator's assertion, as to the power which the passion of love assumes over the features of the "human face divine;" but although I conceive it quite easy to judge by a lady's physiognomy when she is in love, & with whom, provided her lover be present; yet I protest that I could never rightly discover the temper of a lady, either by her countenance or behaviour when in company. She is then all politeness, good-nature and affability; report however, says, that she is sometimes strangely metamorphosed when free from the scrutinizing eye of her admirer; but I discredit such insinuations, as they are generally used by peevish old BATCHELORS, who envying the happiness which their married friends possess, and which they cannot attain, seize every opportunity of lessening the merits of the fair sex in the estimation of single men.

'Those who have established physiognomy into an art, and laid down rules of judging Mens tempers by their faces, have regarded the features much more than the air. *Martial* has a pretty epigram on this subject:

> *'Thy beard and head are of a diff'rent Dye;*
> *'Short of one Foot, distorted in an eye:*
> *'With all the Tokens of a Knave complete,*
> *'Should'st thou be honest, thou'rt a dev'lish Cheat.'*

'In the mean time I think nothing can be more glorious than for a man to give the lye to his face, and to be an honest, just, good-natured man, in spite of all those marks and signatures, which Nature seems to have set upon him for the contrary. This very often happens among those, who, instead of being exasperated by their own looks, or envying the looks of others, apply themselves intirely to the cultivating of their minds, and getting those Beauties which are more lasting and ornamental. I have seen many an amiable piece of deformity; & have observed a certain chearfulness in as bad a system of features as ever was clapped together, which hath appeared more lovely than all the blooming charms of an insolent beauty. There is a double praise due to virtue, when it is lodged in a body that seems to have been prepared for the reception of vice; in many such cases the soul and the body do not seem to be fellows.'

I have been so often deceived in my opinion of men, when I have judged them by the abstruse science of Physiognomy, that I have at length become extremely wary of forming a good or bad opinion of a strange face, before I am somewhat acquainted with the character and mind of the possessor. During my researches for discovering the truth of Physiognomy, I have had frequent occasion to notice the difference of opinion between the sexes, relative to feminine beauty. Every gentleman extols the charms of a handsome lady; but few ladies concur in giving just praise to the accomplishments of their female acquaintance: I have too good an opinion of the fair sex, to believe that the clearness of their vision can be dimed by envy; but I am really at a loss to account for this inconsistence in any other way.

WALLER.

FOR THE MINERVA.

MESSRS. COOK & GRANTLAND,

I AM glad to find that you have commenced your paper, as I am convinced that if it is conducted with taste and decency, it will be found highly entertaining and instructive. No periodical papers are more valuable than well selected Miscellanies, occasionally interspersed with original Literary Essays.—It is somewhat surprising, considering that Virginia is the most ancient of the United States, and that her inhabitants have been highly eminent for their literary attainments, that a publication of this kind had never before been undertaken. No one can pretend that our newspapers are calculated for the entertainment of female readers.—Nothing can be more absurd than to suppose, that the gentleness which peculiarly marks the feminine character, should be delighted with detailed accounts of battles, massacres, &c.; or that they should feel themselves highly interested in dry discussions of political controversy. Besides, I never see a lady with a newspaper in her hand, but I am uneasy, lest her eye should by chance, glance upon one of those obscene advertisements or wanton jests, with which they are commonly pretty plentifully stocked.

Your obedient servant,

SENEX.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"HARLEY No. 2," was received too late for this day's paper; it shall certainly appear on Tuesday next.

"EDWARD" shall have a place when convenience will permit.

"ALFRED" is received; but being merely an echo to HARLEY, is deemed inadmissible.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPEAN.

It is reported in the foreign papers, that Russia is arming against France, and meditates an attack against her on the side of Italy, by means of an armament from the Black Sea, and the co-operation of the English fleet in the Mediterranean.———A commission, composed of the Government State, has been nominated by the government, to repair to Paris and congratulate Bonaparte on his exaltation to the throne. The time of their departure is not yet fixed, and will not perhaps take place before the coronation. The day of the coronation is not yet fixed; but that ceremony will not be dispensed with. The thirty-six cities, whose mayors are to assist at it by their oaths, have been selected by the Emperor.———A letter from Gibraltar, dated June 11, states, that "the Gibraltar of 80 guns, commanded by capt. Reeves, arrived this morning from the fleet of Toulon, which he left on the 31st May. By the Gibraltar we learn, that the French fleet did come out as was reported, but did not dare to go beyond the protection of their own batteries; Lord Nelson however, immediately resolved to attack them close to the harbours mouth and Admiral Campbell, with two ships of his division, got into action with them, when the whole French squadron immediately retired into Toulon."———The Admiral Alphin, an East-Indiaman, capt. Rogers, has been taken ken by the squadron under Admiral Linois. This intelligence is received by the Dutch Indiaman, La Misauia, sent into Plymouth by his majesty's frigate La Loire, the captain of which states, that when he left the Isle of France, there were lying there, the Countess of Sutherland, country ship, Admiral Alphin, and a brig all captured and sent in by Linois.———A report prevails at Dover, that nearly one hundred sail of the enemy's gunboats, under convoy of a sloop, have within these few days effected their escape from Boulogne to Cherbourg. They proceeded so near in shore, that it was impossible for the English ships either to intercept them, or in any material degree to interrupt their progress.

DOMESTIC.

General Moreau has certainly embarked for the United States, where it is said he was determined to pass the remainder of his life; it is reported, that he intends settling either in Philadelphia or the western parts of Pennsylvania.———A letter from capt. Stewart, of the brig Syren, dated April 25, to his friend in Philadelphia, announces the capture by him of the brig Transfer, a Grecian vessel, from the Archipælego, laden with valuable merchandize, and 19 Turkish soldiers, bound to Tripoli.—The commodore had valued, equipped, and taken her into the service of the U. States. The Syren was to proceed to the blockade of Tripoli.———A letter from an officer on board the U. S. schooner Nautilus says, we send you a brig we captured off Tripoli, standing in, under English colours, in violation of the declaration of the blockade of that port. Being advised by commndore Preble, we send her to America for adjudication. We had an engagement for an hour, with 11 gun-boats, off Tripoli, within half gun-shot of the batteries. We drove them into port, without any loss on our side———An article under the head of Madrid May 24, says, The American envoys are shortly expected here, who, it is supposed, are commanded to settle with our Ministry, on several collateral subjects. 1st. The discussions which took place last year, between the American government and the governor of New-Orleans; 2d.—Arrangements which concern Spain in the cession of Louisiana to the United States; 3d. Propositions made by this government, on the subject of the Floridas. It is supposed that these plenipotentiaries will bring with them the ratification of the convention past in the month of August last, between their government and our minister resident in America; & that they will commence a negociation with a commission appointed to settle with them several less important points hitherto undecided; such as the line of demarcation on the frontiers, &c.

SELECTED POETRY.

[*The peculiar energy of* HOPE, *in its operations on youthful genius, is expressed with excellent effect in the following passage from* CAMPBELL'S PLEASURES OF HOPE.]

Congenial Hope! thy passion kindling power
How bright, how strong, in youth's untroubled hour!
On yon proud height, with Genius hand in hand,
I see thee light and wave thy golden wand.

Go, Child of Heav'n! (thy winged words proclaim:)
'Tis thine to search the boundless fields of fame!
Lo! Newton, Priest of Nature, shines afar,
Scans the wide world, and numbers ev'ry star!
Wilt thou, with him, mysterious rites apply,
And watch the shrine with wonder beaming eye?
Yes, thou shalt mark, with magic art profound,
The speed of light, the circling march of sound;
With Franklin grasp the lightning's fiery wing,
Or yield the lyre of Heav'n another string.

The Swedish sage admires, in yonder bow'rs,
His winged insects and his rosy flow'rs;
Calls from their woodland haunts the savage train
With sounding horn, and counts them on the plain—
So once, at Heav'ns command the wand'rers came
To Eden's shade and heard their various name.

Far from the world, in yon sequester'd clime,
Slow pass the suns of Wisdom, more sublime;
Calm as the fields of Heav'n, his sapient eye
The lord of Arabia bids to realms on high!
Admiring Plato on his spotless page,
Scans on the bright dictates of the Father sage:
"Shall Nature bound to Earth's diurnal span
The fire of God, th' immortal soul of man?"

Turn, Child of Heav'n, thy rapture-lighten'd eye
To Wisdom's walks, the sacred Nine are nigh;
Hark! from bright spires that gild the Delphian height,
From its reams that wander in eternal light,
Rang'd on their hill, Harmonia's daughters swell
The mingling tones of horn, and harp, and shell;
Deep from its vaults, the Lesbian murmurs flow,
And Pithia's awful organ peals below.

Belov'd of Heav'n! the smiling Muse shall shed,
Her moonlight halo on thy beauteous head;
Shall swell thy heart to rapture unconfin'd,
And breathe a holy madness o'er thy mind.
I see thee roam her guardian pow'r beneath,
And talk with spirits on the midnight heath;
Inquire of guilty wand'rers whence they came,
And ask each blood-stain'd form his earthly name;
Then weave in rapid verse the deeds they tell,
And read the trembling world the tales of hell.

When Venus, thron'd in clouds of rosy hue,
Flings from her golden urn the vesper dew;
And bids fond man her glimmering noon employ,
Sacred to love, and walks of tender joy;
And wilder mood the goddess shall recall,
And sigh as dew thy tones of music fall;
While Beauty's deeply pic ur'd smiles impart,
A pang more dear than pleasure to the heart—
Warm as thy sighs shall flow the Lesbian strain,
And plead in Beauty's ear, nor plead in vain.

Or wilt thou Orphean hymns more sacred deem,
And steep thy song in Mercy's mellow stream;
To pensive drops the radiant eye beguile—
For Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile;—
On Nature's throbbing anguish pour relief,
And teach impassion'd souls the Joy of Grief?

Yes; to thy tongue shall seraph words be giv'n,
And pow'r on earth to plead the cause of Heav'n;
The proud, the cold untroubled heart of stone,
That never mus'd on sorrow but its own,
Unlocks a generous store at thy command,
Like Horeb's rocks beneath the prophet's hand,
The living lumber of his kindred earth,—
Charm'd into soul, receives a second birth;
For thee the dread pow'r another heart afford,
Whose passion touch'd harmonious strings accord
True as the circling spheres to Nature's plan!
And man, the brother, lives the friend of man!

Bright as the pillar rose at Heav'n's command,
When Israel march'd along the desert land,
Blaz'd through the night on lonely wilds afar,
And told the path—a never-setting star:
So! heav'nly Genius, in thy course divine,
Hope is thy star, her light is ever thine."

INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

FROM THE PLAY OF TAMERLANE.

To thee, O gentle sleap, alone
Is owing all our peace—
By thee our joys are heighten'd shown,
By thee our sorrows cease.

The nymph whose hand by fraud or force
Some tyrant has possess'd,
By thee obtaining a divorce,
In her own choice is blest.

Oh! stay, Aspasia bids thee stay,
The sadly-weeping fair
Conjures thee not to lose in day,
The object of her care;

To grasp whose pleasing form she sought;
That motion chac'd her sleep,
Thus by ourselves are of nest wrought
The griefs for which we weep.

A POEM.

Translated from the original Irish.

The parting sun-beam dances upon the smooth surface of the water, darting his lengthened rays through the thick foliage, where the gentle Zephyrus sighs amid the quivering leaves of the tall poplar, inviting thee, my Anna, to partake of its shade—the humble willow weeps thy absence, and the wren droops her wings in sorrow, and thrills no more the soft notes of delight, unless enlivened by thy presence.

And wilt thou not come, my Anna, as thou were wont, and with thy smiles give new life to the fading flowers of the garden foot; where the soft grass invites thy step, and the daisy springs to kiss thy feet.

Come, my Anna, thou charm of my heart: come, that I may press thy beauties to the bosom of love: Come, that I may view the soft expression of delight that glows in the mildness of thy blue eyes.

The sun has withdrawn his beauties from me, and hid his glory beyond the wood-clothed summits of the western hills; yet a last ray tinges the fleecy cloud with red, and prolongs awhile the existence of day.

Where art thou my Anna? Hearest not thou the accents of love swell along the vale? Hearest thou not the sigh of suspence float on the wings of the wind? Oh! come and sooth my woes with thy smiles, and beguile the passing hour with the song of love, whilst surrounding nature, charmed with thy harmony, responsive echo—re-echoes sweet symphony.

Thou comest, my Anna, sweet to my soul as wild honey to the taste of infancy—welcome to my sight as the hospitable fire-side to the cold, weary, and benighted traveller.

Thou comest, my Anna, love dancing in thine eye, and pleasure blended with impatience, beaming on thy countenance—Ah! why, my Anna, didst thou stray! Come to my arms, thou child of innocence and virtue—bestow on me the guardianship of thy purity and never leave me more—when sleep weighs heavy on my Anna's eye-lids, recline thine head on my enrapture'd bosom;—I will watch thy slumbers as the tender mother watcheth her young—and when thou wakest, my Anna, these arms shall shield thee from the rough wind.

THERE is something irresistably pleasing in the conversation of a fine woman; even though her tongue be silent, the eloquence of her eyes teaches wisdom. The mind sympathises with the regularity of the object in view, and, struck with external grace, vibrates into respondent harmony.

NARRATIVE OF MISS HERBERT,

EXTRACTED FROM JULIA.—A NOVEL.

(CONTINUED.)

"After a scene which can be better imagined than described, Mr. Herbert and his daughter retired to a hamlet in the neighbourhood, where the English officer, Capt. F——, when he went to visit them the next day, found Sophia sitting by her father's bedside, whom fatigue of body, joined to the most vehement emotions of mind, had thrown into a fever. His pulse throbbed violently, and his soul seemed bursting with indignation and despair. Sophia's countenance was pale, and her looks spoke the complaints to which her lips refused utterance. Soon after Capt. F—— reached the cottage, a peasant led into the room an old man near eighty years of age; who was an Englishman, that had gone to America in his youth, as the servant of Mr. Herbert's father, and now passed his declining years under the protection of the son. This old man had crawled to the town the preceding night, in search of his master, and had been seen sitting under the shelter of a barn, by an American countryman who knew him, and led him to the cottage. Sophia flew with eagerness to meet him: she had been taught to reverence him in fancy, and more advanced years had confirmed the habit of childhood into a sentiment of the soul. Robert had served her grandfather with a simplicity of affection, and a pride of integrity, which claimed the warmest returns of gratitude. This valuable domestic had felt towards his master that sentiment of stedfast fidelity which Naomi expresses to Ruth, in the beautiful language of Scripture, "Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God shall be my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

"Sophia took the old man's arm from the countryman; "Robert," said she, "I hope you are not much hurt." "Ah, Miss Sophy," said he, shaking his head, "no matter, since you are safe, and my master." "Robert!" said Mr. Herbert; but his voice seemed choaked, and he did not attempt to proceed. I see you are ill, Sir," replied the old man, "and no wonder. Poor Mr. Charles—I loved him like my own child, and he was pleased to let me call him so; but the dear youth is now"—A flood of tears bedewed the old man's cheeks; he wiped them away with his white locks. "Ah, Robert," said Sophia, "you will kill us if you talk so." "I'll say no more," answered he, "though, if it had pleased Heaven to take a poor old man, and spare him"—"Sit down, and compose yourself," said Sophia. The officer assisted in placing him at the foot of his master's bed. Mr. Herbert fixed his eyes upon him, with a gloomy look, in which despair was painted. "I am a good deal bruised," said the old man. "How were you bruised, Robert?" said Mr. Herbert. "Last night, Sir, when I found you were all three gone, what, thought I, should I stay for here? If any harm happens to them, thought I, I shall have nothing more to live for; so I crawled on, and reached the place where poor Mr. Charles—" Here the old man paused a moment. "I kissed his poor corpse, Sir, and spoke to it, as if it could answer me, and then when the names came near, I dragged it away as well as I could; but my strength failed me, and I fell against some stones, that bruised me a good deal. So I lay all night by my poor young master's side; and when it grew light, and they came to bury the dead, I kissed his cold hand, and went a little way off: but I saw where they laid him; I shall know the spot if the grass *should* grow over it."

"Capt. F—— went up to Robert, and begged he would say no more: Robert answered, "I have done, Sir; he's in his grave; but if you had known him, Sir, so kind-hearted and so humble he was:—He has often made me lay hold of his arm, and led me to my wicker seat at the end of the garden. Sit down, Robert, he would say, and bask a little in the sun, it will do you good: but it's all over now. Yes, Sir," turning to his master, "they have destroyed every thing—the shrubbery is all cut down, and torn to pieces, except a branch here and there, that is blown by the wind; it would have broke your heart to see it."

"Mr. Herbert's fever increased, and, for some days, his life was in danger. Captain F——— brought the surgeon of his regiment to visit him, and witnessed, in his own frequent visits to the cottage, the filial piety of Sophia, who watched day and night by the bed-side of her father, attended him with unremitting tenderness, and at length had the consolation of seeing his health restored.

"You will not wonder, Sir, that those distresses which rendered Sophia's beauty more touching, and served to display the virtues of her heart, soon converted Captain F——'s pity into the enthusiasm of passion. Nor was Sophia insensible to the merit of her generous lover. Although Mr. Herbert lamented that Captain F——— was an Englishman, he did not suffer political prejudice to subdue those sentiments of esteem and gratitude which the conduct of that young man had nobly merited, and consented that his daughter should marry Captain F——— at the end of the summer campaign. Mean time he conducted her to this distant village, which he knew our early friendship would render an agreeable situation to her, while she waited the events of the summer. Before Mr. Herbert set out for this place, he went, attended by Sophia, to take a last look of his possessions. When Sophia had described to me the melancholy picture they presented, she added these words:—"I could bear to gaze upon the ruins of that once happy dwelling, did I consider them merely as the relics of her splendor: but it was the scene of all my pleasures! this is what ashes are to me. Had the same ties, the same soothing recollections, endeared the shelter of a cottage, the straw that thatched its roof would have been sacred, and called forth my affections as forcibly as the mansion which is laid in dust. Passing by the side of that small stream which runs near the bottom of the lawn, I saw some of the sticks with which my father had himself formed my laurel bower, taken away by the current. They floated on the surface of the water; I looked after them with a vehement sensation, which I almost tremble to recall. When I turned, I spied some scattered branches of the laurel, which he had twisted round these very sticks, withering on the ground: I snatched them up instantly, bathed them with my tears, and have preserved them till the last leaf is withered."

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

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1st.—"THE MINERVA" will be neatly printed, weekly, on a half-sheet Super-Royal paper.

2d.—The terms are TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid in advance.

3d.—A handsome title-page and table of contents will be furnished (gratis) at the completion of each volume.

FROM THE BEAUTIES OF HISTORY.

THE CHARACTER OF A GOOD HUSBAND.

THE good husband is one, who, wedded not by interest but by choice, is constant as well from inclination as from principle; he treats his wife with delicacy as a woman, with tenderness as a friend: he attributes her follies to her weakness, her imprudence to her inadvertency: he passes them over therefore with good-nature, and pardons them with indulgence; all his care and industry are employed for her welfare; all his strength and power are exerted for her support and protection; he is more anxious to preserve his own character and reputation, because hers is blended with it.

EXAMPLES OF CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

JULIUS SABINUS, having engaged the interest of the Gauls, caused himself to be proclaimed emperor of Rome; but being defeated, he fled to his country house, and set it on fire, in order to raise a report that he had perished. This scheme answered his end, for he was there believed to have suffered a voluntary death. But, in the mean time, he lay concealed with his treasures (for he was immensely rich) in a cave which he had caused to be dug in a solitary place, and which was known only to two of his freed-men, upon whose fidelity he could depend. He might easily have withdrawn into Germany; but he could not prevail on himself to abandon his wife, whom he passionately loved. Sabinus, that no one might doubt of his death, did not for some time, even undeceive his wife, who solemnized his exequies with great pomp, bewailed him with many tears, and at last, no longer able to bear the loss of a husband for whom she had the sincerest affection, resolved not to outlive him, and began to abstain from all food. This news alarmed Sabinus; and therefore, by means of Martialis, one of his freed-men, he informed her that he was still alive, and acquainted her with the place where he lay concealed, desiring her at the same time to suppress her joy, lest the secret might thence be betrayed. Empona heard the relation with inexpressible pleasure, and pretending business in the country, flew to her husband. The cave to her was then preferable to a palace, for there only she was happy. She went frequently to see him, and sometimes contrived to stay whole weeks unsuspected. When at Rome she continued to bewail him as dead, and concealed the whole with exemplary fidelity and wonderful address; nay, she found means to convey him into the city, upon what motive I know not; and from thence back to his cave, so well disguised tha he was by no one known. But after he had passed nine years in this manner, he was at length discovered by some persons who narrowly watched his wife, upon her frequently absenting herself from her own house, and followed her to the cave without being discovered. Sabinus was immediately seized, and sent to Rome loaded with chains, together with his wife, who throwing herself at the emperor's feet, and presenting to him her two tender infants, endeavoured with her tears and intreaties to move him to compassion. Vespasion, the emperor, could not help weeping at so affecting an object; nevertheless, he condemned both her and her husband, and caused them soon after to be executed.

CAVADES, king of the Persians, being deposed and imprisoned by his subjects, his queen, who alone remained attached to him in all his misfortunes, never failed to bring him necessaries with her own hands, though she was not permitted to see him. Observing the keeper of the castle enamoured with her beauty, she so effectually soothed his passion as to gain access to her husband, and thereby procured his enlargement; for staying, as she often did, late in the evening, she dressed the king in her own cloaths, in which he went out undiscovered till Cavades had time enough to make his escape. He fled to the king of the Eu halites, by whose assistance he was restored to his throne and kingdom.

BIOGRAPHY.

MR. HENRY MACKENZIE,

AUTHOR OF THE MAN OF FEELING, &c. &c.

[*Continued from page* 2.]

SINCE the names of *La Nouvelle Heloise*, and of *St. Preux*, have been here mentioned, one is naturally tempted to add, without meaning any insinuation adverse to the idea of the originality of Mr. Mackenzie's genius, that the character and adventures of Harley have been said to be imitated from those of the hero of Rousseau's novel, with a freedom and deviation, indeed, which almost create an original, yet with a resemblance sufficient to indicate what model the writer had in his eye. Harley is St. Preux in all but the fire of genius and of passion. Instead of the glowing sensuality of the hero of the French novel, he is refined to a sainted or angel purity of soul. He reasons little: he needs not to be guided by the cold precepts of reason; he has moral sensibility to keep him ever amiably in the right; but then, his moral sensibility is alive even to a degree of morbid delicacy and tremulous feebleness. His adventures are such as tend to shew his character in all the lights necessary to make us see it fully & distinctively. He is educated in retirement: he comes to town, and there visits some remarkable scenes, and has a part in some striking incidents; he returns to the country, and after languishing a while in love which he dares not tell, expires in a joy too great not to overpower his feebleness, at the very moment when he learns that his love would not be unreturned. All the imagery and incidents of the piece accord with the cast and spirit of the principal character. They are delicately tender; and they are adapted to touch the springs of tenderness in the heart. The author delights in the detail of minute imagery; and he knows how to make that exquisitely interesting which would be, in other hands, trivial and insipid. In a work with such beauties, one forgets all severity of judgement in regard of style. But, the style of the *Man of Feeling* might defy such severity. It is pure, more pure indeed from Scoticisms than from Gallicisms, sweet, and elegant with dignity, but without pomp.

The author's name remained, for a time, unknown beyond the circle of his private friends. But, in England as in Scotland, it was thought, that he must, certainly, be the most amiable of men; and the ladies in particular were anxiously desirous to learn—who in the world it might be? A Mr. Eccles, a young Irish clergyman, became, amidst these circumstances, ambitious to usurp the praise of it. For some purpose, whether of love, of interest, or of mere vanity, he was, it seems, capable of taking the pains to transcribe the whole work, and even of marking his manuscript with erasures and interlineations, to give it an air of being that copy, in which the author had wrought the last polish on his piece, before transcribing it for the press. The manuscript was found among that gentleman's papers, after his death; and had, for a time, the effect to excite among persons, who were not better informed, the persuasion for which he seems to have intended it.

The success with which the *Man of Feeling* had been published, encouraged its real author to give, within no long time after, to the world, a poem, under the title of *Pleasures of Happiness*, which the writer of this memoir has not happened to read, but which, though not often reprinted, has been much commended by persons well able to judge of its merits.

In the *Man of the World* Mr. Mackenzie next produced a sort of second part to the Man of Feeling. It breathes the same tone of exquisite moral delicacy, and of refined sensibility. In his former fiction, the author had imagined a hero who found all the pleasures and all the pains of his life, with all the amiable peculiarities of character, in constant obedience to every emotion of his moral sense: In the *Man of the World* he exhibited, on the contrary, a person rushing headlong to misery and ruin, and, spreading misery all around him, by pursuing a happiness which he expected to obtain, in defiance of the moral sense. What other system of moral philosophy had ever the advantage of illustrations so elegant, as these volumes afford of that of Hutcheson, and his pupil, Smith? It was not ungraciously received by the public; yet not altogether with that enthusiasm of delight and admiration which the Man of Feeling had commanded. The Man of the World was but the common character of a person sacrificing all better considerations to the headlong pursuit of selfish and sensual pleasure. This character had been often before drawn, and often with a bolder hand, with happier dexterity, with deeper skill.

He produced a tragedy, under the title of the *Prince of Tunis*, which was acted at the Edinburgh Theatre. The representation was repeated with applause for six nights. Mrs. Yates, then at Edinburgh, appeared in the principal female character. It has never been performed at any of the theatres in London.

In the year 1776, Mr. Mackenzie married Miss Penuel Grant, sister to Sir James Grant, of Grant.

Some years after, he and a few of his friends, who used to meet occasionally, for convivial conversation at a Tavern kept by one Bayll, a Frenchman, projected the publication of a series of papers similar to the Spectator, on morals, manners, taste, & literature. They were united in a club, which had the name of the *Tabernacle*, and were all, or almost all, lawyers. Mr. Mackenzie was at the head of the project. Mr. Craig, Mr Cullen, Mr. Bannatyne Macleod, now judges in the supreme courts of Scotland, the late Mr. Abercrombie who died a Judge, Mr. Solicitor-general Blair, and Mr. George Home, clerk of session, agreed to become his coadjutors. The papers were to be published in weekly numbers; and in allusion to the representations which they were to exhibit of human life, sentiments, and manners, it was settled to give them the common title of *The Mirror*.

This scheme was carried into effect. The papers were published in weekly numbers, each filling a sheet in folio. The succession was continued for more than two years. The price of a single copy of each number was three pence. About three or four hundred only were sold, in single papers; but this sale, though inconsiderable, served at least to make the whole very advantageously known. The succession of the numbers was no sooner closed, than the whole were republished in three duodecimo volumes. In England, especially, they were now read with great applause. The approbation they received in London, which for such a species of composition in particular, is the very Athens of modern Europe, seemed to stamp an authority on the praises of those by whom they were commended in Scotland, sufficient to put all censure to silence. As the authors mingled in the highest circles of fashion and literary life, they wanted not opportunity, while their names remained unknown, to promote the reputation of their work, by many little artifices, which, though perfectly honorable and disingenuous—for, of none else was any of them capable—could not have been equally used, if they had from the first, openly avowed it to be theirs. They had the discretion to hide their names from being at all mentioned in relation to it, till its success was complete; and then, the appropriation of the different papers, in a new edition, to those by whom they have been respectively written, served but to renew and augment the public curiosity respecting the whole. They took money for the copy-right; out of which they, first, bestowed an hundred pounds in charity to the Orphan Hospital; and with the rest, purchased an hogshead of claret for the use of the club.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

MRS. RADCLIFFE.

THIS lady's novels have a bewitching interest. The power of painting the terrible and the mysterious is her's in an eminent degree; but her sketches of landscape, though always indicating a skilful painter, are too numerous and minute. They may be called the miniature picture of nature. Whether in the vales of Arno, or among the crags of the Appennines, unsatisfied with general description, she chooses to note every spire of grass, or flower, shrub of the rocks. In the labyrinthian scenes of her castles and her forests, the attentive critic may discover a degree of finesse and stage trick, which often repeated, offends, rather than surprises. When curiosity parts to discover the secrets of a desolate chamber, or a ruined abbey, some, perhaps many, immediments may be judiciously thrown in Fancy's way. But the rusty and bloody key, the glimpse of fancied apparitions, the perplexed path and the impracticable stair-case occur so often in Mrs. Radcliff's midnight rambles, that they soon lose their power of deception. But let pruning criticism lop what it may, the laurels of this lady cannot be injured. Her style pure, harmonious and forcible, might be a model, even to masculine writers. In the exhibition of the nicer, and less obvious shades of character, she has caught the strength and the spirit of TACITUS & SHAKESPEARE. The family of La Luc is an enchanting group. It is agreeable from its resemblance to the La Rochefoucaults. Mackenzie: and the fierceness of Montoni, and the fate of Emily St. Aubert, are admirably contrasted.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE MINERVA.

GENTLEMEN,

BY printing the enclosed piece in your next "MINERVA," you will oblige many of your female subscribers, and among others,

Your obedient servant,

ELIZA.

[*The piece alluded to by our fair correspondent, was published some time since, in* "The Enquirer," *under the title of* "RAINBOW No. 2, ON THE CONDITION OF WOMEN." *The elegant simplicity of style with which this Essay is written, certainly entitles it to the encomiums which it has already received —This gallant writer, in our opinion, deserves from the fair sex, the honorary title of their* Literary Champion.]

IT has been said that the civilization of a country may be fairly estimated by the degree of respect which is paid to its women. The sentiment is not more gallant than it is just. Its truth has been demonstrated by Messieurs Alexander, Thomas, Russell, and various other writers; who, for this purpose, have resorted, not to any abstracted enquiries into the characters of the sexes; but to a direct appeal to the experience of nations. They have shewn, by a curious and most interesting investigation, that from the benighted and sensual savage of New-Zealand, or of Nootka Sound, through every gradation, up to the polished gentleman of Europe or America, the deference and veneration for the female part of society is exactly in proportion to the degree of refinement which each nation has attained. In a national point of view, Virginia need not shrink from this test of her refinement. In every social circle in which the sexes are blended, we may observe a sanctity as well as a tenderness of attention to the fair, which would not disgrace a knight in the proudest days of chivalry. But the moralist, who aims at the culture of the virtues, will direct his attention not so much to the manners of the drawing-room, as to those which may be observed in still more private life. He will look through the ceremonies which men may act from deference to their company, and by which, indeed, they recognize and bow obedience to the sentiment above expressed; he will look through these blinds of state, into the bosom of the private family, and watch the manners of the husband and the father when every restraint is removed. It will be by the discoveries which the veil make here, that he will direct his admonitions; and on this ground, I fear that the moralist, not of Virginia only, but of all those states which boast of their refinement, will find too much room for censure and admonition.

WHAT is true of nations, in this case, is, I presume, equally true of individuals; or in other words, the civilization of the man, like that of the nation, may be fairly estimated by the degree of respect which he pays to the fair. When I speak of civilization, I do not mean science; since we have sometimes seen a very highly illuminated mind, connected with a cold, a malignant, or a ferocious heart; but by civilization, I mean, that change which is wrought upon the savage man by the humanizing, softening, refining power of social virtue. Neither, by *respect to the fair* do I mean the bows and grimace of a *petit maitre*, which a monkey might learn; nor the still more imposing exterior of elegance and sensibility which a Zeluco could assume; but, by *respect to the fair*, I mean a genuine and tender deference, which has not merely glanced upon the surface, but penetrated and pervaded every portion of the heart: I mean not an occasional shew, but a sincere, a perennial, an habitual respect and affection, which renders a man involuntarily assiduous to the wants, and sympathetic with the minutest sufferings of the softer and gentler sex. With these explanations I resume my position, and I beg my male reader to assure himself that whatever figure he may make in other respects; however brilliantly he may shine as a man of erudition, genius, wit, or humour, he is, nevertheless, civilized or not, in proportion as he has learned to respect the fair: and more particularly that portion of them whose protection he may have assumed.

IT is a mournful truth that the life of the finest girl among us, is too often a series of suffering and of sorrow. Too many of them pass on to death, without having once found the "sunny slope" of tranquility, on which they could repose and declare themselves, for a moment, at ease. Their sufferings begin often with life. The restraints of their childhood even when they are salutary, are sources of trouble; because their motive is not yet perceived by the young and inexperienced mind. But not unfrequently the restraints of childhood instead of being prompted by paternal wisdom and tenderness, are the momentary dictates of headlong passion and brutal cruelty. This tyranny commenced in their childhood, is extended even to their maturer years; and it becomes the more severe as it is then inflicted on a mind capable of estimating its wrongs, and often exerted on those sensibilities of the heart which can least brook the curb and lash of authority. Marriage itself is, too frequently, little more than a change of tyrants; and the idol of the sighing and adoring lover, dwindles down into the neglected, oppressed, insulted drudge of an unprincipled and profligate husband. If the poor, lonely mourner, gives birth to sons; she looks on with remorse to the time when they, in their turn, armed with the authority of a husband, shall "play such fantastic tricks before high Heaven, as will make even angels weep"; if she gives birth to daughters—it would not be a subject of great wonder, if, like the miserable mothers on the banks of the Oroonoko, she should slay them, out of compassion, and smother them in the hour of their birth.—How many women have here their history sketched! Look closely into the domestic movements of our people, and you will find that this sombre picture has too many originals. I am not accusing parents or husbands with the practice of savage violence on their daughters or their wives: to a generous woman there are many wrongs infinitely more humiliating and agonizing than the infliction of actual violence.

THE destiny of poor MARIA differed in some respects from the preceding sketch. Maria was among the fairest and sweetest girls that I have ever known. If the love of the fondest and best of parents—if the most enchanting grace and beauty—if the pure spirit and disposition of a seraph could have saved her from misery, Maria had been saved. My heart bleeds at the recollection of her. But let me try to command myself while I tell this tale of joy turned into sorrow; of the fairest hopes reversed and blasted—of the brightest lustre and beauty extinguished forever.

Her parents were not rich; but they were good. Although they had lived much in the world, they retained a simplicity of character which is now rarely encountered except in the description of poets. Their benevolent breasts were fraught with a tenderness of feeling whose luxury is known only to the poor and humble. The rich and the prosperous know it only by name. Their simplicity, their benevolence, their sensibility were concentered in the bosom of the young Maria—They gave an emphasis to her opening beauty—suffused her cheek with a richer hue—and rode, in triumph, on the beams of her eyes, through the heart of every beholder. I remember Maria at her first appearance in the ball-room. She was then about fourteen years of age. The enquiry ran——"what rosebud of beauty is this?" The epithet was applied with peculiar propriety: it depicted in one word, her youth, her beauty, her innocence and sweetness. She danced; when light and etherial as a sylph, she surpassed whatever we have read of the wild, the striking, the captivating graces displayed by the rural beauties on the flowery side of Ætna. It was easy to read in the countenance of this gay and artless young creature the exalting expectations with which she was entering on life. Her childhood had passed away amid the blandishments and caresses of her fond parents; all had been ease, indulgence, and gratification; admired, applauded and beloved by every body who saw or knew her, every day, every hour, every minute had been filled with animation, joy and rapture. As yet she had frolicked only on "life's velvet lawn," covered with a canopy of blooming amaranth; and her young fancy was teeming with visions of bliss in bright and boundless prospect. Alas! poor Maria! How soon was this serene and joyous morning overcast! A lover presented himself. Like Maria, he was in the bloom of youth, and had every advantage of person and address; but his breast was not, like Maria's, the residence of pure and exalted virtue. He loved her indeed; or rather, he was infatuated by her beauty; but he was incapable of forming a correct estimate of the treasure which was lodged in her bosom; of that heart, whose purity, delicacy, fidelity, generosity and sensibility, an angel might have avowed without a blush. The dupe, however, of fervent and pathetic professions she accepted this man; and Maria, who was formed to crown the happiness of a sensible and virtuous man, became the miserable wife of a weak and vicious one. Merciful God! Must I remember the contrast which I so often witnessed in agony! Poor Maria! Her velvet lawn was exchanged for a wilderness of briars and brambles; her amaranthine canopy for the keen and cutting blasts of a winter's sky. I have seen Maria in the thronged assembly-room when every eye was fixed upon her with delight, and followed her in speechless admiration thro' the mazes of the graceful dance; and I have seen the same Maria far removed from the world's society, and, even yet in the bloom of youth, all lonely and drooping like a wounded flower. I have seen the lovely girl, presiding, like a bright, propitious planet, at her father's hospitable board, and I have seen her the solitary and menial drudge of her own gloomy and forsaken household. I have beheld her the animating soul of the polished circle, dispensing light and life by her smiles —and my own soul has sunk within me, to see her insulated from the world, and pierced and languishing under the neglect of her once ardent and assidious husband. She had seen the time when every transitory dejection of countenance had been watched by him, its cause sedulously explored, and consolation administered with a tenderness which could not fail of its effect. But now, without a single enquiry, without one touch of pity, he could see her face pale with sorrow, and her once radiant eyes dim with weeping. At such a moment, instead of bending before her as he had once done, and pressing her hand to his sympathetic heart, he could cast on her a look so cold and chilling as to freeze the vital stream of life even in its fountain, fling out of his house with contempt and disgust, and lavish on the vicious and impure those affectionate attentions which he had solemnly vowed to her alone. He might have been happy; and he might have realized to his beauteous wife all those dreams of conjugal innocence and bliss with which her youthful fancy was wont to regale her. But, instead of these pure and calm joys, whose recollection might have gilded even the moment of death, he chose riot, debauchery and guilt: to his own virtuous and celestial bed, he preferred habitual impurity and prostitution: and instead of the perpetual spring which she had fondly anticipated, poor Maria experienced only perpetual winter. The blast was too keen for her tender frame. She is gone; and with her sister angels, she has found that peace which her unfeeling husband refused to her on earth. Her death stunned him into his senses. In vain he endeavoured to recall her fleeting breath; in vain he promised and vowed if she could be restored to him, to atone for his past neglect by future tenderness. To him the resolution of amendment came too late; may it come in time to a portion of my readers.

Y.

AGRICULTURAL.

TURNIPS.

In England large fields of turnips are annually sown for the support of cattle during the two last months in the year, which produce is esteemed as highly beneficial to the farmer; but very frequently, and particularly in dry seasons, they are destroyed by an insect which is there called the Fly. An experienced and respectable farmer some years ago, advertised in the public prints, that if a subscription was raised to the amount of I think 500 guineas (to be deposited in the hands of a banker and left to a committee to determine whether he was entitled to the premium) he would publish a certain remedy against these destructive insects; the subscription was soon made on the conditions proposed, and accordingly the farmer published to the world in substance as follows:—"The turnip is destroyed by the fly shortly after it appears above ground; the plant in that state will bear the pressure of the foot or any other smooth substance, and raise itself again. This insect is destructive only in the night season, and is so tender in its nature, that the least touch puts an end to its existence; I therefore recommend that you take the shoes from your horse, and put him to a large wooden *roller*, and go carefully over your field of turnips at *midnight*: This in all probability will secure you a crop, and thus amply compensate for your labor."—This simple remedy was received with astonishment, and immediately put in practice by thousands, who on experiencing its good effects, reported favorably to the committee, and the premium was adjudged to be justly due to the inventor.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DR. JOHNSON.

When Dr. Percy first published his collection of ancient English Ballads, perhaps he was too lavish in commendation of the beautiful simplicity and poetic merit he supposed himself to discover in them. This circumstance provoked Johnson to observe to him one evening at Miss Reynold's tea table, that he could rhyme as well, and as elegantly, in common narrative and conversation. For instance, says he,

As with my hat upon my head
I walk'd along the strand,
I there did meet another man
With his hat in his hand.

Or, to render such poetry subservient to my own immediate use,

I therefore pray thee, Renny dear,
That thou wilt give to me,
With cream and sugar soften'd well,
Another dish of tea.
Nor fear that I my gentle maid,
Shall long detain the cup,
When once unto the bottom I
Have drank the liquor up.
Yet hear, alas! this mournful truth,
Nor bear it with a frown;—
That thou canst not make the tea so fast
As I can gulp it down.

And thus he proceeded through several more stanzas, till the reverend critic cried out for quarter.

BEAUTY.

If the opinion of *Bacon* be thought to deserve much regard, very few sighs would be vented for eminent and superlative elegance of form. "For beautiful women (says he) are seldom of any great accomplishments, because they, for the most part, study behaviour rather than virtue."

We recommend the care of their nobler part to women, and tell them how little addition is made, by all their arts, to the graces of the mind. But when was it known that female goodness or knowledge was able to attract that officiousness, or inspire that ardour, which beauty produces whenever it appears?

SINGULAR PARTY.—Francis Sheppard Esq. of Kinbury, last week entertained a dinner party of ten, consisting of the Rev. Rector of Hampstead, and nine of his parishoners, whose joint age amounted to 794. Among the jolly

Young Bucks there was not an invalid ; they eat heartily, drank freely, and called their host a boy, having only attained the age of 60.

Counter Part.—Monday se'ennight, a party of elderly ladies, at Allonby, met on a friendly visit ; amongst whom were three widows, of the name of Mary, whose united ages amounted to 251 years ; and whose gaiety of spirits is hardly to be exceeded by the most blooming of their sex ! It is further remarkable, that one of these three Marys has two sisters, now living, within half a mile of the place of their nativity, whose ages, added to her's make 257 years !—and the eldest of them, in the course of a few weeks past, spun nine hanks of excellent yarn, by the ancient mode of rock and spindle.—It appears that the united ages of the five must be upwards of 430 ; averaging, at least, 86 years each !—A circumstance not to be paralleled in the North of England, in any place of only equal population. [GREENOCK PAPER.]

A patent has been taken out in England by Mr. Roche, for the cure of the Hooping Cough, by external application only. The medicine is composed of essential oils in the different proportions, of elder, carraways rosemary, in which are mixed leaves of red roses, camomile flowers, &c. to be simmered over a slow fire 24 hours, and pressed through a sieve—take a small quantity of this mixture and rub it over the pit of the stomach 10 minutes before a fire just previous to bed time ; keep a flannel on the part during the whole night, and exchange it for another piece of flannel in the day time ; use 1-2 tea-spoonful for an infant under 6 months, and one tea-spoonful for a child 2 years old, at each embrocation.

MUSIC.

PULLEAN, an instrument maker, at Moscow, (in Russia) has invented a curious musical instrument, called Orchestrino, which has been heard in the different theatres in Russia, with great applause. It has the same effect upon the audience as a well composed orchestra of 100 select musicians. He has obtained from the Emperor of Russia an exclusive privilege for ten years, and intends to travel with it, and visit the principal towns and cities in Europe.

BURLESQUE.

PANEGYRICK ON DRUNKENNESS.

Who by disgrace or by ill fortune sunk,
Feels not his soul enliven'd when he's drunk.
Swift.

Hippocrates says, that it does a man good to get drunk once a month. I won't say it fellows, that it must, of course, do him much more good to get drunk daily ; but I know there are many people who from practice seem firmly persuaded of it.—Horace next tells us, that people who drink water can never make good poetry ; and Athenæus assures us, that Alcæus and Aristophanes wrote poetry when they were intoxicated. Socrates, too was a clever fellow ; and he according to Lucian was always drunk, for, in conformity to his own contession, he saw all things double. Further, let us take the word *methe* ; what does it signify ? why both mirth (the son of Bacchus) and *Drunkenness*, so nearly are they allied. Then Flaccus affirms that wine makes us eloquent ; and this is confirmed by Kotzebue, in his Benyowski, where we read that fish are mute for no other reason than that they drink nothing but water.

Beside, when are men so full of morality, truth, and charity, as when they are half seas over? And let me add, that Hogarth observes, that " all the common and necessary motions, for the purposes of life, are performed by men in straight lines ; but the *graceful and ornamental movements are made in curved lines.*" Such are all the movents of a drunken man ; he must therefore, be the most *graceful* of men. It may be said indeed, that the vine has produced much evil ; and I may be told, as a proof, that Erigone was discovered by Bacchus in the shape of a bunch of grapes. Well, I know it ; and I know also, that Erigone is not the only girl that has been discovered by means of the *grape*. But now in opposition to that circumstance, which is so trifling when compared to the advantages I have already stated ; let me ask, whether soberness has not its dire ful evils ; was not Hermagoness banished Ephesus for too great sobriety ? Could inebrity cause any thing more afflicting than banishment ?—

ANECDOTES.

Dr. Johnson being asked what was love, answered, " It was the folly of a wise man, and the wisdom of a fool." and Dryden being asked the same question by a lady, replied—" It is a subject, Madam, I have seen, felt, and heard—but never yet could understand."

A GOOD EXCUSE.

Why not send for a Doctor? said a man to his friend. Because replied he, tho' very ill, I do not yet wish to die.

FOR THE MINERVA.

THE RAMBLER.—No. II.

THE objects which surrounded me on my return to town, were little calculated to dispel the gloom which hung over my mind ; the silence of the night was interrupted at intervals by the dismal cries of the lonely Screech Owl, and by the continual roar of the turbulent river dashing its impetuous clay-colored stream against the rugged corners of projecting rocks. The flying clouds, gliding swiftly beneath the Moon, sometimes completely obscured her, and left the earth in entire darkness ; at other times she shed a feint light, which enabled me, indeed, to pursue my path, but had no effect to enliven my drooping spirits. I strove, however, to be cheerful ; I attempted to hum a lively tune ; but the sounds half-uttered, died on my lips : pshaw, cried I, this is nonsense mere childishness ;—I tried a second time :—the effort was vain—it was impossible to controul at pleasure, the operations of nature. I indulged myself therefore, in those sad reflections, which although very far from being at any time highly agreeable, were then in complete unison with my feelings.

One idea succeeded another in rapid succession. My thoughts were at length concentrated on my own misfortunes. I retraced in memory the though less hours of infancy ; but the pleasures which I then enjoyed were of but short duration : a few steps from childhood brought me into a state of anxiety, of disquietude, of unceasing torment ;—the God of love now fixed his rankling arrow in my youthful heart—time only could assuage the pain—the wound was incurable.

We sometimes feel a pleasing melancholy in retracing our past misfortunes ; especially when the effects of those misfortunes are at an end ; but this was not the case with me. The object of my first and only love was indeed lost to me forever ; I had not the most distant prospect of gaining the inestimable prize. The fair one on whom I had placed my affections, whose person was ornamented by every grace and accomplishment ; whose heart was ennobled by every virtuous sentiment ; whose mind was an index to delicacy and humane sensibility ; this angelic lady was now the partner of another. I could not help comparing my sufferings with those of the lamented WERTER. But there was one strong distinction between us : in the passion of Werter there was probably some degree of criminality . he was enamoured with the wife of his friend :—my case was very different, yet not less deplorable. In the fervour of youthful passion, I had imprudently sought the acquaintance of a beautiful girl whose fortune was far superior to my own—a moment's reflection would have convinced me of the impropriety of cherishing a passion which I could not dare to reveal—but at that time I had no idea of love. I was delighted with her conversation and lost no opportunity of enjoying it ; her just and humane observations convinced me of the soundness of her understanding and of the goodness of her heart ; that heart, alas ! which has caused me so many pangs !—About this time a gentleman of affluent fortune declared himself the suitor of this charming girl, and a report presently circulated that his addresses were not disagreeable—it was then I first felt that I was in love ; then my heart discovered to me this hidden secret—a secret fatal to my future happiness.—I was sometimes almost tempted to avow my passion ; but with proud and avaricious parents, I was well assured that my indigence would be an insuperable obstacle to my success ; I finally determined, therefore, that my own wounded heart should be the only depositary of its own secret. The constant disquietude of my mind preyed upon my spirits and visibly impaired my health. My friends scarce noticed the change in my behaviour : and no person, I believe, guessed the cause ; most people are too much attracted by their own personal concerns, to pay unnecessary attention to those of their acquaintance.

In the mean time the wedding-day of my adored fair one was fixed : it would have been impossible for me to have witnessed the nuptial ceremony without visible agitation : on pretence of business, therefore, I precipitately quitted Richmond, and wandered, in a state of despair, through every part of the country where there was no probability of my being recognized. At length I became tired of this unsociable roving life, and determined once more, to mingle in society, and endeavour by that means to wear off the melancholy which solitude had only served to increase. With this view I returned to my native residence, and was joyfully received by my former friends. Every thing around me recalled to my memory some circumstance connected with the grand cause of my unhappiness : in yonder portico I had first beheld the object of my esteem and affection : under the beautiful weeping-willows which shade that yard, I had often enjoyed her agreeable company. After some time I became more tranquil ; and although I could not be happy, I was yet tolerably chearful. My prepossession for rambling was not yet extinct ; I fancied that a reflecting mind might enjoy more exquisite pleasure from the contemplations of a lonely stroll, than from the hilarity of the ball-room or the theatre ; from that motive I had taken the walk, the events of which I have already related. If any have felt themselves interested in the fate of the unfortunate Sophia or in the recital of my own history, they are invited to accompany me through my third number.

HARLEY.

MARRIED

On Thursday evening last, Mr. WILLIAM D. WREN of this city, to the amiable Miss ——— PRICE, daughter of Mr *James Price* of Henrico.

May this youthful pair such rapture find,
In Hymen's bands as calm the wand'ring mind,
May pure affection its choicest gifts bestow,
And happiness cause their virtuous hearts to glow.

——In Fredericksburg on the 17th inst. by the Rev. James R. M'Conichie, *Mr John L. Shuletise*, to *Miss Davis*, eldest daughter of Mr. William Davis of that place.

Long may they lead a happy life,
Free from care and free from strife.

—DIED—

In this city on Thursday night last, after an indisposition of nine days, *Mr. Christopher L. Smith.*

——in Goochland county, on the 15th instant, *Mr. Josiah Hatcher*, in the 26th year of his age.

——in Amelia county on the 16th inst. *Mr. Robert Jones.* He has left to mourn his loss, a wife and ten children—He was a kind and affectionate husband, a tender parent, one among the best of masters, and a faithful friend.

——in Dinwiddie county, on the 10th instant, *Mrs. Tabitha Paine*, consort of capt. Jacob Paine.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPEAN.

London papers to the 25th July state, that Gen. Angereau had, on the 28th ult. two long conferences with Bonaparte, previous to his departure for Brest. At the last, Talleyrand, Berthier, and a few senators and ministers of State, most in the confidence of the Corsican, were present. Angereau is said to have pledged himself for the success of the landing in England, provided the plan which he has himself projected for effecting the enterprize, be adopted without any change or alteration, and Bonaparte is stated to have acquiesced in the condition.——Some military movements which have been suddenly ordered by the English government, corroborates with the statement, that a serious attempt is expected to be made immediately by the enemy. Mr. Addington too, in the house of commons, seemed to consider the peril as impending.—— It is reported that Bonaparte upon receiving the note respecting the duke d'Enghein, from the Russian minister, in a climax of rage, wrote a note with his own hand, to the Emperor of Russia in the most vindictive style. This was instantly dispatched ; but after several hours remonstrance from Talleyrand, another courier was dispatched to stop the delivery of this *philippic*. The messengers reached Petersburg on the same day, but the first note arriving first, had been delivered. The Emperor of Russia has ordered copies of it to be sent to every court in Europe.——A report is generally circulated, that in consequence of the insolent letter sent by Bonaparte to the Emperor of Russia, that he had actually declared war against France——In addition to the angry expressions made use of by Bonaparte in his answer to the Russian remonstance, it is stated that he said, " it was strange that the Emperor of Russia, who was surrounded by the unprincipled murderers of his father, should dare charge him with the murder of the Duke d'Enghien." All this, however, we give merely as report.——A letter from Dublin of the 10th July says, " the situation of this country grows every hour more critical. From various accounts received this day from several adjacent counties, a spirit of insurrection appears to be pretty general among the lower orders. It is confidently reported that they are sworn to rise the moment they receive an account of the enemy being at sea."

DOMESTIC.

An extract of a letter from Bordeaux, dated June 25, states, that " the exportation of all sorts of grain and flour from this country to Spain and Portugal being now permitted, must render speculations from our side in those articles hazardous. We shall have an immense harvest and vintage this year. Wines and Brandies in particular are looking down. Colonial produce in general advancing. The price of flour at Bordeaux was only five dollars a barrel at the time the above letter was written."—— A letter received by a merchant of Philadelphia, states, that Mr. Pinckney, our Minister at Madrid, was to leave that city on the 29th July, having sold all his furniture, and engaged the necessary voitures, or calesas, to carry him to the sea port town, whence he was to embark for America.——A letter from Guadaloupe dated August 22, says, that the officers of the three American vessels, brought into Point Petre, have been tried for piracy, in consequence of having fought their vessels, and sentenced to death ! but execution is delayed until advices from France can be had on the subject ——A malignant fever has lately made its appearance with considerable violence in Walton and Cortright, in the state of New-York. A similar fever also prevails at Mill River, Fairfield county, Connecticut, of which several out of a family have died.

SELECTED POETRY.

ALFRED to PHILENIA.

MY morn of life was bright and fair,
The distant mists of gloomy *Care*,
By *Joy's* light breeze, which daily blew,
Were scattered far beyond the view.
Then blessings crown'd the happy hours—
Then *Pleasure* strewed my path with flowers;
Then *Virtue* oped an easy way,
And led my footsteps up to day.
If e'er the *Child of Sorrow* mourn'd
My sympathetic bosom burn'd;
The highest bliss my sould could know,
Was, to relieve the pang of woe.

Such scenes my fondest feelings warm'd—
Such scenes my earliest habits form'd;
This dangerous race thro' youth I ran,
And, ruin'd, reach'd the verge of man.

Alas! sad wretch!—I've wept, and run
At *Pity's* call——to be undone;
Beneath the flowers which strew'd my way,
The thorn of keenest anguish lay;
Even in the boss of *Virtue's* shield,
The sting of torture lay conceal'd.

Ah, fatal *Love!*—
Now *Hope* has clos'd her sun-bright eye,
And midnight glooms rule midday sky;
Despair now heaves his horrid form,
And frowns terrific in the storm;
No ray of bliss now meets my sight,
And my whole sool is wrap'd in night.

Ah, sweetest *Poetess!* thy lay
Can charm the weightiest woes away;
The soft compassion of thy feeling breast,
Can shed a drop of balm, and lull my soul to rest.

PHILENIA to ALFRED.

ALFRED! the Heaven lent muse is thine,
Then bid impetuous sorrow cease;
And at the bright *Apollo's* shrine,
Recal thy exil'd heart to peace.

Vain is the tear in anguish shed,
And vain the pang by passion fed,
Then to the muse thy moments give,
And for her deathless laurel *live*.

Ne'er hope in careless crouds to find
A refuge for thy *lovely* mind,
Think not the sympathetic sigh,
The language of the moving eye,
Will o'er thy with'ring sorrows flow;
Envy will sneer, and *rancour* frown,
Or *ignorant malice* drag thee down,
And scorn to solace what it cannot know.

Yet there are *some* to mercy true;
And such *my griefs* have found,
Who o'er each life-destroying wound,
Shed pity's healing dew.

Such be thy favour'd lot, for they
Will live beyond the summer day,
Will mid'st the weeping autumn smile,
And e'en the wintry waste beguile;
Will thy sad breast from anguish free,
The friends of gentleness and thee.

But, if the slave of love thou art
Still languish and *endure*,
For when that strikes *the feeling heart*,
Like death, it has no cure.

ODE TO THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq.

Author of the "*Pleasures of Hope.*"—BY MR. HUNT.

O born of her, beneath whose coloured wings,
Sad Collins pour'd his wild notes to the gale,
While Pity's dirge wept o'er the sighing strings,
And every passion told its thrilling tale.
How sweet the lyre, with fairy sound,
The key of harmony can ope,
The rose-bud portals, that surround
The ever blooming bower of Hope.

Oh skill'd to shed her silent dew
On drooping sorrows withered flower;
Or when dark winter's sullen form
Sets frowning in his 'lent of storm,
To smooth his front cold wrinkles blue,
To throw a sunshine on his darkning hear.
Still, for how many a tearful eye,
Looks fearful to a future sky,
Where Fate's veil'd woofs in darkness grow,
Wrap round with all the storms of woe;
Still bid it fix its calmer sight
On yon celestial fields of day,
Where Hope, with steady finger gay,
Points to her visions of delight;
Of Friendship joining hands with truth,
And love, that blooms eternal youth,
And Virtue, graving on the sky
The lesson that she learnt on high;
And blue ey'd Peace with harp divine,
As mild and musical as thine!
O sing! nor let us feel once more
That Rapture's strains with thine, are o'er.

AN ODE.

ADDRESSED TO LAURA.—BY COL. HUMPHREY'S.

OH, lovely Laura, may a youth,
Inspir'd by beauty, urg'd by truth,
Disclose the heart's alarms,
The fire in rapture's breasts that glow's,
Th' impassion'd pang no love that grows,
And dare to sing thy charms.

Enough with war my lay has rung;
A softer theme awakes my tongue;
'Tis beauty's force divine:
Can I resist that air, that grace,
The harmony of form and face!
For ev'ry charm is thine.

Of health, of youth th' expanding flush,
Of virgin fear the flying blush,
With crimson stain thy cheek:
The bee such nectar never sips,
As yield the rose-buds of thy lips,
When sweetly thou dost speak.

'Tis thine the heaviest heart to cheer,
Those accents, drank with eager ear,
So musically roll:
Where swells the breast the snow-white skin
Scarce hides the secret thoughts within,
Nor needs disguise that soul.

With thee, of cloudless days I dream;
Thy eyes, in morning splendors, beam
So exquisitely fair—
What taste! as o'er thy back and breast,
In light-brown ringlets neatly drest
Devolves a length of hair.

Unblam'd, oh, let me gaze and gaze,
While love-sick fancy fondly strays,
And feasts on many a kiss;
For os let tides of rapture roll,
And may we mingle soul with soul,
In cataries of bliss!

ADDRESSED TO LOUISA.

From whence, Louisa, comes the fire,
That in my bosom glows?
That thus, awakening fond desire,
Forbids my soft repose!

Is it those eyes so keenly bright?
Those cheeks of roseate hue?
That bosom swelling with delight,
To love and nature true?

Is it (for which a saint might sigh,
Which stoic hearts would warm,
And give delight to ev'ry eye)
That love-inspiring form?

Oh, no! 'tis neither form nor face,
That thus enchants my soul:
What heart alone could give such grace?
The charm is in the whole.

EPIGRAM.

You've stol'n my ravish'd *soul* away,
Maria pity my despair;
Return it to its place, I pray,
Or take my *body* in your care.

NARRATIVE OF MISS HERBERT,

EXTRACTED FROM JULIA.—A NOVEL.

[CONCLUDED.]

"Mr. Herbert placed his daughter under my mother's protection, and soon after joined the army. Their separation was final; he fell in the first engagement; and Sophia, in the midst of her affliction at this event, received a most angry letter from her brother in Pennsylvania, who had heard with the utmost indignation of her engagements to Captain F——, and seemed to feel less concern for his father's death, than regret at the weakness which had led him to bestow his daughter on a man who had drawn his sword against America.

"Sophia lamented the prejudice of her brother, but determined to adhere inviolably, to those engagements on which all her hopes of happiness depended, and which had received the sanction of parental authority. In the mean time, she counted the hours of separation, which she believed, though long and melancholy, would at length pass away, and restore the object of her affection.

"While she indulged this fond illusion, your letter conveying the fatal tidings of Capt. F——'s death, arrived. Sophia received this intelligence without complaint. She shed no tears, but her blood seemed chilled in her veins; she started frequently, and there was a wildness and disorder in her countenance, that alarmed us for her reason. She was put to bed, her pulse beat high, the struggles which for some time past she had undergone, had weakened a frame naturally delicate. This last stroke she was unable to sustain, her fever encreased every moment, and the following night her reason entirely forsook her. I perceived a sudden change in her manner that shocked me. "Do not be be uneasy," said she, "I am better:—much better—that bloody engagement at Long Island!—and yet he's safe—it was foolish to be so uneasy:—I cried for whole nights together—my head still burns."

"The physician, who now entered the room, she mistook for her brother, and shrieked at the sight of him. "Oh my God!" cried the unhappy Sophia, "he is dead—and that's his murderer."—Then falling on her knees, "Save him—save him yet," said she, "have you the cruelty to kill him?—he loves you—indeed he does—I'm your sister—don't break my heart—spare him—spare him—Oh it's too late!—you've murdered him already—fly—fly, my beloved—all that's dearest to my heart!—all that's left me on earth! fly for my sake—here—here—I'm ready to die—why look so at me?—*I can't save you!*—how he groans!—he's covered with blood—I can bear it no longer." She sprang up in the bed, but, overcome by these violent emotions, sunk back in a kind of stupor: I knelt by her bed-side, and she again revived a little. "Is that Captain F——?" cried she, putting out her hand, "Heaven—Heaven preserve!—Write whenever the battle's over—I shall have no rest till a letter comes." "Do you not know me, my dear friend," said I, taking her hand. "Yes, yes, there's no occasion to kneel—tell my brother I consent to our parting—but I can never love again—I never lov'd but one!—Who stands there?—mercy!—mercy! my brother—bury yourself deep in earth—he's dead—quite dead—would you kill him in the grave?—have you no pity?—Oh, he feasts on my tears!—he scorns me!"

"Again exhausted by these efforts, she sunk into almost total insensibility; in which state she remained some hours: her pulse grew weaker every moment, and, as death approached, her reason was in a measure restored. She again opened her eyes, and asked for me; I flew to her. "My dear Frances," said she, in a faint voice, "I feel myself dying: to you, my dear friend, I leave the care of our poor old servant; comfort, comfort the good old man for our loss." Then lifting up her hands and eyes, "Oh my Creater and my judge," cried she, "Thou, whom I have sought in the sincerity of my soul; thou, whose bounties in the days of my happiness I loved to acknowledge, forgive me if I have suffered affliction to prey too much upon my heart, and have shortened my life! Thou canst witness, that amidst my sorrows, never has one murmuring thought arisen against thee! Oh, best of beings! object nearest to my heart! of thy benevolence and goodness it has never doubted for a moment. When thy dispensations appeared dark and mysterious, I have looked round on nature, and seen it beaming with benignity and beauty. I have searched my own breast, and found it formed for happiness and virtue; and thou hast not formed it thus in vain. Thou will justify thy ways: thou hast afflicted me on earth, but my sufferings are past, and thou will make me for ever happy in thy presence." Her voice now faltered—she looked on me—and expired. Oh, my friend! my sweet, my amiable companion! Thou, whose heart, far from being wrapped in selfish woe, could forget its own sufferings to comfort the unhappy; you, whose soothing pity could heal the wounds of the afflicted; who seemed born, in this period of general distress, to lighten the burden of human wretchedness; to be the ministering angel of sorrow!—where shall the desolate mourner now look around for aid? He asks thy sympathy, but thou canst not hear his complaint; it is only poured to the cold earth that covers thee! Oh, when I think of all thy perfections, the tenderness of thy disposition, the virtues of thy heart, how can I live without thee? How can I drag on a wretched existence which thy friendship endears no longer? But thou art happy. Yes, she is united to that amiable and unfortunate lover, whom she could not survive.

"I have been visiting the grave where the remains of my friend repose. I have poured out my complaints; but the sorrow I feel is not for her, but for myself. She is at rest, and this cruel war had made her happiness impossible! Alas, how dreadful are the effects of war! Every form of evil and misery is in its train: the groans of despair are mingled with the songs of triumph, and the laurels of victory are nourished with the tears of humanity."

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The MINERVA;

Or, LADY's AND GENTLEMAN's MAGAZINE.

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TERMS OF "THE MINERVA."

1st.—"THE MINERVA" will be neatly printed, weekly, on a half-sheet Super-Royal paper.

2d.—The terms are TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid in advance.

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BIOGRAPHY.

MR. HENRY MACKENZIE,

AUTHOR OF THE MAN OF FEELING, &c. &c.

[*Concluded from page 9.*]

SOME years afterwards, conceiving that they had still materials sufficiently fresh and original among them, to furnish out another series of similar papers, they produced, in the same manner, the numbers of the *Lounger*, which were equally received with favour, at their first appearance; were collected in subsequent editions, in duodecimo and octavo; were at last publicly avowed by the authors; and continue still to be read with pleasure wherever the English language is known. Mr. Frazer-Tytler, now Lord Woodhouslie of the court of session, the late Dr. Henry, the historian, Dr. Currie of Liverpool, and some few other correspondents, had furnished contributions, not in general quantity, which were inserted in the Mirror and Lounger, among the writings of the club.

In attempting to judge of the merits of these two publications, one must begin with owning, that they are but imitations. The imitation of the plan of the Tatlers, Spectators, and Guardians, is, indeed, common to the Mirrors and Loungers, with many other papers of a similar nature. But, I doubt, whether there be any other similar set of papers, that has less than these of originality to boast, in the two great provinces of ethical observations penetrating beyond the mere surface of life, to the general nature of man, and of light airy fictions, illustrative of the familiar manners of society. Of serious morality, they have nothing of which the elements may not be found in the papers of Steele, Addison, Johnson & Hawkesworth. Their dreams have been dreamed, told, and interpreted before: their visions have been seen by former seers; their letters from feigned characters are merely echoes; their allegorical ironies scarce ever present humour otherwise than in old clothes which she had worn threadbare.

It is remarkable too, that though writing in Scotland, they have written rather of English than of Scottish manners. They probably feared, that, if they should boldly venture to mark the leading features of the manners peculiar to Scottish society; they might by this both excite the offence of that narrow provincial circle in which they moved, and at the time produce a work that would have too much of Scottish in it, to find favor in England. Besides, the spirit in which they wrote, seems to have been too much a merely imitative one, to take full advantage of those circumstances favourable to originality, in which their design was executed.

A few of the papers of the Mirror and Lounger, are on topics of metaphysical disquisition, on subjects in the law of nature and nations, such as was then much studied in the Scottish universities. In these, the authors are seldom happy. These essays want precision, from an attempt to give them popular ease and looseness: they are obscure, from the impossibility of rendering ideas so abstract and refined, at once popular and familiar: they are incomplete because the limits of the papers did not permit them to be extended to the requisite length: and they are often even otherwise of little value, because the opinions in them seem to have been hastily taken up, slightly considered, and often not clearly and definitely apprehended, even by the writers themselves. From this censure, are, however to be excepted, the papers on Dreaming, by Dr. Beattie of Aberdeen, which seem, indeed, to be the pride of that philosopher's writings.

In the pathetic, and in delicate Addissonian humour, consists the chief power of these papers; and in these two species, they cannot be denied to present many instances of uncommon excellence. The tale of the death of La Roche, which aims to convert the deist by the mere force of sensibility, is certainly one of the most tender and affecting which man can read. The letters signed Homespun, are equal in merit, to perhaps the best of Addison's similar papers in the Spectator, or of Chesterfield in the World. Hawkesworth's tales in the Adventurer, may perhaps be thought to excel those of the Mirror and Lounger, in the pathos of general effect, resulting from the common power of character, incidents, sentiments, and general design. But, in that pathetic, which depends on the minute display of tender and picturesque imagery, the writers of the Mirror and Lounger are unrivalled by these of any other collection of periodical papers. Nor, though there be a greater profusion of wit, and that more poignant, in the papers of the *World* and the *Connoisseur* should we think of comparing even these papers with those of the Scottish writers, in respect to that delicacy, that elegant felicity of wit and humour, which is the most envied praise of Horace and of Addison.

It must, indeed, be owned, of the Mirror and Lounger, that they wear very much the air of having been written by men of fashion. The colloquial phraseology which occurs in them, is not only, in general, pure, but it is also of that elegant, rather than of mean or pedantic society. The allusions are to things familiar to the mode of life, which belongs rather to the great and fashionable, than to the laborious and humble. It is to the amusement and amelioration of high life, or life comparatively high, that the scope of almost all these papers is directed. They affect, too, a tone of superiority, a polish of address and manners a nicety and even caprice of approbation and censure, which seem not very indirectly to bespeak the condition of the authors to have been above the level of tasteless vulgarity.

The style of these papers, seems to have been formed chiefly on the models of Addison, Johnson, Hume, and a few French writers. It is never coarse, mean, nor spiritless; but it is often debased by an intermixture of Scotticisms, of Gallicisms, and of the peculiar *slang* language of Scottish metaphysics. It seldom ever attains to the ease and felicity of genuine and delicate Anglicism The sense is sometimes enfeebled or lost amid the multiplicity and the elaborate prettiness of the words employed to express it.

Of the Mirror and Lounger, it may be, with truth, observed, that, as has been said of the Tatlers, Spectators, and Guardians, they sensibly improved the conversation of the best of company in Edinburgh and other parts of Scotland, within a few years after their publication. They refined and corrected the public taste in regard to amusements; and, they contributed to connect elegant literature with the diversions and harmless levities of the gay.

For these and whatever other benefits may have been derived to society from those papers, the chief thanks are unquestionably due to Mr. Mackenzie. He acted a editor of the whole. His papers are considerably more numerous than those of any of his coadjutors, more various in regard to the nature of their subjects, and of superior merit. He easily appears among so many men of distinguished talents, as Addison among the other writers of the Spectator, or Dryden among the other authors of the poetical miscellanies of which he was the editor. Though we had no other test, by which to judge of the abilities of the principal writer in the Mirror and Lounger; we should not fail to rank them high, upon this consideration solely, that in a knot of men so eminent, he stands unquestionably the first.

His fortune, never uncomfortably small, is not even now invidiously great. His business in the Exchequer yields probably an income of 800l. a year: he is comptroller-general of taxes for Scotland, with a salary of 600l. a year: and his other emoluments may perhaps raise the whole amount of his annual income to somewhat more than 2000l. He has a family of eleven amiable and promising children.

He is an eminent member of a Literary Club, in which a few of the most eminent members of the Royal Society of Edinburgh occasionally meet for literary and friendly converse at a convivial meal in a tavern. His conversation is ever the charm and the pride of every society which he enters.

It is peculiarly pleasing to contemplate a life in which the praise of literature is so happily, so elegantly, so gracefully associated with the best virtues of social and domestic life, and with the steady and judicious exercise of the most respectable talents for business—it is peculiarly pleasing—for, alas! the example is singularly rare.

The readers of this memoir may be assured, that it is not the eulogy of a friend to him whose merits it commemorates. Its writer has endeavoured only to mention without prejudice, facts of which he had authentic information. But if, in spite of this care, any prejudices may have influenced him in relating what he knew, those prejudices have certainly not been in favor of the subject of this memoir.

FROM THE BEAUTIES OF HISTORY.

CHASTITY.

THERE is no charm in the female sex that can supply the place of virtue. Without innocence, beauty is unlovely, and quality contemptible: good-breeding degenerates into wantonness, and wit into impudence.

When young women arrive at a certain age they hear themselves called mistresses; and are made to believe that their only business is to please the men; they immediately begin to dress, and place all their hopes in the adorning of their persons; it is therefore worth the while to endeavour by all means to make them sensible that the honour paid to them is only upon account of their conducting themselves with virtue, modesty, and discretion.

The best preservative of female honour is female delicacy: modesty is the handmaid of virtue, appointed to tend, dress and serve her; it is, as it were a kind of armour, which the sex should always bear, both to adorn and to defend them; and when that is laid aside they are neither beautiful nor safe.

Make it your great care to refine your sentiments: let them be reasonable and full of honour; be sure always to keep well with yourself, it is a certain income of pleasure, and will gain you praise and a good reputation to boot.

In a word, be truly virtuous, and you will find admirers enough.

EXAMPLES.

JAQUELINE of Luxemburg, duchess of Bedford, had after her first husband's death, so far sacrificed her ambition to love, that she married Sir Richard Wideville, a private gentleman (afterwards honored with the title of Lord Rivers) to whom she bore several children, and among the rest Elizabeth, who was no less distinguished by the beauty and elegance of her person than the amiable disposition of her mind.

Elizabeth espoused Sir John Grey of Groby; but her husband being slain in the second battle of St. Alban's, fighting for the family of Lancaster, and his estate being on that account confiscated, the young widow retired to her father's seat at Grafton, in Northamptonshire, where she lived for some time in privacy and retirement. Edward the IVth, king of England, happening to hunt in that county, went to pay a visit to the duchess of Bedford, and Elizabeth resolved to embrace such a favorable opportunity of obtaining some grace from this gallant monarch. Accordingly she came into his presence, and throwing herself at his feet, implored a maintenance for herself and her children.

The sight of so much beauty in distress made a deep impression on the amorous mind of Edward. Love stole insensibly into his heart under the guise of compassion; and the sorrow and affliction, so graceful in a virtuous matron, recommended her no less to his esteem and veneration, than her personal beauty made her the object of his affection. He raised her from the ground with assurances of favour. He found his passion daily strengthened by the company and conversation of the lovely widow; and in a short time, became the suppliant of the woman whom he had lately seen on her knees before him. But such was the resolute virtue of Elizabeth, that she positively refused to consent to any of his unjust propositions. All the entreaties, promises and endearments of the young and amiable Edward, could not compel her to quit the path of virtue. This opposition served but the more to enslave the passions of the young monarch, and heighten his esteem for such exalted prudence: he therefore offered to share his throne, as well as his heart, with the woman whose personal and mental accomplishments rendered her so deserving of both. The nuptials were accordingly solemnized.

PHOCAIS, an Ionian lady, among many others, was invited to sup with Cyrus, king of Persia. While the rest of the ladies seemed highly pleased with the king's wanton jests, and permitted such freedoms as were inconsistent with the delicacy due to a virtuous character, she removed at a distance and remained silent; nor would she approach nearer to join the company, though desired, and much importuned by the king himself. Some of the attendants attempting to pull her forward, she gave them a severe reprimand, protesting she would make the first who offered to lay hands on her repent their offence. Upon this the ladies present upbraided her with being rude, and unpolite: but Cyrus, though somewhat surprised, seemed perfectly satisfied with her behaviour; and turning to the person who introduced her, said with a smile on his countenance, 'Don't you perceive that this is the only innocent and virtuous lady in the company?'

From that time the king held her in great esteem, loved her sincerely, and ever after called her The Wise Lady.

FOR THE MINERVA.

REMARKS ON THE RAINBOW.—No. VII.

THE Rainbow No. VII.—"ON THE ILLUSIONS OF FANCY," is probably not inferior, either in point of style or amusement, to any of its precursors. The subject which the author has chosen is entirely familiar to every reader. Who has not experienced the various workings of the imagination, and the frequent "illusions of fancy?"

This Essay contains many pleasant anecdotes, illustrative of the writer's argument in proving, that the *illusions of fancy* are frequently substituted for the *dictates of reason*; some of them will be highly diverting to the ladies; especially the anecdote of the Clergyman and his daughter, whose imaginations formed such very dissimilar objects on the face of the Moon.

The author has not noticed the flights of the imagination in the hours of sleep; unrestrained by the suggestions of reason, it is then that Fancy has its full unguided range; but he might possibly not be as fond of dreaming and of relating his dreams, as were Addison, Steele, and some other learned men.

This beautiful and interesting writer has, however, pursued the "*Illusions of Fancy*" so far, that I presume his own imagination at length took flight, and obtained a complete ascendance over his reason. He observes, "A "few years since a black cape probably often excited more "horror in Paris than a street murder, and I verily believe "some zealous partizans among ourselves have thought "the very Rainbow hideous from its resemblance to the "*tricolor* of France." *I verily believe* that this singular idea, formed by the imagination of the writer, never occurred to the fancy of any other person. He may with propriety add it to the many risible anecdotes which he has before given us of the "Illusions of Fancy." His two concluding paragraphs are, in this instance, extremely applicable to the author. To do him justice, however, I must freely confess that I never derived more exquisite pleasure from the perusal of any literary Essay, than from the "*Illusions of Fancy*."

SENEX.

P. S. Does not American Literature demand that the numbers of "The Rainbow," should be republished in Volumes, after the manner of the Mirror, Lounger, &c?

FROM THE ENQUIRER.

THE RAINBOW.....No. VII.

ON THE ILLUSIONS OF FANCY.

NO single faculty of the mind affords materials for such various and curious disquisition as the fancy, or imagination. The metaphysician views it as the mimic of the senses, whose functions it sometimes so aptly performs, as to impose on the mind fiction for truth. In thus substituting the pictures or *images* of its own creation, for those of nature, he perceives that it only separates or combines those ideas which were imparted by the senses and reposited in memory. That it can generate no simple idea, but is merely the intellectual artificer who makes a fabric of the materials with which it is furnished by the senses. In the course of his enquiry into the principles of its operation, he is astonished to find that even this power of separating or combining has its limits; and that, with all the seeming irregular & discursive movements of the fancy, there are but two or three natural relations, which as *pons volans* enable it to pass from one region of thought to another; and that the mind can never shift itself from idea to idea, unless there is *proximity* of time or place, *resemblance* or *contrast* between them. Thus this lively faculty, whose anomalies seemed at first view to defy the powers of human investigation, is found to act upon principles at once regular, simple, and few. Different persons possess in different degrees the power of perceiving what is contiguous in time or place, and what is like or unlike; according to which degrees they are said "to have an active, or a dull, imagination," and sometimes, "to possess or to want, fancy."

Since eloquence and poetry owe their highest ornaments to the imagination, it naturally becomes one of the principal topics of literary criticism. As it is the object of the orator to persuade, and the poet to please, the critic considers the fancy merely as an instrument for these purposes, and derives a set of rules from the laws of nature, by which he ascertains the fitness of the means to the ends. He points out where a loose should be given to the native impetuosity of the imagination, and where its unlicensed sallies should be curbed: shews what passages possess the awful grandeur of the sublime and what the attractive loveliness of beauty, and distinguishes those pictures of fancy which are dissonant to nature from those which are hit off in the spirit of her finest models. In a word, guided at one and the same time by the most liberal feelings of the heart and the nicest dictates of reason, he praises or blames the works of imagination according to the judgment of *taste*.

Nor is this busy faculty unworthy the confidence of the *moralist*. Our desires and aversions either derive new vigor from the imagination, or owe their existence to it all together. It is sometimes their parent and always their nurse. By its extensive influence over our pleasures and our pains it goes far towards regulating our moral conduct, and according to the direction it may take, gives birth to the sublimest heroism or the most unnatural depravity.

To shew the full extent of its influence on human happiness would lead me into too wide a field of moral and metaphysical speculation; but as a branch of the subject, I purpose to shew how much it tends to substitute falsehood for truth, by enumerating some of the most ordinary illusions of fancy; in which enumeration, the examples are either the result of my own observations, or are believed to be in strict analogy with the acknowledged principles of human nature.

Sometimes the suggestions of the imagination are mistaken for those of the memory. This propensity is almost always to be perceived in children of tender years. They prattle of visits they never made; repeat conversations they never heard, and describe objects they never saw—all this too, without the smallest consciousness of falsehood. The same predominance of fancy over memory is occasionally seen in grown persons who deal much in narrative. The foible of these people never fails to incur the contempt of the world, and is generally imputed to vanity; but where it is united to a character otherwise irreproachable, as I have sometimes seen it, it is fair to presume that it proceeds from an imbecility of the mind rather than obliquity of the heart. Every man who watches the operations of his intellect, must have discovered that he occasionally had formed a *new* association of ideas at the very time he thinks he is merely *retracing* an association *previously* formed.

Women have always been observed to have livelier imaginations than men. A natural consequence of this superior facility of associating ideas, is, they are less accurate in reciting matters of fact. Not only the merits of a favorite, the splendor of an exhibition, or the horrors of a calamity are exaggerated by the force of their imaginations, but what consists in mere number and quantity is apt to be encreased or diminished by the same cause. One lady, boasting of the beaux who have led her daughter out to dance, will convert twelve into twenty; while an envious neighbour by an opposite deception, will diminish the number to five or six: and yet both of these ladies may be innocent of voluntary falsehood. The fact is, that each listened to that suggestion of fancy which was most agreeable to her feelings.

I once knew two ladies dispute, and at length bet, on the height of their respective gallants, who were very well known to both. The gentlemen turned out to be of equal height, but each lady had been confident that her own favorite was at least two inches taller than the other.

Very ardent lovers have observed that when they first meet after a long separation, they feel disappointed in each other's appearance. It is because the picture of the beloved object was not in the mind merely as memory had drawn it—imagination had superadded the colors of her own bright pencil.

Sometimes we see the imagination so lively, so completely master of the mind, that it prevails over the plain and direct communications of the senses.

On occasion of a riot, Gov. C——— of New York, put himself at the head of a chosen party to quell the tumult. The sword he carried was by some accident broken off near the hilt. With this fragment in his hand he pushed on, and endeavoured to force his way through the crowd. One man, feeling the pressure of the mutilated weapon, looked back, and fixing his eyes on the spot, exclaimed "a dead man," and fell senseless on the ground, under a temporary conviction that he was run through the body.

Major H. whose life was spent in mischievous waggery, having given a strolling fidler some liquor, pressed him to repeat his draught with great earnestness. By winks and nods to the bystanders, suspicions were artfully excited in the poor fidler—at length he was told with a face of gravity and condolence that he had taken an emitic which would be good for his health. Warm water was accordingly prepared, and the credulous son of Orpheus was made to vomit as freely by the energy of his own imagination as he could have been by the most powerful drugs of pharmacy.

A clergyman and his daughter were once viewing the face of the full moon. The young woman was clear she saw in it the figure of a *young man*; but the father rebuking the daughter for not seeing a *church*, says, "why child, don't you see the steeple?"

To ordinary palates good wine at the table of a poor man will seem bad, and ordinary wine at the house of a reputed epicure, has a most exquisite flavour.

Æsop, by way of characterising the blind partiality of a mother, makes the owl, in describing her young to the eagle, dwell with great emphasis on their pretty fates.

Persons who feel a dread of apparitions need but meet with a white cow or linen garment, and their fancy supplies whatever is wanting to complete a picture of horror—gives it form, colour, motion, nay even a distinct and articulate voice. Ghosts were never yet seen by those who did not previously have a dread or belief of them.

When Wilkes was in the zenith of his popularity, one of his most enthusiastic female admirers would not admit that he squinted. Yielding to the effect on a nearer inspection, she replied to her triumphant adversary, "Well, I am sure if it is so, he squints no more than a gentleman ought to do."

The wretch who has been for years the helpless victim of disease, has imagined himself cured by the touch of an iron bodkin: and on one occasion I knew a rheumatic patient to be scratched with a quill (imposed on him for one of Perkins's points) till he was able "to take up his bed and walk."

It is a similar illusion of fancy which procures the ready sale of the nostrums of empirics, and vouches with such grateful zeal for the cures they have wrought.

Jugglers and ventriloquists owe their success chiefly to the deluded imaginations of their beholders.

Hypochondria, delirium, and madness, though remotely caused by corporeal disease, are the *immediate* effects of an imagination stimulated to preternatural vigour.

The false promises of hope are nothing but the judgment led astray by the imagination. An bribe derives its strength from one species of mental illusion, and avarice from another. Jealousy, envy, revenge, make the imagination convert beauty into deformity and virtue into vice, while love, pity & admiration, cause an opposite metamorphosis. When party spirit runs high, the same essay, the same speech is thought to have or to want merit, according to the sentiments they express. This prejudice, as it is commonly called, or this illusion of fancy, is often extended most ludicrously to the cut of a coat, the air of a popular song, or even to a color that happens to be the badge of a party. A few years since, a black cape probably often excited more horror in Paris than a street murder, and I verily believe some zealous partizans among ourselves have thought the very Rainbow hideous from its resemblance to the *tricolor* of France

If imagination is capable not only of substituting its own copies of the perception of sense for those of memory, but even of cheating us out of these perceptions themselves, how much & how often must it pervert the judgment! How liable is every chain of reasoning to be turned this or that way from the right line of truth, when every link is so likely to be distorted! Few are the opinions we can form which are not connected with some sentiment of pleasure or pain, and these sentiments are always nourished more or less by fancy.

Let these considerations teach charity and moderation to zealots of every description, and let them recollect that the opinions of whose truth they have the deepest conviction, if they were formed when the mind was much excited by feeling, are less likely to be the demonstrations of *reason* than the *illusions of fancy*.

X.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A MODEL.

The following female character is translated from the French. However highly colored the portrait may appear, it is not, we hope, without a living original.

"It is her happiness to be ignorant of all that the world calls pleasure; her glory is to live in the duties of wife and mother; and she consecrates her days to the practice of social virtues. Occupied in the government of her family, she reigns over her husband by complaisance; over her children by mildness; over her domestics by goodness. Her house is the residence of religious sentiments, of filial piety, of conjugal love, of maternal tenderness, of order, peace, sweet sleep, and good health. Economical & studious, she prevents want, and dissipates evil passions; the indigent who present themselves at her door are never repulsed: the licentious avoid her presence. She has a character of reserve and dignity, that makes her respected; of indulgence and sensibility, that makes her beloved; of prudence and firmness that makes her esteemed. She diffuses around her a mild warmth, a pure light, which vivify and illume all that encircle her."

Happy the man who possesses such a wife, and can justly appreciate her worth; happy the children who are nurtured by her care and modelled by her counsel; happy the domestics who wait her commands & enjoy her benevolence; and happy the society which holds in its bosom a being worthy of a better world.

LIBERTINE.

It is a general observation that the reformed rake makes the best husband; but is not always recollected that there are various kinds of libertines. For instance, a young man who has been led to exceed the bounds of prudence, with respect to the fashionable follies of the day, if he possesses a good understanding and a good heart, when the

hey-day of youth is over, and the passions become calm, such a one may see his past errors in a proper light; and if, perchance, he should meet with an amiable and virtuous woman, whose mental qualifications capacitated her to become the companion of a man of sense, there is more than an equal chance of their experiencing as much possible happiness as this world can afford; but when a woman falls into the hands of a libertine, whose heart is corrupt, who is a gambler and a drunkard, what happiness can be expected? Is such a man capable of friendship, affection or honor? Yet if this very vicious character is possessed of a handsome person and genteel in his address, he may easily captivate a young, inexperienced woman, if he really admires her person; but alas! her happiness, if she marries him, will be but of short duration; for when his short lived *passion* subsides, neither her sense nor accomplishments will have any power to keep him from returning to his former pursuits. A man of a corrupt heart is not capable of a virtuous friendship; can a connection, founded in sentiments and affection, subsist, but between persons who act upon the highest principles of virtue and honor?

FEMALE ÆRONAUTS.

On the 23d May, Madame Garnerin with a Russian lady, ascended in a Balloon, at Moscow. These Ladies did not desist from their bold enterprize, though at the instant a thunder storm, with hail & lightning, made it hazardous. A quarter before eight o'clock in the evening, they ascended 5,500 feet. They heard in the air thundering every where round them, and felt the effect of the electric fluid in the atmosphere, which was full of clouds and rain, and agitated by wind. They descended twenty wersties from Moscow, not without great danger; the Russian lady received a severe contusion, by coming against a tree. As the Balloon was become very heavy from the rain, the female æronauts had been obliged to throw away all their instruments, even the parachute, and when they touched the ground, only ten pounds of ballast remained.

The seeds of foreign grapes have lately been discovered to be an excellent substitute for coffee.—When pressed, they first produce a quantity of oil, and afterwards when boiled, furnish a liquid much resembling that produced by coffee. The practice is rapidly becoming general in Germany.

FOR THE MINERVA.

THE RAMBLER.—No. III.

"I care not, Fortune, what you me deny.
"You cannot rob me of free nature's grace,
"You cannot shut the windows of the sky;
"Nor bar my constant feet to trace
"The woods and lawns by living streams at eve."

THE idea of the friendless female whose extreme sufferings I had witnessed, frequently obtruded itself on my imagination. Many reflections, connected with that circumstance, presented themselves; I examined the conduct of the world towards unprotected females in the desperate situation of the unfortunate SOPHIA. The behaviour of society, thought I, towards these distressed women is cruelly severe. Instead of recalling them from the paths of vice, and directing them to the road of repentance and morality, it is the maxim of the world to slight and neglect them; they thus become hardened in vice, pursue their dissipated conduct, and are at last plunged into infamy and ruin. A deep sigh, which proceeded from the bottom of my heart, was expressive of my sensations! And who knows," cried I, "that this may not be the fate of the unfortunate Sophia! Yet, God forbid!" My heart was full, and I had only one method to relieve it. I took up my hat, and sauntered in the sightless solitude, towards the Canal; in my former rambles I had usually sought diversity of scene, and seldom wandered twice in the same course; but this walk was now peculiarly interesting to me; I entertained for it a kind of sympathetic attachment, which forbid me to direct my steps in any other track.

Nothing has a greater tendency to relieve the wearied mind or the sad heart, than an excursion into the country on a serene evening; if our bustling merchants would now and then lay aside their busy faces, their projects of speculation and their calculations of cent per cent; if the penurious hard-working mechanic would sometimes spare a few hours from his accustomed toil; if the sedentary sallow-faced book-worm would for a while dispense with his study; if these men would at stated and frequent periods, quit their counting-houses, their shops, their studies, and the dirty streets of Richmond, for the enjoyments of country air, of rural scenery and a disengaged mind; would it not relieve them from that gloomy melancholy which frequently preys upon the constitutions of our citizens? Would it not give them a higher relish for their other enjoyments? And would they not return to their wonted pursuits with renovated vigor? A similar line of conduct would probably be equally beneficial to the fair sex. Would not a sociable ride into the country, by the side of her beloved help-mate, tend to lighten the domestic cares of the frugal house-wife? Would not a chearful sight saw once or twice a week, somewhat dispel the ennui of that envious old Maid, Miss *Lucretia Gossip*, who "after her twelve dish of tea, continues to talk scandal of all the neighbourhood?"

It is one of the strongest traits in my character, that I am constantly planning for the convenience and pleasures of others, without paying necessary attention to my own personal ease; and yet I receive no thanks for my trouble. The fact is, all my projects are founded in theory and very few of them are reducible to practice. For instance; I endeavour to persuade a merchant that he is already sufficiently wealthy, and that it would be to his advantage to allow himself a few leisure hours;—you had as well beg to allow him the time for his *money*, which he values above all other things, even his *wife* not excepted: "time," says he, "is "money; nay, it is more precious than gold; I had as well "throw my property into the sea, as to mispend my time "in idleness." You stand no more chance of persuading him out of his propossession, than you would, were you to demand of him his only darling daughter, whom he has sworn to marry to *no* man who is not worth £.20,000, and to marry to *any* man who possesses that sum.

Although from the nature of man, it was morally impossible that the foregoing thoughts and schemes should have any effect in alleviating the miseries, in adding to the pleasures, or in correcting the follies of society, yet they had an evident tendency in this instance to add to my own pleasure, by banishing from my mind those disagreeable ideas, which it was too often wont to contemplate.—I surveyed with wonder, the ingenuity, and the enterprize of man, in surmounting the obstacles which nature has casually placed in his way, when he is pursuing the road to wealth and ambition; on each side of me were heaped immense fragments of broken rocks, which no force other than that of destructive gun-powder could have dissevered from their kindred stock. Raising my eyes from one of these picturesque scenes, I perceived an ancient looking man advancing to meet me. At first sight I took him for one of those miserable beggars, who obtain an uncertain sustenance from the daily alms of virtuous and generous souls. A nearer approach to this venerable person, convinced me that I was mistaken. As soon as he came within hearing, he thus accosted me: "Stranger, pity the sorrows of a poor old man, and tell me whether thou has seen my SOPHIA?" The sound of that name was sufficient to cast a damp upon my spirits; the figure, the tone of voice, and the haggard countenance of the person who made this enquiry, completely froze up my soul; my tongue refused to perform its office, and I remained speechless;—the old man continued staring at me with a countenance of wild despair!—

HARLEY.

[*To be continued*]

FOR THE MINERVA.

AMONG the different methods used by parents and preceptors to enlighten the minds of youth, none are more conducive in effecting that desirable end, than instructing them in the art of composition, and exciting them to communicate their reflections and sentiments to each other in writing. It is generally believed that the conversation of polite and sensible men tends greatly to polish the manners, refine the taste, and strengthen the understanding of youth.....No person can deny that the communication of ideas by writing, does not contribute to their iiiformation and improvement in a far greater degree. It is a common and very just observation, that too little attention is paid to female education in Virginia, as well as in most other parts of America. Some men imagine, that an acquaintance with household business, should constitute the whole system of female instruction: others suppose, that it may be proper for them to learn to read and even to write a little, but that any farther advancement in literature entirely incapacitates them for discharging the duties of domestic life.

Few men will admit (because there are few who are not blinded by ungenerous and absurd prejudice) that the female mind is equally susceptible of improvement with their own. To those who doubt the fact, I need only mention the names of Lady Wortly Montagu, Hellen Maria Williams and Anna Seward; let my countrymen peruse the amusing and valuable works of these female writers; let me then ask them how many of themselves can write like these ladies? How many of the decryers of female genius are there, who possess equal taste, judgment and information with Lady Wortly Montagu? I believe I shall answer the question correctly, when I declare it as my opinion, that taking these pedantic gentlemen collectively, we should not find one in ten thousand who would bear a favourable comparison with that captivating authoress and accomplished lady. I wish to arouse the attention of your female readers to the engaging attractions of literature. An enlightened Editor, in speaking of the Minerva has asked, "Why may not the female pen contribute to "the beauty of a work so peculiarly devoted to female "improvement?"...I repeat the interrogatory.

ALEXIS.

Shockoe-Hill, September 27th.

DIED

In this city on the 25th instant, MRS. M'CRAW, consort of SAMUEL M'CRAW, ESQ. Attorney at law.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPEAN.

Extracts from London papers to August 11..... A letter from the Hague says, that most of the troops in the Texel are disembarked, and the provisions collected there for their use, are disposed of by public auction. From these occurrences it is concluded, that no expedition of any consequence will sail from that part of the Batavian Republic, at least until a landing is made in England.—It is reported that the scheme to make Jersey and Guernsey a bridge over to England, is now revived.—Late accounts from France state, that every thing is in complete readiness for the invasion. Bonaparte, accompanied by the Minister of Marine and several other officers of the Empire, had left Paris for Boulogne, where it was said he would remain until the expedition sailed.—It is confidently asserted, says a London paper, "that a treaty has been concluded between this country and Russia, and that it was signed by Lord Harrowby and count Woronzow, previous to his majesty's going down to the house of Lords. We are inclined to think that the article was rather a project of treaty than a treaty itself."—The event of a speedy war between Russia and France appears almost inevitable. The former was making great preparations for hostilities in the Baltic and Black Seas. The Emperor Alexander had refused to acknowledge the emperor Napoleon; and had lately been lavish of his favours to Louis XVIII. & his encouragement to the French Loyalists—General Moreau was still in Barcelona the middle of July, where he had been joined by his Lady.—Dispatches from captain Oliver off Havre, contain intelligence of the renewal of the bombardment of that town. The houses & shipping are stated to have been considerably damaged.—Late accounts state, that 20,000 men had marched From Cape Francois, on the 1st of August, as a reinforcement against the city of St. Domingo.

DOMESTIC.

An extract of a letter from Natchez, dated 24th Aug. says, "There has been a banditti in the neighbourhood of Bayon Sarah, on the South of the line, the object of which was to plunder under pretence of giving freedom to West Florida. They made an attempt to surprise the fort of Baton Roge, but being now driven by the militia into the Mississippi territory they feel themselves at home and perfectly at ease, as the magistrates do not give themselves any trouble, although many of them went in arms from hence to attack the Spanish government."———An extract of a letter from Gibraltar, dated July 22, says, "We have sold our Flour at 18 dollars per barrel. The general failure of crops in Spain, has caused this sudden rise in the price; and the Barbary powers have prohibited the exportation of this article. Fish are at 5 to 6 dolls. and dull; Rice, 7 to 8 dolls.; pipe staves 160 dolls. per M.; Indian Corn, none at Market."———It may be judged of what consequence the capture of Surrinam is to the English, when letters from Pramaribo, to a respectable house at Amsterdam, say, that at the arrival of the English in that colony, it contained coffee enough to load 800, and sugar enough to fill 4000 large West Indiamen, not including other productions, as cotton, rum, &c———We are sorry to learn, says a New York paper, that the yellow fever prevails to a considerable degree in the city of New Orleans. Two of the crew of the Polly, arrived at Philadelphia, on Monday morning at the Lazaretto, have fallen victims to it on their passage.———A tolerable idea may be formed of the nature of the insurrection, as it is termed, in West Florida, from the following facts. Mr. Kemper, the leader of the association, was for some time in the service of Mr. Smith of Tennessee, to whom he became indebted to a considerable amount. Being prosecuted, he fled to Florida, where at the head of thirty men he raised the standard of revolt. These are the circumstances attending an occurrence which it is attempted to magnify into vast importance.———Some idea may be formed of the force and violence of the late storm from the traces which it has left at Cockspur. On that island not a vestige of the former buildings is remaining, and the surface is much below its former height. A cannon which weighed 4800lbs. was carried thirty or forty feet from its position. A bar of lead weighing 300lbs was carried one hundred feet; cases of Canister shot were carried from 100 to 200 feet, and muskets are scattered all over the Island.

SELECTED POETRY.

SEDUCTION, OR THE BEAUTIFUL MANIAC.

AN ELEGY.—BY THOMAS FESSENDEN, A. B.

NOW night's sullen noon spreads her mantle around,
And menacing thunders roll solemn in air,
AMANDA's sad accents the woodland resound,
Dark mountains re-echo these plaints of despair!

"See now the gloom deepens, the rude tempest roars,
And loud the rough north wind howls through the expanse,
Old Ocean, hoarse murmuring, lashes the shores,
And phantoms of night o'er the wild desert dance!

The prominent cliff, that impends o'er the flood,
Responds to the ominous scream of the owl,
Grim wolves rave infuriate, through the dark wood,
Their orgies, nocturnal, discordantly howl!

Here, pensively straying, I'll climb the tall steep,
While night's leaden sceptre bids nature repose,
From the brow of the precipice plunge in the deep,
And thus put an end to my numberless woes.

In the gay morn of life, surely none was more bless'd,
To the blithe song of pleasure I danc'd o'er the green,
Of innocence, beauty and fortune possess'd,
While sportive festivity hail'd me her queen.

To solace my parents, my pleasing employ,
Their life's rugged passage with flow'rets to strew,
AMANDA their hope, and AMANDA their joy,
Her happiness all that they wish'd for below.

Thus fifteen fair summers roll'd swiftly away,
Ere man, bred deceiver, to ruin me strove,
Ere CLEON, false-hearted, but witty and gay,
First melted my heart to the raptures of love.

Spring, sweetly luxuriant, deck'd the gay lawn,
The dew-drop, nectarious, bespangled the grove,
When CLEON first met me, one beautiful morn,
With trembling solicitude whisper'd of love!

His person was graceful, his manners refin'd,
A pupil of CHESTERFIELD, easy and free;
But night's darkest gloom, not so dark as his mind,
Not half so deceitful con treacherous sea.

With eyes beaming rapture he swore to be true,"
"Can cruelty dwell with a Cherub so fair,
Will you make me unhappy, who live but for you,
Ah, why will you drive a fond youth to despair!"

"With fatal success were his stratagems pli'd,
To ruin a blooming and innocent maid,
Full often he promis'd to make me his bride,
But basely deserted the nymph he betray'd.

The news to my parents convey'd sad surprise,
Oppress'd with keen anguish they tore their gray hair,
Till pitying death clos'd their sorrowing eyes,
But left me a prey to the pangs of despair!

Impell'd by rude frenzy, I wander'd from home,
That home, once delightful, where once I was blest,
Now indigent, hopeless, distracted I roam,
Till Death's cold embrace lull my sorrows to rest.

But, hah! the wild horrors of madness return,
To rive every nerve in my tremulous frame,
Forbear my pain'd head any longer to burn,
Cease, anguishing heart, to enkindle the flame!

Rear louder, ye winds! spread destruction around!
Let thunders, loud bellowing, shake the firm pole,
Let earthquakes impel, e'en the shuddering ground
To mimic the passions which torture my soul!

Ah! CLEON, thou false, thou perfidious swain,
My spectre shall haunt thee in night's solemn gloom!"
She spoke, and precipitant plung'd in the main,
And a requiem sought in the cold wat'ry tomb.

EPIGRAMS.

On a Lady, who beat her Husband.

Come hither, Sir John, my picture is here,
What think you, my love, don't it strike you?
I can't say it does just at present, my dear,
But I think it soon will, its so like you.

Whene'er you marry, to his son,
A knowing father said,
Take, for thy loving helpmate, one
Rich widow or *rich* maid;
For *any* wife may turn out ill,
But, gad! the *money* never will.

[The following pathetic Tale is extracted from the "Man of Feeling," written by HENRY MACKENZIE, Esq. author of the "Man of the World," &c.—This is the book spoken so highly of in the Biography of that gentleman, which we have concluded in our paper of to-day. We anticipate the pleasure which some of our subscribers will enjoy in the perusal of this affecting episode.—Reader! If thy breast be not inaccessible to the feelings of compassion; if thy soul contain one drop of the "milk of human kindness," prepare to shed a sympathetic tear at the shrine of sensibility.]

A VISIT TO BEDLAM....THE DISTRESSES OF A DAUGHTER.

OF those things called sights in London, which every stranger is supposed desirous to see, Bedlam is one. To that place, therefore, an acquaintance of Harley's after having accompanied him to several other shews, proposed a visit. Harley objected to it, "because," said he, "I think it an inhuman practice to expose the greatest misery with which our nature is afflicted, to every idle visitant who can afford a trifling perquisite to the keeper; especially as it is a distress which the humane must see with the painful reflection that it is not in his power to alleviate it." He was overpowered, however, by the solicitations of his friend and the other persons of the party (amongst whom were several ladies;) and they went in a body to Moorfields.

Their conductor led them first to the dismal mansions of those who are in the most horrid state of incurable madness. The clanking of chains, the wildness of their cries, and the imprecations which some of them uttered, formed a scene inexpressibly shocking. Harley and his companions, especially the female part of them, begged the guide to return: he seemed surprised at their uneasiness, and was with difficulty prevailed on to leave that part of the house without showing them some others; who, as he expressed it in the phrase of those that keep wild beasts for shew, were much better worth seeing than any they had passed, being ten times more fierce and unmanageable.

He led them next to that quarter where those reside, who, as they are not dangerous to themselves or others, enjoy a certain degree of freedom according to the state of their distemper.

Harley had fallen behind his companions, looking at a man, who was making pendulums with bits of thread, and little balls of clay. He had delineated a segment of a circle on the wall with chalk, and marked their different vibrations, by intersecting it with cross lines. A decent looking man came up, and smiling at the maniac, turned to Harley and told him, that gentleman had once been a celebrated mathematician. "He fell a sacrifice," said he, "to the theory of comets; for having with infinite labour, formed a table on the conjectures of Sir Isaac Newton, he was disappointed in the return of one of those luminaries, and was very soon after obliged to be placed here by his friends. If you please to follow me, Sir," continued the stranger, "I believe I shall be able to give you a more satisfactory account of the unfortunate people you see here, than the man who attends your companions." Harley bowed, and accepted his offer.

The next person they came up to had scrawled a variety of figures on a piece of slate. Harley had the curiosity to take a nearer view of them. They consisted of different columns, on the top of which were marked South-Sea annuities, India-stock, and three per cent. annuities consol. "This," said Harley's instructer, "was a gentleman well known in Change-alley. He was once worth fifty thousand pounds, and had actually agreed for the purchase of an estate in the West, in order to realize his money; but he quarrelled with the proprietor about the repairs of the garden-wall, and so returned to town to follow his old trade of stock-jobbing a little longer; when an unlucky fluctuation of stock, in which he was engaged to an immense extent, reduced him at once to poverty and to madness. Poor wretch! he told me t'other day, that against the next payment of differences, he should be some hundreds above a plum."

"It is a spondee, and I will maintain it," interrupted a voice on his left hand. This assertion was followed by a very rapid recital of some verses from Homer. "That figure," said the gentleman, "whose clothes are so bedaubed with snuff, was a schoolmaster of some reputation: he came hither to be resolved of some doubts he entertained concerning the genuine pronunciation of the Greek vowels. In his highest fits, he makes frequent mention of one Mr. Bentley.

"But delusive ideas, Sir, are the motives of the greatest part of mankind, and a heated imagination the power by which their actions are incited: the world, in the eye of a philosopher, may be said to be a madhouse." "It is true," answered Harley, "the passions of men are temporary madnesses; and sometimes very fatal in their effects.

"*From Macedonia's madman to the Swede.*"

"It was indeed," said the stranger, "a very mad thing in Charles, to think of adding so vast a country to his dominions; that would have been fatal indeed; the balance of the North would then have been lost: but the Sultan and I would never have allowed it."—"Sir!" said Harley, with no small surprise on his countenance. "Why, yes," answered the other, "the Sultan and I; do you know me! I am the Chan of Tartary."

Harley was a good deal struck by this discovery; he had prudence enough, however, to conceal his amazement and bowing as low to the monarch, as his dignity required, left him immediately, and joined his companions.

He found them in a quarter of the house set apart for the insane of the other sex, several of whom had gathered about the female visitors, and were examining, with rather more accuracy than might have been expected, the particulars of their dress.

Separate from the rest stood one, whose appearance had something of superior dignity. Her face, though pale and wasted, was less squalid than those of the others, and showed a dejection of that decent kind, which moves our pity, unmixed with horror: upon her, therefore, the eyes of all were immediately turned. The keeper, who accompanied them, observed it; "This," said he, "is a young lady, who was born to ride in her coach and six. She was married, it the story I have heard is true, by a young gentleman, her equal in birth, though by no means her match in fortune: but love, they say, is blind, and so she fancied him as much as he did her. Her father, it seems would not hear of their marriage, and threatened to turn her out of doors, if ever she saw him again. Upon this the young gentleman took a voyage to the West Indies, in hopes of bettering his fortune, and obtaining his mistress; but he was scarce landed, when he was seized with one of those fevers which are common in those islands, and died in a few days, lamented by every one that knew him. This news soon reached his mistress, who was at the same time pressed by her father to marry a rich miserly fellow, who was old enough to be her grandfather. The death of her lover had no effect on her inhuman parent: he was only the more earnest for her marriage with the man he had provided for her; and what between her despair at the death of the one, and her aversion to the other, the poor young lady was reduced to the condition you see her in. But God would not prosper such cruelty; her father's affairs soon after went to wreck, and he died almost a beggar."

Though this story was told in very plain language, it had particularly attracted Harley's notice; he had given it the tribute of some tears. The unfortunate young lady had till now seemed entranced in thought, with her eyes on a little garnet ring she wore on her finger; she turned them now upon Harley. "My Billy is no more!" said she, "do you weep for my Billy! Blessings on your tears! I would weep too, but my brain is dry; and it burns, it burns, it burns!"—She drew nearer to Harley. "Be comforted, young lady," said he "your Billy is in heaven."—"Is he, indeed? and shall we meet again? and shall that frightful man (pointing to the keeper) not be there?—Alas! I am grown naughty of late; I have almost forgotten to think of Heaven; yet I pray sometimes; when I can, I pray, and sometimes I sing; when I am saddest, I sing:—You shall hear me—hush!

"Light be the earth on Billy's breast,
"And green the sod that wraps his grave!"

There was a plaintive wildness in the air not to be withstood; and, except the keeper's there was not an unmoistened eye around her.

"Do you weep again?" said she: "I would not have you weep: you are like my Billy: you are, believe me; just so he looked when he gave me this ring; poor Billy! 'twas the last time ever we met!—

"'Twas when the seas were roaring—I love you for resembling my Billy; but I shall never love any man like him"—She screched out her hand to Harley; he pressed it between both his, and bathed it with his tears.—"Nay, that is Billy's ring;" said she, "you cannot have it, indeed, but here is another, look here, which I plaited to-day of some gold thread from this bit of stuff; will you keep it for my sake? I am a strange girl;—but my heart is harmless: my poor heart; it will burst some day; feel how it beats!" She press'd his hand to her bosom, then holding her head in the attitude of listening—"Hark! one, two, three! be quiet, thou little trembler; my Billy is cold!—but I had forgotten the ring."—She put it on his finger.—"Farewell! I must leave you now."—She would have withdrawn her hand; Harley held it to his lips.—"I dare not stay longer; my head throbs sadly: farewell."—She walked with a hurried step to a little apartment at some distance. Harley stood fixed in astonishment and pity; his friend gave money to the keeper.—Harley looked on his ring.—He put a couple of guineas into the man's hand: "Be kind to that unfortunate."—He burst into tears, and left them.

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The MINERVA;

Or, LADY's AND GENTLEMAN's MAGAZINE.

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TERMS OF "THE MINERVA."

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FROM THE BEAUTIES OF HISTORY.

THE CHARACTER OF A GOOD WIFE.

THE good wife is one, who, ever mindful of the solemn contract which she hath entered into, is strictly and conscientiously virtuous, constant, and faithful to her husband: chaste, pure, and undismished, in every thought, word, and deed: she is humble and modest from reason and conviction, submissive from choice, and obedient from inclination: what she acquires by love and tenderness, she preserves by prudence and discretion; she makes it her business to serve, and her pleasure to oblige her husband; conscious that every thing that promotes his happiness, must in the end, contribute to her own: her tenderness relieves his cares, her affection softens his distress, her good-humour and complacency lessen and subdue his afflictions.

EXAMPLE OF CHASTITY.

LUCRETIA was a lady of great beauty and noble extraction: she married Collatinus, a relation of Tarquinius Superbus, king of Rome. During the siege of Ardea, which lasted much longer than was expected, the young princes passed their time in entertainments and diversions. Once as they were at supper, at Sextus Tarquin's the king's eldest son, with Collatinus, Lucretia's husband, the conversation turned on the merit of their wives: every one gave his own the preference. "What signify so many words?" says Collatinus; "you may in a few hours, if you please, be convinced by your own eyes, how much my Lucretia excels the rest. We are young: let us mount our horses, and go and surprise them. Nothing can better decide our dispute than the state we shall find them in at a time when most certainly they will not expect us." They were a little warmed by wine: "Come on, let us go," they all cried together. They quickly galloped to Rome, which was about twenty miles from Ardea, where they find the princesses, wives of the young Tarquins, surrounded with company, and every circumstance of the highest mirth and pleasure. From thence they rode to Collatia, where they saw Lucretia in a very different situation. With her maids about her, she was at work in the inner part of her house, talking on the dangers to which her husband was exposed. The victory was adjudged to her unanimously. She received her guests with all possible politeness and civility. Lucretia's virtue, which should have commanded respect, was the very thing which kindled in the breast of Sextus Tarquin a strong and detestable passion. Within a few days he returned to Collatia, and upon the plausible excuse he made for his visit, he was received with all the politeness due to a near relation, and the eldest son of a king. Watching the fittest opportunity, he declares the passion she had excited at his last visit, and employed the most tender invreaties, and all the artifices possible, to touch a woman's heart; but all to no purpose. He then endeavoured to extort her compliance by the most terrible threatenings. It was in vain. She still persisted in her resolution; nor could she be moved, even by the fear of death. But, when the monster told her that he would first dispatch her, and then having murdered a slave, would lay him by her side, after which he would spread a report, that having caught them in the act of adultery, he had punished them as they deserved; this seemed to shake her resolution. She hesitated not knowing which of these dreadful alternatives to take, whether, by consenting to dishonor the bed of her husband, whom she tenderly loved; or, by refusing, to die under the odious character of having prostituted her person to the lust of a slave. He saw the struggle of her soul: and seizing the unlucky moment, obtained an inglorious conquest. Thus Lucretia's virtue, which had been proof against the fear of death, could not hold out against the fear of infamy. The young prince, having gratified his passion, returned home as in triumph.

On the morrow, Lucretia, overwhelmed with grief and despair, sent early in the morning to desire her father and her husband to come to her and bring with them each a wisty friend, assuring them there was no time to loose. They came with all speed, the one accompanied with Valerius, (so famous after under the name of Publicola) and the other with Brutus. The moment she saw them come, she could not command her tears; and when her husband asked her if all was well: "By no means," said she, "it cannot be well with a woman who has lost her honour. Yes, Collatinus, thy bed has been defiled by a stranger; but I am only polluted; my mind is innocent, as my death shall witness. Promise me only, not to suffer the adulterer to go unpunished: it is Sextus Tarquinius, who last night, treacherous guest, or rather cruel foe, offered me violence, and reaped a joy fatal to me; but if you are men, it will be still more fatal to him." All promised to revenge her: and, at the same time, tried to comfort her with representing, "That the mind only sins, not the body; and where the consent is wanting, there can be no guilt." "What Sextus deserves," replies Lucretia, "I leave you to judge; but for me, though I declare myself innocent of the crime, I exempt not myself from punishment. No immodest woman shall plead Lucretia's example to outlive her dishonor." Thus saying, she plunged into her breast a dagger she had concealed under her robe, and expired at their feet.

Lucretia's tragical death has been praised and extolled by Pagan writers, as the highest and most noble act of heroism. The gospel thinks no so: it is murder, even according to Lucretia's own principles, since she punished with death an innocent person, at least acknowledged as such by herself. She was ignorant that our life is not in our own power, but in his disposal from whom we receive it.

St. Austin, who carefully examines, in his book *De civitate*, what are we to think of Lucretia's death, considers it as a courageous action, flowing from a true love of chastity, but as an infirmity of a woman too sensible of worldly fame and glory; and who, from a dread of appearing in the eyes of men an accomplice of the violence she abhorred, and of a crime to which she was entirely a stranger, commits a real crime upon herself voluntarily & designedly. But what cannot be sufficiently admired in this Roman lady is her abhorrence of adultery, which she seems to hold so detestable as not to be the thoughts of it. In this sense, she is a noble example for all her sex.

BIOGRAPHY,

OF THE LOVELY BUT UNFORTUNATE

MADAME LAVERGNE,

Wife of the Governor of Fort Longway, in the Department of Moselle.

Taken from M Du Broca's Anecdotes of conspicuous female characters who suffered from the revolution in France.

"THE beautiful and accomplished Madame Lavergne had been married but a short time to M. Lavergne, Governor of Longway, when that town surrendered to the Prussians; but in two months afterwards was retaken by the French, and the Governor arrested, and sent prisoner to Paris, without being permitted to enjoy the society of his amiable wife. Though M. Lavergne was at that time upwards of sixty, and Madame had scarcely attained a third of that age, yet the sweetness of his disposition and the superiority of his abilities, had excited in her bosom the liveliest tenderness and esteem; and she determined not only to follow him to the capital, but to exert every faculty she possessed to obtain the preservation of his life.

"The dreadful epoch of the revolution had already arrived, when the scaffold was daily reeking with the blood of these victims whom savage cruelty had unjustly slain, and M. Lavergne hourly expected his would augment the sanguinary stream! The horrors of the prison, and the damps of a dungeon soon produced the most alarming effects on his health; yet his amiable wife considered it a fortunate circumstance, conceiving they would not bring him to trial in so debilitated a state. A pelrious disease, she imagined, would prove a present safeguard, and time and exertion bring the wished for relief? Vain expectation; his name appeared on the list from which no appeal could save him, and the ill-fated sufferer was doomed to attend.

"Madame Lavergne was no sooner made acquainted with this decision, than she presented herself before the committee of general safety. With a countenance expressive of the anguish of her feelings, and her eyes streaming with apprehensive tears, she demanded that her husband's trial should be delayed until he had regained his faculties by a restoration of health; assuring them he was not in a state to confront his accusers, as disease had impaired his reason as much as his strength.

"Imagine oh! citizens (said the agonised wife of Lavergne) such an unfortunate being as I have described, dragged before a tribunal that decides upon life, and death! whilst reason abandons him, can he understand the charges alledged against him? Or can he have power to declare his innocence, whose bodily sufferings are now threatening to terminate his life? Will you, oh! citizens of France, call a man to trial while in a phrenzy of delirium! Will you summon him, who perhaps at this moment is expiring on the bed of pain, to hear that irrevocable sentence which admits no medium between liberty and the scaffold!—And if you unite humanity and justice can you suffer an old man"—At these words every eye was directed to Madame Lavergne, whose youth and beauty, contrasted with the idea of an aged and infirm husband, gave rise to very different emotions in the breast of the members of the committee, from those which she so eloquently endeavoured to inspire; and they interrupted her speech with the most indecent jests, and the coarsest raillery. One of the members with a scornful sigh, assured her, that young and handsome as she was, it would not be so difficult as she appeared to imagine, to find means of consolation for the loss of a husband, who in the common course of nature had completely lived out his time.—Another of them equally brutal, and still more ferocious, added that the fervor with which she pleaded the cause of her husband, was unnatural excess, and therefore the committee could not attend to her petition.

"Horror, indignation and despair, took possession of the unfortunate Madame Lavergne's soul. She heard the purest and most exalted affections for one of the worthiest of men, condemned and vilified as a degrading appetite! She had been wantonly insulted, whilst demanding justice by the administrators of the law; and she rushed in silence from those inhuman monsters, to hide the agony that almost burst the heart.

"One ray of hope still rose to chase the gloom of deep despondency away. Dumas, one of the judges of the tribunal, she had known in former times; *him* therefore, she resolved to seek, and in spite of the antipathy which his present actions had inspired, implore him to let the trial be delayed. In all the agony of increasing apprehension, she threw herself at this inflexible monster's feet, used all the arguments suggested by affection, only to have the fatal hour delayed. Dumas replied, that it did not belong to him to grant the favor she solicited; neither should he choose to make such a request of the tribunal; and then increasing the bitterness of disappointment by the insolence of sarcasm, he enquired whether it was so great a misfortune to be delivered from a troublesome husband of sixty, whose death would leave her at liberty to employ her youthful charms more usefully to the state!

"Such a reiteration of insult roused the unfortunate wife of Lavergne to desperation. She shrieked with anguish too insupportable to bear; and rising from the posture of supplication, she extended her out stretched arms to heaven, and in a phrenzied voice exclaimed, "Just God! will not the crimes of these atrocious men awake thy vengeance? go, monster! she cried, addressing herself to Dumas, I no longer want thy aid: no longer will I deign to supplicate thy pity! away to the tribunal; there will I also appear; then shall it be known, whether I deserve the outrages thou and thy base associates have heaped upon my head.

"From the presence of the odious Dumas, and with a fixed determination to quit a life that had now become hateful to her, Madame Lavergne repaired to the hall of the tribunal, and mixing with the motley croud, waited impatiently for the hour of trial. The barbarous proceedings of the day begin, and the unfortunate Lavergnes called! The jailors convey him thither on a matrass, and a few trifling questions are proposed, to which with difficulty he replies, when the mock trial closes, and the ill-fated Governor is doomed to die!

"Scarcely had the sentence passed the Judge's lips, when Madame Lavergne cried out with a loud voice *Vive la Roi!* In vain the surrounding multitude endeavoured to prevent the sound; for the more they tired to deaden its extension, the more vehement her cries; and she continued exclaiming *Vive la Roi!* till the guard forced her away.

"So great had been the interests which the distress of this amiable young woman had excited, that she was followed to the place of confinement by a numerous throng, who anxiously endeavoured to avert the fate which awaited her by an attempt to drown her cries.

"When the public accuser interrogated her upon the motives of her extraordinary conduct, she informed him she was not actuated either by revenge or despair, but by loyalty which was rooted in her heart.—I adore, cried she, the system that you have destroyed; and I expect no mercy from you, for I am your enemy. I abhor your republic, and will persist in the confession I have publicly made, as long as I live.

"To this declaration no reply was made—but Madame Lavergne's name was hardly added to the suspected list, and in a few minutes she was brought before the tribunal where she entered her own condemnation, and was decreed to die. From that instant the agitation of her spirits subsided; serenity appeared to have repossessed her mind, and her beautiful countenance announced the peace and confidence of her soul.

"On the day of execution, Madame Lavergne first ascended the fatal cart, and requested that she might be placed in a position to view her husband's face; that unfortunate husband had fallen into a swoon and lay extended upon a truss of straw with the slightest appearance of life. The motion of the cart had loosened the bosom of his shirt, and exposed his breast to the scorching rays of a vertical sun, which the amiable wife perceiving, entreated the executioner to take a part from her handkerchief and unite his shirt—Madame Lavergne's attention was never for one moment directed from the object of her tenderness; and perceiving by the change of his countenance, that his senses revived, in soft accents she pronounced his name. At the sound of that voice, whose melody had so long been a stranger to his ears, he raised his eyes, and fixed them on the object of his love with a look expressive of alarm and tenderness. "Do not be alarmed," said she, "it was your faithful wife who called. We could not live, but we shall die together!" The agitated Lavergne burst into tears of gratitude; and his oppressed heart poured forth its soft sensations into that bosom which shared all its sorrows: and though the tyrants would fain have divided them, it was death that joined them in a *better life*.

FROM THE ENQUIRER.

THE RAINBOW.....No. VIII.

TRUTH & ELOQUENCE.

ANALLEGORY.

In the first ages of the world, Vice, it is said, was unknown among the sons of men. The descendants of our first parents, for many generations, spent their days in the enjoyment of those tranquil and pure pleasures, which spring from innocence and love, and from gratitude to the Beneficent being, by whom these blessings were bestowed. The earth was then watered by innumerable streams, and covered with perpetual verdure. The forests were filled with lofty and majestic trees, whose shade invited to meditation or repose; while on their wide spread branches the feathered choir displayed the beauties of their plumage, and warbled through all the day, either songs of joy, or solicitous lays to love. The fields and meadows were embellished by countless flowers, diffusing fragrance around the air; and produced, though not spontaneously, in abundance, those nourishing fruits, which appeared beauty to women, and health and strength to man. Thus was indeed the golden age: and the celestial beings, contemplating the felicity which was enjoyed below, suggested sometimes to assume a human shape, and for a time, to make their abode on earth, among the wise and happy mortals who then possessed it. But after the lapse of many centuries, man became tired of the pleasures which he had so long been permitted to enjoy. The Daemon of selfishness, escaping from the gulph of Tartarus, to which ages before, by a council of the Gods, he had been condemned, found his way to the habitations of men, and soon seduced the greater part of the human race from the allegiance which they owed to their celestial benefactors. The enemies of the invader were firm, and for a long time maintained an unequal conflict; but they were finally overpowered by numbers, and almost entirely destroyed. From that time, the Gods renounced all intercourse with men; and left the earth and its inhabitants, a prey to those physical and moral evils which have since never ceased to afflict them.

Among those who had exerted themselves to oppose this humiliating revolution, *Truth* and *Eloquence* had borne the most conspicuous part.

Truth and *Eloquence*, it has been sometimes said, were of celestial origin. But this opinion is not correct. *Truth* was the legitimate daughter of Labor and Wisdom, the most venerable among the inhabitants of the Amended Elian world. Amidst the confusion and crimes, which induced the Gods to abandon the earth, Labor had been seized by the partisans of Selfishness, beaten with many stripes, loaded with chains, and compelled to toil for the benefit of others. Wisdom did not experience equal cruelty, but she was banished by a degree of the usurpers. The place of her retreat has never yet been discovered. It is said that her footsteps have been sometimes traced in Europe and that they have been distinctly perceived in America; but it seems most probable, that Minerva, who respected her virtues and pitied her sufferings, soon procured her a seat in Heaven, and thus placed her beyond the reach of men, who, in every age, and in every country, have proved by their conduct, their entire contempt for her character & counsels.

Truth has been the favorite of Minerva. Many of her infant years she had spent under the immediate guardianship of the Goddess, and by her she was irrevocably confirmed, in those principles which she had been taught by her venerable parents. On her first acquaintance, her countenance seemed gloomy, and her manners austere. Her conversation was generally serious, and her language plain. The votaries of pleasure, awed by her look, avoided her society; the advocates of vice trembled in her presence; but to those who knew her well, she appeared invariably graceful and benevolent; and even her worst enemies, after a few interviews, have sometimes acknowledged the injustice of their first impressions, and devoted their lives to her service, with unalterable fidelity and zeal.

The birth of *Eloquence* was not so respectable. She was the child of Enthusiasm, and on her mother's side, was nearly related to some of the first families of the ancient world—to Taste, Fancy, Sensibility, Genius, Benevolence and Virtue. But who her father was, is yet unknown. Some have thought, that she displayed a strong resemblance to Ambition; others have been equally confident that she bore the features of Avarice. But however divided men might be as to her birth, they were unanimous in their approbation of herself. The expression of her eye, varying with every thought; the melody of her voice, whether in persuasion or command; the grace and dignity of her gestures; her prompt wit; her extensive knowledge, made her the object of universal admiration. But her fortune when young was not so auspicious as that of *Truth*. Her mother, though passionately fond of her, sometimes left her. Carried away by her own contemplations, she forgot for a time her darling child. It chanced that Mercury found her during the absence of her mother, and struck with the readiness of her infantine replies, he carried her away. He retained her in his hands for a considerable time, and did not return her to her mother, until he and his friend Proteus had amused themselves with teaching her some of the arts by which they had been accustomed to impose upon mankind. The impression upon the mind of the infant, produced by this disastrous event, was not, however, immediately perceived.

At the commencement of the conflict, which we have mentioned, *Truth* and *Eloquence* were in full maturity. In the age of infancy they had been inseparable companions. *Eloquence* had imbibed from her mother, the most ardent affection for *Truth*, and notwithstanding her own aspiring temper, had, for a long time, voluntarily acted as her associate and handmaid. Beloved by the Gods, and for a long time respected by men, they had exerted their united influence and powers, to avert from mankind the evils with which they foresaw their enemy designed, treacherously, to overwhelm them. Even now, notwithstanding the multitudes who had deserted, they did not despair; and in the presence, and with the approbation of the Gods, who had assembled before their final departure from the earth, they bound themselves to live in perpetual amity, and in the prosecution of their labors for the good of mankind, never to suffer any difficulties or dangers to separate them. *Truth*, tho' apparently austere in her deportment and confident in her individual strength, did not disdain the alliance. Tho' not convinced of its necessity, she knew it might be useful, and without ceremony or hesitation offered her hand to *Eloquence* as a pledge of her sincerity. *Eloquence* seized with promptitude the proffered hand of *Truth*, pressed it to her bosom with inimitable grace, and in a voice sweet as the sound of the harp touched by the hand of Apollo, congratulated herself on the solemn ratification of a compact, which alone could justify a hope that she could be useful to the world. The celestial audience, impressed with reverence for the exalted character of *Truth*, and delighted by the charms of *Eloquence*, gave them their benediction, and departed for ever.

Such were *Truth* and *Eloquence*, when they formed their compact. *Truth* reflected that this alliance would facilitate her progress, and that the aid of *Eloquence* would more effectually dispose mankind, to receive from her these salutary counsels, on which the welfare of the whole race depended. On the other hand, *Eloquence* knew that vicious as the world had become, her admonitions unless enforced by herself, that they might be heard with pleasure, could not long be regarded with reverence.

The treaty being thus formed, the confederates began their career together, with entire good faith. They addressed all they saw, and to endeavour to reclaim these, who had patience to hear them, from the brutality of ignorance, and the misery of vice. *Truth* adhering firmly to her exalted principles, pursued an undeviating course. With regard to wealth or power, in the gilded palace, and the straw-built shed, to the tyrant and the slave, her manners and her language are the same. Pride always offended by her sincerity. Power always felt uncontrollable terror at her approach. They therefore combined against her, insulted her in gross and barbarous terms, and often offered violence to her person. Upon occasions like these, *Eloquence* stepped forth to rescue her friend from danger. She often succeeded in appeasing the wrath of those who had been employed to persecute her, and sometimes convinced them that she was worthy of their friendship and admiration.

In process of time, *Eloquence* began to perceive that she herself was acting only a secondary part. *Truth* was always treated by their mutual friends, with the most profound respect: while that which was paid to herself, seemed daily to be diminished—and what was still more mortifying, to be diminished exactly in proportion as their acquaintance with *Truth* increased. She never failed at first to receive the tribute of their fervent admiration; but in time this admiration subsided, and in some instances totally disappeared. In fact she discovered that she was still regarded merely as the handmaid of *Truth*, and that upon many occasions her presence was deemed not only unnecessary, but inconvenient: that she served no other purpose but to call the attention of mankind to the merits of her friend: of which, when her hearers were convinced, they gradually lost their respect for herself, by whom they were introduced. In the excess of her mortification, she one day made a pathetic complaint on this subject, in the hearing of *Truth*. With the candor with which she spoke, *Truth* told her, it was in vain to repine, as her unaided talents, brilliant as they were, however they might amuse the idle, could never permanently secure for her the respect or friendship of the wise. *Eloquence* mortally offended at this reply, declared the treaty void, and separated herself immediately from her friend. *Truth*, unmoved at this event, pursued steadily the same course which she had before marked out; but finding herself sometimes impeded in her progress for want of her former associate, endeavoured to recollect & adopt some of the graces by which she had been distinguished. She learned, therefore, in process of time, to lay aside the awkward and negligent phraseology, which she was accustomed to use, and to express her sentiments, not only with the animation and firmness which she had before displayed, but in language which, tho' plain, was always correct, selected with care, and elegantly arranged. From the first moment of separation, *Truth* has never sought the society of *Eloquence*. It is true that she does not avoid her, but she never goes out of her way to seek her. The aid of *Eloquence* on any momentous occurrence, is accepted, if offered, but it is never solicited. *Truth* is always content to rely upon herself. She is right. Her credit is daily rising, and she is now known to multitudes, by the simplicity of her manners, the plainness, perspicuity and brevity of her discourse, the unshaken firmness of her mind, and her inconquerable attachment to every principle tending to promote the liberty and happiness of mankind.

Eloquence, after she had leisure for reflection, soon perceived that this separation if generally known, would greatly impair if not destroy her influence. She took therefore, the utmost care to conceal it. Even when she was animated by the most deadly hate, she failed not to profess the utmost veneration for her ancient ally, and often, availing herself of what she had learned in her infancy, assumed her appearance, as well as her name. In this character, and in this way, she has invariably imposed on ignorance and credulity, and scrupled not to advocate the most pernicious doctrines. She has not only defended errors but crimes. Influenced by ambition, or seduced by avarice, she has become occasionally the advocate of murder, of tyranny, of persecution, war and desolation: of every act, which injures individuals, or lays waste a world. To gratify her intemperate love of fame, and fondness for wealth, she will take any side, of any question, and if her talents are admired, is content that her principles shall be condemned. Such is her abandoned effrontery, that she has been known to denounce *Truth* herself, as an impostor, and to claim in the name of *Truth* for herself, the homage and admiration of the world.

But this shameful prostitution of her splendid talents, is not without some interruption. Sometimes influenced by her mother's spirit, she devotes herself to the service of *Truth*, with the zeal and intrepidity of her ancient friendship. Then it is that she assumes a new form. Her voice seems more than human. Her eyes seems to flash with the fire of Heaven, and delivering only the precepts of *Truth*, she is heard with ten thousand emotions, which she alone is liable to describe.

So prefigure, however, has her conduct generally been, that she has excited the general indignation of mankind; and unless she will be content to be again the handmaid of *Truth*, it is said, that a petition will be speedily presented to the Gods, praying that she may be forever banished from the earth.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HUMAN SACRIFICE.

We have already noticed with pleasure, that the British government in India, is actively and successfully engaged in discouraging the inhuman ceremonies among the Asiatics, which was wont to attend the death of a relative, and especially the voluntary immolation of widows on the funeral piles of their husbands. The practice is so grafted on the barbarous superstition of the country, so woven with its religious doctrine, that although the interferance of the English has rendered it less frequent, it will probably require a length of time, and strong military exertion, wholly to prevent it.

The custom is at present confined to the Brahmins; and when an individual of this cast dies, his principal widow is deprived of her character and cast, and becomes infamous if she refuses to sacrifice herself: and she is further urged to suicide, by an opinion, which the priests zealously inculcate, that after they die in this manner, they enjoy the most exquisite happiness. They however, are sometimes wanting in resolution, and to retain life, submit to the penalties which a barbarous custom has attached to it. In other cases again, a sense of shame, and the upbraidings of their relatives, have induced them to atone for this weakness by deaths of aggravated pain; one of these instances is mentioned, if we mistake not, by Mr. Hawings, when a woman burnt herself with such horrid, yet heroic deliberation, that she was three days in consuming her legs arms, &c. before the vital spark was destroyed.

At different places, the manner of performing this horrid ceremony varies. In Bengal the funeral pile of the husband is contiguous to a well, with space enough be-

tween for a large person to walk, as it is customary for the widow to walk three times round it, previous to the ceremony. A hole is made in the wall at the height of the pile, in which a beam is placed, upwards of twenty feet long, with a rope fixed to its end, for the purpose of making it oscillate.

After the widow has performed her ambulations, and taken off her jewels, which she distributes amongst her companions, she ascends the pile, and presently, embracing the body of her husband; the beam is then put in motion, and falls so heavily upon her to break her back, and deprive her of the power of moving. The pile is then set on fire, and nuts in music, combined with the shouts of the people, completely drown the groans occasioned by her agony; while she is thus in the most perfect sense of the expressions burned alive.

In Ava, when any of the Rajahs, magistrates or principal men die, an immense cave is dug for his corpse, & his wives, servants and elephants, are likewise entombed for his future state and convenience—provisions, lamps, oil, &c. are buried with them; but as these cemeteries are never opened, it has not been ascertained how long the unfortunate women lives; but it is probable that the damp and want of air, shortly terminate their sufferings.

[*New-York Paper.*

HUMOUR.

A Nobleman at Paris, asked lady R——, why it was generally remarked abroad, that the Scotch, who travelled, were men of parts and learning, while the English were generally wanting in both? Her ladyship with her usual vivacity replied, that only fools went out of England; but as for Scotland, none but fools would stay in it. A Scotch nobleman, neither famous for parts or learning, observed, her ladyship was right, with regard to the Scotch; for says he, there are offices established in Scotland, where every Scotchman must apply for a passport, before he can leave the country, and previous to the granting thereof, he is examined with regard to his intellects and education; which, should they not arrive to the standard fixed for each, no passport is granted, but he is sent back for improvement: on a second application, the same form is observed; but should he apply a third time and then be found wanting, he is remanded back for life. By this, says his lordship, your ladyship will see, none but men of sense and learning can legally leave his country. "Then," replied her ladyship, "I am sure *your Lordship was smuggled.*"

THE FORCED STORY.

Lord Kellie was the very prototype of Falstaff, "not only wholly himself, but the cause of wit in other men." Mr. Andrew Ballantine, the Scotch advocate, a man of considerable humour, accompanied by great formality of manners, happened to be one of a convivial party when his Lordship was at the head of the table. After dinner he was asked to sing, but absolutely refused to comply with the pressing solicitation of the company. At length Lord Kellie told him that he should not *escape*, he must either sing a song, tell a story, or drink a pint bumper. Mr. Ballantine, being an abstemious man, chose rather to tell a story than incur the forfeit. "One day, said he, in a pompous manner, a thief, in the course of his rounds, saw the door of a church invitingly open. He walked in, thinking that even *there*, he might lay hold of something. Having secured the pulpit cloath, he was retreating, when lo! he found the door shut. After some consideration, he adopted the only mean of escape left, namely, to let himself down by the bell-rope. The bell of course rang, the people were alarmed, and the thief was taken, just as he reached the ground. When they were dragging him away, he looked up, and emphatically addressing the bell, *as I now address you, Lord Kellie:* "had it not been," said he, "for your *long tongue* and *empty head*, I had made my escape."

FOR THE MINERVA.

THE RAMBLER.—No. IV.

AFTER recovering a little from my surprise and agitation, I asked the stranger if it was a lost child for whom he enquired? "I once had a child," replied the feeble old man; "I once had a daughter whom I delighted to call "by that tender name; she was the most dutiful and "most affectionate of children; Sophia was the pride and "support of her poor old father; she nursed me in my "sickness and cheered me in all my distresses! And shall "I never see her more?" This simple, yet pathetic lamentation, was spoken with an emphasis which might have affected a person of greater firmness than I possessed; I endeavoured, however, to comfort the disconsolate father, by telling him that we ought at all times to bear our afflictions with patience and fortitude; trusting to the wisdom of providence, and hoping for the best. But how futile are the precepts of philosophy in cases of this kind! years in a great measure have little effect in quelling the tumult of passion, which then rules with despotic power. I surveyed the distressed parent with emotions of pity mixed with awe; he was probably turned of seventy years of age; his snow-white hair thinly scattered over his forehead, was sufficient to command respect; his wrinkled forehead, his pale cheek and sunken eye, excited a more tender feeling—the acutiment of compassion: and could I refuse it when it was so justly due? Humanity forbid, thought I, wiping off a tear which had started from its fountain; I care not for the sarcasms of the world; they may reproach me with a want of firmness; I value the soft emotions of sensibility far above the sternness of philosophy; I envy not the stoic his icy virtue, while I pour out in philanthropy the genuine effusions of my soul.—The aged stranger viewed me with anxiety; and probably read in my countenance the workings of my soul.— "My appearance and behaviour, young man, (said he) may excite your compassion; "if so, follow me, and I will endeavour to satisfy you, "although a recital of my recent and present misfortunes "may aggravate the almost insufferable anguish which "torments me;" he beckoned with his hand, and I followed in silence; in passing through a small field, near the middle of which stood a neat little house, I observed that the eyes of the old man were constantly directed to a cluster of trees which we were then passing; I approached the spot; he followed me; it was an old burying place and shewed signs of having afforded a final resting place to many mortals who had once figured in this busy world: there was only one fresh grave;—after looking at it for some time, my venerable companion, turning to me and pointing at it exclaimed, "she is gone, she dwells with kindred angels."—I begged him to explain himself; "There (said he) lie the remains of my once beloved wife: "for near half a century she had been my faithful partner "—in prosperity and in adversity she had been equally "constant; but she could not stand the shock of cruel misfortune; poor soul! how she tried to comfort me, "while her own heart was bursting with grief; I shall "soon follow you my affectionate partner; we shall enjoy in peace and quiet in a better world, that unalloyed "happiness which wicked man has disturbed in this." He knelt by the side of her grave and straightened a tender twig of weeping-willow which he had planted at the head of it. "How dearest thou, poisonous weed," cried he, pulling up a thistle which had just sprung up, "how dareest thou grow on the grave of my Mary!" The old man had forgot the purpose for which I accompanied him; I reminded him that it was growing late; "true, young man," replied he; "I intended to have related to you the "cause of my distress—of that distress in which you seem "to sympathize with a miserable father and disconsolate "husband; would to God that it were in your power to "afford me consolation; but its impossible; the villainy of "one man has overwhelmed me with misfortunes which "the virtue and kindness of all others cannot relieve; "night approaches and I will not detain you; return to "this place to-morrow, and you shall be satisfied that I "have ample cause for grief; farewell."——As I took leave of him, he clasped my hand in his——it shook like the aspin leaf—it was cold and feeble with age—I frequently looked back; his dim eye was still pursuing me: "peace to you venerable father (said I) the hardened wretch who has so cruelly wronged you may escape punishment in this world.....Will he not receive it in the next?" I walked on, musing on the uncertainty of human happiness, and of existence itself; on the ambition, avarice and wickedness of man; the sentiments of a celebrated writer on some of these subjects, struck me very forcibly:...'Good God! what an incongruous animal is 'man! how unsettled in his best part, his soul; and how 'changing and variable in his frame of body? the con'stancy of the one shook by every notion, the temperament of the other affected by every blast of wind! What 'is he altogether but one mighty inconsistency; sickness 'and pain is the lot of one half of him; doubt and fear 'the other! What a bustle we make about passing our 'time, when all our space is but a point? what aims & ambitions are crowded into this little instant of our life which '(as Shakespear words it) is rounded with a sleep? Our 'whole extent of being is no more, in the eye of him who 'gave it, than a scarce perceptible moment of duration. 'Those animals whose circle of living is limited to three 'or four hours, as the naturalists tells us, are yet as long-'lived and possess as wide a scene of action as man, if we 'consider him with a view to all Space, and all Eternity. 'Who knows what plots, what atchievements a mite may 'perform in his kingdom of a grain of dust, within his 'life of some minutes; and of how much less consideration than even this, is the life of man in the sight of God, 'who is from ever, and for ever?

'Who that thinks in this train, but must see the world 'and its contemptible grandeurs, lessen before him at every thought? 'Tis enough to make one remain stupify'd 'in a poize of inaction, void of all desires, of all designs, 'of all friendships.'

HARLEY.

THE VIRGINIA MAGAZINE; or, *MONTHLY MISCELLANY.*

☞ *THOSE Gentlemen who have been kind enough to receive subscriptions for "The Virginia Magazine; or Monthly Miscellany," are requested to return lists of such names as they have been able to obtain, so soon as convenient, as the first number will certainly make its appearance on the first day of December next. There will be at least one elegant copper-plate engraving attached to each number.*

J. DIXON.

Richmond, October 1, 1804.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPEAN.

Our last accounts from Europe, by the way of London, says a New-York paper, gave us information of the extreme probability of a Continental War, at least, that the emperor of Russia and king of Sweden, had shewn a disposition indicatory of an intention of shortly commencing hostilities against France. In confirmation of this news, capt. Hiller, of the Centurion, who arrived here last evening, in a short passage from Cronstadt, informs, that on the 14th July, the day on which he sailed, the Russian fleet consisting of eleven sail of the line and 4 frigates were ready for sea; and he was informed that day, by an officer of one of the ships of the line, that general orders had just been read in the fleet; that they were to sail with all possible dispatch to join the British.——The emperor of Russia was in a peculiar degree, attentive to Americans.——It was no common thing for him to seek opportunities to speak to the commanders of American vessels; and that he paid the utmost attention to Mr. Harris the American consul, who was highly gratified at the signal honor conferred on his nation.——It is communicated in private intelligence from Paris, that the same tribunal which tried Georges and Moreau, will be shortly called together for the trial of the Ex-nobles Fauche Borel, De la Rochefoucault, and de Beaumont, who have been several years prisoners in the Temple. The object of this measure is, no doubt, to implicate General Lecourbe and Macdonald, whom the Corsican views with a most suspicious eye.——An extract of a letter from Dublin, dated July 29, says, "At this moment if the French were to make good their landing, I am convinced we could not stand before them, from their being veterans, and their great superiority in discipline, particularly in this country, where one particular sect irritated and ground down by religion, being made the stalking horse of policy, they would join them to a man—what is very extraordinary, we are given to know by government, that at this moment we are at the point of a rebellion, notwithstanding the number of examples made here last summer; we are openly assured that there are upwards of 800 emissaries amongst us now in the pay of France, one of whom, the first, was taken up last week, and is now in the castle: so you see how disagreeably we are situated between a foreign and domestic enemy. I believe the long threatened invasion will be attempted this month. Admiral Cornwallis, who lies off Brest, has sent for all the vessels of war able to put to sea, to join him immediately, as the enemy were about putting to sea and with as fine a fleet as they have had this long time; these considerations have induced me to look to your country, as the only fit place for me to remove to. Every thing advances in price, beef 5d. to 8d. mutton 7d. to 8d. pork 4d. to 6d. bacon 9d. to 10d. per lb. wheat 36s. per barrel, oats 20s. barley 18s. but we have a promising harvest which will we hope reduce these prices."

DOMESTIC.

The President of the United States arrived at Washington on the 30th ult.——A letter from Halifax received at Boston says, "I belive there was a mistake in printing here the account of the letters respecting M. Jerome Bonaparte: that addressed to him was said to be written by "Decres," but it appears to have been from "Denes," the person who wrote the other letter which has been mentioned. It begins thus, "I am just come, my dear Jerome, from performing a very distressing service," and then goes on to inform him, that he has written officially to Mr. Pichon to stop his allowances &c.——The injury done by the late storm in the Southern states, is estimated at Savannah to amount to 350,000 dollars, and in South Carolina to exceed a million.——A fever we understand, lately made its appearance at York Town, in Pennsylvania, which has been alarmingly fatal. Fourteen deaths occurred in that borough on Tuesday the 11th inst. This is comparatively greater than the mortality in the city of Philadelphia in the fever of '93 and 98.——We understand Walter Jones is appointed by the President, attorney for the district of Alexandria, in the room of John Thompson Mason resigned.——The treaty lately held between the Creek Nation and the United States' Commissioners, has terminated inauspiciously for Georgia, they have not obtained one acre of land. A deputation of Chiefs are to pass through Sparta[G] early in October next, on their way to the City of Washington.——Captain Wilson of the ship Bellona, informs us, that General Moreau and lady were at Barcelona on the 27th July, and applied to him for a passage: but he was under the necessity of declining their offer, the cabin of the vessel not being sufficiently convenient for their accommodation. On the 10th of August, whilst at Gibraltar, captain Wilson was informed, that these illustrious characters had reached Cadiz, from whence they would embark for the United States.——Captain Dockendorff, of the brig Thetis, informs us, that an embargo had been laid on all merchant vessels in the harbour of Bordeaux, to facilitate the departure of the gun boats to Boulogne.

SELECTED POETRY.

CHARACTER OF Dr. PRIESTLEY.

BY MRS. BARBAULD.

CHAMPION of Truth! alike through Natures field,
And where in sacred leave's she shrines reveal'd;
Alike in both, eccentric, piercing bold,
Like his own light'ning which no chains can hold,
Neglecting caution and disdaining art,
He seeks no armour for a naked heart!
Pursue the course thy ardent genius shews,
Tha like the sun illumines where it goes;
Travel the various map of science o'er,
Record past wonders and discover more;
Pour thy free spirit o'er the breathing page,
And wake the virtue of a careless age.
But, O! forgive, if touch'd with fond regret,
Fancy recalls the scene she can't forget;
Recalls the cheerful smile, the social hours,
Which charm'd us once, for once those scenes were ours.
And whilst thy praises through wide realms extend,
We sit in shades, and mourn the absent friend.
So where the impetuous river sweeps the plain,
Itself a sea and rushes to the main;
While firm banks repel conflicting tides,
And stately on no breast the vessel rides;
Admiring much the shepherd stands to gaze,
Awe-struck, and tangles wonder with his praise.
But, more he loves its winding path to trace,
Through beds of flow'rs and Nature's rural face.
While yet a stream, the silent vale it cheer'd,
By many a rec lected scene endeared.
Where trembling first he eath the poplar's shade,
He tun'd his pipe to suit the wild cascade.

BENEVOLENCE.

BENEVOLENCE, thou attribute of Heaven;
Dear to the heart where virtue loves to dwell,
With voice as sweet as Philomel's at even,
Thou sooth'st the woes that virtue weeps to tell.

Thou most delightest in the humble poor;
Seldom are seen to join in splendor's train;
The poor have tears to give, alas! no more—
No more they have to soften mis'ry's pain.

Sometimes will wealth reserve for thee a place;
And then thy influ'nce like refreshing show'rs,
Neglected merit from the dust doth raise—
Makes genius blossom as the vernal show'rs.

Pride, like a cloud, hangs round the scornful heart;
On it in vain kind pity darts a ray;
Her ray perhaps may little warmth impart—
Glimmer a moment, but then fades away.

Let scorn, triumphant, with disdainful eye,
And sneer contempt'ous thee and pity view;
Bid all th' affections from her bosom fly,
And with her looks pierce poor misfortune through.

Still virtue's hope, the compass of the soul,
Direct my life through life's dark dreary road;
Thy precepts, like the needle to the pole,
Point us to immortality and GOD.

TO CHLOE.

In vain, dear girl, in vain I fly,
Resolved to shun both thee and love;
The matchless magic of thine eye,
Pursues me wherese'er I rove.

When mingling with the laughing crew,
From thee each glass its sweets receives;
Its sparkling brim, my rapture'd view
With thy ideal smiles deceives.

Or where the crowd of Beauty blaze,
Where pleasure prompts the wishful sigh,
And gives to the enamour'd gaze,
The panting breast, the wanton eye;

Where Love, his soft delights around,
With ever-sportive Fancy, throws,
Can one that boasts thy charms be found?
Or one like me, with love that glows?

Can Delia's form with thine compare,
Where virtue's self appears enshrined;
Can Mira boast a face so fair?
Or who, say, who, has got thy mind?

O Chloe! who thy beauty sees,
From love in vain, shall strive to flee;
For where can he e'er seek for ease,
Who finds all charms combin'd in *thee*?

A SONG.

BY DR. HOADLEY.

When Ellen try'd her virgin fires,
And first her shades let fly;
She fill'd my breast with vague desires—
It thought it was her eye.

When melting strains fell from her mouth,
Which Gods might wish to sip;
When all was harmony and truth—
I thought it was her lip.

But when she danc'd! such air, such grace,
What mortal could escape?
I look'd no longer on her face;
I swore it was her shape.

When, seen by chance, her breast bespoke
The purity within,
Her snowy arm, her ivory neck—
'Twas then her lovely skin.

Nor eyes, nor shape, nor neck, nor face,
My bosom did enthral;
'Twas *sense* I found, the happy grace,
That gave a charm to all.

[*In our last paper we presented the readers of the* "Minerva" *with an extract from the* "Man of Feeling," *one of the most interesting works of Mr. Henry MacKinzie—the following piece forms the conclusion of that book. To make our readers acquainted with the history of* HARLEY, *the hero of this affecting tragedy, it will be necessary to inform them, that* "*he was educated in retirement; he comes to town, and there visits some remarkable scenes, and has a part in some striking incidents; he returns to the country, and after languishing awhile in love which he dares not tell, expires in a joy too great not to overpower his feebleness, at the very moment when he learns that his love is not unreturned. All the imagery and incidents of the piece, accord with the cast and spirit of the principal character. They are delicately tender; and they are adopted to touch the springs of tenderness in the heart.*"]

HARLEY was one of those few friends whom the malevolence of fortune had yet left me! I could not therefore but be sensibly concerned for his present indisposition; there seldom passed a day on which I did not make enquiry about him.

The physician who attended him had informed me the evening before, that he thought him considerably better than he had been for some time past. I called next morning to be confirmed in a piece of intelligence so welcome to me.

When I entered his apartment, I found him sitting on a couch, leaning on his hand, with his eye turned upwards in the attitude of thoughtful inspiration. His look had always an open benignity, which commanded esteem; there was now something more—a gentle triumph in it.

He rose and met me with his usual kindness. When I gave him the good accounts I had had from his physician, "I am foolish enough," said he, "to rely but little, in this instance, upon physic: my presentiment may be false; but I think I feel myself approaching to my end, by steps so easy, that they woo me to approach it.

"There is a certain dignity in retiring from life at a time, when the infirmities of age have not sapped our faculties. This world, my dear Charles, was a scene in which I never much delighted. I was not formed for the bustle of the busy, nor the dissipation of the gay; a thousand things occurred, where I blushed for the impropriety of my conduct when I thought on the world, though my reason told me I should have blushed to have done otherwise.—It was a scene of dissimulation, of restraint, of disappointment. I leave it to enter on that state, which I have learned to believe is replete with the genuine happiness attendant upon virtue. I look back on the tenor of my life, with the consciousness of few great offences to account for. There are blemishes, I confess, which deform in some degree the picture. But I know the benignity of the Supreme Being, and rejoice at the thoughts of its exertion in my favor. My mind expands at the thought I shall enter into the society of the blessed, wise as angels, with the simplicity of children." He had by this time clasped my hand, and found it wet by a tear which had just fallen upon it. His eye began to moisten too—we sat for some time silent—At last, with an attempt to a look of more composure, "There are some remembrances" said Harley, "which rise involuntarily on my heart, and make me almost wish to live. I have been blessed with a few friends, who redeem my opinion of mankind. I recollect, with the tenderest emotion, the scenes of pleasure I have passed among them; but we shall meet again my friend, never to be separated. There are some feelings which perhaps are too tender to be suffered by the world. The world is in general selfish, interested and unthinking, and throws the imputation of romance or melancholy on every temper more susceptible than its own. I cannot think but in those regions which I contemplate, if there is any thing of morality left about us, that these feelings will subsist;—they are called,—perhaps they are weaknesses here,—but there may be some better modifications of them in Heaven, which may deserve the name of virtues." He sighed as he spoke these last words. He had scarcely finished them, when the door opened, and his aunt appeared leading in Miss Walton. "My dear," says she, "here is Miss Walton, who has been so kind as to come and enquire for you herself."—I could observe a transient glow upon his face. He rose from his seat—"If to know Miss Walton's goodness," said he, "be a title to deserve it, I have some claim." She begged him to resume his seat, and placed herself on the sofa beside him. I took my leave. Mrs. Margery accompanied me to the door. He was left with Miss Walton alone. She inquired anxiously about his health. "I believe," said he, "from the accounts which my physicians unwillingly give me, that they have no great hopes of my recovery."—She started as he spoke; but recollecting herself immediately, endeavoured to flatter him into a belief that his apprehensions were groundless. "I know," said he, "that it is usual with persons at my time of life to have these hopes, which your kindness suggests; but I would not wish to be deceived. To meet death as becomes a man, is a privilege bestowed on few.—I would endeavour to make it mine;—nor do I think that I can ever be better prepared for it than now:—It is that chiefly which determines the fitness of its approach." "Those sentiments," answered Miss Walton, "are just: but your good sense, Mr. Harley, will own, that life has its proper value—As the province of virtue, life is ennobled; as such it is to be desired. To virtue has the Supreme Director of all things assigned rewards enough even here to fix its attachment."

The subject began to overpower her.—Harley lifted his eyes from the ground—"There are," said he, in a very low voice, "there are attachments, Miss Walton"—His glance met her's.—They both betrayed a confusion, and were both instantly withdrawn.—He paused some moments—"I am in such a state as calls for sincerity, let that also excuse it—It is perhaps the last time we shall ever meet. I feel something particularly solemn in the acknowledgment, yet my heart swells to make it, awed as it is by a sense of my presumption, by a sense of your perfections"—He paused again——"Let it not offend you to know their power over one so unworthy—It will, I believe, soon cease to beat even with that feeling which it shall lose the latest.—To love Miss Walton cannot be a crime;—if to declare it is one—the expiation will be made"—Her tears were now flowing without control—"Let me intreat you," said she, "to have better hopes—Let not life be so indifferent to you; if my wishes can put any value on it—I will not pretend to misunderstand you—I knew your worth—I have known it long—I have esteemed it—What would you have me say!—I have loved it as it deserved."—He seized her hand—a languid colour reddened his cheek—a smile brightened faintly in his eye. As he gazed on her, it grew dim, it fixed, it closed—He sighed and fell back on his seat—Miss Walton screamed at the sight—His aunt and the servants rushed into the room—They found them lying motionless together—His physician happened to call at that instant. Every art was tried to recover them—With Miss Walton they succeeded—But Harley was gone for ever!

CHAP. LVI.

The emotions of the Heart.

I ENTERED the room where his body lay; I approached it with reverence, not fear; I looked; the recollection of the past crowded upon me. I saw that form which a little before, was animated with a soul which did honor to humanity, stretched without sense or feeling before me. 'Tis a connexion we cannot easily forget:—I took his hand in mine: I repeated his name involuntarily;—I felt a pulse in every vein at the sound. I looked earnestly in his face; his eye was closed, his lip pale and motionless. There is an entusiasm in sorrow that forgets impossibility; I wondered that it was so. The sight drew a prayer from my heart: it was the voice of frailty and of man! the confusion of my mind began to subside into thought; I had time to meet!

I turned, with the last farewell upon my lips, when I observed old Edwards standing behind me. I locked him full in the face; but his eye was fixed on another object: he pressed between me and the bed, and stood gazing on the breathless remains of his benefactor. I spoke to him I know not what; but he took no notice of what I said, and remained in the same attitude as before. He stood some minutes in that posture, then turned and walked towards the door. He paused as he went—he returned a second time: I could observe his lips move as he looked: but the voice they would have uttered was lost. He attempted going again: and a third time he returned as before.—I saw him wipe his cheek; then covering his face with his hands, his breast heaving with the most convulsive throbs, he flung out of the room.

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The MINERVA;

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FROM THE BEAUTIES OF HISTORY.

ON GAMING.

SENTIMENTS.

LOVE of gaming corrupts the best principles in the world: like a quicksand, it swallows up a man in a moment.

How many thousands have been ruined by gaming? Yet you say very composedly you cannot live with or it: frivolous excuse! Is there any violent and shameful passion which may not use the same language? Would any one be allowed to say, that he cannot live without murders, rapes and robberies? Is gaming without consideration or intermission, where you aim at the total ruin of your adversary; where you are transported with insolence at winning, or thrown into despair by losing; where inflamed by avarice, you expose on a card or die, your own, your wife's, and your children's fortunes. Is this allowable? Is this the sport you cannot live without? and yet are there not often worse consequences than these at play? When entirely stripped, when clothes and furniture have been converted into gaming-money, you see your family in unpitied wretchedness. The frequent duels I omit. I allow nobody to be a knave, but I allow a knave to play deep. I forbid it in an honest man. There is much folly, there is wickedness, in exposing one's self to a great loss.

There is one affliction which is lasting, and that is the loss of an estate; time, which alleviates all others, sharpens this; we feel it every moment during the course of our lives, continually missing the fortune we have lost.

All play-debts must be paid in specie, or by an equivalent. The man that plays beyond his income pawns his estate: the woman must find out something else to mortgage when her pin-money is gone: the husband has his lands to dispose of; the wife her person. Now, when the female is once dipped, if the creditor be very importunate, I leave my reader to consider the consequences.

The love of cards let sloth infuse:
The love of money soon ensues:
The strong desire shall ne'er decay,
Who plays to win, shall win to play:
The breast where love had plann'd his reign,
Shall burn unquench'd with love of gain;
And all the charms that wit can boast
In dreams of bitter luck be lost.
Thus, neither innocent nor gay,
The useless hours shall fleet away;
While time o'erlooks the trivial strife,
And, scoffing, shakes the sands of life,
Till the wan maid, whose early bloom
The vigils of quadrille consume,
Exhausted by the pangs of play,
To lust and av'rice falls a prey.

EXAMPLE.

MIRA was the only daughter of a nobleman, who had bravely served his country; and his estate being but just sufficient to provide for his sons, Mira had her education under an aunt, who afterwards left her fifty thousand pounds. The old lady was what we call a very good sort of a woman; but being very infirm, she led, in the words of Mr. Pope, "and old age of cards;" and Mira being her darling, she always made one of the set. By this she contracted an early love for play; which at first disguised itself under the plausible appearance of willingness to oblige her company, and doing somewhat to pass the time: but when Mira became Mistress of herself and fortune, she found this passion so strongly confirmed, that it gained an absolute ascendency over her mind; though in all other respects she was frugal, prudent and virtuous. Her husband, who fills a place by which he has opportunities of knowing very secret transactions, loves her to distraction: and she has every indulgence that fortune or nature can bestow. Her passion, however, for play, led her some time ago into a set, of which Count Crib was one; and she lost five hundred pounds. The frequent demands of that kind she had made upon her husband, and the many solemn promises she had given not to renew them, rendered it worse than death for her to apply to him; yet the money, be the consequences ever so disagreeable, nay fatal, must be obtained. The count is a secret agent for the enemies of this country, who spares no money to gain intelligence. Though every way disgustful and disagreeable, yet his readiness to be in all parties at play, and his being always well furnished with money, renders him agreeable to what is called the very best of company, though they both call him a spy and sharper.

The count who has great experience in distresses of that kind, saw that of the lovely Mira, and knew he could make it worth his while to relieve her. He pretended to enter with her upon a *tete-a-tete* game at piquet, & throwing up the cards all of a sudden, he swore he was picking her pocket, because she did not mind her game, and that he was sure somewhat was the matter with her. "But, faith," continued he, "I am not myself in a good cue for play, I am d——d uneasy; I would give five hundred pounds with all my heart——" Mira in her turn was equally impatient to know the count's distress; and at last she learned, that he could get a thousand pounds bet with Lord Mattadore upon a certain destination of great importance; but he did not know what side to take, or how to play his money. Mira had good sense enough to see through the villain's design; but the dear delight of being again set up in play, stifled within her all consideration of duty, love, and loyalty: she several times traversed the room in a musing posture; but the struggle was soon over, and, in short, the bargain was struck. She was to procure the count authentic intelligence of the destination, and he in return was to make her a present of five hundred pounds.

Mira, upon her return home, affected an unusual gaiety; and what gave vast pleasure to her husband was, that having invited some friends to sup, the card-tables were early removed, and the remaining part of the evening was dedicated to cheerful conversation. The unsuspecting Hortensio, for that was the husband's name, went to bed, and falling to sleep more profoundly than usual, Mira seized the golden opportunity of transcribing from his pocket book, which lay upon a bureau, in an adjacent closet, a paper which contained all, and more than the count wanted to know. In the afternoon, dinner being over, and her husband abroad, under pretence of walking in St. James's Park, she got into a hackney chair, and hurried to the place of assignation with the welcome intelligence to the count. He could not believe his own good fortune, when he read it: and being a thorough bred villain, he resolved to seal his correspondence with the beautiful agent with more tender engagements than those of money. Though Mira loathed and detested him, yet the golden bait which he dangled in her eyes, and which was to restore her to the comforts of her soul, proved at last irresistable. She plunged, conscious of her crime, into perdition, and is now undone. She has got in her pocket the wages of her double perfidy, while her passion for play will soon bring her into circumstances that will oblige her to repeat her crime; and a few months will extinguish the remains of that modesty, and those sentiments that gave dignity to her beauty, and loveliness to her perfections. Such are the effects of a passion for gaming!

[*The ensuing character of Mr. FOX, extracted from that celebrated political satire,* "The Jockey-Club," *is certainly well drawn, and probably correct.*] NAT. ÆGIS.

MR. FOX.

THE mind of Mr. Fox was formed in Nature's happiest mood. Amidst all the vicissitudes of fortune, he ever preserved an equanimity and moderation, that has procured him universal esteem. Placable in his enmities, it is impossible to be more sincere and zealous than he is in his friendships, and he is certainly more indebted to his social qualities, for the popularity he enjoys, than to any confidence reposed in his political consistency or his abilities. His public life has been too strongly marked by well known memorable events, to render any prolix detail necessary. An open, undesigning disposition, has been frequently a dupe to the artifices of others, and a too yielding pliability of character, has exposed him to difficulties, which were his years protracted to patriarchal longevity, he would never be able to conquer.

Mr. Fox was the darling child of a partial and indulgent father, who at a very early age, pronounced him a phenomenon of genius and erudition. To his affectionate care, he owes all the advantages derivable from the most refined and cultivated education, and where so much pains were bestowed on such a promising young plant, it is natural to suppose that it must one day attain a certain degree of perfection; nevertheless, he owes much of his fame to the prepossession, inspired by an opinion flowing from such high authority. The generality of men are incapable of investigating characters, and apt, very often on false grounds, to take up any thing on mere reports under no better sanction, than the partiality or prejudice of others. Mr. Fox, however, certainly possesses the good opinion of the people, and his popularity should animate him to make the best and most greatful requital, by increasing his exertions in their cause. We disclaim all personalities, and profess respect for the constitution of a limited monarch; but, in all monarchical governments, until the late happy and glorious revolution in France, the influence of the crown has been enormous and invariably perverted to the most grievous abuses. Kings, from their very first establishment, have been in general so wicked and tyrannical, that regicides and tyrannicides are almost synonimous terms. There may be some few exceptions; and if the bigotted assassin, who stabbed Henry IV. strikes us with horror, the miserable wretch, who was afterwards tortured for an abortive attempt on the life of that profligate, unfeeling despot, Louis XV. causes very different emotions. The life of the poorest man in existence is as precious and sacred as that of a monarch on his throne, which is no otherwise valuable, than as he dispenses liberty and happiness to a nation. If his life produces no national benefit, his death cannot be held a national misfortune. It becomes Mr. Fox, therefore, to rouse from his supineness, and to exert all his *influence*, to reduce that enormous influence which is still annexed to the crown of Great Britain.

He was trained in a manner expressly for the House of Commons, and he has there acquired a kind of mechanical dexterity, in the management of a debate, or in seizing the happiest moment of turning every trivial error of his adversary to the utmost advantage; yet it must be admitted, that, in respect to universality of genius or talents, he is as much inferior to the person, a sketch of whom we have just attempted,* as he may excel him in all those accomplishments and virtues, that conciliate our esteem and affection. Having said thus much, let it not be inferred, that we mean to depreciate his abilities, which however overrated, are unquestionably great. He will always be eminently useful and conspicuous, as a leader of opposition; but the powers of his mind are not sufficiently enlarged; he is constitutionally too inactive, and too much devoted to his pleasures, to be ever capable of conducting the government of a great empire with glory or advantage.

To behold him in the most favorable point of view, we must turn to his social and convivial hours. An extraordinary sweetness of temper, joined to an open sincerity of manners, with a liberality of spirit and sentiment, rarely to be equalled, have raised a degree of enthusiasm in his favour, that pervades the very extensive circle of his numerous acquaintance. In conversation, if he does not display such exuberant sallies of humour and pleasantry, as his friend the Colonel, it is not, that he is less entertaining but only because he is more silent and reserved. Of a more Saturnine cast, he does not so often relax from the dignity that popular admiration has annexed to his character, but whenever he allows himself to indulge his powers of festive recreation, no person inspires such general hilarity and good humour.

Eager and sanguine in all his pursuits, he is no less anxious for the event of a horse-race, than he is ambitious in the race of politics. Amidst the eternal bustle and strife of political controversy, he has never been altogether engrossed by the charms of ambition.

A mind constituted like his, must be subject to all the amiable weaknesses of humanity. Hence, an enthusiastic devotion to the sex, where, it must be confessed, his choice has not always been the most elegant and refined. Instances are within our recollection, where he has waited whole hours, exposed to every inconvenience of the severest weather, at the secret door of a notorious prostitute, which was ever open to the best bidder, taking advantage of his distress, nor shewing the least compassion to his situation, for our hero has experienced the vicissitudes of fortune. At length he appears permanently, & most affectionately attached to a truly amiable woman, whose temper is congenial with his own; who compensates for the defects of education, by the excellent qualities of her heart, which would adorn any station, to which she might be exalted. An union of such principles, where there is so strong a sympathy between the parties, unrestrained by compulsion or necessity, at a time of life when the passions may be supposed in the wane, promises the happiest duration.

It seems extraordinary, that the warmest partizans of this exalted character are, in general, themselves of the most vicious cast; but true it is, that however immersed in depravity men may be, they respect merit in others; & it constitutes one great advantage in the life of Mr. Fox, that amongst all parties, his own personal qualities have been his best protection; and during the most excessive heat of party violence, we do not believe that he ever had one personal enemy.

It has been our endeavour, with strick impartiality to trace the outlines of this gentleman's character. Perhaps his partial admirers may think that we have been too lukewarm in praise, respecting his abilities, but our sentiments have been formed on the principles of close observation, and we could not suffer ourselves to deviate from what we conceived to be the line of truth.

* Mr. Sheridan.

FROM THE ENQUIRER.

THE RAINBOW.....No. IX.

ON THE CONDITION OF WOMEN.

IT is certain that the female sex are held in high estimation in Virginia, as well as in the other civilized nations of the world, and it is true that the spirit of the American revolution has in some degree destroyed that unjust inequality, which the laws of England have created between the sexes. The superiority which was insolently assumed by the male sex, has almost entirely vanished before the light of reason, while the legislature of our state, by the single act of annihilating the right of the eldest son to inherit all he property of his fa her, and of dividing it equally a mongst all his children, has blasted the germ of family pride, and solemnly recognized the principle, that the male and female sex are equal. But although we have done something in favor of the sex, yet an impar ial observer of our manners and laws, will perhaps find as much to blame as to commend. So far from being able to boast that our women are the favourites of the laws, we must be compelled to acknowledge that a very unjust partiality is exhibited by them in favar of the men, and that our manners are not better calculated to exalt the fair to that point in the scale of society, to which they are destined to rise.

Let it not be supposed that I am an advocate for the unlimited extension of political rights to women, or that I wish to encumber them with improper duties. I am aware that nature has es.ablished a broad distinction between the sexes; that there are certain spheres of action in which females can never move, and boundaries which they can never with propriety overleap. Nature has not endowed them with the strength of the warrior's arm, and although in the history of past times, there are some few instances of heroines, who have conducted armies to victory, yet these are to be considered as meteors, whose appearance defies the efforts of calculation. Circumstances also of an obvious kind, must necessarily exclude them from a participa ion in the cares and duties of political assemblies. And although many cogent reasons may wi h great propriety be urged in favor of an extension of the elec ive franchise to the female sex, yet I do not mean at this time to advocate such a revolution in our political systems. All I at present contend for is, that the women ought to have the same civil rights as the men, & that the legislature ought to extend the same opportunities of intellectual improvement to the one as to the other.

One would suppose, from the total silence of the laws of Virginia on the subject of female education, that our general-assembly had either adopted the Mahomeran notion, that women have no souls, or the still more romantic opinion, that nature has inspired them wi h such an over pe ion of genius that the labour of the teacher is a matter of supererogation. It is unfortunately too true, that a great deal of sapineness is discoverable throughout the state on the subject of public schools, even for the male sex. Many of our young men are sent to distant universities to acquire the elements of science, and all of those who are destined to become members of the medical profession, will in vain search for a medical school in any part of Virginia. But we have not been totally regardless of the educa on of our young men. We have a few colleges, one of which will not yield to her northern sisters in the acquirements of their professors, or in the number of men of talents who have issued from her walls. Our statute books also abound with laws establishing academies, at which the dead and living languages may be acquired by young men; but there is not to be found a single public seminary, and hardly a private one, in which the female mind is furnished with an opportunity of increasing its stores of knowledge.

I cannot suppose that this apathy of the Virginians towards female education, can proceed from an opinion of their inferiority. The history of Europe, and each man's personal observation must convince him, that such an opinion is not founded on truth. We often see in the same family, the girl equally quick in apprehension with the boy; her memory as retentive, and her imagination perhaps more alive to the beauties of nature. In early life, there is scarcely any d.fference between them, and in those families in which education is not an object of attention, the equality continues through life; but in a family of a differen. description, the pride and partiality of the father soon beg n to display themselves in the different conduct observed towards his son and daughter. The son must be prepared for one of the learned professions, and already the phantom of glory begins to fire the imagination of the fond father. He already anticipates the period, when his son shall be hailed as the defender of freedom in the senate, or when the listening crowd shall be del ghted with his eloquence in the forum. He accordingly spares no expence to strengthen, improve, and polish the mind of his son, who, from the age of seven to twenty-two, is constantly employed in drawing kn wledge from the fountain of ancient literature, or modern science. In the mean time the mind of his daughter is almost entirely neglected; it becomes a barren waste, in which if a flower should now and then spring up, it withers and perishes for want of the care and skill of an assiduous cultivator. For her no teacher holds up the map of science: to her view knowledge does "ne'er enroll her ample page." The lamentation of Gray is perhaps more applicable to the Virginia women, than to the inhabitants of an English hamlet:

> *"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,*
> *"And waste its sweetness on the desart air!"*

It is Education not Nature which creates the difference between the sexes. It is perhaps not necessary to dwell on the propriety and importance of improving the female mind. Although they cannot be warriors, legislators, judges, or executive officers, there is no no situation in life in which an improved understanding is not an useful and delightful companion. Improve the minds of your daughters, and they will make their sons heroes and patriots. They will awaken the curiosity of their infant minds, and inspire them with the love of wisdom and of virtue. And who can doubt that the society of the fair would be infinitely more interesting if an equal degree of that labour which is employed to adorn their persons, were applied to the cultivation of their intellectual powers? Although I cannot entirely agree with Akenside, that

> *"Mind alone ——————*
> *The sacred fountain in itself contains*
> *Of beauteous and sublime;"——*

Yet it it certain that the intelligence which beams from the eye, throws a lustrue on the countenance of beauty itself. Perhaps the low state of science in Virginia, and the almost exclusive attention which has been devoted to politics and law, will afford us a satisfactory reason why the minds of my fair country-women have not aspired to literature and science. The annals of the French revolution, and the writings of Mrs. Wolstonecroft, of Eliza Hamilton, of Miss Seward and others in England, at once refute the dogma of the inferiority of the female mind, & prove how high it is capable of soaring. The legislature of our state will confer great honour on themselves, by constantly turning their attention to the education of both sexes. From the view which I have taken it appears evident, that the efforts which have been made to educate our youth, have been exclusively favourable to the male sex, and that our habits are equally partial.

When we examine our regulations respecting property, we shall probably find that the same partiality pervades a great part of our system. The reciprocal rights of the husband and wife, acquired by marriage, will clearly prove my position. The husband is entitled, as tenant by the Curtesy, to all the lands of his wife during his life, if the wife has had a child at any time during the marriage; but if she has never had a child born alive, he is deprived of any portion of her lands. On the other hand, when the husband dies, the wife is entitled to one third only of his land during her life; but this right exists whether she has children or not. Although I pretend not to be skilled in the science of calculation, it is obvious that, in a country where early marriages are fashionable, at least nineteen out of twenty of those who are married, are blessed with children. Virginia husbands have therefore, nearly an equal chance to possess, during their lives, the whole of the lands of their wives, which the latter have of one third of the lands of the former. Whatever may have been the original cause of this distinction, it is certain that it has long ago ceased, and I cannot but think that if the case had been reversed, and the common law had been more favorable to the women than the men, our legislature would have discovered that it was an odious distinction, originating in feudal barbarism, and supported by prejudice and selfishness. The favour shewn to the male sex is still more obvious in the regulations respecting personal property. The more a country increases in commerce, the more does its personal property increase in value, and hence the subject becomes daily of more importance in Virginia. By marriage, a husband acquires an absolute right to dispose of the whole of his wife's personal estate during his life, and by his will may deprive her of the whole of it. If, however, she chooses, within a year, to claim a legal share of it, she is entitled to one third; and the same provision is made for her in case of the intestacy of her husband. When she has no child, instead of one third, her portion is one half. Let it be remembered also, that there is one unfortunate species of personal property in Virginia, to which the husband acquires and absolute right by marriage, but in which the wife can only claim the above mentioned proportion *for her life*, even although the whole may have been originally hers. The obvious tendency of these regulations is to keep the fair in a state of entire subjection to the stronger sex. It holds out a tempting lure to avarice, and exposes the unsuspicious to the arts of the mercenary. I have heard of some instances in which its operations has placed a sting in the bosoms of the innocent, and brought affliction and desolation to the mansions of the virtuous.

There is one other law which has always appeared to me to be repugnant to the best feelings of human nature, and by which the sex is most cruelly and unjustly degraded. No person can doubt that the mother has in general a more tender affection for her infant offspring than the father. In this country it is particularly true, for while our men too often roam from flower to flower, our women are, with the constancy of Penelope, devoted to the welfare of their families. What then shall we think of a law which authorises the father on his death bed, to deprive a virtuous wife of the guardianship of his child, and to transfer it to the most worthless of the creation. This law is certainly founded on an improper opinion of female virtue. If carried into complete operation, it would bring discord into every family, and fill every humane heart with woe.

I do not intend to enquire at present into the effects which a change of our laws and manners respecting the fair sex, would produce. It is sufficient if I have proved, that although we have done much, much remains undone.

M.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[BRYDONE'S LETTERS, *describing his "Tour thro' Sicily and Malta," are well known in the literary world. The following extract from one of those letters, dated, Messina, (in Sicily) may furnish some amusement to the American reader.*]

After dinner our depute-consul (a Sicilian) carried us to several convents, where we were received by the nuns with great politeness and affability. We conversed with them for some hours through the grate, and found some of them by no means deficient, either in point of knowledge or sprightliness; but none of them had sincerity enough (which we met with in Portugal more than once) to acknowledge the unhappiness of their situation. All pretended to be happy and contented, and declared they would not change their prison for the most brilliant situation in life. However, some of them had a soft melancholy in their countenances, that gave the lie to their words; and I am persuaded, in a tete-a-tete, and a more intimate acquaintance, they would have told a very different story. Several of them are extremely handsome; but, indeed, I think they always appear so; and am very certain, from frequent experience, that there is no artificial ornament, or stupid embellishment whatever, that can produce half so strong an effect, as the modest and simple attire of a pretty young nun, placed behind a double iron grate. To see an amiable, unaffected, and unadorned person, that might have been an honour and ornament to society, make a voluntary resignation of her charms, and give up the world and all its pleasures, for a life of fasting and mortification, is cannot fail to move our pity;

> *"And pity melts the mind to love."*

There is another consideration which tends much to increase these feelings; that is, our total incapacity ever to alter her situation.—The pleasure of relieving an object in distress, is the only refuge we have against the pain which the seeing of that object occasions; but here, this is interdicted us, and we feel with sorrow, that pity is all we can bestow.

From these, and the like reflections, a man generally feels himself in bad spirits after conversing with amiable nuns. Indeed, it is hardly possible, without a heavy heart, to leave the grate; that inexorable and impenetrable barrier.—At last we took our leave, expressing our happiness, in being admitted so near them; but at the same time deploring our misery, in seeing them for ever removed at so unmeasurable a distance from us. They were much pleased with our visit, and begged we would repeat it every day during our stay at Messina; but this might prove dangerous.

FROM A NEW-YORK PAPER.

AMERICAN LADIES,

The manufactures of your Country are yet in their cradle:—By cherishing the infant you may rear him to manhood; and by abandoning him you may suffer his existence to dwindle into annihilation. In the present state of our Agriculture, of our Manufactures, and of our commerce, the equivalent we render to other countries for their manufactures is the rude or unwrought produce of our fields and our orchards, our mountains and our forests: As population increases with the facility with which the means of subsistence or this produce can be procured, a country can scarcely ever be overstocked with them; and every portion of this produce bartered away to any foreign nation for any article which can be furnished at home, is just so much substracted from the wealth of the country.

To make an application of these observations. If a lady in New-York sends to London for a *Split Straw hat or bonnet* (or, what is tantamount, employs a merchant to import one for her) supposing, for instance, the price to be eight dollars, she must send the eight dollars for it; or what is the fact, she sends the amount in grain, or any other current article of exportation. There is, of consequence, so much the less grain, &c. left in the country than would have been in it had the wearer never felt the want for one, or supplied herself at home. Every American Lady who sends to Massachusetts for her bonnet instead of London, or which is the same thing, buys one of a merchant who imports from thence, saves the price of it in goods of her own country, and so far contributes to its opulence.

AMERICUS.

BLANCHARD's BALLOON.

The famous aronaut, Blanchard, is now at Marseilles, where, in a balloon, of a new composition, he has with success made his fifty sixth ascension. Citizen Lalande has calculated that if Blanchard had travelled in one single journey the whole space he has in all his ascensions run through, he might not only have been able to give us news concerning the inhabitants in the moon, but even had it in his power to fraternize with those of Jupiter.—Blanchard's present Balloon is of that extent that it can without danger, ascend with nine persons, not heavier than himself, which was proved on the 6th inst. when four young ladies and four young gentlemen ascended with him, and danced a quadrille in the air, 1500 from the earth; an event which never before has taken place. The dance continued for a quarter of an hour, when two of the ladies and one of the gentlemen were taken ill, which obliged him to descend. They were, however, all well enough to appear at the theatre in the evening, where they were received with repeated applause. It is said that upwards of sixty candidates have presented themselves for another ball in the air.—*Journal de Paris.*

BENEVOLENCE.

From the 1st of January, 1804, to the 8th August, 1805 French Emigrants from St. Domingo, and who were destitute of support, and many of them of cloathing, have been relieved in Charleston, S. C. by charitable donations. —This support so grateful to the feelings of humanity, arose from 3,667 dls. 69 cts; of which, about 2,083 dls. 19 cts. were given by the citizens, and the remainder of the above sum was contributed by several French residents in the city. The above sum being nearly exhausted, the various religious societies, and some citizens have contributed the additional sum of 3,365 dolls 49 cts. for the unfortunate emigrants; and the ladies of Charlestown, by delivering to the committee of Benevolence, various articles of apparel from their ward-robes, for the female indigents, have contributed their mite.

Longevity.—At a small village called. Sputty, near the Devil's Bridge, in South Wales, there now live two brothers, the youngest of whom is 96, and the eldest 102 years of age. The eldest is the heartiest man. He still climbs the mountains after his flock of sheep, jokes with all the travellers who call at his cot (a small pot house) about their going to see the Welch girls, and is still very fond of talking of his own amours.

In a late Lancaster paper a *Patent Machine* is advertised for *paring apples*, by which 21 may be pared in a minute, & with greater *saving* and *neatness* than with a knife.

AGRICULTURAL.

WHEAT UPON CLOVER.

IT is a very common practice with the English Farmers and it is becoming so in Pennsylvania and some other States, to turn in clover sward near sowing time, and sow wheat upon it, harrowing in the seed.— This saves the expense of one or two ploughings, and gives also one cutting of grass, or half a summer's pasturage; while the wheat crop is rather better than it would be were the same land fallowed. The clover by covering the ground, prevents the sun from exhausting its strength, and when turned in full of sap, makes a rich, though not lasting manure. If the clover be stout, and the stouter the better, it should be rolled down, and rolled the same way the plough is to go, that it may be the better covered. The clover if large and thick, as it may almost any where be made by the Plaister of Paris, destroys noxious weeds, and by piercing and filling the ground with its roots renders it as mellow as fallowing would do.

ANECDOTES.

A Grandee of Spain, handing some refreshments to a circle of Ladies, observed one with a most brilliant ring, and was rude enough to say, in her hearing, "I should prefer the ring to the hand." "And I," said the lady, (looking steadfastly at the glittering order suspended on the Don's neck,) "should prefer the collar to the breast."

A couple of young ladies, having buried their father[who was an old humorist, and had an aversion to matrimony, however advantageous might be the offer] conversing on his character, the eldest observed, "he is dead at last, and we will marry!" Well, said the youngest, I am for a rich husband, and Mr. C—— shall be my man." "Hold sister said the other, don't let us be so hasty in the choice of our husbands; let us marry those whom the powers above have destined for us; for our marriages are registered in Heaven's book." "I am sorry for that dear sister, replied the youngest, for I am afraid father will tear out the leaf!"

FOR THE MINERVA.

THE RAMBLER.—No. V.

I was punctual in my attendance on the afflicted father, to hear the particulars of his history, which he had promised to relate to me. I found him sitting on the sill of his homely cottage; his eyes were swollen with grief, and a sickly paleness overspread his face: Alas, thought I, the vital spark is nearly extinct; a few weeks hence and he will be no more! The thought was melancholy: but a consolatory idea presented itself; his worldly troubles will cease with his existence.

I accosted him with constrained cheerfulness; he returned my salutation with an affectionate squeeze of the hand, and desired me to sit down: his house consisted of but one apartment; the furniture was scanty and of the meanest kind; a dog and cat were the only animals which it contained; and these seemed to sympathize in the affliction of their master. After a short silence, during which I had been noticing this comfortless scene, the feeble old man observed to me, "I have not forgot the promise I made you yesterday; I will now try to fulfil it; come nearer—my voice is weak:" I sat down by his side, and wiped a tear from his shrivelled cheek;—he rested his arm upon my knee, and began as follows:

"I was raised in this neighbourhood, a few miles distant from this place: the early part of my life affords nothing which can afford you information or amusement; at the age of seventeen I enlisted in our army, then marching against the ferocious Indians, who were committing shocking cruelties on our frontier inhabitants.— The duties of a soldier were not then so trifling as they now are. Nor was the character of a soldier then viewed with that disrespect which it now is. In times of war and of danger, the soldier is commended and respected, because he is one of the most useful in the community; he protects his country from its enemy: and secures the defenceless female and the equally defenceless old man, like myself, from insult & injury But in times of peace he is despised; he lives in idleness and preys on the labour of industry. After spending five years in the Indian wars, I quitted the army to return to the place of my nativity; my heart gladdened as I drew near; my parents resided on yonder hill; I had left them in health; but had never once heard from them during my absence; a thought now struck me which had not before occurred; might not some accident have happened to my affectionate parents during so long an interval; might not the hand of death have arrested their progress? The thought was chilling to my youthful blood; but I would not indulge myself in such ideas; I shall probably find my aged parents sitting by their comfortable fire-side, and they will welcome home their long absent son with paternal hospitality;—it was a bleak windy day in the latter part of November; I buttoned up my coat, and whistling the accustomed tune of an old march, I advanced towards my father's plantation; in passing it, I necessarily came by the old grave-yard, that same grave-yard alas! which contains my Mary! that same grave-yard, young man, where you yesterday left me!" The recollection affected him; he paused, and fetching a sigh continued, "I was passing by the grave-yard, when I recollected the many playful hours which I had passed amongst the trees which surrounded it; I felt an inclination to review this favorite spot, and advanced through the trees, when guess my surprise, at beholding two graves which had been filled since my departure from home; I was convinced these were the graves of my father and mother, and I hastened to the house with a quick, yet fearful step, in expectation of having the doleful tidings confirmed; my conjecture was, alas! too true! My parents for near two years, had slept in the silent grave! this intelligence was given me by an old negro servant, who being unable to work, had been left on the place to starve, by my father's executors, who had carried off every other moveable; but the poor old negro had found means to prolong his existence, till then, by begging among the neighbours, who knowing his former honesty and fidelity, gave him from time to time a morsel of food.

"A few years after, I married the daughter of a respectable planter; we were poor, but we loved, were industrious, and lived happily together for many years; a lovely daughter, our only child, was our pride and delight; it was our constant care to teach her virtue and industry; to cherish in her young heart the sentiments of humanity and benevolence; but how have our endeavours terminated! Great God! the thought distracts me!" * * * * * * * * * * * * He wept bitterly—

"My wife (continued the old man) has often told me of the pleasure we should enjoy in the happy marriage of our Sophia; but our hopes alas, were blasted!——About 12 months past, a young man in the neighbourhood first paid his addresses to Sophia; he vowed the most solemn attachment; he won the youthful heart of the unfortunate girl; and to crown his perfidious villainy, he finally seduced her!——Gracious God! what were my feelings! In the first heat of passion I ordered her from my house! I shut my doors against my miserable child!—It is now ten days since I forced her to quit this house, the only one where she could hope to find protection or shelter! Where are you my Sophia! Return to your poor old father and you shall yet find protection.—* * * * * *

"The disgrace of her daughter entirely overcome her mother. Her constitution was already greatly impaired; she was seized with a fever which in two days terminated her life! Pity me, stranger! Pity the cruel sufferings of a parent and a husband!—I did most sincerely pity the unfortunate old man! But what could I do for him! Nothing alas! Death only could give him peace! He seemed to look on it with complacency; as the only physician that could effect his cure! I begged him, however, to be comforted; & assuring him that I should call on him the next day, I reluctantly took my leave.

HARLEY.

DIED,

On Saturday last, the 6th inst. James Hayes, Esq. aged 44. The virtues of hospitality and benevolence, were conspicuous traits in this gentleman's character. He was just and correct in all his dealings with mankind—a tender husband, and affectionate parent, a humane master, and a friendly neighbour.

——on Sunday the 7th inst. at New-Castle, whither he had gone on business, *Mr. Smith Blakey*, of this city.

——on Monday last the 8th inst. after an illness of some months, *Mr. Liston Temple*, of this city.

——on Saturday the 22d ult. after a very short illness, *Mr. Patrick Henry*, of Amherst, in the 22d year of his age. He has left numerous relatives and friends to lament his irreparable loss, among whom is a most amiable wife.

It is with great pain we state, [says the National Intelligencer of Oct. 10,] that the Mail of yesterday, from New-Orleans, brought the intelligence of the death of Governor Claiborne.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPEAN.

A letter from our fleet off the Texel, says a London paper, dated the 6th inst. states, that for a week past they have expected the enemy to put to sea.——Intelligence from Odessa mentions, that in pursuance of an ordinance of his Russian majesty, an embargo has been laid on all the vessels in that port; from whence it is concluded, that the Russian government purposes to embark all the troops cantoned in their neighbourhood.——The emigrations from Ireland to America, within the last twelve months, are stated to have amounted to 17,000; and the linen trade, that staple commodity of the country, to have decreased 8,000,000 yards in proportion to what it amounted to in the preceding year.——The Waterford Mirror, the 4th, contains an extracted of a letter dated New-South Wales, March 10, which states, that on that day, week, the rebellious part of the Irish prisoners broke into opposition; that they were quickly dispersed, their leaders, ten in number, having been taken, and all were immediately hung.——The affairs of Egypt still continue in confusion. The Beys having gained another victory, it had, according to last accounts, laid siege to grand Cairo.

DOMESTIC.

The election for Representatives to congress, and for members of the General Assembly, was held in October throughout the state of Maryland No doubt is entertained of a republican result.——N. R. Moore, and William MacCreery, both republican, has been re-elected almost unanimously representatives in Congress for the city and county of Baltimore.——The Massachusetts election took place on the 7th ult. All the old members of Congress are re-elected, except Mr. Baldwin who declined.——Capt. Hopkins, of the ship Hermione, who arrived at Boston on the 2d October, in 47 days from the isle of May, informs, that while at St. Michael's the Governor of Partugal, was making great preparations in the Western islands, to raise an army to go as a reinforcement against the blacks of South America. Capt. H. sailed from St. Michael's the last of July, and also reports that no men were allowed to depart from the Islands at that time.——It is with considerable pleasure, says the Norfolk Herald, we have observed the very many valuable cargoes of late, brought into this port: and we are informed by a commercial friend who is in the habit of transacting business at the Custom-House, that the duties on merchandize, tonnage, &c. amounted to the sum of 120,000 dollars, during the month of August last!!—and there is now belonging to this district about 20,000 tons of registered vessels.

SELECTED POETRY.

[*The following beautiful lines are from the pen of Mr.* SELLECK OSBORNE. *The splendor of the poetry and the tenderness of sentiment which they breathe, proves the genius of the author to be of no ordinary cast.*]

THE RUINS.

I'VE seen in twilight's pensive hour,
The moss-clad dome, the mould'ring tower,
In awful ruin stand;
That dome, where grateful voices sung,
That tower, where chiming music rung,
Majestically grand!

I've seen, mid sculpture's pride, the tomb,
Where heroe's slept, in silent gloom,
Unconscious of their fame;
Those who, with laurel'd honors crown'd
Among their foes spread terrors round,
And gain'd—an empty name!

I've seen, in death's dark palace laid,
The ruins of a beauteous maid,
Cadaverous and pale!
The maiden who, while life remained,
O'er rival charms in triumph reign'd,
The mistress of the vale.

I've seen, where dungeon damps abide,
A youth adorn'd in manhood's pride,
In fancied greatness rave;
He, who in Reason's happiest day,
Was virtuous, witty, nobly gay,
Learn'd, generous and brave.

Nor dome, nor tower, in twilight shade,
Nor hero fallen, nor beauteous maid,
To ruins all consign'd,
Can, with such pathos, touch my breast,
As (on the maniac's form imprest)
The RUINS OF A NOBLE MIND!

LORENZO.

THE VICTIM OF TYRANNY.

TUNE—"*Mary's Dream.*"

THE night was cold, keen blew the blast,
The rain in whelming torrents fell,
When Pat with sorrow overcast,
His plaintive tale was heard to tell;
"My tender wife, and children dear,
Are from my sight for ever torn
How can I longer tarry here!
My friends are all to dungeons borne.

I had a tyrant landlord, base,
Who saw my heart to Erin yearn'd,
Even with the ground my cot did rase,
And fir'd my substance dearly earn'd,
Unmov'd, remorseless now he sees,
My cottage falling as it burns,
My wife for mercy, on her knees,
From her, with ruthless frowns he spurns.

Ah! when will that bless'd day arrive,
When UNION bright, on downy wing,
(UNION, for which we all should strive).
Shall to old Erin comfort bring?
Ah! when it comes we'll all unite,
Corruption from our land to chase,
And then we'll see the prospect bright,
Of friendship, happiness, and peace."

TO HOPE.

Despair, away! sweet Hope remain,
O stay! and ease my heart felt pain;
Reliev'd by thee I cease to grieve,
'Tis thou that mak'st me wish to live.
O! soothe me with thy cheering smile,
And all my cruel pains beguile;
Dry up my tears, my sighs suppress,
And bid me wait for happiness!
Peace to my swelling bosom give—
But O! I fear thou dost deceive.
My reason wishes, O! beware,
And carefully avoid the snare!
For *Hope* to *Love* is near ally'd,
His constant friend and surest guide.
'Tis true, relief thou dost impart,
And poorest balm into my heart;
But should thy promises prove vain,
They would but aggravate my pain?
If disappointment should destroy
Those flattering dreams of coming joy,
My reason still might vainly plead,
But want the power to give me aid!
What then could charm my soul to rest,
Or calm the tumults of my breast?—
Then come despair! I'll bear the smart,
And take possession of my heart.

CAROLINE.

ADDRESS TO SYMPATHY.

Pure is the dew that gems the humid hours,
When bright Aurora waves her golden wing,
Sweet as the blushing rose, gay queen of flowers,
And grateful as the bland approach of spring:

Soft as the glow that Hesperus imparts,
When zephyrs waft the balmy breath of even;
So sweet, so soothing, to ingenuous hearts—
Is *Sympathy*; benignant boon of Heaven.

Come to my aid, diffusing light afar!
In all the modest grace of virtue drest—
Come to my aid, thou bright etherial star,
And shed thy genial influence on my breast.

By Seraph's hands, thy vivid beams are form'd,
And artless love attunes thy dulcet lay;
Cheer'd by thy smile, Hope's lambent flame is warm'd,
And Time's dim shadows, glide unmark'd away.

FROM THE FRENCH.

A gambler laid one night awake,
Reflecting what he next should stake,
His every stiver gone;
No cash, *of course*, no friends were left,
His rooms of furniture bereft.
Coat, hat, and wig in pawn.

Thus pondering—in the room he spied
A thief, to whom he coolly cried,
"My *honest* friend, away!
'Pon honour, keen must be thy sight,
If thou discover'st aught by night,
When I find nought by day."

[*Port Folio.*]

EPIGRAM.

Pains, so unknown before, my bosom move,
I can't help thinking, Chloe, I'm in love:
Nay, frown not thus! I am in love, 'tis true—
But on my life, dear Chloe, *not with you!*

THE TALE OF LA ROCHE,

BY MR. MACKENZIE.

To the AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

MORE than forty years ago, an *English* philosopher, whose works have since been read and admired by all *Europe*, resided at a little town in *France*. Some disappointments in his native country had first driven him abroad, and he was afterwards induced to remain there, from having found, in this retreat, where the connection even of nation and language were avoided, a perfect seclusion and retirement highly favorable to the developement of abstract subjects, in which he excelled all the writers of his time.

Perhaps in the structure of such a mind as Mr. ———'s the finer and more delicate sensibilities are seldom known to have place, or if originally implanted there, are in a great measure extinguished by the exertions of intense study and profound investigation. Hence the idea of philosophy and unfeelingness being united, has become proverbial, and in common language, the former word is often used to express the latter.—Our philosopher has been censured by some, as deficient in warmth and feeling: and it is certain, that, if he was not easily melted into compassion, it was, at least, not difficult to awaken his benevolence.

One morning, while he sat busied in those speculations which afterwards astonished the world, an old female domestic, who served him for a housekeeper, brought him word that an elderly gentleman and his daughter had arrived in the village, the preceding evening, on their way to some distant country, and that the father had been seized in the night with a dangerous disorder, which the people of the inn feared would prove mortal: that she had been sent for, as having some knowledge in medicine, the village surgeon being then absent; and that it was truly piteous to see the good old man, who seemed not so much afflicted by his own distress as that which it caused to his daughter.——Her master laid aside the volume in his hand, and broke off the chain of ideas it had inspired. His night-gown was exchanged for a coat, and he followed his *gouvernante* to the sick man's apartment.

'Twas the best in the little inn where they lay, but a paltry one notwithstanding. Mr. ——— was obliged to stoop as he entered it. It was floored with earth, and above were the joists not plastered, and hung with cob-webs.—On a flock-bed, at one end, lay the old man he came to visit; at the foot of it sat his daughter. She was dressed in a clean white bed-gown; her dark locks hung loosely over it as she bent forward, watching the languid looks of her father. Mr. ——— and his housekeeper had stood some moments in the room without the young lady's being sensible of their entering it——"Mademoiselle!" said the old woman at last, in a soft tone—She turned and showed one of the finest faces in the world.—It was touched, not spoiled with sorrow, and when she perceived a stranger, whom the old woman new introduced to her, a blush at first, and then the gentle ceremonial of native politeness, which the affliction of the time tempered but did not extinguish, crossed it for a moment, and changed its expression. 'Twas sweetness all, however, and our philosopher felt it strongly. It was not a time for words: he offered his services in a few sincere ones. "Monsieur lies miserably ill here," said the gouvernante; "if he could be moved any where."——"If he could possibly be moved to our house," said her master, he had a spare bed for a friend, and there was a garret room unoccupied, next to the gouvernante's. It was contrived accordingly. The scruples of the stranger, who could look scruples, though he could not speak them, were overcome, and the bashful reluctance of his daughter gave way to her belief of its use to her father. The sick man was wrapt in blankets, and carried across the street to the *English* gentleman's. The old woman helped his daughter to nurse him there. The surgeon, who arrived soon after, prescribed a little, and nature did much for him; in a week he was able to thank his benefactor.

By that time his host had learned the name and character of his guest. He was a protestant clergyman of *Switzerland*, called *La Roche*, a widower, who had lately buried his wife, after a long and lingering illness, for which travelling had been prescribed, and was now returning home, after an ineffectual and melancholy journey, with his only child, the daughter we have mentioned.

He was a devout man as became his profession. He possessed devotion in all its warmth, but with none of its asperity; I mean that asperity which men, called devout, sometimes indulge in. Mr. ———, though he felt no devotion, never quarrelled with it in others. His gouvernante joined the old man and his daughter in the prayers and thanksgivings which they put up on his recovery; for she, too, was a heretic, in the phrase of the village.—The philosopher walked out with his long staff and his dog, and left them to their prayers and thanksgivings.——'My master,'—said the old woman, 'alas! he is not a christian but he is he b t of unbelievers.' 'Not a Christian!'——exclaimed Mademoiselle *La Roche*, 'yet saved my 'father! Heaven bless him for't; I would he were a 'Christian!' 'There is a pride in human knowledge, my 'child,' said her father, 'which often blinds men to the 'truths of revelation; hence opposers of Christianity are 'found among men of virtuous lives, as well as among 'those of dissipated and licentious characters. Nay, sometimes, I have known the latter more easily converted to 'the true faith than the former, because the fume of pas'sion is more easily dissipated than the mist of false theo'ry and delusive speculation.'—'But Mr ———,' said his daughter, 'alas! my father, he shall be a Christian before 'he dies.'——She was interrupted by the arrival of their landlord.——He took her hand with an air of kindness: She drew it away from him in silence; threw down her eyes to the ground, and left the room.——'I have been 'thanking God,' said the good *La Roche*, 'for my recove'ry.' 'That is right,' replied his landlord—'I would not 'wish,' continued the old man, hesitatingly, 'to think o'therwise; did I not look up with gratitude to that Being, 'I should barely be satisfied with my recovery, as a conti'nuation of life, which, it may be, is not a real good:—'Alas! I may live to wish I had died, that you had left 'me to die, Sir, instead of kindly relieving me (he clasped Mr. ———'s hand);—but, when I look on this reno'vated being as the gift of the Almighty, I feel a far dif'ferent sentiment—my heart dilates with gratitude and 'love to him: it is prepared for doing his will, not as a 'duty but as a pleasure, & regards every breach of it, not 'with disapprobation, but with horror.'—'You are right, 'my dear Sir,' replied the philosopher; 'but you are not 'yet re-established enough to talk much—you must take 'care of your health, and neither study nor preach for 'some time. I have been thinking over a scheme that 'struck me to day, when you mentioned your intended de'parture. I never was in *Switzerland*: I have a great 'mind to accompany your daughter and you into that 'country.—I will help to take care of you by the road; for 'as I was your first physician, I held myself responsible 'for your cure.' *La Roche's* eyes glistened at the proposal; his daughter was called in and told of it. She was equally pleased with her father; for they really loved their landlord—not perhaps the less for his fidelity: at least that circumstance mixed a sort of pity with their regard for him—their souls were not of a mould for harsher feelings; hatred never dwelt in them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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The MINERVA;

Or, LADY's AND GENTLEMAN's MAGAZINE.

[VOLUME 1.] RICHMOND:—*TUESDAY*, OCTOBER 22, 1804. [NUMBER 7]

TERMS OF "THE MINERVA"

1st.—"THE MINERVA" will be neatly printed, weekly, on a half-sheet Super-Royal paper.

2d.—The terms are TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid in advance.

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FROM THE BAROMETER.

The following was communicated to us from respectable authority, and we have no doubt of its being literally correct.

THE HERMITESS OF NORTH-SALEM.

When the train of human events appears to deviate from its wonted course, and becomes productive of characters altogether new and unexampled, it has a claim on the world to be perpetuated.

An instance of this kind where nature has appeared surprisingly to wander from its wonted operations, is displayed in the character, and manner of life, exhibited by a certain female in the vicinity of this town. We often hear men from various motives, preferring a life of solitude in some gloomy cavern of the earth; but to find one of the fair sex immured in a cave, wholly excluded from human society, is a rare phenomenon.

Acquainted with all their delicacy of body, their natural timidy of mind, their loquacity of temper, and their inordinate love of seeing and being seen, to find them forsaking all human society for the dreary haunts of savage beasts, appears, when related, too romantic to gain belief. Yet the reader may rely on the sequel, as a simple narrative of facts.

SARAH BISHOP (for this is the name of this Hermitess) is a person of about fifty years of age. About thirty years ago she was a young lady of considerable beauty, a competent share of mental endowments, and education; she was possessed of a handsome fortune, but she was of a tender and delicate constitution, and enjoyed but a low degree of health; she could hardly be comfortable without constant recourse to medicine, and careful attendance; and added to this, she always discovered an unusual antipathy to men; and was often heard to say, that she had no dread of any animal but man.—Disgusted with them, and consequently with the world, about twenty-three years ago, she withdrew herself from all human society; and in the bloom of life resorted to the mountains which divide Salem from North-Salem; where she has spent her days to the present time, in a cave, or rather in a cleft of the rock, withdrawn from the society of every living creature. Yesterday, (in company with the two Captain Smiths of this town) I went into the mountains to visit this surprising Hermitage, a just portrait of which is contained in the following lines.

As you pass the southern and most elevated ridge of the mountain, and begin to descend the southern steep, you meet with a perpendicular descent of a rock of about ten feet, in the front of which is this cave. At the foot of this rock is a gentle descent of rich and fertile ground, extending about ten rods, when it instantly forms a frightful precipice descending about half a mile to the pond, known by the name of the *Long pond*. On the right and left of this fertile ground, the mountain rises in cliffs, and almost incloses it, being a square of one half acre. In the front of the rock on the north, where the cave is, and level with the ground, there appears to be a large *frustrum* of the rock, of a cubic fathom in size, thrown out of the rock by some unknown convulsion of nature, and lies in front of the cavity from whence it was rent, partly inclosing the mouth, and forming a room of the same dimensions with the *frustrum* itself. the rock is left entire above, and forms the roof of this humble mansion.

This cavern is the habitation of this Hermitess, in which she has spent twenty three of her best years, self-excluded from all human society. She keeps no domesticated animal, not even a fowl, a cat, or a dog. Her little plantation consisting of one half acre, is cleared of its wood and reduced to grass, but she makes but little use of it, excepting that she has raised, a few peach trees on it, and she plants yearly, a few hills of beans, cucumbers and pumpkins. The whole plat is surrounded with a luxuriant growth of grape vines, which overspread the surrounding wood, and produce grapes in great abundance. On the opposite side of this little tenement, or cave, is a fine fountain of excellent water, which issues from the side of the mountain, and loses itself in this plat.

As this fountain we found this wonderful woman, whose appearance is a little difficult to describe; indeed like nature in its first estate, she was without form, that is, she appeared in no form or position I had ever seen before: her dress appeared little else but one confused and shapeless mass of rags, patched together without any order, which obscured every human shape, excepting her head, which was adorned with a luxuriancy of lank grey hair depending on every side, just as nature and time had formed it, wholly devoid of any artificial covering or ornament.

When she discovered our approach she exhibited the appearance of any other wild and timid animal. She started, looked wild, and hastened with the utmost precipitation to her cave, which she entered and barricaded the entrance with old shells* which she had pulled from the decayed trees. To this humble mansion we approached, and after some conversation with her, we obtained liberty to remove the palisadoes and look in; for we were not able to enter, the room being only sufficient to accommodate a single person. We conversed with her for some considerable time, found her to be of a sound mind, a religious turn of thought, and to be entirely happy and contented with her situation; of this she has given to others repeated demonstration, who have, in vain, solicited her to quit this dreary abode.—We saw no utensil, either for labour or cookery, except an old pewter bason, and a gourd-shell; no bed but the solid rock, unless it were a few old rags, scattered here and there upon it; no bed clothes of any kind; nor the least appearance of any sort of food, & no fire.

She has indeed a place in one corner of her cell, where she kindled fire at times, but it did not appear that any fire had been kindled there this spring. To confirm this opinion, a certain man says, that he passed her cell five or six days after the great fall of snow in the beginning of March last, that she had no fire then, and had not been out of her cave since the snow had fallen. How she subsists during the severe seasons, is yet a mystery. She says she eats but little flesh of any kind, and it is difficult to imagine how she is supported through the winter season. In the summer she subsists on the berries, nuts, and roots which the mountains afford. It may be that she secretes her winter store in some other fissure of the rock, more covenient for the purpose than the cell she inhabits.

She keeps a Bible with her, and says she takes much satisfaction, and spends much time in reading in it, and meditating thereon. It may be this woman is a sincere worshipper of God; if so, she is yet more rich, wise, and happy, than thousands in affluence and honour, who behold her with astonishment and scorn. At any rate, from this humble, yet astonishing page of human nature—we read a most excellent lecture on the human heart. It was the peculiar state of this woman's heart which drove her to forsake the society of man, and led her to this solitary mansion. The peculiar relish of the human heart will embrace solitude, dishonor, deformity, and death itself for happiness, whilst inantipathies can enbitter a paradise of joy. Reason has no power against its influence; it is not the energy of science, but a heart formed to a wise, decent, and useful life, that must regenerate the world.

* *By "shells," we suppose our correspondent means thin pieces of timber split from falling trees.*

FROM THE BALANCE.

THE LIMNER.

MR. EDITOR,

AS I intend to give a faithful account of the most distinguished of my customers, I shall begin with A FASHIONABLE YOUNG LADY, who called last week at my shop for a full length picture. She was an excellent figure, handsome, and remarkably easy and agreeable in her behaviour. She was fashionably, and, I need not add, very expensively dressed. You may suppose, Mr. Editor, that I was not a little gratified at the appearance of such a customer. I sprung out of my chair and flew around the room, in such agitation, that I kicked over my easel, upset three gallipots, and came within a hair's breadth of dashing my old *Reflector* to pieces. At length, having every thing in readiness I began the work. "Madam," said I, "will you part your locks on your forehead a little, that I may be enabled to see the color and shape of your eye."—"Oh, sir," said she, simpering, "you must paint the locks and the eyes as they are, because it is the fashion to wear the hair in this way."—"It matters not what the fashion is," I replied, "for should I paint you with your hair in this situation, the eyes and the forehead, the finest part of the face would be wholly lost." I used many arguments to persuade her to remove this *shade* from her countenance, but all in vain. She persisted, and I was obliged to comply. After sketching the face, I proceeded downwards: the bosom was next to be copied. "What a pity," I exclaimed, "that this part is not concealed, instead of the forehead." A thousand singular ideas crowded into my imagination, as I reflected on this strange inconsistency in female fashion. I made no great haste in performing this part of my task. I was so much taken up with gazing, that my pallet hung carelessly on my thumb, and my pencil actually once fell from my fingers. This threw the young lady into some confusion. I apologized and proceeded. The shoulder and arm were next pourtrayed. In drawing the elbow, I found it necessary to heighten my flesh-colour to a deep purple; for although the skin of her face and bosom was uncommonly white and fair, her elbow was rough, high-coloured and uncomely. "I think that is much too dark, Mr. Pallet," said she, casting her eye on the picture. "Not at all madam," I replied, "pray compare it." She placed her elbow upon the canvass. "It injures the looks of the picture," said she. "Not more than it injures the looks of the *reality*, madam." She proposed to have the elbow covered with a glove. I approved the plan. Nothing now remained but the drapery. She was dressed in white muslin, very fine and transparent. My shop-door was open and vulgarly exposed the joint called the knee. My pencil, faithful to its duty, immediately threw on all the shades that were necessary to make the picture a true copy of the original. This called a blush into her face. I arose to shut the door. On again taking my seat, I observed that she had so disposed the folds of her gown that the shape of the knee was no longer visible. I took the hint, and instantly altered the picture. "Ah," said I as she left the shop, "if all fashionable young ladies could have their uncouth and ridiculous modes of dress properly exposed, they would not hesitate to *strike them out of the picture*.

PETER PALLET.

THOUGHTS ON FEMALE BEAUTY.

TO obtain the title of pre-eminence in beauty has ceased more solicitude in the bosoms of many females, than, I am afraid, ought to have been lavished on so truly an inconsiderable thing. The common idea of a beautiful woman is this—She must be elegantly shaped; have a peculiarly fine complexion, where the lillies, roses, and violets, must bend their tints in sweet assemblage; her eyes must outsparkle the diamonds in her hair; and her whole behaviour must proclaim her the unrivalled star of the *happy* circle which she deigns to illumipare with her peerless presence. If a woman is possessed of the above attractions, by *them alone* she considers herself invincible. Every sound of her syren voice, she imagines, is armed with inevitable destruction. No man can gaze on her rosy lips, but he must fancy Cupid lies slumbering there, ready to start up, and strike his heart with an arrow dipped in the flame of her eye. But, alas! she is mistaken, if she conceives that a piece of "*painted clay*," can warm the breast of a man of sense! He may gaze with wonder at the elegantly proportioned features and fine colouring of a merely handsome face: but the impression will be evanescent; and the next pretty girl he meets with, by exciting the same emotions, will compleatly eradicate the former. Yet there is a stile of beauty, which even the *firm philosopher* cannot withstand. When the most exquisitely moulded features are sweetly softened and harmonized into the divine expression of sentiment and urbanity; when the lustrous eye of its lovely possessor trembles beneath the sympathizing dews of pity; or, when lighted up by genius and enthusiasm, in reflects in its ardent and refulgent bosom, the glorious movements of the inward soul. It is then, and only then, that the woman resembles the angel! It is then, and only then, that the soft beams of her gentle eye slide into the heart of man and make him hers forever!

I have often contemplated, with pleasure, an elegant statue; but I remained perfectly calm. I have many times gazed on living faces, perhaps, equally fine: and with the same unruffled serenity, I *assented* to their beauty, but I did not feel it; because the women I looked on appeared to be as devoid of mind as the statuary. On the reverse, I have accidentally raised my head, and have met the passing glance of an angel, where the soul of a celestial being seemed to reign; I have felt its glowing rays strike my heart like electricity; raising such a tumult in my bosom and my senses, that I could not have told she had any other feature in the face than an eye. But that eye possessed both the lustre and the properties of the sun, warming our hearts with its rays and attracting them towards it.

This is the beauty that I would wish my fair countrywomen to aspire after. It is not because an eye is blue and brilliant that it has the power to wound; nor because it is black and radiant, that its penetrating powers sink into the inmost depths of the soul. No; its force rests not on the varying basis of colours; we must see a richly cultivated and highly polished mind, shine through its mirror; me must see exquisitely delicate sentiments meliorate its dazzling lustre; we must see the reducing softness of sweet humanity, swim over its humid surface. In short—if I may use the expression—a *lovely soul* is the essence of beauty.

S.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[M. Brydone *in describing the curiosities of Malta and the Maltese, gives us the following account of their whimsical restrictions on* Duelling, *which he reckons not the least remarkable curiosity of that celebrated Island.*]

Perhaps Malta is the only country in the world where duelling is permitted by law.——— As their whole establishment is originally founded on the wild and romantic principles of chivalry, they have ever found it too inconsistent with those principles to abolish duelling; but they have laid it under such restrictions as greatly to lessen its danger. These are curious enough.—The duellists are obliged to decide their quarrel in one particular street of the city; and if they presume to fight any where else, they are liable to the rigour of the law. But what is not less singular, and much more in their favour, they are obliged under the most severe penalties to put up their sword, when ordered so to do, by a *woman*, a *priest* or a *knight*.

Under these limitations, in the midst of a great city, one would imagine it almost impossible that a duel could ever end in blood; however, this is not the case:—A cross is always painted on the wall opposite to the spot where a knight has been killed, in commemoration of his fall.—We counted about twenty of these crosses.

About three months ago, two knights had a dispute at a billiard table. One of them, after giving a great deal of abusive language, added a blow; but to the astonishment of all Malta, in whose annals there is not a similar instance after so great a provocation, he absolutely refused to fight his antagonist. The challenge was repeated, and he had time to reflect on the consequences, but still he refused to enter the lists.—He was condemned to make *amende honorable* in the great church of St. John for forty-five days successively; then to be confined in a dungeon without light for five years, after which he is to remain a prisoner in the castle for life. The unfortunate young man who received the blow is likewise in disgrace, as he has not had an opportunity of wiping it out with the blood of his adversary.

This had been looked upon as a very singular affair, and is still one of the principal topics of conversation. The first part of the sentence has been already executed, and the poor wretch is now in his dungeon. Nor is it thought that any abatement will be made in what remains.

If the legislature of other countries punished with equal rigor those that do fight, as it does in this those that do not, I believe we should soon have an end of duelling; but I should imagine the punishment for fighting ought never to be a capital one, but rather something ignominious; and the punishment for not fighting should always be so, or at least some severe corporal punishment; for ignominy will have as little effect on the person who is willing to submit to the appellation of a coward, as the fear of death on one who makes it his glory to despise it.

A most brilliant meteor [says a Savannnah paper of the 25th Sept.] made its appearance at about one o'clock in the morning of Wednesday last. Its course was serpentine and the report, on its discharge, considerable.

A fashionable young countess asking a young nobleman which he thought the prettiest flower, the *roses or tulips?* he replied with great gallantry, "Your Ladyship's *two lips* before all the roses in the world."

To the Editor of the Weekly Monitor.

SIR,

As I know the following has cured several afflicted with the ague and fever, I cannot omit an opportunity of publishing it. If you think proper to give it a place in the Monitor, you will oblige

A READER.

20 grains Salt Tartar.
20 do. Ven. Treacle.
1-2 *oz.* Bark.
Juice of 2 Lemons.
1-2 pint Port Wine.

Mix them all together, and divide it into three equal parts, and take each for a potion.

NIAGARA FALLS.

A Letter from an American officer at Niagara, to his friend at Pittsburgh.

Fort Niagara, October 3, 1802.

DEAR SIR,

In performance of a promise I made you, to visit, & give you some idea of the Falls of Niagara, so very justly ranked amongst the greatest natural curiosities in the known world, I shall endeavour to give you an account of an excursion thither, in company with Dr. W——and M———. Let me, however, first inform you, that I conceive it utterly impossible for the greatest exertion of the human mind, to convey to another the impression, which is made upon it, while contemplating the vast sublimity of the scenery which is exhibited to view. The senses become at once bewildered! The beholder for a while stands fixed as a statue! His eyes appear rivetted on one object, as if fearful the smallest deviation would plunge him into the dreadful abyss beneath! Such was my situation; and I must own that I was at times seized with a strange mixture of fear and pleasure.

As the distance between this post and the Falls does not exceed fifteen miles, we did not set out until ten o'clock in the morning of the first instant; and after dining at Queenstown, a small village in Canada, we arrived at an inn, within a quarter of a mile of the Falls, where we intended leaving our horses, and descending to the lowest bank of the river below the Falls, in order to have a more perfect view. We were, however, informed, that the day was too far advanced, to think of descending to the lower bank, and again mounted our horses, intending merely to view the Falls from the road leading to Chippeway, where we proposed spending the night. The astonishment with which we beheld that tremendous cataract from the road, excited in us a determination to leave our horses, and take a nearer view. We accordingly walked towards a deep hollow place, surrounded with large trees, into which, with much difficulty, we descended about eighty yards, and, after walking about one hundred and fifty yards farther, over a marshy piece of ground, covered with bushes, we arrived at the "Table Rock," which is a large flat rock, projecting some distance over the bank below, and is one hundred and seventy two feet from the margin of the river, at the foot of the great Fall. Here we had a view of the rapids, above the falls, extending more than a mile: of the great or Horse-shoe fall immediately on our right, of the fort Schlossee, or Lesser Fall, in front of us, on the New-York side; & when we could summon fortitude to approach the edge of the rock, of the dreadful abyss below us; from which issued prodigious clouds of mist, in which was visible one of the most beautiful rainbows we had ever beheld.

Having spent a considerable time on the Table Rock, we, with some difficulty, found our horses, and proceeded to Chippeway, where we remained all night at a very excellent inn, kept by a Mr. Makkin. Although our accommodations were in every respect excellent, we were unable to close our eyes during the night, as we were unaccustomed to the dreadful thundering noise of the Niagara falls, which, though distant three miles, were distinctly heard.

In the morning, accompanied by a Mr. Cummings, who very obligingly offered to be our guide, we returned to the Falls, determined to have a more perfect view, from the edge of the river, an undertaking of some danger, and much fatigue. As we approached the Falls, the rapidity of the river increased, bounding to a great height where it met with resistance from the rocks; at length, reaching the brink of a precipice, it is hurried over it, meeting with no resistance, until after a fall of one hundred and forty-five feet!

The falls take a direction rather obliquely, from the Canada side downwards, and on the same side it is hollowed out, if I may express myself so, into the shape of a Horse shoe, and, owing to the resemblance, it is called the "Horse-shoe Fall."

In about an hour after leaving Chippewav, we arrived at a part of the bank or cliff, where we could, with the least danger, descend to the edge of the river. You must know that the banks of the river on each side, for several miles below the Falls, are almost one continued rock, and so nearly perpendicular, as to make it impossible to descend with any safety to the bottom, excepting at two places—where we descended, and at a place called the "Indian Ladder," much nearer to the Falls, but which our guide informed us was much more dangerous owing to the decayed state of the ladders.

Having descended a few yards over broken rocks, we came to a ladder, having one end placed on the top of a large rock, the other leaning against the rock on which we stood. This was by far the most dangerous part of the descent, as the ladder was much decayed, and many of the steps were broken out. Although the distance down the ladder was not more than ten or twelve feet, yet the small space upon which we were obliged to stand, at the foot of the ladder, not more than two feet square, together with the dreadful gulph beneath us on one side, (into which we should have been inevitably precipitated, had any part of the ladder given way) increased our fears greatly. We, however, arrived safe at the foot of the ladder, round which we were obliged to creep, then slide down the rock on its side towards the bank, six or eight feet further. Excepting now and then a slight fall among the rocks over which we we passed, we found no further difficulty in reaching the bottom.

We descended the bank somewhat more than a mile below the Falls, yet were completely wet to the skin, owing to the falling of the mist or spray, which issued from the bottom of the falls;—the wind, however, was immediately down the river, which rendered our situation very unpleasant.

Having at length reached the margin of the river, we had a perfect view of the whole cataract, of the prodigious and frightful piles of rocks immediately over our heads, appearing as if they would every moment fall upon and crush us to atoms, and down which our guide could scarcely make us sensible we had but a few moments before passed. We now indulged ourselves in contemplating for a while, and at a distance, one of the most terrific scenes perhaps imaginable! What a dreadful chaos of rocks were here presented to our view! what a dreary, desolate, but sublime, appearance! The imagination is instantly hurried into a belief, that the great globe itself is returning precipitately, and at once into its original chaos!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE MINERVA.

"*Let us in bonds of lasting peace unite,*
"*And celebrate the hymenial rite.*"

TO OLD-BATCHELORS OVER THE AGE OF THIRTY-FIVE.

BRETHREN,

THE scoffs and sneers which our unhappy fraternity have ever experienced from the thoughtless levity of youth, are well known to you all; each and every one of us daily receive some provocation, some premeditated insult, because we have not thought proper to encumber ourselves with the vexation and expense of a wife. We are the snake-game of the male and the scorn of the female sex; that insolent old-maid, *Miss Penelope Prude*, who is my next door neighbour, turning up her little sharp nose with a scornful sneer, called me last week, in my hearing, "the fag-end of the creation." Is not this insupportable?

Considering the other day on the ridicule and inconveniences to which the folly of society has subjected us harmless and inoffensive beings; and believing myself in my present state to be an almost useless member of the community, I determined, perhaps too hastily, to change my condition, and experience the reality of those pleasures, in which, as I had been told, wedlock abounded. For this purpose I began to ruminate on the character and person of the woman who might make me a suitable companion; I will not, I thought to myself, marry one who is affected; for that is the character of Miss *Penelope Prude*, my utter aversion; nor shall my wife be too old and serious, for I am only a little turned of forty-seven, and may reasonably expect to spend many very merry days, and enjoy a considerable portion of connubial happiness: a young girl would suit me best, and although I had little reason to fear a repulse from any of them, yet I wished to be sure of my first aim, for if unsuccessful in one, I feared that I should never summon sufficient resolution to make a second attack. A spry comely old-maid of thirty-five, with whom I was well acquainted, suited my fancy to a T. I resolved, therefore, after using necessary precautions, to make my suit to this lady: one of these precautions was to sound her, through the means of a cousin, and learn how she was disposed towards me, before I ventured too far; also, to be informed of the exact state of her fortune. The answers which he returned were suitable to my wishes; his cousin possessed the value of one thousand pounds in landed property; and five hundred more in bank-stock; she had no disinclination to receive the addresses of any respectable gentleman, much less of (your obedient servant) Mr. *Kimbow*. After these propitious omens of success, the next step was to procure an interview with my charming fair one, to declare my ardent passion for her, and prosecute my suit in form. Her cousin informed me that his relation would be at home the next evening, that he would then call on me, and if I had no objection we would take tea with her: I thanked him for his kindness, assuring him that nothing could be more agreeable to my wishes, and accepted the invitation. After he had taken his leave, I laughed heartily at the precautions my sweet-heart had taken, to accommodate me in procuring a *tete-a-tete*; I began to entertain a more favorable opinion of the sex, & looked on my own sweet person with more complacency than I had done for many years past;—surely, said I, nature has not been niggardly in bestowing on me personal graces; nor have I been entirely negligent in polishing myself by acquiring polite accomplishments; I can sing many old ballads with a pretty good air, and in church music I will concede the superiority to no man: I could once dance a little; let me see if I have forgotten the old conger;—I attempted to perform the movements which Monsieur Rigadoon, my dancing-master, had taught me thirty years ago; but my legs had become stiff from the want of practice, and my feet were quite unmanageable; for having locked them together, and being unable to extricate them, I pitched headlong against my book-case, and bruised myself considerably by the fall; I felt somewhat confused at this

accident, although no one had witnessed my misfortune; this will never do, said I: I must brush up, for I have become quite rusty; I rang for old Peter, the only servant I keep, and ordered him to take my old brown coat to the taylor and direct him to turn it in the neatest manner by 2 o'clock the next day; I also charged Peter to brush up my ancient beaver and clean my best pair of boots, for I always keep two pair. I began to dress on the following morning about ten o'clock and finished by dinner. When I was completely attired, I could not help gratifying myself, by taking a peep in a small mirror which is suspended in my chamber; and I assure you I was not a little pleased with my appearance; without vanity, I can say, that I verily believe few single women could have then looked at me with cold hearts; my figure was tall, straight and genteel, though rather too thin; my brown coat looked little worse for wear, and my buckskin pantaloons had been cleaned for the succeeding Sunday, and suited very well with my black velvet waist-coat. I took a few turns across the room after dinner, musing on the pleasures of the married life, when the gentleman who was to call for me arrived:—we proceeded immediately to the residence of my beloved:—I never felt so queer in all my life; my hands shook, my knees rattled against each other, and I was in a tremor from head to foot; it will soon be over, said I to myself; these disagreeable feelings will be presently at an end, and the charming sensations of tender love will succeed them; I sprung up the steps with the activity of a boy, and advanced with a tolerable manly step into the parlour; but guess my surprize at beholding the object of my visit! Guess my indignation at finding an enormous RED WIG on her head, which obscured the greater part of one of the prettiest faces that I had ever seen; a *Red Wig!* a sight far more disgusting than any of those horrid doe-faces or gourd-faces that are made to frighten children. I had no inclination to begin my courtship or prolong my visit, beyond the time that politeness required: I therefore took my leave as soon as the tea-table was removed; the lady seemed chagrined as well as myself, and her cousin appeared astonished:—he accompanied me home; neither of us had spoken a word on the way;—after we had sat down, he observed, "I presume you have profited very little by your interview; you seem to make your advances with as much prudential caution as my Uncle Toby did in his military operations." "A RED WIG!" exclaimed I, with just indignation. "Have you any objection to a *Red Wig?*" retorted the cousin. "Objections," replied I; "can any thing on earth be more frightful than such a monster? I hate the very name of it." "You are mistaken Sir," answered the cousin; "*Red Wigs* are all the fashion." "I care not for the fashion, Sir," replied I; "I tell you they are horridly ugly, and I swear that I will marry no woman who shall disfigure herself by wearing one of them." The young man took offence and departed, and I relinquished every pretension to his cousin. Thus, gentlemen, has ended my first courting expedition; but I have not yet told you the worst of the business; the taylor yesterday brought in his bill for turning my coat, which amounted to sixteen shillings and six-pence; an unconscionable dog! All this money is a dead loss, should I not again want it for a second expedition of the same kind.

A few nights ago I was awakened about 2 o'clock in the morning, by a noise under my window, and on peeping out, I found that it proceeded from a parcel of frolicksome young fellows, who were serenading me with the comic song of "*The Old Woman of Eighty!*" Such insolence is insupportable, and I will bear with it no longer; the only way to free myself from it, is to get married without delay, and this I will do before the beginning of the winter; I advise every one of you, my solitary brethren, to pursue the same plan. No misfortunes, however, shall ever compel me to wed a woman who wears a RED WIG.

SAMUEL KIMBOW.

FOR THE MINERVA.

Numberless essays have been written to prove the injurious consequences produced by intoxication, and to delineate in glowing colours the despicable character of the Drunkard. It is not my intention to endeavour to convince the disciples of Bacchus of the impropriety and immorality of drunkenness:—there are few of them who are not well assured of this fact, although they have seldom sufficient command of themselves to abstain from this infamous practice after it has become habitual from a long series of dissipation.

But although it may be impracticable to afford relief to the miserable Bacchanalian, who has bartered all the enjoyments of life for the sensual gratification of an inordinate passion;—although we cannot restore the man to reason, who has centered his wordly happiness on the contents of a brandy-bottle; yet, by guarding our young women against contracting marriage with men (or rather beasts) of this description, the community may possibly derive some benefit from the following observations.

If a lady values her repose and respectability in the married state, let her, of all things, be cautious in the choice of a sober husband. Many wives will no doubt bear witness that every sober man does not make a good husband; that others than drunkards are at times peevish and ill-natured; I have heard some wives too, say, that although their good man had spent his fortune and ruined his credit by intoxication, yet that he was quite inoffensive in his frolics. It is certainly excellent comfort to a woman of sensibility, that her husband, after dissipating her fortune and neglecting her person, should refrain from beating her.

I will select two passages from the TATLER to shew my female readers, the opinion of an eminent author on this subject, which is of infinite importance to them, as it is closely connected with their happiness.

'But as our faults are double when they affect others besides ourselves, so this vice is still more odious in a married than a single man. He that is the husband of a woman of honour, and comes home over-loaded with wine, is still more contemptible in proportion to the regard we have to the unhappy consort of his beastiality. The imagination cannot shape to itself any thing more monstrous and unnatural than the familiarities between Drunkenness and Chastity.

'The reflection of such a match as spotless innocence with abandoned lewdness, is what puts this Vice in the worst figure it can bear, with regard to others; but when it is looked upon with respect only to the Drunkard himself, it has deformities enough to make it disagreeable, which may be summed up in a word, by allowing, that he, who resigns his reason, is actually guilty of all that he is liable to from the want of reason.'

Let me beg the American ladies to look round the circle of their acquaintance, and see how many amiable women are cursed with drunken husbands; how many comfortable estates have been squandered away in debauches; how many of our respectable families have dwindled into obscurity and abject indigence from drunkenness and gaming, which are usually companions.

What must be the feelings of a virtuous woman to see the man whose destiny is combined with hers, and whom she calls by the tender name of husband, intoxicated and staggering through the streets, the pitiable object of every humane spectator, and the jest of every illiberal fool! What a dangerous example for the imitation of youth! What a spectacle for the observation of her infant children, whose minds yet unformed, are ready to receive the first impressions of vice or of virtue! If you regard your own happiness my countrywomen; if you have due regard for your respectability in society: if you have maternal affection for the prosperity of your future offspring, you will do well to be particular in the choice of a husband.

It will be recollected that I speak only of habitual drunkards; I do not extend my censures to those who are occasionally, but seldom, intoxicated; although their conduct is reprehensible, yet it is seldom productive of the ruinous consequences which I have enumerated.

SENEX.

FOR THE MINERVA.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF MRS. ******

Ah! whither fled, my dearest Nancy say,
Why pale and lifeless, lies thy lovely clay?
How are the roses on thy cheeks decay'd!
Which all the graces of thy face display'd:
When bless'd with life, each pleasing feature shin'd,
A perfect mirror of thy spotless mind.
Sweet was the hour, mild the benignant sky,
Full fraught with health, we deem'd no danger nigh,
When lo! contagious fever's dreadful gust,
Laid all thy beauty mould'ring in the dust.

Ah! cold's the hand, that sooth'd my febrile head,
Extinct the eye, the pitying tear that shed;
Silent the voice, whose charming accents stole,
Infusing balm into my aching soul.
Oh cruel death! why use thy lawless rage,
To drag my dearest Nancy from the stage?
Why hurl thy shafts in dearthful horror driven?
Is virtue then no more thy care, O Heaven!
Peace thou bold thought; be still my bursting heart,
I, not my Nancy, feel the direful dart;
She's fled from danger, sickness and from pain,
She's now exploring the celestial plain.
Cry not, my babe, to hear thy mother's gone;
Left thee and me to wander here forlorn:
Her happy soul has broke the bonds of clay,
And gone to regions of immortal day.
I'll wing my way through boundless realms to soar,
Where we shall meet and part again no more:
Triumphant thought! now let we wipe away,
The tears of grief, and wake some bolder lay.
Alas! my swimming eyes o'erflow anew,
Nor will I check the tears to virtue due:
Now speechless I with anxious horror bend,
O'er thy lov'd dust, my partner and my friend.—

Immortal Power! eternal king of day!
Thou hadst the right to take her away.
Be still my babe, the paths of virtue tread,
We too, shall soon be number'd with the dead.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The concluding number of "HARLEY," was received too late for our paper of to-day; it shall appear in our next.

"AN OBSERVER," *shall be attended to.*

"A FRAGMENT," *is inadmissible.*

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPEAN.

London papers to the 15th August, inclusive, and Glasgow papers to the 18th, have been received at New-York, by the ship Fanny from Greenock. Although they are four days later than the former advices from that quarter, they contain very little intelligence of consequence. The prices of stock, on the 15th August, were, Consols, 57 1-4, Omnium 6 1-2, American 3 per cents 54 to 55, 8 per cents 104, old and new 6 per cents 89 to 90.——A Hamburgh paper says, in consequence of the refusal made by the Hanseatic cities of Hamburgh, Bremen, and Lubeck, to comply with the pecuniary exactions of the French government, Bremen has been invested several days past by a detachment of the French army from Hanover; and no person is suffered to enter or depart from that city. They have even stopped all supplies of provisions. As the enemy completely blockades the place, it is impossible to ascertain by any direct information, whether they have proceeded to levy by military execution, the sums they demand; but a rumour of this nature was in circulation.—The city of Lubeck persists in its refusal to pay the contribution demanded by the French, who have not yet had recourse to any compulsory means, probably from the fear of hastening a rupture with Russia, whose fleet is now riding in the Baltic.——The last letters from St. Petersburg state, that the Emperor Alexander continues to give decided proofs of his determination to espouse the interests of Louis XVIII ——Three divisions of the French flotilla have arrived at Bologne, consisting of thirteen ships of war. The Emperor passed the afternoon in the road, accompanied by the ministers of marine and of war, and expressed great satisfaction at the appearance and discipline of the troops.

DOMESTIC.

Letters from New-Orleans, to the 26th August, received at Philadelphia, announce the prevalence of the usual autumnal fevers, which had proved fatal to a number of strangers.——Captain Beardman arrived at Newburyport from Point Petre, informs, that reports were in circulation there the day before he sailed, that the American prisoners who had been taken from the New-York ship and brig, together with the crew of the Snake in the Grass, of Salem, carried in about the same time, had been liberated, and were about returning home.——"The brig Clio, of New-York, is taken, belonging to Snell, Stagg, & Co. This vessel was bound to Curracoa, and carried into Maragua, where numbers of American seamen are perishing for want; within one month 80 are said to have died.—I have been particular, in order that your underwriters may be apprized of what is going on in this place."——Late anccunts from the West-Indies state, that the black army of Dessalines had began their march again for the purpose of besieging the city of St. Domingo. The same accounts add, that the British have blockaded the City of Aux Cayes.——Almost every arrival from the West Indies (says the New-York Gazette) brings dreadful accounts of the havoc there by a hurricane which extended northwatd and southward, taking in its course the West India islands and a greater part of the coast of the U. States. In the West Indies it began about the 3d ult. was severely felt at Charleston and Savannah the 8th, and having nearly spent its force reached this city the night of the 11th, but did no material damage. Boston also felt its effects.——By an arrival we have received melancholy news from Turks Island. Almost all the American vessels there were driven on shore; some of them were lost with their crews. Many of the ship-wrecked crews after being thrown on the Island, were robbed by negroes. We are sorry to say, that the commander of that island, disregarding the rights of hospitality, countenanced these robberies, & threw every obstacle in the way of affording protection to the unfortunate Americans.——An article from Greensburg states, that a number of Swiss families arrived in that place the 6th of October. We understand that they design purchasing & settling on the Holland company's lands, east of the Alleghany, in Armstrong county. They are a healthy able-bodied people; and from their national character for sobriety, honesty, and industry, bid fair to be an acquisition to the country.——It is with sincere pleasure, (says the Nat. Intel.) that there is the best reason to believe, the account of the death of Governor Claiborne unfounded. Letters as late as the first of September have been received from him by the President of the United States. These letters state that he had been very ill, but was then so far recovered as to admit of transacting business.

SELECTED POETRY.

TO CONTENT.

FROM DRAKE'S LITERARY HOURS.

TO thee mild source of home-felt joy !
To thee I vow this artless lay,
For nymph, divine ! no care, allov,
No griefs pollute thy halcyon day.

Tho' soft the moon her mellow light
O'er yonder mould'ring tower hath shed,
Tho' soft as sleeps her beam on night,
Yet softer sleeps thy peaceful head.

For thee, the fairy sprite of morn,
Her sweet, her varied dream shall weave,
For thee, thy wood-girt thatch adorn,
The calm, the golden lights of eve.

For thee, the cool stream murm'ring flow,
The green the winding vale along,
For thee, where yonder wild pines grow,
The maiden breathes her village song.

When wilt thou haunt my straw-roof cot,
When wilt thou bless my longing arms,
When shall I claim thy lowly lot,
When shall I share thy modest charms !

Ne'er will ask of purple pride,
Her gems that idly fire the night,
The gems that o'er her tresses wide,
In lustre fling her glarish light.

Nor will I ask of power to whirl
In terror cloath'd, the scyth'd car,
And mad to furc, shout to hurl
The dark, the death fraught spear of war.

Ah ! let the great by error led
To many a gorgeous city fly ;
More blest with thee to eat my bread
In peace and humble privacy.

More blest to rove the heath along,
At gray-clad eve, from labor won,
To list the wood-lark's plaintive song,
And wistful watch the setting sun.

More blest by oak that cleft and lone,
Flings o'er the stream his moss-hung bough,
As swells the blast in rougher tone,
To mark the wild wave dash below.

More blest nigh yonder darkling dell
Where sleeps the bard by fame forgot,
Of many a love-lorn grief to tell,
And mourn till morn thy cheerless lot.

But oh ! far happier if at night,
As onward rolls the saddening storm,
I meet thy blue-eyes glistening light,
I press thy gently yielding form.

Sweet as the first-drawn sigh of love
Content, thou mild, thou meek-ey'd maid,
Above bright power, gay wealth above,
To thee my willing vows be paid.

ELEGANT BALLAD.

'TWAS on a cliff whose rocky base,
Baffled the briny wave :
Whose culture'd heights their verdant store
To many a tenant gave :

A mother, led by rustic cares,
Had wander'd with her child ;
Unwean'd the babe—yet on the grass
He frolick'd and he smil'd.

With what delight the mother glow'd,
To mark the infant's joy ;
How oft would pause, amid her toil,
To contemplate her boy.

Yet soon by other cares estrang'd,
Her thoughts the child forsook ;
Careless he wanton's on the ground,
Nor caught his mother's look.

Drop'd was each flower that caught his eye,
'Till, scrambling o'er the green,
He gain'd the cliff's unsheltered edge,
And pleas'd, survey'd the scene.

'Twas now the mother from her toil,
Turn'd to behold her child—
The urchin gone ! her cheeks were flush'd—
Her wand'ring eye was wild !

She saw him on the cliff's rude brink—
Now careless peeping o'er—
He turn'd and to his mother smil'd—
Then sported as before.

Sunk was her voice—'twas vain to fly—
'Twas vain the brink to brave—
Oh Nature ! it was thee alone,
To prompt the means to save.

She tore her 'kerchief from her breast,
And laid her bosom bare ;
He saw, delighted—left the brink,
And sought to banquet there.

CONTINUATION OF THE

TALE OF LA ROCHE.

BY MR. MACKENZIE.

THEY travelled by short stages ; for the philosopher was as good as his word, in taking care that the old man should not be fatigued. The party had time to be well acquainted with one another, and their friendship was increased by acquaintance. *La Roche* found a degree of simplicity and gentleness in his companion, which is not always annexed to the character of a learned or wise man. His daughter, who was prepared to be afraid of him, was equally undeceived. She found in him nothing of that self importance which superior parts, or great cultivation of them, is apt to confer. He talked of every thing but philosophy or religion ; he seemed to enjoy every pleasure and amusement of ordinary life, and to be interested in the most common topics of discourse ; when his knowledge or learning at any time appeared, it was delivered with the utmost plainness, and without the least shadow of dogmatism.

On his part he was charmed with the society of the good clergyman, and his lovely daughter. He found in them the guileless manner of the earliest times, with the culture and accomplishments of the most refined ones. Every better feeling, warm and vivid ; every ungentle one repressed or overcome. He was not addicted to love ; but he felt himself happy in being a friend of *Maidemoiselle La Roche*, and sometimes envied her father the possession of such a child.

After a journey of eleven days, they arrived at the dwelling of *La Roche*. It was situated in one of those valleys of the canton of Berne, where nature seems to repose, as it were, in quiet, and has enclosed her retreat with mountains inaccessible.——A stream, that spent its fury in the hills above, ran in front of the house, and a broken water-fall was seen through the wood that covered its sides ; below, it circled round a tufted plain, and formed a little lake in front of the village, at the end of which appeared the spire of *La Roche's* church, rising above a clump of beeches.

Mr. ——— enjoyed the beauty of the scene ; but, to his companions, it recalled the memory of a wife and parent they had lost.—The old man's sorrow was silent : his daughter sobb'd and wept. Her father took her hand, kissed it twice, pressed it to his bosom, threw up his eyes to Heaven ; and, having wiped off a tear that was just about to drop from each, began to point out to his guest some of the most striking objects which the prospect afforded. The philosopher interpreted all this ; and he could but slightly censure the creed from which it arose.

They had not long been arrived, when a number of *La Roche's* parishioner's who had heard of his return, came to the house to see and welcome him. The honest folks were awkward, but sincere, in their professions of regard. They made some attempts at condolence—it was too delicate for their handling ; but *La Roche* took it in good part. "It has pleased God,"—said he ; and they saw he had settled the matter with himself—Philosophy could not have done so much with a thousand words.

It was now evening, and the good peasants were about to depart, when a clock was heard to strike seven, and the hour was followed by a particular chime. The country folks, who had come to welcome their pastor, turned their looks towards him at the sound ; he explained their meaning to his guest. ' This is the signal,' said he, ' for our ' evening exercise ; this is one of the nights of the week ' in which some of my parishioners are wont to join in it ; ' a little rustic saloon serves for the chapel of our family, ' and such of the good people as are with us ; if you chuse ' rather to walk out, I will furnish you with an attendant ; ' or here are a few old books that may afford you some ' entertainment within.'— By no means,' answered the philosopher ; ' I will attend Ma'moiselle at her devotions.' ' She is our organist,' said *La Roche* ; ' our neighbourhood ' is the country of musical mechanism ; and I have a small ' organ fitted up for the purpose of assisting our singing.' ' 'Tis an additional inducement,' replied the other ; and they walked into he room together. At the end stood the organ mentioned by *La Roche* ; before it was a curtain which his daughter drew aside, and, placing herself on a seat within, & drawing the curtain close, so as to save her the awkwardness of an exhibition, began a voluntary, so solemn and beautiful in the highest degree. Mr. ——— was no musician ; but he was not altogether insensible to music ; this fastened on his mind more strongly, from its beauty being unexpected. The solemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which such of the audience as could sing immediately joined ; the words were mostly taken from holy writ ; it spoke the praises of God, and his care of good men. Something was said of the death of the just, of such as die in the lord.—The organ was touched with a hand less firm—it paused, it ceased—and the soblings of Ma'moiselle *La Roche* was heard in its stead. Her father gave a sign for stopping the psalmody, and rose to pray. He was discomposed at first, and his voice faltered as he spoke ; but his heart was in his words, and his warmth overcame his embarrasment. He addressed a Being whom he loved, and he spoke for those he loved. His parishioners catched the ardour of the good old man ; even the philosopher felt himself moved, and forgot, for a moment, to think why he should not.

La Roche's religion was that of sentiment, not theory, and his guest was averse from disputation ; their discourse, therefore, did not lead to questions concerning the belief of either ; yet would the old man sometimes speak of his, from the fulness of a heart impressed with its force, and wishing to spread the pleasure he enjoyed in it. The ideas of his God, & his Saviour, were so congenial to his mind, that every emotion of it naturally awaked them. A philosopher might call him an enthusiast ; but if he possessed the fervor of enthusiasts ; he was guil less of their bigotry. ' Our father which art in Heaven !' might the good man say—for he felt it—and all mankind were his brethren.

' You regret, my friend,' said he to Mr. ———, when ' my daughter and I talk of the exquisite pleasure derived ' from music, you regret your want of musical powers and ' musical feelings ; it is a department of soul, you say, ' which nature has almost denied you, which, from the ' effects you see it have on others, you are sure must be ' highly delightful.—Why should not the same thing be ' said of religion ? Trust me, I feel it in the same way, ' an energy, an inspiration, which I would not lose for ' all the blessings of sense, or enjoyments of the world ; ' yet, so far from lessening my relish for the pleasures of ' life, me thinks I feel it heighten them all. The thought ' of receiving it from God, adds the blessing of sentiment ' to that of sensation in every good thing I possess ; and ' when calamities overtake me———and I have had ' my share—it confers a dignity on my affliction, so lifts ' me above the world—Man—I know, is but a worm—yet ' me thinks, I am allied to God—it would have been inhuman in our philosophers to have clouded, even with a ' doubt, the sunshine of this belief.'

His discourse, indeed was very remote from metaphsical disquisition, or religious controversy. Of all men I ever knew, his ordinary conversation was the less tinctured with pedantry, or liable to disertion. With *La Roche* and his daughter, it was perfectly familiar. The country round them, the manners of the village, the comparison of both with those of England, remarks on the works of favourite authors, on the sentiments they conveyed, and the passions they excited, with many other topics in which there was an equality, or alternate advantage, among the speakers, were the subjects they talked on. Their hours too of riding and walking were many, in which Mr.——— as a stranger, was shewn the remarkable scenes and curiosities of the country. They would sometimes make little expeditions to contemplate, in different attitudes, those astonishing mountains, the cliffs of which, covered with eternal snows, and sometimes shooting into fantastic shapes, from the termination of most of the Swiss prospects.—Our philosopher asked many questions as to their natural history and productions. *La Roche* observed the sublimity of the ideas which the view of their stupendious summits, inaccessible to mortal foot, was calculated to inspire, which naturally, said he, leads the mind to that Being, by whom their foundations were laid.—' They are not seen in Flanders !' said Ma'moiselle with a sigh. ' That's an odd remark,' said Mr.———smiling——She blushed and he enquired no farther.

'Twas with regret he left a society in which he found himself so happy ; but he settled with *La Roche* and his daughter a plan of correspondence ; and they took his promise, that if ever he came within fifty leagues of their dwelling, he should travel those fifty leagues to visit them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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The MINERVA;

Or, LADY's AND GENTLEMAN's MAGAZINE.

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TERMS OF "THE MINERVA."

1st.—"THE MINERVA" will be nearly printed, weekly, on a half-sheet Super-Royal paper.

2d.—The terms are TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid in advance.

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NIAGARA FALLS.

A Letter from an American officer at Niagara, to his friend at Pittsburgh.

(CONCLUDED.)

After refreshing ourselves with a little wine of an excellent quality, which our good landlord at Chippeway had provided for us, we proceeded towards the edge of the Great, or Horse-shoe Fall; an undertaking extremely difficult and fatiguing, owing to the huge pieces of rocks that have fallen down from the bank above, and which were rendered very slippery by the constant falling of the mist. Over those rocks we were frequently obliged to climb, and as often we were under the necessity of crawling on our hands and knees, through dark and dismal passages between large rocks, scarcely wide enough to admit our bodies; indeed, without a guide, a stranger would find it a very difficult matter to reach the opposite side of the prodigious heaps of rocks scattered along the edge of the river; and to be lost and alone, in so dreary and uncomfortable a place, would, I assure you, be no desirable thing. But a few days ago, as we were informed by our guide, a stranger, whose curiosity and perseverance had led him to the foot of the Great Fall, although he found his way thither, was unable to effect his return; after wandering about till night came on, the poor man was obliged to lie down among the rocks. Late the next day he was discovered by a little boy from the top of the Table Rock, who, guessing his situation, extricated him from this labyrinth.

After having walked and tumbled over such places, as I have just described to you, and in doing which we were nearly two hours, although the distance was but little more than a mile, we arrived at the Great or Horse-shoe Fall. Here I should stop!—I have told you, that it was not in the power of words to convey to another even the smallest idea of the awful magnificence of the scenes before us. About ten yards from the spot on which we stood and one hundred and forty-five feet above us, a little to our right, poured down a prodigious sheet of water from the edge of a projecting rock, then dashing against the sides of the dreadful caverns, hollowed out of the rock over which it falls, produces that thundering sound, often heard thirty and forty miles distant, and causes a quick tremulous motion of the earth for several yards around. Here too the spray or mist rising like thick volumes of black smoke many hundred feet above the Falls, forms large clouds, which are seen fifty and sixty miles off. We were induced to advance so near the edge of the sheet of water as to be able to look into the caverns in the rock behind it; but could remain there but a very few moments owing to the sudden blasts of air which oftentimes rushed from between the water and the rock, with such violence, as to deprive us for some moments of the power of breathing. It was, in our opinion, utterly impossible for any human being to stand between the sheet of water and the rock over which it falls, yet we are told of those who have ventured thus far. We were within five or six yards of the sheet of water, and even at that distance, found it impossible to remain longer than a very few moments, without retreating to get breath. We had from this place a distinct view of the whole of the Horse-shoe Falls, which was grand beyond description: the extent of which is said to lie between five and six hundred yards, and its height or perpendicular fall, one hundred and forty-five feet. This fall is separated from the next by a small island, covered with trees, which presents itself to the spectator below, is a solid perpendicular rock, and supposed to be three hundred and forty yards wide. The next fall is very small, not more than six or eight yards wide: this is separated from the Fort Schlosser Fall by an island twenty yards wide.

Fort Schlosser Fall, so called, from its being on that side of the river, on which a Fort of that name formerly stood, extends three hundred and fifty yards, and its perpendicular fall is one hundred & sixty-three feet. It is by no means equal in grandeur to the Horse-shoe Fall, yet it had a very beautiful appearance, falling over an even ledge of rocks. For the heighth and extent of the different falls, and the intervening islands, I am indebted to Mr. Cummins, our obliging guide, and I have no reason to suppose they have been exaggerated. For a considerable distance below each Fall, you see a milk-white foam which has a very pleasing effect. For nine miles below Queenstown, at which place the Falls must have commenced, the water rushes with prodigious impetuosity, over beds of solid stone, and among huge piles of rocks, ten and fifteen feet above the surface of the water. After having viewed this stupendous scene, for more than six hours, and of which I have given so feeble a description, we returned to this place, not a little fatigued, though much pleased.

I am your's, &c.

J. R.

CHARACTER OF GENERAL LEE,

Taken from Gordon's History of the American Revolution.

THE character of this person is full of absurdities and qualities of a most extraordinary nature. His understanding was great, his memory capacious, and his fancy brilliant. His mind was stored with a variety of knowledge, which he collected from books, conversation and travels. He had been in most European countries. He was a correct and elegant classical scholar; and both wrote and spoke his native language with perspicuity, force & beauty. From these circumstances he was at times, a most agreeable and instructive companion. He was seldom seen to laugh, and scarcely to smile. The history of his life is little else, than the history of disputes, quarrels and duels, in every part of the world. He was vindictive to his enemies. His avarice had no bounds. He never went into a public and seldom a private house, where he did not discover some marks of ineffable and contemptible meanness. He grudged the expense of a nurse in his last illness, and died in a small dirty room in the Philadelphia tavern, called the Canastoga-waggon, [designed chiefly for the entertainment and accommodation of common countrymen] attended by no one but a French servant, and Mr. Oswald the printer, who once served as an officer under him. He was both impious and profane. In his principles he was not only an infidel, but he was very hostile to every attribute of the Deity. His morals were exceedingly debauched. His manners were rude, partly from nature and partly from affectation. His appetite was so whimsical as to what he eat and drank, that he was at all times, and in all places, a most troublesome and disagreeable guest. He had been bred to arms from his youth; and served as lieutenant-colonel among the British, as colonel among the Portuguese, and afterwards as aid-de-camp to his Polish majesty, with the rank of major general. Upon the American continent's being forced into arms, for the preservation of her liberties, he was called forth by the voice of the people, and elected to the rank of the third in command of their forces. He had exhausted every valuable treatise, both ancient and modern, on the military art. His judgment in war was generally sound. He was extremely useful to the Americans in the beginning of the revolution, by inspiring them with military ideas, and a contempt for British discipline and valour. It is difficult to say, whether the active and useful part he took in the contest, arose from personal resentment against the king of Great Britain, or from a regard to the liberties of America. It is certain he reprobated the French alliance and republican forms of government, after he retired from the American service. He was, in the field, brave in the highest degree; and with all his faults and oddities was beloved by his officers and soldiers. He was devoid of prudence, and used to call it a *rascally virtue*. His partiality to dogs was too remarkable, not to be mentioned in his character. Two or three of these animals followed him generally wherever he went. When Congress confirmed the sentence of the court-martial, suspending him for 12 months, he pointed to his dog and exclaimed, "Oh! that I was that animal, that I might not call *man* my brother."—Two virtues he possessed in an eminent degree, viz. sincerity and veracity. He was never known to deceive or desert a friend: and he was a stranger to equivocation, even where his safety or character were at stake.

EXTRACTS.

TEMPER.

IT is particularly necessary for girls to acquire command of temper in arguing, because much of the effect of their powers of reasoning, and of their wit, when they grew up, will depend upon the gentleness and good humor with which they conduct themselves. A woman, who should attempt to thunder like Demosthenes, would not find her eloquence increase her domestic happiness. We by no means wish that women should yield their better judgment to their fathers or husbands; but, without using any of that debasing cunning which Rousseau recommends, they may support the cause of reason with all the graces of female gentleness.

A man, in a furious passion, is terrible to his enemies; but a woman in a passion, is disgusting to her friends; she has not masculine strength and courage, to enforce any other species of respect. These circumstances should be considered by writers who dislike the difference in the education of the sexes. We cannot help thinking that their happiness is of more consequence than their speculative rights, and we wish to educate women so that they may be happy in the situations in which they are most likely to be placed. So much depends upon the temper of women, that it ought to be most carefully cultivated in early life; girls should be more inured to restraint than boys, because they are likely to meet with more restraint in society. Girls should learn the habit of bearing slight reproofs, without thinking them matters of great consequence; but then they should be always permitted to state their arguments, and they should perceive that justice is shewn to them, and that they increase the esteem and affection of their friends by command of temper. Many passionate men are extremely good natured, and make amends for extravagancies by their candor, and by their eagerness to please those whom they have injured during their fits of anger. It is said that the servants of Dean Swift used to throw themselves in his way whenever he was in a passion, because they knew his generosity would recompence them for standing in the full fire of his anger. A woman, who permitted herself to treat her servants with ill humour, and who believed that she could pay them for ill usage, would make a very bad mistress of a family; her husband and her children would suffer from her ill temper, without being recompensed for their misery. We should not let girls imagine that they can balance ill humour by some good quality or accomplishment; because, in fact, there are none which can supply the want of temper in the female sex.

A just idea of the nature of dignity, opposed to what is commonly called spirit, should be given early to our female pupils. Many women, who are not disposed to violence of temper, affect a certain degree of petulance, and a certain stubbornness of opinion, merely because they suppose that to be gentle is to be mean; and that to listen to reason, is to be deficient in spirit.

ON GOOD BEHAVIOUR.

A well bred man in his behaviour hath an equal mixture of modesty and boldness, of loquacity & taciturnity, of freedom and reserve, and of every other quality, that degree which is useful or commendable, but whose extremes are either criminal or ridiculous. Such a man is always condescending, without falling into the meanness of adulation: He is not backward in professing, but more solicitous in doing acts of benevolence: He is scrupulous in owning his regard to merit, and of giving due praise for fear of being thought a flatterer; nor of expressing a just dislike of vice, however dignified, to avoid the imputation of rigidness. In short all his actions flow from a good heart, and are noble, generous, sincere, uniform, and graceful.

If these observations be true, good breeding is a social virtue: It is benevolence brought into action with all the advantages and beauty of proportion and symmetry. Complaisance is indeed its resemblance, as a shadow is of a substance; but complaisance is only the varnish, good-breeding is the real beauty of the soul, made visible and set in the fairest point of light. The only difference therefore, between the virtuous and the well-bred man is, that the latter seems to act his part in life with a superior grace.

MEANS OF ACQUIRING HAPPINESS.

THE mind is undoubtedly the seat of happiness and misery, and it is within our power to determine which shall hold the empire there. To maintain an uniform conduct, through all the varying stations of life—to content ourselves with what comes within our reach, without pining after what we cannot obtain, or envying others what they possess—to maintain a clear unsullied conscience—and to allow for the infirmities of others, from a retrospect of our own, are perhaps some of the best rules we can lay down, in order to banish misery from this mortal frame, and to acquire such a degree of happiness, as may enable us to perform our terrestrial journey with some degree of satisfaction to ourselves and others.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FROM THE BALANCE.

THE LIMNER.

Mr. Editor,

YOUR male readers have undoubtedly indulged in much merriment at the expence of the fashionable young lady who last week sat (or rather stood) for her picture. But I will now furnish a counterpart to that picture, which, if I mistake not, will smooth down the countenances of the young men, and turn all their *light* into *shade*. For, however ridiculous it may appear in the young ladies to cover their foreheads and eyebrows, and expose their bosoms and that most uncomely part, the nape of the neck—to hide a white and beautiful hand in a glove, and uncover an ugly and dark coloured elbow—to make up the fore part of their dresses so parsimoniously as to present to the view the whole shape of their limbs, whilst a superabundance of *trail* is left behind to sweep the streets—yet a fashionable young gentleman can outdo all this, as will appear from the annexed picture.

"Mr. Pallet," said the young man, taking his position on the floor, "I hope you will not flatter my picture—I wish to be painted just as I am."—Indeed, tho't I, as I surveyed him from head to foot, you little suspect what a droll picture you will make. Figure to yourself, reader a thin strippling——But, hold, let me paint, not describe. "Would it not be well to have your hair dressed before I begin," said I.——"I am this instant from the barber's," he replied. At this moment I recollected to have heard that the fashion of wearing wigs had just come over from France; and I concluded that the young man had followed this as well as other fashions; but then I supposed the blundering barber had made a whimsical mistake, by placing the wig the wrong side foremost on the block, and beginning at the neck, combing every lock of hair forward. I asked the young man if this was not the case. He replied, with a surly frown, that it was all right. "A true French fashion," said I—"after turning every thing else topsy-turvy, it is no wonder *their heads are turned*."——I confess I did not much regret that his shirt collar, (which was starched stiff and reached up to his ears,) covered a great part of his face, as it saved me considerable work although it gave the picture a very uncouth appearance. It was my own fault, that I did not wholly save myself the trouble of painting his hands; for he had them both thrust into his pantaloon pockets, and it was at my request that he withdrew one of them for a copy. Here I had a disagreeable task to perform; for it was necessary either to represent his hand as a perfect *claw*, or to depart from his directions to paint him *as he was*. His nails were pared down to the quick at the corners, and left long, and sharp and pointed in the middle. I have long observed this ridiculous custom with surprize, as it has neither convenience, cleanliness, nor beauty to recommend it. Nails prepared in this way, might be of great use in *scratch-fighting*, and are therefore more proper for *cats* or *dogs* than for tame young men. Short waistcoats have been much ridiculed, but, in my opinion, very unjustly. I could shew, had I time, that, exclusive of the *saving* (which is now all the rage) there are incalculable advantages in short waistcoats. My subject had carried this fashion to the utmost excess. Of course I was not long detained about his vest.—In short, the picture, save only the boots, was soon dispatched. But, the boots—Oh, what a field for black paint. The spindle shanks of the young man, stood in a pair of monstrous large *Suwarrows*; and I could compare them to nothing but *pestles* in *mortars*.

Reader, the picture is finished—look at it.

PETER PALLET.

ROMANCE.

MEJNOUN AND LEILA.

In D'Isarel's beautiful Romance of Mejnoun and Leila, the heroe becomes insane through the violence of a hopeless passion, and quitting his father's tent, wanders in the deserts of Arabia, accompanied only by a Gazel His father Ahmed and his preceptor Lebid, attended by a train of Bedouins, go in pursuit of him. After a long search, they discover him on a dangerous precipice of rocks, in all the misery which his mental disorder and forlorn condition had accumulated upon him.

"The gliding shade of Kais, or the Mejnoun, as we shall now call him, stood lower among the rocks. He looked down on the valley unconscious of its objects. His father started, calling on him affectionately. The Mejnoun replied not; but, turning to his gazel, patted its downy back, and they both sat down. The Mejnoun broke out into the following verses.

As some light wave that finds no calm repose,
Still urg'd from rock to rock, in madness glows;
Lo! from the wild-infracted passage fled,
It steals in murmurs to a desert-bed!
So let him fly, whose soft and hurted mind
Has strove with human rocks—a world unkind!

Lebid sought in his mind for some image to soothe the despairing mourner, & replied;

And I have seen, believe the moral tale,
A bent bough, wandering with the various gale,
The smiling mead, the laughing vallies fly
And seek the stream with faded leaves to die;
When lo! a genial earth the plant receives,
And o'er the pilgrim breaths a youth of leaves!
So oft some wanderer pale, whose hapless eye
Can see no soul loved friends, or sees them fly;
Has found, by time or chance, new pleasures rise,
And felt the refuge sweet, of kinder skies.

"The Mejnoun listened till, in his intense attention, he ceased almost to breathe: it seemed the voice and verse of Lebid. In an awful pause he appeared collecting his returning ideas. The verses were consolatory, and the voice was cherished. The tenderest associations of thought melted together at the memory of Lebid; for yet the hermit's heart was not dead to the emotions of friendship; the latent fires of his soul were but covered; and wanted but the lightest air to be awakened.

"Surely, he exclaimed, that voice is the voice of Lebid!—A soft shower of tears covered his face. He lent from the rock: in the still and unwavering light of the moon, shone palely the venerable form of his friend and his master. He rushes down the rock, murmuring and exclaiming, in sweet and tender tones, as he goes: he reaches the plain, and throws himself at the feet of Lebid.

"Lebid stood alone: a little removed behind him was the silent band. The assembly was touched; and a low, tremulous murmur of sympathy just broke the stillness. They sighed at the looks of the wan and desolated figure; it was scarcely that of humanity.

"Of his vestments but a few remnants remained; they fluttered as they clung to his skeleton body! His copious tresses that still covered his shoulders, were matted and clotted; his nails had grown hard, sharp and long, and with them he had armed himself to tear the birds and the smaller prey, which he hunted and fed on by a natural impulse. His once fine physiognomy was stained with a copper hue, and his expressive dark eyes looked now haggard, and sparkled with an incessant motion."

CHARACTER OF A TERMIGANT.

FROM SHAKESPEAR.

"She speaks poignards, and every word stabs. If her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed. She would have made Hercules have turned the spit; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Should she come this way, will you command me any service to the world's end! I would go on the slightest errand to the antipodes, that you can devise to send me on. I will fetch you a toothpicker from the furthest inch in Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair of the great Cham's beard, do you any embassage to the pigmies, rather than hold three words of conference with the harpy."

LOCAL PREJUDICE.

SOME years ago a young gentleman who came from the highlands of Scotland, was invited to dine with Mr. ———, in the environs of New-York, every thing, as a stranger was shewn to him; a remarkable pear tree, on which there was some remarkable large fruit, seemed to attract his notice; Mr. ———, asked him if he had ever seen any of that size before.—He answered decidedly that they were nothing like equal to what grew in the Duke of Argyle's garden at Invernary. Nettled with this reply, he went out after dinner, while the bottle was fast plying round the table, and desired his gardner to cut some of the largest gourds or pumpkins, which he could find, and tie them neatly upon the branches of a tree which he pointed out, this done, when twil'ght approached he told his guest, that he had forgot to shew him some pears that were certainly larger than any in Scotland. He looked up at them with astonishment, and exclaimed, "I dinna doubt but what they are nearly as big as the Duke's."

Mr. Editor—I was not a little surprised to find that neither of the papers of the city should give an account of a phenomenon which happened at about 2 o'clock one of the mornings of last week; but on looking over some of my old French *Journals of Extraordinary Events*, I find that these appearances are not rare, and that one was seen by some French astronomers but a few years ago, of which an account is given by them, and of which the following is a translation.

"On the 16th Nivose, 7th year, at three quarters past 7 o'clock in the evening, the mercury standing at 14 degrees by *Farenheit's* thermometer, Citizen *Jeaurat*, astronomer, and Citizen *Lecomte*, were on a sudden dazzled by a very strong light which appeared in the heavens—they were then standing towards the west, and in turning round towards the north, they saw in the north-east at an elevation of about 20 degrees a kind of red flame, which appeared issuing as from a balloon, which had become lighter than an equal volume of air—its duration was about 20 seconds. These globes of fire are not singular. *Lalande* has given a catalogue of them in the Connaissance des temps."

By what I can learn the phenomenon which happened the other morning was like this, and therefore needs no further description. Z.

[*Charlst. Courier.*

Claude Sanquin, a French poet, who died at the close of the last century, having had his house consumed by lightning, sent the following ingenious card to Louis XIV. on the occasion. The Monarch at once felt the delicacy of the poet's verses, and the distress of his situation, and cheerfully ordered him the one thousand crowns, which were the object of his demand.

To engage in your matters belongs not to me,
This, *Sire*, inexcusable freedom would be;
But yet when reviewing my miseries past,
Of your Majesty's income the total I cast,
All contend (I've st ll the remembrance quite clear)
Your revenue's one hundred millions a year;
Hence one hundred thousand per day in your power,
Divided, brings four thousand crowns to an hour;
To answer the calls of my present distress,
Which lightning has caused in my country recess,
May I be allow'd to request, noble *Sire*,
Of your time fifteen minutes before I expire.

A musician, named Larenti, lately precipitated himself from a four pair stairs window, at Paris, and was killed on the spot. The cause of this desperate act was *excess of love* for a young woman who was resolutely cruel. The Scraper of Catgut forgot the prudent reflection of the enraptured Damon:

"That a lover forsaken
A new love may get;
But a neck when once broken
Can never be set.

LADY's ROCK—Scotland.

At the southern end of the Island of Lismore, is a small rocky hle, over which the sea rolls at high tides; & at other times it raises its rough head somewhat above the surface of the water. It is called the Lady's Rock for the following reasons:—In former times, one of the M'Leans of Duart, whose castle, now in ruins, stands on a promontory in Mull, in nearly an opposite direction to the Lady's Rock, married a sister of Argyle. The lady was handsome and amiable, but, unhappily, she was barren. In those days, it was a high crime in the eye of a husband, when his wife bore him no children. Duart hated his hapless lady for that cause, and determined on her destruction. To accomplish it safe from detection, he ordered ruffians to convey her secretly to Lismore, and there leave her to perish at high tide. The deed was executed to Duart's wish, and the lady left on the rock, watching the rolling tide arising to overwhelm her. When she had given herself up for a lost being, and expected in a very short time to be washed from the rock by the waves, she fortunately perceived a vessel sailing down the Sound of the Mull, in the direction of the rock on which she was sitting. Every effort in her power was exerted, and every signal in her possession was displayed, to attract the attention of the vessel. At length they perceived her, & drew near the rock. She made herself known, and related that it was by the order of her barbarous husband she was left on the Rock, and thus reduced to the wretched state in which they found her. The mariners ever a generous race, took compassion upon her and received her on board their vessel, and conveyed her safely to her brother at Inverary.

M'Lean Duart made a grand mock funeral of his much loved, much lamented lady, who he announced to have died suddenly—he wrote disconsolate letters to her relations, particularly to Argyle, and after a decent time, went to Inverary in deep mourning, where, with the greatest grief, he lamented to his brother-in-law the irreparable loss he had sustained. Argyle said little, but sent for his sister, whose unexpected appearance in life and health proved an electric shock to her *tender* husband. Argyle was a mild and amiable man, took no other notice of M'Lean, but commanding him to begone instantly, at the same time advising him to be on his guard, and not to meet his brother Donald, who would certainly take away his life, for having intended to destroy that of his sister. Sir Donald Campbell did meet him many years afterwards in a street at Edinburgh, and there stabbed him for his crime towards his sister, when M'Lean was eighty years of age.

FAITH, PIETY, & ACTIVE VIRTUE.

Life passed under the influence of such dispositions, naturally leads to a happy end. It is not enough to say, faith and piety joined with active virtue, constitute the requisite preparation for heaven. They in truth begin the enjoyment of heaven. In every state of our existence they form the chief ingredient of felicity.

AGRICULTURAL.

GYPSUM.—Gypsum is, with chymists, the name of a substance here called plaister of Paris. We call it by the latter name, because it greatly abounds in the hills about Paris, and is there used as the ooly plaister and cement in building. It forms when burned like limestone, and mixed with water and sand, the strongest building cement now in use, and will bind together sufficiently for the most durable walls, mere chips and refuse of quarries, smaller and more irregular than we place in a fence; it soon becomes also very hard, and is seen in the tops of chimnies that have been for centuries washed by rains, projecting beyond the brick or freestone that were laid with it. It is also used in Stucco work, for cornices and other mouldings of rooms, for which it is much cheaper as well as handsomer than wood, though for such work, the Gypsum of Nova-Scotia is found preferable to any that has been imported from Europe. Mixed in small quantities and applied intantly, so as to undergo the effervescence to which it is subject, in contact with the stones or bricks it is to cement, it renders them impervious to water and is a better cement than any other now known for reservoirs, or other mason-work that water is to cover. It has one other advantage over lime; it may after any lapse of time, be repulverized and used again, with as much success as at first, except under water. Like almost every other substance, in the now improved state of chymistry, it has been repeatedly analysed, and is found to contain according to the most accurate experiments, 46-100 of vitriolic acids, 24-000 of water. From this knowledge of its component parts, and by reasoning from analogy, we should conjecture it to be a manure, if accident had not long since proved it such.

Calcarious, is of all kinds of earth, incomparably the richest and most co-operative, in the production of plants. It effervesces powerfully with acids, which it attracks with great force, and collects more or less from most substances in its neighbourhood, particularly from other kinds of earth, the air and water.—Vuriolic acid is also known to be a powerful operator, correcting and neutralizing several species of Salts, which are destructive of vegetation, and with which divers soils abound. It is also a great dissolvent of hard substances, which, by decomposing also at the same time from substances it dissolves, quantities of fixed air, which the plants immediately take and profit by.

That the plaister increases the quantity of water, any farmer may observe by seeing in dry warm weather the ground which has been sprinkled with it, retains the appearance of dew for one or two hours longer than ground adjoining, which has not been sprinkled.—This appearance of dew, is doubtless in part the real dew retained by an attraction which resists the exhaling influence of the sun; probably it is in part also water which did not fall as dew: but which the calcerious earth and the vitriolic acid of the plaister, both powerful attractors of water, have drawn from the air; that element always sustaining a large portion of water, and much more in hot, dry weather than at other times, though too much rarified to be visible. With an observance of this phenomenon, should be coupled the reflection, that when ground is warm, a single drop communicated to the root, will produde more growth, than ten or a hundred drops when it is cold, heat and moisture conjunctly being the parents of vegetation. Should a farmer also be desirous to test the dissolving power of the plaister, let him when he has ploughed up the strong matted turf in dry land, give one part plaister and the other none, and see which will rot or dissolve the soonest.

For some reason or other unassigned, the plaister is not used as a manure in France, where it is so easy to obtain it. This may be owing to an ancient German prejudice, abont as well founded as the one which till lately kept potatoes out of France.—or it may be possibly owing to the soil of that country, being sufficiently impregnated with the plaister without sowing it; or that soil, like some others, is too highly charged with iron, for the plaister to produce much effect. But in countries bordering on France, as the North of Italy, Switzerland and Germany, the plaister has been used as a manure, and still is. Its wonderful effects in the latter country, at a less enlightened period than the present, were deemed magical—and the use of it on that account, proscribed; but the peasants continued to sow it under cover of night, being less afraid of the devil than their magistrates.

[*Connecticut Courant.*

FOR THE MINERVA.

Richmond, October 24th, 1804.

To SAMUEL KIMBOW, Esq.

SIR,

I observe in the last "Minerva," that you have come to a determination to unite yourself to some prudent helpmate for life, in order to avoid the ill-natured remarks, which it is the lot of celibacy to encounter. That I consider your intennion laudable, you will not question, when I inform you, that your letter has convinced me of the propriety of entering into the married state; therefore, do not let the indignation excited by that most odious of all fashionable deformities, a Red Wig, so far outweigh the resolution of your liberal and unprejudiced mind, as to deter you from enlisting yourself among the number of Hymen's votaries.

It may perhaps appear extraordinary, to you, that a female should have the effrontery thus to address you; confidence in your honour, and a regard for your welfare, (as well as my own) are the inducements; it is therefore, without hesitation I do it, and to save the mutual embarrassment and difficulty, above all to save time, of which we have none to lose, I now violate customary forms, and make you an offer of my hand.

You would certainly be very imprudent to make any advances on the present occasion, whilst you remain in entire ignorance of the qualifications of the person that now addresses you; I will therefore take the liberty to mention those I possess, which are considered most necessary in the regulation of a family. In the various departments of managing servants, needle-work, preparing pickles and preserves, and all other domestic duties, I will concede the superiority to no female of my acquaintance. From attentive observation, I have learned to prepare a variety of family medicines, and consequently to dispense with the services of a physician or apothecary: I can for instance extract Castor Oil from Parina Christi, and distil Mint and other waters. I have now in my book-case, a manuscript volume containining a greater number of prescripiions for the cure of various disorders incident to mankind and Horned Cattle, than has appeared in all the Almanacks since my remembrance, the utility of which I daily experience, and flatter myself you will feel their efficacy.

Of the personal and mental qualifications with which nature has endowed me, I will not speak—on an interview, your own good sense and discernment will discover them, for I shall endeavour to hide nothing from you. I have not the vanity to think myself free from fault, but trust to your lenity in putting the best construction on those which you may discover.

It may not be improper to add that my pecuniary affairs are not in the worst order. A great aunt who died when I was a child, bequeathed me a legacy of fifteen hundred Dollars, which sum has been gradually augmenting by the annual addition of legal interest for thirty-two years past, my services during that period, being found sufficiently acceptable to my friends, to prevent me from encroaching on my inheritance. This last circumstance, sufficiently denotes my frugality and knowledge of domestic affairs.

After the reasons I have given for thus addressing you, do not let my forwardness prompt you to form a bad opinion of me, neither let your diffidence induce you to be backward in reply. I blush while I add, it will not be the less acceptable if made in person. If I was not convinced of the many good qualities you possess, this would never have been written—do not think me disposed to flatter you—be assured, I only pen the dictates of my mind, should delicacy prevent my adding the impressions of my heart. After this candid confession, if you are disposed to be better acquainted with the writer, and are inclined to "unite in bonds of lasting peace," you may, by applying to the printer, receive the address of

TABITHA BRAMBLE.

FOR THE MINERVA.

THE RAMBLER.—No. VI.

(CONCLUSION.)

As soon as I had finished my dinner on Sunday, mindful of my promise to the poor old cottager, I determioed to visit him without delay, and offer him such consolation as my means afforded. Perhaps, thought I, it may not yet be too late to save his distracted child; perhaps, his miserable daughter may still be wandering through the fields and woods, oppressed by hunger and fatigue; but it is more probable that her delicate constitution has been entirely destroyed; that her tender frame, unused to hardship, has sunk beneath the heavy load of calamities by which it had been afflicted. But if, perchance, she was still in existence, might she not be reclaimed from the vices of those unfortunate women, whose lives are miserable to themselves, and disgraceful to the character of their sex? Might she not be rendered an useful as well as a virtuous member of society?

My mind had been occupied by reflexions of this kind during the first mile or two of my walk; but these now gave way to ideas of a more pleasing kind;—an extensive field of green corn, waving gently to and fro, resembled the surface of a lake, agitated by a mild breeze;—a flock of sheep were grazing in a neighbouring pasture; the playful lambs, excited by the genial warmth of the sun, were skipping round their dams in youthful innocence. This scene reminded me of my childhood; the contented the chearful hours of early life were fresh in remembrance; I thought of those happy days when cherished by the protecting hand of a father. I had accompanied him in his domestic pursuits, viewing the beauties of the opening spring, or enjoying the fruits of departing summer; by his precepts and example I had often profited; the prosperity of his offspring was his principal care; few children are blessed with such a parent: but I had lost my beloved father at the most critical period—when I was just beginning to feel the want of such a monitor; a cruel fever cut him off in the bloom of life.

I approached the habitation of the poor old man who was the object of my visit. An awful stillness at first made me suspect that he had quitted his house: but on approaching the door, I was met by the faithful old dog, who seemed to participate in the sorrow which surrounded him, although nature had not allowed him the means of expressing his grief: he looked stedfastly in my face, and with far more expression than many human beings can boast; this dog, said I, feels for the misfortunes of his master; 'tis true he cannot judge of the extent or the cause of those misfortunes; yet, he appears sensible that there is cause for affliction; his master's being sad is sufficient reason that he should be so too; he sympathises in his sufferings;—what a blessing to society, thought I, if all mankind possessed the sympathetic benevolence of this dumb animal!

The door of the cottage was open, and I entered without ceremony;—the unfortunate old man lay extended on a miserable straw-bed: a gentleman was sitting by his bed and feeling his pulse; and an honest looking countryman was mixing some powders for the patient. The gentleman presently departed, requiring the countryman to pay strict attention to his directions, observing that he would call again the next morning. I approached the bed of the old man;—he cast on me a look of indescribable horror, and exclaimed, "away! begone thou "infamous poltroon; thou hast ruined my daughter; thou "hast murdered my wife and my child; when will the "vengeance of Heaven overtake thee, thou inhuman mon-"ster!" I perceived he was delirious, and enquired of the countryman who attended on him, how long he had been in that condition. "He was taken out of his sen-"ses (replied the man) when he first heard that his "daughter was drowned!!"—"His daughter drowned!" exclaimed I with amazement; "Yes, Sir," replied he, "one of my neighbours and myself found her this "morning floating near the edge of the river, about two "miles above here." He then proceeded to inform me, that it was uncertain whether she had committed suicide, by voluntary plunging into the river, or whether she had tumbled in by accident, in wandering along the steep bank. He said that the old man on hearing the fate of his child was instantly seized with a burning fever, which had bereft him of his reason, and the Doctor believed that it would soon destroy his life. I enquired the name of the physician; he informed me that the gentleman who left the house just as I came in, was Dr. ——— of Richmond, one of the best men in the world; the countryman observed, that he had fortunately seen him as he passed along the road that evening, and had called him in to the assistance of his worthy old neighbour:—"But all will not do," continued he, "for although the generous Doctor pays the same attention to poor people who pay him nothing, as to the rich who give him great fees, he cannot save my poor old neighbour; the old man, Sir, dies of a broken heart." "Would to God," replied I, "that I was a skilful physician; did I possess the power of relieving the distressed poor, would I deny it as some do, because the person who solicits my assistance is too needy to recompense me? I blush for the humanity of some men, who call themselves enlightened and civilized."—The countryman, who had for some time been standing by the old man's bed, informed me that he believed he was dying; his conjecture was true: his breath seemed almost stopped; his pulse was gone;—it presently returned; then stopt; he fetched one long gasp and expired.

Would to God that all the world could have witnessed this scene; what an impression would it have made on them; would the infamous Seducer then dare to walk our streets in open day-light as he now does? No. His character would be viewed with just indignation by society; & he would meet the punishment due to his crimes.

HARLEY.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPEAN.

The most important article in the London papers, is the notice of the arrival at Copenhagen of 10 Russian ships of the line and 10,000 troops at that place; and that and attempt had been made on the life of Louis XIV. by poison.———The French still continue to make great preparation, but had not yet taken any decided step as to the invasion.

DOMESTIC.

A letter has been received at New York from the city of St. Domingo, dated August 11, which mentions the arrival there of two frigates from France, having in company an English frigate, captured on the passage. The letter also notices the arrival of a reinforcement of 350 regular troops.———Harry Toulmin Esq. late Secretary of the State of Kentucky, is appointed by the President of the United Stats, a Judge of the Mississippi territory.———The ship Little Cornelia, capt. Harrison, from Rochefort has been captured off the Hook, by the British ship of war Leander. The vessel and cargo were owned by Mr. John Juhel, of New-York, an American citizen.

SELECTED POETRY.

ON HAPPINESS.

WHERE now are all thy golden visions fled!
O say enchantress, whither are they flown!
Soaring aloft, by Fancy's finger led,
I sat exulting on her fairy throne:

Thro' airy arches, built with beams of light,
Their odorous spoil Arabian breezes bring;
Joy, with his lamp of exquisite delight,
And keen eyed rapture claps his eagle wing.

Ah! dear delusion, bright celestial shade,
Too pure to grace this sublunary sphere,
All earthly bliss is born to bloom and fade,
Wakes with a smile and closes with a tear.

Too soon, alas, the transcient scene is o'er,
The meteor shines, then sinks, and is no more.

THE POOR BEGGAR BOY.

Oh! give a poor boy some relief:
Turn Pity's soft ear to his tale:
Whilst he tells the sad cause of his grief,
Let the voice of compassion prevail.

Pale hunger sits on my wan cheek;
I'm lost to all comfort and joy:
In vain food and raiment I seek;
'Tis deny'd to the poor beggar boy.

Time was when contented I swell'd:
When to care my poor breast did annoy!
But alas! of Misfortune the child,
Now wanders the poor beggar boy.

These parents I lov'd are no more!
No longer their smiles I enjoy!
And Time can, ah! never restore
That delight to the poor beggar boy.

All the day, cold and hungry I roam,
To seek for an honest employ;
And at night there's no cottage or home
To receive the poor tir'd beggar boy.

Then O grant the small boon I require,
From the bountiful store you enjoy!
Let me warm my chill'd hands by your fire,
And give food to the poor beggar boy.

That your treasure may daily increase,—
That no care my your comforts alloy,—
That your years may be crown'd with peace,—
Is the wish of the poor beggar boy.

Soon shall famine and sorrow combin'd,
My youth and my health quite destroy,
And kind death a sweet refuge shall find
For the wretched and poor beggar boy.

TIME.

MOV'D by a strange mysterious power,
Who hastes along the rapid hour,
I touch the deep-ton'd string;
Even now I saw his wither'd face,
Beneath yon tower's mouldering base,
Where mossy vestments cling.

Dark roll'd his cheerless eye around,
Severe his grisly visage frown'd,
No locks his head array'd;
He grasp'd a Heroe's antique bust—
The marble crumbled into dust,
And sunk amidst the shade.

Malignant triumph fill'd his eyes—
'See hapless mortals, see' he cries,
'How vain your idle schemes;
'Beneath my grasp the fairest form,
'Dissolves and mingles with the worm;
'Thus vanish mortal dreams.

'The works of God and man I spoil;
'The noblest proof of human toil
'I treat as childish toys;
'I crush the noble and the brave;
'Beauty I mar; and in the grave
'I bury human joys.'

Hold! ruthless phantom!—hold I cry'd—
If thou canst mock the dream of pride,
And meaner hopes devour,
Virtue beyond thy reach shall bloom,
When other charms sink to the tomb:
She scorns thy envious power.

On frosty wings the demon fled,
Howling as o'er the walls he sped,

"Another year is gone!"
The ruined spire—the crumbling tower,
As Time flew swiftly on.

Since beauty then to time must bow,
And age deform the fairest brow,
Let brighter charms be yours;
The female mind, embalm'd in truth,
Shall bloom in everlasting youth,
While *Time* himself endures.

CONCLUSION OF THE

TALE OF LA ROCHE.

BY MR. MACKENZIE.

About thirty years after, our philosopher was on a visit at *Geneva*; the promise he made to *La Roche* and his daughter, on his former visit, was recalled to his mind, by the view of that range of mountains on a part of which they often looked together. There was a reproach too, conveyed along with the recollection, for his having failed to write to either for several months past. The truth was, that indolence was the habit most natural to him, from which he was not easily roused by the claims of correspondence either of his friends or of his enemies; when the latter drew their pens in controversy, they were often unanswered as well as the former. While he was hesitating about a visit to *La Roche*, which he wished to make, but found the effort rather too much for him, he received a letter from the old man, which had been forwarded to him from *Paris*, where he had then fixed his residence. It contained a gentle complaint of Mr.———'s want of punctuality, but an assurance of continued gratitude for his former good offices; and, as a friend whom the writer considered interested in his family, it informed him of the approaching nuptials of Ma'moiselle *La Roche*, with a young man, a relation of her own, and formerly a pupil of her father's of the most amiable disposition, and respectable character. Attached from their earliest years they had been separated by his joining one of the subsidiary regiments of the Canton, then in the service of a foreign power. In this situation, he had distinguished himself as much for courage and military skill, as for the other endowments which he had cultivated at home. The term of his service was now expired, and they expected him to return in a few weeks, when the old man hoped, as he expressed it in his letter, to join their hands and see them happy before he died.

Our philopher felt himself interested in this event; but he was not, perhaps, altogether so happy in the tidings of Ma'moiselle *La Roche's* marriage, as her father supposed him. Not that he was ever a lover of the ladies; but he thought her one of the most amiable women he had seen, and there was some thing in the idea of her being another's for ever, that struck him, he knew not why, with disappointment.—After some little speculation on the matter, however, he could look on it as a thing fitting, if not quite agreeable, and determined on this visit to see his old friend and daughter happy.

On the first day of his journey, different accidents had retarded his progress; he was benighted before he reached the quarter in which *La Roche* resided. His guide, however, was well acquainted with the road, and he found himself at last in view of the lake, which I have before described, in the neighbourhood of *La Roche's* dwelling. A light gleamed on the water, that seemed to proceed from the house; it moved slowly along as he proceeded up the side of the lake, and at last he saw it glimmer through the trees, and stop at some distance from the place where he then was. He supposed it some piece of bridal merriment, and pushed on his horse that he might be a spectator of the scene; but he was a good deal shocked, on approaching the spot, to find it proceeded from the torch of a person clothed in the dress of an attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by several others, who, like him, seemed to have been employed in the rights of sepulture.

On Mr. ———'s making enquiry who was the person they had been burying? one of them, with an accent more mournful than is common to their profession, answered, 'Then you knew not Mademoiselle, Sir?"—'you never beheld a lovelier?'—'*La Roche!*' exclaimed he in reply: 'Alas! it was she indeed!'—The appearance of surprise and grief which his countenance assumed attracted the notice of the peasant with whom he talked—He came closer to Mr.———; 'I perceive, Sir, you were acquainted 'with Mademoiselle *La Roche*.'—'Acquainted with her! '—Good God!—when—how—where did she die? Where 'is her father!'—'She died, Sir, of heart-break, I believe; 'the young gentleman to whom she was soon to have 'been married, was killed in a duel by a French officer, 'his intimate companion, and to whom, before their quarrel, he had often done the greatest favors. Her worthy 'father bears her death, as he has often told us a Christian should; he is so composed as to be now in his pulpit, 'ready to deliver a few exhortations to his parishoners, as 'is the custom with us on such occasions:—Follow me, 'Sir, and you shall hear him.'—He followed the man without answering.

The church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit, where the venerable *La Roche* was seated. His people were now lifting up their voices in a psalm to that Being whom their pastor had taught them ever to bless and to revere. *La Roche* sat, his figure bending gently forward, his eyes half-closed, lifted up in silent devotion. A lamp placed near him threw its light strong on his head, and, marked the shadowy lines of age across the paleness of his brow, thinly covered with grey hairs.

The music ceased;———*La Roche* sat for a moment, and nature wrung a few tears from him. His people were loud in their grief. Mr.———was not less affected than they.—*La Roche* arose.—'Father of mercies' said he, 'forgive these tears; assist thy servant to 'lift up his soul to thee; to lift to thee the souls of thy 'people!—My friends! it is good so to do: at all seasons 'it is good: but, in the days of our distress, what a privi'lege it is! Well saith the sacred book, "Trust in the 'Lord; at all times trust in the Lord." When every 'other support fails us, when the fountains of worldly 'comfort are dried up, let us then seek these living waters 'which flow from the throne of God. 'Tis only from the 'belief of the goodness and wisdom of a Supreme Being, 'that our calamities can be borne in that manner which 'becomes a man. Human wisdom is here of little use; 'for, in proportion as it bestows comfort, it represses feeling, without which we may cease to be hurt by calamity, 'but we shall also cease to enjoy happiness.—I will not 'bid you be insensible, my friends! I cannot, if I would '(his tears flowed afresh)—I feel too much myself, and I 'am not ashamed of my feelings: but therefore may I 'the more willingly be heard; therefore have I prayed 'God to give me strength to speak to you; to direct you 'to him, not with empty words, but with these tears; not 'speculation, but from experience—that while you see me 'suffer, you may know my consolation.

'You behold the mourner of his only child, the last 'earthly stay and blessing of his declining years. Such 'a child too! it becomes not me to speak of her virtues; 'yet it is but gratitude to mention them, because they 'were exerted towards myself.——Not many days ago 'you saw her young, beautiful, virtuous, and happy;—ye 'who are parents will judge of my felicity then,—ye will 'judge of my affliction now. But I look towards him who 'struck me; I see the hand of my father amidst the chas'tenings of my God———Oh could I make you feel 'what it is to pour out the heart, when it is pressed down 'with many sorrows, to pour it out with confidence to 'him, in whose hands are life and death, on whose power 'awaits all that the first enjoys, and in contemplation of 'whom disappears all that the last can inflict!—For we 'are not as those who die without hope; we know that 'the Redeemer liveth,—that we shall live with him, with 'our friends, his servants, in that blessed land where sor'row is unknown, and happiness is as endless as it is per'fect.—Go then, mourn not for me, I have not lost my 'child: but a little while and we shall meet again, ne'ver to be separated. But ye are also my children: would 'ye that I should not grieve without comfort?—So live as 'she lived; that, when your death cometh, it may be the 'death of the righteous, and your latter end like his.'

Such was the exhortation of *La Roche*; his audience answered it with their tears. The good old man had dried up his at the altar of the Lord; his countenance had lost its sadness, and assumed the glow of faith and of hope.—Mr.——— followed him into his house.—The inspiration of the pulpit was past; at the sight of him the scenes they had last met in rushed again on his mind; *La Roche* threw his arms round his neck, and watered it with his tears. The other was equally affected; they went together, in silence, into the parlour, where the evening service was wont to be performed. The curtains of the organ were open; *La Roche* started back at the sight.—'Oh! my friend!' said he, and his tears burst forth again. Mr.——— had now recollected himself; he step forward, and drew the curtain close—the old man wiped off his tears and taking his friend's hand, 'You see my weak'ness,' said he, 'tis the weakness of humanity; but my comfort is not therefore lost.'——'I heard you,' said the other, 'in the pulpit; I rejoice that such consolation is 'your's.'—'It is, my friend,' said he, 'and I trust I shall 'ever hold it fast; if there are any who doubt our faith, let them think of what importance religion is to calamity, and forbear to weaken its force: if they cannot restore our happiness, let them not take away the solace of our affliction.'

Mr.———'s heart was smitten;—and I have heard him long after confess, that there were moments when the remembrance overcame him even to weakness; when amidst all the pleasures of philosophical discovery, and the pride of literary fame, he recalled to his mind the venerable figure of the good *La Roche*, and wished that he had never doubted.

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FROM THE BEAUTIES OF HISTORY.

HUMANITY.

MARCUS BRUTUS, the Roman general, was of an extraordinary mild disposition, and great magnanimity: and therefore, before he began hostilities, sent to the Lycians, to demand a supply of men & money; but the Lycians, despising his humanity and good nature, would hearken to no terms; so that Brutus was forced, against his will, to lay siege to Xanthus, their capital city, which he foresaw would bring innumerable evils on a brave, and gallant people. The besieged made a most vigorous defence, and behaved in their sallies with unparalleled bravery, but were always repulsed with great loss. The next day, about noon, they made another sally set fire to the engines of their enemies, and retired with great haste within the walls. The Romans pursued them close, and entered the city to the number of two thousand, with the besieged; but the portcullis falling, either by a stratagem of the enemy or by accident, many of the Romans were crushed to pieces, and the rest shut in without any possible means of retiring, or receiving the least assistance from their friends. In this desperate condition they resolved at least to sell their lives dear; and with this view marched in good order through showers of darts to a temple dedicated to Sarpedon King of Lycia, who was supposed to have been killed in the Trojan war. There they fortified themselves, and sustained a siege in the very heart of the city. In the mean time, Brutus and his men exerted their utmost efforts to relieve their fellow soldiers; but all their endeavours were to no effect, the Xanthians defending it with a bravery and resolution which surprised the Romans themselves. Some sparks of fire being carried by a violent wind from the machines, which burnt with great fierceness, to the battlements, and from thence to the adjoining houses, the flame was soon spread all over the city, and the conflagration became general. Brutus, fearing the whole would be destroyed, ordered his soldiers to lay aside all thoughts of revenge, and assist the inhabitants in quenching the fire. Perceiving the flames blaze out in different parts of the city in a most frightful manner, he mounted his horse, and riding round the walls, stretched forth his hands to the inhabitants, begging of them that they would spare their own lives, and save their town: but his intreaties were not regarded. The Xanthians were immovably determined not to outlive the loss of their liberty, and therefore repulsed with showers of arrows the Romans whom the good natured general sent to their assistance. Nay, they themselves gathering together reeds, wood, and other combustible matter, spread the fire over the whole city, feeding it with what fuel they could get. Some of them cut the throats of their wives, their children, and their slaves, before the soldiers faces, and then leapt into the flames. Not only the men, but the women, nay, even the children, ran like wild beasts on the enemies swords, or threw themselves headlong from the top of the walls. Some children were seen offering their throats, or opening their breasts to their father's swords, and begging they would take away that life which they had given. When the city was almost wholly reduced to ashes, a woman was found who had hanged herself with her young child fastened to her neck, and the torch in her hand, with which she had set fire to her own house. When this was related to Brutus, he burst into tears: and declining to see so tragical an object, he proclaimed a reward to any soldier who should save a Xanthian: but, with all his care and goodnature, he could only preserve one hundred and fifty; and those much against their will.

[*The following letter from the celebrated* DR. GOLDSMITH, *pourtrays in animated language, the feelings of a poor author.*

CRACOW, August 2, 1768.

MY DEAR WILL,

You see by the date of my letter, that I am arrived in Poland. When will my wanderings be at an end? When will my restless disposition give me leave to enjoy the present hour? When at Lyons, I thought that all happiness lay beyond the Alps; when in Italy, I found myself still in want of something, and expected to leave solicitude behind me by going into Romelia, and now you may find me turning back, still expecting ease every where but where I am. It is now seven years, since I saw the face of a single creature, who cared a farthing whether I was dead or alive. Secluded from all the comforts of confidence, friendship or society, I feel the solitude of a hermit, but not his ease.

The Prince of * * * has taken me in to his train, so that I am in no danger of starving for this bout. The prince's governor is a rude ignorant pedant, and his tutor a battered rake; thus, between two such characters, you may imagine he is finely instructed. I made some attempts to display all the little knowledge I had acquired by reading or observation; but I find myself regarded as an ignorant intruder. The truth is, I shall never be able to acquire a power of expressing myself, with ease, in any language but my own; and out of my own country, the highest character I can ever acquire, is that of being a philosophic vagabond.

When I consider myself in the country which was once so formidable in war, and spread terror and desolation over the whole Roman empire, I can hardly account for the present wretchedness and pusillanimity of its inhabitants, a prey to every invader; their cities plundered without an enemy; their magistrates seeking redress by complaints, and not by vigour. Every thing conspires to raise my compassion for their miseries, were not my thoughts too busily engaged by my own. The whole kingdom is in a strange disorder; when our equipage, which consists of the Prince and thirteen attendants, had arrived at some towns, there were no conveniences to be found, and we were obliged to have girls to conduct us to the next. I have seen a woman travel thus on horseback before us for thirty miles, and think herself highly paid, and make twenty reverences, upon receiving, with extasy, about two pence for her trouble. In general, we were better served by the women than by the men on those occasions. They seemed directed by a low sordid interest alone; they seemed mere machines, and all their thoughts were employed in the care of their horses. If we gently desired them to make more speed, they took not the least notice; kind language was what they had by no means been used to. It was proper to speak to them in tones of anger, and sometimes it was even necessary to use blows to excite them to their duty. How different these from the common people of England, whom a blow might induce to turn the affront seven-fold? These poor people, however, from being brought up to vile usage, lose all respect which they should have for themselves. They have contracted a habit of regarding constraint as the great rule of their duty. When they were treated with mildness, they no longer continued to perceive a superiority. They fancied themselves our equals, and a continuance of our humanity might probably have rendered them insolent; but the imperious tone, menaces, and blows, at once changed their sensations and ideas: their ears and shoulders taught their souls to shrink back into servitude, from which they had for some moments, fancied themselves disengaged.

The enthusiasm of liberty an Englishman feels is never so strong, as when presented by such prospects as these. I must own, in all my indigence, it is one of my comforts, (perhaps, indeed, it is my only boast) that I am of that happy country; though I scorn to starve there; though I do not choose to lead a life of wretched dependence, or be an object for my former acquaintance to point at. While you enjoy all the ease and elegance of prudence and virtue, your old friend wanders over the world, without a single anchor to hold by, or a friend, except you, to confide in.

Your's &c.

BIOGRAPHY.

ACCOUNT OF JAMES WOODHOUSE,

THE POETICAL SHOEMAKER.

THIS extraordinary person is about twenty-eight years of age, and has a wife and several small children, whom he endeavours to maintain by great application to business, and by teaching children to read and write, which is all the learning he ever received himself, being taken from school at seven years old.

He lives at the village of Rowley, near Hales Owen, about seven miles from Birmingham, in Staffordshire, and two miles from an estate of the late Mr. William Shenstone, called the Leasowes.

After he was taken from school, he had no means of gratifying his insatiable thirst after reading and knowledge but by procuring the magazines with such little perquisites as he could pick up, until about five years ago, when an accident brought him acquainted with Mr. Shenstone.

That gentleman, who by improving with a true taste of her beauties, has rendered the Leasowes the admiration of all who have seen the place, used to suffer his delightful walks to be open to every body, until the mischief that was done by the thoughtless, or the malicious, obliged him to exclude all but such as should have his special permission on a proper application to that purpose. Woodhouse, who, more a loser by this prohibition than almost any other person whom this excluded, applied to Mr. Shenstone for leave to indulge his imagination among the scenes which had so often delighted him before, by a copy of verses. This immediately procured him the liberty he solicited, and introduced him to Mr. Shenstone himself. The poem appeared to be so extraordinary for a person in so obscure a station, who had been taken from a school at seven years old, and had since read nothing but magazines, that he offered him not only the use of his garden but his library.

Woodhouse, however, did not suffer his love of poetry, or his desire of knowledge to intrude, upon the duties of his station; as his work employed only his hands, and left his mind at liberty, he used to place his pen and ink at his side, while the last was in his lap, and when he had made a couplet he wrote it down on his knee; his seasons for reading he borrowed, not from those which others of his rank usually devote to tippling, or skittles, but from the hours which otherwise would have been lost in sleep.

The versification of this extraordinary writer, is harmonious, his language is pure, his images poetical, and his sentiments uncommonly tender and elegant.

His poem to Mr. Shenstone, was written when he was about twenty three; and though in the character of a suitor, and with a proper sense of the inferiority of his station, yet there is a consciousness of that equality of nature, which petitioners too often prostitute or forget.

After an address to Mr. Shenstone, in which he encourages himself by considering the general kindness of his character, he says:

Shall he, benevolent as wise, disdain
The muse's suitor, though a scandal'd swain?
Tho' no auspicious rent-rolls grace my line,
I boast the same original divine;
Tho' niggard fate with held her sordid ore,
Yet liberal Nature gave her better store;
Whose influence early did my mind inspire
To read her works, and praise the mighty sire.

A copy of this poem and of another, addressed to the same gentleman, were sent by Mr. Shenstone's direction, and with some manuscript poems of his own, to a friend in London; this friend shewed them to some of his acquaintance, & a small collection was made for the author, which produced an ode on benevolence: by this ode he appears to have profited by Mr. Shenstone's library; for he talks of Palladian skill, Sappho's art, Phidias' chissel and the pencil of Titian. But his force of thought, and skill in poetical expression, appear to greater advantage in a poem of fifty stanzas, each consisting of four verses, entitled *Spring*. This contains a striking picture of the infelicities of his situation, and the keenness and delicacy of his sensations.

After regreting the vacant cheerfulness of his earlier life, before domestic connections condemned him to incessant labor, and absorbed him in care and solicitude, he exhibits the picture of the pain and pleasure that are mingled in his conjugal and paternal character.

But now domestic cares employ
And busy every sense,
Nor leave one hour of grief or joy,
But's furnish'd out from thence.

Save what my little babes afford,
Whom I behold with glee,
When smiling at my humble board,
Or prattling on my knee.

Not that my *Daphne's* charms are flown,
These still new pleasures bring:
'Tis these inspire content alone;
'Tis all I've left of Spring.

There is something extremely pathetic in the last verse; and the first of the next stanza where he mentions his wife endeared to him by her sensibility and distress, is still more striking.

The dew-drop sparkling in her eye,
The lily on her breast ;
The rose-buds on her lips supply
My rich, my sweet repast.

He that can feel the following will need no assitance to discover their beauty, and to him who cannot, no assistance will be effectual.

I wish not, dear connubial state,
To break thy silken bands :
I only blame relentless fate,
That every hour demands.

Nor mourn I much my task austere,
Which endless wants impose ;
But, O ! it wounds my soul to hear,
My Daphne's melting woes !

For oft she sighs, and oft she weeps,
And hangs her pensive head ;
While blood her furrow'd finger steeps,
And stains the passing thread.

When orient hills the sun beholds,
Our labours are begun ;
And when he streaks the west with gold,
The task is still undone.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE RECLUSE ; Or,

REFLECTIONS IN RETIREMENT.

BY AN OLD MORALIST.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

The desire to sacrifice every personal gratification to the interests of your friend, is one of the sweetest emotions of the human heart. When this dessire arises from principle, it then becomes a virtue.

When a man is endowed with this disposition, what joy must he spread around him ! how permanent must he his friendship ! how numerous his friends ! how delightful must be the temper of his mind ! for the pleasure he affords wherever he appears, must convince him of the justness of his dealings, & of the probity of his character.

At the sight of a fellow creature in distress, the benevolence of such a man expands ; he runs to his relief, thanking heaven for selecting him to be the minister of peace, to one plunged deep in misery. The esteem of this friend to mankind, is of the most lasting quality ; it is not (as is generally the case) to be swerved or shaken by the storms of adversity. He takes no thought for himself, but will readily give up his happiness to assist, or contribute towards the welfare of his friend.

The pleasure which we taste in the society of those we esteem, would be rendered insipid, were each to think of nothing but his own advantage. Some peoples memories are more retentive of the good and evil services they receive than others. These I would not select : but were I to chuse a friend, he should be one, watchful to embrace and magnify every benefit he received, and willing to bury in oblivion the evil actions which were done him. Few there are of this description ; and when one is found, he should be nurtured as the pattern of every virtue ; for the man who strictly adheres to this principle, cannot positively be guilty of great deviations from goodness. On the contrary, he who is eager to create an evil where none exists, cannot be constant to himself, or friend, for any length of time ; he will fabricate miseries, and then repine at them : in short, his whole life must be a series of wretchedness and disappointment.

One of the chief endowments requisite to complete a friend, is liberality. It is as impossible for a person void of this virtue, to form a durable esteem, as it is for a miser to be solicitous about doing a generous action. It is in the first place essential, to store his mind with a readiness to forgive an injury when committed ; and also to guard against the notion of having suffered one before it is meant. In the next place, it is particularly necessary to endue him with a proper inclination to sustain his friend (as far as is in his power) in the calamities which may naturally occur : then is the time to put a person's friendship to the test ; for it is not boasting, or high-flowing asseveratimns of constancy and zeal, which tend to substantiate a character : if a man wishes to set forth his virtue, he must contend, not with words, but deeds.

How mortifying must it be to perceive those marked assiduities which you have employed, received with indifference ! How rending to a fond and feeling heart, to perceive the friend in whom you have confided, after a long absence, disavow your acquaintance, apparently from no cause ; to perceive the companion of your youth, slight, and treat you with contempt ; and all, perhaps, because fortune hath frowned upon you, sorrow hath washed away your smiles, and adversity hath despoiled you of elegance and grandeur ! This I have often beheld with regret ; and throughout my whole life, I have known but women who have steered clear of this rock ; who have viewed the wrecks of calamity break away from under the staggering footsteps of their friends, and been proud to catch them from the waves.

When such characters as these occur, how bright they shine among the rubbish of those dull beings, who are ashamed of doing good ; and whose constant labour is to spread destruction ! Impelled by envy, directed to the virtuous and prosperous, like harpies, they scatter contagion wherever they go ; sowing sedition in the breasts of those whose happiness they know themselves unable to enjoy.

If the idea of being beloved by all who know us, is a prize worth obtaining ; if the soothing conviction of being at peace in our minds, is to be valued as a blessing ; how is it that men act so widely contrary to the manner in which they are to be won ? Every individual has it in his power to act right—and if he willingly stray from the right path, what can it be impured to, but his own negligence and folly ? Surely, to forsake a friend, is not only a breach of friendship, but it is an instance of hypocrisy. Is it not deceit, to extort the secrets of a person's heart, under the guise of regard ? Is it not base dissimulation, to ingratiate yourself with a noble soul, whose generosity led it to judge of others by itself ; then contemptuously to disown him as a friend, and treat him with scorn, for having been so credulouss as to confide in the truth of man ?

In what a different light we behold the man who holds stedfast to his last breath, the opinion which he first espoused—who thinks himself miserable unless with his friend, whether in good-fortune or adversity ! How mutual is the esteem of too such hearts ! with what delight they recognize the day which first formed their acquaintance ! they bless their Creator for the happiness they enjoy ; and spend their lives in a reciprocal interchange of benefits.

AN ENQUIRY INTO THE EFFECTS OF LOVE ON LIFE AND MANNERS.

There is something irresistably pleasing in the conversation of a fine woman ; even though her tongue be silent, the eloquence of her eyes teaches wisdom. The mind sympathises with the regularity of the object in view, and struck with external grace, vibrates into respondent harmony. In this agreeable disposition, I lately found myself in company with a friend and his neice. Our conversation turned upon love, which she seemed equally capable of defending and inspiring. We were each of different opinions upon this subject ; the lady insisted that it was a natural and universal passion, and produced the happiness of those who cultivated it with proper precaution. My friend denied it to be the work of nature, but allowed it to have a real existence, and affirmed that it was of infinite service in refining society ; while I, to keep up the dispute, affirmed it to be merely a name, first used by the cunning part of the fair sex, and admitted by the silly part of ours, therefore no way more natural than taking snuff, or chewing opium.

"How is it possible," cried I, that such a passion can be natural, when our opinions even of beauty, which inspires it, are entirely the result of fashion and caprice ? The ancients, who pretended to be connoisseurs in the art, have praised narrow foreheads, red hair and eye-brows that joined each other over the nose. Such were the charms that once captivated Catullus, Ovid and Anacreon. Ladies would at present be out of humour, if their lovers praised them for such graces ; and should an antique beauty now revive, her face would certainly be put under the discipline of the tweezer, forehead-cloth, and lead comb, before it could be seen in a public company."

"But the difference between the ancients and moderns is not so great as between the different countries of the present world. A lover of Gongora, for instance, sighs for thick lips ; a Chinese lover is poetical in praise of thin. In Circassia, a straight nose is thought most consistent with beauty ; cross but a mountain which separates it from the Tartars, and there flat noses, tawny skins, and eyes three inches asunder, are all the fashion. In some parts of the East, a woman of beauty, probably fed up for sale, often amounts to one hundred crowns ; in the kingdom of Loango, ladies of the very best fashion are sold for a pig ; queens however, sell better, and sometimes amount to a cow. In short, turn over to England, don't I there see a beautiful part of the sex neglected ; and none now marrying, or making love, but old men and women that have saved money ? Don't I see beauty from fifteen to twenty-one, rendered null and void, to all intents and purposes, and those six precious years of womanhood, put under the statue of virginity : What ! shall I call that rancid passion, love, which passes between an old batchelor of fifty six, and a widow lady of forty nine ? Never ! never ! What advantage is society to reap from an intercourse, where the big belly is often on the man's side ? Would any persuade me that such a passion was natural, unless the human race were more fit for love, as they approach the decline, and like silk-worms, be come breeders, just before they expired ?"

"Whether love be natural or no," replied my friend gravely, "it contributes to the happiness of every society in which it is introduced. All our pleasures are short, and can only charm at intervals ; love is a method of protracting our greatest pleasure ; and surely that gamester, who plays the greatest stake to the best advantage, will at the end of life, rise victorious. This was the opinion of Varini, who affirmed, that "every hour was lost which was not spent in love." His accusers were unable to comprehend his meaning, and the poor advocate for love was hurried into the flames, alas ! no way metaphorical. But whatever advantages the individual may reap from this passion, society will certainly be refined and improved by its introduction ; all laws calculated to discourage it, tend to embrute the species, and weaken the state. Though it cannot plant morals in the human breast, it cultivates them when there : pity, generosity, and honour, receive a brighter polish from its assistance ; and a single amour is sufficient entirely to brush off the clown.

"But it is as exotic of the most delicate constitution : it requires the greatest art to introduce it into a state, and the smallest discouragement is sufficient to repress it again. Let us only consider with what ease it was formerly extinguished in Rome, and with what difficulty it was lately revived in Europe : it seemed to sleep for ages, and at last fought its way among us, through tilts, tournaments dragons, and all the dreams of chivalry. The rest of the world are, and have ever been, utter strangers to its delights and advantages. In other countries as men find themselves stronger than women, they lay a claim to rigorous superiority ; this is natural, and love which gives up this natural advantage, must certainly be the effect of art. An art calculated to lengthen out our happier moments and add new graces to society."

"I entirely acquiesce in your sentiments," says the lady, "with regard to the advantages of this passion, but cannot avoid giving it a nobler origin than you have been pleased to assign. I must think, that those countries where it is rejected, are obliged to have recourse to art to stifle so natural a projection, and those nations where it is cultivated, only make nearer advances to nature. The same efforts that are used in some places, to suppress pity and other natural passions, may have been employed to extinguish love. No nation, however unpolished, is remarkable for innocence, that has not been famous for passion : it has flourished in the coldest, as well as the warmest regions. Even in the sultry wiles of South America, the lover is not satisfied with possessing his mistresses person, without having her mind.

In all my Emma's beauties blest,
Amidst profusion still to pine ;
For tho' she gives me up her breast,
Its panting tenant is not mine.

"But the effects of love are too violent to be the result of an artful passion. Nor is it in the power of fashion, to force the constitution into those changes, which we every day observe. Several have died of it. Few lovers are unacquainted with the fate of the Italian lovers, De Gersin and Julia Bellamo, who, after a long separation, expired with pleasure, in each other's arms. Such instances are too strong confirmations of the reality of passion, and serve to shew that suppressing it, is but opposing the natural dictates of the heart."

ON EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

(From Gisborne's "Enquiry into the Duties of the Female Sex."

Letters which pass between men, commonly relate, in a greater or a less degree, to actual business. Even young men, on whom the cares of life are not yet devolved in their full weight, will frequently be led to enlarge to their absent friends on topics not only of an interesting nature, but also of a serious cast. On the studies which they are respectively pursuing ; on the advantages and disadvantages of the profession to which the one or the other is destined ; on the circumstances which appear likely to forward or to impede the success of each in the world. The seriousness of the subject, therefore, has a tendency which, I admit, is not always successful, to guard the writer from an affected and artificial style.——Young women, whose minds are comparatively unoccupied by such concerns, are sometimes found to want, in their correspondence, a counterpoise, to the desire of shining, yet to the quickness of imagination, and occasionally, to the quickness of feeling, natural to their sex. Hence they are exposed to peculiar danger, a danger aggravated by the nature of some of the fashionable topics which will proceed from engrossing conversation to employ the pen, of learning to clothe their thoughts in studied phrases ; and even of losing simplicity both of thought and expression in florid, refined, & sentimental parade. Frequently, too, the desire of shining intermingles itself, and involves them in additional temptations. They are ambitious to be distinguished for writing, as the phrase is, *good* letters. Not that a lady ought not to write a good letter. But a lady, who makes it her study to write a good letter, commonly produces a composition to which a very different epithet ought to be applied. Those letters only are good, which contain the natural effusions of the heart, expressed in unaffected language. Tinsel and glitter, and laboured phrases dismiss the friend and introduce the authoress. From the use of strained and hyperbolical language, it is but a step to advance to that which is insincere. But though that step be not taken, all that is pleasing in letter-writing, is already lost. And a far heavier loss is to be dreaded the loss of simplicity of manners and character in other points. For

when a woman is habitually betrayed into an artificial mode of proceeding by vanity, by the desire of pleasing, by erroneous judgment, or by any other cause; can it be improbable that the same cause should extend its influence to other parts of her conduct, and be productive of similar effects.? In justice to the female sex, however, it ought to be added, that when women of improved understandings write with simplicity, and employ their pens in a more rational way than retailing the shapes of head-dresses and gowns, and encouraging each other in vanity, their letters are in some respects particularly pleasing. Being unincumbered with grave disquisitions, they possess a peculiar ease; and shew with singular clearness the delicate features and shades, which distinguish the mind of the writer.

The young Irish *Roscius* represented the manly *Rolla* at Birmingham, in which character, says the Birmingham critic, he justly displayed all the point and talent of a distinguished actor, and received, as before, the rapturous applauses of a delighted audience.

On the 11th June, A. D. 1806, there will be an eclipse of the Sun, which, as it appear at and near Boston, will be the most extraordinary of any that ever has, or perhaps ever will for a century, be seen here. The sun will be totally obscured for about two and an half minutes; the air will have a nightly chill and dampness, and probably the Stars will be seen, although it will be near the middle of the day.

Whole duration of the eclipse, 2 h. 48 m.

[*Boston Weekly Magazine.*

We are informed that a gentleman of this county has invented a fire place, on an improved construction. It combines all the advantages of a common fire place and a close stove, and may be erected at little expence. It saves fuel and secures from the ordinary accidents attendant on fire places. No trouble is required in kindling a fire in it, and the heat may be encreased or diminished at pleasure.

[*Hudson Balance.*

An extraordinary race was run at York, England, the 22d August, between Mrs. Thornton, wife of Col. Thornton, and Mr. Flint. Upwards of 100,000 spectaters are said to have been present, and the bets amounted to 200,000l. The distance was 4 miles. During the first three miles, Mrs. T. took the lead; but Mr. F. gained on her in the last mile, and finally beat by about two distances. The course was run in 9 minutes and 59 seconds.

FOR THE MINERVA.

To MISS TABITHA BRAMBLE.

DEAR MISS,

I CANNOT sufficiently express my obligations for the honor you have done me, by addressing me publicly on a subject, which, I presume, materially concerns us both;—that is, to get married as soon as possible. You will excuse the liberty which I shall take, in answering candidly, each paragraph of your polite and obliging letter.

In the first place, you inform me, that the letter which I had the honor of addressing a short time past, to the fraternity of Batchelors, *convinced you of the propriety of entering into the married state.*—'Tis a breach of good-manners and sign of ill-breeding, to contradict a lady—I would not for the world, be guilty of such rudeness. But let me tell you, Miss Tabitha, that I have not the vanity to believe that my old-fashioned letter could have produced such a change in your opinion; I cannot believe that you had not before then, had some very serious thoughts on matrimony; and that you had finally determined, long before you heard of *Samuel Kimbow*, to lose no suitable opportunity of exchanging your solitary single life, for the cheering comforts of hymenial felicity.—No lady, I will venture to say, ever passed the critical period of 25, without having previously had some little notion of matrimony.

With great propriety, Miss Tabitha, do you call a *Red Wig*, the "most odious of all fashionable deformities;"—in this point we agree precisely:—But I am surprised that you should at the same time advise me, not to let my aversion to this ridiculous fashion, outweigh my resolution of "enlisting myself among the number of Hymen's votaries;" had I received such advice from a gentleman, I should lose my temper: What, Madam! would you endeavour to persuade me, contrary to my positive determination, to court a lady with a *Red Wig*, a *Blue Wig*, or a *Black Wig?* I have an unconquerable aversion to Wigs of all colours, tho' a Red Wig is my peculiar antipathy; the sight of one has an effect upon my spirits similar to that of water to a person afflicted with the hydrophobia. I would not consent to marry the daughter of the Grand Seignor, or the sister of George III. were I informed that they wore *Red Wigs*. If the ladies will wear Wigs, in the name of sense, let them choose some colour more suitable than *Red*; *Green* or *Blue* would, in my humble opinion, be far preferable; and the expense of dying them, would not, I am sure, cost any great sum; for that matter, I would sooner pay that much out of my own pocket, than be compelled to see so many angelic faces entirely spoiled by such frightful looking heads.

I am much pleased, I assure you, Miss Tabitha, with the rare qualifications, which you say, you are possessed of. Neither have I any reasonable cause to be displeased with the state of your finances; but I could have wished that your fortune had been on interest only 22 instead of 32 years; for then you would have been ten years younger, and my old heart is delighted with the idea of a young wife, who will cherish, nurse and comfort me in my old age. Ah! Did young men possess the mortifying experience of old Batchelors, how soon would they compleat their happiness by acquiring virtuous wives!

The conclusion of your polite letter, my dear Miss, has formed my determination on this question, so important to *our* future destiny. Unfortunately, my dear Tabitha, there is something in the sound of your name exceedingly harsh and *sharp*; and being a person of weak nerves, this circumstance has agitated me to a considerable degree. I have heard some poor hen-pecked husbands say, that "an ill-natured wife was a *Thorn* in her husband's side." Now you know, my dear Miss, that the affinity between a *Bramble* and a *Thorn* is very close; and it is my fervent hope, that my side may never be tormented by either of them.

Since I gave out notice of my intention to get married, near half a score of spry young ladies have passed by and smiled at me as I kept watch for them in my door;—this I think no unfavourable omen of success in my future courtships.

Though I cannot myself, Miss Tabitha, accept of the valuable favour which you have so kindly proffered me: you may rest assured that, with your permission, I will interest myself in your behalf, with the whole fraternity of Batchelors. With my best wishes for your speedy marriage,

I am, and shall ever be,

Dear miss, your devoted servant,

SAMUEL KIMBOW.

N. B. Just as I finished this letter, a single lady who never wore a Wig has invited me to dine with her.

S. K

[*The following valuable letter was received by the last Norfolk Mail. The hand-writing proves it to be the production of a female pen.*]

TO THE EDITORS OF THE MINERVA.

GENTLEMEN,

AS a subscriber to your Minerva, I have received several of the Numbers, and cannot resist the inclination I feel to assure you of the approbation of one of the elder part of that sex, to whose benefit your labours seem to be chiefly directed.

Your extracts on female education, I read with peculiar satisfaction; animated with a hope that by means of your paper, the necessity of cultivating and enlarging the female mind, by a more liberal and extensive education, than is usually bestowed on us, may be shown to the good fathers and mothers of daughters, who are yet young enough to profit by opportunities of improvement. For surely it is a circumstance to be deplored, that our education has hitherto been so little attended to; while the importance of it, as it concerns posterity, is so justly acknowledged.

Is it not presumable, that while among our countrymen has been found so large a proportion of talent;—while the hero, the philosopher, the statesman—the man of science and erudition has shone so eminnently conspicuous, and reflected such honour on our western world—that on our country women, some emanations of the intellectual ray may have shone? Surely the trial is worth making;—surely the gem of native genius, wherever found, should have the polish of a master's hand.

While we admire the works of a Radcliffe, a De Genlis, or a Seward, we feel equally unwilling, with the elegant writer of Rainbow No. 5,* to acknowledge the superiority of the old over the new world, and will not resign to them the palm, till we have made at least one struggle for it.

Though I feel the defects of the present system of educating young ladies, I am too sensible of my own inability to point out a more eligible plan. But I have no doubt that through the channel of your paper, it might be done to our advantage. For lo! for us has arisen a Champion; an asserter of our rights, (in the author of Rainbow No 9,†) to whom I think we may safely trust our cause; and while we admire the elegance of his essay, we feel all the gratitude his zeal in our favor merits.

If in the days of Chivalry, Knights of old gained renown by rescuing distressed damsels from the power of Magicians and Enchanters, what would the Hero of the present day deserve, who should devise a plan to rescue our untutered minds from the shackles of ignorance; who should open to our understanding the enchantments of science, the magic delights of polite and refined literature? Who should shew to a virtuous young woman, how she may be usefully and pleasantly employed in storing her mind with knowledge, which, when she becomes a wife and mother, will enable her to perform both these characters with propriety? Which will make her an eligible companion for a man of sense and delicacy—will make her children love and reverence her—will make her happy and contented in herself; pleased and happy at home—as there she may, from the treasures of her own mind, always find amusement and variety;—Which will enable her to lay at least, the ground-work of a proper education for her children. Sacred to a daughter of sensibility are the precepts of a mother; though at the time they are delivered to her, she may be too volatile and giddy to pay the requisite attention to them, yet, will they make an impression not easy to be erased, and when she has daughters of her own, will be recollected with gratitude and veneration.

Thus, could the education of a female be carried on under the eye of a capable mother, how great would be the advantage to both! For to the anxious maternal heart, there is a severity in the parting pang when about to resign a daughter to the care and tuition of strangers at a distance, that almost makes her choose

The "flower should blush unseen,"

Nurtured only by the fostering hand of nature, rather than it should unfold and expand, in all the luxuriance of cultivation, sullied and contaminated by the little faults and follies, which only the friend tenderly interested in her welfare, will be at the pains to correct.

What then shall be done for the man, whom the ladies will delight to honour—who will awaken in the bosoms of fathers of families, that interest in the improvement of their daughters, which the subject justly requires?—We will not array him in gorgeous apparel nor set him on the King's own horse, like Mordecai the Jew: But we will weave for his brow a wreath of gratitude: tho' at present it may be composed, only of the wild rose, the wood violet, and other spontaneous flowers of the field, to him the offering will not be the less sweet; and as the blossoms of genius, which through his means may be taught to bud—to blow—in all the richness of foliage and beauty of colour—bear not, but that the lily, the auricula, the carnation, and all the productions of the cultivated garden, will in time form a garland for the friend of the fair.

If you think this letter worthy a place in your Minerva, you will please insert it; if not, the writer will feel no mortification in its being suppressed.

A SUBSCRIBER.

NORFOLK, *October* 30.

The Editors hope that the communication of their fair Corresponden, will excite the attention which it merits.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPEAN.

Papers received by the Mary from Liverpool, arrived at New-York state, that reports were in circulation at Paris, of a triple alliance, offensive and defensive, between the emperors of Austria and France, and the king of Prussia. Time will shew whether there is any truth in them.——Those papers contain a great variety of interesting information, but the article which may be considered as particularly interesting at this momentous crisis, when the state of Europe, and with it the condition of civilized society, trembles in the balance, relates to the certainty of an immediate rupture between Russia and France.—M. D'Oubril, the Russian charge d'affaires, has quitted Paris.—General Moreau and his lady continues at Cadiz, but will embark for the U. States as soon as Madame Moreau's situation will permit.

DOMESTIC.

The Vice President of the United States left this city, on Friday morning last, on his way to the Federal city.——Commodore Barron, says the National Intelligencer, arrived at Gibraltar on the 12th August last. On his arrival he found several dispatches from Mr. Simpson our consul at Morocco, all stating in strong terms, the hostile disposition of the emperor of Morocco against our commerce, and the preparations making by him to send out three frigates and two galleys upon a cruise. Mr. Simpson urging the indispensable necessity of leaving two frigates upon that station, the commodore accordingly left the Congress, Capt. Rogers, and the Essex, Capt. Barron.——We learn by Capt. Boardman from Guadaloupe, arrived at Newburyport, that reports were in circulation at the Point, that the American prisoners taken from the New-York ship and brig, together with the crew of the Snake-in-the-Grass, of Salem, had been liberated and were about returning home.

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* *On American Genius.* † *On the condition of women.*

SELECTED POETRY.

POOR POLLY THE MAD GIRL.

BY H. W. IRELAND.

Poor Polly was mad, and she sighed all alone,
Her bed the damp turf, and her pillow a stone,
A poor tatter'd blanket envelop'd her form,
But her bosom was bar'd to the pitiless storm:

For alas! in that breast reign'd love's ardent desire,
And she thought the bleak winds might perhaps cool the fire

Her hair was dishevell'd, and straw bound her head;
And lovely her face, though its roses were fled;
Her notes, though untutor'd by musical art,
Were plaintively wild, and sunk deep in the heart;

And the strain that unceasingly flow'd from her breast,
Was "the vulture has plunder'd the nightingale's nest."

Quite frantic I saw her, and pitied her fate:
I wept, and my bosom was swelling with hate—
My curse, perfidious despoiler! were thine:
My sorrow was offer'd at sympathy's shrine;

For remorseless thou fled'st her, and scoff'd at her pain;
Thou alone art the vulture that preys't on her brain.

THE SENSITIVE PLANT AND THE ROSE-BUD.

YOUNG CELIA was fair, and her ripening charms,
All the swains in the village confest;
The joy of her mother was mixt with alarms,
And her fears she thus gently repress:

This *Sensitive Plant*, my dear CELIA, look here
How it modestly shrinks from the touch;
Its foliage recedes if your hand but draws near—
"The reserve of a maid should be such."

What Nature has taught to this delicate flow'r
Let a mother's fond counsels impart:
When the shepherds approach my dear Celia's bow'r,
Let my shepherdess look to her heart.

The breath of a lover is full of deceit,
And oft blights the fair blossoms of youth:
Tho' ardent his vows and his flattery sweet,
You will rarely find merit or truth.

But chiefly avoid the licentious hand,
That would boldly your beauties invade,
Th' intruder repel, or you'll soon understand
All the griefs of a maiden betray'd.

Advis'd by her mother, fair Celia resolv'd,
Like a Sensitive Plant she would prove:
Alas! all her firm resolutions dissolv'd
When young DAMON approach'd in the grove.

He presented a rose-bud, whose opening bloom
Might the bosom of beauty adorn;
And which, as it blush'd, scatter'd fragrant perfume,
Adding sweets to the breath of the morn.

He bid her observe, when contracted its leaves,
Its full beauties it cannot disclose;
But when it the breath of young zephyr receives,
Soon the rose-bud expands to a rose.

O, thou fairest of flow'rs, dear CELIA, he cries,
Your chaste beauties are still in the bud;
The hand of a lover, his lips and his eyes,
Of young beauty and love are the food.

Then grant me, thou heavenly maid, a sweet kiss,
And dismiss cold reserve and alarms;
May this be the prelude to rapture and bliss,
When my shepherdess yields me her charms.

Fair CELIA approved of the moral she heard,
And the truths which the flowers disclose;
Her judgment approv'd, she no longer preferr'd
The coy Sensitive Plant to the Rose.

Her mother, in vain, her kind lessons renews,
In vain, every argument tries;
Fair CELIA no longer her counsels pursues,
But, determin'd and firm thus replies:

Dear mother, at length, I must tell you my mind,
'Tis my fix'd resolution to prove
A *Sensitive Plant* to the rest of mankind,
But a *Rose* to the Shepherd I love!

WOMAN.

When Nature own'd th' Almighty's hand,
When planets roll'd at his command,
And senseless clay in man was warm'd,
The last great work, then unperform'd,
Was woman.

For this, the dormant Adam's side,
Unconsciously, a rib supplied:
Awake—his bosom rapture swell'd,
For lo! within his arms he held
A woman.

To sooth his woes, his cares to share,
And thus his pristine loss repair;
'Twas surely Heaven's kind design,
That man unto his side should join
A woman.

A woman's tear, a woman's sigh,
The magic of a woman's eye,
Her mild and gentle accent prove,
The joys allied to wedded love,
And woman.

To weave the silken cobweb snare,
With syren song allure the ear,
With charms resistless rule the heart,
Of Hyppy lover, is the art
Of woman.

When vex'd with busy toils of day,
To ease, the tir'd man gives way;
With converse sweet the hours beguiles,
Repels dull cares with placid smiles
Of woman.

What tempts to plow the stormy main,
Or roam to distant climes for gain?
What prompts the willing hand to toil,
But Beauty's weakness, Beauty's smile—
But woman!

When journeying on with weary pace,
To meet again the fond embrace,
What cheers they way-worn trav'ler's gloom,
But thoughts of long regretted home,
And woman?

When pensive grief bends oe'r the grave,
To weep the friend it could not save;
And silent sheds, on friendship's bier,
The tribute of a falling tear,
'Tis woman's.

And when affliction's mournful tale,
Or sorrow's notes her ear assail;
O! then escapes the rising sigh,
A glist'ning tear bedews the eye
Of woman

THE MOSS-COVERED COT.

IN you mots-cover'd cot, that's with ivy o'erspread,
The poor village cottager dwells;
There freely distributes his honest earn'd bread,
As the plain rustic story he tells.

While his children sit smiling around him so gay,
Or climb up his knee for a kiss,
For the bread they receive filial duty they pay,
And make it the cottage of bliss.

In the flower-woven bow'r by the side of the cot,
Return'd from the toils of the day,
'Midst his fam'ly he sits, his fatigues are forgot;
They smile all his sorrows away.

'Tis a lov'd virtuous wife that adorns his neat cot;
Her looks are good-humour'd and gay;
Thus bless'd with a partner, content with his lot,
He smiles in the eve of his day.

PATHETIC.

[*The following subsequent tale is no "vision wove in Fancy's loom," it is a simple narrative of matter of fact, and the horrible evil of uncurbed passion may here be seen faithfully reflected, as in a mirror.*

Nat. Ægis.

Marriage is sure a matter of more worth
Than to be subject for attorney-ship—
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife!
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.

Shakespeare.

In W....., a small village in Saxony, there lived a poor, but honest and upright curate, who, for many years, had enjoyed, without allay, the tranquil pleasures of domestic happiness. He had a wife and only daughter. Content in the sphere in which they were placed, and unacquainted with the turbulent passions of the fashionable world, their days flowed quietly on, in an uniform course of undisturbed felicity. The mother and the daughter took a joint care of all domestic concerns, and strove, by every considerate act of attention and love, to diminish the burden, which the duties of the good old man imposed on him. Harriot (this was the name of his daughter) was in the strictest sense of the words, the child after his own heart. He was unhappy if she was absent, even for a few hours, and she was, therefore, his constant attendant. She was about eighteen years old, but had not yet experienced the inquietudes of that passion, which often exhibits itself in very early life in the great world, and her principles and mode of thinking, were too noble and good, to inspire her parents with even the slightest apprehensions as to the wanderings of her heart. But hear her history.

It is the custom in that country, for the cavalry to be quartered, during the time of peace, in different villages, where it is maintained at the expence of the peasantry. Many of these soldiers are riotous young men, who, by virtue of their profession and uniform, have an entrance into the houses of all the peasantry, and even of the curates. One of them, a handsome but giddy young man, was quatered at W....., where he soon made the acquaintance of the good old parson.

The young soldier had more culture of mind than is commonly met with in such a class of men. He pleased the curate; they met frequently, and often sat up till past midnight, entertaining themselves with the histories of battles and warlike achievments, of which each of them knew an abundance of anecdotes.

Harriot found great entertainment in the company of the warrior, and like Othello's mistress, the story of his life, the battles, sieges, fortunes that he had passed, the hair-breadth 'scapes, the moving accidents by flood and field, o'ercame her heart. Love had taken possession of her bosom, before she was aware of its approach. The progress of this passion, when once admitted into the human breast, is certain as fate. She blushed when he took her by the hand, and was unhappy when he left her. The soldier could not resist the beautiful girl—his heart was formed for love! they therefore soon came to an explanation, but carefully concealed their mutual attachment from her parents; for they were justly afraid, that prudent motives would cause them to oppose it. They bound themselves to each other, however by an oath, which, at the same time that it shewed the strength of their affection, exhibited the most romantic turn of mind. They promised to marry each other as soon as he should attain the rank of a serjeant-major, and agreed *that the one should destroy the other, who first failed in the engagement.*

Thus matters stood, when, contrary to the hopes of the lovers, a lawyer, from a neighbouring town, applied to the father of Harriot for the hand of his daughter. He was well received, and his views promoted by the old people; but when his intention was declared to the unfortunate girl, she fell in the arms of her father as if struck with lightning, and upon her recovery, she wept bitterly, and intreated him not to encourage the address of this new lover.

Her parents being ignorant of the true cause of her aversion, thought that time alone would overcome it, and they therefore gave their solemn promise to the lawyer, and resolved to use their authority in forwarding his wishes. Harriot, however, resisted every argument, and remained true to her promise; but her parents, at last, growing tired of her opposition, determined to force her into compliance. The arguments that were made use of are needless to mention, and they were attended with success. The young soldier soon received the intelligence, and from that moment, desisted from visiting the parsonage. His resolution was taken—for without her he could not live.

A short time *before* the marriage day, a dance was given in W....., in honour of the pair. To this he resorted, unable any longer to resist the desire of seeing his once beloved. He concealed himself among the spectators, un il he saw her dance; this roused him to a state of fury; he ran home, and took a pair of pistols, which were loaded, and waited until the party broke up. It was a dark night, but he discerned the unhappy bride and bridegroom, walking hand in hand. He stept up to her, and, in a low voice, requested that she would indulge him with a moment's conversation. She disengaged her arm from that of the lawyer, intreated him to walk on, assuring him she would immediately return; but alas! it was the last moment of her existence! a pistol shot was heard, and when her friends reached the place, she was seen lying weltering in her blood at the feet of her murderer. "Now sir, thou mine again!" cried the soldier, "our oaths are fulfilled!" and with these words he disappeared, favoured by the obscurity of the night: but he did not fly to escape. He delivered himself to the officers of justice, who were nearest the place, and desired to be instantly executed; which event soon followed.

A lady in the course of conversation, happening to say *varuaction*, was reminded by Paddy O'Bramble, that the word was *variation*. The lady observed, that it was all the same thing, and seemed a little offended, until Paddy said, "Oh! Madam, Heaven forbid there should be any difference between U and I."

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The MINERVA;

Or, LADY's AND GENTLEMAN's MAGAZINE.

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TERMS OF "THE MINERVA."

1st.—"THE MINERVA" will be neatly printed, weekly, on a half-sheet Super-Royal paper.

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FROM "ELEGANT EXTRACTS."

ON WRITING.

Fine writing is but an easy picture of nature, as it arises to view upon the imagination. It is the expression of our first thoughts, or at least of what ought to be so: and we are surprised in the most celebrated writings, to find that they are wholly familiar to us, and seem to be exactly what we ourselves think and would say; and bad writers seem to have been under some restraint, that put them out of the path that lay directly before them. Would you not then think, that fine writing should be very common? But I must pray you to recollect, that elegance, though it consists chiefly in propriety and ease, yet it is attained by very few. I have already intimated the reason; true taste and sentiment lie deep in the mind, often incorporated with prejudices; and it requires vast judgment to bring the beauteous ore to light, and to refine it. I should not be impartial and candid, if I did not own to you, that learning, in much the greater part of mankind, distorts the genius as much as laced stays do the body; oppresses the natural seeds of propriety and beauty in the imagination; and renders men ever incapable of writing or even thinking well. When you except a few men of distinguished talents, ladies both write and speak more agreeably than scholars. If you ask me the reason of this, I must inform you, that the easy and natural excursions of the imagination are seldom checked in ladies; while the enslaved pupils of colleges and schools in tender youth, are forced into awkward imitations, or dreary ungrateful tracks, where genius or beauty were never seen. The manner of the antient schools was to learn by such familiar conversations as you have at times engaged in; by which means, instead of a nauseous draught of learning upon you in, their genius was charmed forth by curiosity and emulation; the latent powers of the mind were gently unbound; and the generous ardor and pleasure that ran originally through their enquiries, gave a warmth, a genuine turn and natural beauty to their ideas. Can there be a stronger proof that learning has taken a strong bias, than that the present common sense of mankind has judged learning in conversation to be pedantic and ill-breeding? Whereas the soul has a thirst for knowledge, which no mode can take away; and it is no more in the power of fashion to eradicate the charms and desires of curiosity, than the sense of beauty. There is a truth which I would strongly inculcate, and which is intimated throughout this little discourse; it is, that most people have more light, judgment, and genius latent within their breasts by far than they are able to draw forth or employ; that the utmost skill and address is requisite to tune those five strings of the soul, if I may call them so, and bring into execution the harmony they are capable of; and that the perfection of those powers, whatever they be, is the highest degree of improvement to which any person's genius can attain.

Letters of business, of compliment, and friendship, form generally the compass of a lady's writing; for which perhaps, the best rule that can be given is to neglect all rules. The same unaffected grace and propriety which animate your actions and conversation, cannot fail to charm universally upon paper; when your style has taken the familiar turn and easy spirit of your words, and rejected the air of premeditation which steals in upon study, then will it be agreeable beyond imagination; forms of wit and compliment, that come without being sought for, are very pleasing in this familiar composition that approaches so near to discourse; but they ought to be such as might pass with grace in conversation.

Shall we attempt to distinguish the most remarkable excellencies of the writings of the great men who have passed through life before us, and form clear ideas of those beauties that must charm mankind to the end of the world? Writing is but the conversation of absent people; let us consider it in this familiar light; we have little to do with criticism, which is a perfect art; we are only travellers in a tour of pleasure, who are taking a cursory view of the most distinguished beauties of writing; we may walk with great pleasure in a flower-garden, and cheer the eye with the gay tints of roses and lillies, without the minute knowledge of a botanist or florist.

Writers, as I observed, are absent acquaintance; and the beauties of writing are no other than the qualities that would charm us in an agreeable friend, at an hour when the soul is thoughtful and inquisitive; for the mind in reading seems to be in a middle state, between conversation and reflection. It has not the levity of conversation; its attention to the weight of thought is not diverted by gesticulation; nor yet is it in so high a tone as in pensive solitude.

You require it as an absolute condition, previous to any kind of familiarity, that the persons you converse with have a strict attention to truth, to honesty, and decency: and the same attention is absolutely necessary in writings destined to please succeeding ages. It is true, that some writers amongst the moderns have had the presumption to draw their pens in defiance of truth and decency, and have taken characters, as writers, which they themselves would despise in an acquaintance. Deists, while they have expressed the highest veneration and respect for revelation, have taken infinite pains to undermine and expose it by oblique and covert means. Nothing but the caprice of mode, and an unaccountable blindness that attends a present mode, could hinder them from observing the unworthiness of their conduct, and the baseness of mind they betray; or make them imagine that fame will attend on prevarication, and a sly deceit in writing, which is abject and infamous in life, and will forever be the mark of a contemptible character. In this track of vile duplicity and prostitution of heart have trod Hobbes, Shaftesbury, Bolingbroke, and some authors, French and English, now alive, who being still in the lists, and capable of seeking fame by generous and liberal methods, I shall not name. The strange manner and the artifice of these writers a first surprise; but the human heart, that naturally detests dishonesty, refuses them fame; and in half an age they are considered only as the patrons of licentiousness; and to make their infamy remarkable, they are only remembered and honoured by the vicious.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Character of RICHARD, *Earl of* SCARBOROUGH.

In drawing the character of Lord Scarborough, I will be strictly upon my guard, against the partiality of that intimate and unreserved friendship, in which we lived for more than twenty years; to which friendship, as well as to the public notoriety of it, I owe much more than my pride will let my gratitude own. If this may be suspected to have biassed my judgment, it must, at the same time, be allowed to have informed it; for the most secret movements of his soul were, without disguise communicated to me only. However, I will rather lower than heighten the colouring; I will make the shades and draw a credible rather than an exact likeness.

He had a very good person, rather above the middle size; a handsome face, and when he was chearful, the most engaging countenance imaginable: when grave, which he was oftenest, the most respectable one. He had in the highest degree the air, manners and address of a man of quality; politeness with ease, and dignity without pride.

Bred in camps and courts, it cannot be supposed that he was untainted with the fashionable vices of these warm climates; but, if I may use the expression, he dignified them, instead of their degrading him into any mean or indecent action. He had a good degree of classical, and a great one of modern, knowledge; with a just, and, at the same time, a delicate taste.

In his common expences he was liberal within bounds; but in his charities and bounties he had none. I have known them to put him to some present inconveniences.

He was a strong, but not an eloquent or florid speaker in parliament. He spoke so unaffectedly the honest dictates of his heart, that truth and virtue, which never wear and seldom wear, ornaments, seemed only to borrow his voice. This gave such an astonishing weight to all he said, that he more than once carried an unwilling majority after him. Such the authority of unsuspected virtue, that it will sometimes shame vice into decency at least.

He was not only offered, but pressed to accept, the post of secretary of state; but he constantly refused it. I once tried to persuade him to accept it; but he told me that both the natural warmth and melancholy of his temper, made him unfit for it; and that moreover he knew very well that, in those ministerial employments, the course of business made it necessary to do many hard things, and some unjust ones, which could be only authorised by the jesuitical casuistry of the directions of the intention: a doctrine which he said he could not possible adopt. Whether he was the first that ever made that objection, I cannot affirm; but I suspect that he will be the last.

He was a true constitutional, and yet practica ble patriot a sincere lover, and a zealous asserter, of the natural, the civil, and the religious rights of his country: but he would not quarrel with the crown, for some slight stretches of the prerogative; nor with the people, for some unwary ebullitions of liberty: nor with any one for a difference of opinion in speculative points. He considered the constitution in the aggregate, and only watched that no one part of it should preponderate too much.

His moral character was so pure, that if one may say of that imperfect creature man, what a celebrated historian says of Scipio, *nil non laudandum aut dixit, aut fecit, aut sensit*; I sincerely think, (I had almost said I know) one might say it with great truth of him, one single instance excepted, which shall be men ioned.

He joined to the noblest and strictest principles of honour and generosity, the tenderest sentiments of benevolence and compassion; and, as he was naturally warm, he could not even hear of an injustice or a baseness, without a sudden indignation; nor of the misfortunes or miseries of a fellow-creature, without melting into softness, and endeavouring to relieve them. This part of his character was so universally known, that our best and most satirical English poet, says,

When I confess, there is who feels for fame,
And melts to goodness, need I Scarborough name?

He had not the least pride of birth and rank, that common narrow notion of little minds, that wretched mistaken surrogaeum of merit: but he was jealous to anxiety of his character, as all men are who deserves a good one. And such was his diffidence upon that subject, that he never could be persuaded that mankind really thought of him as they did; for surely never man had a higher reputation, and never man enjoyed a more universal esteem. Even knaves respected him; and fools thought they loved him. If he had any enemies, (for I protest I never knew one), they could only be such as were wary of always hearing of Aristides the Just.

He was too subject to sudden gusts of passion, but they never hurried him into any illberal or indecent expression or action—so invincibly habitual to him were good-nature and good-manners. But, if ever any word happened to fall from him in warmth, which upon subsequent reflection he himself thought too strong, he was never easy till he had made more than a sufficient atonement for it

He had a most unfortunate, I will call it a most fatal kind of melancholy in his nature, which often made him both absent and silent in company, but never morose or sour. At other times he was a chearful and agreeable companion—but, conscious that he was not always so, he avoided company too much, and was too often alone, giving way to a train of gloomy reflections.

His constitution, which was never robust, broke rapidly at the latter end of his life. He had too severe strokes of apoplexy or palsy, which considerably affected his body and his mind.

I desire that this may not be looked upon as a full and finished character, writ for the sake of writing it—but as my solemn deposit of truth to the best of my knowledge. I owed this small depsit of Justice, such as it is, to the memory of the best man I ever knew, and of the dearest friend I ever had.

[CHESTERFIELD.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

Skinner & Wife v. *Hanson.*

This was an action for money lent, under the following circumstances:— Mrs. Skinner had formerly been fellow-servant with the defendant, who was at that time a journeyman butcher, and her affectionate admirer. In the interval of their courtship, the uncle of the former died, and left her 100l. in the 5 per cent annuities. The defendant's love became more ardent, and he pressed his fair one to compliance, unshackled with the restraint of marriage. He *kindly* moved her from servitude, and took a neat lodging for their mutual accommodation. After a time the lady proved pregnant, and as expences increased, and were likely to increase still further, the defendant prevailed upon his unthinking helpmate to sell out the property in the funds, and advance it to his uses. They lived merrily while it lasted—the lady was brought to bed, and things went on indifferently well, till the money was gone, and the child had paid the debt of nature.—Things now assumed a different aspect, and the defendant urged the necessity of a return to servitude. The poor girl had no objection, provided the defendant would give

her back *nor* 100l. 5 per cents. That was impossible in the then state of the defendant's finances, but he *generously* gave her a one *pound* note, and bade her to be industrious and work for more. After some time she had the good fortune to cultivate an acquaintance with Mr. Skinner, the plaintiff, a coachman in a respectable family, who married her, and learning that the defendant had commenced business for himself, and had opened a shop in Chiswell-street, brought the present action to recover his wife's *fortune*, which she, in an imprudent hour, had been prevailed upon to part with.

Sir James Mansfield left it to the jury to say, whether the money had been advanced to the defendant as a *gift* or a *loan*. He commented with much severity on the conduct of the defendant; and further observed, that if young women made a voluntary surrender of their persons, without regard to the form of marriage, but in contempt of its sacred and highly beneficial rites, joined themselves to the object of their misconceived passion, they deserved very little commiseration for any thing that might befal them.

The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff. Damages one hundred and fifteen pounds, the principal and interest of the hundred 5 per cents from the time it was sold out.

MISCELLANOUS.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

THE BRITISH SPY IN BOSTON.

LETTER I.

It has been observed, my dear S....., that eloquence is not the sole characteristic of the American Senates; and I have abundant reason to remark, that plain sense, strong judgment, ardent patriotism, predominate in the individual states, as in the national legislature. But that best harmony of sweet sounds, the graceful and permanent rhetoric, which thrills the nerves, and seizes upon the passions of the hearer, which charms, while it instructs, and seems to communicate, even while it condemns—that must be looked for among a people, more ancient, more affluent, better defined, and more accurately defining than the unpetronized and self-taught individuals of the new hemisphere. If these observations be strictly applicable to the Senatorial rank of the country, in considering another, and more accurately distinguished class of public speaking, forensic oratory, I am led to confess this appears to have been cultivated, with an assiduity that indulges the hope, and speaks the promise of uniting, for its possessor, the luxury of wealth, with the aristocracy of power. In fact, this people, so tenacious of their rights, and so clear-sighted in their political jealousy, have permitted the individuals of the bench and the bar, almost to monopolize the high and lucrative offices and endowments of the state, as of the national government. Thence, in my travels through the union, courts of law and justice have become the most important objects of my research, and the inevitable subjects of my impartial criticism. I have, indeed, marked the forensic talent of the nation, and found it of a description wholly dissimilar to the prominent trait of senatorial dignity. I have heard eloquence, and discovered learning in the abodes of Themis, that might have stampt a new, and more sublime, character upon the American people. Whence, I have ceased to wonder at that influence and ascendancy, which the distinguished pre-eminence of its professors has merited & obtained.

Upon my first arrival in Boston, appearances were, to my view, greatly inauspicious. I found a large town, apparently devoted to trade, streets narrow, crooked, and not remarkably clean; fine houses, in wretched and almost inaccessible avenues, and commodious situations, disgraced by hovels. Such were the conspicuous features that met the first *coup d'oeil*. A further introduction taught me that these ill-situated mansions were the abode of hospitality, and within those humble hovels oppression and misery were unknown. I recognized more of the old English whig, in the character of the Bostonians, than in any state in the union. Tolerating liberal, and intelligent, yet marked by strong local prejudices, and inflexible animosities, while feeling freedom, and literally claiming independence, behind his counter the shopman inquires the news and arraigns the government; and the poorest mechanic reads the Gazette, reasons upon finance, and approves, or opposes, the diminution of taxes. Among this people, so congenial to the best portion of my own countrymen, inquiry has been forcibly awakened, & my anxious attention constantly occupied. Finding the supreme judicial court in session, I flew thither, with the solicitude of a mind, whose appetite for the new and the curious is never gratified to satiety. There I found talents, that were respectable, and genius, that was extraordinary; yet I must impartially acknowledge my astonishment at the general irregularity and inattention to *forms* that prevailed. Boys, just admitted as practitioners, were suffered, without reprimand from the bench, to indulge the vividness of their imagination, wandering, at will, through all the pleasant paths of romance, now pompously soaring to bombast, then sinking to the pert simile, or the misapplied anecdote. Further, it was to be remarked of this generally respectable body, that their total inattention to the decorum of dress, and external distinction, must awaken in every foreigner some unpleasant sensations. The judges were dressed, or rather undeshabille, in plain coats; and the apparel of the gentlemen of the bar, was as diversified, as the proportion and faculties of their minds—an endless variety, from the excellent and extraordinary, to the mean and flimsy. However the philosopher may pretend to despise mere external effects, men of the world must be sensible of their importance, as it regards the senses, and attaches to the understanding; for the ludicrous, which upon the present occasion is by no means applied, having a certain tendency to counteract respect, must, of necessity, arrest usefulness. Thence, I approve of a *costume* for all public characters, and think that the sanctity of an oath would be rendered more inviolable, under greater ceremony and solemnity, in the manner of its being administered. People without understanding, and destitute of the moral principle, may be influenced by their senses, and on their impression deterred from the commision of evil—Whence, allowing *mere forms* to be not intrinsically important, they are at least relatively good, respectable for their utility, and honorable in their observance.

[*To be continued.*]

From the American Daily Advertiser.

MR. PEULSON,

Some of your readers may not have read Alexander M'Kenzie's voyages in the discovery of the most Northern parts of this continent; it may be informing to them to see in your paper the following short account.

This celebrated voyager set out from a trading post on the Lake of the Hills, lat. 59 N. lon. 110, W. from Greenwich Hospital in England. He passed down the Slave river and entered the Slave Lake on the 9th of June, which was then frozen over; when it was navigable he went in pursuit of its outlet, and discovered a river which he called M'Kenzie's river, down which he pursued his voyage, until he came to the sea in lat. 69 N. long. 135, W. The narrowest part of this river is 400 yards at a fall of 20 feet—in some places it is half a mile wide, in others from one to two in breath and from 3 to 6 fathom deep. From the lake of the Hills to the mouth of the river at the sea, the course was little to the Eastward of N. W.

Some years afterwards he again left the lake of the Hills to explore the course upwards of the Peace river, which is the same Slave river called above the lake of the Hills, by this more pleasing name; its general course seems S. W. to N. E. until it came to the lake of the Hill. Up this he went to near its source, and landing in lat. 54 N. he found the Columbia within nine hundred yards of him; down this he passed to enter the Pacific Ocean, but being informed by the natives of a much nearer and less dangerous route by land, he walked about 300 miles over it and completed his discoveries across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean.

The whole length of his voyages on the Peace, Slave, and M'Kenzie rivers, which are but one, is two thousand five hundred miles.

This interesting traveller has informed us, that a Mr. Thompson, astronomer to the North West Canada company of Traders has been at the head of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, and ascertained their latitudes, and longitudes, by astronomical observations. The head of the Mississippi lat. 47, long. 95; Missouri lat. 25, long. 102; himself has placed the Columbia, where he fell in with it, lat. 51. N.—others have ascertained its mouth in lat. 46, 20, N. 120 W.

By the large map bound up with M'Kenzie's travels, it appears that a N. W. wind comes to Philadelphia from the frozen sea, about the mouth of M'Kenzie's river, passing over a country abounding with small Lakes, until it comes to Hudson's Bay, when it crosses and passes over the continent again; it is felt at Montreal, from whence it goes over Ontario and arrives at Philadelphia.

Alexander M'Kenzie performed his voyage in bark canoes about the size, and made in the manner, of that hanging in the hall of the Museum at Philadelphia.

The language spoke by the Indians throughout this extensive route, except on the coast of the Pacific, was the Chipewyan, or Chipeway; it is also spoken by the Indians on the upper part of the Mississippi.

With respect to courage, the author of *L'Apologie de beaux Sexe* relates a story which if true, has seldom been equalled by man. A servant girl of Lisle, remarkable for her fearless dispesition, laid a wager that she would go into a charnel-house, at midnight, without a light, and bring from thence a man's skull. Accordingly, at the time appointed, she went; but the person with whom she had made the bet, intending to terrify her, had gone before, and hid himself in the place. When he heard her descend and take up the skull, he called out, in a hollow, dismal voice, "Leave me my head!" The girl, instead of discovering any symptoms of horror or fright, very coolly laid it down and said, "Well there it is then!" and took up another; upon which the voice again repeated "Leave me my head!" But the heroic girl, observing it was the same voice that had called before, answered in her country dialect, "Nea, nea, friend, y' cannot ha' two heads!"

IT was a beautiful turn given by a great lady, who being asked where her husband was, when he lay concealed for being deeply concerned in a conspiracy, resolutely answered, "She had him." This confession drew her before the king, who told her nothing but discovering where her lord was concealed could save her from the torture. "And will that do," said the lady. "Yes," says the King, "I give you my word for it." "Then," says she, "I have hid him in my heart where you may find him."

Mr. Pennant speaking of London, says, in walking along the street, in my youth, on the side next to Fleet Prison, I have often been tempted by the question, *sir, will you be pleased to walk in and be married?* Along this most lawless space, was hung the frequent sign of a male and female hand joined, with "Marriages performed within," written beneath. A dirty fellow invited you in. The person was seen walking before his shop, a squalid, profligate figure, clad in a tattered plain nightgown, with a fiery face, and ready to couple you for a dram of gin, or a roll of tobacco. Our great Chancellor, Lord Hardwich, put these *demons* to flight, & saved thousands from the misery and disgrace which would be entailed by these extemporary, thoughtless unions.

At a late session of the Supreme Court, held at New-London, (Con.) the following sentence was passed:—

Jacob Noakes, of Long-Island, N. Y. convicted of bigamy, (having married two wives)—sentenced to be whipped ten stripes, branded with the letter A and to wear a halter about his neck during his continuance in Connecticut.

ÆRIAL ASCENSION.

St. Petersburg, July 17.

The ascension in the air undertaken by the desire of the academy of sciences, to make experiments, has had the desired effect. The famous chymist, Sacharost, and professor Robertson, ascended in a favorable state of the weather, from the garden of the cadet-corps, at 25 minutes after 7 o'clok in the evening. The members of this learned body, who so much interest themselves for the advancement of sciences, attended, and witnessed the ascension, the most beautiful yet seen in Russia. The three small balloons sent into the air as guides, or to reconnoitre the wind, went first to the south, but soon afterwards to the east, and towards the Baltic. This did not prevent the æronauts from ascending, having with them several instruments to make experiments. The Balloon floated over the Baltic Sea for upwards of an hour. Two different winds were felt blowing in opposition. From the city a manœuvre was observed which had for its object to cut through the upper wind, and by it procure the travellers an opportunity of getting to the southward and over the land. Afterwards they ascended higher and higher, until ten o'clock, when the balloon was entirely lost sight of, even by the persons following it with the telescopes from the Observatory. The next day an express was brought the president of the academy of sciences, informing that the æronants had, without any accident, arrived at Siwaretz, 60 wrests, or near 26 leagues from this capital. They descended forty-five minutes past ten in the English garden opposite the castle of general Emidoff, who received and entertained the aerial travellers with the greatest hospitality. The result of this ascension, undertaken only for scientific experiments, will soon be published, and found very interesting as well as instructive.

A Patent has been obtained for a new kind of Wind Engine, capable of being applied to all the purposes of wind, steam, or water-mills; by means of flyers, it condenses the air of the atmosphere in a strong vessel, so as to make it from ten to twenty times more dense than in its natural state; and this dense air from the magazine is conducted through a pipe to the top of a cylinder, where it acts upon a piston, by its elasticity, and keeps the machinery in motion proportionate to the capacity of the engine, though the wind does not blow.

[*London Paper.*

AGRICULTURAL.

It has been fully proved by experience, that the quantity and soundness of a crop of Indian Corn, much depends on the goodness of the seed; and as this is the proper season of the year to provide seed for the next spring's planting, I would propose the following method:—Select a sufficient number of the large and best ripened ears, from the best land; strip off some of the outside husks then pierce holes through the stems, and with strong cords or splints string them six or eight together, and run them on poles; in this order they may be hung up in the garret or loft of some out-building, until wanted for use.

FOR THE MINERVA.

AMONG the vast catalogue of crimes which are daily committed in populous cities, there are few more conspicuous, and none more heinous, than that of SEDUCTION. How cautious should be the proceedings of the youthful fair! What inquisitive eyes should they fix on the man who asks admittance to their confidence! Seduction is the precursor of numberless ills—the parent of disgrace, disease, want, and, finally, of death!

My thoughts were directed into this channel, by an occurrence which took place in this city, a few days since. When the season is mild and the air pure; when smiling nature is re-assuming all her charms, we are induced to stroll our, wrapt in contemplation, to taste the health-restoring breeze of grey-eyed morn, and view the sun as it peeps from behind yon high "eastern hills."

My steps were directed down the street, and, being absorbed in a deep reverie, the first object that attracted my notice was a little girl, stretched out before me, with some sticks of fuel at her side, who insisted that I had pushed her over. I did not spend much time in debating whether I had or not, but gently lifted her up, bid her be cheerful, and, asked, not without some anxiety, her name and place of residence. After some hesitation, she replied as follows:

'My name is ELIZA. My mother lives on the back 'street, in a cold cellar. My sister is sick; and we have 'no wood to make her comfortable—no nourishment for 'her or our own support—and no means of procuring it. 'I have been in quest of fuel, and this is all I have found.' It is almost impossible to judge what effect these words, uttered with plaintive sweetness, by one of tender years, and of the softer sex, had upon a mind 'feelingly alive to each fine impulse.' 'I will see them,' said I, 'and you my little girl, shall be my conductor.'

Now will I compensate you for my rudeness, thought I, as I followed her along. She guessed my thoughts—looked at me—and wept. My heart fluttered as I gazed upon her. Her countenance was expressive, and denoted her the child of sensibility. 'I will rear this tender plant,' said I, 'and place it in a bed of roses. I will watch it as it expands to the morning sun, and shelter it from the impending storms. The day shall be spent in its culture, and it shall breathe its odours on my posterity!'

She led me down a flight of narrow steps, and shewed me the horrors of a subterraneous abode. We were courteously received by her mother, who looked at me in silence. I cast my eyes around and discovered a wretched couch, on which lay a woman, the most disgusting spectacle my eyes ever beheld. This, reader, was an object of seduction! For some time I could not find words to excuse my unsought visit. I was aware of the impropriety of delay; and, putting a bill into the hand of the mother, begged she would send for the necessary comforts. Though reduced to the most extreme indigence, she reluctantly received my assistance. She had seen better days; and, I soon discovered, possessed sufficient discernment to know the drift of my thoughts.

'You have come, Sir,' said she, 'to the abode of wretchedness. From whom you have gained a knowledge of my family misfortunes, I know not; it is of little consequence. A glance is sufficient to tell your errand. Your goodness claims my gratitude. You have, however, come too late. My daughter cannot survive many days; and I, worn out with care and sorrow, shall soon follow her to the silent grave. I may with truth, repeat the words of the poet:

'*My daughter, once the comfort of my age,*
'*Lured by a villain, from her peaceful home,*
'*Was cast, abandon'd, on the world's wide stage,*
'*And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.*'

Only three years past we were in good circumstances. My husband was living; my children in the bloom of youth, were innocent and respected; and I was the happiest of women. Alas! how soon was all my happiness turned to pain! A youth, whom we loved as a son, and whom we shortly expected to call by that endearing appellation, betrayed the confidence we placed in him—violated Heaven's best law, and succeeded in carrying off our deluded and infatuated child. Enticed by the promises of marriage, she consented to elope with him; he carried her to Norfolk, meanly seduced the helpless girl, and then left her in abject want. Overwhelmed with remorse and shame, she had no resource but to join the 'frail sisterhood;' and add one more to the list of the Devil's pensioner's. The shock was too much for a father, who tenderly loved her; and he paid the debt of nature shortly after. My husband's affairs became deranged; and I was aroused from my stupor by the sheriff, who seized all the household property, and sold it to the highest bidder. At this momentous crisis, I received word from my wretched daughter, who implored my pardon, and besought me, by all the love she had formerly shewn me, to forgive and take her home. 'Alas! my child, thy follies have killed thy father, and thrown thy mother on the mercy of the world. I have no home!' was all that I could answer. I took this cellar, and in it received my unhappy child. She has lingered ever since, but cannot hold out much longer. My affliction is great—but God tempers the mind to bear the most grievous calamities.

Here she paused. The silence of death ensued. Her narrative had overpowered me; and I stood motionless. After a long silence, I bid them good morning, and sought my dwelling. As I was returning, I involuntarily exclaimed, 'O man! why hast thou absolute power over the weaker sex? Why, knowing thyself to possess it, dost thou abuse it? Woman is an interesting creature—a sacred deposit; and who, among us, is insensible to the value of so rich a prize? Let man respect virtue, in whatever garb it appears. Let the institution of marriage be held sacred in all ranks of society; and mankind rising superior to vice, shall gain a crown of glory more durable than earth.

OBSERVER.

FOR THE MINERVA.

"*We own thy virtues; but we blame beside,*
"*Thy mind elate with insolence and pride.*"

Few foibles in the human character are less tolerated by society than pride; although very few persons can be found who do not possess a very considerable portion of it: indeed, it appears to be one of the component qualities essentially necessary to complete the character of man. Some men are called proud because they are reserved in their address, and not sufficiently communicative in company; others, because they engross conversation by their loquacity, and disgust by their egotism.

The pride of the Statesman is conspicuous in the Senate; that of the dancing-master in the ball-room; the city fop cuts a dash in fine clothes; the country beau prides himself on his gay horse; while some conceited self-styled philosophers, disdaining to appear like other people, affect a slovenness and inattention to personal cleanliness for the same reason, highly disgusting to ordinary persons.

The haughty Spaniard and the affable Frenchman; the surly Duchman and the reserved Englishman, all of them possess a sufficient degree of pride; and it is that alone which forms the distinguishing trait in the national character of each.

But how do the ladies discover their pride? By ten thousand different ways. The 'Spectator' tells us, that in his days the women displayed every passion of the female mind by the manœuvring of their Fans; pride was accordingly expressed by a particular flirt of that useful little machine. I have very good reasons to believe that this practice has been carefully preserved; as I have seen several ladies exercising their fans since the commencement of cool weather. The position of a cap, hat or bonnet on the head of the wearer, are said to be frequently expressive of this passion. But in the countenance, in the features of the 'human face divine,' we may find delineated every thought of the fair sex; there we must look for pride; but I assure you, there will be no difficulty to find it; the bridled neck, affected smile, and scornful eye, are certain and unerring indications; these you may see at every tea-table, and in every fashionable assembly. *Dryden* has pleasantly described his aversion of the scornful fair, by the following beautiful lines:

Some country girl, scarce to a curtsy bred,
Would I much rather than CAMILLA *wed,*
If supercilious, haughty, proud and vain,
She brought her father's triumphs in her train.

CELADON.

To THE EDITORS OF THE MINERVA.

GENTLEMEN,

IF you conceive the following lines worthy a place in your entertaining and instructive paper, you will be pleased to insert them:—they are supposed to be peculiarly elegant and affecting, and were extracted from a London Newspaper some years ago.

ROSALIND.

A FRAGMENT.

——She stop'd me twice, ere she could supplicate:
She seemed no common mendicant:—pale woe,
That fed upon her cheek, had not subdu'd
That loftiness of soul that fill'd her eye—
Tho' 'twas o'ercast; and as she me survey'd
With doubting gaze, that eye said, mildly sad—
"Tis hard to beg!" I stopped and questioned her:
The mite I gave, seem'd to have rous'd the thought
That few had been so kind—and tears rush'd forth;
But hastily she wip'd them off, as tho' she scorn'd
False pity to excite or yield to aught
Of needless feeling. 'The unfortunate'
She said, 'each thinks his lot the bitterest:
'And mine, perhaps, seems bitterer to me
'Than *Neutral Reason* would admit.' Again
She thanked me, curtsied, and proceeded.
My heart was strangely touch'd;—I followed her:
I urged her further to disclose her tale—
To let me sooth her; pity kindled more.—
I promised to redress her wrongs—to be
Her future friend and guide.
——Stedfast she look'd
Upon me as I spoke:—A sudden lustre
Brighten'd in her eyes, her pale cheek kindled;
The maid appear'd to take another form: no more
The mendicant, her air was as
The forest oak recovering from the storm,
That shakes his scatter'd tresses, and resumes
His state:—'Many there are,' she said, 'like thee
'Would pity me thus fall'n; but where is he
'That would have sav'd that fall? O, pity
'Comes too late, that cannot save!'
My poor, forsaken, long lost Rosalind;
The flow'r I crop't, and then with barb'rous change,
Neglected!—O, 'twas she, 'twas she, who now,
With a disdain too proud for anger—with
The conscious triumph of superior mind,
Its errors conquer'd, refus'd the friendship
Of her false betrayer—bad him adieu—and fled.
Nor backward was my speed; and I o'ertook her.
Her energies were all exhausted; now
Pale, breathless, trembling, death hung o'er her face.
(When first I saw that face 'twas fair and gay!)
I caught the tott'ring ruin:—It was I
Had undermin'd it; and justly punished,
'Twas I received its fall.
——Never since that hour
Has gladness reached my heart.

Charles City, November 2.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPEAN.

The ship Golden Age, arrived at Boston, from Bordeaux, brings information to September 16, at which time the building of gun boats had ceased; the French troops were encamped near the sea-shore, and every appearance indicated a speedy embarkation to meet the hostile forces of Britain. Opinions were very different in France relative to the real intentions of the emperor Bonaparte.—There exists a strong jealousy of the Swedish, Danish & Prussian governments. The merchants appeared so suspicious of a rupture with these powers, that about the time the Golden Age sailed, they had refused wines to Swedish freighters, though part of the cargo was on board, and left them to land what was already shipped, and depart, or wait their pleasure. Of the disposition of Russia little was said.——A Paris paper says, his excellency the minister of the interior has made known by his letter of the 23d August, that his majesty the emperor, had ordered him to take, without delay, the necessary measures to suspend the exportation of grain, in all the departments where it was permitted by the imperial decree, of the 25th Prairial last. In consequence all exportation of grain and flour is forbid without any exception or modification.

DOMESTIC.

The 15th of November, being the day appointed by law for the meeting of Congress, a quorum was formed; the number of members present, were 84.——An extract of a letter from Commodore Preble to the Secretary of the Navy, dated June 14, 1804, on board the United States frigate Constitution, off Tripoli, says, "Yesterday I anchored off the Harbour and sent Mr. O'Brien on shore under a flag of Truce, to endeavour to ransom our unfortunate country-men, and if the Bashaw should desire it, to establish peace. Mr. O'Brien did not succeed in his mission, he landed at noon and returned on board at half past 2 o'clock P. M. You will see by his instructions how far he was authorised to go for the ransom. I presume if the terms had been accepted our government would have been satisfied; but they were refused, and we have no alternative but to oblige him to accept them or others more favorable for us."—— We are authorised to say, says the Commercial Register, that the account of Prince Jerome Bonaparte and his lady being shipwrecked in Snow Philadelphia, in the bay of Delaware, on their passage for Cadiz, is correct. They embarked at Port Penn, and were landed, after being in imminent danger, at Pilot-town. They arrived this day, 31st October, in Philadelphia, accompanied by Miss Spear and Mr. Pichon.——The grand jury of Bergen county in the state of New-Jersey, have found a bill of indictment for *murder* against Aaron Burr, for killing General Hamilton, in July in said County.——Tuesday the 2d October last, was the day set apart by the Government of Hayti for swearing allegiance to the Emperor Dessalines.——Edward Cœtis Esq. formerly a member of the Virginia Convention, is to succeed Hore B. Triste, Esq. dec. in the Collectorship of the port of N. Orleans.

SELECTED POETRY.

FROM THE EVENING POST.

" Uritur infelix Dido——
——Tacitumq : vivit, sub pectore vulnus."

VIRGIL.

Unfeeling Edward, can'st thou say
That Mary shuns thy proffer'd love,
Her ardless heart is led astray,
And thee, neglected, leaves to rove ?

Ah ! can'st thou thus, in wanton strains,
Her tender mind with anguish tear—
Her faithful love repay with pains,
With sorrow, cruelty, and care ?

Ah ! couldst thou look within, and know
What fears, what passions struggle there,
Thy eyes would melt, thy bosom glow,
And all thy Mary's wrongs repair.

Again, my much lov'd youth return,
Thy Mary's wonted peace restore ;
Nor thus regardless, see her mourn
The less of joys, she knows no more.

Oh ! come, and on her willing breast
Thy head recline—her fears remove :
Thy heart, with joy, shall then confess,
That only thee thy Maid can love.

Come, of her blissful bower partake,
With Flora's richest treasure dress'd ;
In these fond arms, thy slumbers take,
Here give thy weary eye-lids rest.

Oh ! come, and on her willing breast
Thy head recline—her fears remove :
Thy heart, with joy, shall then confess,
That thee, and only thee, thy Maid can love.

ODE TO ENCOURAGEMENT.

IN ages past, when Time was young,
Ere Nature's bard inspir'd had sung,
Love's wiles, or War's renown ;
Great Jove the dawn of Science blest,
And sent to fan th' inventive breast,
A bright celestial down.

She came—o'er Greece she cast her eye ;
Genius she saw neglected lie,
And took him to her arms :
She bade him hope a happier hour ;
Her soothing voice, with magic pow'r,
His cheerless bosom warms.

And soon the canvass learn'd to glow,
The Muse to melt the soul with woe,
And music charm the ears :
The sluggish, rough, insensate stone,
Impassion'd does this influence own,
And Nature's self appears.

Then Learning rear'd her head sublime,
And Man, Experience as a child from Time,
By faithful History's light :
And Grecia's sons in Virtue grew,
In Wisdom, and in Pleasure too,
Till Freedom took to flight.

Fear'd at the Despot's iron sway,
She fled, and westward bent her way,
Where flourish'd freedom's wreath ;
Again the marble mimics life,
Soft music lulls the soul at strife,
The canvass seems to breathe.

Sweet Nymph ! of heart-reviving tone !
May I thy pleasing influence own,
And share thy lively smile,
May generous emulation run
Through ev'ry noble-minded Son,
Of Freedom's fav'rite Isle.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

BY MR. MOORE.

Sweet lady look not thus again ;
Those little pouting smiles recal
A maid, remember'd now with pain,
Who was my love, my life, my all.

Oh ! while this heart delicious took,
Sweet poison from her thrilling eye,
Thus would she pout, and lisp, and look,
And I would hear and gaze and sigh.

Yes, I did love her—madly love—
She was the dearest best deceiver !
And oft she swore she'd never rove ;
And I was destin'd to believe her.

Then, lady, do not wear the smile,
Of her, whose smile could thus betray :
Alas ! I think the lovely wile
Again might steal my heart away.

And when the spell, that stole my mind,
On lips, so pure as thine I see,
I fear the heart, which she resign'd,
Will err again, and fly to thee.

The Bee from the rose never sips
Such a treasure of luscious delight,
As the kisses, that honey'd my lips,
My love, as I bid thee ' *good night.*'

Prudence cried, it was time we should part,
Yet I fondly gaz'd on with delight,
And I thought it would break my poor heart,
When I left thee, still bidding ' *good night.*'

So the wretch, whom disease o'ertakes,
With the chillness of death in each vein,
Still sighs for the world he forsakes,
Sighs still with his friends to remain.

But *he* never returns to his bride,
His sister or child to delight,
While fortune, my fair one, may guide
Me, to-morrow, to bid thee ' *good night.*'

[*ibid.*

IMAGINARY HAPPINESS.

The hapless man, whose *real* woes
His life's tranquility destroy,
Resorts to Fancy for repose,
And learns to *dream* of peace and joy.

The bliss of love, of wealth and power,
Th' enrapture'd dreamer then enjoys ;
All blessings gild th' ideal hour,
No grief appears, no pleasure cloys.

At length tir'd Fancy can no more
Relieve him from allotted pain ;
Her pleasing scenes he now gives o'er,
And wakes to real life again.

[*ibid.*

TO MRS. ROWSON,

Dictated by a deep sense of the merits of her late publication.

Transcendant worth my song inspires,
And bids me tune my lays ;
Nor will I chide my warm desires
To celebrate thy praise.

Unlike to dull, mechanic rhymes,
Which know no power to charm,
Celestial fires exalt thy lines,
And every feeling warm.

Yes, if congenial souls there be,
And such there surely are ;
Thy soft, thy soothing harmony
Shall every grief repair.

Superior piety appears
In every hymn of thine ;
Unusual strength each ode endears ;
Joy breathe thro, every line.

May fame afar thy worth disclose,
May thy harmonious lays
Awaken joy, a wreath compose
Of never fading bays.

[*Boston Weekly Magazine.*

THE TALE OF LOUISA VENONI.

BY HENRY MACKENZIE.

FROM THE MIRROR.

Ah, voices ! gilded by the rich and gay.

SHENSTONE

IF we examine impartially that estimate of pleasure, which the higher ranks of society are apt to form, we shall probably be surprised to find how little there is in it either of natural feeling or real satisfaction. Many a fashionable voluptuary, who has not totally blunted his taste or his judgment, will own, in the intervals of recollection, how often he has suffered from the insipidity or the pain of his enjoyments ; and that, if it were not for the fear of being laughed at, it were sometimes worth while, even on the score of pleasure, to be virtuous.

Sir *Edward* ——, to whom I had the pleasure of being introduced at Florence, was a character much beyond that which distinguishes the generality of the English travellers of fortune. His story was known to some of his countrymen who then resided in Italy ; from one of whom, who cou'd now and then talk of something beside pictures and operas, I had a particular recital of it.

He had been first abroad at an early period of life, soon after the death of his father had left him master of a very large estate, which he had the good fortune to inherit, and all the inclination natural to youth to enjoy. Though always sumptuous, however, and sometimes profuse, he was observed never to be ridicul us in his expences ; and though he was now and then talked of as a man of pleasure and dissipation, he always left behind more circumstances of beneficence than of irregularity. For that respect and esteem in which his character, amidst all his little errors, was generally held, he was supposed a good deal indebted to the society of a gentleman, who had been his companion at the university, and now attended him rather as a friend than a tutor. This gentleman was, unfortunately, seized at *Marseilles* with a lingering disorder, for which he was under the necessity of taking a sea-voyage, leaving Sir *Edward* to prosecute the remaining part of his intended tour alone.

Descending into one of the valleys of *Piedmont*, where, notwithstanding the ruggedness of the road, Sir *Edward* with a prejudice natural to his country, preferred the conveyance of an English *hunter* to that of an Italian mule, his horse unluckily made a false step, and fell with his rider to the ground, from which Sir *Edward* was lifted by his servants, with scarce any signs of life. They conveyed him on a litter to the nearest house, which happened to be the dwelling of a peasant rather above the common rank, before whose door some of his neighbours were assembled at a scene of rural merriment, when the train of Sir *Edward* brought up their master in the condition I have described. The compassion natural to his situation was excited in all ; but the owner of the mansion whose name was *Venoni*, was particularly moved with it. He applied himself immediately to the care of the stranger, and, with the assistance of his daughter, who had left the dance she was engaged in, with great marks of agitation, soon restored Sir *Edward* to sense and life. *Venoni* possessed some little skill in surgery, and his daughter produced a book of receipts in medicine. Sir *Edward*, after being bleeded, was put to bed, and tended with every possible care by his host and his family. A considerable degree of fever was the consequence of his accident ; but after some days it abated ; and, in little more than a week, he was able to join in the society of *Venoni* and his daughter.

He could not help expressing some surprise at the appearance of refinement in the conversation of the latter, much beyond what her situation seemed likely to confer. Her father accounted for it. She had received her education in the house of a lady, who happened to pass through the valley, and to take shelter in *Venoni's* cottage, (for his house was but a better sort of cottage) the night of her birth. " When her mother died " said he, " the Signora, " whose name, at her desire, we had given the child, took " her home to her own house ; there she was taught ma- " ny things, of which there is no need here ; yet she is " not so proud of her learning as to wish to leave her fa- " ther in his old age ; and I hope soon to have her set- " tled near me for life."

But Sir *Edward* had now an opportunity of knowing *Louisa* better than from the description of her father. Music and painting, in both of which she was a tolerable proficient, Sir *Edward* had studied with success. *Louisa* felt a sort of pleasure from her drawings, which they had never given her before, when they were praised by Sir *Edward* ; and the family-concerts of *Venoni* were very different from what they had formerly been, when once his guest was so far recovered as to be able to join in them. The flute of *Venoni* excelled all the other music of the valley ; his daughter's lute was much beyond it ; Sir *Edward's* violin was finer than either But his conversation with *Louisa*—it was that of a superior order of beings !—science, taste, sentiment !——it was long since *Louisa* had heard these sounds ; amidst the ignorance of the valley, it was luxury to hear them ; from Sir *Edward*, who was one of the most engaging figures I ever saw, they were doubly delightful. In his countenance there was always an expression animated and interesting ; his sickness had overcome somewhat of the first, but greatly added to the power of the latter.

Louisa's was no less captivating—and Sir *Edward* had not seen it long without emotion. During his illness he thought this emotion but gratitude ; and when it first grew warmer, he checked it, from the thought of her situation, and of the debt he owed her. But the struggle was too ineffectual to overcome ; and, of consequence, increased his passion. There was but one way in which the pride of Sir Edward allowed of its being gratified. He sometimes thought of this as a base and unworthy one ; but he was the fool of words which he had often despised, the slave of manners he had often condemned. He at last compromised matters with himself ; he resolved if he could, to think no more of *Louisa* ; at any rate, to think no more of the ties of gratitude, or the restraints of virtue.

[*To be continued.*]

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TERMS OF "THE MINERVA."

1st.—"THE MINERVA" will be neatly printed, weekly, on a half-sheet Super-Royal paper.

2d.—The terms are TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid in advance.

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FROM THE SPECTATOR.

THE STRENGTH OF PARENTAL AFFECTION.

I went the other day to visit Eliza, who, in the perfect bloom of beauty, is the mother of several children. She had a little prating girl upon her lap, who was begging to be very fine, that she might go abroad; and the indulgent mother, at her little daughter's request, had just taken the knots off her own head to adorn the hair of the pretty trifler. A smiling boy was at the same time caressing a lap-dog, which is their mother's favorite, because it pleases the children; and she, with a delight in her looks, which heightened her beauty, so divided her conversation with the two pretty prattlers, as to make them both equally chearful.

As I came in, she said with a blush, 'Mr. Ironside, tho' you are an old batchelor, you must not laugh at my tenderness to my children.' I need not tell my reader what civil things I said in answer to the lady, whose matron-like behaviour gave me infinite satisfaction: since I myself take great pleasure in playing with children, and am seldom unprovided with plums and marbles, to make my court to such entertaining companions.

Whence is it, said I to myself when I was alone, that the affection of parents is so intense to their offspring? Is it because they generally find such resemblances in what they have produced, as that thereby they think themselves renewed in their children, and are willing to transmit themselves to future times? or is it because they think themselves obliged by the dictates of humanity to nourish and rear what is placed so immediately under their protection; and what by their means is brought into this world, the scene of misery, of necessity? These will not come up to it. Is it not rather the good providence of that Being, who in a supereminent degree protects and cherishes the whole race of mankind, his sons and creatures? How shall we, any other way, account for this natural affection, so signally displayed throughout every species of the animal creation, without which the course of nature would quickly fail, and every various kind be extinct? Instances of tenderness in the most savage brutes are so frequent, that quotations of that kind are altogether unnecessary.

If we, who have particular concern in them, take a secret delight in observing the gentle dawn of reason in babes; if our ears are soothed with their half-forming & aiming at articulate sounds; if we are charmed with their pretty mimickry, and surprised at the unexpected starts of wit and cunning in these miniatures of man: what transports may we imagine in the breasts of those, into whom natural instinct hath poured tenderness and fondness for them! how amiable is such a weakness of human nature! or rather, how great a weakness is it to give humanity so reproachful a name! The bare consideration of paternal affection should, methinks, create a more grateful tenderness in children towards their parents, than we generally see; and the silent whispers of nature be attended to, though the laws of God and man did not call aloud.

These silent whispers of nature have had a marvellous power, even when their cause hath been unknown. There are several examples in story, of tender friendships formed betwixt men, who knew not of their near relation; such accounts confirm me in an opinion I have long entertained, that there is a sympathy betwixt souls, which cannot be explained by the prejudice of education, the sense of duty, or any other human motive.

The memoirs of a certain French Nobleman, which now lie before me, furnish me with a very entertaining instance of this secret attraction, implanted by Providence in the human soul. It will be necessary to inform the reader, that the person whose story I am going to relate, was one whose roving and romantic temper, joined to a disposition singularly amorous, had led him through a vast variety of amours and gallantries. He had, in his youth, attended a Princess of France into Poland, where he had been entertained by the King her husband, and married a grandee. Upon her death he returned into his native country; where his intrigues and other misfortunes having consumed his paternal estate, he now went to take care of the fortune his deceased wife had left him in Poland. In his journey he was robbed before he reached Warsaw, and lay ill of a fever, when he met with the following adventure; which I shall relate in his own words:

"I had been in this condition for four days, when the countess of Venoski passed that way. She was informed that a stranger of good fashion lay sick, and her charity led her to see me. I remembered her, for I had often seen her with my wife, to whom she was nearly related; but when I found she knew me not, I thought fit to conceal my name. I told her I was a German; that I had been robbed; and that if she had the charity to send me to Warsaw, the queen would acknowledge it; I having the honour of being known to her Majesty. The countess had the goodness to take compassion of me, and ordering me to be put in a litter, carried me to Warsaw, where I was lodged in her house until my health should allow me to wait on the queen:

"My fever increased after my journey was over, and I was confined to my bed for fifteen days. When the countess first saw me she had a young lady with her, about eighteen years of age, who was much taller and better shaped than the Polish women generally are. She was very fair, her skin exceedingly fine, and her air and shape inexpressibly beautiful. I was not so sick as to overlook this young beauty; and I felt in my heart such emotions at the first view, as made me fear that all my misfortunes had not armed me sufficiently against the charms of the fair sex.

"The amiable créature seemed afflicted at my sickness; and she appeared to have so much care and concern for me, as raised in me a great inclination and tenderness for her. She came every day in my chamber to enquire after my health; I asked who she was, and I was answered she was a niece to the countess of Venoski.

"I verily believe that the constant sight of this charming maid, and the pleasure I received from her careful attendance, contributed more to my recovery than all the medicines the physicians gave me. In short, my fever left me, and I had the satisfaction to see the lovely creature overjoyed at my recovery. She came to see me oftener as I grew better; and I already felt a stronger and more tender affection for her, than I ever bore to any woman in my life; when I began to perceive that her constant care of me was only a blind, to give her an opportunity of seeing a young Pole whom I took to be her lover. He seemed to be much about the same age, of a brown complexion, very tall, but finely shaped. Every time she came to see me, the young gentleman came to find her out; and they usually retired to a corner of the chamber, where they seemed to converse with great earnestness. The aspect of the youth pleased me wonderfully; and if I had not suspected that he was my rival, I should have taken delight in his person and friendship.

"They both often asked me if I were in reality a German? which when I continued to affirm, they seemed very much troubled. One day I took notice that the young lady and gentleman, having retired to a window, were very intent upon a picture; and every now and then they cast their eyes upon me, as if they had found some resemblance betwixt that and my features. I could not forbear to ask the meaning of it; upon which the lady answered, that if I had been a Frenchman, she should have imagined that I was the person for whom the picture was drawn, because it exactly resembled me. I desired to see it. But how great was my surprise, when I found it to be the very painting which I had sent to the queen five years before, and which she commanded me to get drawn to be given to my children! After I had viewed the piece, I cast my eyes upon the young lady, & then upon the young gentleman I had taken for her lover. My heart beat, and I felt a secret emotion which filled me with wonder. I thought I traced in the two young persons, some of my own features, and at that moment I said to myself, are not these my children? The tears came into my eyes, and I was about to run and embrace them; but constraining myself with pain, I asked whose picture it was? The maid, perceiving that I could not speak without tears, fell a weeping. Her tears absolutely confirmed me in my opinion; and falling upon her neck, 'Ah my dear child,' said I, 'yes, I am your father.' I could say no more. The youth seized my hands at the same time, and kissing, bathed them with his tears. Throughout my life, I never felt a joy equal to this; and it must be owned, that nature inspires more lively emotions and pleasing tenderness than the passions can possibly excite."

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. CHAPONE.

From an English Publication.

So may some gentle muse
With lucky words favor my destined urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

Mrs. Chapone, who died at Hadley, in Middlesex, in Dec. 25, 1801, in her 75th year, has long been known to the public, as an elegant and highly moral writer. The first productions of hers, which were given to the world, were, the interesting story of Fidelia, in the Adventurer; and a Poem, prefixed to her friend, Mrs. Carter's, production of Epictetus; but her name only became known on the publication of a deservedly popular work, Letters on the improvement of the Mind, addressed to a young Lady. This was printed in 1773, and will long, it is to be hoped, maintain its place in the library of young women. It is distinguished by sound sense, a liberal, as well as a warm spirit of piety, and a philosophy applied to its best use, the culture of the heart and affections. It has no shining eccentricities of thought, no peculiarities of system; it follows experience as its guide, and is content to produce effects of acknowledged utility, by known and approved means. On these accounts it is perhaps the most unexceptionable treatise, that can be put into the hands of female youth. These letters are particularly excellent, in what relates to regulating the temper and feelings. Their stile is pure and unaffected, and the manner grave and impressive. Those who choose to compare them in this respect, with another widely circulated publication, addressed about the same time to young women, [Doctor Fordyce's Sermons] will probably be of opinion, that the dignified simplicity of the female writer is much more consonant to true taste, than the affected prettiness and constant glitter of the preacher. Mrs. Chapone soon after published a volume of Miscellanies, containing one or two moral essays, and some elegant poems, which have the merit of many beautiful thoughts, and some original images, but seem not to have been sufficiently appreciated by the public; for they were not greatly noticed, owing perhaps to the mode of their publication. It was not then so common as it has been since, to mix new matter with old.

Mrs. Chapone's maiden name was Mulso; her family was a respectable one, in Northamptonshire. Her married life was short, and not very happy. She probably alluded to her own nuptial choice, when she speaks in one of her poems of

"Prudence slow, that ever comes too late."

When left a widow, her very limited circumstances prevented her not from enjoying a large acquaintance among the best circles of society, who admired her for her talents, and respected her for her virtues.

She understood and relished conversation. Her discourse was seasoned occasionally with a vein of humour; and having the advantage (for it is an advantage) of associating in early life with the best company, the ease and polish of the gentlewoman accompanied the talents of the writer. Her person was plain; but in her youth she had a fine voice, and always had a strong taste for music. Mrs. Chapone was one of those women who have shewn that it is impossible to attain a correct and elegant style, without an acquaintance with the classics. The French and the Italian she understood; and from the latter she made some translations. Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Montague and another lady, who stands confessedly at the summit of female literature, and upon a par with the distinguished scholars of the other sex, were friends and intimates: the two former have left the stage; but their venerable seignior still survives to receive the homage of another century. Mrs. Chapone had been declining in health for many years. The loss of a beloved neice, the lady to whom the letters were addressed, and of a more beloved brother, to whom she was united in affection and similarity of taste, hastened the infirmities of age; and for some time before her death, she was laid aside from society. It is not unusual for those who in some period of their lives have filled a certain space in the eye of the public, if they have been some time withdrawn from it, to glide silently out of life unnoticed, except by the attendants at their bed side: so was it with Chapone. But if there are those of her sex, now happy wives and mothers, who have in any measure been formed to those characters by the early impressions they may have received from her writings, they will drop a grateful tear to the memory of their benefactress, and rank her among those who, in the French phrase, "have deserved well of their country."

MISCELLANEOUS.

[In the last number of the Minerva, we republished the first letter of "THE BRITISH SPY IN BOSTON," originally published in the *Port Folio*; for our paper of today, we have extracted the second Letter. Much curiosity will doubtless be excited amongst literary men, relative to the author of these Letters. *Were the Letters of* THE BRITISH SPY, *in Virginia, (originally published in the Virginia Argus,) and those of* THE BRITISH SPY IN BOSTON, *written by the same person?* If this question be determined in the affirmative, another which has already received considerable notice may be again discussed; *Whether the Letters of* THE BRITISH SPY *(of Virginia) were written by the gentleman to whom public opinion has generally attributed them?* In language and subject, these letters bear a strong similarity to each other; with respect to style, few writers are superior in our opinion, to THE BRITISH SPY IN BOSTON.]

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

THE BRITISH SPY IN BOSTON.

LETTER II.

I continued at the supreme court of judicature, listening and observing, until the important juncture, when Theophilus Parsons, 'THE GIANT OF THE LAW,' as he is aptly denominated, opened his impressive argument. To a mind naturally acute, comprehensive, mighty, and original, he is said to unite a memory so retentive, that what he has once added to the rich store of his understanding, no lapse of time, no pressure of occurrences, can ever arrest. This treasure of professional knowledge is the inexhaustible fund, whence the unlearned, and the indolent obtain their daily supplies of precedent and authority; for he imparts his intellectual wealth, with the liberal indifference of one, who feels the unrivalled ascendency of his own attributes and acquirements. I had the pleasure of measuring, with all the faculties I possess, the proportion of his mind with the management of an intricate cause, brought for the enormous sum of four hundred thousand dollars, against the heir of the late lieutenant governor of the commonwealth. I found the general opinion, previous to the opening of the case, against the probability of the plaintiff's recovering more than thirty or forty thousand dollars, and under an inferior genius, it is to be presumed such would have been the award. Never have I found greater legal ability, nor more professional faithfulness, than were displayed by Mr. Parsons, upon this interesting occasion. The opposite council were the attorney general, and Mr. Samuel Dexter, men of distinguished talents, and respectable standing; but compared with the brilliancy of his mind, all other vividness appeared dim, every glow of the imagination faint and colourless. In fine, the pre-eminent powers of this man, his laborious research, his strong and comprehensive view of each circumstance, and his judicious arrangement of the whole, obtained for his client the extraordinary sum of one hundred and six thousand dollars, which has almost made me a convert to the opinion of the great Frederic, upon the propriety of shackling or restraining the ascendency of genius, nor permitting that to influence the decrees of justice. A mere statement of facts, given in commonplace terms, would probably have bestowed on the plaintiff his forty thousand dollars, and prevented the insolvency of the poor heir at law. Respecting Mr. Parsons, I find it a general sentiment to anticipate success, wherever he is engaged, and to consider the palm of victory decidedly his due. Hence, more fortunate are they, whose alacrity shall first possess his assistance: and hence, the multiplicity of his employments, and the honourable assiduity, with which he devotes himself to the interest of his client, would insure him a princely fortune, were his disposition rapacious or in any degree avaricious. But, liberal in his temper, and moderate in his desires, at the head of this honorable profession, his fees are said not to be proportionate to his individual importance, and extortion of every kind a stranger to the character of his practice and his propensity.

Theophilus Parsons has been announced, by some fastidious foreigners, as the only lawyer, in the genuine, and most extensive sense of the term, that America has produced. This is saying too much—He is, indisputably, the first, the most learned in authorities, the most powerful in argument, of the greatest ingenuity in foiling his opponent—Of a wit, impromptu and sarcastic, while his astonishing mind, always at home, now plunging into the deep and intricate recesses of unexplored jurisprudence, then lightly skimming round the flowery fields of fancy, ever superior, and never trivial, even in trifles, with a heart of benevolent feelings, untainted by avarice, and unwarped by ambition, a morality unimpeached and unsuspected, and a temper marked by fair-clearance and good-humour, that disarms enmity, and turns aside the arrows of professional envy and rivalship, it were to be presomed that respect and affection like hand-maids, would attend, and honours would court his acceptance. This is not found, and why it is not, would, to a mere speculative understanding, appear absurd or nugatory. Still, for a man, thus endowed and dignified, there remain private respect, individual affection, and universal applause. Were this a world of angels, it might be thus; but Theophilus Parsons, with a mind, in which the amiable, the great, and the good, are blended, has constitutional negligences, characteristic peculiarities, and incidental deficiencies. Whence, those who shrink from his superiority, take shelter in his imperfections, and derive consolation from the blemishes, that appear to mingle with his attributes. Secluding himself from the circles of gay life, and never partaking the conversation of that sex, which refines and civilizes, no attentions are lavished upon his person, no regard bestowed upon the decorums of fashion, and tho' not naturally ugly, he becomes, by these means, both uncouth and unpolished; and, while the sublimity of his genius should entitle him to undiminished admiration, the cut of his coat, the strangeness of his wig, or the color of his neckcloth, are the objects of exulting remark, and the subjects of reprehension. In this respect, as in many others, like the Chief Justice of the United States, Mr. Parsons disregards or despises every external attention to dress, or address, appearing in his own person rather to consult what will deform or repel, than the neatness of habiliment, or the grace of decoration. It may be urged by the before-named philosopher, that truly the coat, a man happens to put on, does not change the original character of his mind—possibly, not wholly or essentially, yet we are told by the poet,

> *"Even from the body's purity, the mind*
> *Receives a secret, sympathetic aid."*

Hence, a careless disregard to cleanliness, and propriety of apparel, has a tendency to diminish self-respect, and indirectly deprive us of the estimation of others, by generating familiarity, and contracting that distance which separates the extreme of character. To speak the plain language of truth and experience, it is most certain, that while we consent to live with the men of this world, and to be seen by the women of it, a moderate and modest attention to its fashions, its customs, its social and its public regulations, is important to the greatest, as much as to the least, if we would command respect, conciliate esteem, or even to be rescued from the cutting contempt of derision. Theophilus Parsons is beyond all this; planting his pleasure where his *honours* have grown *so thick upon him*, decidedly the greatest man in Massachusetts, desiring no recreations, and ordinary delights, it may be asked, why is he not called to grace, and to govern, either in the cabinet, or the senates of the nation? As a rhetorician, more solid than ornamental, his voice not melodious, but powerful, and less provincial than many of his brethren, his manner irresistibly impressive, and his political knowledge in proportion to his other acquirements, why are these elevated properties confined to the ordinary or extraordinary calls of jurisprudence? Of this problem, frequently urged by me in different societies, I have obtained the following solution. Mr. Parsons has long been the leader of a political 'Junto,' as it is termed, which, in avowed opposition to the republican or democratic powers, that now hold the reins, and direct the vehicle of the supreme authority, no situation, adequate to his merit and pre-ension, can be offered for his advancement, and why he was not sought under the former administration, is to be accounted for on other principles, since, as a distinguished member of the convention for forming the present Federal Constitution, his political knowledge was greatly conspicuous; but disdaining the lure of office, and inemulous of public honours, though persevering and inflexible in his party-opinions, he seeks no personal benefit, is too elevated for patronage, and too independent for recompence. This is well understood; and when Mr. Adams in the LATE and last hours of his perished authority, attempted to bestow upon him a transient, and perhaps equivocal advancement, with that straightness, and dignity of mind, which are truly his own, he instantly rejected the benefit, that, induced by no personal friendship, could confer no additional honour.

Finally, it is my opinion, and you, my dear S·····, will value it according to its worth, that among the first civilians of our country, and before the greatest judiciary it has ever produced, Theophilus Parsons would be estimated, honoured, and preferred, as one, whose attributes entiled him to the ennobling character of A GREAT LAWYER.

[*To be continued.*]

MRS. CHAPONE'S

Definition of a modern Lady of fashion.

If a modern lady of fashion was to be called to account for the disposition of her time, I imagine her defence would run in this style: I can't, you know, be out of the world, nor act differently from every body in it. The hours are very late—consequently I rise late I have scarce breakfasted before morning visits begin, or 'tis time to go to an auction, or a concert, or to take a little exercise for my health. Dressing my hair is a long operation, but one can't appear with a head unlike every body else. One must sometimes go to a play, or an opera; though I own it hurries one to death. Then what with necessary visits—the perpetual engagements to card-parties at private houses—and attendance on public assemblies to which all people of fashion subscribe, the evenings, you see, are fully disposed of. What time then can I possibly have for what you call domestic duties? You talk of the offices and enjoyments of friendship—alas! I have no hours left for friends! I must see them in a crowd, or not at all. As to cultivating the friendship of my husband, we are very civil when we meet; but we are both too much engaged to spend much time with each other. With regard to my daughters, I have given them a French governess, and proper masters—I can do no more for them. You tell me, I should instruct my servants—but I have not time to inform myself, much less can I undertake any thing of that sort for them, or even be able to guess what they do with themselves the greatest part of the twenty-four hours. I go to church, if possible, once on a Sunday, and then some of my servants attend me; and if they will not mind what the preacher says, how can I help it? The management of our fortune, as far as I am concerned, I must leave to the steward and housekeeper; for I find I can barely snatch a quarter of an hour just to look over the bill of fare when I am to have company, that they may not send up any one thing frightful or old-fashioned. As to the Christian duty of charity, I assure you I am not ill-natured; and (considering the expence of being always dressed for company, with losses at cards, subscriptions, and public spectacles, leave me very little to dispose of) I am ready enough to give my money when I meet with a miserable object. You say I should enquire out such, inform myself thoroughly of their cases, make an acquaintance with the poor of my neighbourhood in the country, and plan out the best methods of relieving the unfortunate, and assisting the industrious. But this supposes much more time and much more money, than I have to bestow. I have had hopes indeed, that my summers would have afforded me more leisure; but we stay pretty late in town; then we generally pass several weeks at one or other of the water-drinking places, where every moment is spent in public; and, for the few months, in which we reside at our own seat, our house is always full, with a succession of company, to whose amusement one is obliged to dedicate every hour of the day.

What Goldsmith has finely observed of the Swan, may be applied to the symmetrical figure of a beautiful woman.

In the exhibition of her form there are no broken or harsh lines: no constrained or catching motions; but the roundest contours, and the easiest transitions. The eye wanders over every feature with insatiable pleasure and every part takes new grace from new motion.

D'Israeli, describing a female delineator, has the following picturesque expressions.

'While the fair painter was occupied in descanting on the beauties of Mary and Cleopatra, she rolled on her lover two orbs of beauty so sparkling, that neither those of Mary or Cleopatra could have told more intelligently, the secrets of a bosom, that had gradually quitted its gauze.'

The Dutches of Devonshire, while waiting in her carriage one day in the streets of London, observed a Dustman, with a short pipe in his hand, looking at her. Having gazed a few seconds with intenseness, he broke into a smile, and said "Lord love your ladyship, I wish you would let me light my pipe at your eyes." Her grace took it in good part, and was so pleased with the whimsical frankness of the compliment, that when any thing civil is said to her, she often remarks "Very well: but nothing like the Dustman."

IN Mrs. Murray's Guide to the beauties of the Western Highlands of Scotland, many curious anecdotes are interspersed, and traditionary tales, related in a sprightly manner, one of which we transcribed:—

"Every length of the boat brought us something new to admire; but when I came to the point called Benien Gore (peak of Godfrey) I was lost in admiration. The peak, and the formation of the rocks, from the top to the bottom, many of them columnar, amazed and delighted me. The seamen lay on their oars while I gazed; and they were almost as much astonished at my raptures, as I was at the wonderful appearance of Benian-Gore. What a leap, thought I was that of Godfrey! In ages past, the M'Leans of Loch Buq where absolute monarchs of the south side of Mull, and in those days hunting deer was their amusement and support. Loch Buq commanded a great chace and gave strict charge to an attendant named Gore, (Godfrey) not to suffer a stag to escape through a certain pass, and at the same time declared, if such a thing happened, Gore should forfeit his life. Gore took his station, but notwithstanding all his caution, some deer forced the pass, and made their escape. Gore did not lose his life, but he was ignominiously chastised in the presence of the chieftain, and his assembled clan, on the summit of the peak. The proud Highland blood of Gore boiled at the indignity he had sustained in the sight of his

chief and clan. Death in his opinion would have been honorable, but the sting of disgrace was more than he could bear. Young and old were assembled to see the chace, and poor Gore's shameful chastisement. Amongst the rest was a nurse, with the infant son of the chief in her arms. Gore watches his opportunity, snatched Loch Buq's child from the arms of his nurse and with him in his hands leaped amongst the rocks of the peak on a shelf far below the astonished spectators. Gore came safely upon his feet, with the babe in his hand, and there held his victim in triumph. Reward and honours were offered, tears and intreaties were poured forth by the distracted parents to Gore to save and restore their only son. At length he seemed to relent, and declared if Loch Buq was brought within his sight and chastised in the same ignominious manner he should be satisfied. The parent, for the sake of his child, readily submitted to be treated precisely as Gore had been, and then required the restoration of his son; Gore with a smile of triumph and contempt, raised the child in his hand at arms length in the air, and with a shout threw himself over the peak. Both Gore and the child were dashed in pieces long before they reached the sea. Such deeds wear the resemblance of fable: but those who are well acquainted with the life and manners of remote Highlanders before the year 1745, will not think them wholly incredible."

BRUTAL INHUMANITY.

As a Mr. Thomas Ten Eyck was driving furiously through Broadway yesterday between 12 and one o'clock, he suddenly turned down Rector-street, and ran over a child (a fine boy of about 8 years of age) of Mr. Monteith's; fractured his scull, and otherwise injured him. Yet the *brutal* conduct of this man was such, that he never stoped one moment, but drove on as if nothing had happened. The humanity of a Mr. Myers from Virginia, and others, coming up at the moment, took care of the child, and carried him to Doctor Hosack's, where his wounds were dressed, and where he now lies dangerously ill. [*N. Y. Gaz.*]

THE TRUE AMBITION OF AN HONEST MIND.

Were I to describe the blessings I desire in life, I would be happy in a few, but faithful friends. Might I choose my talent, it should rather be good sense, than learning. I would consult, in the choice of my house, convenience rather than state; and for my circumstances, desire a moderate but independent fortune.—Business—enough to secure me from indolence, and leisure enough always to have an hour to spare. I would have no master, and I desire but few servants. I would not be led away by ambition nor perplexed with disputes. I would enjoy the blessing of health, but would rather be beholden for it to a regular life and an easy mind, than to the school of Hippocrates. As tomy passions, since we cannot be wholly divested of them, I would hate only those whose manners rendered them odious, and love only where I know I ought. Thus would I pass cheerfully through that portion of my life which cannot last always, and with resignation wait for that which will last forever.

CHARM OF A SNAKE.

The following very curious fact is communicated by a respectable gentleman in the neighbourhood of Blandford. We give the relation in the writer's own words:

"James Cox, Mr. Grosvenor's under keeper, in his road to speak to me last Friday, [the 5th inst.] heard an old partridge in distress, over the hedge in a piece of oats, and judging that some enemy was among her young, he leaped over to examine into the matter; but seeing nothing, and still finding the old bird running around in the same continued distress, he loocked more minutely among the corn, and at last found a large snake in the midst of the infant brood. And willing to see if any mischief had been done, he immediately cut open the snake's belly, when to his inexpressible surprise, two young partridges ran from their horrid prison, and joined their distressed mother, apparently very well: and two others were found in the same rapacious maw, quite dead. Strange as this may appear, it is not more curious than really true!"

Lond. Pap.

The German Prince Esterhazy has the largest flocks of sheep possessed by any one person in any part of the world. His Highness attended the Woburn sheep-shearing in 1804, when he asked the Duke of Bedford "of what number his flock consisted?" His Grace replied, "600." "What number of shepherds?" The answer was "one." "Probably," says the Duke, "your Highness may have a flock on your estate." "Yes," replied the foreigner, "I have in Saxony; it consisted of 150,000 sheep, and for the due management of which, I keep 600 shepherds!"

A humorous author compares love to the small-pox. The longer it is in making its appearance, the more violent is the disorder.

To THE EDITORS OF THE MINERVA.

GENTLEMEN,

AS a subject of considerable importance, (since the establishment of your useful paper) has been my chief study, I have now my first number prepared for the perusal of the fair sex. I commence the subject by asking a simple question, "Whether a woman of fashion ought not to be declared a public enemy?" There is a way of asking questions in which the answer is plainly implied, and this I take to be an example. If then we allow that a woman of fashion is a public enemy, I hope no one will deny the counterposition, that a woman of virtue and prudence is a public good. Give me leave to state one plain fact, "*that the influence of the fair sex over the men is great and universal.*" This, I suppose, none of your readers will deny. He that has a heart to feel, will be convinced of it as it relates to himself, and he that has eyes to see may be convinced of it in relation to others. The greatest and best of men are so far from concealing the influence which female charms possess over them, that they devote much of their time and attention to female company. In a word, attention to the fair sex, and a desire to be in their favor, is the universal passion; for even the old gentleman, in his gouty flannels, or hobbling on his crutches, though conscious that he can no longer captivate, hopes that by gentle gallantry he may yet be agreeable. The man who is odious to the fair sex, who never strives to appear pleasing in their eyes, and who boasts of the impenetrability of his heart, is one of those unfortunate beings of whom society has no inclination to boast. I shall now endeavour to prove, that this power which the fair sex have over us, may be used to greater and better purposes, than it has heretofore been employed to promote. I am persuaded that nothing short of a general reformation of manners would take place, were the ladies to use their power, in discouraging licentious manners. Men of vice and fashion, (for these qualities are almost always united) have long entertained a notion, that a rake is a character much more pleasing to the ladies, than a sober, virtuous man. How well it is founded, I leave to my fair readers to determine. Some observations must not be omitted. In public places, particularly in the Theatre, it is nothing uncommon to see gentlemen of spirit who belong to a party of virtuous ladies, leave them between the acts, and pay their respects to those tawdry females in the gallery, who come to make a market of their saleable charms. And this may be seen by the party they had before left, who on their return, express no other sense of disapprobation, than perhaps by a pat with the fan on the cheek, or the appellation of a wild fellow, which he considers rather as marks of favour. Distinctions are thus done away betwixt virtue and vice: the former is robbed of its dignity, and the latter is clothed with the spoils. If the ladies were to exert their power in this and in all other instances, publ c licentiousness would in a certain degree vanish. Private vice might not be uninterrupted, indeed, but an object of infinite importance would be attained. The mischief resulting from the example of vice in superiors would be prevented. It would be no longer honorable to make an open shew of one's follies. And this might be easily accomplished, were the ladies to discourage such behaviour, as an insult offered to themselves—an insult publicly offered to the married state, and a tacit avowal of principles, which are the bane of polished life, and the source of female ruin. I would have every one guilty of such conduct, to be considered not as a wild gay young fellow, who had amused himself with a little harmless gallantry; but as a cool, deliberate profligate, who thought he bought pleasure cheap, at the expence of the infamy and ruin of some misguided and unsuspecting female.

To be thus considered by the virtuous part of the sex; to have such a stigma fixed upon them, would be a more severe punishment than our laws can inflict, and more effectually discourage public licentiousness, than volumes of morality. The most abandoned rake cannot endure censure from the sex he pretends to adore. The most consummate impudence cannot face the frowns of that sex, to please whom is so much the ambition of all mankind. Were I to contract every argument on this head, into the compass of a few words, I would thus address the ladies; 'consult the dignity of your sex; consider that men in general would be just what you please to make them. 'Teach them, then, that it is not by a public display of 'the proofs of licentious gallantry that you are to be won. 'Teach them that you do not value them in proportion to 'the ruin they have occasioned, & that you are not to be 'amused, at the expence of another's sorrow.' By this rule of conduct, your power over our sex will be enlarged and promoted. Public decency will then be a fashion—and public virtue the only example.

CYCLOPS.

The following very curious paragraph is copied from THE BALANCE & *Columbian Repository*, a Literary and political paper, published in Hudson, New York, by *Harry Croswell*.

'A SPORTING FAIR ONE.—A late London paper mentions a "most capital" horse race, in which Mrs. Thornton, wife of Col. Thornton, rode one of the horses, in 'a "very superior style." As we are very fond of following European customs in this country, and as horse-racing is very fashionable at the southward, we shall not be surprized if we soon see accounts of Virginia female *jockies*, running heats, winning purses, &c. &c.'

It is much to be regretted that local prejudices should sometimes bias the senses of men, so far as to make them transgress the bounds of decorum. By what motive the Editor of 'The Balance' was actuated in making the foregoing illiberal and unfounded surmises, is difficult to determine. Does Mr. Croswell mean to insinuate that the ladies of Virginia are less distinguished by feminine modesty than those of New-York? Does he wish to convey an idea, that the female virtues are more rare in the southern than in the nothern states? If this be his intention, we assert that the principle is *false*, and we defy him to produce his proofs.

But perhaps the Editor of 'The Balance' meant no harm; he probably only sought an opportunity of shewing his *wit*; but if this be the case, Mr Croswell himself must acknowledge, that it was highly impolite in him to play off his joke at the expence of the *Virginian* ladies. An enlightened and liberal man contemplates virtue with equal veneration, and abhors vice with equal detestation in every part of the globe. He does not eulogize or slander a whole people because they inhabit a country a few hundred miles north or south of his own. In *Virginia* it is considered in the highest degree indecorous, to cast the smallest unmerited sarcasm or censure, on the character of an individual female:—for the honor of the American name, we hope that this valuable maxim of politeness is practiced as well in New-York as in every one of our sister states, altho' the Editor of 'The Balance' has in this instance, given us so unfavorable a specimen of Northern liberality and good-breeding. If it be indecent to utter verbal insinuations to the prejudice of an individual woman, how far more criminal is it, Mr. Croswell, to publish an unfounded slander against a community of females, with whose customs you are utterly unacquainted, and to whose virtues or foibles you are an entire stranger?

DIED,

On the 19th October last, in Washington County, Mrs. Eliza Henry Smith, consort of Capt. Francis Smith, and daughter of Mr. Russel.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPEAN.

London Papers to September 16 state, that a letter from Russia of the 20th ult. mentions that a new treaty of alliance between England and Russia was on the tapis, and that his imperial majesty had invited the court of Vienna and Berlin, to become parties.——A secret expedition was said to be in contemplation, and a meeting supposed for deliberation on the subject had taken place at Walmer castle, between Mr. Pitt, Lord Melville, Sir Home Popham, and Sir Sydney Smith.——Some loose rumours have been in circulation at the stock exchange at London, of a peace being likely to take place, but they were considered merely as originating in the speculating business of dealers in stock.

DOMESTIC.

It was reported at Hudson, says the New-York Mercantile Advertiser, a few days since, said to be on information communicated by a gentleman high in office in this state, that Louisiana had been receded to the Spanish government, for the sum of twenty five millions of Dollars. The American government reserving Florida and the Island of New Orleans.——The privateering from Barracoa against the commerce of the United States it is said, is now almost relinquished; and this measure it attributed to the logic of the American cannon, which, we understand, frequently carry conviction into the practical part of the world.——The schooner Polly, Bush, which went out with the British frigates, has returned. She left them on Wednesday morning off Block Island, proceeding from Halifax, they having put into New-port on Tuesday night.——The French frigates Didon and Cybelle, went through the Hell-gate on Friday afternoon, a quarter past 3 o'clock, and are now probably at sea. The English ships in Sandy Hook, could not get under way, on account of head wind and tide. The Frenchmen have had most favorable winds to effect their escape.——Captain Living from Porto Rico informs that two Spanish ships from Europe, laden with wine, &c. touched at Porto Rico, one bound for St. Jago de Cuba, the other for Havanna, were both captured by the Brigands and carried into Aux-Cayes; the crew of which were marched about 20 miles back into the country, imprisoned, and put upon an allowance of half a pound of bread per day. A number of smaller vessels, belonging to Porto Rico, have lately been captured by the Brigands and the crews murdered.——Late accounts from Cadiz mention the arrival of Mr. Pinckney from Madrid, on his way to the United States.

SELECTED POETRY.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

MORNING.

From yon high hill the orient dawn
But faintly streaks the azure heaven,
And now across the dewy lawn
The Shepherd's fleecy pride is driven.

Sweet is the hour of infant day,
And sweet all Nature's calm repose;
I'll to the tall cliff's summit stray,
Ere the first sunbeam greets the rose.

O! how sublime the opening view!
The morning rays expanding wide!
The long grass glittering with the dew!
The clouds that fringe the mountain's side!

The fogs fantastic shapes assume,
As in the west they melt away,
And soon the nights departing gloom
Is lost amidst the blaze of day.

The twinkling stars now scarcely gleam,
The moon a paler lustre wears,
And from its visionary dream
Awakes the bustling world of cares.

The lowing herds their pasture seek,
And slowly wind along the vale;
With careless heart and glowing cheek,
The milk-maid wields the flowing pail.

Daughter of Innocence and Health,
Thy breast no rankling griefs annoy,
The rural virtues form thy wealth,
And crown thee with unfading joy.

The gaudy dame who sleeps till noon,
Her shatter'd system to repair,
Who keeps her vigils with the moon,
And scorns thy task and rustic fare,

In vain may envy thee a blush
That mantles in thy smiling face;
To her alone the hectic flush
Can yield a momentary grace.

Her nights of riot, days of rest
By slow degrees her health consume;
Corrosive passions gnaw her breast,
And lay her in an early tomb:

Whilst thou, within thy lowly sphere,
The pride of some untutored swain,
Enjoy'st with feeling heart sincere,
A bliss unknown to fashion's train.

Give me, kind Heaven! a gentle maid,
Like this, unknown to wealth or fame,
We'll seek some sweet sequester'd shade,
Nor court an evanescent name.

The field of glory—Fortune's sphere,
Shall ne'er my wandering steps receive;
To join in Folly's mad career,
I'll ne'er my humble cottage leave.

The blandishments of wealth or power,
Shall ne'er seduce my constant heart,
The joys they give but last an hour,
And everlasting cares impart.

Domestic love shall form the spell,
To charm each little grief to rest,
Content beneath our roof shall dwell,
And animate each happy guest.

A friend, endear'd by sacred ties,
Shall nightly ope my cottage door;
I'll envy not the great or wise,
But bless my lot, and God adore.

RUSTICUS.

STANZAS.—BY F. L. COURTIER.

So you say, that my looks now no longer convey
That language that once was to you most delighting;
This you say, but forget, at the same time to say,
How long you have ceased to be also inviting.

Restore me the dimple that played on the cheek,
And the eyes in mild lustre so gratefully beaming,
And the tongue that in accents of music would speak,
When of love and of hope my fond bosom was dreaming.

Yes, be the same girl that I once could adore,
My eyes & my heart by thy beauties enchaining,
Be this! and, in conscience, I think that no more
Any cause wilt thou find for reproof and complaining.

O that time, which can reason and friendship mature,
Should the frailty of softer affection discover,
Should declare that, however important and pure,
Too vain are the sighs and the vows of the lover.

And yet, on reflection, perhaps I gave rise
To the change and the evils I thus am lamenting;
Obscur'd the sweet radiance that shone in those eyes,
And taught to that tongue the sad art of tormenting.

If so, and my girl, can the truant forgive,
Who too long may her charms & her grace have slighted,
He will now do his best in contrition to live,
And be with those charms and those graces delighted.

TEAR OF GRATITUDE.

How sweet the sudden grateful tear,
Fresh springing in the eye!
That trembling stands, as if for fear,
It brighten'd but to die.

'Till gently stealing down the cheek,
And glist'ning as it flows,
It seems to say, "my home I seek,
'Twas from the heart I rose!"

THE TALE OF LOUISA VENONI.

BY HENRY MACKENZIE.

FROM THE MIRROR.

(CONTINUED.)

Louisa, who trusted to both, now communicated to Sir *Edward* an important secret. It was at the close of a piece of music, which they had been playing in the absence of her father. She took up her lute, and touched a little wild melancholy air, which she had composed to the memory of her mother. 'That,' said she, 'nobody ever 'heard except my father; I play it sometimes when I 'am alone, and in low spirits. I don't know how I came 'to think of it now; yet I have some reason to be sad.' Sir *Edward* pressed to know the cause; after some hesitation she told it all. Her father had fixed on the son of a neighbour, rich in possessions, but rude in manners, for her husband. Against this match she had always protested as strongly, as a sense of duty, and the mildness of her nature, would allow; but *Venoni* was obstinately bent on the match, and she was wretched from the thoughts of it.——'To marry, where one cannot love,—to marry 'such a man, Sir *Edward*!'——It was an opportunity beyond his power of resistance. Sir *Edward* pressed her hand; said it would be profanation to think of such a marriage; praised her beauty, extolled her virtues; and concluded by swearing he adored her. She heard him with unsuspecting pleasure, which her blushes could ill conceal.—Sir *Edward* improved the favorable moment; talked of the aridity of his passion, the insignificancy of ceremonies and forms, the inefficacy of legal engagements the eternal duration of those dictated by love; and, in fine, urged her going off with him, to crown both their days with happiness. *Louisa* started at the proposal. She would have reproached him, but her heart was not made for it; she could only weep.

They were interrupted by the arrival of her father, with his intended son-in-law. He was just such a man as *Louisa* had represented him, coarse, vulgar and ignorant. But *Venoni*, though much above their neighbour in every thing but riches, looked on him as poorer men often look on the wealthy, and discovered none of his imperfections. He took his daughter aside, told her he had brought her future husband, and he intended they should be married in a week at farthest.

Next morning *Louisa* was indisposed, and kept her chamber. Sir *Edward* was now perfectly recovered. He was engaged to go out with *Venoni*; but, before his departure, he took up his violin, and touched a few plaintive notes on it. They were heard by *Louisa*.

In the evening she wandered forth to indulge her sorrows alone. She had reached a sequestered spot, where some poplars formed a thicket, on the banks of a little stream that watered the valley. A nightingale was perched on one of them, and had already begun its accustomed song. *Louisa* sat down on a withered stump, leaning her cheek upon her hand. After a little while, the bird was scared from its perch, and flitted from the thicket. *Louisa* rose from the ground and burst into tears! She turned; and beheld Sir *Edward*. His countenance had much of its former langour; and, when he took her hand, he cast on the earth a melancholy look, and seemed unable to speak his feelings. 'Are you well, Sir *Edward*?' said *Louisa*, with a voice faint and broken.—'I am ill indeed,' said he, 'but my illness is of the mind. *Louisa* cannot cure me of that. I am wretched, but I deserve to be so; 'I have broken every law of hospitality, and every obliga- 'tion of gratitude. I have dared to wish for happiness, 'and to speak what I wished, though it wounded the heart 'of my dearest benefactress—but I will make a severe ex- 'piation. This moment I leave you *Louisa*! I go to be 'wretched; but you may be happy, happy in your duty 'to a father, happy, it may be, in the arms of a husband, 'whom the possession of such a wife may teach refine- 'ment and sensibility.—I go to my native country, to hur- 'ry through scenes of irksome business or tasteless a- 'musement; that I may, if possible, procure a sort of half 'oblivion of that happiness which I have left behind, a 'listless endurance of that life which I once dreamed 'might be made delightful with *Louisa*.

Tears were the only answer she could give. Sir *Edward's* servants appeared, with a carriage, ready for his departure. He took from his pocket two pictures; one he had drawn of *Louisa*, he fastened round his neck, and, kissing it with rapture, hid it in his bosom. The other he held out in a hesitating manner. 'This,' said he, 'if 'Louisa will accept of it, may sometimes put her in mind 'of him who once offended, who can never cease to adore 'her. She may look on it, perhaps, after the original 'is no more; when this heart shall have forgot to love, 'and cease to be wretched.'

Louisa was at last overcome. Her face was first pale as death; then suddenly it was crossed with a crimson blush. 'Oh! Sir *Edward!*' said she, 'What—what would you have me do?'—He eagerly seized her hand, and led her, reluctant, to the carriage. They entered it, and driving off with furious speed, were soon out of sight of those hills which pastored the flocks of the unfortunate *Venoni*.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PROPOSALS

By RITCHIE & WORSLEY & AUG. DAVIS,

For publishing by subscription,

THE DEBATES AND OTHER PROCEEDINGS OF THE

VIRGINIA CONVENTION,

ON THE ADOPTION OF

THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION.

ON the advantages of a work, whose character is so well established, as that of the Debates of the Virginia Convention, it would be useless to expatiate. A work which gives the most comprehensive account extant, of the proceedings and arguments on the adoption of the present Constitution of the United States, certainly needs not the passing tribute of the mere mechanical editor. If the reputation of a book which is so frequently mentioned, has not already anticipated these eulogiums of the Editor, such a character, often mercenary, and always partial, can scarcely be expected to bring it into notice. If the merits of the work have been already appreciated, the eulogiums of the Editor will be surely unnecessary.

The Debates of the Virginia Convention are completely out of print. No more than 1500 copies of the first edition were ever *published*; and not more than one edition has ever appeared. Hence it is that the demand for this work has scarcely ever been supplied: and it is hence that the present publishers have been induced to print a second edition.

Several mistakes, which had crept into the former edition, will be corrected; the speeches will sometimes be disposed for a more satisfactory perusal, by distributing them into appropriate paragraphs: and the entire execution of the work will be in every respect more perfect.

CONDITIONS.

1. *This work, which was divided into three volumes in the former edition, will now be comprised in one.*

2. *It will be printed with a new type, on very good paper, in the octavo form.*

3. *It will be bound in boards. An additional expence of 50 cents will be required for binding in leather.*

4. *The price to subscribers will be three dollars, to be paid on the delivery of the copy. Non-subscribers will have to pay four dollars.*

5. *It is now in the press. The labour of two compositors and two pressmen is constantly employed upon it; and it may be expected to appear in February or March, 1805.*

October 20.

☞ Subscriptions will be received at the office of the Minerva.

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PROMPTNESS AND ACCURACY.

The MINERVA;

Or, LADY's AND GENTLEMAN's MAGAZINE.

VOLUME I.] RICHMOND:—*TUESDAY*, NOVEMBER 27, 1804. [NUMBER 12.]

TERMS OF "THE MINERVA."

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MISERIES OF A RETIRED LIFE.

[From the Sentimental Magazine.]

MR. EDITOR,

The advantages of retirement have been expatiated upon by many writers on moral topics, who very justly argue that it becomes a rational creature to devote some time to meditation upon past actions, of which he is to give an account, and to prepare for leaving a world, to which he is no more to return. All this is very easily understood, and the many other fine arguments in favor of retirement made a great impression upon me at one time. I must have been very happy indeed, to have confirmed here by my own experience, had it not been for one little circumstance of considerable moment, in endeavouring to the question, namely, that after a long trial, I found retirement impracticable.

In former days I was a tradesman in the city of London, and for many years carried on business with increasing prosperity. I may say, indeed, that every thing succeeded which I undertook; while others around me were driven with loss and disappointed speculations, by paper credits and accommodation bills, into the Gazette, I stood firm, and, upon 'Change, was universally reported to be a good man. From this character you are not to wonder if I very rapidly passed into that of a warm man; and, in truth, having realized several thousand pounds, and advancing, at the same time, towards the downhill of life, I began to be cautious! by the beautiful descriptions presented to me of the happiness of retirement. Having few relations, to interfere with my inclinations, I met with no obstacles; I parted with my business upon easy terms, to two industrious and faithful servants who had lived some years with me, and deserved every return I could make: and having purchased a small freehold in the west of England, I bade an everlasting adieu to the bustle and noise, the smoke and confusion of a vast and overgrown metropolis.

It would be unnecessary to give you a particular description of my country residence; suffice it to say, that it was situated in a most pleasant vale, and possessed all those advantages which are so pompously, and often falsely, trumpeted forth by the auctioneers. Here I felt myself light as a bird who had escaped the confinement of a cage. Here I expected to enjoy the blissful transition from society to solitude, from care to ease, from vexation to tranquility. But what are the hopes of man? I had not been here many weeks, before I discovered that something essential was wanting to fill up the measure of my happiness; something which I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy; it was *work*, I wanted something to do. In the midst of retirement, my mind struggled for employment, and dragged me back to those days, when I knew not the misery of a vacant hour, and when every hour brought with it its pleasing anxieties or profitable engagements. Here were no employment, no calls, no avocations; here were no goods to look over and examine, no sales to attend, no custom-house business to be done, no attendance upon 'Change, no books to post, invoices to send, or bills to negociate. These had been the employment of my former life; and deprived of them, I had nothing upon which I could learn to fix my attention. 'It was very singular,' you will say, 'that all this never occurred to me before.' Yet nothing is more certain, than that no such idea ever entered my head, till I had leisure to look my situation in the face, and contemplate myself as a solitary helpless, and useless being.

It was now surprised to me, that however true this might be, yet it was no more than what happens to others. Gentlemen who retire are no longer to think of business; they are to partake of such sports and pleasures as the country affords, and lay up a stock of good health & spirits, to prepare for a vigorous old age, & bid defiance to care and time. This was bewitching language, and I listened to it with conviction; I entered with spirit into the views of my neighbours; but I soon found that the sports of the country are learnt with difficulty, and followed with a very bad grace by a mere man of London business, who has reached his grand climacteric. I had been all my life, even from my boyish days, an industrious plodder behind the counter and the desk; it could not, consequently, be very easy to transform one of my habits, into a man of pleasure, and a keen sportsman. The first lessons I took were miserably unsuccessful, and attended by consequences, more of a painful than pleasurable nature; my attempt to follow the hounds was attended by a dislocation of the shoulder, which laid me up for six weeks; and, in my first attack upon a covey of partridges, I put out my shoulder again by the recoil of my piece. These violent amusements, in short, were not suited to my taste or capacity, and too evidently interfered with my safety, to be followed longer. Fishing, therefore, was recommended as a more easy and secure diversion; and I was soon instructed in all the mysteries of baits, and hooks, and bites, and worms; but, as before I had too much exercise, here I had too little, and had nearly fallen into the river, fast asleep; when I gave up this pursuit also.

It now came into my head, especially as winter approached, that reading would fill up my hours agreeably. I never had an aversion to reading, as far as I can remember of my early likings and dislikings; but I had always found so much employment in business apparently, and perhaps really more urgent, that, for many years, my reading was confined entirely to a newspaper, with an occasional peep into the London Directory or the Red Book, and such a chain of reasoning or narrative, as other books contain, was not familiar to me. I imputed this, however, merely to want of time; and that obstacle being now removed, I flattered myself that I should be able to increase the advantages of retirement, by storing my mind with food for reflection. Books were accordingly provided; but here, as in hunting, fishing and fowling, all was new and unattended ground. When I had completed my library, I discovered that my bookseller had not, and indeed could not, send me what I most wanted, a taste and habit of reading. My sleepy fits came on again, and there are few of the eminent writers of the present day (whatever they may think of their genius) whom I have not honored with the approbation of a *nod*.

One resource was yet left. I now began to think that company would serve to divert me and kill heavy hours; for that purpose I cultivated the acquaintance of an extensive neighbourhood. My wealth, and I hope, my manners, which were at least inoffensive, procured me an easy introduction into many agreeable families. But here too I was doomed to the experience of having gone through life with one stock of ideas, and that a very small one, of no use to any person but the owner.' The conversation of my friends turned upon subjects with which I was totally unacquainted. Now and then, when the newspaper came, I could expatiate upon London politics, and the comparative merits of many great London politicians. But this could not last long: my stock of politics was the smallest of all my property, and I was too far from Guildhall, or St. Stephen's Chapel, to procure a fresh supply. During the greater part of my visits, I was condemned to hear long debates on subjects foreign to my understanding. The state of wheat, barley, and oats; the modes of rearing and feeding cattle; the farm-yard and the dairy; the cutting down of timber, and the planting of potatoes, were often discussed with great warmth, and at great length: but all was unintelligible to me; nor could I find a man in the whole parish, who understood any thing about nainsooks and bandannoes, soosayes and taffeties, & calimancoes, muslinets or dimities. I began to have a very indifferent opinion of their capacities; I believe they had none of mine, and it was more than once whispered in my hearing, that, 'your Londoners know nothing out of the sound of Bow bells.'

In this uncomfortable situation I remained nearly two years; my health became affected from the lowness of my spirits, and the indolence of my habit: and I know not what might have been the consequence, if I had not, at length, taken the resolution to revisit society again. I am now most happily and comfortably placed as a partner in that very house, to which I once bade adieu, as I thought, forever. I trust I am now cured of a passion for retirement; but as I perceive many of my acquaintances listening to the representations which once deceived me, I am desirous, by your insertion of this letter, to warn them against the error. Few men of any description are qualified to enjoy retirement, or to render it salutary. Men of mere business are the least of all so. Their habits, tempers, and talents, are all disqualifications of an insuperable kind. Active employments, connected with fair and honest advantages, may prolong their days in health and comfort; but to exchange bustle for idleness, without the power to render idleness harmless, is a desperate attempt; and it is extreme folly, at the decline of life, to barter that which may be depended upon, for that which is uncertain, in the highest possible degree.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

THOMAS KERSEYMERE.

BIOGRAPHY.

CHARLOTTE HUTTON

Youngest daughter of Dr. Charles Hutton, of Woolwich, received two years education at a nunnery in France. She was only sixteen years of age at her death, and yet she had been for several years the most efficient personage in the family, entering into all its numerous concerns, both domestic and literary, in the most active and ample manner. She was her father's amanuensis and assistant, upon all occasions; she wrote for him, and read for him, in all languages and sciences; she made drawings for him of all kinds, mathematical, mechanical, &c. arranged and managed his library, and knew where every book stood, and could find them even in the dark: She knew several languages, and almost all sciences, in a tolerable degree; arithmetic, algebra, geography, astronomy, music, drawing, poetry, history, botany, gardening, and all the usual female accomplishments in a superior style and degree; most of which accomplishments were acquisitions chiefly made by her own talents and energy of mind, with little or no assistance from others. It was sufficient for her, once to hear or see any thing done; she soon made it her own; she was the author of several ingenious calculations and compositions; she extracted the square roots of most of the second 1000 numbers, to twelve places of decimals, and proved the truth of them afterwards by means of differences, arranging the whole in a table ready for publication; she drew elegant geographical maps, and only the second day before her death, began and completed one whole hemisphere of the earth, both the drawing, the shading, and the writing. She was remarkable at composition and style, either epistolary or scientific, expressing herself well in any subject; a small specimen of which we cannot avoid inserting for the curiosity of the subject. A very few days before her death, when they joined her one morning in the parlour (for she was usually first up in the morning, as well as last at night) she told them a dream she had in the night, which seemed so curious, that they desired her to write it down; which she immediately did literally, in the following word: "I dreamt that I was dead, and that my soul had ascended in one of the stars; there I found several persons whom I had formerly known, and among them some of the nuns whom I was particularly attached to when in France. They told me when they received me, that they were glad to see me, but hoped I should not stay with them long, the place being a kind of purgatory, and that all the stars were for the reception of different people's souls, a different star being allotted for every kind of bad temper and vice: all the sharp tempers went to one star, the sulky to another, the peevish to another, and so on. Every body in each star being of the same temper, no one would give up to another, and there was nothing but dissention and quarrels amongst them. Some of those who received me, taking offence at the information my friends were giving me, it made a quarrel, which at length became so rude and noisy, that it waked me." In short, had she lived, she shewed fair to become a second Hypathia. To her mother and the rest of the family, she was no less useful in domestic business, than to her father in literary. For nothing came amiss to her, being equally skilled and adroit in all useful and laudable concerns; in managing the family, the servants, in making purchases at shops or markets, &c. She was the life and soul of every company, wherever she came, engaging the chief or sole attention of every person, men and women, young and old. She had conversation for every one, and generally took the lead, when not checked. In short, her goodness and sweetness of disposition gained her the love of every person, as her wit and cheerfulness fixed their attention, and her knowledge and wisdom raised their admiration.—She died in 1795, by a rupture of a vessel in her lungs.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The Rev. Mr. Harris has issued proposals for publishing the Journal of his Tour in the Territory North West of the Alleghany Mountains: to be illustrated with Maps and views. The prospectus leads us to expect much topographical information respecting an interesting part of our country, of which there have been published only vague and exaggerated accounts; with some curious particulars of the appearance, dimensions, and, probable, history of the prodigious forts and pyramidical mounds on the banks of the Muskingum and Scioto—the solitary evidences of a great population in some remote, forgotten period.

It is hoped, that a work so valuable and curious, will be favored with the most liberal patronage.

[PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

THE BRITISH SPY IN BOSTON.

LETTER III.

IN my last, I was induced to give you, my dear S——, a full length drawing of the "GIANT OF THE LAW," to trace the bold and distinct features of his character with precision, and possibly with presumption. The American world having given him no adequate competitor, and his native town, though rich in legal ability, viewing him as the only oracle of professional knowledge, I have been assiduous in marking and comparing him, in my *mind's* eye, to all that I have known *clever*, or extraordinary at home. * * * * * * * *

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But among the many honourable properties of his character, perhaps that of his learning ought to have been considered as the most transcendant, since in America it is the most rare, while, in that, and in every country, where the people is free, and enlightened, where the laws are written, and may be understood, an accurate knowledge of those laws must constitute the first and greatest attribute of their professors. The poetic glow of imagination, the fine scintillations of wit, the rapidity of perception, and the ingenuity of a discriminating judgment, are as nothing, without the rich and solid foundation of law-reading. It is this which constitutes *the profession*, intitling its possessor to the denomination of A LAWYER. We expect every artist to have studied the theory and principles of his art, and shall that calling which implies the greatest supremacy of mind, be least understood, and most superficially acquired? Wherever the question shall be brought to the test between the natural brilliancy of what is termed genius, and the ascendency of acquirement, directed by good sense, it is most certain, that the event will decide the principle. In Mr. Parsons, I have all in an eminent degree united, and conspicuous, and thence have given more time to his delineation, than any single subject had a right to command. Of what remain, a sketch must answer, since the multitude of heads, that constitute the original group before me, will not admit time for each, to have a full length, neither to be finished with all the nice touches of correct colouring.

After much inquiry, and great attention given to the pretentions of his brethren, I have considered Harry Gray Otis, as entitled to the next rank, and as having in Boston no superior, except that great man, who has no equal. Mr. Otis is, in age, under forty, and consequently among the youngest of those, who have professional eminence, and to such, as expect wisdom to be derived from grey hairs, his introduction will be considered premature and indecorus. But, holding the precedent of talent beyond that of seniority, Harrison Gray Otis is, in my judgement, next entitled to our animadversions. Many years since, in the early youth of this gentleman, before his judgement was ripened, and ere his talents had obtained maturity, charmed by the brilliancy of powers, that gave the promise of growing greatness, his native district elected him to represent them at the national legislature. The result of this choice disappointed expectation. Mr. Otis was rivalled and excelled by two men of the same profession, and from the same county, who, greatly his seniors in age, are considered, in some points, rather his inferiors at the bar. These were Samuel Dexter and Fisher Ames; men, distinguished and honoured for rare and respectable qualities, and whom I shall thence take a future opportunity of introducing to your acquaintance. The young Mr. Otis, when in Congress, was much two juvenile for the station, in which he stood, classed with, and in opposition to the proudest talents, and the best learning of the Union: consequently less formidable to his opponents, and less applauded by his constituents, than a proper consciousness of his own powers must have convinced him, were justly his due. Whence, having been twice chosen by a flattering majority, he declined a re-election, and returned to the duties of his profession, it seems, with a determination to recover that ascendancy, which had been incidentally wrested from his genius. In this, he was successful; for Nature had done much to insure him the victory, in giving him a fair open countenance, a fascinating smile, a graceful address, and a voice of melody, better attuned by himself, to the varied modifications of the mind, with less localism of tones and pronunciation than any of his brethren. Clear, distinct and forcible, his extempore speaking has an irresistible charm, and leaves his hearers more delighted, if not better instructed, than any voice I have heard in New-England. In law knowledge he is, at present, neither overflowing nor deficient, and is every day adding, by his industry, to his already respectable acquirements. More than any of his associates at the bar, is he animated in argument, and successfull in the pathos of personal appeal. Qualities, such as these, have necessarily acquired him great individual influence; and being a favourite member of the state legislature every competitor was distanced, and the Federal party united to a man, in conferring upon him the distinguished honour of the speaker's chair. This he has, in effect, graced and dignified. Prompt, lucid, and generally impartial, his deportment is fitted to soften the rancour of party animosity, and his smile to conciliate the virulence of opposition. Possibly, his refinement may sometimes appear to border upon *finesse*, and the polished benevolence of his accent to degenerate into adulation, by which he seems to neglect proper discrimination; and, resembling the greater light in the firmament of heaven, permits the kind glance of his eye to shine equally upon the good and upon the evil. Still, the most enthusiastic of his many friends and admirers, consider the speaker's chair as the prelude to a more exalted station, even that of chief magistrate to the state, since the present worthy and unassuming, but unsocial and unpatronizing character, who presides, is said to be wearied with a rank, uncongenial with the humility of his temper, and inauspicious ro the retirement of his habits.

Mr. Otis is rich, liberal and hospitable; his house appears to be the abode of social elegance, and the temple of domestic happiness: whence his political adherents are found to be his personal friends. His virtues, his talents and his manners, uniting the general suffrage of respect, with the more irresistible claim of merited affection.

[*The following remarks on* POLITENESS, *extracted from Hume's Essays, are believed to be correct and valuable: they are respectfull, recommended to the attention and practice of our youthful readers; perhaps, some heads of families might profit by adhering strictly to them.*]

To correct such gross vices as lead us to commit a real injury to others, is the part of morals, and the object of the most ordinary education. Where that is not attended to, in some degree, no human society can subsist. But in order to render conversation and the intercourse of minds more easy and agreeable, good manners have been invented, and have carried the matter somewhat farther. Wherever nature has given the mind a propensity to any vice, or to any passion disagreeable to others, refined breeding has taught men to throw the bias on the opposite side, and to preserve, in all their behaviour, the appearance of sentiments contrary to those which they naturally incline to. Thus, as we are naturally proud and selfish, and apt to assume the prefrence above others, a polite man is taught to behave with deference towards those with whom he converses, and to yield up the superiority to them in all the common incidents of society. In like manner, wherever a person's situation may naturally beget any disagreeable suspicion in him, tis the part of good-manners to prevent it, by a studied display of sentiments directly contrary to those of which he is apt to be jealous. Thus old men know their infirmities and naturally dread contempt from youth: hence, well-educated youth redouble their instances of respect and deference to their elders. Strangers and foreigners are without protection: hence, in all polite countries, they receive the highest civilities, and are entitled to the first place in every company. A man is lord in his own family, and his guests are, in a manner, subject to his authority: hence, he is always the lowest person in the company; attentive to the wants of every one; and giving himself all the trouble, in order to please, which may not betray too visible an affectation, or impose too much constraint on his guests. Gallantry is nothing but an instance of the same generous and refined attention. As nature has given man the superiority above woman, by endowing him with greater strength both in mind and body, tis his part to alleviate that superiority, as much as possible, by the generosity of his behaviour, and by a studied deference and complaisance for all her inclinations and opinions. Barbarous nations display this superiority, by reducing their females to the most abject slavery; by confining them, by beating them, by selling them, by killing them. But the male sex, among a polite people, discover their authority in a more generous, though not a less evident, manner; by civility, by respect, by complaisance, and, in a word, by gallantry. In good company, you need not ask, who is master of the feast? The man who sits in the lowest place, and who is always industrious in helping every one, is most certainly the person. We must either condemn all such instances of generosity, as foppish and affected, or admit of gallantry among the rest. The ancient Muscovites wedded their wives with a whip instead of a wedding ring. The same people in their own houses, took always the precedency above foreigners, even foreign ambassadors. These too instances of their generosity and politeness are much of a piece.

TRUE PLEASURE DEFINED.

(FROM SEED'S SERMONS.)

We are affected with delightful sensations, when we see the inanimate parts of the creation, the meadows, the flowers, and trees, in a nourishing state. There must be some rooted melancholy at the heart, when all nature appears smiling about us, to hinder us from corresponding with the rest of the creation, and joining in the universal chorus of joy. But if meadows and trees in their cheerful verdure, if flowers in their bloom, and all the vegetable parts of the creation in their most advantageous dress, can inspire gladness into the heart, and drive away all sadness but despair; to see the rational creation happy and flourishing, ought to give us a pleasure as much superior, as the latter is to the former in the scale of beings. But the pleasure is still heightened, if we ourselves have been instrumental in contributing to the happiness of our fellow creatures, if we have helped to raise an heart drooping beneath the weight of grief, and revived that barren and dry land, where no water was, with refreshing showers of love and kindness.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

MANSION HOUSE.

COFFEE HOUSE ROBBERY.

Yesterday John Simpson, a gay, fashionably dressed young man, seemingly about twenty-six or twenty-eight years of age, was charged before the Lord Mayor, with having robbed several coffee houses and hotels, for some months past, and for whose apprehension a reward of twenty pounds had been advertised by the society to prevent swindling.

Mr Fathers, of the Guildhall Coffee house, gave in evidence that the prisoner came into his coffee house on thursday night about ten o'clock, and ordered supper and a bed for the night. A waiter from the city coffee house Cheapside, who happened soon after to call upon business, seeing the prisoner, informed the witness that he was the person who, about two months ago, had robbed them of property to the amount of sixteen pounds. Upon looking more directly at the prisoner, Mr. Fathers discovered him to be the man, who, about three months since, had slept in his house, and robbed a Mr. Watson, from Glasgow, of linen and other articles, to a considerable amount, for which Mr F. had paid six pounds. There not being an officer at hand, the prisoner was allowed to go to bed, when he was secured. Upon searching his person, there were found upon him a curious instrument for opening trunks, drawers, &c. so constructed as, by a gentle pressure of the hand, to yield a purchase equal to 200 weight; also a bunch of skeleton keys. When taken to the Poultry Compter, the waiter of the city coffee-house identified the shag small-clothes worn by the prisoner, to be stolen from a gentleman in their house. The prisoner had the address to change them afterwards for nankeen pantaloons; but after a strict search, they were found in the prison. The master of the New Hummums proved the prisoner's coming to his house, and, from his genteel appearance, procuring a bed there, on the 12th instant, pretending he had come from the gala at Vauxhall, but he decamped in the morning, carrying with him a gold watch and two pocket books, the property of a gentleman who slept in the next room. The number of the watch, and maker's name were produced, which exactly corresponded with those of the gold watch found in the prisoner's possession. Upon being asked from whom he obtained the watch, who he was, and how he got his living? he said that he had the watch from a Jew, in exchange for clothes: that he was an officer of His Majesty's ship Victory, but had not yet joined her; that he had served on board the Iris, of fifty guns, and that he was a gentleman.

To carry on his schemes with more security, he always paid his bill before he went to bed; and never gave his boots or shoes to be cleaned, pretending that he was a member of some volunteer corps, and must go early to drill.

Mr. Eaton, the solicitor for prosecuting swindlers, accompanied by several keepers of coffee houses, attended, but the examination being then over, the additional charges were not preferred, and the prisoner was committed for further examination.

THOUGHTS ON MODESTY

BOTH IN MEN AND WOMEN.

AN easy and unaffected Modesty is a virtue not only graceful and excellent, but may be reckoned among the most durable beauties; it improves every look and feature, gesture and motion, adorns for a mean dress, and sets off the richest with an additional lustre. The standard of beauty varies in proportion to the various opinions of mankind in different countries; but modesty, like light, is the same to all. Beauty, like a flower, is slow in its growth, short in its bloom, and its decay raises in us a sort of unnatured compassion. But modesty, in its dawn has its charms: and, when it has stood all attacks, is entitled to our admiration. Beauty may win the eye, & satisfy the present gust or appetite; but modesty engages the heart; it is the surest proof of good sense, and good sense is the strongest security a fine woman can give of making her admirer happy for life. The attempts made upon the fair to deprive them of this virtue, are a plain demonstration of its superior excellence; for a robber always aims at the most valuable plunder.

With the men modesty gives rise to true bravery and confidence, or at least supports it. Modesty is slow but sure, and advances in a firm body; whilst Impudence makes one bold and daring onset, but is easily demolished by breaking the front.

DIED, lately in Germany, *Tzgek Tulpier*, aged 120. He had buried ten wives; his last, the eleventh, who is now living, is but 26 years of age. By her he had 5 children, the youngest is 3 months old. By his other wives

he had 31 children, all of whom are living, married, and have large families. His memory was very retentive; he could recount a succinct history of Germany and Europe generally, for more than 100 years past, and was very loquacious and witty. He never experienced any kind of sickness, was of large stature & voracious appetite & very athletic. He came to his death by attempting to leap over a gate 8 feet high: he passed it, but unfortunately fell upon a stone which wounded his head so severely as to occasion a mortification and his death.

The Moniteur of the 26th ult. contains the following remarks, under the date of Frankfort, July 17:—This year will be remarkable in the annals of meteorology, for the extraordinary variations of the atmosphere, and the number of storms that have followed; thunder, especially has made ravages of which there are but few examples in Germany; upwards of one hundred houses and edifices in various places have been struck, and in part reduced to ashes, while a still greater number of people have sustained hurt. We have before spoken of the sudden inundations in Saxony, Silesia, Austria, and Hungary, and of the drought in the western parts of Germany, while in the east the rains have been excessive and incessant. We may infer from this extraordinary irregularity of the season, that some revolution has occurred in the interior of the globe, which has deranged the usual equilibrium, and occasioned a sudden and considerable increase of the electric fluid in the atmosphere.

[*Lon. Pap.*

FRIENDSHIP CONTINUING AFTER DEATH.

Titus Voluminous, a citizen of Rome, was the friend of Marcus Lucullus, who was slain by the command of Mark Antony because he had foil owed the party of Brutus and Cassius; and though he had sufficient time to preserve himself by flight, yet he remained by the body of his dear friend, and lamented him with such abundance of tears, that notice was taken of him by the soldiers of the opposite party, and he was dragged by them to Antony. When he came into his presence, "Command me, Sir," said he, "to be taken back to the body of Lucullus, and to be there slain; for I ought not to survive him, since I was the only person who persuaded him to take that unfortunate side which has brought him to ruin." Antony was easily prevailed upon to grant his request, and he was led to the place where Lucullus lay dead. When he came to the body of his friend, he kissed his right hand, took up his head, that was cut off, and put it into his bosom, and then presented his own neck to receive the blow of the executioner.

AT London in the month of August last, two tradesmen near Blackfriars had a difference respecting a bet, which it was agreed next morning to decide with pistols. They met near the Windmill, below Petty France, when the seconds had the good sense to drop the bullets into the proper place—their own pocket. One of the parties who was let into the secret *dropped dead* on the first fire! his opponent fled on the wings of fear, and next morning proceeded in a post chaise to depart for Hamburgh or America, when he saw his *deceased antagonist* very composedly serving his customers behind the counter!

A NEW invented carriage, called *velocifere*, drawn by four horses, passed lately through the Elysian Fields of Paris. It carried no less than thirty five passengers, and will be no longer than 36 hours going from Paris to Lyons, a distance of 110 leagues or 330 English miles. This curious invention promises to be of the greatest advantage, both for their commercial and military transports. The inventor has obtained an Imperial patent.

Lon. pap.

To THE EDITORS OF THE MINERVA.

GENTLEMEN,

If you think the enclosed has sufficient merit to obtain a place in your improving and well selected paper, you will oblige a female subscriber by inserting it.

ON FRIENDSHIP

in general, and Female Friendship in particular, addressed to young Married Women.

THE ancients ranked friendship in the second class of human virtues; and many are the instances recorded in history, where its energy has produced effects almost divine. Considered in its perfect strength and beauty, it is certainly the most sublime, because the least selfish affection of the soul. Honour is its very essence: courage, frankness and generosity its unalienable properties. Such is the idea delivered down to us of this noble virtue by cotemporary writers, "who together flourished and together fell;" for some centuries have elapsed since this exalted phenomenon has deigned to appear among the degenerate sons of men; and like a mutilated statue, it is now become rather an object of admiration to a few virtuosi in philosophy, than a subject of general emulation.

Montaigne, amongst the moderns, seems to have felt a stronger emanation of this virtue, than any author I am acquainted with; and though the utmost stretch of his warm imagination gives us but a faint ray of its ancient lustre, yet even this slight resemblance appears too strong for our weak eyes, and seems rather to dazzle than to attract our senses.

Our cotemporary writer, Dr. Young, has left us several beautiful descriptions of friendship, which though deficient of that fire which not only blazed, but burned in this ancient virtue, are however, sufficient to form both our theory and practice upon. True friendship warms, it raises, it transports like music. Pure the joy, without allay,

Whose very rapture is tranquility.

This is a very pleasing and just description of friendship in the abstract: but it wants that energy which particular attachments add to all our sentiments, and without which, like a winter's sun, they shine, but do not warm. The same author has given us a more interesting, though perhaps less elevated idea of this affection of the mind, in his address to a particular person:

"Lorenzo, pride suppress, nor hope to find
"A friend but what has found a friend in thee."

This is a new, and I think, a just light in which we may consider this sentiment: for though love may be formed without sympathy, friendship never can. It is even in its degenerate state an affection that cannot subsist in vicious minds; and among the most virtuous, it requires a purity of sentiment, manners and rank, for its basis. Of all the nice ties and dependencies which constitute the happiness or misery of life, it is the most delicate, and even the most fragile: Wealth cannot purchase it nor gifts ensure its permanence; "the chirping of birds in cages, bears as much resemblance to the vocal music of the woods, as bought courtesies to real friendship." The great, alas! rarely enjoy this blessing; vanity and emulation prevent its growth among equals: and the humiliating condescension with which superiors sometimes deign to affect friendship for their inferiors, strikes at the very foundation of the sentiment; from which there can only arise a tottering superstructure, whose pillars, like those of modern composition, bear the gloss, but want the durable quality of the mean al marble, sincerity. Yet there have been instances, though rare, of real friendship between persons of different ranks in life, particularly between Henry the fourth and Sully: but the virtues of the latter placed him on a level with Monarchs, and the magnanimity of the former, made him sensible of their equality.

Yet how often are complaints uttered by disappointed pride, against the ingratitude of those whom they have honoured with the title of friend; nay, and have even served and obliged as such; without reflecting that obligations to a generous mind are insults, when accompanied with the least slight or merit ication. On the other hand, we perhaps too willingly attach ourselves to our superiors; our self-love is flattered by their approbation, as it naturally imagines it can only be for our good and amiable qualities that they like or distinguish us. But though love, like death, makes all distinction void, friendship has no such levelling power. Superiority of rank or fortune, is generally felt by the person who possesses either; and they are entitled to some degree of praise if they do not make others feel it also. Let those men who have delicate minds, remember that equality is the true basis of friendship: let them set a just value on their own worth as well as on the inebriating smiles of greatness, and not expose their sensibility to the pangs it must sustain, on discovering that neither virtues nor talents can always keep the scale of friendship steady, when opposed to the adventitious circumstances of high birth or great fortune.

Thus far my remarks upon this subject are general; let me now apply them to their use, for whom this essay is peculiarly designed, by earnestly recommending it to every young married woman to seek the friend of her heart in the husband of her affection. There and there only is to be found that true equality, both of rank and fortune, strengthened by mutual interests, and cemented by mutual pledges. There and there only will she be sure to meet with reciprocal confidence, unfeigned attachment, and tender solicitude, to soothe her every care; the ties of wedded love will be rivetted by the bands of friendship: the virtues of her mind when called forth by occasion, will unfold themselves by degrees to her husband's perception, like the opening rose before the morning ray: and when its blooming colour fades upon her cheek, its sweetness shall remain within the very foldings of his heart, from the recollection of her sense and worth. Happy are the pairs so joined: yea, blessed are they who are thus doubly united.

As the word friendship is at present generally understood to be a term of little import, or at most, one that extends merely to a preference of liking or esteem, I would by no means exclude my fair readers from that kind of commerce which is now accepted under that title, in society. But even this sort of connexion requires much caution in the choice of its object; for I should wish it might be restrained to one; and that one ought to obtain this preference from the qualities of the heart, rather than those of the head: a long and intimate acquaintance can alone discover the former: the latter are easily and willingly displayed: for love without esteem is, as a shower soon spent. The head is the spring of affections but the heart is the reservoir.

For this reason, it always appears to me a proof of mutual merit, when two sisters or two young women who have been brought up together, are strongly attached to each other; and I will admit, that while they remain unmarried, such a connection is capable of forming a pure and disinterested friendship, provided that the sympathy of their affections do not tend to make them like or admire the same male object: for though love may, friendship cannot, exist with jealousy. Reserve will wound, and distrust will destroy it.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

TO A CORRESPONDENT.

At the commencement of the "*Minerva*," the proprietors formed a positive determination that no personal reflections should be admitted into their paper; to this resolution they will scrupulously adhere. This will be a sufficient apology to "PHILANDER" for the rejection of his sarcastic essay.

MARRIED—On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. John D. Blair, Mr. PRITCHARD, Bookseller, to Miss ANN WILKINSON, of Hanover

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPEAN.

A letter from Berlin of the 4th inst. states, that the private correspondence between the emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, which had been suspended since the murder of the Duke of Enghein, has been renewed; and that within the three last weeks four couriers had arrived from and returned to Russia, with no other dispatches than his imperial & royal correspondence.——Captain Campbell, from Gibraltar, arrived at Charleston, confirms the accounts before received at Boston, of the prevalence and fatality of a contagious disorder in many ports of Spain. Capt. G. left Gibraltar the 8th October; the mortality then in the 14 preceding days was computed to be 1000 of the garrison and inhabitants. The former were drawn out to encampments; and of the latter, such as had means, had fled ——France has expressed great uneasiness at the manner of Russian ships with troops which passed through the Bosphorus.——A declaration of war may be hourly looked for between Russia & France. ——It is stated in a letter from Paris, that the purport of the orders sent by the king of Sweden to his ambassador there is, that he shall leave that city in six days, and the Swedes residing there in his Majesty's service, in the course of fourteen.——Letters from Amsterdam state, that the Russian Legation is expected soon to leave that place.——The brother of the king of France sailed on Wednesday last, with a fair wind for Gottenburg, under a convoy of a gun brig. Previous to his departure he received a letter from his most Christian Majesty which is understood to contain an assurance that the Emperor of Russia and the King of Sweden are willing to acknowledge Louis XVII. and his hereditary claims to the throne of France and Navarre, provided England will set them the example.

DOMESTIC.

The last advices from the Mediterranean inform, that the American squadron was off Tripoli, except the frigates Essex and Congress, which were watching the Moor.——Information has been received that the American Minister at the Spanish Court, had arrived at Cadiz from Madrid, to embark for America.

Letters have been received in New-York, announcing that a new ambassador, Gen. Turreau, had positively departed from Paris, to embark for the United States.—— The black emperor of St. Domingo has assumed the title of Jaques the First Emperor of Hayti—he seems determined to keep pace in title with his royal competitor Napoleon the First.—The year 1804 has been fruitful in the production of Emperors: it has produced no less than four viz. Napoleon, Emperor of France; Francis I. of Austria; Frederick of Brandenburg; Jaques I. of Hayti.

A late New-York paper says, that letters received there from Washington City state, that Mr. Burr would attend the ensuing supreme Court for the purpose of taking his trial.——The Post-Office in Boston was broke open on the 1st November, with an intent to rob; a reward of $500 is offered for the apprehension of the villains—— A Baltimore paper of Nov. 19, informs, that the French Imperial Ambassador to America, Gen. Thuriot, had landed at Annapolis—that he met with a very flattering reception from the Governor, Mayor, &c.—On the same day he proceeded to the seat of the general government.

SELECTED POETRY.

From the NATIONAL ÆGIS.

ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

" Simplicity, I doat upon thy name.

PETER PINDAR.

Daughter of Truth! to thee belong
The fire and energy of song,
The speaking glance, the artless smile,
The feeling heart unknown to guile.
With Beauty's banners o'er thee waving,
And powers resistless all enslaving,
Sure, if a charm on earth there be,
The charm, enchanting nymph! is found in thee.

Thy form with winning graces dress'd,
Thy varying eyes by *soul* impress'd,
Thy brow with rustic garlands crown'd,
Thy voice, with music in the sound,
In streams of sweet persuasion flowing,
Conviction from the accents growing,
The senses charm, controul the mind,
And, with a potent spell, the heart in rapture bind.

Pure child of nature! round thy cell
The virtues and the graces dwell;
Thy sister Liberty, is there,
And where she is Love's repair.
And, as the same benignant power
Warms rolling worlds, has spreads a flower,
So, while on *her* attachings to thee,
On thy chaste bosom rests *audacity*.

To thee my heart its tribute pours,
From this, sweet nymph! one boon implores,
With fire that heart will teach to live,
And all that are less fervor give.
Thou every real charm possessing,
The sage's pride, the poet's blessing,
Deprived of thee delight is o'er,
And life's best pleasure's can enchant no more.

MANTO.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

SONNET—TO AN AMIABLE GIRL.

Miranda! mark where, sinking from the gale,
I sleave you modest with early dew,
That fair form drooping, the lily of the vale,
Droops its meek head, and looks methinks like you.

Veiled in a shadowy veil of tender green,
Unseen, bells a soft perfume dispense,
And bending as reluctant to be seen,
In simple loveliness it soothes the sense.

With bosom bared to meet the parish day,
The glaring ruby gaudy and showy'd,
Offends the eye of taste that turns away
To seek the lily in her fragrant shade,

With such unconscious beauty, pensive mild,
Miranda charms—nature's soft modest child.

THE EVE OF HYMEN.

'Tis late—and my Delia now hastens to rest,
To get to sweet visions, I wander alone,
Love, mother the fond wishes that glow in my breast,
While transports to wealth, and to grandeur unknown.

Soft—soft be the slumber, dear innocent fair,
Descend, smiling peace, on my bosom's delight,
Hope sheds her pure beams on each long nourish'd care,
As day brightly dawns on the shadows of night.

Reclin'd on her pillow, now mute is that voice,
Whose sounds my affection insensibly stole,
And closed are those eyes, in whose beams I rejoice,
And veil'd are those lips which enrapture my soul.

Conceal'd are those cheeks where luxuriantly glow
The tenderest graces of beauty and youth,
And hidden from me's that bosom of snow,
The mansion of purity, virtue and truth.

She's absent, yet lovely and graceful to view,
Kind fancy restores the fair pride of my heart,
Spring, calls for the verdure of nature anew,
Her shades to my senses fresh pleasures impart.

No more shall soft sorrow my verses inspire,
Despondence has clouded my spirits too long
In extacy sweeping the soul-breathing lyre,
Love, Hymen, and rapture enliven my song.

TO A VIOLET.

Tho' from thy bank of velvet torn,
Hang not, fair flower, thy drooping crest;
On Delia's bosom shalt thou find
A softer, sweeter bed of rest.

Tho' from mild Zephr's Kiss no more
Ambrosial balms thou shalt inhale,
Her gentle breath, whene'er she sighs,
Shall fan thee with a purer gale.

But thou be grateful for that bliss
For which in vain a thousand born,
And, as thou stealest sweets from her,
Give back thy choicest in return.

THE TALE OF LOUISA VENONI.

BY HENRY MACKENZIE.

FROM THE MIRROR.

(CONCLUDED.)

THE virtue of *Louisa* was vanquished; but her sense of virtue was not overcome.—Neither the vows of eternal fidelity of her seducer, nor the constant and respectful attention which he paid her, during a hurried journey to England, could allay that anguish which she suffered at the recollection of her past, and the thoughts of her present situation. Sir *Edward* felt strongly the power of her beauty and of her grief. His heart was not made for that part which, it is probable, he thought it could have performed: it was still subject to remorse, to compassion, and to love. These emotions, perhaps, he might soon have overcome, had they been met by vulgar violence or reproaches; but the quiet and unupbraiding sorrows of *Louisa*, nourished those feelings of tenderness and attachment. She never mentioned her wrongs in words: sometimes a few starting tears would speak them; and when time had given her a little more composure, her lute discoursed melancholy music.

On their arrival in England, Sir *Edward* carried *Louisa* to his seat in the country. There she was treated with all the observance of a wife; and, had she chosen it, might have commanded more than the ordinary splendor of one. But she would not allow the indulgence of Sir *Edward* to blazon with equipage, and show that state which she wished always to hide, and, if possible, to forget. Her books and her music were her only pleasures; if pleasures they could be called, that served but to alleviate misery, and to blunt, for a while, the pangs of contrition.

These were deeply aggravated by the recollection of her father; a father left in his age to feel his own misfortunes and his daughters disgrace. Sir *Edward* was too generous not to think of providing for *Venoni*. He meant to make some atonement for the injury he had done him by that cruel bounty which is reparation only to the base but to the honest is insult. He had not, however, an opportunity of accomplishing his purpose. He learned that *Venoni*, soon after his daughter's elopement, removed to his former place of residence, and, as his neighbours reported, had died in one of the villages of Savoy. His daughter felt this with anguish the most poignant, and her affliction for a while, refused consolation. Sir *Edward's* whole tenderness and attention were called forth to mitigate her grief; and, after its first transports had subsided, he carried her to London, in hopes that objects new to her, and commonly attractive to all, might contribute to remove it.

With a man possessed of feelings like Sir *Edward's* the affliction of *Louisa* gave a certain respect to his attentions. He hired her a house separate from his own, and treated her with all the delicacy of the purest attachment. But his solicitude to comfort and amuse her was not attended with success. She felt all the horrors of that guilt, which she now considered as not only the ruin of herself, but the murderer of her father.

In London, Sir *Edward* found his sister, who had married a man of great fortune and high fashion. He had married her, because she was a fine woman, and admired by fine men; she had married him because he was the wealthiest of her suitors. They lived, as is common to people in such a situation, necessitous with a princely revenue, and very wretched amidst perpetual gaiety. This scene was so foreign from the idea Sir *Edward* had formed of the reception his country and friends were to afford him, that he found a constant source of disgust in the society of his equals. In their conversation fantastic, not refined, their ideas were frivolous, and their knowledge shallow: and with all the pride of birth and insolence of station, their principles were mean and their minds ignoble. In their pretended attachments he discovered only designs of selfishness; and their pleasures, he experienced, were as fallacious as their friendships. In the society of *Louisa* he found sensibility and truth; her's was the only heart that seemed interested in his welfare; she saw the return of virtue in Sir *Edward*, and felt the friendship which he shewed her. Sometimes when she perceived him sorrowful, her lute would leave its melancholy for more lively airs, and her countenance assume a gaiety it was not formed to wear. But her heart was breaking with that anguish which her generosity endeavoured to conceal from him; her frame too delicate for the struggle with her feelings, seemed to yield to their force; her rest forsook her; the color faded in her cheek; the lustre of her eyes grew dim. Sir *Edward* saw those symptoms of decay with the deepest remorse. Often did he curse those false ideas of pleasure which had led him to consider the ruin of an artless girl, who loved and trusted him, as an object which it was luxury to attain, and pride to accomplish. Often did he wish to blot out from his life a few guilty months, to be again restored to an opportunity of giving happiness to a family, whose unsuspecting kindness he had repaid with the treachery of a robber and the cruelty of an assassin.

One evening, while he sat in a little parlour with *Louisa*, his mind alternately agitated and softened with this impression, a hand organ, of a remarkably sweet tone, was heard in the street. *Louisa* laid aside her lute and listened; the airs it played were those of her native country; and a few tears, which she endeavoured to hide, stole from her on hearing them. Sir *Edward* ordered a servant to fetch the organist into the room: he was brought in accordingly, and seated at the door of the apartment.

He played one or two sprightly tunes, to which *Louisa* had often danced in her infancy; she gave herself up to the recollection, and her tears flowed without controul. Suddenly the musician, changing the step, introduced a little melancholy air of a wild and plaintive kind.—*Louisa* started from her seat, and rushed up to the stranger.—He threw off a tattered coat, and black patch. It was her father!—She would have espring to embrace him; he turned aside for a few moments, and would not receive her into his arms. But Nature at last overcome his resentment; he burst into tears, and pressed to his bosom his long lost daughter.

Sir *Edward* stood fixed in astonishment and confusion. 'I come not to upbraid you,' said *Venoni*; 'I am a poor 'weak, old man, unable for upbraidings; I am come 'but to find my child, to forgive her, and to die! When 'you saw us first, Sir *Edward*, we were not thus. You 'found us virtuous and happy: we danced and we sung, 'and there was not a sad heart in the valley where we 'dwelt. Yet we left our dancing, our songs, and our cheerfulness; you were distressed, and we pitied you. Since 'that day the pipe has never been heard in *Venoni's* fields: 'grief and sickness have almost brought him to the 'grave; and his neighbour's, who loved and pitied him, 'have been cheerful no more. Yet, me thinks, though 'you robbed us of happiness, you are not happy;—else 'why that dejected look, which, amidst all the grandeur 'around you, I saw you wear, and those tears which, under all the gaudiness of her apparel, I saw that poor deluded girl shed?"——'But she shall shed no more,' cried Sir *Edward*; 'you shall be happy, and I shall be just. 'Forgive, my venerable friend, the injuries which I have 'done thee; forgive me, my *Louisa*, for rating your excellence at a price so mean. I have seen those high-born females to which my rank might have allied me; I 'am ashamed of their vices and sick of their follies. 'Profligate in their hearts, amidst affected purity, they are 'slaves to pleasure without the sincerity of passion; and, 'with the name of honour, are insensible to the feelings 'of virtue. You, my *Louisa*!—but I will not call up recollections that might render me less worthy of your future esteem.——Continue to love your *Edward's*, but a few hours, and you shall add the title to the affections of 'a wife; let the care and tenderness of a husband bring 'back its peace to your mind, and its bloom to your cheek. 'We will restore you father to his native home; under 'that roof I shall once more be happy; happy without allay, because I shall deserve my happiness. Again shall 'the pipe and the dance gladden the valley, and innocence 'and peace beam on the cottage of *Venoni*.''

In a blank leaf of Young's Night Thoughts, a work which it is said Burke had by rote, that eloquent orator inscribed the following couplet.

Love claim'd the verse old Homer sung,
But God himself inspir'd Young.

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The MINERVA;

Or, LADY's AND GENTLEMAN's MAGAZINE.

VOLUME I.] RICHMOND:—*TUESDAY*, DECEMBER 4, 1804. [NUMBER 13.]

TERMS OF "THE MINERVA."

1st.—"THE MINERVA" will be neatly printed, weekly, on a half-sheet Super-Royal paper.

2d.—The terms are TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid in advance.

3d.—A handsome title-page and table of contents will be furnished (gratis) at the completion of each volume.

[*The following observations on good-breeding, by Chesterfield, the model of politeness, are extracted for the benefit of our youthful readers.*]

The means of pleasing vary according to time, place, and person; but the general rule is the trite one. Endeavour to please, and you will infallibly please to a certain degree; constantly shew a desire to please, and you will engage people's self-love in your interest; a most powerful advocate. This, as indeed almost every thing else, depends on attention.

Be therefore attentive to the most trifling thing that passes where you are; have, as the vulgar phrase it, your eyes and your ears always about you. It is a very foolish though a very common saying, "I really did not mind it," or, "I was thinking of quite another thing at that "time." The proper answer to such ingenious excuses, and which admits of no reply is, Why did you not mind it? you was present when it was said or done. Oh! but you may say, you was thinking of quite another thing: if so, why was you not in quite another place proper for that important other thing, which you say you was thinking of? But you will say, perhaps, that the company was so silly, that it did not deserve your attention; that, I am sure, is the saying of a silly man; for a man of sense knows that there is no company so silly, that some use may not be made of it by attention.

Let your address, when you first come into company, be modest, but without the least bashfulness or sheepishness; steady, without impudence; and unembarrassed, as if you were in your own room. This is a difficult point to hit, and therefore deserves great attention: nothing but a long usage in the world, and in the best company, can possibly give it.

A young man, without knowledge of the world, when he first goes into a fashionable company, where most are his superiors, is commonly either annihilated by bashfulness, or, if he rouses and lashes himself up to what he thinks a modest assurance, he runs into impudence and absurdity, and consequently offends instead of pleasing. Have always, as much as you can, that gentleness of manner, which never fails to make favorable impressions, provided it be equally free from an insipid smile, or a pert smirk.

Carefully avoid an argumentative and disputive turn, which too many people have, and some even value themselves upon, in company; and, when your opinion differs from others, maintain it only with modesty, calmness, and gentleness; but never be eager, loud, or clamorous; and, when you find your antagonist beginning to grow warm, put an end to the dispute by some genteel stroke of humour. For, take it for granted, if the two best friends in the world dispute with eagerness upon the most trifling subject imaginable, they will, for the time, find a momentary alienation from each other. Disputes upon any subject are a sort of trial of the understanding, and must end in the mortification of one or other of the disputants. On the other hand, I am far from meaning that you should give an universal assent to all that you hear said in company; such an assent would be mean, and in some cases criminal; but blame with indulgence, and correct with gentleness.

Always look people in the face when you speak to them; the not doing it is thought to imply conscious guilt; besides that, you lose the advantage of observing by their countenances, what impression your discourse makes upon them. In order to know people's real sentiments, I trust much more to my eyes than to my ears; for they can say whatever they have a mind I should hear—but they can seldom help looking what they have no intention I should know.

If you have not command enough over yourself to conquer your humours, as I am sure every rational creature may have, never go into company while the fit of ill-humour is upon you. Instead of the company's diverting you in those moments, you will displease, and probably shock them: and you will part worse friends than you met: but whenever you find yourself in a disposition to sullenness, contradiction, or testiness, it will be in vain to seek for a cure abroad. Stay at home, let your humour ferment and work itself off. Cheerfulness and good humour are of all qualifications the most amiable in company; for, though they do not necessarily imply good-nature and good-breeding, they represent them, at least, very well, and that is all that is required in mixt company.

I have indeed known some very ill-natured people, who were very good-humoured in company; but I never knew any one generally ill-humoured in company, who was not essentially ill-natured. When there is no malevolence in the heart, there is always a cheerfulness and ease in the countenance and manners. By good-humour and cheerfulness, I am far from meaning noisy mirth and loud peals of laughter, which are the distinguishing characteristics of the vulgar and of the ill-bred, whose mirth is a kind of storm. Observe it, the vulgar often laugh but never smile; whereas, well-bred people often smile, but seldom laugh. A witty thing never excited laughter: it pleases only the mind, and never distorts the countenance: a glaring absurdity, a blunder, a silly accident, and those things that are generally called comical, may excite a laugh, though never a loud nor a long one, among well-bred people.

Sudden passion is called short-lived madness; it is a madness indeed, but the fits of it return so often in choleric people, that it may well be called a continual madness. Should you happen to be of this unfortunate disposition, make it your constant study to subdue, or, at least, to check it; when you find your choler rising, resolve neither to speak to, nor answer the person who excites it; but stay till you find it subsiding, and then speak deliberately. Endeavour to be cool and steady upon all occasions; the advantages of such a a steady calmness are innumerable, and would be too tedious to relate. It may be acquired by care and reflection; if it could not, that reason which distinguishes men from brutes would be given us to very little purpose; as a proof of this, I never saw a Quaker in a passion. In truth, there is in that sect a decorum and decency, and an amiable simplicity, that I know in no other.

BIOGRAPHY.

From a London Paper of April 6, 1803.

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.

We have the melancholy duty of mentioning the loss of Sir William Hamilton He died at ten o'clock this morning, of what physicians call a Diarrhea, and which his physician strove in vain to subdue. But probably the Diarrhea was but a symptom only; the primary cause of which was, old age, with its sad and too sure concomitant decay!—Decay, which day by day, had long been consuming the whole vigour of his body, till all that had been left surviving, were those unperishable faculties, which like the happiness that is to reward them, God has granted to surpass the grave itself, the virtue of an enuring temper, the powers of an incorruptible mind. He died at his house in Picardilly,

"The chamber where the good man meets his doom,
"Is privileg'd beyond the common walks of life."

It was the house which his amiable lady, with a generous sacrifice that cannot be too much applauded, bought for him on an interruption of his own finances, with some jewels, a present to her by a foreign princess, who, in a letter to our own popular sovereign, praises lady Hamilton in full gratitude of heart, "as her best friend and preserver! to whom, she was indebted, certainly for life, and probably for the crown!"

The death of Sir William Hamilton was without a groan. He had not a moment's pain; but tired of the increasing trouble, the utter helplessness of languor, compelled him to give to all around his dying bed, a torment to a delicate spirit. "He manfully desired his physician to forbear, if he pleased, each temporary stay there might be from wine or other stimulants, and *mortis terore carentem*, let the last extremity come upon him undelayed."

"*Enjoy the present hour, nor fear the last.*"

Throughout he discoursed, with all the clearness and composure of fortitude.—"His incomparable wife," (for so he called her,) "he blessed again and again—for the constant virtue, the faithful tenderness, to which he owed the best happiness of his life." To his noble relations, who inherit his fine estate in Wales, he gave suggestions which surprised, from their expedience and minuteness! He recollected every thing, and finally of that most momentous object, which must sooner or later predominate in all human care, he spoke with that plenitude of serene thought, with that most enviable affiance of the uncondemning heart, which only virtue can give! but which mere virtue alone cannot quite give!—no, not even to Socrates himself! The reward promised to the pure heart. The hope full of immortality.

These indeed among many excellencies, seemed to form the specific character of Sir William Hamilton! Simplicity and purity of heart! rare in active life;—they are peculiarly rare in a life like his. For he was born in court! yet by some happy combination in his frame and destiny; these virtues were born with him, and with him they continued till he died: though all the long interval between was spent amid cabals, the overbearing disgust of artificial manners and pursuits, the competitions, the compliances, that are perhaps inseparable from politics and public men. Where such strange vicissitudes succeeded without relieving each other, too often presenting no-

thing but alternate struggles of duties, very hard to be virtuously done; of indulgencies perhaps more hard to be innocently enjoyed!—As an ambassador, according to the airy notion of Sir Harry Wootton, 'he was to lie abroad for the good of his country.' But in this instance, it was a discreet sincerity, a noble plainness, manners the most natural, which did the deed—and it may be presumed did it well by doing it so long—for he was no less than 37 years in one embassy, and that embassy was Naples. At Naples, where some how or other, the moral energies do not rise with the sublime beauties in the elements surrounding, where it still perhaps may be conceivable, why Cicero's villa was in amputation—and why Seneca would not trust his virtue in it for a single night!

As a benefactor to knowledge and the arts, and thro' them to commerce and comfort in life, his successful efforts were still distinguished by the same simplicity. He loved to be laudably employed. He aspired to be useful, and thus to the beginning (and he was no sooner at Vesuvius than he did begin) though not a chymist, nor a mineralogist professed (and let it be recollected, that then neither Lavoisier nor Werner had shone forth.) But as a most studious observer, he saw, accurately, what he could: and he told most honestly what he saw; and this so well that he did, what was wanting. The *Campi phlegræi* were explored, and the *desiderata* as to volcanic phenomena, were made known, as Birmingham and Staffordshire can witness; in the well-earned magnificence of our manufactories, Mr. Bolton, the Wedgewoods, and many others.

This shrewd power of selection shewed itself in all he said and did. Thus, when the king asked him whom he had chosen for his physician? he said, "Sir, I have called in Dr. Mosely; for I found he was the physician to four old soldiers at Chelsea, and your majesty but too well knows that I am an old soldier myself!" At the beginning his father, Lord Archibald, or his uncle, the Duke of Hamilton, had given him a commission in the guards.

His practice was very instructive for the distribution of time. Besides the business of his embassy, all his amusements were regularly fixed, there was some object for every hour: and whatever was the object, in the charms of landscape, the imitative arts, the invigorating exercises, the pleasures of the table, wherever there was a point of excellence, he was sure to find it out! And communicate what he found with all the captivation of gaiety, fine manners, and anecdote illustrations.

Such is a very rapid sketch of a few scattered traits, in order but as they came out, lighted on by fondness and esteem. For mere faithfulness, perhaps they may be tolerable as far as they go. And it is obvious they could not well go further, in a limited publication, without more preparation of circumstances, perhaps not without less emotion, certainly not without more time.

Of Sir William Hamilton it is impossible to think without the utmost fondness and respect.

From all favoring accidents in birth, in breeding, in property, high places, distinctions of science, vast intercourse, friendships almost singularly illustrious, multiplied pursuits, and popular attainments, he becomes a public character of great consideration, and which might well fill a place of considerable space in the memory of man. There are materials for an ample, instructive work; and, there is a gentleman of his family, who, by his taste and knowledge, as well as other affinity, might make it very delightful indeed. His age was 73.

ON DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENTS.

DRAMATIC Entertainments are so lively a picture of the actions and passions of mankind, that they have been the favorite amusement in every age and nation in which civilization has been cultivated, and the arts and sciences encouraged and improved.

Nor is it wonderful that a species of entertainment, so imposing and animated, should so captivate the imagination and affect the passions. If the historical narrative of any singular transaction engages our attention and interests us in the event, how much more must we be engaged in the representation of a transaction, where the incidents are not only more surprising than any thing we meet with in history, but the passions and sentiments which accompany them are heightened and invigorated by beautiful poetry, animated pronunciation, and forcible action.

The Athenians were so enthusiastically fond of dramatic entertainments, that they became one of the principal concerns of the State. Taxes were levied for the support of them, and the public were admitted to them without distinction. The Romans, too, were greatly devoted to the amusement of the Theatre.

Nay, we find even the most savage nations have something like dramatic entertainments, accompanied by songs and dances, representing the heroic exploits of their leaders in war.

But the powerful effects which dramatic representations have on the minds and morals of the people, lead us naturally to a reflection on the delicacy in which they ought to be written. If the beauties of poetry, the surprise of incident, and the force of action are united to favor the vices of human nature, to make the licentious gaiety of the fashionable world appear agreeable and inviting, and the sober, modest and regular conduct of the virtuous and religious world formal, sour and disgusting; if this be the general object of that species of dramatic representation called Comedy, we shall easily see how disadvantageous it must be to the morals of society; and as Theatres are under the management of men whose sole object is money, we may easily conceive they will favour the acting of those pieces which will bring the most profit; and consequently, if the public taste be vicious, they will as much as possible, favour that vicious taste, as the likliest method of obtaining their object.

ON THE CONDUCT OF MEN TOWARDS THE FAIR SEX.

Every generous man should view the sentiments and the actions of the fair sex in the most favorable light. I can ascribe the contrary practice to nothing but an unmanly spirit, since, in many cases, those guilty of it cannot vindicate themselves consistently with the laws of delicacy. Nature has made man their protector; and the fair sex requires his protection; he who should refuse this when necessary, would be reproached with cowardice; and much more if he should take advantage of their weakness. But is not he who injures a woman's character, to be esteemed as great a coward as he who assaults her person? Certainly he is: the former is an insult on the modesty, and the latter upon the natural weakness of the sex.

There is but one way in which we can suppose a lady may vindicate herself from a false imputation, and that is, by the tenor of her actions. But then, how liable are actions to be misconstrued! When once a slanderous tongue has given the clue, the world will be too apt to ascribe every thing to a wrong principle; even the candid are sometimes misled, and form suspicions which their honor would otherwise have prevented.

The practice of viewing the female conduct in an unfavorable light, subjects the sex to many disadvantages, which I have observed in the course of my acquaintance.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

The Ladies of Paris, besides the general occupation of the toilette, have a course of education for every season of the year. In autumn they study horsemanship, in winter they practice dancing, in spring they have a course of botany, and in summer a course of swimming.

The Parisian beaux wear nankeen breeches in *half dress*, and even at balls. *Buckles* are more the *ton* amidst the votaries of the light fantastic toe, but *strings* are more elegant for walking. The deepest nankeen color is the most fashionable: and therefore the *petits maitres* get their nankeen garments well refreshed in a strong infusion of tea.

The *Parisian Belles* wear no ear-rings in a morning, or have them so small as not to be perceived. In the evenings, except in very full dress, they wear ear-rings of a large circumference, resembling a serpent in a circle, with an apple in its mouth: so that in looking on a well sketched *naked Belle*, one sees at the same time the *woman*, the *serpent* and the *apple!* and cannot avoid exclaiming, these Parisian dames are the *first women* of the *world*.

MANNERS OF THE CEYLONESE.

From Percival's *Account of that Island.*

"The women are not so tall in proportion as the men; they are much fairer and approach to a yellow or mulatto color. They continually anoint their bodies with cocoanut oil; and in particular always keep their hair moist with it. Both sexes are remarkably clean and neat, both in their persons and houses; in dressing their victuals they are scrupulously nice. They are cautious not even to touch the vessel, out of which they drink, with their lips; but, with an European, they hold the vessel some distance over their heads, and literally pour the drink down their throats. It is perhaps from the fear of not doing it with sufficient dexterity, that they never use their left hand in preparing thir food or in eating it. While at meals, they even seem to look upon the whole business of eating as something rather required by necessity, than very consistent with decency; while drinking they never turn their faces towards each other.

"In their diet they are exceedingly abstemious; fruits and rice constitute the chief part of their food. In some places, where fish abounds, they make it a portion of their meals, but scarcely any where is flesh in common use.

"The Ceylonese are courteous and polite in their demeanor, even to a degree far exceeding their civilization. In several qualities they are greatly superior to all other Indians who have fallen within the sphere of my observations. I have already exempted them from the censure of stealing and lying, which seem to be almost inherent in the nature of an Indian. They are mild, and by no means captious or passionate in their intercourse with each other; though when once their anger is roused, it is proportionably furious and lasting. Their hatred is indeed mortal, and they will frequently destroy themselves to obtain the destruction of the detested object. One instance will serve to shew the extent to which this passion is carried. If a Ceylonese cannot obtain money due to him by another, he goes to his debtor and threatens to kill himself if he is not instantly paid.—This threat which is sometimes put into execution, reduces the debtor, if it be in his power, to immediate compliance with the demand; as by their law, if any man causes the loss of another man's life, his own is the forfeit. "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," is a proverbial expression continually in their mouths. This is on other occasions a very common mode of revenge among them; and a Ceylonese has often been known to kill himself in the company of his enemy, that the latter might suffer for it.

"This dreadful spirit of revenge, so inconsistent with the usual mild and humane sentiments of the Ceylonese, and much more congenial to the bloody temper of a Malay, still continues to be fostered by the secret customs of the Candians. Among the Cinglese, however, it has been greatly mitigated by their intercourse with Europeans.—The desperate mode of obtaining revenge, which I have just described, has been given up from having been disappointed of its object; as in all those parts under our dominion, the European mode of investigation, and punishing crimes are enforced.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

It was a favorite opinion of Sir William Jones, says his amiable biographer, Lord Teignmouth, that all men are born with an equal capacity for improvement. The assertion, which I do not admit, will remind the reader of the modest declaration of Sir Isaac Newton, that if he had done the world any service, it was due to nothing, but industry and patient thought. The following lines were sent to Sir William by a friend, Thomas Lawe, Esquire, in consequence of a conversation, in which he had maintained the opinion, which I have imputed to him: his answer, which was unpremeditated, is a confirmation of it.

Sir William, you attempt in vain,
By depth of reason to maintain,
That all men's talents are the same,
And they, not Nature, are to blame.
Whate'er you say, whate'er you write,
Proves your opponents in the right.
Lest Genius should be ill defin'd,
I term it *your superior mind.*
Hence, to your friends 'tis plainly shewn,
You're ignorant of yourself alone.

SIR WILLIAM JONES'S ANSWER.

Ah! but too well, dear friend, I know,
My fancy weak, my reason slow,
My memory by art unprov'd,
My mind by baseless trifles mov'd.
Give me, thus high my pride I raise,
The ploughman's or the gardener's phrase,
With patient and unmeaning toil,
To meliorate a stubborn soil;
And say, no higher need I ask,
With zeal hast thou perform'd thy task.
Praise, of which virtuous minds may boast,
They best confer who merit most.

FROM THE BALANCE.

Every house in France is now decorated with *statues*. *Philosophy* stands on the stairs and holds a candle. *Modesty* opens the curtains of the bed, and *Mystery* closes those of the *Elegantes*. In all cases the statues of *Liberty* and *Equality* are outside the street door.

From the Boston Weekly Magazine.

PUNISHMENT FOR SCOLDING.

In the first code of laws in Massachusetts, we find the following wholesome provision made to restrain scolding: "Whereas there is no express punishment by any law hitherto established affixed to the evil practice of sundry persons, by exorbitancy of the tongue in railing and scolding. It is therefore ordered, that all such persons convicted before any court or magistrate, having cognizance of the case, shall be gagged or set in a ducking stool, and dipped over head and ears three times in some convenient place of fresh or salt water, as the court or magistrate shall judge meet."

AGRICULTURAL.

FROM THE WILMINGTON MIRROR.

IN April 1787, I sowed three acres of potatee ground, [a light loam] with barley and clover; just as the barley was above ground, some Gypsum was strewed diagonally across the field, about eight feet wide; little or no difference could be observed in the barley: but in the month of September following, there was a striking difference in the clover, in favor of the manure, which would have afforded a good crop of hay, whilst the remainder of the field was indifferent. I have frequently put Gypsum upon grain, without observing any immediate difference in the appearance of the crop.

FOR THE MINERVA.

A FEW HINTS

Addressed to the Members of the Virginia Legislature.

Fellow-Citizens,

MUCH dissatisfaction is said to have existed among the public creditors, with respect to the inability of our State Treasury, to discharge its debts at certain periods in the year: my attention has been for some time past, entirely bent on devising schemes for the future prevention of this evil, which I now submit to your consideration.

It is well known to every one of you, that the "holy state of matrimony" is held in derision and contempt by a particular class of men usually denominated "*Old Batchelors*;"—you will readily agree, that it is the duty of every good citizen to marry and raise up an offspring for the continuation of his species and for the good of his country: but these unsociable and useless beings, called Old Batchelors, disregarding all laws human or divine, unmoved by the charms of feminine beauty or the pleasures of domestic felicity, pertinaciously persist in their intention of living and dying in celibacy.

To the dispassionate consideration of our Legislature I refer the question, "Whether it is not politic and equitable, that each Batchelor who has arrived at a certain age, (say 30 years) should be taxed Dollars, to be appropriated to the use of the Commonwealth." A law to this effect would be productive of innumerable advantages. In the first place, it would add a very considerable sum to our public revenue. 2dly. It would ameliorate the unprosperous condition of no inconsiderable portion of our lovely country women, who now pine under the insupportable stigma of *Old Maids*; an improper and illiberal sarcasm, by which society wantonly distinguishes every lady who has not had the good fortune to marry in her youth.

A maiden relation of mine who is much interested in this question, has drawn up a petition to your honorable body, setting forth the doleful condition of the neglected sisterhood: having procured a copy of this petition, I have sent it to the printers, together with this letter.

With every sentiment of respect,
I have the honor to be, Gentlemen,
Your Obedient servant.
SIMEON OLDSTYLE.

TO THE HONORABLE THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

The Humble Petition of HANNAH HOPELESS, *Gentlewoman,*

Sheweth,—

THAT your petitioner now is, and has been for two score years, an orderly and virtuous member of the community; that she has ever been a peaceable and industrious citizen, never entertaining ill-will against the government of her country, or exciting a spirit of discontent in others: she therefore humbly prays, that your honorable body will pay due attention to her supplication, and afford your gracious assistance in redressing her manifold wrongs. It has, may it please your honorable body, been the dire misfortune of the said *Hannah Hopeless*, to be born in an age, when neither merit nor beauty receive the smallest notice; as a proof of this, it will be only necessary to remind you, that your disconsolate petitioner has lived until this time in a state of celibacy, not from inclination, but because she has never received an offer of marriage from any gentleman who was not her inferior both in rank and fortune. It is true that in her youthful days she was complimented by the addresses of many suitors, none of whom however deserved or received the smallest share of her attention: but for the last ten years she has been entirely forsaken by her admirers, although she has given no just cause of offence to any of them. Confiding in the wisdom and justice of your respectable body, your petitioner, submits her deplorable case to your attentive consideration, by no means doubting your ability or inclination to afford ample relief to every oppressed citizen.

And your petitioner will ever pray, &c.

To THE EDITORS OF THE MINERVA.

ON FRIENDSHIP

in general, and Female Friendship in particular, addressed to young Married Women.

[CONCLUDED.]

That great master of the human heart, Shakspear, has shewn us, that maidenly attachment is no match for the stronger passion love.

Is all the counsel that we two have shared;
The sister vows, the hours that we have spent;
When we have chid the hasty footed time
For parting us.—O, and is all forgot; all school-days,
Friendship, childhood, innocence. We, Hermia,
Like two artificial Gods, created with our needles both
One flower, both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling one song, both in one key: as if our
Hands, our sides, voices and minds had been incorporate."

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

If such an almost instinctive affection as that between Hermia and Helena, was so quickly dissolved by the intruder Love, I fear there are but few female friendships that will better stand the test: and to a delicate mind it may appear as a breach perhaps of those "sister vows," when one of the parties enters into another and more forcible engagement: for love is an imperious and engrossing tyrant: of course, the gentler affection must give way and retire within itself, as the sensitive plant shrinks back by too intense an heat.

In my small experience, I have never seen the same degree of attachment subsist between two ladies after marriage as before, excepting they were sisters. The bands of natural affection are not loosened by new engagements: but those of choice or casualty necessarily become relaxed by the addition of a new object, as extension lessons strength.

The minds of most young women seem, and indeed, ought in reality, to acquire a new bent after marriage: scenes different from those to which they had been accustomed open to their view: different objects engross their attention; every state has its cares; and from the queen to the peasant's wife, each has her peculiar duties to fulfil: frivolous amusements are, or should be renounced, for the more pleasing and respectable avocations of an affectionate wife, a tender mother and a beloved and honoured matron of a family. I hope it is impossible that I should be so far misunderstood, as to be thought to exclude married women from any amusement that is suited to their age, rank or fortune. I would not only ensure, but augment their happiness, and shall therefore say with Othello,

"Where virtue is, these are most virtuous."

But still there is, or should be a difference in the enjoyment of their pleasures, between the thoughtless gaiety of girls, and the decent chearfulness of married women. The first is bright and transient as the youthful glow of health and vivacity that blooms upon the cheek: the latter should express that tranquil joy which flows from true content. I may be thought to have somewhat wandered from the particular subject of this Essay, though I hope, not from my general object. I shall now conclude with observing, that as the characters & conduct of even her common acquaintance reflect honor or disgrace upon a young married woman, she will be an inevitable sharer in that degree of respect or contempt which her chosen friend possesses in the esteem of the world: and though its censures may sometimes involve the innocent with the guilty, yet, in general, there is no fairer way of forming our opinions of persons we do not know, than from their intimate associates.

There is something still more alarming to be dreaded for a young woman, who is thoughtless enough to form indiscriminate friendship: there is a lightness of mind and manners in many women, who though free from actual vice, have lost that delicate sensibility which Heaven has placed in the female mind as the safeguard of modesty. The rosy blush that gives the intuitive alarm to decency, even before the perceptions of the mind are awake to danger, glows not upon their cheek; the snowy purity of innocence beams not upon their placid forehead, though it may still retain its whiteness:—their minds may be coarse, however delicate their form: and their manners unfeminine, even without being masculine. An intimacy with such persons is of all others the most dangerous. The frankness and liveliness of their conversation render them too generally agreeable, and they frequently undermine the principles of virtue, before we find it necessary to stand upon our guard: As the platonic system has been long exploded, it is almost unnecessary to warn my fair readers against particular intimacies with the other sex when not closely connected with them by the ties of blood or affinity. The whole system of nature must change, & the tyger and the lamb live peaceably together, before a sincere and disinterested friendship can subsist between an amiable young woman and a man not nearly related to her, who has not passed his grand climacteric. A man of such an age, possessed of sense and virtue, may perhaps be a kind and useful mentor: but if a married woman is happy enough to meet with a proper and affectionate return from the first object I have recommended to her choice, she cannot stand in need of any other friend.

☞ The fourth Letter of 'The British Spy in Boston,' which originally appeared in the Port Folio, shall be inserted in our next.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPEAN.

Austria and Prussia, appear determined upon a neutrality; and a war between Russia and France is not certain.—The trial by jury, has been stopped in several departments in France—and a corrector of the press is also appointed to examine all publications before they appear to the public.

France, at present, is in 108 departments and 444 communes, with 5321 Justices of the peace, or cantons, divided into 31 Senatories, or tribunals of appeal, and 61 circles for Coberts of the Legion of Honour.—in 29 forest ranges, and in 27 military divisions.

By the ship Clyde, captain Dekoven, arrived at New-York, in 39 days from Cadiz, it is stated, that the fever continued to rage with unabated violence at Malaga; and that it had reached Gibraltar and Cadiz, where from 70 to 80 daily died. General Moreau was then at Cadiz; but was preparing to leave it for Greneda.

DOMESTIC.

Capt. Church, who arrived at Charleston, from Cape Francois, informs, that on the 22d ult. captain Tate, second officer of the armed ship Pilgrim of Philadelphia, was hung by order of Christophe, for having received several Frenchmen on board, who were endeavouring to make their escape to the United States. Capt. Gibson, of the same ship, and the first officer, escaped without any censure. This was supposed to be owing to the circumstance of Christophe's conceiving Tate to be a Frenchman although he persisted to the last moment, in declaring himself to be an American. During the execution, an American soldier rushed forward with an intention of cutting captain Tate down from the gallows, but received several severe stabs, and was forced back.

Captain Williams, of the Delphin, arrived at Philadelphia, on Wednesday the 21st instant, in 49 days from Leghorn, brings the following important intelligence;—that advices from Malta had been received there, of Commodore Preble's success against Tripoli;—that officer had bombarded their city, and done much damage to it and the fortifications, and had sunk or taken a large Xebec, and three gun boats, with the loss of the commander of one of his gun boats, &c. and was preparing for a second attack. This account was brought to Malta, by a gentleman from Tripoli; but nothing is said respecting captain Bainbridge, or his crew. Capt. W. did not touch at Gibraltar or any other place.

Letters had been received at St. Croix, says the Mercantile advertiser, stating the great probability of Denmark joining the coalition which it was expected would be speedily formed against France by Russia and Sweden.

Yesterday, says the New York Morning Chronicle, sailed from Staten Island, and went to sea, about 5 o'clock, P. M. the fine ships Indostan of 20 guns, Leander of 16, Oliver Ellsworth, Eugenia, Sophronia, brig Dolly of 14 guns, and schooner Dianna of 6 guns, all for St. Domingo. Four of these vessels are owned by Samuel G. Ogden, and two chartered by the same gentleman.

Mr. Pichon, Consul General of the French Republic to the U. States, acting as Charge des affaires, has, it is said received his letter of recal, and will take early departure for France, being superceded in his ministerial functions by the appointment of General Turreau. He left Washington last week. It is not considered that this arrangement reflects any disgrace on Mr. Pichon. His appointment as a member of the Legion of Honor bespeaks satisfaction at his conduct—but it is supposed that he is to be employed in a diplomatic capacity at some one of the European courts.

General Turreau, Grand officer of the Legion of Honor, appointed Minister plenipotentiary of his majesty the emperor of the French, to the United States, was on the 23d instant received in that character by the President of the U. States.

General Turreau was accompanied by Captain Marin, his first aid-du-camp. We understand that Madame Turreau and family are daily expected, in a vessel that was to sail shortly after the general's departure, attended by Mr. Petry, first secretary, and Mr. de Cabre, second secretary of legation.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE BATCHELOR'S SOLILOQUY,

OR A NEW PUZZLE*

IN PRAISE OF WOMEN.

Happy a man may pass his life,
While free'd from matrimonial chains,
When he is govern'd by a wife,
He's sure to suffer for his pains.

What tongue is able to declare,
The failings which in women dwell;
The worth that falls to woman's share,
Can scarce be called—perceptible.

In all the female race appear,
Hypocrisy, deceit, and pride,
Truth—darling of a heart sincere,
In Women never can reside.

They are always studying to employ,
Their time in vanity and prate,
Their leisure hours in social joy,
To spend is what all women hate.

Destruction take the men I say,
Who make of women their delight,
Those who contempt to women pay,
Keep prudence always in their sight.

* *When read for the* praise *of women, the first and third, and second and fourth lines, must be read.*

THE AFFECTIONATE SOLDIER.

TWAS in the evening of a wintry day,
When safe returning from a long campaign,
Allen o'er toiled and weary with the way,
Came home to see his Sally once again.

His hatter'd arms he carelessly threw down,
And view'd his Sally with enraptur'd eyes,
But she receiv'd him with a modest frown;
She knew not Allen in his rough disguise.

His hair was knotted, and his beard unshorn,
His tatter'd 'coutrements about him hung;
A tear of pleasure did each cheek adorn,
And blessings fell in torrents from his tongue.

Am I so alter'd by this cruel trade,
That you your faithful Allen have forgot?
Or is your heart unto another stray'd?
Ah! why escap'd I from the murd'ring shot!

When thus he spake, her wonted color fled,
She ran and sunk upon her Allen's breast,
All pale awhile, she look'd like one that's dead,
He kiss'd, she breath'd & all her loves confess'd.

Yes, my delight—tho' alter'd as thou art,
Reduc'd by honest courage to this state,
Thou art the gilden treasure of my heart,
My long-lost husband and my wish'd for mate!

ELEGY, By LORD LYTTLETON, ON THE DEATH OF HIS LADY.

Adieu to the village delights,
Which lately my fancy enjoy'd;
No longer the country invites,
To me all its pleasures are void.

Adieu thou sweet health-breathing hill,
Thou can'st not my comfort restore;
Forever, adieu! my dear ville;—
My Lucy, alas! is no more!—

She, she was the care of my pain,
My blessing, my honour, my pride;
She ne'er gave me cause to complain,
'Till that fatal day when she dy'd.

Those eyes that so beautifully shone,
Are closed forever in sleep;
And mine (since my Lucy is gone)
Have nothing to do but to weep.

Could my tears the bright angel restore,
Like a fountain, they never should cease;
But—Lucy, alas! is no more!
And I am a stranger to peace.

Let me copy with fervor devout,
The virtues that glowed in her heart;
Then soon (when life's sand is run out)
We shall meet again;—never to part!

FROM THE BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

PITY.

When my fond heart is torn with grief,
And sorrows rend my breast,
Pity, then thou canst give relief,
And soothe my cares to rest.

Thou dost assuage the aching heart,
And dry the tears of woe;
Thou blunt'st the edge of sorrow's dart,
From which sad source they flow.

Cheer'd by the gentle evening shower,
The drooping plant revives;
So the sad heart's exhausted power,
New warmth from thee derives.

Come, Pity, then, thou heavenly maid,
With thy soft rays descend;
O! deign to grant thy generous aid,
To guard my much lov'd friend.

Inspire her with thy gentle laws,
My friendship to approve,
And let me gain in Pity's cause,
Whate'er I lost in love.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

Oh, Rose, thou canst surely tell,
'Tis thee alone I dearly love,
For thou hast seen my bosom swell,
With sighs that love alone can move.

Though thou hast never heard me say,
That only thee I'd call my own,
Yet does not every look betray
A heart that breathes for thee alone?

Oh! then my love, dispel thy fear,
For thou hast all my virgin heart;
Come! with my lips I'll chace that tear,
And we will never, never part.

ON A LOCK OF HAIR.

Soft, silken lock, of beauty bright,
That flutter'd in the beams of light,
From fair Eliza's eye!
That graceful kiss'd her angel brow;
Inhaling all the fragrant glow
Of her impassion'd sigh!

Like thee, who late in soft embrace,
Curl'd fondly round Eliza's face,
Delighting and delighted;
I wanton'd once in rapture's beam,
Nor thought my happiness a dream,
Till fate the vision blighted.

BEAUTY—A SONG.

When fascinating beauty smiles,
Tho' deem'd a transient flow'r,
Vain man, with all his boasted might,
Submissive, owns its power.

Beauty makes misers quit their gold,
And cruelty its rage,
And gives the ardent fires of youth
To antiquated age.

Th' imposter Mahomet, who knew
The sweets and pow'r of love,
With ever blooming beauties fill'd,
His blissful courts above.

Aright this great observer judg'd
That beauty's promis'd charms,
Would lure whole millions to his aid,
And bless his conquering arms.

ANNINGAIT AND AJUT.

A GREENLAND TALE.

Love alters not for us his hard degrees
Not tho' beneath the Thracian clime we freeze,
Or the mild bliss of temperate skies forego,
And in mild winter tread Sithonian snow:
Love conquer's all.——

DRYDEN.

IN one of the large caves to which the families of Greenland retire together, to pass the cold months, and which may be termed their villages or cities, a youth and maid, who came from different parts of the country, were so much distinguished for their beauty, that they were called by the rest of the inhabitants, Anningait and Ajut, from a supposed resemblance to their ancestors of the same names, who had been transformed of old into the sun and moon.

Anningait for some time heard the praises of Ajut with little emotion, but at last, by frequent interviews, became sensible of her charms, and first made a discovery of his affection, by inviting her, with her parents, to a feast, where he placed before Ajut the tale of a whale. Ajut seemed not much delighted by the gallantry, yet, however, from that time, was observed rarely to appear, but in a vest made of the skin of a white deer. She used frequently to renew the black dye upon her hands and forehead, to adorn her sleeves with coral and shells, and to braid her hair with great exactness.

The elegance of her dress, and the judicious disposition of her ornaments, had such an effect upon Anningait, that he could no longer be restrained from a declaration of his love. He therefore composed a poem in her praise; in which, among other heroic and tender sentiments, he protested, that "she was beautiful as the vernal willow; and fragrant as thyme upon the mountains; her fingers were white as the teeth of the morse, and her smile grateful as the dissolution of the ice; that he would pursue her though she should pass the caves of the eastern cannibals—that he would tear her from the embraces of the genius of the rocks, snatch her from the paws of Amorac, and rescue her from the ravine of Hafgufa." He concluded with a wish, that "whoever shall attempt to hinder his union with Ajut, might be buried without his bow; and that in the land of souls, his scull might serve no other use than to catch the droppings of the starry lamps."

This ode being universally applauded, it was expected that Ajut would soon yield to such fervour and accomplishments; but Ajut, with the natural haughtiness of beauty, expected all the forms of courtship; and before she would confess herself conquered, the sun returned, the ice broke, and the season of labour called all to their employments.

Anningait and Ajut for a time always went out in the same boat, and divided whatever was caught. Anningait, in the sight of his mistress, lost no opportunity of signalizing his courage; he attacked the sea-horses on the ice; pursued the seals into the water; and leaped upon the back of the whale, while he was yet struggling with the remains of life. Nor was his diligence less, to accumulate all that could be necessary to make winter comfortable; he dried the roe of fishes, and the flesh of seals: he entrapped deer and foxes, and dressed their skins to adorn his bride; he feasted her with eggs from the rocks, and strewed her tent with flowers.

It happened that a tempest drove the fish to a distant part of the coast, before Anningait had completed his store; he therefore entreated Ajut, that she would at last grant him her hand, and accompany him to that part of the country whither he was now summoned by necessity. Ajut thought him not entitled to such condescension, but proposed, as a trial of his constancy, that he should return at the end of summer to the cavern where their acquaintance commenced, and there expect the reward of his assiduities. "O virgin, beautiful as the sun shining on the water, consider," said Anningait, "what thou hast required. How easily may my return be precluded by a sudden frost, or unexpected fogs; then must the night be passed without my Ajut. We live not, my fair, in those fabled countries, which lying strangers so wantonly describe; where the whole year is divided into short days and nights; where the same habitation serves for summer and winter; where they raise houses in rows above the ground; dwell together from year to year, with flocks of tame animals grazing in the fields about them; can travel from one place to another, through ways enclosed with trees, or over walls raised upon the inland waters; and direct their course through wide countries, by the sight of green hills or scattered buildings. Even in summer, we have no means of crossing the mountains, whose snows are never dissolved: nor can remove to any distant residence, but in our boats coasting the bays. Consider, Ajut, a few summer-days, and few winter-nights, and the life of man is at an end. Night is the time of ease and festivity, of revels and gaity: but what will be the flaming lamp, the delicious seal, or the soft oil, without the smile of Ajut?"

The eloquence of Anningait was vain; the maid continued inexorable, and they parted with ardent promises to meet again before the night of winter.

To be concluded in our next.

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FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

THE BRITISH SPY IN BOSTON.

LETTER IV.

IT is asserted that FISHER AMES, as a member of the national legislature, attained greater celebrity, and was entitled to more unmingled applause, than any orator, who, since the establishment of its constitution, had graced that honorable assembly. This appears to have been derived neither from the effect of mature learning, nor individual weight of character, since he had not reached the meridian of his days, had risen the architect of his own fortune, and, until subsequent to the period of his election, was unheard of, and a stranger, beyond the dimensions of his native state. Consequently, his merit must have been uncommon, and the properties of his mind impressive and original. To no American has Fame been more kind, nor extended more far. Thence, upon my arrival in this country, my warmest prepossessions were his, and my most anxious desire to form his acquaintance. In the latter I have hitherto been disappointed—But I have seen, and heard him—rendered interesting by the apparent decay of health, and that awakened sensibility, which engages every eye, and affects every heart. I read his speech upon the British Treaty, and have found it good, very much beyond mediocrity, and well calculated to please, to influence, and to excite, even at will, the feelings and the understanding of his auditors; though under any circumstances, except those of the individual speaker, the egotisms with which it abounds, might be considered reprehensible; but, these circumstances admitted, they become justifiable, and possibly, commendable. Certainly no specimen of American eloquence has, since the revolution, possessed equal ability to move, to charm, and to electrize. This effect is to be looked for in the speaker, rather than in the composition—A man of pleasing appearance, just reaching the meridian of his years, surrounded by personal friends, and connected by every tie, that adds a value to existence, become the patient but incurable victim of a hopeless disease, yet resisting the inevitable evil, and animated even to inspiration by the great occasion, without effort, presenting himself before the assembled wisdom of his nation, richly endowed with fluency of utterance, force of expression, and pathos of manner, these increased and improved by the advantitious circumstances, under which he was situated, every female heart responding to his articulation, and even the philosophic mind unable to resist its impulse, the hissing serpent pent of personal envy and malevolence silent and benumbed, and the more ferocious spirit of party prejudice charmed into encomium, or conciliated into toleration. Fisher Ames is beloved. The pleasantness of his humour, the felicity of his wit, and the rich brilliancy of his imagination, enable him to shine as a companion, and give to his colloquial powers an attraction, which assimulates him more, and brings him nearer, than any man of his country, to the fascination of address, the enchantment of words, and ideas, that characterise and elevate the mind of Charles Fox, delighting every heart, and attaching every understanding. At the Bar, it is decidedly my opinion, Mr Ames should seldom appear, and is never invincible; since without more law learning, a sensibility unrestrained and inadmissible, a weight ill-fed and direct, but never malevolent, whose echo is a mere glance upon the brain, touching and kindling every sense but that of the heart, but neither feeling the passions nor the judge, the understanding, an imagination gorgeous, variegated and profuse, with all the gregcous power of fancy, and all the luxury of words, to delight and to astonish—for such a mind, and such a mind, to be shackled by the rules of courts, & confined to the sterility of common forms, and common place argument, would be a miracle, and is misapplication of business and capacity ever to be lamented, while in the appropriate path of their original inclination, no rival influence would eclipse, no superior light diminish their brilliancy. Still, my dear S——, Mr. Ames in his best state lays no claim to the *perfection* of oratory. The voice, the vehicle of the human understanding, that attractive or repulsive attribute of mere sound and yet of mighty sensation, under whose defects and deficiences fine genius has half its ascendancy, and to whose happy modulation all the sensibilities, under the direction of mind, are obedient, this faculty in Mr. Ames is not unqualified. Flowery, yet cold, as he has been decidedly is, he has some particular tones that are rustic or local, and his accent is in a great degree provincial: difficulties which disappear under the ascendancy of his eloquence, and which, in any but that of mere friend and preceptor, leave but little for regret, and much, (how very much!) for delight and approbation.

Mr. Ames is also considered one of the best writers of his country: the eloquence of his essays, like that of his public speaking, is fervid, feeling, highly ornamented, constructed to delight the ear of taste, and fashioned to affect the heart of sensibility, yet probably, more calculated to astonish than to convince, or to convert. Whence his opponents confess his talents, approve his honesty, admire his wit, and are delighted with the richness of his imagination, but deny the ascendancy of his arguments, and affect to reject what they have yet found no champion sufficiently bold or able to counteract.

Is it not true, my S——, that of all the professions, which lead to the exertions of the mind, that of the law gives the least chance of producing an author of extraordinary merit, on any subject detached from the theory and practice of his own calling? The technical style of its composition, the rules of court, the set habits and fixed formalities of pleading, shackling the mind, arresting the ideas, and imprisoning the free exercise of the imagination, giving constraint to all the graceful eccentricities of original genius. Hence, we find our great Erskine a poor pamphleteer, and hence within the precincts of parliament—in which situation he was by his friends and admirers expected to appear omnipotent—we find his capacities sinking below the level of his least formidable antagonist. In some future letter, when I have more accurately considered subject, I hope to analyse the cause, and consider its probable corrective or preventive. At the same time, if my leisure and means of information shall authorise the attempt, I will endeavour to take an impartial view of the existing state of literature in the United States, considering the scale of genius, the progress of improvement, the encouragement to writers, and the increase or decrease of readers of taste, and just criticism. Also the comparative powers of the different authors that have already appeared, with the aggregate of the whole, including the abstruse sciences, and *les belles lettres*. Possibly I should find it less arduous to give a correct statement of the commerce of the country, its agricultural survey, or its architectural improvements. Of these also I am not unmindful, and, provided opportunity is auspicious, you my dear S——, shall not find me negligent.

BIOGRAPHY.

DONNA MARIA GAETANA AGNESI

Professor of Mathematics and Philosophy in the University of Bologna

Author of the celebrated work, intitled Instituzioni Analytiche. (Analytical Institutions.)

We give this article as a refutation of the arguments of those who maintain, that great talents are exclusively bestowed on men; and who alledge, that women have in no instance, given proofs of original and inventive powers, of a capacity for patient research, or profound investigation. Let those, says our author, who hold these opinions, endeavour to follow the writer of the Analytical Institutions through the long series of demonstrations, which she has contrived with so much skill, and explained with such elegance and perspicuity: if they are able to do so, and to compare her work with others of the same kind, they will probably retract their former opinions, and acknowledge, that in one instance, at least, intellectual powers of the highest order have been lodged in the breast of a woman. And if they are not able, they will not of course, see the reasons for admiring her genius that others do, but they may learn to think modestly of their own.

A great and excellent mathematician of her own country, has declared her Analytical Institutions to be a most elegant and ingenious work, and, undoubtedly, the noblest of the kind that ever proceeded from a female pen. It was published in 1748, and has been lately translated into English.

It is a matter of great regret, that, of the history of so extraordinary a person, but few particulars are to be obtained: the principal, and of undoubted authenticity, are contained in the following extract from the President de Brosses's Letters from Italy, which call to mind the marvellous stories of the Admirable Creighton, well known to every reader of that agreeable collection, the Pleasing Instructor.

De Broose, in passing through Milan, about the year 1740, was carried to a *conversatione*, on purpose to meet Signora Agnesi, whom he describes as a young lady about eighteen or twenty, who, though she could not be called handsome, had a fine complexion, with an air of great simplicity, softness, and female delicacy.

"There were, (says he,) about thirty people in the room many of them from different countries in Europe, who formed a circle round the lady, and a little sister who accompanied her. The count Belloni addressed her in a fine Latin speech, with the formality of a college declamation. She answered with great readiness and ability in the same language; and they entered into a disputation (still in Latin) on the origin of fountains, and on the causes of the ebbing and flowing which is observed in some of them like the tides in the sea. She spoke on this sub-

)ect like an angel, and I never heard it treated in a manner that gave me more satisfaction. The Count then desired me to enter with her on the discussion of any other subject I chose, provided that it was connected with mathematics or natural philosophy. After making the best apology I could to the lady, for my want of sufficient skill in the Latin language, to make me worthy of conversing with her in it, we entered, first, on the manner in which the impressions made on the senses by corporeal objects are communicated to the brain, or general sensation; and afterwards on the propagation of light, and the prismatic colors. Another of the company then discoursed with her on the transparencies of bodies, and on curvilinear figures in geometry, of which last I did not understand a word.

"She spoke wonderfully well on all these subjects; tho' she could not have been prepared before hand, any more than we were. She is much attached to the philosophy of Newton: and it is marvellous to see a person of her age so conversant with such abstruse subjects. Yet, however much I was surprised at the extent and depth of her knowledge, I was still more amazed to hear her speak Latin with such purity, ease, and accuracy, that I do not recollect any book in modern latin written in so classical a style as that in which she pronounced these discourses. The conversation afterwards became general, every one speaking in the language of his country, and she answering in the same language: for her knowledge of languages is prodigious. She told me that she was sorry that the conversation of this visit had taken so much the formal turn of an academical disputation, and that she very much disliked speaking on such subjects in numerous companies, where, for one that was amused, twenty were probably tired to death. I was sorry to hear that she intended to go into a convent, and take the veil: not from the want of fortune, for she is rich; but from a religious and devout turn of mind, which disposes her to shun the pleasures and vanities of the world."

After the work of the Instituzioni Analytiche was published, she was made professor of mathematics and physiology in the university of Bologna. But neither the admiration she every where met with, nor the entreaties of her friends, could prevent her from executing the resolution she had taken, of secluding herself from the world. After the death of her father, she retired to a convent of *Blue Nuns*, remarkable for the austerity of its rules; and ended her days in one of those retreats in which mistaken piety has so often buried the charms and accomplishments, the virtues and the talents which might have adorned and improved society. The fate of Pascal and Agnesi will remain a melancholy proof, that the most splendid abilities, and the highest attainments in literature and science, cannot always defend the mind against the inroads of superstition and fanaticism.

FROM THE ENQUIRER.

.....

ON THE FEMALE SEX.

I have often been surprised at the little attention which is paid to the education of females in the state of Virginia. Their influence both on the manners and characters of men, must ever be extensive, since it commences with the earliest childhood, matures with our youth, and ceases not to rule even in old age. Yet we often see that amiable class of society, permitted to waste the bloom of youth in all the trivial amusements of the polite world, while neither care nor pains are bestowed on the cultivation of a brilliant understanding, or in fitting them for the important duty of instilling the first principles of virtue and knowledge into the minds of their children. And though the precepts of morality, and the beauties of literature, acquire a seductive grace when flowing from the lips of a mother, which can never fail to allure the young and tender mind, to a love of science and an ardent pursuit of true glory: yet we seldom see that attention paid to the education of females, which is necessary to fit them for the instruction of those whom fortune may destine to fill the most important stations, "to command the applause of listning senates, and scatter plenty over a smiling land."

Whence this culpable inattention has proceeded, it would perhaps be difficult to determine, were we to search only for reasons which would justify it. Man in his boasted wisdom, is not content with vainly supposing strength and energy of understanding his peculiar attribute, and with proudly assuming the sole management of every important concern.

Women, in his opinion are not only excluded from an equal participation in these inestimable gifts of nature, but are believed to be fitted only for the arrangements of domestic oeconomy and the inferior concerns of life. And the arrogant lords of the creation viewing the fairer sex constituted, solely for their convenience, permit the lovely flowers to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness in the desert air."

Indeed the extreme ill nature which men sometimes display, when one of the other sex presumes to burst the narrow confines to which the minds of women are generally circumscribed, would almost justify a belief, that they are actuated by other motives; and that a spirit of rivalry, a fear of competition, and an apprehension of being defeated, after all their vauntings, by those they affect to hold in contempt, can alone actuate them, when with the malevolence of dullness, or the keenness of wit, they pour out their bitter sarcasms against the acquirements of the ladies. This propensity I have observed to be almost universal; from the philosopher who discovers that female writings are superficial, to the insignificant coxcomb, who, a stranger to the beauties of literature, or the riches of science, yet envying the accomplished woman her brilliancy, her wit and her information, in the true style of foppish eloquence, *curses* the *pedantry* which he might strive in vain to imitate.

For my own part I have ever been averse to believing, that nature had withheld from the fairest of her works, that intellectual excellence which she has bestowed on man with so beneficent a hand, or that she had even been niggardly to woman of those gifts which she lavishes on man.

It may not be impossible that there is a difference between the minds of the sexes, correspondent with the different degrees of delicacy in their conformation. To man may be given strength and energy of understanding; a capacity for laborious research, and a power of embracing a more extensive range of science: while on woman is lavished gaiety, sprightliness of fancy, and a mind adapted to the more engaging pursuits of elegant literature. To the one it may be allowed to climb the steep ascent which leads to the temple of science, but 'tis the peculiar attribute of the other to stray in the enchanting walks of imagination, and to cull the various beauties which bloom around. To man it may belong to gaze with curious eye to distant worlds, to unravel the mazes of philosophy, to develope the nature of the human mind, to investigate the great principles of morality, and to form the code which shall bind vice in an indissoluble chain, and hold forth to virtue its reward: but who more sweetly can touch the delicate chords of sensibility, who more skillfully can awaken every finer feeling of the soul, or, inspired by the muse, can strike with such a magic power the lyre's trembling strings, as charming woman. Nor does science "frown on her birth." For her the ample pages of history are unfolded, and to her eye philosophy disdains not to unravel her mysteries; while every work where taste and fancy lend their inspiration, to the writer, blooms under her plastic hand with ten fold beauty.

A female epistolary correspondence will always give rise to these reflections, on the respective talents of men and women. It is the province of letter writing to join variety with ease, to breathe tenderness without formality, and to convey sentiment without stiffness and pedantry. Few men are possessed of these superior excellencies. Their news becomes stale in the recital, their joke is never divested of their gravity, their sympathy is unfeeling, their friendship in an affected warmth of expression appears additionally cold, and their letters degenerate into the solemnity of an essay. The female writer, on the contrary, gives a charm to every thing she touches; her sprightliness swells trifles into importance: her gaiety lends a smile even to gravity itself. She catches those minute circumstances which would escape a less delicate observer; she places them in the most advantageous light, and disposes them with such a taste and judgment that they reflect brilliancy on each other. In her descriptions she is never tedious, for a single glance delineates the object. But if her pen paints to the eye, her language reaches the very heart. Her ridicule and wit convulse us with laughter; her tenderness and affection steal from us the tear of sensibility. The female writes without art, for to its precepts she is a stranger: but nature is her mistress, and there is a delicacy and ease in the effusions of her pen, which the most studied performance can feebly imitate. As the rules for the epic art were not formed by the commentator upon the Iliad until they had been taught by a successful experiment; as they were drawn from the immortal works of the Grecian poet, who unconfined by rule, pursued the inspiration of a sublime and transcendant genius, so the laws of epistolary writing were probably first deduced from the following and elegant performance of some sprightly female. Hence we may account for the correspondence between the precepts of criticism and their successful specimens of fine writing. Hence we may account for the superiority of their letters in every language. In us, 'tis reason that dictates, in them it almost seems an instinct: and instinct gains "by quick nature" a happiness of expression,

> *Which heavier reason labours at in vain;*
> *For reason raise o'er instinct as you can,*
> *In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man.*
>
> POPE.

Though it may be difficult or impossible to adduce as many illustrious examples of female excellence as are furnished as of the superiority of men, yet it cannot thence be fairly inferred, that the fairer sex is incapable of equal improvement when enjoying similar advantages. History has afforded us some instances of females who have filled with splendid talents the most exalted stations, & whose mental exertions have risen with the exigency of the occasion, from feminine weakness to masculine strength and vigour. It has indeed been the favorite theory of some philosophers that the human mind may be compared in its infancy, to a sheet of blank paper, capable of receiving every impression; and though it may be doubted whether the specific varieties of human nature, have originated in education alone, yet I cannot but believe its influence more overruling and extensive than is generally imagined. Among us the difference in the understandings of the sexes is surely not greater than in the delicacy of their forms. In savage nations however, where the most laborious duties are imposed upon the female, they are observed to be more robust, more hardy and more capable of enduring labour than men.

Exercise is confessedly scarcely less beneficial to the mind than to the body; and the same means which are found to give vigour to the one, might successfully be applied to remedying the weakness of this other.

Seldom indeed have the excellencies of both sexes been concentrated in the same individual; and if, on the other hand, we admire the masculine understanding, and comprehensive abilities of an Elizabeth or a Catharine, we cannot on the other, but regard them as decisive proofs of the melancholy truth, that the feelings of the heart are often superceded as the vigour of the mind is increased. But fortunately the happiness of mankind does not require, nor does the nature of society permit the rays of science should be every where equally diffused. Some are destined to project—others to execute. Some are confined to the labor of the closet, to others are assigned the toils of the field; and while some form the head of the social system, others must be contented with the more humble duties of the limbs. Hence it is unnecessary that females should be initiated into all the intricate pursuits of philosophers and statesmen.——To man it is given to wield the sceptre of power; while in domestic scenes of happiness fair woman binds "the lords of the creation," in the silken fetters of love. The one is destined to drink deeply of the Pierian spring, but for the other it is sufficient to have tasted its translucent waters. The duties of man are labour and application. To woman belong the fond solicitudes of a mother, and the endearing tenderness of a wife. The one may tread the theatre of life; to the other, it is given to move "in the narrower scenes of sweet domestic comfort," to charm away the cares which assail us, soothe the soul into peace, and to cull "the fairest blooms of sublunary bliss." Dear bought indeed are the acquirements purchased at the expence of those amiable graces, that seducting gentleness, and enchanting diffidence, which characterize woman. Learning is only to be valued by her, so far as it sets off her native charms, and gives a polish to the mind which will survive the precarious beauties of the person.

Nothing indeed can be more disgusting than pedantry in a female. It is so inconsistent with that retiring modesty which forms the greatest ornament of the fair, that we are scarcely less shocked at meeting with it in a female than if we should see a lovely girl defaced by an enormous beard. Pedantry as it is the offspring of vanity is always disgusting: but in woman it is intolerable. The same delicacy which dictates to retire from the gaze of admiration, must forbid the display of the brilliancy of her talents, or the extent of her learning. She withdraws from the general observation which feminine softness can never solicit, and only to the persevering eye which follows her into retirement, and woos her confidence, discovers a superior and enlightened understanding: an understanding which contains within itself a never failing source of amusement and delight, though far removed from those gay scenes where folly and dissipation eternally preside.

Emulation glows not in the female bosom with an ardour inferior to the unextinguishable flame that fires the soul of man. Fearful lest mankind should fail to discover our merits, we all seize with avidity every opportunity of displaying them. Hence the soldier recounts his battles and his scars, the wit is talkative, the philosopher launches out on the ocean of science, and even the coxcomb, by nature almost shared out of excellence, with disgusting forwardness exhibits every trivial accomplishment that he thinks may please. Hence too the fashionable lady, whose bosom displays more than wonted loveliness, transcends even those bounds that the polite world have already too much extended, and unveils the charms which till later days were left to imagination's power to pourtray.

But however disgusting pedantry may be, there is, I imagine, less danger of falling into that error that of adhering to the careless system of education so common among us.

The charge of pedantry is not always just. We so seldom meet with women to whose education proper attention has been paid, that a remark not the most common catches our attention; and as it is not always the disposition of mankind to assign an amiable motive for the conduct of others, a sensible woman is too apt to be considered as pedantic, and to be regarded with aversion. For my own part, as I have never been able to discover in what manner the feelings of the heart can be injured by liberalizing the mind, or how a female is rendered incapable of her domestic duties by becoming an engaging companion to a man of understanding, so neither can I see any reason why those acquirements should degrade the lady into a pedant, which elevates the man to the character of a gentleman.

☞

TO SNUFF-TAKERS, SMOKERS, AND CHEWERS OF TOBACCO.

It is difficult to contemplate man in a more absurd and ridiculous light, than in his attachment to Tobacco: a weed, not more nauseous to the taste, than it is unfriendly to health and morals. Its influence upon both is here proposed to be exhibited, in a concise manner, for the serious consideration of those who are addicted to its use.

And first, its effects on *Health*. It may be asserted, on the highest medical authority, that the use of Tobacco impairs the *appetite*; that it promotes *indigestion*, and through the waste of the saliva in the chewing and smoking, that it produces many of those disorders which are seated in the nerves; as tremors in the hands, head-ache, epilepsy, palsy, apoplexy, and many other complaints. The hot smoke of Tobacco has destroyed a whole set of *teeth*, in a very short time; and, as well as chewing, it *foul's* the mouth, and necessarily renders the *breath* extremely *offensive*. The use of snuff injures the *voice* by obstructing the nose; it renders the *complexion* of a disagreeable dusky color; and also taints the sweet breath with the rank odour of a Tobacco cask. For this reason, the ladies of fashion in France it is said, seldom take snuff till they marry, a very high compliment, no doubt, to their husbands. The *memory* has been likewise entirely lost by an excessive use of snuff. This was the case with Sir John Pringle, President of the Royal Society of London; but after following the advice of his friend Dr. Franklin, to desist from taking snuff, he very soon regained his powers of memory, though at a very advanced age.

Secondly, its effects on *morals*. Smoaking and chewing promote a *thirst for strong drink*, which leads to *intemperance* and *drunkenness*. Smoaking disposes to *idleness*, which is the root of many evils. The use of tobacco is necessarily connected with a neglect of *cleanliness*, which, for its favorable effect on morals, ought to be ranked among the cardinal virtues. Smoaking is *offensive* to those who do not smoke; and to smoke, therefore, under such circumstances, is a breach of good manners; to these may be added, that smoaking segars is a very common cause of *accidents by fire*, as the daily reports in our newspapers of destructive conflagrations will testify.

The friends of tobacco offer two arguments in its favor: 1st. that it is preservative from contagious diseases, but fact contradict this idea. Howard, the philanthropist, proved it had no efficacy in checking the contagion of the plague; and experience in this country has amply ascertained, that it is equally ineffectual against the influenza or yellow fever. 2d. That smoaking and snuff relieve that uneasiness which arises from eating a too plentiful meal. A far more rational and effectual remedy would be to eat less; and thereby derive the additional advantage of avoiding the sin of gluttony.

To conclude----The greatest philosophers and physicians uniformly condemn the use of tobacco. Dr. Franklin a few months before his death, declared with exultation, that he had never used tobacco in any way, in the course of his long life: and it is believed that Washington could make the same boast. Dr. Rush has written an Essay against it, from which several facts here introduced, are derived.

Arouse then, O ye Snuff-takers Chewers, and Smokers! Exert your selves to overcome this destructive and growing evil! The inhabitants of the United States are said to consume more tobacco than any other civilized nation on earth, or than any uncivilized, the Turks only excepted. Are, you, then, ambitious to bear away the palm from the Mahometans, for those unenviable qualities, which that indolent, ignorant, and barbarous nation of smokers proverbially possess!

CONSUMPTION.

Completely to eradicate this disorder, I will not positively say the following remedy is capable of doing; but I will venture to affirm, that a temperate mode of living (avoiding spirituous liquors wholly;) wearing flannel next the skin; and taking every morning, half a pint of new milk mixed with a wine glass ful of green hoarhound, the complaint will not only be relieved, but the individual shall procure to himself a length of days beyond what its mildest form could give room to hope for. I am myself, Sir, a living witness to the beneficial effects of this agreeable and though innocent, yet powerful application. Four weeks use of hoarhound and milk relieved the pains of my breast; gave me to breathe deep, long and free; strengthened and harmonized my voice: and restored me to a state of better health than I had enjoyed for many years.

[*Gaz. U. S.*

Nine-tenths of the happiness of mankind depends on their being contented in the situation for which the God of Nature has designed them. He who employs his head, is not so happy as he who employs his hands without mental anxiety. The thought of this ought to check im proper ambition.

To THE EDITORS OF THE MINERVA.

Gentlemen,

AS your paper has a general circulation among the females of Norfolk, and probably of Richmond and Petersburg also, the enclosed Essay is sent you for publication.

Norfolk Borough, *Dec.* 6th, 1804.

A FEW OBSERVATIONS
ON FEMALE CHARITY SCHOOLS,
Respectfully addressed to the Ladies of Norfolk, Petersburg and Richmond.

THE great utility of Free Schools, when patronized and disciplined with a tolerable degree of liberality and prudence, has called forth the merited panegyric of the philosopher and the philanthropist. The best moralists inform us, that ignorance is the most fruitful source of vicious actions; that the acquisition of knowledge, derived from a moral education, is not only the strongest barrier against vice, but is also the liveliest incentive to a strictly virtuous conduct.

These cursory preliminary remarks are, I presume, sufficient to establish the fact, that *to* IGNORANCE *may be justly attributed, the origin of a very considerable portion of those crimes, by the recital of which humanity is so often shocked.* This observation applies with double force to the female sex; *they* are not only exposed to those snares by which innumerable men have been ruined; but a poor ignorant girl is liable and likely to fall a prey to every profligate rake who may conceive it worth his pains to despoil her of her only treasure—her innocence and virtue! What is the condition of the unprotected ignorant female, who, without relations or friends is turned upon the wide world, a forlorn wanderer? Unacquainted with the ruinous arts of villainy—consequently unsuspecting of those who may seek her acquaintance, and glad to contract an intimacy with any who may, offer their friendship, it is almost a miracle if she shuld escape the vortex of guilt, which is prepared the yawning to receive her. The female character is exceeding precious—having been once tarnished, it can never be restored to its wonted lustre—when a woman has forfeited her reputation, she has little more to loose; the power of Emperors or the wealth of Sultans cannot regain it. When an unfortunate but honest girl, compelled perhaps by necessity, has made one retrograde step from the path of virtue, she is irrecoverabl, lost to society; condemned and despised by her own sex—slighted and neglected by every one, she is driven to desperation: distressed by penury, and misled in her own estimation, she plunges into the fathomless gulph of infamy,—and becomes one of that abandoned, yet pitiable sisterhood, whom we so often see in our streets, bearing about them all the tokens of extreme wretchedness and consummate vice.

Let me contrast this picture, and contemplate a more pleasing scene. I was some short time past in Boston, where the humane generosity of the ladies has established an institution for the education of indigent orphan girls. An acquaintance of mine, who resided in town, pointed out to me a very respectable looking matron who had received her education in the *Boston Female Asylum*; the parents of this lady, as my friend informed me, had been exceedingly poor; and as is too often the case with this class of people in large towns, they were far from being remarkable for the morality of their conduct: in fact, they were the keepers of a house of supposed bad fame; fortunately for their daughter, they both died when she was yet an infant—too young to become animated by their infectious example: then it was that she came under the protection of those amiable ladies, the patrons of *The Female Asylum*—then was she first nourished by the hand of benevolent virtue. Educated in the way of virtue and industry, she became not only an honest but a respectable and very useful member of society; she was now married to an honest mechanic, who by persevering industry had acquired a handsome fortune; and she was at length an encourager of that excellent institution from whose benign influence she had received her first and lasting impressions of virtue and of vice: two beautiful babes just beginning to prattle and climb up their mother's gown, added no inconsiderable portion of felicity to this worthy woman. At that very time this comparison forcibly struck me.—*How different would the fate of this woman probably have been, from what it is, but for the humane interference of the Female Asylum.*

It is to this subject, Ladies of Virginia, that I am anxious to attract your attention. It is a subject all-important to your unfortunate fellow-creatures, whose poverty has placed them in a situation to need your assistance. It is at your discretion to suffer them to remain in their former condition, exposed to the insufferable calamities, of ignorance, penury, and seduction; and it is in your power to save them from perdition, to have them instructed in useful knowledge, and brought up to industrious pursuits; by these means they might become an honor to their patrons, and would shower down prayers of gratitude upon the heads of their benefactors!

What honor, and what gratitude will not that lady merit, who shall be most active in promoting, and foremost in contributing to the permanent establishment of a Female Charity School in the place of her residence? Let each lady appropriate a small part of her pin-money to this charitable purpose; the expence of a few play-tickets or of a new head-dress, will afford protection and decent support to the hungry and the naked orphan girl: And will you, (the accomplished ladies of Virginia) refuse to give it? For the honer of my lovely countrywomen, I hope they will not—I am confident they will not withhold this trifle from the miserable indigent orphan, whose future destiny depends on *their* BOUNTY and PROTECTION.

A CITIZEN.

——DIED——

On Monday morning, the 3d inst Mrs. MARTHA KOYALL BANKS, consort of Henry Banks, Esq. of this city.

She sustained with becoming patience and fortitude, a tedious and relentless disease, which finally triumphed over her delicate frame; and has cast a lasting gloom over those friends whom once she cheered and animated. Peace be with thee, dear departed shade! On the green turf which shall cover thy mouldering clay, let virtue and genius drop an honest tear!

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPEAN.

By the Mercury from Dublin, arrived at New-York, papers to the 1st of October is received, containing London dates to the 27th September inclusive. From these papers nothing of great importance appears to have taken place. The prospect of a war between Britain and Spain though by no means so certain as some late reports would induce us to believe, is far from improbable. Several frigates had sailed from Plymouth with a view, as was conjectured, to commence hostilities with Spain.

By an arrival at Norfolk from London, we learn that the British have captured several Spanish armed frigates, after a short engagement, containing 20,000,000 of dollars. War had not then been formally declared.——Fresh disturbances had taken place in Ireland.—30,000 malcontents is said to have enlisted; but the number is believed to be exaggerated.

The accounts from Italy state that the Danish, Swedish, and Dutch Consuls, and six other persons, have been brought under an escort of French troops to Genoa, and have been thrown into prison; but upon what account is unknown.

Bonaparte was at Mentz on the 4th. The Elector of Hesse wished to compliment him by one of the noblemen of his court; but a hint was sent him, that his personal attendance would be acceptable to the emperor.

A letter from Gibraltar, dated the 23d September informs, that the pestilence at Malaga continued to rage with most destructive virulence, from two to three hundred falling victims daily. At Gibraltar the mortality was confined to strangers. The troops on that station, amounting to 4000, enjoyed perfect health.

DOMESTIC.

Captain Prentice arrived at Boston, in 25 days from Martinique, informs, that none of the ports in that island had been blockaded for any considerable time back; and that during the late appearance of several British ships of war off the principal ports, that American vessels were suffered to pass and repass without any interruption whatever. They remained there but a few days, and then returned to their former station.

We cannot positively state, says the Aurora, what had been the general result, but have been informed that the loss of the Tripolitans had been so great as to create hopes of an immediate termination of hostilities. The loss of the brave officers and crews of the two gun boats, will be regretted by every friend to his country. we deplore the ability to announce the disaster the more particularly, as the officers who commanded the gun boats, were among the most respectable in our navy..... Letters were received in this city from officers on board the U. S. squadron before Tripoli, communicating intelligence of a very distressing nature. As we were unable to procure extracts from the letters received, or a statement of particulars from those who received them, we can only give such information as was current yesterday.----We understood that in an attack upon the Tripolitan vessels and fire ships, two of the gun-boats belonging to the American squadron had been destroyed. one sunk, the other blown up. We presume this had been the third attack.

We understand, says a New-York paper, that General Turreau's lady and suite, were passengers on board the Shepherdess, from Nantz for this port, which sailed two days before the Edward, who arrived yesterday.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE CHILD OF SORROW.—A TALE.

DENY, but do not taunt a maid
Who never scorn with scorn repays;
Proud man, though now I ask your aid,
Mine once, alas! were happier days.
But sorrow mark'd me for her own
Before I told my twentieth year—
Yet when my friends began to frown,
I but reproach'd them with—A TEAR.

Ne'er could frame the harsh reply,
The look unkind by feeling fear'd,
E'en when I met disdain's cold eye,
E'en when I cruel language heard.
I've seen my friend, my earliest friend,
Refuse my tale of woe to hear;
Yet still unwilling to offend,
All my remembrance was—A TEAR.

And I have known the slanderer's tongue,
My fame with vile falsehood stain,
Yet on my lips no curses hung,
Tho' mournful, mild was my complaint.
And I was fore'd by cruel power
To leave the scenes I held most dear;
O 'twas indeed a trying hour!
Yet all my language was—A TEAR

And I have known the youth I lov'd
Reject the vows he swore to me;
Behold my pallid cheek unmov'd,
And smiling, boast that he was free.
Yet I was calm—and (hour of dread!)
I saw him woo a maid more dear—
But I was mute, I only shed,
No—no!—I could not shed—A TEAR.

Ah! full was then my cup of grief;
Friends, fortune, lover, fame all lost;
A beggar now I ask relief,
A small, a trifling boon at most.
Still can you chide me from your door?
Ah, no! your looks compassion wear;
So large a gift! Oh! words were poor—
I think I bless you in—A TEAR.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

SONG.

Like a very gallant, I will compliment all,
I'll leer and ogle the pretty,
Tell the short one's they're neat, the majestic they're tall
And call all the homely ones witty.

Thus, agreeable falshood passing for truth,
I shall tickle their vanity singly,
Talk of prudence to age, and of pleasure to youth,
And console with a fortune the ugly.

To the pale I'll on delicate lillies begin,
To the florid I'll hold forth on roses,
Call squinting a leer, and a sattle in a grin,
And proportion, where chins kiss with noses.

Thus agreeable falshood, &c.

FROM THE LITERARY TABLET.

A POOR CHANCE BETTER THAN NONE.

With what caution To-morrow conceals its affairs,
Whether big with good fortune or not;
Man is lur'd by the butterfly aspect it wears,
While it may or it may not be so.

Were its secrets unfolded, how should we pine?
But its secrets we never must know:
For fancy's fair paintings are hope's richest mine,
While it may or it may not be so.

Will poor Tar leave his home, & brave, hopeless of gain,
Seas and tempests, both pregnant with woe?
He will not: but he will, if a prospect remain
That it may or it may not be so.

The coy little miss would be free from restraint,
Were she sure she unmarried must go,
Wed a tailor, sing, ogle, dance, coquet and paint,
While it may or it may not be so.

The maiden of forty with bustles would shine,
Could she hawk some young fopling or beau,
But her dimples turn'd wrinkles compel her to pine,
She's convinc'd that it cannot be so

As long as To-morrow keeps one day ahead,
'Till Greenland's a stranger to snow,
Fair prospects will hang on as brittle as thread,
As it may, or it may not be so.

A young gentleman who had been striving to win the affections of his Dulcenia, who had it seems, a small piece of coquetry in her constitution, depicted his hard fortune in the following

POETICAL EXTEMPORE.

The comical Miss,
With her eyes tells me yes,
But her mouth and tongue tell me *nay*, Sir,
Thus I am kept in suspence,
With her double nonsense,
And am in a very sad way, Sir.

ANNINGAIT AND AJUT.

A GREENLAND TALE.

[Concluded]

Love chears not for us his best degrees
Neither with the Thracian clime we freeze,
Or with the Moors of temperate Senego,
And in cold water feel Sithonian snow:
Love conquer's all.——

DRYDEN.

Anningait however discomposed by the dilatoriness of Ajut, was yet resolved to omit no degree of amorous respect; and therefore presented her at his departure with the skins of seven white fawns, of five swans, and eleven seals, with three marble lamps, ten vessels of sea oil, and a large kettle of brass, which he had purchased from a ship, at the price of half a whale, and two horns of sea unicorns.

Ajut was so much affected by the fondness of her lover or so much overpowered by his magnificence, that she followed him to the seaside; and, when she saw him enter the boat, wished aloud, that he might return with plenty of skins and oil: that neither the mermaids might snatch him into the deeps, nor the spirits of the rocks confine him in their caverns.

She stood awhile to gaze upon the departing vessel, and then returning to her hut, silently and dejected, laid aside, from that hour, her white decorations, and suffered her hair to spread unbraided on her shoulders, and forbore to mix in the dances of the maidens. She endeavored to divert her thoughts by continual application to feminine employments, gather moss for the winter lamps, and dried grass to line the boots of Anningait. Of the skins which he had bestowed upon her, she made a fishing coat, a small boat and oar, all of exquisite manufacture; and while she was thus hurried, solaced her labours with a song in which she prayed, "that her lover might have hands stronger than the paws of the bear, and feet swifter than the feet of the rain-deer; that his dart might never err, and that his boat might never leak; that he might never stumble on the ice, nor faint in the water: that the seal might rush on his harpoon and that the wounded whale might dash the waves in vain."

The large boats in which the Greenlanders transport their families are always rowed by women; for a man will not debase himself by work which requires neither skill nor courage. Anningait was therefore exposed by idleness to the ravages of passion. He went thrice to the stern of the boat, with an intent to leap into the water, and swim back to his mistress; but recollecting the misery which they must endure in the winter, without oil for the lamp, or skins for the bed, he resolved to employ the weeks of absence in provision for a night of plenty and felicity. He then composed his emotions as he could, and expressed, in wild numbers, and uncouth images, his hopes, his sorrows and his fears. "O life," says he, "frail and uncertain! where shall wretched man find thy resemblance, but in ice floating on the ocean? It towers on high it sparkles from afar; while the storms drive, and the waves beat it, the sun melts it above, and the rocks shatter it below. What art thou, deceitful pleasure, but a sudden blaze streaming from the north, which plays a moment on the eye, mocks the traveller with the hopes of light, and then vanishes forever? What, love, art thou, but a whirlpool, which we approach without knowledge of our danger, drawn on by imperceptible degrees, till we have lost all power of resistance and escape? Till I fixed my eyes on the graces of Ajut, while I had not yet called her to the banquet, I was careless as the sleeping morse, I was merry as the singers in the stars. Why, Ajut, did I gaze upon thy graces? why, my fair, did I call thee to the banquet? Yet, be faithful, my love, remember Anningair, and meet my return with the smile of virginity. I will chase the deer, I will subdue the whale, resistless as the frost of darkness, and unwearied as the summer sun. In a few weeks I shall return prosperous and wealthy; then shall the roe-fish and the porpoise feast thy kindred; the fox and hare shall cover thy couch: the tough hide of the seal shall shelter thee from cold; and the fat of the whale illuminate thy dwelling."

Anningait having with these sentiments consoled his grief, and animated his industry, found that they had now coasted the headland, and saw the whale spouting at a distance. He therefore placed himself in his fishing boat, called his associates to their several employments, plied his oar and harpoon with incredible courage and dexterity; and, by dividing his time between the chase and fishery, suspended the miseries of absence and suspicion.

Ajut, in the mean time, notwithstanding her neglected dress, happened, as she was drying some skins in the sun, to catch the eye of Norngsuk on his return from hunting. Norngsuk was of birth truly illustrious. His mother had died in child-birth, and his father, the most expert fisher of Greenland, had perished by too close pursuit of the whale. His dignity was equalled by his riches; he was master of four men's and two women's boats, had ninety tubs of oil in his winter habitation, and five and twenty seals buried in the snow against the season of darkness. When he saw the beauty of Ajut, he immediately threw over her the skin of a deer that he had taken, and soon after presented her with a branch of coral. Ajut refused the gift, and determined to admit no lover in the place of Anningait.

Norngsuk, thus rejected, had recourse to stratagem. He knew that Ajut would consult an Angekkok, or diviner, concerning the fate of her lover, and the fidelity of her future life. He therefore applied himself to the most celebrated Angekkok of that part of the country, and, by a present of two seals and a marble kettle, obtained a promise, that when Ajut should consult him, he would declare that her lover was in the hold of a ship. Ajut, in a short time, brought him a coat made by herself, and enquired what success there was to befal her, with assurances of a much larger reward at the return of Anningait, if the prediction should be favourable to her desires. The Angekkok knew the way to riches, and foretold, that Anningait, having already caught five whales, would soon return home with a large boat laden with precious visions.

This prognostication she was ordered to keep secret: and Norngsuk, depending upon his artifice, renewed his addresses with great confidence; but finding his court still unsuccessful, applied himself to her parents with gifts and promises. The wealth of Greenlanders too powerful for the virtue of Ajut's father: he forgot the merits of the presents of Anningait, and preferred Ajut to the embraces of Norngsuk. She entreated, she remonstrated, she wept and raved; but finding such addresses ineffectual, she retired to the uplands, and lived on cranberries as she could gather, and the birds of her snare, when she was not likely to be found, to view the sea every day, that her love might not miss her at his return.

At last she saw the great boat in which Anningait had departed, steering slowly and heavily along the coast. She ran, with all the impatience of expectation, to catch her lover in her arms, and retard the excess of joy and surprise. When the company reached the land, she discerned her, that Anningait, after the slavery was ended, being unable to support the slow passage of the vessel of carriage, had set out before them in his fishing boat, and they expected, at their arrival, to have found them on shore.

Ajut, distracted at this intelligence, was about to fly into the hills, without knowing why, though she was now in the hands of her parents, who forced her back to their own hut, and end avoured to comfort her; but when at last they rested to rest, Ajut went down to the beach; where, finding a fishing boat, she concealed with her hood, and telling those who wondered at her rashness, that she was going in search of Anningait, rowed away with great swiftness, and was seen no more.

The fate of these lovers gave occasion to various fictions and conjectures. Some are of opinion, that they were changed into stars; others imagine, that Anningait was seized in his passage by the genius of the rocks, and that Ajut was transformed into a mermaid, and still continues to seek her lover in the deserts of the sea. But the persuasion is, that they are both in that part of the land of souls where the sun never sets, where oil is always fresh, and provisions always warm. The virgins sometimes throw a thimble and a needle into the bay, from which the hapless maid departed: and when a Greenlander would praise any couple for virtuous affection, he declares that they love like Anningait and Ajut.

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FROM THE

BEAUTIES OF HISTORY.

CHASTITY.

CHIOMARA, the wife of Ortiagon, a Gaulish Prince, was equally admirable for her beauty and chastity. During the war between the Romans and the Gauls, A. R. 563, the latter were totally defeated on Mount Olympus. Chiomara, among many other ladies, was taken prisoner and committed to the care of a centurion, no less passionate for money than women. He, at first, endeavoured to to gain her consent to his infamous desires; but not being able to prevail upon her, and subvert her constancy, he thought he might employ force with a woman whom misfortune had reduced to slavery. Afterwards, to make amends for that treatment, he offered to restore her to liberty; but not without ransom. He agreed with her for a certain sum, and to conceal this design from the other Romans, he permitted her to send any of the prisoners she should choose to her relations, and assigned a place near the river where the lady should be exchanged for gold. By accident, there was one of her own slaves amongst the prisoners. Upon him she fixed; and the centurion soon after carried her beyond the advanced posts, under cover of a dark night. The next evening two of the relations of the princess came to the place appointed, whither the centurion also carried his captive. When they had delivered him the Attic talent they had brought, which was the sum they had agreed on, the lady, in her own language, ordered those who came to receive her to draw their swords and kill the centurion, who was then amusing himself with weighing the gold. Then, charmed with having revenged the injury done her chastity, she took the head of the officer, which she had cut off with her own hands, and hiding it under her robe, went to her husband Ortiagon, who had returned home after the defeat of his troops. As soon as she came into his presence, she threw the centurions head at his feet. He was strangely surprised at such a sight; and asked her whose head it was, and what had induced her to do an act so uncommon to her sex? With a face covered with a sudden blush, and at the same time expressing her fierce indignation, she declared the outrage which had been done her, and the revenge she had taken for it.

During the rest of her life, she steadfastly retained the same attachment for the purity of manners which constitutes the principal glory of the sex, and nobly sustained the honour of so glorious, bold, and heroic an action.

This lady was much more prudent than Lucretia, in revenging her injured honor by the death of her ravisher, rather than by her own. Plutarch relates this fact, in his treatise upon the virtue and great actions of women; and it is from him we have the name of this, which is well worthy of being transmitted to posterity.

ON THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

(From Edgworth's Practical Education.)

Besides bestowing some attention upon early education, parents who send their children to school, may much assist the public preceptor, by judicious conduct towards children during that portion of the year which is usually spent at home. Mistaken parental fondness delights to make the period of time which children spend at home as striking a contrast as possible with that which they pass at school. The holydays are made a jubilee, or rather resemble a Saturnalia. Even if parents do not wish to represent a schoolmaster as a tyrant, they are by no means displeased to observe, that he is not the friend or favorite of their children. They put themselves in mean competition with him for their affection, instead of co-operating with him in all his views for their advantage. How is it possible, that any master can long retain the wish or the hope of succeeding in any plan of education, if he perceives that his pupils are but partially under his government, if his influence over their minds be counteracted from time to time by the superior influence of their parents? An influence which he must not wish to destroy. To him is left the power to punish, it is true; but parents reserve to themselves the privilege to reward. The ancients did not suppose, than even Jupiter could govern the world without the command of pain and pleasure.—Upon the vases near his throne depended his influence over mankind.

And what are these holyday delights? And in what consists parental rewards? In dissipation and idleness.—With these are consequently associated the idea of happiness and the name of pleasure; the name is often sufficient without the reality. During the vacation, children have a glimpse of what is called the world; and then are sent back to their prison with heads full of visions of liberty, and with the second sight of the blessed lives which they are to lead when they have left school forever.—What man of sense who has studied the human mind, who knows that the success of any plan of education must depend upon the concurrence of every person and every circumstance, for years together, to the same point, would undertake any thing more than the partial instruction of pupils, whose leading associations and habits must be perpetually broken? When the work of school is undone during the holydays, what hand could have the patience perpetually to repair the web?

During the vacations spent at home, children may be made extremely happy in the society and in the affection of their friends, but they need not be taught that idleness is pleasure; on the contrary, occupation should by all possible methods, be rendered agreeable to them, their school acquisitions, their knowledge and taste should be drawn out in conversation, and they should be made to feel the value of what they had been taught; by these means there would be some connection, some unity of design, preserved in their education.—Their school-masters and tutors should never become the theme of insipid ridicule: nor should parents ever put their influence in competition with that of a preceptor; on the contrary, his pupils should uniformly perceive, that from his authority there is no appeal, except to the superior power of reason, which should be the avowed arbiter, to which all should be submitted.

To connect the idea of childhood with that of inferiority and contempt, is unjust and impolitic; It should not be made a reprach to young people to be young, nor should it be pointed out to them, that when they are some years older they will be more respected: the degree of respect which they really command, whether in youth or age, will depend on their conduct, their knowledge, and their powers of being useful and agreeable to others. If they are convinced of this, children at eight years old will not long to be fifteen, nor at fifteen to be one and twenty; proper subordination would be preserved, and the scale of happiness would not have a forced & false connection with that of age. If parents did not first excite foolish wishes in the minds of their children, and then imprudently promise that these wishes shall be gratified at certain periods of their existence, children would not be impatient to pass over the years of childhood: those years which idle boys wish to pass over as quick as possible, men without occupation regret as the happiest of their existence. To a child, who has been promised that he shall put on manly apparel on his next birth-day, the space is slow and heavy until that happy day arrive. Fix the day when a boy shall leave school, and he wishes instantly to mount the chariot, and lash the horses of the sun. Nor when he enters the world, will his restless spirit be satisfied; the first step gained, he looks anxiously forward to the height of manly elevation,

"And the brisk minor pants for twenty-one."

These juvenile anticipations diminish the real happiness of life: those who are in continual expectation, never enjoy the present: the habit of expectation is dangerous to the mind, it suspends all industry, all voluntary exertion. Young men, who early acquire this habit, find existence insipid to them without the immediate stimulus of hope and fear; no matter what the object is, they must have something to sigh for: a curricle, a cockade, or an opera-dancer.

Much may be done by education to prevent this boyish restlessness. Parents should refrain from those imprudent promises, and slight innendoes which the youthful imagination always misunderstands and exaggerates. Never let the moment in which a young man quits a seminary of education, be represented as a moment in which all instruction, labour, and restraints, cease. The idea, that he must restrain and instruct himself, that he must complete his own education, should be excited in a young man's mind; nor should he be suffered to imagine that his education is finished, because he has attained to some given age.

REMARKS ON THE BRITISH THEATRES.

By DR. GOLDSMITH.

Our theatres are now opened, and all Grubstreet is preparing its advice to the managers: we shall undoubtedly hear learned disquisitions on the structure of one actor's legs, and another's eyebrows. We shall be told much of enunciations, tones, and attitudes, and shall have our lightest pleasures commented upon by didactic dulness. We shall, it is feared, be told that Garrick is a fine actor but then, as a manager, so avaricious! Palmer is a most surprising genius, and Holland likely to do well in a particular cast of character. We shall then have them giving Shuter instructions to amuse us by rule, and deploring over the ruins of desolated majesty, at Covent-Garden. As I love to be advising too, for advice is easily given, & bears a show of wisdom and superiority, I must be permitted to offer a few observations upon our theatres & actors, without, on this trivial occasion, throwing my thoughts into the formality of method.

There is something in the deportment of all our players, infinitely more stiff and formal, than among the actors of other nations. Their action sits uneasy upon them; for as the English use very little gesture in ordinary conversation, our English-bred actors are obliged to supply stage gestures by their imagination alone. A French comedian finds proper models of action in every company, and in every coffee-house he enters. An Englishman is obliged to take his models from the stage itself; he is obliged to imitate nature from an imitation of nature. I know of no set of men more likely to be improved by travelling, than those of the theatrical profession. The inhabitants of the continent are less reserved than here: they may be seen through upon a first acquaintance; such are the proper models to draw from; they are at once striking, and are found in great abundance.

Though it would be inexcusable in a comedian to add any thing of his own to the poet's dialogue, yet as to the action he is entirely at liberty. By this he may shew the fertility of his genius, the poignancy of his humour, and the exactness of his judgment. We scarcely see a coxcomb or a fool, in common life, that has not some peculiar oddity in his action; these peculiarities it is not in the power of words to represent, and depend solely upon the actor: they give a relish to the humour, of the poet, and make the appearance of nature more illusive: the Italians, it is true, make some characters, and endeavour to preserve the peculiar humour by the make of the mask; but I have seen others still preserve a great fund of humor in the face, without a mask: one actor particularly, by a squint which he threw into some characters of low life, assumed a look of solidity: this, though upon reflection we might condemn, yet, immediately upon representation, we could not avoid being pleased with:—to illustrate what I have been saying, by the plays I have of late gone to see; in the Miser, which was played a few nights ago at Covent-Garden, Lovegold appears through the whole in circumstances of exaggerated avarice: all the player's action, therefore, should conspire with the poet's design, and represent him as an epitome of penury. The French comedian in this character, in the midst of one of his most violent passions, while he appears in a most ungovernable rage, feels the demon of avarice still upon him, and stoops down to pick up a pin, which he quilts into the flap of his coat pocket, with great assiduity:—two candles are lighted up for his wedding; he flies, and turns one of them into the socket: it is, however, lighted up again; he then steals to it, and privately crams it into his pocket. The Mock Doctor was lately played at this house. Here again the comedian had an opportunity of heightning the ridiculeby action: the French player sits in a chair with an high back, and then begins to shew away by talking nonsense, which he would have thought Latin by those who he knows do not understand a syllable of the matter. At last he grows enthusiastic, enjoys the admiration of the company, tosses his legs and arms about, and in the midst of his rapture and vociferation, he and the chair fall back together. All this appears dull enough in the recital; but the gravity of Cato could not stand it in representation. In short, there is hardly a character in comedy to which a player of any real humour might not add strokes of vivacity, that could not fail of applause. But instead of this, we too often see our fine gentlemen do nothing through a whole part, but strut and open their snuff-box; our pretty fellows sit indecently with their legs across, and our clowns pull up their breeches: these if once or even twice repeated, might do well enough; but to see them served up in every scene, argues the actor almost as barren as the character he would expose.

The magnificence of our theatres is far superior to any others in Europe, where plays only are acted:—the great care our performers take in painting for a part, their exactness in all the minutiæ of dress, and other little scenical properties, have been taken notice of by Ricoboni, a gentleman of Italy, who travelled Europe, with no other design but to remark upon the stage: but there are several improprieties still continued, or lately come into fashion. As, for instance, spreading a carpet punctually at the beginning of the death-scene, in order to prevent our actors from spoiling their clothes; this immediately apprises us of the tragedy to follow; for laying the cloth is not a more sure indication of dinner, than laying the carpet of bloody work at Drury-lane. Our little pages, also, with unmeaning faces, that bear up the train of a weeping princess and our awkward lords in waiting, take off much from her distress. Mutes of every kind divide our attention, and lessen our sensibility; but here it is entirely ridiculous, as we see them seriously employed in doing nothing. If we must have dirty-shirted guards upon the theatres, they should be taught to keep their eyes fixed on the actors, and not roll them round upon the audience, as if they were ogling the boxes.

Beauty methinks, seems a requisite qualification in an actress; this seems scrupulously observed elsewhere, and for my part, I could wish to see it observed at home. I can never conceive a hero dying for love of a lady totally destitute of beauty. I must think the part unnatural, for I cannot bear to hear him call that face angelic, when even paint cannot hide its wrinkles. I must condemn him of stupidity, & the person whom I can accuse for want of taste, will seldom become the object of my affections or admiration. But if this be a defect, what must be the entire perversion of scenical decorum, when, for instance, we see an actress, that might act the wapping landlady without a bolster, pining in the character of Jane Shore, and, while unwieldy with fat, endeavouring to convince the audience that she is dying with hunger.

For the future, then, I could wish that the parts of the young & beautiful were given to performers of suitable figures; for I must own I could rather see the stage filled with agreeable objects, though they might sometimes bungle a little, than see it crowded with withered or miss-shapen figures, be their emphasis, as I think it is called, ever so proper: the first may have the awkward appearance of new raised troops; but, in viewing the last, I cannot avoid the mortification of fancying myself placed in an hospital of invalids.

[*From the interesting* "Letters" *of Mr. Austin, we select the following well-drawn character of the Hon. Thomas Erskine. We are happy to find that this work is fast advancing into its merited celebrity. We sincerely hope, that it will not add another item to the catalogue of neglected specimens of* American Genius, *and another article of the impeachment of* American taste]

[Nat. Ægis.

LETTER XXXVII.

LONDON, *August* 22.

Erskine, Gibbs, and Garrow, are the three most powerful speakers in the courts of law.

The person of Erskine is slender, his height not exceeding the common size, his complexion sallow, his hair dark, his face oval, and a little emaciated, the lower part of his forehead prominent, yet gradually retreating, his eye-brows full, a little perplexed, seated near his eyes, which are hazel, open and conciliatory, his nose, narrow between the eyes, yet perfectly congenial, neither too large nor too small, his mouth gently closed, seeming ready to await the dictates of his tongue, yet not large enough to give his eloquence its just tone, his lips thin, meeting in union, and when irritated, rather inclining to retreat, than project, his chin, gently retreating, which, in conjunction with his forehead, bespeaks the man firm, yet modest, positive, yet ingenious.

His countenance, when in a state of repose, is prepossessing, but when he speaks, his gestures are rhetoric; his look persuasion; his voice, eloquence; in the glow of animation, commanding, but in the moment of passion, when self-convinced, he is pure intelligence: disdaining every by-road to conviction, he strips the cause of all its surrounding circumstances, places it on its own position, true to nature, paints it visibly to the eye, and buries in oblivion, every interfering particular. It is the contention of principle no matter whose, or what the interest; if heaven were concerned, it is still the contention of principle. Of all causes which could arise, the present seems to involve the deepest consequences; there is no distinction now between the great and the little, every thing but the point in question is forgotten; Erskine and his cause are sovereign over all. Now flows the fountain of justice, now are explored the recesses of iniquity, now are the deep foundations of fraud broken up. His eloquence becomes a torrent which sweeps away every mound which art or subterfuge had raised: no longer has the law a single hard feature: no perplexities, no uncertainties, no idle evasions! Saturnian Jove descends with his equal scales, cunning retires in shame, oppression lets go its victim, and innocence is seated on the throne of equity. At length Erskine himself, by degrees is forgotten, and forgets himself; he rises with an effort not his own, and sinks under superior feelings, while the judge and jury convinced even to enthusiasm, are impatient to withhold the verdict.

O, sacred tribunal! guarded in the spotless ermine* of justice! O, hallowed walls! where party spirit never enters, where the oppressed breathe an etherial element. O, glorious institution! which chains the passions of men and checks the exactions of self-interest, by the intervention of a jury. O, venerable judges! whose sacred office knows no bias, whose sympathy is never wakened but in the cause of humanity.

I know not with whom of the orators of antiquity to compare Erskine. He possesses neither the voice, nerve, nor vehemence of Demosthenes: but he has more cordiality; the audience of Demosthenes is driven, you see the goad: that of Erskine follows, you see the leading string. While the one shews both his hands clenched, you see the arms of the other extended. While Demosthenes stamps with his feet, Erskine only shows his arms akimbo; while the one assumes a look of defiance, the other pauses a moment, with open eyes. He has all the grace & eloquence of Tully; and, like Tully, is anxious in a qualifying exordium, to round all the angular points of his cause. He has less art, is more rapid, more earnest, more original than Tully, and if the periods of the Roman are more majestic than those of the Scotchman, Erskine's is the fault of the English language. Yet he has not Tully's reach of learning, though I suspect, in case of surprise, Erskine's readiness would extricate him, when the Roman would sink under the weight of his own erudition. He has not the confidence nor the grandeur of Pericles, but he attaches you quicker. Pericles is willing to impose on you, Erskine's first concern is to make friends. While Pericles is throwing the gauntlet, Erskine is on the defensive watching the moment of doubt or indifference beckoning. Imperative, the one stands erect, and will take nothing which he cannot extort; submissive, the other inclines forward and appeals to impartial justice.

Erskine will suffer nothing on being examined as a man—his profession has not defaced his original features of greatness. When engaged in an unjust cause, he never sacrifices his hardihood of honor, to the views of his client. He says all that ought to be said; yet never commits his own dignity by urging a corrupt principle. You see nothing of the Attorney, Erskine is a counsellor; you see no partizan of petty advantage; Erskine is a gentleman.

He is serious or witty, at pleasure, and when the occasion offers, and he is disposed to descend, he can, like Roscius, turn off a case in pantomime. Among the thousand actions which are presented him, some appear on trial, to have originated in mirth, and others in imprudence—this Proteus is ready in a moment to throw off the professional buskin and read the sock.

I have followed him to the House of Commons, forming to my mind the attitude of a man, treading empires under his feet, and holding in his hands the destinies of the world. If, in a petty court of law, he could move heaven in favor of a poor orphan, or an oppressed widow, surely in presence of the British parliament, when the fate of nations is depending, the front of opposition must cower beneath his frown, or move in the wake of his triumphant path. But the moment he enters parliament, he disappears. He is only one among five hundred. An Arab would never kill Erskine, unless he caught him in his gown, band and wig; with these he seems to put off his whole virtue. As a statesman, Erskine is nothing. I do not say he is a great man, in a little room; but he, in addressing twelve men, in a court of law, and in the British Parliament addressing the speaker in behalf of the nation, is not the same man. He commences, indeed, on broad foundation, but ascends, like a pyramid, and either produces an abortion, or attains to the point, and terminates where he should have begun. In parliament, he discovers nothing of that copious precision, that ascending order, that captivating fluency, that earnest conviction, which at the bar, stamp him Erskine. In parliament, he labors with a harrow through the impediments of lities; now it catches hold of Pitt, then it interferes with a straggling limb of Hawkesbury, now it tears away the skirts of Addington, presently it is to be lifted over the body of Windham. He concludes, and the impression which he has made is already effaced.

Adieu.

* *The robes of the judges are faced with ermine.*

† *The English Lawyers are dressed, when in court, in a gown,* [*black*] *band and tie wig.*

FROM THE FORT FOLIO.

There's something in women their lovers engage
Of whatever complexion or stature or age;
And she, who would frighten a mere stander by
Is a Venus herself in the fond lover's eye.

If she's pale, never swan was a tenth part so fair;
If tawny, like jet are her eyes and her hair;
If Xantippe herself, her scolding's thought wit:
If meek, all good wives to their husband's submit.

If a pigmy, how neat is her air and her mein;
If a steeple's she's graceful, and walks like a queen;
If a girl in her teens, all's handsome that's young;
If eighty, her fortune says—World hold your tongue.

In short, to dear woman 'twas given to please,
And tho' the whim often should take them to teaze,
To perplex, to torment and a thousand things more,
They're the deities wen mere all born to adore.

ANECDOTE OF GEN. HAMILTON.

When a youth of seventeen he was chief clerk of an eminent merchant at St. Eustatia, who being absent, the business of the compting-room of course devolved on young Hamilton. He had handed to him a letter directed to his master, which, supposing it related to mercantile concerns he opened, but his surprize was great when he found it contained a *Challenge* to his master, whose proxy he was: the young hero answered the challenge in the name of his master, and the time and place was mentioned in the reply. Hamilton appeared to the antagonist of his master on the field; and to use his own words, "did his *business* in his absence," and would not agree to any compromise, except on the express condition that the *Challenger* should acknowledge in writing, that he had received suitable satisfaction from Mr. ———, that he was a gentleman of honor &c. and, further, that he (Hamilton) should never be known in the business—which the challenger was obliged to accede to or fight young Hamilton; he chose the former, and the parties separated—In a few months, however, it came to his master's ear, who was so struck with the magnanimity of such conduct, that he gave him liberty to come to the Continent, choose what profession he pleased, and draw on him to any amount.

THE SCRUPLE.

Passing through the street the other day, my attention was suddenly struck by a feeble exclamation of "God bless you!" I turned back—it was the voice of an old man, who had taken his station for charity on the opposite side of the way: he was thanking a young woman for something she had given him: his eyes were raised to Heaven—how I envied the blessing!—His aspect was venerable, and his hoary locks proclaimed that he had buffeted the storms of dreary life a considerable time: he had certainly seen better days. Numbers of the thoughtless votaries of folly passed by without taking any notice; those who happened to look that way gave him a sneer of ineffable contempt. I saw he pitied them, and crossed the road.

"Pray, my good man, inform me of your story, if it would not be too troublesome—it must needs be a distressing one?

"If it will be any satisfaction," replied he, "I will repeat it willingly."

He thus began—"My father was a merchant of some eminence in the city of London; but an ill-timed speculation swept away the fruits of thirty years industry: he gathered the wreck of his fortune, and retired into the country. In a few months news arrived that the person in whose hands he had placed his little property, had failed, and embarked for a foreign country. Scorning to ask assistance from those who once knew him, he procured a subsistence by working as a laborer. I also was employed in the same capacity. Fatigue, and the reflection of his former circumstances, soon ended his existence—he died of a broken heart! My Eliza soon followed him; a fortnight, and then the consummation of our nuptials were to be realized. Oh God! what stores of happiness my fickle imagination had treasured! Still I was left to skim the surface of this unthinking world; my worn out frame will not now permit me to earn my livelihood in any other manner but this wretched one."

Nature had made several efforts to intrude during the recitation of his simple narrative: she now succeeded. My hands were forced mechanically to my pockets—I turned them out—there was nothing in them but a shilling—it was the gift of a departed friend: I gave him my word it should never quit me—it must be weighed said I; Justice lent me the scales—I threw friendship in one: it was heavy: I dropped duty and compassion in the other; something fell with them, which helped the preponderance considerably: however, there was no occasion for it; the scale struck the ground: I threw the shilling in his hat, and took hold of the hand that was at liberty; yet the piercing glow of gratitude had already penetrated; I pressed it: his eyes met mine; our hearts beat in unison, and I walked hastily away——he did not thank me, but his look was worth fifty thanks. F.

(Monthly Magazine.

EXTRACT.

When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb stone, my heart melts with compassion: when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying by those who deposed them; when I consider rival-wits placed side by side, or the holymen that divided the world with their contests and disputes. I reflect with sorrow on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind; when I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died as yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day, when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

ADDISON.

USEFUL.

Where cattle are kept out in winter, it is recommended as an useful practice, to rub some tar at the root of the horns, which prevents the wet from getting between the root and the skin, and it is said, contributes to preserve the health of the animal, and to keep it free from various diseases, to which it may otherwise be liable.

[Wil. Del. Mirror.

GENEROSITY REWARDED.

Plancus, a Roman citizen, being proscribed by the triumvirs, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavius, was forced to abscond. His slaves, though put to the torture, refused to discover him. New torments being prepared, Plancus appeared, and offered his throat to the sword of the executioners. An example so noble, procured a pardon for him.

FOR THE MINERVA.

REFLECTIONS ON THE *PLEASURES of SOCIAL CONVERSATION.*

THE moments of tranquility and happiness which we enjoy through life, are supposed to be few, compared with those of anxiety and trouble. It is therefore the duty of every intelligent person, not only to secure to himself an increased proportion of this happiness, but also to contribute as much as possible, to the stock of his friends. It is believed that those hours which are passed in the company of our friends, in the temperate hilarity of the social circle, are the most enviable of our existence.

Men of taste and judgment generally prefer the conversation of an accomplished lady, to that of the brightest wits among their own sex. The company of a sensible woman is therefore commonly sought with assiduity, and valued according to its worth. The delicate sentiment, the lively fancy, and refined taste which she displays in every sentence, are quite sufficient to dispel the indifference of the young philosopher, and transform the stoic into the lover. But it is not every woman that deserves, or that can attract this universal admiration, although her person may be divinely handsome;——it is not every one that can with propriety claim the character of a *sensible woman*;——look round the circle of your acquaintance; view the crowds of females in your churches, assembly-rooms, play-houses, &c.——how many will you not find, who have but very slight pretensions, (if any at all) to the honorable title of *sensible women*?——Listen to the female discourse of a fashionable party:——what is the most usual topic of conversation? The elegance of the new-fashioned head-dress, or the superior beauty of Red-Wigs, are discussed at great length, and the Female Orators, joining some on one side and some on the other, display their powers of eloquence in supporting this point and in opposing that. But far more happy would be the state of society, if the female mind were never employed on more reprehensible subjects; if the feminine tongue never gave utterance to more criminal language. The *Damon* of *Envy* implanting his restless spirit in the minds of our lovely country women, gives birth to the *Fiend* of *Slander*. If females were sensible of the vicious dispositions possessed by this favorite, they would banish him from their society; his company would be acceptable only in the black regions of Tartarus, from which he has made his escape; we should not then hear a beautiful girl magnifying with envious malignity, the little foibles of her female acquaintance. We should not then hear Miss *Philenia Prattle* diverting herself with the *squinting* and *pedantry* of Miss *Syntax*; nor of Miss *Susan Syntax* criticising on the *levity* and *ignorance* of her Cousin *Prattle*.

If the usual conversation of females appears insipid to men of judgment, the conduct of some men in the company of ladies, is at least equally disagreeable to the fair sex. They frequently enter into controversies on politics, which the greater part of the company do not entirely comprehend, or in the merits of which they feel themselves not at all interested. Good manners may command the silence of the company; but it cannot attract the attention, much less the sympathy of those, to whom the subject is not only indifferent, but disgusting. To make ourselves agreeable in company, we should introduce those topics only, which we may suppose will be agreeable to a majority of those present; by this means we may add to the satisfaction and information of others, while we receive the encomiums of our associates, as an accomplished gentleman, or at least, as an agreeable companion.

MENTOR.

RICHMOND, *December* 14, 1804.

——MARRIED——

On the 5th inst. Mr. John Stewart to the beautiful Miss Nancy Taylor, daughter of Mr. John Taylor——all of Brunswick county.

On the 8th inst. Mr. Geo. Pegram to Mrs. M'Nabb; both of Petersburg.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPEAN.

Capt. Oakes, who arrived at Boston from St. Petersburg, Russia, informs, that a fleet of six ships of the line was fitting out, which was said to be destined for the Mediterranean; that the squadron which had lately been in the North Sea had passed the sound on its return; that there were reports in circulation that war would take place between Russia and France, but they occasioned little conversation. At Elsineur, Capt. O. heard, that a difference subsisted between Sweden and France; but nothing was said as to the consequences which were expected to follow from it.

The Dutch papers to the 15th October, which arrived last night do not mention any thing of the intended confiscation of British produce. But letters of the 13th positively state, that it was intended to confiscate all British Colonial produce, as well as manufactures; and that a cordon of French troops had been established, for the purpose of preventing the introduction of either one or the other, or of British property of any kind into the Republic.

Late accounts state, that orders had been transmitted to the General in chief in Upper Italy, to station French garrisons in the papal harbours of Ancona and Cevita Vechia, to secure them against any possible attack from the enemy.

The friendly communications so long carried on between the Cabinet of Petersburg and several Princes of the empire, have been suddenly discontinued; this circumstance is imputed to the late refusal of the Diet of Ratisbon to follow the instructions of the Russian Minister, relative to the French seizure of the Duke of Enghein.

WEST-INDIES.

By a gentleman from St. Thomas, we understand that just before he left that Island, a vessel had arrived from Jeremie, with information that the French had abandoned the town of St. Domingo, and had surrendered themselves to the English.

DOMESTIC.

Capt. Stephen Decatur, says the New York Morning Chronicle, whose gallant exploit in burning the Philadelphia frigate, has been the subject of frequent notice, is among those who have again signalized themselves in the attack on Tripoli—but the name of his brother Lieutenant James Decatur, is in the list of those who have fallen; as is also the name of Lieutenant Dorsey of Maryland.

Lieutenant Caldwell, who perished before Tripoli, in the second attack on the 9th August, by the blowing up of the gun-boat of which he had the command, is, we understand a son of the late Mr. Samuel Caldwell of Philadelphia. Mr. Dorsey who fell by the same accident, is a son of Doctor Dorsey, formerly a surgeon in the navy during the revolutionary war.

By accounts from Guadaloupe, we learn, that a French frigate from France, was lately captured and sent into Barbadoes. This is said to be one of the three that sailed with troops for Martinique; one of which got safe into Trinity, (Mart.) and has since got into Port Royal; and one other (the president) after landing the troops at Guadaloupe, arrived at Annapolis, with the French minister to the United States.

Letters from the Havanna, received at Salem, advise that a proclamation is issued by the government, whereby horses will not be a passport for the admission of American vessels after the 1st of December, and that those only with slaves on board will be admitted.

Information has been received at Vincennes, (I. T.) that the Sioux nation of Indians have killed three American citizens, between the Missouri and Mississippi; and that the chiefs refused to deliver up the murderers.

The resolution which passed the house of representatives of Kentucky, for the suspension of the sale of non-residents' lands six days, was negatived in the senate.

SELECTED POETRY.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT BURNS.

Sweet Caledonian! rest beneath thy turf,
Thy reed is silent, and thy lyre unstrung!
No more the warmth of genius fires thine eye,
Nor millions list the music of thy tongue.

The lamb, reclining on thy grass-grown grave,
Warms thy cold sod, nor crops one tender blade,
Ah! learn from it to press with fairy foot,
The spot where Nature's idol, Burns is laid.

When twilight rises from the moss-clad cave,
And creeps, unheeded, down the silent vale,
The muses seek the turf where Burns is laid,
Sigh to the winds, and murmur to the gale.

What hedge the lilly droops its lowly head,
Or rose-bud sips the chilly evening air,
Each muse, dejected, seeks with silent tread,
To catch the dew-drops that may tremble there.

Silent, returning to his lonely grave,
They brush with velvet wand, the dust away,
Tear, with indignant hand, the barren briar,
And pluck the nettle from his hallowed clay.

And now as sweetly as their Burns e'er sung,
Wildly the lyre's full-toned strings would sweep,
Each virtue note, that made his breast its home,
Sigh for his follies—for his failings weep.

Around his grave, with slow, sad, pensive pace,
Moving, they chaunt a requiem to his shade,
Scatt'ring the dew-drops mingled with a tear,
And hallow the green sod where Burns is laid.

Each, in her turn, to breathe one plaintive strain,
Plaintive as that from his half-broken heart,
Rob'd in the mantle which for him they wove,
Now sweeps the lyre and acts her mournful part.

The night-bird ceases her unheeded tale,
Listning awhile to strains more sweet than those,
She e'er had sung—then lends her feeble aid,
And pours out one sad note to Burns's woes.

The morning twilight streaks the eastern clouds,
And smiles serenely on his clay-roof'd urn;
Life-wearied wanderer! Nature tun'd that reed,
Which sang so sweetly "*man was made to mourn.*"

ODE TO CONTEMPLATION.

BY I. H. L. HUNT.

Ere yet the circling lord of time
O'er Autumns hills of brown
Unclasps from off his front sublime
His far-refulgent crown;
Ere yet the placid evening fold
Her purple stole, bedropt with gold,
And twilight shut the silent hour;
O, nymph, whose charms with age renew,
I steal from cave and man, to woo
Thy calm energic pow'r!

Ye great! I ask not your repose
On swelling velvet laid,
While o'er my head the oak-leaves close
Their venerable shade.
Far, far from grandeur's careful way
To vales and groves the muses stray,
With innocence and sanguine health!
Far, where no faithless hope can come
And lure meek Nature from her home,
To follow guilt and wealth!

And who, for all the sickly charms
That grandeur boasts are his,
Would change the eternal glow that warms
The healthful cheek of bliss?
Who quench in wealth's cold wintry wave
The gen'rous flame that nature gave
To fill the independent soul?
Not he with manlier reason blest—
Not he, unheeded o'er whose breast
The storms of passion roll.

No, conscience, no—one frown of thine—
One frown, thou wondrous pow'r,
Would crush the sweetest charm divine,
The Meditative hour!
Far, Contemplation, from thy walk
Vile guilt in wild mysterious talk
Holds fearful converse with the air;
Far strays his gaunt and wasted form,
To fill the pauses of the storm
With curses and with pray'r!

But thee, mild nymph, of virtue boro,
Attendant of the good,
What ever-glowing charms adorn
The charms of solitude!
Thine is the hour serene and still
When gentlest airs the woodland fill
With sighs that whisper to repose;
Thine the brisk morn's elastic hour,
The weary noon's sequester'd bow'r,
The day's majestic close.

Lo, where yon woodbine's clust'ring gay
Perfume th' impurpl'd green—
Where drops pale Hesper's pensive ray,
Thy saintly form is seen!
Thine arms beneath thy moveless breast
Seem folded in eternal rest;
Refulgent is thy lifted eye;
Thy step, by careful glow-worms led,
Unseen, and silent as the tread
Of dark futurity!

O, still, when purple ev'ning glows
Athwart the shadowy hour,
The venerable train disclose
That owns thy thoughtful pow'r;
Pale wisdom, round whose awful head
The stars a wondrous halo shed;
And truth that rends the mask of vice;
And fancy with her thousand beams,
And innocence, whose airy dreams
Are weav'd in Paradise!

Still, while the stream of life swells high
Within this glowing heart,
To eager youth's regardful eye
Thy steadier beam impart;
And when pale Death with noiseless flight,
Wrapt in the shivering shades of night,
Steals slow from some Lethean Isle,
O, bid the uplifted eye unclose,
Look back where Life's green landscape glows
Nor shut without a smile.

CAVERN OF OBLIVION.

(From Darwin's Temple of Nature.)

Deep whelm'd beneath, in vast sepulchral caves,
Oblivion dwells and unlabelled graves;
The storied tomb, the laurell'd bust o'erturns,
And shakes their ashes from their mould'ring urns.
No vernal zephyr breathes, no sun beams cheer,
Nor song, nor simper, ever enters here.
O'er the green floor, and round the dew-damp wall,
The slimey snail and bloated lizard crawl;
While on white heaps of intermingled bones
The muse of Melancholy sits and moans;
Showers her cold tears o'er beauty's early wreck,
Spreads her pale arms, and bends her marble neck.

ON MALICE.

THE breast in which this gloomy vice confin'd,
In secret shows the vile ignoble mind;
The downcast looks and meditative strife,
Point out the narrow soul, and worthless life:
The clog of all mankind—not fit to die,
This great disturber of society.
Revenge, he cries—dear as the miser's pelf,
He hopes to vex the world, and plague himself;
And he who strives to do the ill he can,
Is more than brutal, and less than man.
But stop—not let me strive to paint his shame,
But from the human race blot out his name.
So let him stifle all his stupid phrenzy,
Swell like a toad, and burst his soul with envy.

THE FUNERAL OF MARIA.

By HENRY MACKENZIE.

FROM THE MIRROR.

THERE is a sympathetic enjoyment which often makes it not only *better*, but more delightful, *to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting.*

Perhaps I felt it so, when, but a few days ago, I attended the funeral of a young lady, who was torn, in the bloom of youth and beauty, from the arms of a fond father, who doated on her, of a family by whom she was adored: I think I would not have exchanged my feelings at the time, for all the mirth which gaiety could inspire or all the pleasure which luxury could bestow.

Maria was in her twentieth year. To the beauty of her form, and excellence of her natural disposition, a parent equally indulgent and attentive had done the fullest justice. To accomplish her person, and to cultivate her mind, every endeavour had been used: and they had been attended with that success which they commonly meet with, when not prevented by mistaken fondness or untimely vanity. Few young ladies have attracted more admiration; none ever felt it less; with all the charms of beauty, and the polish of education, the plainest were not less affected, nor the most ignorant less assuming. She died when every tongue was eloquent of her virtues, when every hope was ripening to reward them.

It is by such private and domestic distresses, that the softer emotions of the heart are most strongly excited.—The fall of more important personages is commonly distant from our observation; but even where it happens under our immediate notice, there is a mixture of other feelings by which our compassion is weakened. The eminently great, or extensively useful, leave behind them a train of interrupted views, and disappointed expectations, by which the distress is complicated beyond the simplicity of pity. But the death of one, who like *Maria*, was to shed the influence of her virtues over the age of a father and the childhood of her sisters, presents us a little view of family affliction, which every eye can perceive, and every heart can feel. On scenes of public sorrow & national regret, we gaze as upon those gallery pictures which strike us with wonder and admiration: domestic calamity is like the miniature of a friend, which we wear in our bosoms, and keep for secret looks and solitary enjoyment.

The last time I saw *Maria* was in the midst of a crowded assembly of the fashionable and the gay, where she fixed all eyes with the gracefulness of her motions, and the native dignity of her mein; yet so tempered was that superiority which they conferred with gentleness and modesty, that not a murmur was heard, either from the rivalship of beauty, or the envy of homeliness. From that scene the transition was so violent to the hearse and the pall, the grave and the sod, that once or twice my imagination turned rebel to my senses; I beheld the objects around me as the painting of a dream, and thought of *Maria* as living still.

I was soon, however, recalled to the sad reality. The figure of her father bending over the grave of his darling child; the silent suffering composure in which his countenance was fixed; the tears of his attendants, whose grief was light, and capable of tears: these gave me back the truth, and reminded me that I should see her no more. There was a flow of sorrow with which I suffered myself to be borne along, with a melancholy kind of indulgence: but when her father dropped the chord with which he had helped to lay his *Maria* in the earth, its sound on the coffin chilled my heart, and horror for a moment took place of pity!

It was but for a moment.—He looked eagerly into the grave; made one involuntary motion to stop the assistants who were throwing the earth into it; then suddenly recollecting himself, clasped his hands together, threw up his eyes to Heaven: and then first I saw a few tears drop from them. I gave language to all this. It spoke a lesson of faith, and piety, and resignation. I went away sorrowful, but my sorrow was neither ungentle nor unmanly; cast on this world a glance rather of pity than of enmity; on the next, a look of humbleness and hope!

Such, I am persuaded, will commonly be the effect of scenes like that I have described, on minds neither frigid nor unthinking; for of feelings like these, the gloom of the ascetic is as little susceptible as the levity of the giddy. There needs a certain pliancy of mind, which society alone can give, though its vices often destroy, to render us capable of that gentle melancholy which makes sorrow pleasant, and affliction useful.

It is not from a melancholy of this sort, that men are prompted to the cold unfruitful virtues of monkish solitude. These are often the effects rather of passion secluded than repressed, rather of temptation avoided than overcome. The crucifix and the rosary, the death's head and the bones; if custom has not made them indifferent, will rather chill desire than excite virtue; but amidst the warmth of social affection, and of social sympathy, the heart will feel the weakness and enjoy the duties of humanity.

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FROM THE REPERTORY.

THE CARAVANSARY.

I have always considered genius distinct from talent, as the one is the gift of nature, and the other the result of industry. In common conversation they are generally confounded, and it may, therefore, be no useless employment to point out the difference.

Genius is an intrinsic faculty, which enables its possessor to discover an object at a single glance. Talent may discover the same object, but would require more time, and the aid of a telescope. The former, by the flash of inspiration, will in a moment accurately ascertain its minutest part, which the latter can effect only by the assistance of artificial lights and elaborate examination. Genius is a fleet courser, that distances every competitor on the Turf; Talent is more distinguished for bottom than speed, and, though slow, will carry you safe to the end of your journey. More glory surrounds Genius, more usefulness generally attends on Talent, as the diamond and emerald, though more precious, are less current than silver or gold.

If a man of genius writes a treatise, he 'lightens up the subject by the flashings of his mind,' and interests and delights, even where he does not convince. A man of talent in the same pursuit, may write with more method, and reason with more closeness, but we yawn and gape before we read to the end of the volume. The style of Genius is glowing, figurative, and yet simple. The style of Talent is comparatively either cold and low, or else glaring, pedantic and stiff.

In eloquence the distinction is not less striking. The man of Genius pours forth the richest stores of elocution. With every classical figure at command, like Pericles, he thunders and lightens, and clothes the choicest sentiments with the choicest language, borrowed from the exhaustless wardrobe of his creative imagination. He inspires his audience with the passions he feels, and, like a mighty magician, now thrills them with horror, and now fires them with disdain, by the powerful spell of his irresistible eloquence. The man of talent keeps precisely to the point, says the very thing that he ought and no more, is plain & perspicuous, well acquainted with his subject, and aims only to give correct language. The man of Genius will speak on the spot to a new question, which he has never before considered, and disentangle every knot, in which it may be involved. The man of Talent requires more time and deliberation to obtain the same success, and, after all, produces less effect on the hearers.

As statesmen, the man of Genius is bold and original, the man of talent cautious and safe. There are times, in which the former may endanger the state by his temerity, or save it by his great abilities; whilst the latter, in any important crisis, could do neither, but in common times would steer the political ship with safety, though without glory.

Among the Grecians, Pericles and Alcibiades were most distinguished for genius, Aristides, and Themistocles for talent, though the talent of Themistocles was animated by a considerable portion of genius. We observe the same characteristic distinctions among the great men of Rome. Talent predominated in Fabius and Pompey, genius in Caesar and Lucullus; and in England we may discover the same difference in Oxford and Walpole, Bolingbroke and Chatham, the former excelling in talent, and the latter in genius.

In a word, genius is an intuitive creative power, original in its conceptions, powerful in its combinations, and rarely met with, in an eminent degree. Talent is universal, and the infallible reward of attentive industry. But talent, by cultivation and habitual exercise is, in some so great, as scarcely to be distinguished from genius; in others, by indolence, profligacy, and want of exertion, is so far smothered as to emit but few temporary flashes, unable to diffuse a bright and steady flame. Let none have the vanity to imagine, that they are gifted with the rarest of intellectual endowments, and flatter themselves that they are persons of extraordinary genius, but let it be the honest ambition of all to obtain what is within the reach of all, and exert themselves to become men of useful and respectable talents.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, May 28.

HARRIS v. J. CHICHESTER, ESQ.

The plaintiff is an eminent jobman in horses, the defendant a gentleman well known on the turf, residing on his estate in Devonshire. The former had purchased of the latter a coach-horse, at the price of forty guineas, under the warranty of his being quiet in harness. The horse had been offered for sale by the plaintiff to Lord Roslyn, and had been rejetted, on the first trial, on account of the symptoms of restiveness which he exhibited.

Mr. Garrow for the plaintiff, said Lord Roslyn could not attend, to give testimony, on account of a severe indisposition; but several of his servants deposed to the violent resistance and untractableness of the animal, on the occasion of the first experiment, so as to endanger the lives of the persons attempting to controul him.

Mr. Erskine, for the defendant, produced testimony to the quietness of the animal for a period of nine years; he said that the beast, as well as himself, had often *gone as leader, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other*, and that like himself also, he had been found *perfectly tractable on either side*. He then sent for Nathaniel Fellows, Esq. from the Middlesex committee, who had frequently driven the horse, and gave evidence to his safety; and last of all, he called John Gilpin, to shew that he did not run away with him. He further proved, that he had been driven at harrows, and in a unicorn team, or what is called a coach and three. The learned counsel then said, that he should come to the conclusive deposition *at length*, and produced testimony to the animal having been driven in a *tandem*.

Lord Ellenborough—"This is a horse, sold under a warranty to go temperately in harness, and the evidence on both sides is strong and contradictory. On the part of the defendant, there is a chasm, as the tractable disposition of the animal had not been brought up to the precise time of the sale to the plaintiff, and a horse might soon be rendered vicious and unmanageable by abuse & wantonness"—Verdict for the defendant.

FROM A LONDON PAPER.

A CASE for Gentlemen of the Law.

Will Webster, of Stamford, sold as good a cup of ale, as ever mantled in a beer glass. He was bred a baker, &, as is common in the country, he always sold bread; and it was as common for working people to call for a penny loaf as a penny worth of ale at his house.

A man came one day for six penny loaves—Webster served him as he sat in the drinking room; and after they had been delivered to him he said, "Master Webster take one of your loaves back, I'll have but five, and bring me a penny worth of your ale, that will make up the six pence, all the same you know." The ale was brought him, and he gave a loaf for it, drank it and called for another, and another, until he had exchanged the six loaves for six penny-worths of ale: then rising up, said, Mary must do with brown bread, which he believed would be quite as good for her health, & was deliberately marching off, when the landlord desired to be paid. "Paid! for what?" said the fellow. "For my bread," answered the landlord.—"Your bread—have you not had it again?" "Why then pay me for the ale," said the publican. "I gave you bread for it," answered the defendant. "That is true," answered Boniface, "yet somehow I think I am cheated, but if ever you bother me again, call me cat, that's all—you shall always pay for every thing as I bring it in."

Law Query.—Upon what can the landlord bring his action.

Sketch of John and Josiah Boydell.

Illustrious artists, who by their industry and eminent abilities, have raised themselves to a very respectable rank and situation in life. They have been long known by the public as munificent patrons of the fine arts. The Shakspeare Gallery is a most magnificent testimony of their public spirit, and their love of the arts, and will transmit their names with honour to posterity. Their superb edition of Milton's Paradise Lost, their History of the principal Rivers of Great Britain, and other works have procured them a just and extensive reputation. Mr. Alderman Boydell has acquitted himself with singular honour in the arduous and important duties of a city magistrate. When he served in the office of Lord Mayor of London, in 1792, his affability to his fellow-citizens his impartial administration of public justice, & his assiduous attention to the weighty concerns of his elevated station, united in endearing him to all ranks and descriptions of people, and distinguished him as an amiable model for succeeding magistrate

Sketch of Henry Bunbury, Esq.

Brother to Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury, Bt. This gentleman is an artist of considerable eminence in the serious, but of still superior merit in the humorous and ludicrous departments of drawing. He may with propriety be called the Hogarth of his day. In 1787, he published a series of ludicrous Prints on the subject of Horsemanship accompanied by instructions in the art, written in a very happy vein of irony. The title of the volume is Hints to bad Horsemen, by Geoffry Gamdado. The Progress of a Lie: a Long Story, and numerous other productions of his facetious pencil, are well known and justly celebrated. His most admired drawing bears the name of Lord's-day Evening Amusements.

THE HISTORY OF HYPASIA

[By Dr. Goldsmith.]

Man, when secluded from society, is not a more solitary being, than the woman who leaves the duties of her own sex to invade the privileges of ours. She seems, in such circumstances, like one in banishment; she appears like a neutral being between the sexes; and though she may have the admiration of both, she finds true happiness from neither.

Of all the ladies of antiquity, I have read of none, who was ever more justly celebrated than the beautiful Hypasia, the daughter of Leon, the philosopher:—this most accomplished of women was born at Alexandria, in the reign of Theodosius the younger. Nature was never more lavish of its gifts than it had been to her, endued as she was with the most exalted understanding, and the happiest turn to science. Education completed what nature had begun, and made her the prodigy not only of her age, but the glory of her sex.

From her father she learned geometry and astronomy; she collected from the conversation and schools of the other philosophers, for which Alexandria was at that time famous, the principles of the rest of the sciences.

What cannot be conquered by natural penetration and a passion for study? The boundless knowledge, which at that period of time was required to form the character of a philosopher, no way discouraged her; she delivered herself up to the study of Aristotle and Plato, and soon not one in Alexandria understood, so perfectly as she, all the difficulties of those two philosophers.

But not their systems alone, but those of every other sect were quite familiar with her: and to this knowledge she added that of polite learning, and the art of oratory. All the learning, which it was possible for the human mind to contain, being joined to a most enchanting eloquence, rendered this lady the wonder not only of the populace, who easily admire, but of philosophers themselves, who are seldom fond of admiration.

The city of Alexandria was every day crowded with strangers, who came from all parts of Greece and Asia, to see and hear her. As for the charms of her person, they might not probably have been mentioned, did she not join to a beauty the most striking, a virtue that might repress the most assuming; and though in the whole capital, famed for charms, there was not one who could equal her in beauty: though in a city the resort of all the learning then existing in the world, there was not one who could equal her in knowledge; yet, with such accomplishments, Hypasia was the most modest of her sex. Her reputation for virtue was not less than her virtues; and though in a city divided between two factions, though visited by the wits and the philosophers of the age, calumny never dared to suspect her morals or attempt her character. Both the Christians and the Heathens, who have transmitted her history and her misfortunes, have but one voice, when they speak of her beauty, her knowledge, and her virtue. Nay, so much harmony reigns in their accounts of this prodigy of perfection, that in spite of the opposition of their faith, we should never have been able to judge of what religion was Hypathia, were we not informed, from other circumstances, that she was a Heathen.

This great reputation, of which she was so justly possessed, was, at last, however, the occasion of her ruin.

The person, who then possessed the patriarchate of Alexandria, was equally remarkable for his violence, cruelty, and pride. Conducted by an ill-grounded zeal for the Christian religion, or perhaps desirous of augmenting his authority in the city, he had meditated the banishment of the Jews. A difference arising between them and the Christians, with respect to some public games, seemed to him a proper juncture for putting his ambitious designs into execution. He found no difficulty in exciting the people, naturally disposed to revolt:—the prefect, who at that time commanded the city, interposed on this occasion, and thought it just to put one of the chief creatures of the patriarch to the torture, in order to discover the first promoter of the conspiracy. The patriarch enraged at the injustice he thought offered to his character and dignity, and piqued at the protection which was offered to the Jews, sent for the chiefs of the synagogue, and enjoined them to renounce their designs, under pain of incurring his highest displeasure.

The Jews, far from fearing his menaces, excited new tumults in which several citizens had the misfortune to fall. The patriarch could no longer contain; at the head of a numerous body of Christians, he flew to the synagogues, which he demolished, and drove the Jews from a city, of which they had been possessed, since the times of Alexander the Great. It may be easily imagined, that the prefect could not behold, without pain, his jurisdiction thus insulted, and the city deprived of a number of its most industrious inhabitants.

The affair was therefore brought before the emperor. The patriarch complained of the excesses of the Jews, and the prefect of the outrages of the patriarch. At this very juncture, five hundred monks of mount Nitria, imagining the life of their chief to be in danger, and that their religion was threatened in his fall, flew into the city, with ungovernable rage, attacked the prefect in the streets and not content with loading him with reproaches, wounded him in several places.

The citizens had by this time notice of the fury of the monks; they therefore assembled in a body, put the monks to flight, seized on him who had been found throwing a stone, and delivered him to the prefect, who caused him to be put to death without further delay.

The patriarch immediately ordered the dead body which had been exposed to view, to be taken down, procured for it all the pomp and rites of burial, and went even so far as to pronounce the funeral oration, in which he classed a seditious monk among the martyrs. This conduct was by no means generally approved of; the most moderate even among the Christians, perceived and blamed his indiscretion; but he was now too far advanced to retire. He had made several overtures towards a reconciliation with the prefect, which not being agreed to, he bore those an implacable hatred whom he imagined to have had any hand in traversing his designs; but Hypasia was particularly destined to ruin. She could not find pardon, as she was known to have a most refined friendship for the prefect, wherefore the populace were incited against her. Peter, a reader of the principal church, one of those vile slaves, by which men in power are too frequently attended, wretches, ever ready to commit any crime, which they hope may render them agreeable to their employer; this fellow, I say, attended by a crowd of villains, waited for Hypasia, as she was returning from a visit, at her own door, seized her as she was going in, and dragged her to one of the churches called Cesarea, where, stripping her in a most inhuman manner, they exercised the most inhuman cruelties upon her, cut her into pieces, and burnt her remains to ashes. Such was the end of Hypasia, the glory of her own sex, and the astonishment of ours.

ON GOOD-BREEDING.

(By Lord Chesterfield.)

A friend of yours and mine has very justly defined good-breeding to be, "the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them." Taking this for granted (as I think it cannot be disputed) it is astonishing to me that any body, who has sense and good nature, can essentially fail in good-breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to persons, places, and circumstances; and are only to be acquired by observation and experience: but the substance of it is every where and eternally the same. Good manners are, to particular societies, what good morals are to society in general, their cement, and their security. And as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at least to prevent the ill effects of bad ones, so there are certain rules of civility, universally implied and received, to enforce good manners, and punish bad ones. And indeed there seems to me to be no difference both between the crimes and punishments, than at first one would imagine: the immoral man who invades another's property is justly hanged for it; and the ill-bred man, who, by his ill-manners, invades and disturbs the quiet and comfort of privates life, is by common consent as justly banished society. Mutual complaisances, attentions, and sacrifices of little conveniencies, are as natural an implied compact between kings and subjects: whoever, in either case, violates that compact, justly forfeits all advantages arising from it. For my own part, I really think, that, next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing: and the epithet which I should covet the most, next to that of Aristides, would be that of well bred:—thus much for good-breeding in general; I will now consider some of the various modes and degrees of it.

Very few, scarcely any, are wanting in the respect which they should shew to those whom they acknowledge to be infinitely their superiors; such as crowned heads, princes, and public persons of distinguished and eminent posts. It is the manner of shewing that respect which is indiscreet: the man of fashion, and of the world, expresses it in its fullest extent: but naturally, easily, and without concern: whereas a man, who is not used to keep good company, expresses it awkwardly; you see, that he is not used to it, and that it costs him a great deal: but I never saw the worst bred man living, guilty of lolling, whistling, scratching his head, and such like indecencies, in company that he respected. In such companies, therefore, the only point to be attended to is, to shew that respect which every body means to shew, in an easy, unembarrassed, and graceful manner; this is what observation and experience must teach you.

In mixed companies, whoever is admitted to make part of them, is for the time at least, supposed to be upon a footing of equality with the rest; and, consequently, as there is no one principal object of awe and respect, people are apt to take a greater latitude in their behaviour, and to be less upon their guard: and so they may provided it be within certain bounds, which are upon no occasion to be transgressed. But, upon these occasions, though no one is entitled to distinguished marks of respect, every one claims, and very justly, every mark of civility and good breeding. Ease is allowed, but carelessness and negligence are strictly forbidden. If a man accosts you, and talks to you ever so dully or frivolously, it is more than rudeness, it is brutality, to shew him by a manifest inattention to what he says, that you think him a fool or a blockhead, and not worth hearing. It is much more so with regard to women; who, of whatever rank they are, are entitled, in consideration of their sex, not only to an attentive, but an officious good-breeding from men: their little wants, likings, preferences, antipathies, and fancies must be officiously attended to, and, if possible, guessed at and anticipated, by a well-bred man. You must never usurp to yourself those conveniences and gratifications which are of common right; such as the best places, the best dishes, &c. but on the contrary, always decline them yourself, and offer them to others; who, in their turns, will offer them to you; so that, upon the whole, you will in your turn, enjoy your share of the common right. It would be endless for me to enumerate all the particular instances in which a well-bred man shews his good breeding in good company; and it would be injurious to you to suppose that your own good sense will not point them out to you; and then your own good nature will recommend and your self-interest enforce the practice.

There is a third sort of good-breeding, into which the people are the most apt to fall, from a mistaken notion that they cannot fail at all. I mean, with regard to one's most familiar friends and acquaintances, or those who really are our inferiors; and there, undoubtedly, a greater degree of ease is not only allowed, but proper, and contribute much to the comforts of a private, social life. But ease and freedom have their bounds, which must by no means be violated. A certain degree of negligence and carelessness becomes injurious and insulting, from the real or supposed inferiority of the persons; and that delightful liberty of conversation among a few friends, is soon destroyed, as liberty often has been, by being carried to licentiousness. But example explains things best, and I will put a pretty strong case; Suppose you and me alone together; I believe you will allow that I have as good a right to unlimited freedom in your company, as either you or I can possibly have in any other; and, I am apt to believe too, that you would indulge me in that freedom, as far as any body would. But, notwithstanding this, do you imagine that I should think there was no bounds to that freedom? I assure you, I should not think so; and I take myself to be as much tied down by a certain degree of good manners to you, as by other degrees of them to other people. The most familiar and intimate habitudes, connections, and friendships, require a greater degree of good breeding, both to preserve and cement them. The best of us have our bad sides; and it is as imprudent as it is ill-bred, to exhibit them. I shall not use ceremony with you; it would be misplaced between us: but I shall certainly observe that degree of good-breeding with you, which is, in the first place, decent, and which, I am sure, is absolutely necessary to make us like one another's company long.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

JOHNSON'S CONVERSATION.

To the Editor of the Port Folio.

Sir,

[The following interesting communication was made by me to Mr. Boswell, a short time before his death; Dr. Rush having politely committed to paper, for that purpose, at my request, the information casually given, some time before, in the course of conversation. Mr. Boswell received it with many thanks, and intended to insert it in the third edition of the life of his illustrious friend, Dr. Samuel Johnson. He lived not, however, to execute that intention; I have therefore, solicited, and obtained Dr. Rush's permission to hand it to you; a literary Journal, like the Port Folio, being the most proper channel to convey to the admirers of Dr. Samuel Johnson, any anecdotes respecting him, or any of his sentiments, which have not yet been given to the world.

Yours, &c.

JAMES ABERCROMBIE.

Philadelphia, Nov. 23, 1804.

DEAR SIR,

During my residence in London, in the year 1760, I was introduced by our worthy countryman, Mr West, to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who favored me, a few days afterwards, with a card to dinner. At his table, I met a group of authors, among whom was the celebrated Dr. Johnson. The day was to me one of the most memorable I passed while abroad, on account of the singular display, which I witnessed, both of talents and knowledge. Dr. Johnson came late into company. Upon his entering the room, he found Sir Joshua consoling one of his guests, under the pain he felt from having been handled very severely by the reviewers. 'Dont mind them,' said Johnson to the complaining author. 'Where is the advantage of a man having a great deal of money, but that the loss of a little

will not hurt him? And where is the advantage of a man having a great deal of reputation, but that the loss of a little will not hurt him? You can bear it.'

At dinner I sat down between Dr. Johnson and Dr. Goldsmith. The former took the lead in conversation. He instructed upon all subjects. One of them was drunkenness, upon which he discovered much of that original energy of thought and expression, which were so peculiar to him.

The *arenæ maritimæ* was named by one of the company, about which naturalists have disagreed, whether it belonged to the vegetable or animal kingdom. 'It is an animal,' said Dr. Johnson, for its ashes have been analysed, and they yield a volatile alkali, and this we know is the criterion of animal matter as distinguished from vegetable, which yields a fixed alkali.' I was much struck with this remark; for I did not expect to hear a man, whose studies appeared, from his writings, to have been confined to moral and philological subjects, decide so confidently upon a controversy in natural history.

A book, which had been recently published, led to some remarks upon its author. Dr. Goldsmith, addressing himself to Dr. Johnson, said, 'He appears, Doctor, from some passages in his book, to be one of your acquaintances.' 'Yes,' said Johnson, 'I know him.' 'And pray what do you think of him?' said Goldsmith. 'He is well enough—well enough,' said Johnson. 'I have heard,' said Goldsmith, 'he is much given to asking questions in company.' 'Yes, he is,' said Johnson, 'and his questions are not of the most interesting nature. They are such as this—Pray, Doctor, why is an apple round, and why is a pear not so?'

During the time of dinner, Dr. Goldsmith asked me several questions, relative to the manners and customs of the North American Indians. Dr. Johnson, who heard one of them, suddenly interrupted him, and said, 'there is not an Indian in North America, who would have asked such a foolish question.' 'I am sure,' said Goldsmith, 'there is not a savage in America that would have made so rude a speech to a gentleman.'

After dinner, he was drawn into a dispute with a citizen of London, about the riot, which had taken place, a short time before, in St. George's fields, and the well-known steps that were taken by the British Government to quell it. The citizen condemned the conduct of government in very harsh terms, and said that Colonel —— had declared that he would have suppressed the riot, without firing a gun or killing a man. 'That may be,' said Johnson, 'some men have a knack in quelling riots, which others have not, just as you, Sir, have a knack in defending them, which I have not.'

I regret that I cannot gratify you, by detailing the whole of the Doctor's conversation, during the course of the day. I should not have ventured, after the lapse of nearly four and twenty years, to have given you the above, from memory, had they not been impressed upon it, by my having occasionally related them since, among my friends.

With great regard, I am

Dear Sir,

Your sincere friend,

BENJAMIN RUSH.

22d, April, 1793.

MR. JAMES ABERCROMBIE.

TRANSPARENT

DRESS OF THE LADIES.

We are informed by ancient writers, that the dresses worn by the Lacedemonian maidens were so made as to be highly indecent, and not to answer the principal end of cloathing: and it is probable that the Jewish ladies, described by Isaiah, (chapter iii.) might wear dresses of a similar fashion, vestments of the *cob-web* kind, a sort of *no-coverings*, which wouldnot hinder the wearers from appearing almost naked; such as Menander calls *a transparent vest*, and mentions as the dress of a courtezan; and such as Varro styles *ventos textos, gluteæ vestimenta*: Horace from the island of *Coos*, where the stuff was made, denominates *Coan*, lib. sat. 2, line 101.

"————*Cois tibi pene videre est*
Ut nudam."

"Through the *Coan* vest
You almost see her naked."

This *Coan* stuff was probably a kind of very thin silk or gauze. So Lady M. W. Montagu, describing her Turkish dress, says it was of fine white silk gauze, closed at the neck with a diamond button, but the shape and color of the bosom was very well to be distinguished through it.

Dr. Shaw informs, (Travels, p. 241.) "that in the Levant, *smiryaus* form a part of female dress, for that the Mourish women in Barbary are so fond of their ornaments, and particularly for their looking glasses, which they wear upon their breasts, that they will not lay them aside, even when after the drudgery of the day they are obliged to go two or three miles with a pitcher or a goat's skin to fetch water." And it is certain, from Exodus xxxviii, 8. that the Israelitish women used to carry their mirrors, made of polished brass, with them, even to their most solemn places of worship; but it is by no means equally certain that they ever wore *transparent garments*.

In the third chapter of Isaiah, referred to above, the prophet particularly describes the manner and dress of the Jewish ladies, which appear to have been something nearly of the same description as those of the most fashionable part of the females of the present day.

FOR THE MINERVA.

"O! what a noble mind is here o'erthrown"

Shakspeare.

IN travelling through one of the western counties of Virginia a few weeks past, an incident occurred which affected my sensibility in a remarkable degree. On the skirts of a little inland town, I noticed a comely young man with a dejected countenance, sitting on the naked ground, a few paces from the road: I rode up to him, and supposing him from his appearance to be sick, enquired of his health. He eyed me attentively, but made no answer; on repeating the enquiry, he cast on me a look of scornful indignation, rose up and walked deliberately away. Such a reception from a stranger, whom I had neither injured nor offended, amazed and confounded me. While I was still viewing him, and endeavouring to divine some meaning for his mysterious and apparently ungrateful behaviour, a decent looking man passed by: to him I related the circumstance, and desired an explanation:—"The poor youth is a maniac," replied the gentleman; "'Tis no wonder that he should slight your questions, for he has not spoken half a dozen words to his relations and friends for as many months." My curiosity excited me to enquire of my informant, the causes which had produced this lamentable instance of insanity; he invited me to stop with him at the Village Tavern, which was but a little distance out of my way; he would then, he said, recite to me a tragic tale, which, if I possessed a soul that could sympathise in the misfortune of its fellowman, would richly compensate me for my trouble: he would relate an instance of implacable cruelty on the one part, and of quiescent suffering on the other, which should melt to pity the most obdurate heart. Having arrived at the Inn, I requested my new acquaintance to begin his narration; and he complied in the following words:

"The unfortunate young man whom you just now saw, and whose long and unremitted distress has impaired the faculties of his once ardent and comprehensive mind, was born to a fortune little inferior to any in the western country; unfortunately for poor *Ingram* (for that is the name of the unhappy man) his father died when he was an infant; on his death bed the affectionate parent called to him his favorite brother, in whom he thought he could implicitly rely, and committed to him the entire charge and direction of his son's education, and the management of his fortune, until he should arrive at years of discretion;—he conjured him by his fraternal regard, by the long friendship and unceasing kindess of his expiring brother—he solemnly implored him to afford his protection to his infant son. The uncle promised to perform each of these duties to the utmost of his ability; and the fond parent clasping his little infant in his arms, expired with the calm resignation of a benevolent and honest man.

"The Uncle of young Ingram (continued the gentleman) had found in his deceased brother, not only an affectionate relative but a most beneficent benefactor; to that brother he was principally indebted for his liberal education and the means of pushing his fortune in the world:—and he was a. that time, the most approved Lawyer in his neighbourhood; to whom else could the father of Ingram so prudently trust the fate of his only child!—In a few years young Ingram was placed at a Grammar School, where he manifested every sign of a rich genius and an excellent heart: at seventeen years of age he was removed to the University of William and Mary, the *alma mater* of our most distinguished citizens; his persevering industry in acquiring science excited the emulation of his fellow students; his acquirements had been equalled by few of his age; and while the prospect of his future promotion commanded the respect of his associates, his amiable disposition and affectionate behaviour secured to him their lasting and zealous friendship. He was in his twentieth year when he returned to the residence of his Uncle, whom he had seldom visited during his studies at the University.

The acquaintance of his family were forward in shewing every mark of respect to the promising son of so worthy a father; and he was caressed and admired in every polite circle of the neighbourhood. Among the young ladies to whom he had been occasionally introduced was the beautiful daughter of a wealthy merchant, whom I shall here distinguish by the fictitious name of *Hervey*; this gentleman was in every sense of the word a complete *Trader*; the accumulation of a very large fortune had rather whetted than sated his ruling passion of avarice; and every consideration of justice, honor or humanity were laid aside, when they barred the accomplishment of a fair speculation: such was the man whom unkind fortune had destined to be the parent of so lovely a daughter as *Louisa Hervey*. Ingram admired the beauty, but adored the virtues of Louisa; her partiality for him was equally fixed;—Mr. Hervey was too well acquainted with the calculation of cent. per cent. to discourage the addresses of so wealthy a suitor as he supposed Mr. Ingram to be; and this amiable young man, waited with impatience for the joyous period when he should come of age, expecting then to receive from his Uncle the amount of his parental fortune—and this would be followed by the acquisition of a real treasure—the idol of his heart. He anticipated the happiness he should enjoy in the possession of a virtuous and sensible wife, whom he did not marry for the sake of her gold, but for the amiable qualities of her head and heart! [A servant now informed us that dinner was waiting.] After dinner (observed my informant) I will conclude my history of this unfortunate; how the fairest prospects of permanent felicity were blighted in their bloom, and the chilling frost of adversity succeeded to the flattering sunshine of prosperity."

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

—MARRIED.—

On Saturday evening last, *Mr. George W. Dixon*, to the truly amiable and much admired *Miss Elizabeth Birmingham*—both of this city.

——— on the same evening, Mr. *William Ward* of this city, to Miss *Cynthia Crutchfield* of Hanover.

———, on the same evening, Mr. *John Smith*, to Miss *Caroline Crutchfield*.

—DIED—

On Wednesday the 19th inst. Capt. *John Leater*, of this city.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPEAN.

The ship Alonzo, Capt. Gibbs, arrived at New York, brings London papers to the 22d of October, which state, That orders have been sent to Portsmouth and Plymouth to convey to the Bank, the treasure found on board the Spanish ships there. Several Spanish vessels outward bound, have been also detained in these ports. Notwithstanding these circumstances, it is supposed that the subsisting negociation will not necessarily terminate in a war—and it is asserted that it will be at least three weeks before any thing will be decisively determined upon relative to this important subject.

Three hundred French and Batavian armed vessels, that were assembled at Ostend, have already got to Dunkirk, under Vice Admiral Verhuell. The whole force will be collected at Boulogne, and great events are looked for from that quarter.

All vessels arriving from the ports of the Batavian republic are examined by what are called Admiralty ships; and those on board of which English produce is found, are detained, and not suffered to land their freight until the Government shall have come to a final determination on the subject.

Letters from Trieste and Venice agree in stating, that the Adriatic swarms with French privateers, and that no English merchantmen ventures to navigate that Gulph.

DOMESTIC.

A gentleman who lately arrived at Boston informs that the action of destroying the frigate Philadelphia, in the harbor of Tripoli, was considered in all the ports of the Mediterranean, as a *coup d'eclat*, surpassing in the boldness of the attempt, and the successful execution of the enterprize, any naval action that has occurred for many years.

Capt. Abbott, arrived at Norfolk, in 15 days from St. Martin's, informs, that the town of St. Thomas was destroyed by fire on the night of the 25th ult. Every house on the flats, from the east to the west end, were destroyed, four excepted. Several lives were lost in the conflagration, and property to an immense amount. Capt. Abbott further states, that just before he sailed, news was received there of the arrival of three ships of the line, 6 frigates, and 3000 troops, at the islands of Martinique & Guadaloupe, from France.

Benjamin Austin, Junr. of Massachusetts, has been nominated by the President to be commissioner of loans, in Massachusetts, vice Thompson J. Skinner, Esq. appointed Marshal.

The London Star says—Captain Collier is appointed to the command of the Leander, of 50 guns, at Halifax, bearing the flag of Sir A. Mitchell.

SELECTED POETRY.

BALLAD.

While women like soft music charms,
So sweetly bliss dispenses,
Some favorite part each fair performs,
In the concert of the senses.
Love, great first fiddle in the band,
Each passion quells and raises,
Exploring, with a master's hand,
Nice Modulation's mazes;
Till the wrapt soul, supremely blest,
Beams brighily in each feature,
And lovely woman stands confest
The harmony of nature.

Hark! with the pensive, in duet,
The sprightly horn it mingles!
The Prude's the flute, and the Coquet
The lively harp that tingles!
One boldly sweeps the yielding strings,
While plaintive, to'ther prates it:
Like Caesar, this to victory springs,
Like Fabius that awaits it.
With various gifts to make us blest,
Love skills each charming creature;
Thus, lovely woman stands confest
The harmony of nature.

Maids are of virginals the type,
Widows the growling tymbal,
Scolds are the shrill and piercing pipe,
Flirts are the wiry cymbal.
All wives piano fortes are,
The base how old maids thump it,
The bugle horn are archers fair,
An amazon's a trumpet.
Thus, with rare gifts to make us blest
Love skills his favorite creature,
And thus sweet woman stands confest
The harmony of nature.

EFFUSION OF THE HEART.

Why sweeps my hand the sounding lyre?
Why should I raise the tuneful strain?
In silence let the notes expire,
Or only warble to complain,
Since He, to whom the strains belong,
No longer listens to the song.

Why should I count the sacred nine?
Why call Apollo to my aid?
Why wreathes of evergreen entwine?
Alas! bid the chaplet never fade.
Since He, for whom the wreath was wove,
Sees not the token of my love.

Then hush, my muse! my lyre, be still,
Nor shall thy notes responsive more
Wake echo on the silver rill,
Or bid her die along the shore,
Till he returns, and once again,
Shall bid me raise for him the strain.

I'd catch the music of the spheres,
I'd steal Apollo's magic art,
To charm his soul, and through his ears,
To find a passage to his heart;
That heart in silken fetters bind,
And give my sorrows to the wind.

IMITATION OF ROSSEAU.

Young Phyllis, whco pressed for a kiss by Sylvander,
When warm'd with ideas of bliss;
More mindful of interest than passion so tender,
Requir'd thirty sheep for a kiss.

The shepherd next time found the fair one less coy
To engage in the trade of caresses;
And since love with prudence he still might enjoy,
He claim'd for a sheep thirty kisses.

The languishing nymph now so fond of her swain,
Was resolved his affection to keep,
And next time, more loving than mindful of gain,
Would give for a kiss all her sheep.

She offered her sheep and her dog for a kiss,
Young Phyllis——ders wise than she ought;
For the shepherd now tir'd of the traffick of bliss,
Gave the kiss to Lisetta for nought.

TO WILLIAM.

Full oft has disappointment robb'd
This sadden'd heart of rest:
Full oft has sorrow aim'd her shaft,
Too surely at my breast.

To cheer the pensive hour of grief,
I ton'd the trembling string;
Nor sought in vain the sweet relief,
Its soothing numbers bring.

Misery's sad self was lulled to peace,
Each painful throb suppress'd;
Again, tranquility became
The inmate of my breast.

And still as sorrow's gloom return'd,
I chas'd that gloom away;
Wove the bright web in fancy's loom,
Which gilds the clouded day.

Yet, unsolicitous for fame,
To blunt affliction's dart,
To heal its wound was all my aim,
And ease the anguish'd heart.

But though amid seclusion pour'd
The simple rustic strain
I may surely without boasting, now
Some little merit claim.

The muses call the fairest flowers
Which on Parnassus blow:
And bid the graceful chaplet wave,
Around thy favorite brow.

Yet shall not envy blast my peace;
The bays I pleased resign;
An humbler path content to trace,
And view the "meed of merit" thine.

THE STORY OF *ALCANDER & SEPTIMIUS.*

(Taken from a Bizantine Historian.)

Athens, long after the decline of the Roman empire, still continued the seat of learning, politeness and wisdom. Theodoric Ostrogoth repaired the schools which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay, and continued those pensions to men of learning, which avaricious government had monopolized.

In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow students together; the one the most subtle reasoner of all the Lyceum, the other the most eloquent speaker in the academic grove. Mutual admiration soon became a friendship. Their fortunes were nearly equal, and they were natives of the two most celebrated cities in the world; for Alcander was of Athens, Septimius came from Rome.

In this state of harmony they lived for some time together; when Alcander, after passing the first part of his youth in the indolence of philosophy, thought at length of entering into the busy world; and, as a step previous to this, placed his affections on Hypathia, a lady of exquisite beauty. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed; the previous ceremonies were performed; and nothing now remained but her being conducted in triumph to the apartment of the intended bridegroom.

Alcander's exultation in his own happiness, or being unable to enjoy any without making his friend Septimius a partner, prevailed on him to introduce Hypathia to his fellow-student; which he did with all the gaiety of a man who found himself equally happy in friendship and love. But this was an interview fatal to the future peace of both; for Septimius no sooner saw her, but he was smitten with an involuntary passion; and, though he used every effort to suppress desires at once so imprudent and unjust, the emotions of his mind in a short time became so strong, that they brought on a fever, which the physicians judged incurable.

During this illness, Alcanner watched him with all the anxiety of fondness, and brought his mistress to join in those amiable offices of friendship. The sagacity of the physicians, by these means, soon discovered that the cause of their patient's disorder was love: and Alcander on being apprized of their discovery, at length extorted a confession from the reluctant dying lover.

It would but delay the narrative to describe the conflict between love and friendship in the breast of Alcander on this occasion; it is enough to say, that the Athenians were at that time arrived at such refinement in morals, that every virtue was carried to excess. In short, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride in all her charms, to the young Roman. They were married privately by his connivance, and his unlooked for change of fortune wrought as unexpected a change in the constitution of the now happy Septimius: in a few days he was perfectly recovered, and set out with his fair partner for Rome. Here, by an exertion of those talents which he was so eminently possessed of, Septimius in a few years arrived at the highest dignities of the state, and was constituted the city judge or praetor.

In the mean time Alcander not only felt the pain of being separated from his friend and mistress, but a prosecution was commenced against him by the relations of Hypathia, for having basely given up his bride, as was suggested for money. His innocence of the crime laid to his charge, and even his eloquence in his own defence, were not able to withstand the influence of a powerful party. He was cast, and condemned to pay an enormous fine. However, being unable to raise so large a sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated, he himself was stripped of the habit of freedom, exposed as a slave in the market-place, and sold to the highest bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaser, Alcander, with some other companions of distress, was carried into that region of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master, and his success in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply his precarious subsistence. Every morning awaked him to a renewal of famine or toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered. He embraced it with ardour; so that travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, to shorten a long story, he at last arrived in Rome. The same day on which Alcander arrived, Septimius sat administering justice in the forum, whither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known and publicly acknowledged by his former friend. Here he stood the whole day amongst the crowd watching the eyes of the judge and expecting to be taken notice of; but he was so much altered by a long succession of hardships, that he continued unnoticed among the rest: and, in the evening when he was going up to the praetor's chair, he was brutally repulsed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another; for night coming on, he now found himself under the necessity of seeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated, and in rags, as he was, none of the citizens would harbour so much wretchedness; and sleeping in the streets might be attended with interruption or danger: in short, he was obliged to take up his lodgings, in one of the tombs without the city, the usual retreat of guilt, poverty and despair. In this mansion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries for a while in sleep; & found on his flinty couch, more ease than beds of down can supply to the guilty.

As he continued here, about midnight two robbers came to make this their retreat; but happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in his blood at the entrance. In these circumstances he was found next morning dead at the mouth of the vault. This naturally inducing a farther enquiry, an alarm was spread; the cave was examined, and Alcander being found was immediately apprehended and accused of robbery and murder. The circumstances against him were strong, and the wretchedness of his appearance confirmed suspicion. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted, that he became at last regardless of life. He detested a world where he had found only ingratitude, falsehood and cruelty; he was determined to make no defence; and thus, lowering with resolution, he was dragged, bound with chords, before the tribunal of Septimius. As the proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his own vindication, the judge was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when the attention of the multitude was soon divided by another object. The robber, who had been really guilty, was apprehended selling his plunder, and, struck with a panic, had confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Alcander's innocence therefore appeared, but the sullen rashness of his conduct remained a wonder to the surrounding multitude; but their astonishment was still farther increased, when they saw their judge start from his tribunal to embrace the supposed criminal; Septimius recollected his friend and former benefactor, and hung upon his neck with tears of pity and of joy. Need the sequel be related? Alcander was acquitted; shared the friendship and honours of the principal citizens of Rome: lived afterwards in happiness and ease, and left it to be engraved on his tomb, That no circumstances are so desperate, which Providence may not relieve.

The MINERVA;

Or, LADY's AND GENTLEMAN's MAGAZINE.

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TERMS OF "THE MINERVA."

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FROM THE BEAUTIES OF HISTORY.

GENEROSITY.

SENTIMENTS.

One great reason why men practice generosity so little in the world, is their finding so little there; generosity is catching, and if so many men escape it, it is in a great degree from the same reason that count'. men escape the small-pox, because they meet with no one to give it them.

How seldom is generosity perfect and pure? How often do men give, because it throws a certain inferiority on those who receive, and a superiority on themselves?

We are generally obliging and serviceable to others, in proportion as they do not want the favour.

True generosity is a duty as indispensably necessary as those imposed upon us by law. It is a rule imposed upon us by reason, which should be the sovereign law of a rational being. But this generosity does not consist in obeying every impulse of humanity, in following blind passion for our guide, and in impairing our circumstances by present benefactions which may render us incapable of future ones, or doing justice where it is due.

EXAMPLES.

Sir George Brilliant is a man whose greatness of soul the whole world admire; his generosity is such that it prevents a demand, and saves the receiver the trouble and confusion of a request. His liberality also does not oblige more by its greatness than by his inimitable grace in giving. Sometimes he even distributes his bounties to strangers, and has been known to do good offices to those who professed themselves his enemies. All the world are unanimous in praise of his generosity: there is only one sort of people who complain of his conduct——his creditors. Sir George does not pay his debts. He is told that his baker asks a debt of fifty pounds, and that an acquaintance in distress solicits the same sum; he gives it without hesitation to to the latter.

The conduct of the war against the Falisci being committed to the care of Camillus the Roman dictator, he besieged Faleriі, their capital city, and surrounded it with lines; but at so great a distance from the walls, that there was sufficient room for the besieged to take the air without danger. The Falisci had brought from Greece the custom of committing all their children to the care of one man, who was to instruct them in all the branches of polite literature, to take them out a walking with him and see them persorm the exercise proper for their age. The children had used often to walk with their master without the walls of the city before the siege; and the fears of an enemy, who kept quiet and at such a distance, were not great enough to make them discontinue their exercise afterwards. But the present schoolmaster proved a traitor. He at first led the youth only along the wall; then he carried them a little farther; and at length when a favorable opportunity offered, he led them through the guards of the Roman camp, quite to the generals tent. As they were the children of the best families in the place, their treacherous leader, when he came into Camillus's presence addressed him thus: "With these children I deliver the place you besiege into your hands; they were committed to my care and tuition, but I prefer the friendship of Rome to my employment at Faleriі." Camillus, struck with horror at the treachery, and looking at him with a menacing air, "Traitor," says he, "you do not address yourself with your impious present either to a general or a people that resemble you: we have indeed no express and formal alliance with the Falisci; but that which nature hath established between all men, both does and shall subsist between us. War has its rights as well as peace; and we have to make it with no less justice than valour. We are in arms, not against an age which is spared even in cities taken by assault, but against men armed like ourselves; men who, without any previous injury from us, attacked the Roman camp at Veii. Thou, to the utmost of thy power, hast succeeded them by a new and different kind of crime: but for me, I shall conquer, as at Veii, by Roman arts, by valour, works, and perseverance."

The traitor was not dismissed with this reprimand only; Camillus caused him to be stripped, and to have his hands tied behind him; and arming the young scholars with rods, he ordered them to drive him back into the city, and to scourge him all the way, which they no doubt did with a good will.

At this sight the Falisci, who had been inconsolable for the loss of their children, raised cries of joy: they were charmed to such a degree, with so uncommon an example of justice and virtue, that in an instant they entirely changed their disposition in respect to the Romans, and resolved that moment to have a peace with such generous enemies. Accordingly they sent deputies first to the camp and afterwards to Rome; where, when they had audience of the senate, they addressed themselves to it in these terms: "Illustrious fathers, conquered by you and your general, in a manner that can give no offence to Gods or men, we are come to serrender ourselves to you; and we assure ourselves, than which nothing can be more glorious for victors, that we shall live happier under your government than under our own laws. The event of this war has brought forth two excellent examples for mankind. You, fathers, have preferred justice to immediate conquest; and we, excited by that justice which we so admire, voluntarily present you the victory."

FROM THE REPERTORY.

THE CARAVANSERY.

There is no one of the fine arts more commonly esteemed, or possesses more general empire, than poetry. In music and painting, we willingly acknowledge our ignorance, where it exists, and deem it no disgrace to be born with an indifferent ear, or to be unable to point out the defects and excellencies of a picture. But of poetry every man presumes to judge, and will give his opinion of an ode or tragedy, with as much confidence, as the first critic of the age.

But, notwithstanding the general presumption, there are, in reality, but few, qualified to judge accurately of this charming art. To estimate justly the production of the Muse, requires not only a fine natural taste, but an extensive acquaintance with elegant literature, both ancient and modern. Without these indispensible qualifications, we can form no correct opinion, and though we may cavil, we cannot criticise.

From this general inability to judge accurately, arises the admiration, unjustly conferred on modern poetry, to the comparative neglect of those unrivalled masters, to whom our language is chiefly indebted for its harmony and grace. Novelty seems to compensate for excellence, and the short-lived poems of the day are perused with avidity, and praised with extravagance, while the standard bards are allowed to moulder on the shelf. It is my intention, therefore, in this paper, to restore the great poets to their proper rank, and assign to the rest, that station, to which their respective talents entitle them.

To Milton and Shakespeare, all, I presume, are willing to yield the first seat in the temple of the Muses; the former distinguished by his sublimity and learning, and the latter by his universality of genius.

The claims of Dryden and Pope to the second, will hardly be disputed, though it may not be so clear, to which of these great poets, the palm of superiority is due. Dryden may have more genius, but Pope has more art. The subjects, on which Dryden exercised his talents, were generally of a temporary nature, and consequently excite little interest in posterity. Pope wrote to the business and bosoms of men, & will therefore be read with instruction and delight, while the English language lasts. Dryden is sinking into neglect, but Pope is rising still higher in the estimation of scholars, throughout the civilized world. The works of Dryden have never, I believe, appeared, but in their native tongue: the productions of Pope have been translated into every polished language in Europe. We respect Dryden for what he could have written; we are grateful to Pope, for what he has actually performed.

It has been fashionable of late years, to depreciate the genius of Pope, as deficient in originality. But no charge can be more unfounded. Long before he was of age, he wrote an epic poem, entirely the creature of his own imagination, and many other performances, which sufficiently prove, that he was not wanting in fertility. These, his mature judgment committed to the flames, so that he is indebted, for this charge of deficiency in original genius to his exquisite taste. What Pope loathed and rejected, would probably have been admired and extolled, by these sticklers for originality.

I have often thought, that if the great critics of antiquity, who were most distinguished by correct taste, could rise from their graves, and, by some miracle, be enabled to comprehend modern languages, they would give a decided preference to Pope, over all the authors of Europe. Though Milton, in some particulars, may excel all the ancients, yet, his quaintness and pedantry would exclude him from the first rank of classics, in the judgment of Horace and Quinctilian.

Thomson, Armstrong, Sommerville, Akenside, and Cowper, may be considered among the first poets in the second class. Of these, Thomson is the most pleasing, and Armstrong the most correct. Goldsmith, Mason, Gray and Collins, may possess equal, though different excellence. Gray is thought, by some, to have refined too much, and Mason is universally acknowledged to yield to no writer, ancient or modern, in purity of language.

These are the authors, that ought to form and guide the public taste in poetry, and to whom our language is under

th greatest obligations. Many modern versifiers may have merit, but it is of an inferior stamp, and entitled to little praise, beyond that of industry. Cowper is the last of the English poets, and since him, I know not an individual bard, who will probably reach posterity. The public, in general, are fond of novelty, and incompetent to judge. Hence, every new poem is extolled, in terms of extravagant encomium, by the ignorance of its admirers, and by the partiality of the authors friends. We all remember the admiration, which Dela Crusca and his followers excited, both in England and America; nor did the deluding cease, until the pen of Gifford, like the spear of Ithuriel, dissolved the charm, with its magic touch, & the weed the loathsome deformities, concealed under the dazzling covering of brilliant phraseology. An intimate acquaintance with the good poets will enable us to detect the faults of the bad; and let it be remembered, that this is no trifling accomplishment, if it be true, that a good taste in literature generally leads to a correct taste in polemics, morals, and religion.

THE REPOSITORY.

NUMBER I.

The following encomium on Women is extracted from a Boston paper; which being written by a man who has had an opportunity to appreciate their merit, will therefore be more grateful to female readers.

Whether the female mind is capable of those eagle flights into the regions of philosophy and science, which a Bacon and a Newton took, is a question scarcely worth the trouble of debating. A thousand instances have already been adduced by various writers, to disprove the mental inferiority of females, and it is universally acknowledged, that their minds are capable of infinitely higher cultivation than it has usually been their lot to receive.

The affections of the female are far stronger and more lively than those of our sex. The thousand instances of their heroic conduct during the French revolution, have swelled this page forever. No personal fatigue could overcome them, no personal danger could for one instant deter them from seeking in the foulest dungeons, the father or the child, the husband or the lover. Months after months have they been known to secrete from revolutionary vengeance, some object of their affection, when the discovery of the concealment would have been inevitable and immediate death. Were a friend arrested, their ingenuity never relaxed a moment in contrivances for his escape; were he naked, they cloathed him: were he hungry, they fed him; were he sick, they visited him; and, when all efforts were unavailing for his deliverance, often did they infuse into his sinking soul, their own courage to meet death with fortitude, and even with cheerfulness.

In infancy they nourish us, in old age they cherish & console us, and, on the bed of sickness, the exquisite delicacy of their attentions, the watchings they will undergo without a murmur, the fretting querulousness they will bear with complacency, the offensive the nauseous offices which they are at all times ready to perform, demand from us more than every return of attachment, kindness and gratitude which it is in our power to confer. These qualities are not the offspring of civilization; they are characteristic of the sex, and proudly distinguish it in every quarter of the globe. This is that excelling beauty which nature gives to woman, in ample recompence for inferior destination; this is that beauty which indeed turns the edge of the sword, and makes the spear fall pointless. Every traveller through inhospitable wilds, and pathless deserts, confirms the grateful testimony of Ledyard, to the compassion, and sympathy, and tenderness of woman, and authorises us to estimate the degree of civilization in any country, by the degree of respect and kindness which the female sex receive.

ON THE METHOD OF READING FOR FEMALE IMPROVEMENT.

I were to be wished that the female part of the human creation, to whom nature has poured out so many charms with so lavish a hand, would pay some regard to the cultivating their minds and improving their understanding. It is easily accomplished. Would they bestow a fourth part of the time they throw away on the trifles & gew-gaws of dress, in reading proper books, it would perfectly answer their purpose. Not that I am against the ladies adorning their persons; let them be set off with all the ornaments that art and nature conspire to produce for their embellishment, but let it be with reason and good sense, not caprice and humour: for there is good sense in dress as in all things else. Strange doctrine to some! for I am sure, Madam, you know there is—you practice it.

The first rule to be laid down to any one who reads to improve, is never to read but with attention. As the abstruse parts of learning are not necessary to the accomplishment of one of your sex, a small degree of it will suffice. I would throw the subjects of which the ladies ought not to be wholly ignorant, under the following heads:

HISTORY, MORALITY, & POETRY.

The first employs the memory, the second the judgment and the third imagination.

Whenever you undertake to read History, make a small abstract of the memorable events, and set down in what year they happened. If you entertain yourself with the life of a famous person, do the same by his most remarkable actions, with the addition of the year and the place he was born at and died. You will find the greatest helps to the memory, as they will lead you to remember what you do not write down, by a sort of chain that links the whole history together.

Books on morality deserve an exact reading. There are none in our language more useful and entertaining than the Spectators, Tatlers and Guardians. They are the standards of the English tongue, & such as should be read over and over again: for as we imperceptibly slide into the manners and habits of those persons with whom we most frequently converse, so reading being as it were, a silent conversation, we insensibly write and talk in the stile of the authors we have the most often read and who have left the deepest impressions on our mind. Now, in order to retain what you read, on the various subjects which fall under the head of Morality, I would advise you to mark with a pencil whatever you find worth remembering. If a passage should strike you, mark it down in the margin; if an expression, draw a line under it; if a whole paper in the fore-mentioned books, or any others which are written in the same loose and unconnected manner, make an asterisk over the first line. By these means you will select the most valuable, and they will sink deeper in your memory than the rest, on repeated reading, by being distinguished from them.

The last article is poetry: the way of distinguishing good poetry from bad, is to turn it out of verse into prose and see whether the thought is natural, and the words adapted to it; or whether they are too big and sounding, or too low or mean for the sense they would convey: this rule will prevent you from being imposed on by bombast and fustian, with which many passes for sublime; for smooth verses which run off the ear, with an easy cadence and harmonious turn, very often imposes unsense on the world, and are like your fine dressed beaux, who pass for fine men. Divest both from their outward ornaments, and people are surprised they would have been so easily deluded.

I have now given a few rules, and those such only as are really necessary. I could have added more, but these will be sufficient to enable you to read without burdening your memory, and yet with another view besides, that of barely killing time, as so many are accustomed to do.

HOW TO PLEASE IN CONVERSATION.

[From the Rambler.]

None of the desires dictated by vanity is more general or less blameable, than that of being distinguished for the arts of conversation. Other accomplishments may be possessed without opportunity of exerting them, or wanted without danger that the defect can often be remarked; but as no man can live otherwise than in an hermitage without hourly pleasure or vexation, from the fondness or neglect of those about him, the faculty of giving pleasure is of continual use. Few are more frequently envied than those who have the power of forcing attention wherever they come, whose entrance is considered as a promise of felicity, and whose departure is lamented, like the recess of the sun from northern climates, as a privation of all that enlivens fancy or inspires gaiety.

It is apparent that to excellence in this valuable art, some peculiar qualifications are necessary; for every man's experience will inform him, that the pleasure which men are able to give in conversation, holds no stated proportion to their knowledge or their virtue. Many find their way to the tables and the parties of those who never consider them as of the least importance in any other place; we have all, at one time or other, been content to love those whom we could not esteem, and been persuaded to try the dangerous experiment of admitting him for a companion whom we know to be too ignorant for a counsellor, and too treacherous for a friend.

He that would please must rarely aim at such excellence as depresses his hearers in their own opinion, or debases them from the hope of contributing reciprocally to the entertainment of the company. Merriment extorted by sallies of imagination, sprightliness of remark, or quickness of reply, is too often what the Latins call, the Sardinian laughter, a distortion of face without gladness of heart.

For this reason, no stile of conversation is more extensively acceptable than the narrative. He who has stored his memory with slight anecdotes, private incidents, and personal peculiarities, seldom fails to find his audience favorable. Almost every man listens with eagerness to extemporary history: for almost every man has some real or imaginary connection with a celebrated character, some desire to advance or oppose a rising name. Vanity often co-operates with curiosity. He that is a hearer in one place qualifies himself to become a speaker in another; for he cannot comprehend a series of argument, or transport the volatile spirit of wit without evaporation, yet he thinks himself able to treasure up the various incidents of a story, and pleases his hopes with the information which he shall give to some inferior society.

Narratives are for the most part heard without envy, because they are not supposed to imply any intellectual qualities above the common rate. To be acquainted with facts not yet echoed by plebeian mouths, may happen to one man as well as to another, and to relate them when they are known, has a appearance so very little difficulty, that every one concludes himself equal to the task.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

ANOTHER BRITISH SPY IN BOSTON.

It will not, my dear S———, seem surprising that my first communication turned on so interesting a topic as the practice of the law. Here, as at home, to be eminent in this profession, is to be eminent in the nation, and those who can best persuade juries, and convince the mind of a court, have invariably the most influence at elections, and the greatest weight in the council.

Eminence in the profession of law, being, at this age of the world, so important an object, it is natural to inquire who are they, who have attained this proud honour.

The three great lawyers of this metropolis, are Parsons, Dexter, and Otis. Of their comparative merit, as my fellow traveller and myself differ in opinion, we shall probably, express different results. Whatever he may have written, I shall give you, with candor, the judgment I have formed with freedom, yet, I hope, without rashness.

Theophilus Parsons unites all the bloom of wit with the aridity of abstract argument. The mighty magician of law, he turns every thing to his purpose, by merely waving his wand. Of immense legal information, his memory affords a fund on which the courts here constantly draw, and whence, without diminishing the original stock, they receive constant supply. He is a mathematician, philosopher, and divine. Yet, uncouth in pronunciation, he has no claims to the elegant attractions of the orator. He is, in one phrase, the Doctor Johnson of the bar.

Samuel Dexter is a man, who must always enjoy fame, when fame can be enjoyed with honour, and he is proud enough to despise it, when it cannot. As a barrister, he is certainly beyond all I have met on this side the Atlantic. Americans, who have heard both, consider him superior to Erskine; and would, for the honour of our country, Englishmen could dissent. Unlike, however, that present boast of our Westminster-hall, the glory of Dexter is not confined to the stage of professional action. Powerful in the senate, as at the bar, he could overawe faction with the same ease that he can silence opposition. He has proved himself as adequate to the solemn charge of legislation, as to the comparatively humble ministerial duties of his professional office. Some of the most accurate and important facts of the general government, were, I am told, first framed by him. The representation of this commonwealth, were never more respectable, than when he was in Congress. Then Massachusetts could rear her head among the states, and *dared speak aloud*. Now her's still voice is scarcely audible 'mid the rude uproar. He soon after filled so many of the first executive offices, in the Federal administration, in such rapid succession, and with such versatility of talent, that he seems justly entitled to the title of the American Pitt. Yet, with all this agency in the affairs of government, with all the time he must have spent in political occupation, he is considered, by some, second to none as a lawyer. It is unnecessary to compare him with Mr. Parsons. They are equally eminent in distinct spheres. Without more talent for the bar, if we except his wit, the latter gentleman has all the nice discrimination of our late countryman, Fearne; and in the capacity of *chamber counsel*, would have been, perhaps, superior even to him. Comprehension, rather than discrimination, is the characteristic that marks the mind of Mr. Dexter; the forum, rather than the closet, is his appropriate element. Parsons has all the adroitness of a special pleader, and is apt to consume points. Dexter, on the contrary, overlooks every thing, but the merits of his case, and deems a moment's delay mere form, an unwarrantable sacrifice. The one has the eye of the hawk, the other of the eagle: the one a peculiar pointness of feature, the other an original boldness. The former an acute disputant, the latter an imposing orator. Parsons has more learning and less taste, his rival more invention and eloquence. Parsons reads more than Dexter; Dexter thinks more than Parsons.

This opinion is not the result of my own unassisted observance. The ———, my dear S.—— to whom you introduced me in this place, have influenced me by the opinion they were frank enough to communicate; an opinion formed on more time and observation than I could have given this subject, allotting to others their proper proportion.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We are always ready to promote the interest of the respectable booksellers in this country, and we are particularly pleased to have frequent opportunities of rendering a service to Mr. James Humphreys of this city, because he is an enterprising, worthy, and industrious man, who retails neither trash nor poison, but provides wholesome food for the mind, and whether his literary guest be adult or juvenile, has always a good dish for each.

Popular Tales by Maria Edgworth, a new work, intended principally for the instruction of young persons, has just been reprinted here by Mr. Humphreys. The writer of this article has perused these stories with much attention and interest. They possess uncommon merit. They are not *Nursery* Tales, nor *Fairy* Tales, nor Tales of *Terror*. They are not licentious, like Marmontel's, nor extravagant like those of Madame de Genlis. But in a style pure and simple, convey useful truths to the understanding of every reader. He, who even in an hour of the most yawning lassitude, begins one of these moral and entertaining narratives, will scarcely close the volume, until it be finished. Such is the fascinating power of Genius, and so secure of the general suffrage is every literary performance, which combines, according to the precept of the Ancient, the pleasant and the profitable.

LONDON FASHIONS—for October.

Promenade dresses.—A round dress of white muslin, with long sleeves. Barcelona handkerchief crossed over the bosom and tied behind. A scarf cloak of worked muslin. A straw hat, turned up in front, and ornamented with a blue feather. A dress of cambrick muslin; the sleeves short and drawn up on the top of the arm to form an epaulet. A black lace spencer-cloak trimmed all round. A large straw hat, tied under the chin, with a pink handkerchief.

Hair Dresses.—A large straw bonnnet, turned up before and behind, and tied under the chin with pink ribbands. A close morning bonnet of blue silk. A straw hat turned up in front. The most fashionable hair head dresses. An Obi hat, of straw or chip. A morning bonnet of fine straw, turned up in front, and tied under the chin with a pink silk handkerchief. A cap of white muslin, with a full lace border; the top of the crown made open, to admit the hair, and trimmed round with lace: a wreath of oak leaves around the front. A cap of white crape trimmed with lilac.

General Observations.—The prevailing colours are blue, pink, purple and yellow. Dresses continue to be made very low over the back and bosom, and very short-waisted. The sleeves are generally trimmed with lace, and fastened on the top of the arm with a broach. Lace is much used in every part of the dress.

ENGLISH AGILITY.

In the great Dutch war in the reign of Charles the II. the English fleet and that of Holland, fought in the channel for three days successively, engaging in the day and lying to at night. But just as they were preparing to renew the action, advice came off that an armistice was concluded upon, and the hostile parties began to exercise mutual civilities. On board a Dutch man of war, which lay along side an English first rate, was a sailor so remarkably active, as to run to the mast head and stand upright upon the truck, after which he would cut several capers, and conclude by standing upon his head, to the astonishment and terror of the spectators. On coming down from this exploit, all his countrymen expressed their joy, by huzzaing, and thereby signifying their triumph over the English. One of their bold tars piqued for the honor of his country, ran up to the top like a cat, and essayed with all his might to throw up his heels like the Dutchman, and not having the skill, he missed his poise, and came down rather faster than he went up. The rigging, however, broke his fall, and he lighted on his feet unhurt. As soon as he recovered his speech, he ran to the side, and exultingly cried out to the Dutchman, "*There a—n your eye, do that if you can.*"

SINGULAR FACT.

When the present King of Great Britain was crowned, the Lord Chancellor was in the act of placing the crown on his head, one of the most costly jewels in the chief cross, being accidentally loosened, fell to the floor. The accident did not escape observation: and those who see signs and omens in almost every thing, predicted that some rich appendage to the crown would fall off during his Majesty's reign.

"*The sage Astrologers, if they please, may tell—*
"*The jewel was America that fell.*"

FOR THE MINERVA.

The melancholy history of a MANIAC.

[Concluded.]

My companion continued his narrative after dinner, in the following words. "I have already informed you that Mr. Ingram had deferred his marriage until he came of age, because he might then lawfully demand from his uncle his patrimonial fortune. Poor youth! little did he think what insuperable difficulties might oppose his union with Louisa;—little did he expect that dreadful blow, hurled against him by villainy & avarice, which has robbed him not only of his fortune and his Louisa, but of the dearest, the most sacred gift of nature, a rational understanding. Guess the amazement of the unsuspecting youth, when on application to his uncle, for the surrender of his property, the cruel and ungrateful guardian replied: "Sir, you have no property; to my generosity you have been indebted even for the means of your subsistence. "my brother previous to his decease, had willed me his "whole estate, if you have any expectations from me, "you must wait with patience; and should you conduct "yourself prudently, perhaps I may remember you in my "will." Such were said to be the words of the *upright* guardian, to the son of his benefactor and brother! He then produced a forged will, which transferred every cent of his brother's fortune from his Nephew to himself. The feelings of the ardent youth at this infamous transaction may be imagined, but cannot be described; he raved, he threatened; but in vain: His unworthy guardian was no novice in the perpetration of villainy; his unlucky nephew was not the first orphan whom his injustice, aided by his legal knowledge, had fleeced of his patrimony. When poor Ingram found that there was no probability of obtaining any part of his father's estate, he comforted himself with the reflection, that he might yet be happy; a distant relation had left him a small legacy; this, together with his own industry, he hoped might furnish to himself and his Louisa, the conveniences, though not the luxuries of life. "Give me "health and my Louisa (cried the generous youth) and I "ask no more of these fortune!" With these intentions he hastened to Mr Hervey, the parent of his Louisa, and begged him not to delay his happiness by protracting the union with his daughter. "Sir,"—replied the old miser, with signs of astonishment:—Ingram repeated his solicitation. "No Sir, No!" answered Hervey; "What! Sir: would you have me marry my daughter and only child to a mere beggar? My daughter's marriage portion is £. 5,000, and how can you expect me to marry her to you, who are not worth as many shillings?" It is impossible to imagine what passion at this moment, preponderated in the breast of this generous youth. The love which he professed for Louisa Hervey was not of that cast which is now very common amongst the young people of this country—the adoration of wealth. The sarcasms of old Hervey had wounded his jealous pride; he could not bear the idea that he should be thought capable of marrying for the sole purpose of replacing himself in affluent circumstances. When the remembrance of his Uncle's perfidy arrested his attention, the train of consequences which it had produced followed in quick succession: at one moment he was irascible, at another melancholy; fits of raving were succeeded by doleful lamentations, and when the violence of his passions had exhausted his personal strength, he would sink into a lethargic stupor. Every one concluded that his health was declining, and some believed that his intellectual faculties were already irreparably injured.

Such was the condition of Ingram, when the tidings of his unpropitious fate were related to the lovely Louisa by her relentless father; the distress of any fellow creature, however poor or ignorant, would have commanded the sympathising condolence of the gentle Louisa; how great then must have been her anguish, when she learnt the miserable condition of her unhappy lover? When she was informed of his declining health and unsettled mind, the danger of her beloved, was her first & principal concern; every other consideration was buried in oblivion. The constant anxiety which she experienced on this account, made dreadful ravages on her delicate constitution:—she who was once the lovely, the beautiful and admired Miss Hervey, was now transformed to the melancholy & sickly invalid. In vain did her father employ the aid of the most celebrated medical men; in vain did he carry her to the most approved watering places;—neither the aid of medicine nor the use of the most salubrious waters, could afford a remedy for her increasing disorder.—In a few months after her return home, she took her flight to the world of spirits, calling on the name of Ingram in her last moments! Such was the end of the accomplished and beautiful LOUISA HERVEY.

On the day appointed for the burial, a large concourse of relatives and friends joined in the procession; amongst them was seen the innocent cause of her premature death. Ingram's appearance attracted the notice & excited the pity of every spectator: his countenance was tolerably composed; the steady solemnity of his behaviour, shewed the workings of his soul, and distinguished him as the first mourner in the awful scene. When the pall-bearers were about to commit the deceased to the grave, Ingram stepping forward, requested that one favor only might be granted him: a solemn silence gave assent:—Taking from his arm his mourning scarf, he tied it carefully round the middle of the coffin:—he nodded to the pall-bearers—they let down the corpse:—When the first spade of clay rattled on the coffin, unable any longer to support his feelings, he exclaimed in anagony, "*Farewell my* LOUISA! *My love adieu!*" and turning from the crowd, he gushed into tears! Few people on that occasion were so completely steeled against sensibility, as to repel the glistening tear which instantly started from every eye!

After the conclusion of this sad event, the conduct and appearance of Ingram assumed a different complexion. He was no longer rational in any respect:—He quitted the habitations and the society of men, and associated only with the beasts of the field;—he once had a dog who was his favorite in prosperity and his constant friend in adversity; but the poor animal died some time past.—It has been near nine months that the unfortunate youth has remained in this deplorable situation. When he is oppressed by hunger, he will sometimes call at the neighbours' houses, who never fail to give him food: and they frequently place it in his walks, lest his hatred to society should induce him to starve himself rather than crave the assistance of those men, by whom he had been so inhumanly treated."——Such was the history of INGRAM, the Maniac. May it teach a lesson to the parent and to the child: May the former recollect that the possession of riches alone can never ensure the happiness of their children; and that some of our passions being more fervent and less subject to controul in youth than in maturer age, are consequently more excusable.—The unfortunate girl who has placed her affections contrary to the wish of her parents, may be warned by this melancholy tale, not to cherish the idea of a hopeless passion, when opposed by parental authority, or other insuperable difficulties.

MENTOR.

ERRATA.

In the lines addressed to Miss W. on Newyears'-day,

In the 6th line, for *Wrath*, read Wretch.

36th for *No traveller has ever been known to return*, read, No traveller has ever known return.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPEAN.

The following articles are extracted from London papers, to the 2d November.

Letters from Holland mention, that the leading persons in that country were divided into several strong parties, each contending for the ascendancy in the new government, and each endeavouring to support itself by the French interest. It is said, that the plan of the new constitution has been already settled by the council of state, and that it bears a strong affinity to that which subsisted before the revolution, which terminated in the expulsion of the House of Orange.

The King of Prussia is said to be busily engaged in meditating between France and Russia.

The French and Batavian troops, on the coast of Flanders, are said to suffer much from the effects of an epidemic disease.

The King of Sweden, on the 15th inst. received a letter from the Emperor Alexander, conveying, in terms of the warmest attachment, assurances of the most efficient succour, in the event of his being attacked by France.

DOMESTIC.

An extract of a letter from a Member of Congress, to a gentleman in this city, dated January 6, says, By letters received this day by the Secretary of the Navy, from Commodore Barron, it would appear that this fire ship [which was mentioned in the dispatches of Consul O'Brien] did not explode by accident, as was stated; by information since received from the town of Tripoli, it appears, that the fire ship had proceeded nearly to her position, when she was beset by two of the enemy's gallies, sent to intercept her, that she permitted them to approach, or perhaps saw them too late to effect a retreat; and did, themselves, put the match to, that blew themselves up: the consequence of which was, the entire destruction of the two gallies or gun boats, containing one hundred men—about one hundred shells thrown into the town, and so much damage and alarm occasioned, that the castle might have been taken and the town sacked by the landing of 200 men—

SELECTED POETRY.

THE NEW YEAR,

AN ODE.

Time, always on the swift career,
Hath flung behind another year,
And usher'd in the new ;
What's pass't no more—and what's to come
Lies in Eternity's dark womb,
'Tis doubtful who may view !

Back on past time we look—replete
With pain with pleasure, or regret,
As we the same have spent ;
Then forward gaze, with longing soul,
While hope aims at some fav'rite goal,
Where all our thoughts are bent !

Fondly the man of pleasure dreams,
(Who glides down dissipation's streams)
To reap more pleasing joy ;
On disappointment's waves long cast,
Tir'd with old courses—owns at last,
That sensual pleasures cloy.

The wretch who doats on treasur'd ore,
Bids ev'ry year increase his store !
Th' ambitious man will say :
This year will make each wish complete,
My foes, like vassals at my feet,
Shall bend and own my sway.

Thus we divide, twixt hope and fear,
Alternately, the coming year,
Comparison our guide ;
And eager pry in fate's dark womb,
To anticipate our future doom,
And learn what Heav'n denied.

Why does this passion strongly move ?
Whence of futurity this love !
Whence springs the powerful thought ?
Some unexpected chance, our dreams
Of temp'ral bliss, and high built schemes,
May ev'n turn to nought.

May ev'ry New Year me survey,
Wiser, and better than to day,
And still to have a friend ;
Till Heav'ns mandate calls me hence,
Where change no more can give offence,
Nor years can ever end !

FROM MRS. ROBINSON'S POEMS.

BEAUTY, the attribute of Heaven !
In various forms to mortals given,
With magic skill enslaves mankind,
As sportive fancy sways the mind.
Search the wide world, go where you will,
Variety pursues you still ;
Capricious nature knows no bound,
Her unexhausted gifts are found
In every clime, in every face,
Each has its own peculiar grace.

To Gallia's frolic scenes repair,
There reign the tiny debonaire ;
The mincing step—the slender waist,
The lip with bright vermillion graced :
The short pert nose—the pearly teeth,
With the small dimbled chin beneath ;
The social converse, gay and free,
The smart bon-mot and repartee.

Italia boast the melting fair,
The pointed step—the haughty air,
Th' impassion'd tone, the languid eye,
The song of thrilling harmony :
Insidious love conceal'd in smiles
That charms, and as it charms, beguiles.

View Grecian maids, whose finish'd forms
The wand'ring sculptor's fancy warms !
There let thy ravish'd eye behold
The softest gems of nature's mould ;
Each charm that Reynolds learnt to trace,
From Sheridan's bewitching face.

Imperious Turkey's pride is seen
In beauty's rich luxuriant mein :
The dark and sparkling orbs that glow,
Beneath the front of polish'd snow,
The auburn curl that Zephyr blows
About the cheek of brightest rose :
The short-en'd gone, the swelling breast,
With costly gems profusely dress'd :
Reclin'd in softly waving bow'rs,
On painted beds of fragrant flow'rs,
Where od'rous cannopies dispense
Arabia's spices to the sense ;
Where listless indolence and ease
Proclaim the sovereign wish to please.

'Tis thus capricious fancy shows
How far her frolic empire goes !
On Asia's sands, or Alpine snow,
We trace her steps where'er we go ;
The British maid with timid grace ;
The tawny Indian's varnished face ;
The jetty African ; the fair
Nursed by Europia's softer air,
With various charms delight the mind,
For Fancy, governs all mankind.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

Sweet as the rose, that scents the gale,
Bright as the lily of the vale,
Yet, with a heart, like summer hail,
Marring each beauty thou bearest,

Beauty, like thine, all nature thrills,
And when the moon her circle fills,
Pale she beholds those rounder hills,
Which on thy breast thou wearest.

Where should those peerless flowrets blow ?
Whence are the thorns that near them grow ?
Wound me, but smile, O lovely foe,
Smile on the heart thou tearest.

Sighing, I view that cypress waist,
Doom'd to afflict me, till embraced ;
Sighing, I view that eye, too chaste,
Like the new blossom, smiling.

Spreading thy tells, with hands divine,
Softly thou wavest like a pine,
Darting thy shafts at hearts like mine,
Senses and soul beguiling.

See at thy feet no vulgar slave,
Frantic with loves enchanting wave,
Thee, ere he seeks the gloomy grave,
Thee, his blest idol styling.

SONNET.——TO MELISSA

Her dark-brown tresses negligently flow
Her curls luxuriant to her bending waist ;
Her darker brown in perfect order placed,
Guard her bright eyes that mildly beam below.

The Roman elegance her nose displays,
Her cheeks soft blushing, emulate the rose,
Her witchin g smile, the orient pearls disolose,
And o'er her lips she due of Hybla strays.

Her lib'ral mind, the gentler virtues own,
Her chastened wit instrostive lore impart :
Her lovely breast is soft compassion's throne,
And Honors temple is her glowing heart.

But I like Patriarch Moses, praise and bless,
The Canaan which I never, shall possess ?

On the Death of Mr. REMNANT----Undertaker.

Is Remnant gone ? Each tearful eye
Confirms the mournful tale ;
He who oft heard the heart-felt sigh,
Now bids our griefs prevail.

But cease ye mourning friends to weep,
Be on his stone engraved----
God has ordained, of those who sleep
A Remnant shall be saved.

HENRY AND LOUISA;

AN AFFECTING TALE.

A mutual and unvaried attachment had subsisted between Henry and Louisa from their infancy, and, "growing with their growth," the time had now arrived in which they anticipated the unbounded fruition of their juvenile hopes. Louisa already looked upon Henry as the plighted husband of her soul, and poured into his bosom, her unrestrained confidence ; while he, with feelings equally elated, made her the supreme mistress of his thoughts ! Thus did the rapturous scene glow in their vivid imaginations, and tantalize expectation, when the sordid parents of Louisa, taking her to their closet, thus addressed her :

"Dear Louisa, your happiness and future comfort being the only hope and object of our lives, we have with pleasure beheld, and cherished with parental indulgence, the virtuous passion you have long felt for Henry Williams. In three days more our period of duty and authority will expire ; and before this we earnestly wish, by one dictate of prudence, well to conclude the work ever nighest our hearts." The astonished Louisa, unable to discern the tendency of this ambiguous exordium, remained pensively silent ; and her father continued :—"You know the disparity of young Williams' fortune, and the thoughtlessness of men of his profession and years. Let us then beseech you as you regard your future welfare and our solemn request, the last perhaps we shall ever enjoin, previous to your marriage, to call for an attorney and confirm on your children the fortune left you by your uncle : what we are able to bestow will equal, if not exceed the fortune of your husband." Louisa was all comprehension, and looking with an eye of affection first at her attentive mother, and then her father, she exclaimed, "Is it possible, father, that he to whose honor and fidelity I am to commit my person and precious happiness is deemed unworthy to be trusted with a trifling sum of paltry gold !"—and turning with a sigh, acceded to the proposition of her parents, as the only means of reconciling them to participate in their approaching bliss. An attorney was obtained, and her fortune of five thousand pounds secured to the offspring of her legal marriage, & forever wrested from the touch of her husband.

Their exulting parents beheld the approach of their children's happiness with accumulated transport ! The enamoured Henry forsook the world ; and devoted his time to the retired society of his amiable Louisa : Louisa disclosed the ungenerous deed she had been made to perform. Its suspicious aspect, and concealed process, enraged the pride of his soul ! He flew to his father, related the insidious act, and with aggravated phrenzy, cursed the foul and penurious machination ! His father naturally of an independent spirit, heard his son with mortified ambition, and in flames of vindictive manliness, hastened to the presence of the parents of Louisa. They received him with cordiality ; but their demeanor was soon changed into coldness and reproach, by his unbridled vehemence : and after a clamorous altercation, in which Louisa mingled her tears, he left them with a solemn denunciation of the match, and an imprecation on their iniquitous penury. All intercourse between the parties was interdicted ; the house, furniture, &c. purchased by Mr Williams, re-sold, and the intended solemnization annihilated.

—Here, gentle reader, pause and enquire of your soul, if this horrid tale could thus conclude ? Say, is it possible to your conception, that the divine and unadulterated fervor of this young pair, could, by this interposition of avarice, be resolved into apathy and indifference ! Could that celestial passion, whose weakest votary has survived the shocks of fate, become extinct by a mere artifice and parental covetousness ? No, it is inconsistent with nature, and nature's God.

Louisa's anguish at this disastrous event, is not to be described ! After uttering her grief in an agony of fears and lamentation, she drooped into a settled melancholy. Immured in her chamber, and refusing the comfort of the world, her lonely reflections aggravated the delicate influence of her misfortune ; she gradually declined, and in a few months, her relentless parents beheld the awful advances of their child's dissolution ; which she viewed with a placid benignity of soul. "Death, like a friend," indeed, seemed to succour her affliction : and by a gradual and mild operation, terminated the bitter pangs of her heart. Yet even at the solemn period of her decline, her mind dwelt on the consonancy and love of Henry with delightful extacy : and in departing from her sorrowing friends, forever closed her quivering lips in pronouncing his beloved name ! Her fate reached the ears of her frantic Henry, who, until this time, had been kept ignorant even of her indisposition ! He flew to the house—but at first was denied this last sad pleasure of beholding his lifeless Louisa ! He was, however, admitted, for a few minutes, on cruel conditions. Leaning on the arm of his younger brother as he crossed the aisle which conducted to the solemn apartment, his weakened senses started at the melancholy idea, and for a time an universal agony rendered him unconscious of his own situation. He entered the darkened room, and approaching the coffin, beheld his lately blooming love beautiful even in the arms of death ! "Oh !" he exclaimed ; but his surcharged, troubled & anguished heart gushing from his eyes, obstructed the farther utterance of his grief. He gazed on the cold eloquence of her face ; touched with his hand her palsied cheek, and with a kiss whose ardor seemed to breath his soul to the object, was dragged from the tragic spectacle !

He attended the funeral rites ; and since has been continually absorbed in silent sorrow ! His soul at times seems abstracted from his body, and in relapsing from his reveries, he often fervently exclaims, "I have seen my Louisa ! She is with her kindred spirits in bliss ; and I shall soon be happy !" While he thus paces in pursuit of the same grave which incloses his hopes of life and felicity, his loving parents, oppressed with age and affliction, are hourly progressing towards their end. Sorrow has raised her banner in the family ; while the parents of Louisa, in performing the pageantry of mourning, forget the cause and object of their grief.

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FOR THE REPERTORY.

THE CARAVANSERY.

Nothing is more disgusting than pedantry, though the term, we think, is generally understood in too limited a sense. By pedantry, we commonly mean the ostentations and unseasonable display of learning. And in its sense may with propriety be extended, and the pedant may possibly be defined, one who talks on subjects in which, to a large part of the company, are neither interesting nor intelligible.

If this definition be allowed, we shall find few of our acquaintance free from pedantry; as there are scarce any so considerate and well-bred, as to avoid subjects, in which many of the company can take no share. The Lawyer will often talk of courts and actions, the merchant of ships and foreign markets, the physician, of diseases and of patients, and the clergyman, of the clerical system, and of the encreasing infidelity of the age. Even the belle, who has admirers in every spectator, will occasionally describe the latest fashions, in the technical language of the milliner and mantuamaker.

Now subjects of this nature, when introduced, as they frequently are, into mixed companies, are not less pedantic, and certainly more frivolous than Latin and Greek quotations: for what amusement or edification can many of the company receive from the discussion of pleas and demurers, the price of fish and molasses, the nature of mercury and phlebotomy, the danger of heresy and atheism, or the superiority of short waists and square toes?

Dick Dashall will sometimes engross the attention of a large company, for a full hour, in describing the various excellencies of his favorite horse, Nonpareil. He will run with wonderful facility, through his whole genealoy, descant on the peculiar virtues of his sire and dam, and trace back their progenitors to the sixteenth century. No horse is comparable to Dick's either for speed or bottom, for when saddled he will prove victorious in every race, and in a gig will out-trot every competitor. Dick is a great adept in the learned science of farriery, and will discourse occasionally on the various diseases of horses, and of the accidents, to which mares are subject, when in a state of pregnancy, to the great edification of the ladies. Some think, that Dick draws a long bow, a circumstance by no means uncommon among great talkers and little thinkers; but Dick swears to the truth of his assertions, and stops the mouth of incredulity, by offering to bet Nonpareil against a hundred dollars.

Tom Apish is a pedant of another kind, who having passed some time in France, affects to have forgotten his native language, and is perpetually interlarding his conversation with French phrases. Tom affects to dispise every thing in his own country, tho' I am well assured that, when abroad, he saw no better company than what he met with at a Restorator. A gentleman of unimpeachable veracity related to me the following story of this egregious coxcomb, which, from less authority, I should scarcely have believed. 'What do you call those,' cries Tom, pointing to some custards on the table? 'Why 'surely,' replies the gentleman of the house, 'you cannot 'be ignorant of custards, of which you were formerly so 'fond.' 'O, I now recollect them,' rejoins Tom, 'we 'call them in France COUTARNS;' a word, I believe, which does not exist in the French language.

This contemptible affectation of aping foreign manners is deserving of the most poignant ridicule, and French manners are, of all others, the least becoming in the native of another country. The French have little in common with other nations, and whether the tyger plays his tragedy, or the monkey his farce, the part is peculiarly adopted to Frenchmen. Every imitation must be awkward in a foreigner, and of all foreigners, an American, the most. We have neither the wit, nor the vivacity of that nation, and though we may far excel them in moral habits and substantial virtues, our imitation of their trifling graces is unbecoming and ridiculous.

Of all pedantry, literary pedantry is, perhaps, the most pardonable, since it generally proceeds from a love of learning, which, in all civilized countries, has ever been encouraged and respected. But a critic would be ridiculously pedantic, who should censure a writer for using expressions employed by standard authors, though not strictly comformable to grammatical propriety. A gentleman will use the phraseology of the best company, and will say, 'after we had *sat* down,' not after we had *sitten* down, though the latter may be more grammatically correct.

I shall close this paper with a piece of *pedantry*, on certain adverbial particles, which may serve to mark distinctions, which are not generally attended to. I am going *thither*, *where* I shall stay some weeks, and remain *there* till such a day. Afterwards I shall depart *thence* when my friends shall have come *hither* and remained with me *here* for some weeks, *where* I hope to afford him some agreeable entertainment, and *whence* he will depart at the appointed time. He intends going to Boston, *whither* I shall follow him, and depart *thence* in his company.

If it is disgraceful in a writer to be ignorant of these distinctions, it is, perhaps, absurdly pedantic too solicitously to mark them, unless in serious and dignified composition.

A.

Biographical department.

CHARACTER OF CAROLINE,

Princess of Orange,—Daughter of GEORGE *the* II. *of England.*

HER heart was firm and magnanimous, her principles were sure and invariable, her opinions constant, founded upon the laws of God, and probity and justice: and nothing could alter or change them. She gained the mastery over her passions, over all their illusions and irregular desires. Her heart abhorred vice, and detested falshood and cunning. Neither fear, nor death itself, ever found her weak or pusillanimous. At the instant in which she lost her dear and illustrious consort, when the veil fell, and exposed to her sight a fearful spectacle, an abyss of grief and pain, she laid her hand on her heart stifled its murmurs, and imposed silence upon her sorrow. "I have, said she, a state to preserve; young innocents to educate: I have made a solemn promise, to him whom death has just now deprived me of, not to abandon myself to a fruitless grief; let us exert ourselves and shew the power of religion and resignation." Her heart obeyed, and duty turned its back on grief and despair. No vexatious accident, no disappointment could make any impression upon her, from the minute she was assured she had done every thing that it was her duty to do. For a long time past her body, too weak for so strong a mind, began to bend under its efforts; but she never permitted the least complaint to escape her, and carefully concealed what could not have failed troubling and alarming her children and attendants. She had such a command over herself, as to preserve to the last moment her usual ease and cheerfulness, and inquired of those who attended her, if they could observe any change of temper and if her patience was lessened. It is in that moment, when death presents itself with its mournful retinue when the world is disappearing from before our eyes, when eternity is opening to us, that we may judge of the effects produced in our heart, of the care we have taken to form it, to guard against the fears of death, and to consider it as a natural term, where all our labours, and all our cares are to end. Ready to acquit her mortal body, and to leave that other half of herself, her children, so tenderly beloved, seeing herself surrounded by her faithful friends, of whose sincere attachment she was well assured, giving themselves up to the horrors of despair, she has addressed them with a firm and steady voice:—"You weep, but do not weep? Where is that profound resignation which you owe to the master of the world ——— Where is that humility and submission, that you should have learnt by reading and meditating on the word of God? These tears and sighs, are the fruits of all you have learned? Observe me, and do as I have done. I have, as much as I was able, kept my heart clean, and my lips unsoiled. I fulfilled my task with cheerfulness and resignation; and therefore, death does not appear to me horrible, nor dreadful. I do not fear its approach; I feel the comfortable hope of going to experience, in the bosom of my Creator, the reality of those good things which he has assuredly promised to those who love him with sincerity."

She put every thing in order, and forgot nothing: and while shrieks and cries were only to be heard, she saw the approach of death, and observed him with a firm attention, received him as a friend, and falling asleep in his embraces, committed to her Creator her spotless and unshaken soul; a soul worthy of possessing the celestial mansions of the elect; the just recompense of her faith, her religion and her hopes. Were I permitted to descend to particulars, what an example might I leave to posterity! Perhaps there never lived so great a soul, and perhaps none ever carried the practice of virtue to a higher degree. The powers of her mind, and those of the heart were kept in continual exercise. She little esteemed what are called negative virtues; such as good desires, having only a virtual existence, without ever being produced into action, or productive of any real good. She approved of active, not mere contemplative goodness; and thought that every opportunity of doing good should be sought for and that it should be unchangeable in its principles; that we should study, to render the soul invulnerable, and to be useful in the world, and such as it would seek after; that little objects should never affect the heart, & that nothing should be done through vanity or vainglory, and that con-

sidering this world as a place of probation, and a passage to another life, we should never fix ourselves too firmly on it, as a place of residence. To conclude, she was the glory of the state and church, the delight of society, the ornament of her age, the honour of her sex, the happiness of her family, and will be the perpetual subject of our praise and our regret.

ON CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

[*From Essays to Young Married Women.*]

BY MRS. GRIFFITHS.

'*Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source*
Of human off spring, sole propriety
In Paradise of all things common else!
By thee adventrous hut was driven from men,
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son and brother, first were known.'

MILTON.

As the union of hearts is universally allowed to be the bond of marriage, so the entering into such connexion without possessing the essence or first principle on which it should be founded, must render the ceremony of none effect, and can in reason and equity only be considered as a piece of legal prostitution. To speak of conjugal infidelity to the wretched victims of parental authority, avarice, or poverty, would be absurd or cruel, as they must be incapable of forming an idea of it or deemed forever to lament its loss.

I therefore, in this section, particularly address myself to the happy few whom love unites in Hymen's rosy bands, and profess to teach the art of making their happiness as permanent as the instability of mere mortal natures will admit of.

Love's a term so very vague and indiscriminate, as it is generally applied, that it would be extremely difficult to investigate its nature from its effects, in any other case but that of marriage; as the modes, perhaps, of feeling or at least of expressing it, vary, according to the temper, manner, or situation of each individual who either feels or feigns the passion.

But conjugal affection is by no means subject to equivocal appearances; it is tenderness heightened by passion, and strengthened by esteem. It is unmixed with any selfish or sensual alloy, tending solely to promote the happiness of its object here and hereafter.

Such an elevated state of happiness as must result from the affection I have described, when mutual, must surely be the acme of human felicity. But as the point of perfection is that of declension also, it will require much pains, but they are pleasing ones, to make the everturning wheel of inconstancy bliss keep steady to the summit it has reached or at least to prevent its rolling down the rugged precipice where jealousy, disgust, and grief have marked the horrid road.

The disappointments of human life must ever be proportioned to the extravagance of our expectations: Too great an ardor to be pleased is frequently the source of misery. A life of transport is not the lot of mortals; while we rejoice we should exercise our joys, "lest while we clasp, we kill them."

That concord of souls which constitutes the happiness of marriage, like a full concert, requires all *the parts obligato* to fill their several stations in perfect time and place, for though the heart may lead the band, and set out in perfect harmony, one jarring note destroys the rapturous strain, and turns the whole to discord. For this reason, I conceive a parity of understanding and temper to be necessary towards forming an happy marriage as an equality of years, rank, and fortune.

But grant these circumstances all conjoin and make the union perfect, remember my fair friends, satiety succeeds to rapture, as sure as night to day. Be it your province, then, to keep your husband's heart from sinking into the incurable disease of tasteless apathy. Do not rely too much on your personal charms, however great, to preserve the conquest they may have gained.

By a proper attention to your husband, you will easily discover the bent of his genius and inclinations. To that turn all your thoughts, and let your words and actions solely tend to that great point. The kindness of your attention will awaken his, and gratitude will strengthen his affection, imperceptibly, even to himself.

Our first parent justifies his fondness for Eve, to Raphael, upon this principle.

"Neither her outside formed so fair, &c.
So much delights me, as those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies, that daily flow
From all her words and actions mixed with love,
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeigned
Union of mind, or in us both one soul;
Harmony, to behold in wedded pair,
More grateful than harmonious sound to the ear."

In an age like this, when we may suppose that every young lady deserves the epithet with which Adam addresses his wife, *accomplished Eve*, it must be less difficult than it might have been for their female ancestors, to secure the love of a husband already prepossessed in their favor. Let them but exert the same talents, with the same desire of pleasing, which they shewed before marriage, and I venture to pronounce that they will succeed.

A love of power and authority is natural to men; and wherever this inclination is most indulged, will be the situation of their choice. Every man ought to be the principal object of attention in his family; of course he should feel himself happier at home than in any other place. It is, doubtless, the great business of woman's life to render his home pleasing to her husband; he will then delight in her society, and not seek abroad for alien entertainments. A husband may, possibly in his daily excursions see many women whom he thinks handsomer than his wife; but it is generally her fault if he meets with one whom he thinks more amiable. A desire of pleasing very rarely fails of its effect; but in a wife, that desire must be managed with the nicest delicacy: it should appear rather in the result, than in the design;—"not obvious, not intrusive." These *petit soins* are the best supplement to our great duties, and render the commerce of life delightful. Like an elegant desert, they complete the feast, and leave not a wish unsatisfied.

We have hitherto looked on the pleasing side of the tapestry, and seen marriage in its most favourable light.

Let us now turn the canvass, and take a view of its defects.

Let us suppose then, what I think the worst of all situations, an amiable young woman possessing the tenderest affection for her husband, while he, from the natural depravity and inconstancy of his nature, has withdrawn his love from her, and perhaps bestowed it on some unworthy object, to whom he devotes his time and fortune.

In such a state of wretchedness what line shall our neglected wife pursue? The first step that I would recommend to her, is, that of entering into a serious, strict, and impartial review of her own conduct, even to the minutiæ of her dress, and the expressions of her looks from the first of her acquaintance of her husband. If, after such examination, she cannot discover any fault in her manners that might have given offence or created disgust, let her steadily pursue the same behaviour she hitherto practised; for if that be totally free from error, it is impossible that any alteration can give an additional efficacy to it. For to resent, or to retaliate, neither her duty, nor her religion will permit.

"To carry smiles upon the face, when discontent sits brooding at the heart," is I confess, one of the most difficult tasks that can possibly be imposed on an ingenious and feeling soul. But a thorough conviction that it is in her province to endeavour to recall the wanderer back, for his own happiness as well as her's and a certainty that there are no other means of accomplishing so desirable an end, will enable her to pursue this arduous undertaking, till either her heart shall rejoice in its success, or from reiterated disappointments become indifferent to the worthless object of its former esteem and connection.

Granting the last to be the case, she has a right to expect that the good opinion of the world will attend her conduct: but an higher and more certain reward awaits it—self-approbation, arising from a consciousness of having fulfilled her duty, and an assurance of having essayed the only method that was likely to insure success; for never yet was love recalled by lamentations or upbraidings. The first may sometimes, perhaps, create pity, but oftener begets contempt; and the latter never did, nor can produce any passion but instant rage, or cold, determined hate.

Recollection may furnish to my fair readers many instances where patient sufferings have been rewarded with returning love; but I think there is scarcely one to be met with, where female violence has ever conquered male courage; or where dissipation and coquetry, though they may have alarmed the pride, ever reclaimed the alienated affections of a husband.

True love, like true virtue, shrinks not on the first attack; it will bear many shocks before it will be entirely vanquished. As it contends not for victory, but for the prize, it will not display itself in the vain arts of elocution; it will leave nothing undone that will prove its sincerity, but it will not boast, even to its object, of what it has done; much less will it vaunt its merits to any other confidant, or to complain to the world of the unkind return it has met with.

There are such a variety of circumstances which may disturb the happiness of the marriage state, that it is impossible to specify them all: but as a virtuous woman will consider the loss of her husband's affection as the greatest calamity that can befal her, her duty and prudence will, before the evil happens, upon every occasion supply rules of conduct to herself; and the reliance she will necessarily have upon the tenderness of his attachment to her, joined to the sincerity of her's to him, will support her through every difficulty which accident misfortune, or even imprudence may have brought upon them. She will say with Prior's Emma,

Thy rise of fortune did I only wed,
From its decline determined to recede?
Did I but propose to embark with thee
On the smooth surface of a summer's sea,
While gentle zephyrs play in prosperous gales,
And fortune's favour fills the swelling sails,
But would forsake the bark and make the shore,
When the winds whistle and the tempest roar?
No, Henry, no! one sacred oath has tied
Our loves, one destiny our lives shall guide,
Nor wild, nor deep, our common way divide.

This is the natural language of conjugal affection, this is the fulfilling of the marriage vow, where self is lost in a still dearer object, where tenderness is heightened by distress, and attachment cemented even by the tears of sorrow. Such an union of souls may *brave the power of Time*; and I trust, that death itself will not be able to destroy it.

ON FEMALE SOCIETY.

There is nothing by which the happiness of individuals and of society is so much promoted as by constant efforts to please; and these efforts are in a great measure only produced by the company of women: for men, by themselves, relax almost in every particular of good-breeding and complaisance, and appear the creatures of mere nature; but no sooner does a woman appear, than the scene is changed, and they become emulous to shew all their good qualifications. It is by the arts of pleasing only that woman can attain to any degree of consequence or of power; and it is by pleasing only, that they can hope to become objects of love and affection; attainments which as they are of all others the most dear to them, prompt them to cultivate most assiduously, the art of pleasing; arts for which they are well qualified by nature. In their forms lovely, in their manners soft and engaging, such are they by art and by nature, that they infuse by their smiles, by their air and address, a thousand nameless sweets into society, which without them would be insipid and barren of sentiment and of feeling. But to enjoy any pleasure in perfection, we must never be satiated with it: and therefore, it requires more than common prudence in a woman, to be much in company, and still retain that deference and respect which we would voluntarily pay to her, were we seldomer indulged with her presence. A few centuries ago, women were rarely accessible, but shut up in houses and castles, lived retired from the bustle of the world. When they deigned to shew themselves, they were approached as divinities: a transient view of them often set the heart on fire; and their smiles conferred a happiness which raised an enthusiastic ardour, of which, at this period, we can hardly form an idea. By degrees, as manners became more free, and the sexes mixed together with less ceremony, women began to be seen with less trepidation, approached with less reverence, and sunk in their value as they became objects of greater familiarity. Nor was this peculiar to the times we are delineating: the same effect always has, and always will happen from the same cause; let the other sex therefore, learn this instructive lesson from it, that half the esteem and veneration we shew them, is owing to their modesty and reserve, and that a contrary conduct may make the most enchanting goddess degenerate in our eyes to a mere woman, with all the frailties of mortality about her.

ON INDUSTRY.

The absurd indulgence with which parents anticipate every wish of their children, often paves the way for their destruction, and entirely unfits them for returning that affectionate care which is due to the authors of their being. How many instances do we see of the ill effects of such misplaced kindness. By supplying children with all the superfluities of life, we at once weaken the springs of exertion, and induce a habit of indolence fatal to future improvement; for why should they exert themselves to procure that which is ready at their call? Virtuous habits and habits of industry are nearly the same; and since these only are productive of happiness, it is of the utmost importance to teach the youthful mind, that enjoyment and self-satisfaction must be purchased by labour. Happy is the man, who in early life, has been taught by experience the blessed effects of honest industry, and the inestimable value of time. Employ time by industry, and what is the result? Peace of mind; the innocent enjoyment of life, and every thing that can exalt human nature.

By industry, I must not be understood to mean the incessant drudging pursuit after sordid gain; I have, likewise reference to mental industry; the improvement of that intellectual part of our existence which elevates our view above this narrow scene of things, and teaches us to soar to Heaven.

From the Boston Weekly Magazine.

ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

The difference of opinion between sons and fathers in the matrimonial choice, says Dr. Aikin, may be stated in a single position—that the former have in their minds the first month of marriage, the latter the whole of its duration.

Personal charms ought doubtless to have some share in fixing the choice ; it is desirable, that the object on which the eyes are most frequently to dwell for a whole life, should be an agreeable one. More than this is of too fanciful and fugitive a nature to come into the computation of permanent enjoyment.

The two main points on which the happiness to be expected from a female associate in life, must depend, are her qualifications as a companion, and as a helper.

As a companion, good sense, cultivated manners, and especially a temper inclined to please and be pleased, are the principal requisites. A similarity of tastes, desires and opinions would also contribute to mutual happiness ; but a considerable diversity in such points is not absolutely incompatible with domestic comfort.

As a helper, she should possess a knowledge of the arts of housewifery, and a inclination to practice them, a certain degree of vigor both of body and mind, which is less frequently met with among the females of the present age than might be wished, is also desirable. One who views society closely in its interior as well as exterior, will know that occasions of alarm, suffering and disgust come much more frequently in the way of women than of men. To them belong all the offices about the weak, the sick and the dying. When the house becomes a scene of wretchedness from any cause, the man often runs abroad, the woman must stay at home and meet the worst. Virtue, wisdom, presence of mind, patience, vigour, capacity, application, are not sexual qualities ; they belong to all who have duties to perform and evils to endure. Let then our young females aim at excelling in qualities peculiary adapted to the parts they have to act. We shall not think them less amiable for being our best helpers.

These being the principal requisites in a wife, let me dissuade you from hasty engagements. Though the head has lost its rule over the heart, it may retain its command over the hand. Let the progress to a connection be circumspect ; first liking, then approving, loving, and lastly declaring.

THE FEMALE SOLDIER.

An extraordinary instance of virtue in a female soldier, has occurred lately in the American army, in the Massachusetts line, viz. A lively, comely young nymph, nineteen years of age, dressed in man's apparel, has been discovered ; and what redounds to her honor, she has served in the character of a soldier nearly three years, undiscovered ; during which time she displayed herself with activity, alertness, chastity and valour, having been in several skirmishes with the enemy, and received two wounds. She was a remarkable vigilant soldier on her post, and always gained the applause and admiration of her officers ; was never found in liquor, and always kept company with the most upright and temperate soldiers : for several months this gallantress served, with credit as a waiter in a General officer's family —— a violent illness (when the troops were in Philadelphia) led to the discovery of her sex ; she has been since honorably acquitted from the army with a reward, and sent to her connections, who, it appears, live at the Eastward, in the town of Medumock. The cause of her personating a man, it is said, proceeded from the rigour of her parents who exerted their prerogative, to induce her marriage with a young man she had conceived a great antipathy for, together with her being a remarkable heroine, and warmly attached to the cause of her country, in the service of which, it must be acknowledged, she gained reputation ; and no doubt, will be noticed by the compilers of the history of our grand revolution. She passed by the name of Robert Shourtleiff, while in the army, and was borne on the rolls of the regiment as such ; for particular reasons her real name is withheld, but the facts aforementioned are unquestionable and unembellished.

OLD PAPER.

ON LIFE.

Life is short : the poor pittance of seventy years is not worth being a villain for. What matters it if your neighbour lies interred in a splendid tomb : sleep you with innocence. Look behind you through the tracts of time ; a vast desert of unnumbered ages lies open in the retrospect : through this desert have your forefathers journied on, until, wearied with years and sorrow, they sunk from the walk of man. You must leave them where they fell, and you are to go on a little further, where you find eternal rest. Whatever you may encounter between the cradle and the grave, be not dismayed. The universe is in endless motion—every moment big with innumerable events, which come not in slow succession, but bursting forcibly from a revolving and unknown cause, fly over this orb with diversified influence. Should you be plunged into disagreeable circumstances, from those very circumstances may another be at that moment rising to the summit of his good fortune ; so may your neighbour's inconvenience prove beneficial to you.

None can know the eternal purpose of existence ; but there is a grand equilibrium preserved by one mighty chain of dependencies. Look then at the universe : limit not the view of our soul to one hemisphere, and ask your reason, if, to such awful revolutions of worlds and their inhabitants, pain or pleasure must not constitutionally affect you. Be ever fearless ; yield reluctantly to the passions ; increase the regions of the mind, and know, that as you have no will to resist the power of death, death can be no evil further than it affects the change or imagination. To sleep, to go through various changes, or to wake everlastingly, is equally independent of your will.—Therefore cheerfully must the man only dread the act that may wound your conscientious rectitude of thought.

SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

In the following article we find a striking proof of the certainty with which life may be revived after it is apparently extinct, and an encouragement to the active and humane, to persevere in the use of those means now so generally promulgated for recovering people from the effects of drowning or suffocation. How many valuable live have been lost to the community from the want of a small degree of enterprize in cases like the one thus briefly recited.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 24.—On Saturday afternoon the 10th inst. a man named Joseph Hutchin, fell off the town wharf at Burlington, (New-Jersey) into the river, and remained in the water about twenty minutes before he was found and taken out. The usual exertions to restore suspended animation, were made by the Humane Society of that place, and other citizens by their direction. For the space of an hour very little hopes of success were entertained, but by active perseverance before the end of the second hour, the powers of life had resumed their operations, and by Sunday morning the man was able to walk about his room.

PERSIAN WISDOM.

In the treasury of one of the Kings of Persia, was found a vase with the following lines inlaid in gold. One cannot but smile at the turn, in which is an equal proportion of philosophy and humour. "He who has no wealth has no credit ; he who has not an obedient wife, has no repose ; he who has no offspring, has no strength ; he who has no kindred, has no supporters ; and he who has none, lives free from care."

FOR THE MINERVA.

IT is surprising that people who in their cool judgment are temperate and sensible, should suffer the *possibility* of gain, so strongly to influence their reason, as to almost unfit them for their usual employments. At least one half of the adventurers in a lottery expect to draw the highest prize, although they are sensible of the innumerable chances against them : so great is the belief of every one in his own good fortune !

Happening to spend an evening last week, in the company of females, I found their thoughts and conversation entirely engrossed by the expectation of their good fortune in the drawing of the Richmond Academy Lottery. A grave matron observed, she should find no kind of inconvenience in the disposal of a few thousand dollars ; she was not at all pleased with the situation of her house, which instead of standing on a lofty eminence, was very little above her neighbours. A Grocer's lady declared she would no longer be confined to the shop ; she would resign the fatiguing disagreeable business to those who could not live without it. A pert young lady begged me to inform her how many shares of Bank-Stock could be purchased for $ 5,000, and wished to know which of the Stock-holders was disposed to sell out, as she was anxious to invest the proceeds of her ticket in that species of property, having been informed by a relation that the dividends on Bank-shares were very lucrative. I learnt that most of them had been very particular in the choice of their numbers, and some had obtained the advice of their favorite fortune-tellers, to make sure of choosing fortunate tickets.

But it was not females alone, who were agitated on this important business ;—I stepped into a store to purchase goods ; but the store-keeper, an acquaintance of mine, would not consent to serve me, until he had finished a calculation of the merchandize which he should be able to import, when the success of his ticket enabled him to turn merchant : his master, he told me, was employed in the counting-room on the same business ; I carried my goods to the Tailor, but the poor man was so enraptured with the expectation of good fortune, that it was quite impossible for him to take my measure, though he tried repeatedly ; so I was forced to search out one who had no interest in the lottery ; his wife, who was wiser than himself, and some of her neighbours, not suffering him to purchase a ticket. A gay young fellow from the country was anticipating the wardrobes of finery which his prize would command, and blessed his happy stars for directing him to the metropolis at this auspicious period! Will not some of these sanguine fortune-hunters be sadly disappointed ?

MARRIAGES.

Last evening, by the Rev. Mr. Courtney, Mr. Sewall Osgood, to the accomplished Miss Fanny Courtney, of this city.

At Powhatan, on the 14th ult. Mr. *William Hickman*, æt. 72, to Miss Nancy Eggleston, æt. 17 !

In Germany, the celebrated dramatistic writer, *Kotzebue*, to Mrs. *Von Krevell*

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE

EUROPEAN.

London papers, to the 31 Nov furnish the French answer to the Russian ultimatum—from the language of which it is impossible that Alexander and Napoleon will soon compromise their differences. The dispatches from the Court of Madrid, which were expected to decide the question of peace or war between Great Britain & Spain, had not reached London. Spanish vessels continued to be crimped for and detained.

A New-York paper says, "The revolutionary spirit which for 16 years convulsed Europe has reached Spain, where 60000 men are said to be in arms, and threaten the overthrow of the government."

Sir George Humboldt, the British resident near Hamburgh, has been seized by 200 French infantry, and carried off, with his papers. The Senate the next day demanded of the French Ambassador the cause of this outrage. He declared himself ignorant of the business. Couriers were dispatched by the Senate to the different courts to acquaint them of this outrage. The British consul at Hamburgh had taken refuge in the house of Mr. Forbes, American consul.

DOMESTIC.

We are truly sorry to say, (says the Norfolk Ledger) the prediction which we expressed in a few numbers back, of further distress on the coast, has been too fatally confirmed.—Mr. Williams of Gun Boat No. 1, came up to town on Friday, from whom we learn, that he had sailed in the sloop Betsey, Capt. Burton, from Charleston bound to Baltimore, that on the night of the 21st ult. she ran on shore about 40 miles to the Southward of Currituck Inlet. Vessel and cargo lost—crew and passengers all saved.

Same night the schooner Paragon, Ward, from New-York, bound to this port, went on shore, and painful to relate, there is every reason to believe, that the whole of the crew, with several passengers, have perished—the vessel is lost, but a large part of the cargo will be saved, which we understand is very valuable, and will be sold on the beach. A brig, schooner and sloop, also went on shore near the same place, and at the same time, names unknown, the crews of both perished, vessels and cargoes totally lost. We are further informed, that eight or ten other vessels are on shore to the southward.

Letters from Philadelphia, says the Petersburg Intelligencer, of a recent date, state, that the river Delaware, from the Cove of New Castle, to the city, is nearly full of ice, and large quantities floating in the bay.

It is now reduced to a certainty, that the fire which consumed so many buildings in New-York on the 18th ultimo, was the work of some incendiary.—Several attempts have since been made to set fire to various parts of the city.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE EMIGRANT'S GRAVE.

Why moun ye, why strew ye these flow'rets around,
To you new-sodden grave as you slowly advance?
Beyon nese-sodden grave (ever dear be the ground!)
Lies the stranger we love—the poor exile of France.

And is the poor exile at rest from his woe,
No longer the sport of misfortune and chance?
Mourn on, village mourners, my tears too shall flow,
For the stranger we loved—the poor exile of France.

Oh! kind was his nature, tho' bitter his fate,
And gay was his converse, tho' broken his heart;
No comfort nor hope his heart could elate,
Tho' comfort and hope he to all could impart.

Ever joyless himself, in the joys of his plain
Still foremost was he, mirth and pleasure to raise;
And sad was his soul, yet how blithe was his strain
When he sung the glad song of more fortunate days.

One pleasure he knew—in his straw-cover'd shed
For the snow-beaten beggar his faggots to trim;
One tear of delight he could drop on the bread
Which he shar'd with the poor who were poorer than him.

And when round his death bed profusely we cast
Every gift, every solace our hamlet could bring,
He bless'd us with sighs which we thought were his last
But he still had a prayer for his country and king.

Poor exile, adieu! undisturb'd be thy sleep,
From the feast, from the wake, from the village-green dance,
How oft shall we wander by moonlight to weep
O'er the stranger we lov'd—the poor exile of France!

To the clinch-going bride shall thy memory impart
One pang as her eyes on thy cold tie glance;
One rose from her garland, one tear from her heart,
Shall drop on the grave of the exile from France.

W. S.

PATRIOTIC EFFUSION.

BY GENERAL ROBERT HOWE.

Hark! hark! sweet lass, the trumpet sounds,
'Tis honor calls to war:
Now love I leave, perhaps for wounds,
And beauty for a scar.

But ah! suppress those rising sighs,
Ah! check that falling tear:
Lest soft distress, from lovely eyes,
Create a new-born fear.

My life to fame devoted was,
Before my fair I knew;
And shall I now desert her cause,
Shall I be worthy you?

It is not fame alone invites,
Tho' Fame this bosom warms:
My country's violated rights,
Impel my soul to arms.

SONG—BY COWPER.

NO longer I follow a sound,
No longer a dream I pursue;
O Happiness, not to be found,
Unattainable treasure, adieu!

I have sought thee, in splendor and dress;
In the regions of pleasure and taste:
I have sought thee, and seemed to possess,
But have proved thee a vision at last.

An humble ambition and hope,
The voice of true wisdom inspires;
'Tis sufficient, if Peace be the scope;
And the summit of all our desires.

Peace may be the lot of the mind,
That seeks it in meekness and love;
But rapture and bliss are confined
To the glorified spirits above.

WINTER SONG.

By Robert Bloomfield.

From his recent Poems just published.

Dear boy throw that icicle down,
And sweep the deep snow from the door;
Old winter comes on with a frown,
A terrible frown from the poor.

In a season so rude and forlorn,
How can age, how can infancy bear
The silent neglect and the scorn
Of those who have plenty to spare?

Fresh broach'd is my cask of old ale:
Well rimed now the frost is set in;
Here's Job come to tell us a tale,
We'll make him at home to a pin.

While my wife and I bask o'er the fire,
The roll of the season's will prove,
That time may diminish desire,
But cannot extinguish true love.

O the pleasures of neighbourly chat,
If you can but keep scandal away,
To learn what the world has been at,
And what the great Orator's say.

Though the wind through the crevices sing,
And hail down the chimney rebound,
I'm happier than many a king,
While the bellows blow bass to the sound.

Abundance was never my lot;
But out of the trifle that's given,
That no curse may alight on my cot,
I'll distribute the bounty of Heav'n.

The fool and the slave gather wealth,
But if I add nought to my store,
Yet while I keep conscience in health,
I've a mine that will never grow poor.

VAIN EFFORTS.

To Miss ——— ———

In vain, dear maid, I've strove in vain,
To learn the lesson reason taught:
My absence adds despair to pain,
Nor gives the wish'd-for cure I sought.

I dar'd to love—aspire to bliss,
Forbidden to my humble claim;
But left by hope, a prey to this
Consuming, living, endless flame!

I wish'd——but fate the boon denied,
Destroyed the fabric hope had built;
Then self-condemn'd, in absence tried
To expiate my nature's guilt.

Yet has the cruel, lengthen'd time
Of my hard penance useless been;
I still must love—love was my crime,
Repeat, yet still commit the sin.

In dissipation's heedless train,
To shun reflection oft I've flew;
But sought for pleasure there in vain,
My thoughts, my heart were still with you.

Nor business can afford relief,
Care but perplexes, cannot cure
Or mitigate the poignant grief,
My tortur'd breast must still endure.

To lose remembrance of my pain,
With books retir'd, I oft have strove;
Mistaken choice! I read in vain
Those falsely pictur'd "tales of love."

Conceal'd in evening's friendly shade,
In gloom congenial with my mind,
Near you, unseen, I oft have stray'd,
To gaze once more and be resigned,

There, if you meet my longing sight
My bosom feels a transient glow!
I then retire, and waste the night,
In tears reflecting on my woe!

O grant your pity, generous maid,
To sooth the anguish of my breast,
O say that time, with reason's aid
Will yet restore my peace and rest.

JULIET.—A STORY.

The sun had descended just below the horizon—all nature was wrapped in solemn silence—when Julia hastened to the tomb of her dear friend. Having seated herself upon the green turf, near his head, and looking with anxiety to the grave, she exclaimed—"Oh Lovemore? Why leave your Juliet thus to mourn?—Answer me, my dear, this once—how cruel to separate us!—Oh death, thou welcome messenger to those who are troubled—thou finisher of grief and despair—thou antidote to all future evils—Why thus delay thy second coming?—Or, why didst thou come so soon?—What have I been guilty of that thus thou dost torment?—If Lovemore received the summons why not Juliet?—Oh Lovemore!—thou who wert once the boast of creation, now to be no more!—Thou who wert once the delight of all who had the pleasure of thy acquaintance—now to be a companion for worms.—Cruel fates, thus to deprive me of m all—If the summons must be obeyed, why was not the tomb of Lovemore made the receptacle for Juliet too—Lovemore! he is gone—alas! never to return—never to behold his Juliet again.—Lovemore! Lovemore! Why thus callous to the cries of her whom it was ever thy wish to please? Must Juliet, thy beloved Juliet, weep in vain?—And must those lips which never spoke of Lovemore but with affection and delight, be silenced without a reply? Surely you have not grown disdainful to her whom you once adored?—If still thou art the Lovemore whom Juliet once beheld—if still thy affection for her is pure, why thus be silent? I conjure you by those tender vows which once you made, answer me now.—"Juliet——Juliet——" "Hark!—what voice is that I hear calling on Juliet's name."——"Why thus replue at the will of Heaven?—and why thus dictate to thy Creator how to act?—Consider thy presumption in reproving him.—Will your repeated cries to Heaven restore new vigour to that inanimate, cold, and putrified clay?—No—all will be in vain. I charge you, reflect."——"Have I erred! Oh! righteous Heaven, and have I been guilty of accusing thee with injustice? Have I called in question thy power? Yes—it is too true, I have. Why did Juliet murmur, and why oppose thy just decrees? O Heaven, was it not for the affection she bore to thee, Lovemore, that caused her thus to transgress? Yes, it was; Juliet loved him, and Juliet still loves him—but her will must be submissive to the will of Heaven. He who gave thee birth, O Lovemore! has called you hence. You have answered your mission. The summons served, the debt of natures paid. Juliet will no longer grieve. Lovemore, soon shall you find thy Juliet in thy arms. then that tomb which is now the receptacle of thy body, shall be mine. And that tear which was seen on Juliet's cheek shall be changed for joy: She who now weeps over thy cold clay, shall then be thy companion for ever." Here Julia embraced the grave of Lovemore, and summoning up the virtues of resignation and patience to her aid, she silently quitted the spot—and calmly mourned, not murmured, till Heaven united her spirit with that of her departed unfortunate lover.

A RURAL PICTURE.

ON a spacious lawn, bounded on every side by a profusion of the most oderiferous flowering shrubs, a joyous band of villagers were assembled; the young men dressed in green; youth, health, and pleasure in their air, led up their artless charmers, in straw hats adorned with the spoils of Flora, to the rustic sound of the tabor and pipe. Round the lawn, at equal intervals, were raised temporary arbours of branches of trees, in which refreshments were prepared for the dancers; and between the arbours, seats of moss for their parents, shaded from the sun by green awnings, on poles, round which were twined wreathes of flowers, breathing the sweets of the spring. The surprise, the gaiety of the scene, the flow of general joy, the sight of so many happy people, the countenances of the enraptured parents, who seem to live anew again, the sprightly season of youth in their children, with the benevolent looks of the noble bestowers of the feast, filled my eyes with tears, and my swelling breast with a sensation of pure, yet live y transport, to which the joys of the court belies are mean.

ANECDOTE.

Dr. Sheridan, the celebrated friend of Swift, had a custom of ringing his scholars to prayers in the school-room at a certain hour every day. The boys were one day very devoutly at prayers except one, who was stifling a laugh as well as he could, from seeing a rat descending from the bell-rope into the room. The poor boy could hold out no longer, but burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, which set the others agoing when he pointed to the cause. Sheridan was so provoked, that he declared he would whip them all if the principal culprit was not pointed out to him: this was immediately done. The poor pupil of Momus was immediately hoisted, when the witty schoolmaster told him if he said any thing tolerable on the occasion, as he looked on him as the greatest dunce in the school, he would forgive him. The trembling culprit with very little hesitation, addressed his master with the following beautiful distich:

There was a rat——for want of stairs
Came down a rope——to go to prayers.

Sheridan instantly dropped the rod, and instead of a whipping gave him half a crown.

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The MINERVA;

Or, LADY's AND GENTLEMAN's MAGAZINE.

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TERMS OF "THE MINERVA."

1st.—"THE MINERVA" will be neatly printed weekly, on a half-sheet Super-Royal paper.

2d.—The terms are TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid in advance.

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ELEGANT PHILOSOPHICAL BANQUET.

AT DR. LETTSOM'S VILLA.

From Dr. Howe's, London, to Dr. Fothergill, Philadelphia.

Wednesday, July 25, 1804.

"A rural treat was this evening given by Dr. Lettsom at Grove-hill, Camberwell, which well deserves recording. At 8 o'clock, a suite of seven rooms was opened for the reception of a numerous assemblage of visitors; who, for about six hours, without the aid of either music, singing, or cards, were very highly delighted. In this happy groupe were many of the first characters in law, physic and divinity; men of the first eminence of various descriptions from the city; distinguished philosophers, and first-rate philanthropists: above all an assemblage of females, particularly remarkable for genuine beauty and unaffected elegance of dress. The uncommonly curious variety of the Doctors valuable Museum; the splendid collections of books in Natural History, and other expensive works of taste and science, the well stored conservatory of native and exotic plants; all thrown open for his friends, left [illegible] of Adam Hill, Clapham, was thrown open a room which reflected the highest credit on the elegant taste of its designer, and included all the charms of the much famed Elysium. It was 72 feet long and 30 feet wide; and was erected in the garden purposely for this entertainment. The floor was entirely covered with carpeting; and the ceiling was secluded from the view by a judicious arrangement of boughs freshly separated from their parent trees & shrubs, & an ingenious sprinkling of variegated lamps. The full-grown magnificent orange trees had the appearance of supporters to the roof: and the tables were filled with every thing desirable to the sight or to the palate—strawberries still growing on the living plants—iced creams of every sort and flavour—rich jellies—confectionary of the most ingenious devices, many of the articles inclosing well-adapted mottos—To other more substantial dishes of ham, veal, beef, &c. &c. were added such an abundance of every delicacy, as left nothing either to be wished or desired. At the entrance of the room, was a figure of Minerva holding a banner of white silk fringed with gold, on which was neatly printed this address;

"AD AMICOS.

From East to West, from South to North,
We've cull'd our friends of matchless worth:
And hither welcome are ye come,
Without the aid of cards or drum;
With mild philosophy we'll please ye,
And try by magic to deceive ye;
Each copious source of ancient lore
We'll lay before you to explore;
And nature's gifts of various kind,
To gratify the enquiring mind.
Such our endeavours are to shew,
How much to friends like you, we owe,
But, as the mind's incessant wear
The body cannot fail to share.
Freely, we pray, its strength recruit,
Nor spare our cakes, our wine, or fruit."

On a temple particularly dedicated to the beauties of the Vernal season:

"Here void of art, see nature's hand bestows
The ripening produce of the fruitful year.
Behold the swelling fruit, the budding rose
The freshest hues of vernal bloom appear."

On another temple emblematic of the natural effects of winter:

Let not my icicle roof, or snow drifted floor,
The near approach of my good friends forbid;
But the rather invite them to come to my door
And see if ought there be in mystery hid.
Though my winterly looks appear frozen and cold,
And the ices are so which here I afford;
Yet judge of their flavor, nor your candor withhold,
But say to your tastes, which best does accord:
Whether Strawberry, Raspberry, Cherry or Pine,
When with pure country cream, they their juices combine.

By two in the morning the immense number of carriages cleared off, and the happy family were left to the contemplation of the rational pleasure they had afforded to more than 800 guests."

From reading the above account, I am induced to imagine that the description of a rural festival *so unique* in its kind, so splendid in its decorations, and exhibiting so much classical taste, and ingenuity, may prove entertaining to our literary and convivial friends not less on this, than on the other side of the Atlantic.

Yours, &c. A. F.

Philadelphia, Dec. 4th, 1804.

To MR. PEALE, *Museum Philadelphia.*

FROM A LONDON PAPER.

SURRY ADJOURNED SESSIONS.

THE BARBER BEWITCHED.

This was a case of some notoriety. The prisoner, William Davis, a penny-barber by trade, stood indicted for an assault upon Miss Catharine Sadler, the daughter of a respectable elderly gentleman, residing at a place called the Folly, near Dock head.

The prosecutrix, Miss Sadler, was a remarkably pretty girl, about sixteen years of age, with fine, full, expressive dark eyes, fair complexion, and animated countenance; her stature above the middle size, was elegant and graceful, and her deportment in Court bespoke propriety, modesty, and good breeding. The prisoner was about five and twenty, rather undersize, his complexion nearly that of an African, his person mean, his dress shabby, and his manners vulgar and uncouth.

The young lady stated, that on Sunday, the 3d of June last, as she was returning from church, with a female friend, about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, the prisoner (who was well known by the nick name of *Jago*) crossed the street from his own house, and, seizing her in a most violent manner, with one hand round her neck, and the other round her waist, attempted to kiss her. She immediately shrieked aloud: a Mr. Newman came to her assistance, and extricated her from the rude embraces of the prisoner; her clothes being very much abused and soiled by him, he being all over filth and dirt; a crowd of people then assembled around him, and the prisoner called out to them, "Leave her alone, she is my lawful wife and I'll do what I please with her;" and he still persisted in continuing with her. He said, he had his nativity, and she certainly was to be his lawful wife. He had been pursuing this sort of conduct for near five years, continually persecuting her, and frequently making use of opprobrious words, and indecent expressions.

On her cross examination by Mr. Nolan, she denied having any intercourse or acquaintance with the prisoner, further than serving him, as she would the other customers of her father's shop, and thanking him as he went away, in the usual manner. He lived a few doors from her father's shop; but as to the extent of his practice in shaving, she knew nothing about it.

Miss Lucy, the young lady who had accompanied her from church, and Mr. Newman who had rescued her both corroborated her testimony as far as related to the assault.

Mr. Saddler, the young lady's father, stated the various and repeated insults offered by the prisoner to his daughter; but forbore to repeat the indecent language he had made use of. On his cross examination, as to a sum of 100*l* as a portion with his daughter, he was so indignant that his passion made his answers quite unintelligible.

Mr. Nolan, in a very poetical and lively address, entered into the defence of the prisoner. He observed that he was a poor penny barber, who had been smitten by the resplendent charms of Miss Sadler; her eyes to him, poor fellow, had proved sharper than his own razor, and in spite of all his attention, and in defiance of his long and unalterable attachment, she had the cruelty at last to leave him in the suds; as had been stated, his nativity was cast, and what between love and witchcraft, the lady and the fortune teller, he had been in some measure, deprived of intellect. Love, dire love, was the cause of his folly, and his residence was appropriate with his present state of mind. Love had its sweets and its thorns, and what was to the lady an inconvenience, was to his poor client a dreadful misfortune; for instead of the soft and silken chains of Hymen, which he sought, he met with far different ones, in the goal where he had been confined for fourteen days, not having been able to procure bail. Upon the whole of the case, he submitted, it was such a one the jury would feel themselves justifiable in acquitting the prisoner, but should they think otherwise, he trusted in the lenity of the court.

The Jury found the prisoner guilty—the court observing that no person, of the appearance of the prosecutrix, should be persecuted by the insults of a person of the prisoner's description. He was sentenced to a fortnight's imprisonment, and to find security for his future good behaviour.

CHARACTER OF COOPER,

The celebrated actor; from the N. Y. American Citizen.

The astonishing powers of this man have pleased us even to admiration; we find ourselves irresistibly attracted by him—we cannot, even though we would, do him the injustice to regard any other object but himself, while he is engaged in play. Nature has given him a noble person, strong and uncommonly graceful; a sweet, harmonious voice, and yet very powerful; an eye capabl

of the most tender or most dreadful expression; and a countenance to vary all the passions, from gentle love and pity to the harsh fury of anger in her maddest mood. He has moved our compassion to tears, and we have shuddered with horror when he personated revenge. Who among us has not felt the force of virtue when he spoke her precepts! Who has not shrunk with dismay when he exhibited to us the curses of vice! Apathy herself turned to see the excellence of his Frederick—and I saw indifference listen to him, as he said in Macbeth, "This is a sorry sight." The players themselves have at times been ready to believe he was not Cooper, but the hero he seemed to be.

CHARACTER OF MARY,

Queen of Scots.

To all the charms of beauty, and the utmost elegance of external form, Mary added those accomplishments which render their impression irresistible. Polite, affable, insinuating, sprightly, and capable of speaking and writing with equal ease and dignity. Sudden, however, and violent in all her attachments; because her heart was warm and unsuspicious. Impatient of contradiction, because she had been accustomed from her infancy to be treated as a queen. No stranger, on some occasions, to dissimulation: which, in that perfidious court where she received her education, was reckoned among the necessary arts of government. Not insensible to flattery, or unconscious of that pleasure, with which almost every woman beholds the influence of her own beauty. Formed with the qualities that we love, not with the talents we admire; she was an agreeable woman rather than an illustrious queen. The vivacity of her spirit, not sufficiently tempered with sound judgment, and the warmth of her heart which was not always under the restraint of discretion, betrayed her both into error and into crimes. To say that she was always unfortunate, will not account for that long and almost uninterrupted succession of calamities which befel her; we must likewise add, that she was often imprudent. Her passion for Darnly was rash, youthful, and excessive. And though the sudden transition to the opposite extreme was the natural effect of her ill-requited love, and of his ingratitude, insolence, & brutality: yet neither these, nor Bothwell's artful address and important services, can justify her attachments to that nobleman. Even the manners of the age, licentious as they were, are no apology for this unhappy passion: nor can they induce us to look on that tragical and infamous scene, which followed upon it with less abhorrence. Humanity will draw a veil over this part of her character, which it cannot approve, and may, perhaps, prompt some to impute her actions to her situation, more than to her disposition, and to lament the unhappiness of the former, rather than accuse the perverseness of the latter. Mary's sufferings exceed, both in degree and duration, those tragical distresses which fancy has feigned, to excite sorrow and commiseration: and while we survey them, we are apt altogether to forget her frailties, we think of her faults with less indignation, and approve of our tears, as if they were shed for a person who had attained much nearer to pure virtue.

With regard to the queen's person, a circumstance not to be omitted in writing the history of a female reign, all contemporary authors agree in ascribing to Mary the utmost beauty of countenance and elegance of shape, of which the human form is capable. Her hair was black, though, according to the fashion of that age, she frequently wore borrowed locks, and of different colours. Her eyes were a dark grey, her complexion was exquisitely fine, and her hands and arms remarkably delicate, both as to shape and colour. Her stature was of an height that rose to the majestic. She danced, she walked, and rode with equal grace. Her taste for music was just, and she both sung and played upon the lute with uncommon skill. Towards the end of her life she began to grow fat; and her long confinement, and the coldness of the houses in which she was imprisoned, brought on a rheumatism which deprived her of the use of her limbs. No man, says Brantome, ever beheld her person without admiration and love, or will read her history without sorrow.

PERKINEAN INSTITUTION.

This establishment was formed in London, early in the year 1803. The objects of the institution, as stated by the society, are "to afford relief to the diseases of the afflicted, and industrious poor of the metropolis, if the remedy should be found capable of that benevolent and desirable purpose; and to submit the long controverted question of Metallick Tractors to the test of the severest scrutiny, the ordeal of experiment, by disinterested persons, and thereby enable the public to form a correct opinion on the just pretensions of Perkinism."

This society commenced with a list of more than one hundred members, who, to accomplish the charitable design, subscribed an annual donation of from one to ten guineas each—Lord Rivers was elected President of the society, and eleven gentlemen of distinction Vice Presidents. The following is a letter from the society to Mr. Benjamin Douglass Perkins, received since his return to America.

(A COPY.)

To Benjamin Douglass Perkins, Esq.

London, Prith-Street, Soho, 11th April, 1804.

DEAR SIR,

Your communication of the 2d ult. to the committee of the Perkinean Institution, was received by them, and read at their first meeting with a degree of satisfaction, though with concern. A vote of thanks for your letter, was unanimously resolved upon, and a sub-committee appointed to draw up a suitable answer, and to convey to you the assurance, that both individually and collectively they entertain a most sincere esteem and respect for you.

The committee rejoice in the opportunity thus afforded them, of expressing their veneration for the original author of the metallic practice, and their thankfulness to yourself for having been the immediate means of introducing to this country, the knowledge of a science so beneficial to mankind. And while they look back to the labours you have undergone, and the difficulties and opposition you have overcome, they congratulate you on your success, and the honour you have acquired; feeling at the same time, that these afford to them additional incitements to strain every nerve in supporting the institution, that came under their care, that they may forward your own benevolent views, & trace the same ground on which you have so nobly followed the footsteps of your excellent father.

There can be no doubt, Sir, but that Galvanism has derived additional importance from the discovery of your tractors; it has, through their means, become in some respects, more the subject of investigation, and consequently of improvement; and it is to you, therefore that the professors of that science in this country, are to consider themselves principally indebted. As a subject of Philosophical inquiry, Galvanism would have employed the leisure hours of a few scientific men, but it was not likely in any degree to have become a general public benefit, till its principles were applied to the cure of various diseases in the simple form, and easy application, of the metallic tractors. This is, therefore, in the opinion of the committee, to be reckoned inferior to none of the latter improvements in science, being confident that no other can be so easily or so extensively applied in practice, for the immediate relief of suffering humanity.

The committee are able, fully to enter into the particular feelings you express, with regard to the final result of publick opinion upon the metallick tractors; but they are convinced you have no reason to entertain any fears on that subject: and they are prepared also to vindicate your cause, which, may now be considered as their own, inasmuch as they have now become responsible to the world, for the importance and truth of the reports, of the efficacy of the metallic tractors, in all cases which have come under their observation; and they trust they shall never be wanting in diligence and zeal to effect the success of what they really deem inseparable, namely the credit of the tractors, grafted on the benefits that may be imparted by the application of them, in diseases of the poor.

The committee have a well-grounded hope, that the Perkinean Institution will yet surmount all difficulties; and that, even if it should be found in any instance, that the first warmth of benevolence has subsided and the expected support be so far wanting, there will be daily such an increase of evidence, to lay before the public eye, as will finally overcome scepticism, and bear down every interested opposition; so that philanthropy, unshackled by prejudice, will yet give an extensive and liberal support to the plans of the institution. This, the committee is the more encouraged to expect, since the number of patients is much encreased and that it is become necessary to limit their attendance to a fixed number each day—and the success with respect to them, is equal to the most sanguine expectation, and for the most part in cases where medical assistance and experiment had proved ineffectual.

The committee cannot avoid expressing their regret that your pursuits should have deprived them of your highly valued society; but they willingly indulge the hope, that they may yet see you again in this country, and again derive benefit from your advice and experience. But in the mean time, they would suggest to you, that the most important advantages might be gained, by a frequent correspondence on the subject of Perkinism; the knowledge of it may be more extensively circulated, and its reputation more established, both in America and Great Britain, by a mutual communication of its success in the more important cases, and of any discoveries that may be made, either for the elucidation, or improvement of the practice.

With ardent and unceasing wishes for your prosperity and happiness,

I am, dear Sir,

With great respect,

Your obedient servant,

MATTHEW TATMAN, Chairman.

[By order of the Committe.]

ON DIGNITY OF MANNERS.

[By Lord Chesterfield.]

There is a certain dignity of manners absolutely necessary, to make even the most valuable character either respected or respectable.

Horse-play, romping, frequent and loud fits of laughter jokes, waggery, and indiscriminate familiarity, will sink both merit and knowledge into a degree of contempt:—they compose at most a merry fellow; and a merry fellow was never yet a respectable man. Indiscriminate familiarity either offends your superiors, or else dubs you their dependent and led captain: it gives your inferiors just, but troubles me and improper claims of equality. A joker is near akin to a buffoon: and neither of them is the least related to wit. Whoever is admitted or sought for, in company, upon any other account than that of his merit and manners, is never respected there, but only made use of. We will have such a one, for he sings prettily; we will invite such a one to a ball, for he dances well; we will have such a one to supper, for he is always joking and laughing; we will ask another because he plays deep at all games; or because he can drink a great deal. These are all vilifying distinctions, mortifying preferences, and exclude every idea of esteem and regard.—Whoever *is had* (as it is called) in company, for the sake of any one thing singly, is singly that thing, and will never be considered in any other light: consequently never respected, let his merits be what they will.

This dignity of manners, which I recommend so much to you, is not only as different from pride, as true courage is from blustering, or true wit from joking, but is absolutely inconsistent with it; for nothing vilifies and degrades more than pride—The pretensions of the proud man are oftener treated with sneer and contempt than with indignation; as we offer ridiculously too little to a tradesman, who asks ridiculously too much for his goods; but we do not haggle with one who only asks a just and reasonable price.

Abject flattery and indiscriminate assentation degrade as much as indiscriminate contradiction and noisy debate disgust. But a modest assertion of one's own opinion, and a complaisant acquiescence in other people's preserve dignity.

Vulgar, low expressions, awkward motions and address vilify, as they imply either a very low turn of mind, or low education & low company.

Frivolous curiosity about trifles, and a laborious attention to little objects, which neither require nor deserve a moment's thought, lower a man: who from thence is thought, and not unjustly, incapable of great matters.—Cardinal de Retz, very sagaciously, marked out Cardinal Chigi for a little mind, from the moment that he told him he had wrote three years with the same pen, and that it was an excellent good one still.

A certain degree of exterior seriousness in looks & motions gives dignity, without excluding wit and decent cheerfulness. A constant smirk upon the face and whiffling activity of the body, are strong indications of futility. Whoever is in a hurry, shews that the thing he is about is too big for him—haste and hurry are too very different things.

I have only mentioned some of those things which may and do, in the opinion of the world, lower and sink characters, in other respects valuable enough; but I have taken no notice of those that affect and sink the moral characters; they are sufficiently obvious. A man who has patiently been kicked, may as well pretend to courage as a man blasted by vices and crimes, to dignity of any kind. But an exterior decency and dignity of manners, will even keep such a man longer from sinking, than otherwise he would be: of such consequence is decorum, even though affected and put on.

FROM A LONDON PAPER.

The following dissuasives against suicide, are suggested by some recent melancholy instances of that crime.

If you are disturbed in mind, *live*: serenity and joy may yet dawn upon your soul.

If you have been contented and cheerful, *live*: and generously diffuse that happiness to others.

If misfortunes have befallen you by your own misconduct, *live*: and be wiser for the future.

If they have befallen you by the faults of others, *live*! you have nothing wherewith to reproach yourself.

If you are indigent and hopeless, *live*: the face of things may agreeably change.

If you are rich and prosperous, *live*: and enjoy what you possess.

If another hath injured you, *live*: his own crime will be his punishment.

If you have injured another, *live*: and recompence it by your good offices.

If your character he attacked unjustly, *live*: time will remove the aspersion.

If the reproaches are well-founded, *live*: and deserve them not for the future.

If you are already eminent and applauded, *live*: and preserve the honours you have acquired.

If your success is not equal to your merit, *live*: in the consciousness of having deserved it.

If your success hath exceeded your merit, *live*: and arrogate not too much to yourself.

If you have been negligent and useless to society, *live*: and make amends by your future conduct.

If you have been active and industrious, *live*: and communicate your improvements to others.

If you have spiteful enemies *live*: and disappoint their malevolence.

If you have kind and faithful friends, *live*: to bless and protect them.

If hitherto you have been impious and wicked, *live*: & repent of your sins.

If you have been wise and virtuous, *live*: for the future benefit of mankind.

And lastly,

If you hope for immortality, *live*: and prepare to enjoy it.

The Emperor Napoleon, and the Empress Josephine, (says an English paper) during their journey in the conquered departments, makes use of no other bed-stead but one of iron, carried with them, of the invention of Mr. Senecy, in the Rue St. Antoine. In two minutes this bed may be set up and taken down, and its whole weight is only seven pounds. The mechanism, is so ingenious, that it may easily be taken to pieces in five minutes, and requires no more space than an usual travelling trunk to contain them. Five minutes are afterwards sufficient to put the pieces together again.

Sir Francis Bacon was wont much to commend the answer that a certain old man's household grooms—A proud, lazy young fellow came to him one day, for a broom on trust: to whom the old man said.—"Friend! if thou hast no money, borrow of thy back and belly; they'll never ask thee for it;—I should be dunning thee every day.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE MINERVA.

NORFOLK, *January* 13, 1805.

GENTLEMEN,

IF the following narration, formed on *facts* partly within the observation of the author, is worthy of insertion, you may give it a place in the useful columns of the Minerva.

MRS. AMELIA J———, is the child of sorrow and misfortune. For her let the warmest tear of compassion flow unrestrained, and the heart of sensibility yield the tribute of a sigh.—She was ruined by her husband—Oh, to hear her describe the respectability of her friends—their mutual confidence and affection—the neglect, the excesses and the barbarity of her husband—his ruin—and her consequent desertion and infamy—it would call forth your bitterest curses on the head of unfeeling man—of cruel unfeeling man, who plants the dagger in the female heart, then smiles with savage apathy on the victim, writhing with agony, woe, misery and despair.——Yes, her friends loved her because she was mild, sensible, candid and virtuous. But now those virtues are trampled in the dust; they are the scorn of every libertine—Yes, by Heavens! they are the mangled trophies which deck the triumph of prostitution.—Amelia and prostitution! Discordant sounds!—And are those eyes so black and sparkling, no more to meet the unsuspecting gaze of thy family and friends? Are thy magestic form and thy glowing tresses to be only the mournful invitation to abuse and disease?—But I forget—Pardon this poor offering of compassion on the tomb of murdered innocence—of sensible, penitent infamy. When man suspends the sword which severs the life of defenceless woman, let him weep when he sees her bleeding at his feet.

Amelia was formerly a resident of the capital of Pennsylvania. The importunity of her husband's debtors at length became so urgent; his vices, his debaucheries and his extravagance became so notorious, that the small portion of shame which still inhabited his breast, induced him to change their place of residence. She parted with every friend and relation for ever. They came to N——. But the change of place produced no change in the propensities of her husband. Each night was spent in the lowest species of gambling. The next morning a part of the furniture was taken to silence the clamors of abandoned sharpers. Such, for a long time, was the forlorn situation of this amiable woman. Her affectionate silence could endure no longer. Amelia ventured to remonstrate. She used some artless persuasives, to detach her husband from his infamous and ruinous pursuits. Alas! she only received in return, the most cruel insult and abuse—At last, every farthing was gone, and with it departed the honesty of Amelia's husband. Some serious felony which was detected and came under the cognizance of the law, confined him for nine years in the Penitentiary. Poor Amelia was now left helpless, destitute and unprotected—not a solitary being to comfort or console her, except a small sister, whom the most ardent and mutual affection had induced her to bring with her. She would mingle her tears—then ask Amelia why she wept?

In the midst of these distresses Amelia was interrupted by her landlord, who informed her that her rent was expired, and that his accounts required an immediate settlement. Her astonishment was indescribable—for the pressure of so many afflictions had driven a claim of this sort entirely from her memory. She candidly assured him however, of her honest intentions, but at the same time, of her perfect inability to comply with his demands. He made a short pause—His intemperate passions soon suggested a compromise. Certain hints were thrown out, which Amelia could not but understand; on her compliance with these, she should be absolved from the debt—and if she refused, she should be immediately ejected, and her little sister sent to the workhouse. Amelia shrunk from the alternative, with emotions of mingled horror and contempt. The landlord was a magistrate, and high in power He left the room somewhat abruptly, and promised to call again for an answer. His second interview was equally unsuccessful—but his threat with respect to the little girl, was put into execution.—She was torn from the frantic embrace of her almost suffocated sister.

In the mean time a young merchant who had known Amelia's husband, heard of her distress, and waited on her with offers of assistance. She had no other resource, though to her dependance and misery were synonimous. Her debts were paid, and he had bound himself to her by the strongest ties of gratitude. He had wiped the tear from her cheek—he had snatched her from the most frightful enemy—he had advanced a large sum for her immediate support—and her compliance with *his* solicitations, was the only mode of cancelling all these obligations. Her soul was too noble to acknowledge a favor, though reputation itself was at stake. Gratitude, misery and despair rushed in to supplant her honor.

Amelia has fallen low indeed. She has experienced all the vicissitudes of man's caprices—of his pride, his folly, and his contemptuous arrogance. She sometimes thirks her face is suffused with a blush—her soul seems to swell with the most rapturous and sublime emotions of purity and virtue. Forgetting the denunciations of society, her imagination places her character on the basis of intrinsic merit—she retraces with the enthusiasm of conscious dignity her former situation—she revisits the circle of affectionate relatives—but the cruel reverse succeeds—and tears flow from those scenes, which must never return.

Such is the authentic relation which she herself has given me.

OBSERVER.

FOR THE MINERVA.

AN opinion has been almost unanimously entertained by writers in different ages, that the country people are far more virtuous than the inhabitants of cities and large towns. This opinion is probably correct, so far as it relates to the cities of Europe, such as Paris, London and Venice, where luxury has vitiated the majority of their inhabitants; but I am induced to believe it does not equally apply to the towns in America. Civilization is said to keep pace with luxury; and the most civilized people are supposed by some to be the most virtuous: according to this definition, the citizens of Paris, whom we are now disposed to consider the most licentious, would receive the appellation of the most virtuous people on earth.

Every one will admit that instances of extraordinary virtue are rare in savage life; that it will be needless to search for frequent examples among the negroes of Africa, the Turks and Tartars of Europe and Asia, or the Indians of North and South America. We find the uncivilized inhabitants of these countries equally void of honesty and humanity, and addicted to most of the heinous vices which cast obliquity on the character of man.

The voluptuous Parisian, the most civilized of mankind, is yet far from being the most virtuous;—luxury, although the promoter of civilization, is also productive of vice. The Little Pawnee or Indian savage has little idea of Justice, farther than personal strength can obtain it; he entertains no sympathy, no fellow-feeling for strangers; to his own tribe he is the faithful adherent, and to all who are not in alliance with them, a subtle and deadly foe.

Upon this picture we may justly conclude, that the state of society to which the largest portion of virtue and happiness is allowed, is placed between the extremes of Indian ferocity and Parisian luxury. It is in a state which the happy country of the American people has allowed them; possessing all the advantages of civilization, without the vices attendant on luxury, the inhabitants of the United States may be classed with propriety amongst the most virtuous and happy nations on the face of the globe.

I am inclined to think the moral of the townspeople in America, so far from being inferior to those of the country people, are actually superior to them inasmuch as the inhabitants of the towns are more refined than those of the country, from the continual intercourse of their citizens, for the purpose of trade, or by the visiting of their families; and they are, as yet, exempt from the influence of that ruinous luxury which has proven the bane of European cities.

A CITIZEN.

DIED—On Saturday morning, Mrs. J West, the most distinguished ornament of the Virginia stage.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPEAN.

A late London paper says, that the whole coast of Italy is infested by pirates from Barbary. Accounts from Rome state, that three of them have their crews near San Lorenzo, and marching up the country four leagues, burned and pillaged all before them, and carried away an immense booty, and 60 prisoners.

DOMESTIC.

The La Revolutionaire, says the Norfolk Ledger, sailed from the Capes on Tuesday evening, for New-York. The Canadian, we understand, is gone to cruize off Havanna for Spaniards.

By an arrival at Norfolk, from Port-au Prince, we have a confirmation of the report via New-York, of the intention of Dessalines to march an army against the city of St Domingo.

A letter received from W. hington, says "Official intelligence is received here, that the fleet fitting out in Spain, and destined for Florida, has been dismantled: & that the convention has been ratified—by which our merchants will receive indemnity in all those cases, which were not excluded by the former administration."

A letter from Paramaribo, says, never was there such times for the Americans as the present. Markets very high and scarce We are not allowed even to hoist out our provisions

SELECTED POETRY.

LAURA'S TEAR.

How sweetly throbs my beating heart,
When from my Laura's lucent eye,
I see the glittering gem depart—
The child of sensibility.

The beauties of her air and mein,
With more than mortal charms appear,
When mild compassion's form is seen
Distinctly in my Laura's tear.

When worth indignant seeks the shade
Of solitude, of want and grief,
And no assisting hand's displayed
To yield the sufferer relief:

Too proud to court a haughty boon:
Too poor to spurn the humblest cheer;
Misfortune's glooms, that shroud his noon,
Ne'er fail to claim my Laura's tear.

As at the bed where Misery weeps,
She takes her philanthropic stand,
Or where some hapless orphan sleeps,
Unconscious of Want's iron hand;

The glow of pity which I trace,
Proclaims a feeling heart sincere;
And smiling angels guard the place,
That's hallow'd with my Laura's tear.

And when the child of guilt has flown,
To meet his retributive doom,
And rigid Virtue shuns the stone
That marks his solitary tomb.—

Her hand around will flow'rets strew
And o'er his grave the woodbine rear,
Moisten'd at eve with freshening dew,
And Laura's sympathetic tear.

SONNET.

TO HELLEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

Enchanting Williams! Nature's darling child,
Fost'er'd by Genius, and matur'd by Taste,
Who kindly on thy earliest efforts smil'd,
And with their choicest gifts thy fancy graced;

Gave thee a pow'r to steal upon the soul,
Mild as descend the evening's dreary store,
And yet resistless as the waves that roll
O'er ocean's bed, when loud the tempest roars.

Taught thee to form, beyond the pow'r of art,
The tale that, as it melts, amends the heart—
The tale that, spite of Envy's self shall live,
Blest with th' approving Critic's smile benign;
For O! dear maid, 'tis thine alone to give
To energetic force a grace divine.

TO MARIA.

They tell me love'e a transient flame,
Just kept alive by beauty's ray,
As fleeting as the breath of fame,
Which meets the ear, then dies away.

But if to beauty sense be join'd,
Secure the hallow'd flame shall rest,
Tho, time, and fell disease, combin'd,
Assay to force it from the breast;

As we then tread the vale of life,
Our souls in unison shall move,
Who most can please be all our strife,
And rivet thus the chains of love.

VIRTUE AN ORNAMENT; AN ODE.

TO THE LADIES.

The diamond's and the ruby's rays
Shine with a milder, finer flame,
And more attract our love and praise
Than beauty's self, if lost to fame.

But the sweet tear in Pity's eye,
Transcends the diamond's brightest beams;
And the soft blush of modesty
More precious than the ruby seems.

The glowing gem the sparkling tone,
May strike the sight with quick surprise;
But Truth and Innocence alone
Can still engage the good and wise.

No glitt'ring ornament or show
Will aught avail in grief or pain;
Only from inward worth can flow
Delight that ever shall remain.

TO HOPE.

O thou! advance, whose heav'nly light
Can make each scene of sadness please:
On future bliss can fix the sight,
And anguish change to ease.

'Tis thou, sweet Hope, of race divine,
Who did'st the Poet's thoughts aspire;
Thou breath'st thy influence o'er each line,
And adds't celestial fire.

Thou bidst his anxious bosom glow,
To climb the steep ascent of fame:
Tost are that praise the just bestow,
And vain a deathless name.

The Painter, fir'd by thee, can trace
Each genuine beauty Nature gives,
As on the canvass shines each grace,
Renown'd his memory lives.

'Tis thou, sweet Hope, whose magic pow'r,
The griefs of absence best can calm;
While friendship chides each loit'ring hour,
Thou shed'st thy soothing balm.

Thou mak'st the captive's heart rejoice,
In gloomy regions of despair;
In thought he hears fair freedom's voice,
And breathes in purer air.

But oh! when thou forsak'st his breat,
What dismal horrors round him rise!
His mind, with weightier chains opprest,
Deep sunk in sorrow lies.

The sailor on the watt'ry waste,
While boistrous waves terrific roar,
Thou bidst ideal pleasures taste,
And tread his native shore.

The wretch whom keen remorse assails,
Or he who feels Misfortune's dart,
His hapless fate no more bewails,
Such joy thy beams impart.

When life presents her closing scene,
Thy radiant sunshine cheers the soul:
'Tis thou, bright hope, with smile serene,
Canst Fear's dread hand command.

No mist obstructs thy piercing sight,
Thou bidst the mind her greatness know,
Soar'ng, thou point'st to realms of light,
And scorn'st to rest below.

EARLY GRAY HAIRS.

O'er my head, even yet a boy,
Care has thrown an early snow,—
Care, begone! a steady joy,
Soothes the heart that beats below.

Thus, though Alpine tops retain
Endless winter's hoary wreath;
Vines, and fields of golden grain,
Cheer the shady sons beneath.

VIRTUE REWARDED:

A PASTORAL TALE.

[From the German of Gesner.]

Glicera was beautiful and poor. Scarce had she numbered sixteen springs, when she lost her mother who had brought her up. Reduced to servitude, she kept the flocks of Lamon, who cultivated the lands of a rich citizen of Mitylene.

One day, her eyes flowing with tears, she went to visit her mother's solitary tomb. She poured upon her grave a cup of pure water, and suspended crowns of flowers to the branches of the bushes she had planted round it.—Seated beneath the mournful shade, and drying up her tears, she said, 'O thou most tender of mothers, how dear to my heart is the remembrance of thy virtues! If ever I forget the instructions thou gavest me, with such a tranquil smile, in that fatal moment, when inclining thy head upon my bosom, I saw the expire; if ever I forget them, may the propitious Gods forsake me, and may thy sacred shade forever fly me! It is thou that hast just preserved my innocence. I come to tell thy manes all. Wretch that I am! Is there any one on earth to whom I dare open my heart?

'Nicias, the lord of this country, came hither to enjoy the pleasures of autumn. He saw me: he regarded me with a soft and gracious air. He praised my flocks, and the care I took of them; he often told me that I was genteel and made me presents. Gods! how was I deceived! but in the country who mistrusts? I said to myself, how kind our master is! may the Gods reward him! all my vows shall be for him; 'tis all that I can do; but I will forever do it. The rich are happy, and favored by the immortals. When bountiful, like Nicias, they deserve to be happy. This to myself I said, and let him take my hand and press it in his. The other day I blushed and dared not to look up, when he put a gold ring on my finger. See, he said, what is engraved on this stone! A winged child that smiles like thee, and 'tis he who is to make thee happy. As he spoke these words he stroaked my cheeks which were redder than the fire. He loves me; he has the tenderness of a farther for me; how have I deserved so much kindness from a Lord, and so rich and powerful? O, my mother, that was all thy poor child thought. Heavens! how was I deceived! This morning he found me in the orchard; he chuck'd me familiarly under the chin. Come, he said, bring me some new-blown flowers to the myrtle bower that I may there enjoy their sweet perfumes. With haste I chose the finest flowers; and full of joy, I ran to the bower. Thou art, he said, more nimble than the Zephyrs, and more beautiful than the Goddess of flowers. Then, immortal Gods! I yet tremble at the thought; then he catched me in his arms, and pressed me to his bosom, and all that love can promise, all that is soft and seducing, flowed from his lips. I wept. I trembled. Unable to resist such arts, I had been forever lost. No, thou wouldst no longer have had a child, if thy remembrance had not watched over my heart. Ah! if my worthy mother had even seen thee suffer such disgraceful caresses! that thought alone gave me power to force myself from the arms of the seducer and fly.

'Now I come; O with what comfort is it that I still dare! I come to weep over thy grave. Alas! poor & unfortunate as I am, why did I lose thee when so young. I drop like a flower, deprived of the support that sustained its feeble stalk. This cup of pure water I pour to the honor of thy manes. Accept this garland! receive my tears! may they penetrate even to thy ashes! Hear, O my mother, hear; 'tis to thy dear remains. What repose beneath those flowers, which my eyes have so often bedewed: 'tis to thy sacred shade I here renew the vows of my heart. Virtue, innocence, and the fear of the Gods, shall make the happiness of my days. Therefore poverty shall never disturb the serenity of my mind. May I do nothing that thou wouldst not have approved with a smile of tenderness, and I shall surely be, as thou wast, beloved of Gods and men: For I shall be gentle, modest, and industrious. O my mother, by living thus, I hope to die like thee, with smiles and tears of joy.'

Glicera on quitting the place, felt all he powerful charms of virtue. The gentle warmth that was diffused over her mind, sparkled in her eyes, still wet with tears. She was beautiful as those days of spring, when the sun shines through a transient shower.

With a mind quite tranquil, she was hastening back to her labour, when Nicias ran to meet her. 'O Glicera' he said, and tears flowed down his cheeks, 'I have heard thee at thy mother's tomb. Fear nothing, virtuous maid! I thank the immortal Gods! I thank that virtue, which hath preserved me from the crime of seducing thy innocence. Forgive me, chaste Glicera! forgive nor dread in me a fresh offence. My virtue triumphs through thine. Be wise, be virtuous, and be ever happy. That meadow surrounded with trees, near to thy mother's tomb, and half the flock thou keepest, are thine.

'May a man of equal virtue complete the happiness of thy days! weep not, virtuous maid! but accept the present I offer thee with a sincere heart, and suffer me from henceforth to watch over thy happiness. If thou refusest me, a remorse for offending thy virtue will be the torment of all my days. Forget, O vouchsafe to forget my crime, and I will revere thee as a propitious power that hath defended me against myself.'

[The following beautiful character is extracted from Mrs D'Arblay's work, entitled Camilla, or a Picture of Youth.]

The form and the mind of Lavinia were in the most perfect harmony. Her polished complexion was fair, clear, and transparent; her features were of the extremest delicacy, her eyes of the softest blue, and her smile displayed infefnal serenity. The unruffled sweetness of her disposition bore the same character of modest excellence. Joy, hope, and prosperity, sickness, sorrow, and disappointment, assailed alike in vain the uniform gentleness of her temper: yet though thus exempt from all natural turbulence, either of pleasure or of pain, the meekness of her composition degenerated not into insensibility: it was open to all the feminine feelings of pity, of sympathy, and of tenderness.

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FROM HUME'S ESSAYS.

ON DELICACY.

Some people are subject to a certain delicacy of passion which makes them extremely sensible to all the accidents of life, and gives them a lively joy upon every prosperous event, as well as a piercing grief, when they meet with crosses and adversity. Favours and good offices easily engage their friendship, while the smallest injury provokes their resentment. Any honor or mark of distinction elevates them above measure; but they are sensibly touched with contempt. People of this character have, no doubt, much more lively enjoyments, as well as most pungent sorrows, than men of cool and sedate tempers: but I believe, when every thing is balanced, there is no one, who would not rather choose to be of the latter character were he entirely master of his own disposition. Good or ill-fortune is very little at our own disposal; and when a person who has this sensibility of temper meets with any misfortune, his sorrow or resentment takes entire possession of him, and deprives him of all relish in the common occurrences in life, the right enjoyment of which forms the greatest part of our happiness. Great pleasures are much more frequent than great pains; so that a sensible temper cannot meet with fewer trials in the former way than in the latter; not to mention, that men of such lively passions are apt to be tranported beyond all bounds of prudence and discretion, and to take false steps in the conduct of life, which are often irretrievable.

But there is a delicacy of taste observable in some men which very much resembles this delicacy of passion, and produces the same sensibility to beauty and deformity of every kind, as that does to prosperity and adversity, obligations and injuries. When you present a poem or a picture to a man possessed of this talent, the delicacy of his feelings, makes him to be touched very sensibly with every part of it; nor are the masterly strokes perceived with more exquisite relish and satisfaction, than the negligences or absurdites with disgust and uneasiness. A Polite and judicious conversation affords him the highest entertainment; rudeness or impertinence is as great a punishment to him. In short, delicacy of taste has the same effect as delicacy of passion: it enlarges the sphere of our happiness and misery, and makes us sensible to pains as well as pleasures which escape the rest of mankind.

I believe, however, there is no one, who will not agree with me, that, notwithsanding this resemblance, a delicacy of taste is as much to be desired and cultivated as a delicacy of passion is to be lamented, and to be remedied if possible. The good or ill accidents of life are very little at our disposal; but we are pretty much masters what books we shall read, what diversions we shall partake of, and what company we shall keep. Philosophers have endeavoured to render happiness entirely independent of every thing external that it is impossible to be attained so much by any other means, as by this delicacy of sentiment. When a man is possessed of that talent, he is more happy by what pleases his taste, than by what gratifies his appetites; and receives more enjoyment from a poem or a piece of reasoning, than the most expensive luxury can afford.

Biographical department.

CHARACTER OF JOHN HOWARD,

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

Few men have been more generally, sincerely, & deservedly famous than John Howard. In his favour mankind seemed to have laid aside all the prejudice and envy, which usually influence our opinions of each other, and induce us to deny to them their merited praise. The reason of this is obvious. The labours of Howard excited no one's jealousy or competition. Those who pursued mere fame, took very different paths to reach it, and their course were in no danger of jostling with one, who spent his life in travelling, not from palace to palace, but from jail to jail, and from hospital to hospital, and who went in search, if I may so expres myself, not of pleasure, but of misery.

The personal habits and deportment of such a man as Howard, are to me objects of far greater curiosity, than those of Cæsar or Bonaparte, or even of Newton or Pallas I have never, however, been able to meet with any particulars on this head, except these recorded by Mr. Pratt. These indeed are extremely curious, and are entitled to attention, independently of their connection with a name so illustrious. They are exceptions to the truth of the ordinary remark, that the greatest men are commonly distinguished in their personal and private character, by nothing different from ordinary men.

According to Mr. Pratt, Howard was very singular in many of the common habits of life: for instance, he preferred damp sheets, linen, and clothes, to dry ones; and both in rising and going to bed, swathed himself with coarse towels dipped in the coldest water he could get; in that state he remained half an hour, and then threw them off, freshened and invigorated, as he said, beyond measure. He never put on a great coat in the coldest countries; nor had been a minute under or over the time of an appointment, so far as it depended on himself for six and twenty years. He never continued at a plase, or with a person, a single day beyond the period fixed for going, in his whole life; and he had not, the last sixteen years of his existence, ate any fish, flesh, or fowl: nor sat down to his simple fare of tea, milk and rusks, all that time. His journies were continued from prison to prison, from one groupe of wretched beings to another, night and day; and where he could not go with a carriage, he would ride, and where that was hazardous, he would walk: such a thing as an obstruction was out of the question.

There are those, who, conscious of wanting in themselves what they envy in others, brand this victorious determination of suffering no loss or hindrance to stop him from keeping on in the right way as madness. Ah, my friend! how much better would it be for society, were they half as mad. Distractions they doubtless have, but it is to be feared, not half so friendly to the interests of human kind. But indeed, all enthusiasm of virtue is deemed romantic eccentricity by the cold-hearted.

With respect to Mr. Howard's personal singularities above described, though they were certainly hazardous experiments in the first instance, it was not useless for a man, who pre-resolved to set his face against wind and weather; and, after passing all sorts of unhealthy climes, to descend into the realms of disease and death, to make them.

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF THE WORD *NO*.

There are few words in the English language more important than the word NO. And, though it is very short, is to many, very hard to learn. Many a man, and woman too, have been undone because they knew not how to say NO.

Charles Easy, a good-natured young fellow, was left with a handsome patrimony, with which he went into trade. Charles had a crowd of customers, for every body loved him; but unluckily, his customers had forgotten to bring their money along with them—They all, however promised payment—some in ninety days, some in sixty, and some in thirty, and some next morning—Charles doubted and hesitated, but not knowing how to say NO, he credited them all. Thus his goods were scattered over the country; and while he obtained one half of his debts, at more expense and trouble than his profits upon the whole of them were worth, he lost the other half. In the midst of these embarrassments, a worthless fellow, in whose company Charles had once drank a bottle of wine, had the assurance on the strength of this acquaintance, to ask him to be bail for him in a large sum. Charles started at this request, and the word NO was seemingly bolting out: but it stuck in his throat; he yielded, & was undone.

Tommy Smoothly was social, polite and engaging; his fault did not spring from a perverse heart, but from his obsequiousness. Tommy loved neither the bottle nor cards; he hated night-watchings, which gave him the head-ache all the next day—but yet he gambled, drank freely and kept late hours, because his companions importuned him, and he knew not how to say NO. At length a set of sharpers perceived Tommy's weak side, and made him their prey. They enticed him to deep play, fixed their fangs upon him, and never left him until they had robbed him of his last shilling. Alas! poor Tommy, what a fine man he might have been, if he had only learned how to say NO.

But ah, the lovely Belinda! what pencil can paint her former gaiety; or her present despair. Fair as the lilly, sweet as the rose-bud when it receives the morning dew; she was the solace and comfort of her parents, until a seducer, with the graceful exterior of a Lovelace, and with the heart of a fiend, destroyed her virtue and her grace. Belinda, hapless girl, still the roses would have blown on thy cheek; still would joy have beamed in thy countenance if thou had learned to say NO.

Let youth learn the proper use of this important monosyllable. If advised and persuaded plainly against your interest, say NO. If tempted to bring a blot upon your conscience, say with energy and emphasis, NO, NO, NO; but to the prayer of want, and to the call of real honor and virtue, never say NO.

ON THE CULTIVATION OF THE FEMALE MIND.

(From Kaim's History of Man.)

In the common course of European education, young women are trained to make an agreeable figure, and to behave with decency and propriety: very little culture is bestowed on the head, and still less on the heart, if it be not the art of hiding passion. Education so slight and superficial is far from seconding the purpose of nature, that of making women fit companions for men of sense. Due cultivation of the female mind would add greatly to the happiness of the males, and still more to that of the females. Time runs on; and, when youth and beauty vanish, a fine lady, who never entertained a thought into which an admirer did not enter, finds in herself a lamentable void, occasioning discontent and peevishness. But a woman who has merit, improved by virtuous and refined education, retains, in her decline, an influence over the men, more flattering than even that of beauty: she is the delight of her friends, as formerly of her admirers.

Admirable would be the effects of such refined education, contributing no less to the public good than to private happiness. A man, who must at present degrade himself into a fop or a coxcomb, in order to please the women, would discover, that their favour is not to be gained, but by exerting every manly talent in public and in private life, and the two sexes, instead of corrupting each other, would be rivals in the race of virtue. Mutual esteem would be to each a school of urbanity and mutual love of pleasing without smoothness to their sentiments, and tenderness to their passions.

Mankind women, in particular, destined by nature, to take the lead in educating their children, would no longer be neglected objects of attention to good education, by their ignorance, frivolity, and disorderly manner of living. Even upon the breast, infants are susceptible of impressions*; and the mother has a thousand opportunities to instil into them good principles, before either from a male tutor. Coriolanus, who made a capital figure in the Roman republic, never returned from war without receiving marks of distinction. Others behaved valiantly, in order to acquire glory; he behaved valiantly, in order to give pleasure to his mother. The delight she took in hearing him praised, and her weeping for joy in his embraces, made him, in his own opinion, the happiest person in the universe. Epaminondas accounted it his greatest felicity, that his father and mother were still alive to behold his conduct and his victory at Leuctra. In a Latin dialogue about the causes that corrupted the Roman eloquence, ingeniously ascribed to Tacitus, because obviously it is not his style, the method of education in Rome, while it flourished as a commonwealth, is described in a lively manner. I shall endeavour to give the scene in English, because it chiefly concerns the fair sex. "In that age, children, were suckled, not in the hut of a mercenary nurse, but by the chaste mother who bore them. Their education, during nonage, was in her hands: and it was her chief care to instil into them every virtuous principle. In her presence, a loose word or an improper action was strictly prohibited. She superintended, not only their serious studies, but even their amusements; which were conducted with decency and moderation. In that manner he Gracchi, educated by Cornelia their mother, and Augustus, by Attia his mother, appeared in public with untainted minds: fond of glory, and prepared to make a figure in the world."

In the expedition of the illustrious Bertrand du Guesselin, against Peter the Cruel, King of Castile, the governor of a town, upon being summoned to give up, made the following answer: "That they might be conquered, but would never tamely yield; that their fathers had taught them to prefer a glorious death before a dishonourable life: and that their mothers had not only educated them in these sentiments, but were ready to put in practice the lessons they inculcated." Let the most profound politician say, what more efficacious incentive there can be to virtue and manhood, than the behaviour of the Spartan matrons, flocking to the temples, and thanking the Gods, that their husbands and sons had died gloriously fighting for their country. In the war between Lacedæmon and Thebes, the Lacedemonians having behaved ill, the married men, as Plutarch reports, were so ashamed of themselves, that they durst not look their wives in the face. What a glorious prize is here exhibited to be contended for by the female sex!

By such refined education, love would take on a new form, that which nature inspires for making us happy, and for softening the distresses of chance. It would fill deliciously, the whole soul with amity, and mutual confidence. The union of a worthy man with a frivolous woman can never with all the advantages of fortune, be made comfortable: how different the union of a virtuous pair, who have no aim but to make each other happy! Between such a pair, emulation is reversed, by an ardent desire in each to be surpassed by the other.

* *May not a habit of cheerfulness be produced in an infant, by being trained up among cheerful people? An agreeable temper is held to be a prime qualification in a nurse. Such is the connection between the mind and body, as that the features of the face are commonly moulded into an expression of the internal disposition; and is it not natural to think, that an infant in the womb, may be affected by the temper of its mother? Its tender parts make it susceptible of the slightest impressions. When a woman is breeding, she ought to be doubly careful of her temper; and in particular, to indulge no ideas but what are cheerful, and no sentiments but what are kindly.*

UNHAPPY FATE OF THE WOMEN IN SOME PARTS OF SOUTH AMERICA.

Father Joseph Gumilla, in his account of a country in South America, bordering upon the great river Oroonoko, describes pathetically, the miserable slavery of married women there, and mentions a practice that would appear incredible to one unacquainted with the manners of that country, which is, that married women frequently destroy their female infants. A married woman, of a virtuous character and good understanding, having been guilty of that crime, was reproached by our author in bitter terms. She heard him patiently to the end, with eyes fixed on the ground; and answered as follows: "I wish to God Father, I wished to God, that my mother had by my death prevented the manifold distresses I have endured, and have yet to endure, as long as I live. Had she kindly stifled me at my birth, I should not have felt the pain of death, nor numberless other pains to which life hath subjected me. Consider, Father, our deplorable condition. Our husbands go to hunt with their bows and arrows, and trouble themselves no farther. We are dragged along, with one infant at our breast, and another in a basket. They return in the evening without any burden: we return with the burden of our children; and, though tired out with a long march, are not permitted to sleep, but must labour the whole night in grinding maize, to make chica for them. They get drunk, and in their drunkenness, beat us, draw us by the hair of the head, and tread us under foot. And what have we to comfort us for slavery, perhaps of twenty years? A young wife is brought in upon us, who is permitted to abuse us and our children, because we are no longer regarded. Can human nature endure such tyranny! Why, kind father, why shew to our female children equal to that of relieving them from a servitude, more bitter a thousand times than death? I say again, would to God that my mother had put me under the ground the very moment I was born."

SOVEREIGN AUTHORITY IN CHINA.

No Monarch in Europe possesses power so unlimited as the sovereign of this numerous nation—all authority is vested in him alone; he is the undisputed master of the lives of his subjects, and thus placed in a situation to become the greatest tyrant in the world.

No sentence of death pronounced by any of the tribunals can be executed without his consent. Every verdict in civil affairs is subject to the same revison; and no determination is of any force until it has been confirmed by his assent. On the contrary, whatever sentence he passes is executed without delay. His edicts are respected throughout the whole empire as though they proceeded from a divinity, and are immediately published and registered without the least remonstrance. This absolute power in the head of the Chinese empire appears to be as ancient as the empire itself, and all the revolutions which have taken place, have tended to confirm it.

The emperor alone has the disposal of all the offices of state which are wholly dependent on his pleasure. No employment is however purchased in China; merit, for the most part, raises to place, and is attended to place only; thus, whatever may be the despotic power of the emperor, the government has an eminent advantage over most of the governments of Europe; the offices and honors of which are as liable as their other mercantile commodities. On this principle, of merit of qualifying for office, the emperor has the right of choosing a successor either among his children, the rest of his family, or from among his own subjects; thus Chun, prime minister of the emperor Yao, was chosen by that monarch to succeed him on account of his superior abilities.

Should the successor named by the emperor be wanting in that respectful submission which he was not before suspected, the same hand that raised him towards the throne can remove him from this exalted station. In such case another successor is chosen and the former is entirely forgotten. The emperor Kang-hi, one of the latest and best of the Chinese emperors, thus excluded his eldest son from the throne, though he had once nominated him his successor.

A prince of the blood is generally esteemed in China; yet the emperor can prevent those from assuming that title who have a natural right to it, but if they are permitted to enjoy their rank, they have neither influence nor power; they possess a revenue proportioned to their dignity: and have a palace, officers and courts; but they have less authority than the lowest of the mandarins.

FROM THE REPERTORY.

The folly of deferring the execution of our designs to a future period, has ever been a subject of censure and complaint. Moralists have employed their reason and eloquence from age to age, to persuade us faithfully to improve the present hour, and to remember that purity is not at our command. Their admonition however forcible, have failed to interrupt the pursuit of selfish pleasure, and so check the prevalence of this seducing weakness. The truths which they have delivered tho' never controverted, have not presented the indulgence of a dilatory disposition.

When we consider the small number of those, who justly estimate the value of life, we cannot forbear smiling at the folly, or lamenting the weakness of human nature. Life if well employed is sufficient to discharge the duties, which are commensurate with its duration.—Industry may sometimes relax, and the mind varied by application is invigorated by rest, and fitted for the reception of truth. Unremitting industry is beyond the power of humanity and he who hopes to employ his time with efficacy and profit, must sometimes indulge in gaiety and diversion. But the delight of ease renders us unwilling to resume our labour, and to return to the servility of application.

The happiness of man consists in the proper exercise of his intellectual and moral powers. The pleasure derived from this source are not like the tumultuous gratifications of the sons of debauchery, fleeting and unsubstantial, but afford the most permanent delight of which man is susceptible. Faithful improvement of our noble powers gives support in every vicissitude of fortune, and enables us to bid defiance to every assault.

Resolutions of diligence gradually lose their influence. Temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another, until at length we are seduced from our honest purposes and forget our original intention.

Those who languish in inaction are sometimes roused to a painful remembrance of their folly. They are convinced of the necessity of interrupting the attractions of pleasure and breaking the chains of sensuality. But unhappily the time of amendment is always future. They are willing to defer the attempt.

Nothing contributes more to make old age a season of unavailing regret, than the consciousness of having prostituted those powers in unworthy pursuits, which qualified us for enterprises that demand ability, and actions honorable to the human character.

Nothing can extenuate that Indolence which prevents moral improvement, or palliate the delay which checks the growth of mental vigour. Every man has something to do, which he neglects to perform. All have faults to conquer, which they neglect to combat. Such is the power of habit, which is often too great for the most vigorous resistance but must be overcome before any attainments can be made in wisdom or virtue.

ON FLATTERY.

Undue compliments ought to be considered as an affront to the understanding of the persons to whom they are addressed.

Women, by encouraging flatterers, teach men to be hypocrites, yet at other times stigmatize them for deceivers.

A man who flatters a woman, hopes either to find her a fool or to make her one.

Flatterers endeavour to turn a woman's artillery against her, and to raise her up, in order to pull her down.

Flatery may be considered as a kind of bad money, to which our vanity gives currency.

Were we not to flatter ourselves, the flattery of others would never hurt us.

Flattery is the vice of men, who seek to raise themselves on the ruins of the pride they hope either to find or to inspire in women.

SOCIETY.

Society has been aptly compared to a heap of embers, which, when separated, soon languish, darken, and expire; but, if placed together, glow with a ruddy and intense heat, a just emblem of the strength, the happiness, and the security, derived from the union of mankind. The savage, who never knew the blessings of combination, and he, who quits society from apathy or misanthropic spleen are like the separated embers, dark, dead, and useless; they neither give nor receive any heat, neither love or are beloved.

FOR THE MINERVA.

While religion condemned and reviled, is banished from the haunts of science,—While to scoff at her doctrines, without taking the trouble to examine their ground or proofs, is deemed a mark of an enlightened and discriminating mind,—While to boast of a morality of which she is the parent, (and which cannot long exist without her fostering hand) is the order of the day, let us my female friends, find her an asylum; let us court her to become the inmate of our bosoms; let us cherish a guest who will dispense her blessings through time, & through eternity.

I mean that pure and undefiled religion, which has faith and good works for its basis, on which the heart is made better, the mind is expanded, the duties of morality enforced, and the hopes and views extended, beyond a present, perishable existence.

The sorrows and disappointments of life have formed a theme for the moralist of every age to descant on, and various motives have been suggested to steel and fortify the mind against their influence. Of their reality and power we have all had sensible marks in our own state, sufficient to prove to us that this is not the place where that ardent desire for happiness so strongly impelling us in all our pursuits, will ever meet its perfect consummation. Long is the catalogue of human ills, and often have they been recapitulated: religion does not profess to avert them, but she offers to the mind that stay and support, that peace and consolation which will sustain it under them. She teaches us that they form a part of that system of probation and trial, by which we are weaned from a world never intended for our final rest.

Nor is this world amidst all its evils, destitute of its goods; the bountiful author of nature has scattered his blessings with a liberal hand, and though they are not of that unqualified kind which will satisfy an immortal spirit, yet, the same which will support that spirit under the disappointments of life, will heighten the enjoyment of every present good.

Flushed with hope and deluded by the gay visions of fancy that dance before our eyes, we set out in our career, eager to grasp the phantom which a vivid imagination has decked in warm and glowing colours. The beauties of nature—the delights of the first dawnings of knowledge on the mind—the charms of friendship—the enthusiastic tenderness of love—the pleasures that flow from domestic relations, and society (not to mention the flatteries of ambition or the glittering bait of riches, for they are generally the allurements of riper age); all these in endless perspective, promise to the youthful mind a continued succession of joys, to last to the close of life: indeed life itself seems too short a space to crowd in all the expected blessings.

But alas! short is the dream of hope, while a reality of the insufficiency and unsatisfying nature of all worldly attainments, brings us to the conclusion of the wise man, "That all is indeed vanity and vexation of spirit." Let us read the two first chapters of Ecclesiastics, and we shall find that Solomon himself in the most exalted station of life, with riches that knew no bounds, with splendor and magnificence unequalled, the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, unlimited power, and the refinements of eastern voluptuousness, confesses, "that there was no profit in all his labour under the sun."

If in the masculine soul there are no sensations that acknowledge "The felt presence of the deity;"—if man with philosophic eye, and all the powers of an intelligent mind, can view the works of nature without an humble adoration of Nature's God, greatly, my female friends, have we the advantage of him, and while he says we excel him in the refinements of social life, we excel him also in the highest refinements of pleasure the human heart is capable of; for sweetly do all the finer affections & sensibilities, that distinguish the spiritual from the animal nature, find exercise in the belief of religion, and practice of its duties. Who can contemplate the hand that hung in Heaven's high dome, yon glorious sun—that spangled our midnight canopy with shining worlds—that by the powerful fiat of his will sustains both them and us, without grateful triumph in his love?

And while a misjudging world applauds or censures us by the event of our actions, (and who can insure the event of any of his plans, though founded in integrity and probability of success) how comfortable the reflection that he who formed the heart, knows each latent thought, and will condemn or acquit, by the motives that have actuated us in all our designs here?

And when about to leave this sublunary world, how reviving the assurance, that the father we have loved and revered, who has been present with us in every vicissitude of life, still watches over and protects us, and tho' he may for a time, permit us to be tried and corrected, will himself form our happiness and good, throughout a boundless, immeasurable eternity.

When we see the grave close over the body of the friend we have loved, and see that sentence executed upon it, "Dust thou art, & onto dust shalt thou return," can we for a moment admit the thought, that the spirit that once animated it, with all its high hopes, boundless desires, and warm affections, has also become a clod of the valley?—No.—That spark of divinity though shorn of its beams, and a participator while here in the weakness of its companion, religion informs us, (and the hopes and fears of nature coincide with the information) is removed to a mansion of glory, prepared for the just and good, or consigned to a state of hopeless misery and unavailing remorse.

Let us then, who are parents, endeavour to lead our children's thoughts up to that bountiful source of all good; let us acquaint them with their creator, preserver and kind benefactor; let us by teaching them the doctrines of our religion, furnish them with weapons to combat the arguments and opinions of sceptics; let us raise in their bosoms that bulwark of confidence, which, when the storms of life shall beat, and the rains descend, shall furnish them a shelter from the raging blast.

"His hand the good man fastens on the skies
And bids earth roll, nor heeds the mighty whirl"

YOUNG.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Norfolk, *January* 17, 1805.

FOR THE MINERVA.

The partiality of parents to a favorite among their children, is one of those foibles in the parental character, which every one is forward in reprehending, but which is practised in a greater or less degree, by every father and mother of a family.

The affection which almost every creature shews to its offspring in a state of infancy, is remarkably strong.—Instinct teaches the motherly hen to exert her utmost industry for the support of her feeble brood—she incessantly labors for their maintenance, and cheerfully stints herself to supply them with food—there is no peril which she will not encounter for their protection; when they are in danger, at the risk of her life she flies to succour them, making her own safety a secondary consideration, when placed in competition with theirs—such are the virtues of the hen;—certainly she is a most tender parent—but she has not one favorite amongst her whole brood, which sometimes amounts to 15 or 20! Each and every one of her infants receives her constant and anxious attention: but no one of them has the smallest preference over the rest—they are all equally her offspring; and they all receive an equal share of her affection and favours.

Why, therefore, do we find this distinction between the filial affection of the human and of the brute creation? Is it because he former acts from *reason* and the latter from *instinct*? But reason surely does not require that we should have a partial fondness for any particular one of our children—I should rather suppose that it would forbid such a preference as unjust: and I am sure it would be criminal in a parent to exercise such a partiality for one child, to the prejudice of his other children.

Mothers are really very much mistaken in their views, when they attempt to make a favorite daughter outshine her brothers and sisters, by gratifying every infantine passion—by fostering the vanity, or encouraging the insolence of the saucy little minx. The girl who has been a favorite at home, naturally expects to have the same partiality shewn her when she goes into company; she considers herself entitled to that deference from her acquaintance which she has been accustomed to receive from her mother's servants, and which the good woman had assured her would never be denied to her extraordinary beauty and accomplishments; but indifferent people not being disposed to judge so favorably as the partial mother, it is no wonder that instead of being caressed and honored, she is treated with indifference; and as this will be certain to provoke a retort, from her pride, indifference will be succeeded by contempt.

The partialities of parents seem to be directed rather by caprice than any reasonable motive. It is not the prettiest, the liveliest, or the most passive child that is certain of obtaining the preference as a favorite: for sometimes this favorite is a girl, and sometimes a boy; & not unfrequently the ugliest, dullest or worst tempered child of the whole groupe, with which the undiscriminating parents have been blessed by a beneficent providence.

It is no wonder then that those children which have been in a measure neglected by their parents, should in the end prove the most respectable and useful citizens; having no expectations of indulgence, and perceiving the predilection of their parents, they exert themselves to acquire useful information, that they may become as independent as possible.

I lately had an opportunity of remarking the difference in the behaviour of two young ladies who were sisters, & had been brought up together, but who had received very dissimilar educations and impressions, which strongly marked the character and conduct of each of them.—*Clarissa* was a pert, handsome girl; she possessed a good share of wit, of which she was not at all sparing; *every* one was in danger from her sallies of humour; both friends and foes were promiscuously wounded by her satiric dart. Clarissa was a spoiled child.—Tho' her with a trivial mind, she had acquired many genteel accomplishments; she could speak *French* fluently, *dance* elegantly, sing melodiously and play cards divinely; but she was ignorant, haughty and vain;—her company was shunned and she was universally disliked. *Eliza* was the very reverse of her elder sister; she never received any of those maternal caresses which the fond parent is wont to lavish on her darling: but she escaped the lessons of vanity which bewildered the senses and ruined the temper of *Clarissa*. *Eliza* was affable and courteous to all her companions;—she loved her female friends, and was beloved by them;—her mild and conciliating behaviour attracted the sympathetic esteem of almost every stranger who had the pleasure of conversing with her: and her good sense, after a more intimate acquaintance, was sure to secure their friendship: in short, wherever her name was known, she was respected, admired and caressed. It was a subject of conjecture among their neighbours, whether the enemies of *Clarissa* were more inveterate in their malice than the companions of *Eliza* were fervent in their friendship!

SENEX.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPEAN.

The last accounts from Spain [to November 17, 1804] are of a pacific aspect; and those from England are not hostile. At the last date from Cadiz, no preparations for war with Great Britain were making; nor any talk of expected war; notwithstanding, the capture of the treasure frigates had been fully confirmed.

DOMESTIC.

A letter received in Boston, from Mr. Gavino the American Consul at Gibraltar, the 8th Nov. last states, the disease which existed in an alarming degree at that place was greatly abated, and the inhabitants who had fled, were about returning; Mr. Gavino further adds, that he had been severely attacked with the fever, together with his whole family; and that he had to lament the loss of a brother and sister who fell early victims to its ravages, tho' removed to his cottage at Europa; that he had also lost a faithful servant and the person entrusted with his business. On the subject of business, Mr. Gavino remarks, that it is to be expected trade will shortly revive, the article of rice would be worth $ 7 per Engt. cwt. and Flour 11 per bbl.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE WINTER'S NIGHT.

The thick'ning shades of night appear;
Hoarse breathes the win'ry storm afar;
Hark, from the sea-beat shore I hear
The din of elemental war.

Fierce on my roof the rattling hail,
Its flood tremendous pours;
The tempest bellows in the vale;
Aloud the bending forest roars.

Yet while convulsive nature's groan
Rocks earth upon her trembling pole,
A smile, dear girl, from thee alone,
Imparts calm sunshine to my soul.

No wealth have I, nor fame nor power,
(Though rich enough if loved by thee)
Yet thousands in this dreadful hour,
Would give all these to fare like me.

What numbers on the troubled deep.
Remote from friends, from kindred dear,
For wives below d despairing weep,
For children drop the bitter tear!

Safe shelter'd from the dismal storm,
Love's chastest sweets my breast inspire;
While in my cot so snug and warm,
We sit around the cheerful fire.

How throbs my heart with purest joy,
While mid these scenes of mutual bliss,
With cherub smiles our infant boy
Implores the fond maternal kiss.

O! let me clasp thee to my breast,
And meet affection's cheering smile,
In chaste endearments lull to rest,
My cares, my sorrows, and my toil.

We'll trim the brisk, enliv'ning fire,
Nor dread the wind that round us blows;
'Till sleep shall bid our thoughts retire
To pleasing dreams of soft repose.

THE PILGRIM.

Drop by drop the angel pours,
Comfort every moment yours;
Guards the night and cheers the day,
Gently leading life away.

Every object, every thought,
Sweetly seen, or kindly taught,
Dropping on the simple heart,
Unseen happiness impart.

Tho' the gloomy shades of night,
Hide the hills, obscure the light,
Cheerful *Hope*, with kindly ray,
Drops of comfort still convey.

Safely flowing down the tide,
E'en o'er ocean's bosom wide.
Storms and tempests cease to fear,
Drops of peace shall meet you there.

Then cease to flutter, foolish Fear,
Sorrow, darkness, dwell not here;
But light and comfort, drop by drop,
Raise the hopeful spirits up.

Then banish discontents sad pain,
Piety, ne'er hop'd in vain;
Drop by drop the angel pours,
Peace with virtue must be yours.

THE GIPSY BOY.

A BALLAD.

Oh, lady, good lady, pray pity the fate
Of a poor wretch deprived of all joy:
Oh list his sad plaints as he begs at your gate!
But, oh! your dog howls at the poor Gipsy Boy.

Cease, cease, cruel dog, I your pity implore,
'Tis my rags, I perceive, your slumbers annoy;
But can't I be honest, good dog, tho' I'm poor?
Oh yes: I ne'er rob, tho a motherless boy.

This coat, do but view it, so tatter'd and worn,
Two winters have shielded from rain and snow;
Tho' my poor naked feet are quite harden'd to horn,
Yet my bosom can feel the full weight of my woe.

How hard is my fate the ev'ning appears;
For, alas! I've no cov'ring to shelter my head;
Then under some hay-stack I stifle my tears,
Till falling in slumbers, I sink on my bed.

Ten full moons have shone since my good mother died,
And left me with my father to traverse the plain;
But he, cruel man, ne'er my cravings supplied,
But left me one morning asleep in a lane.

In vain have I wander'd o'er common and steep,
And never been able his footsteps to trace.
Wherever I rest, 'tis alas! bot to weep;
For the vo'tries of pleasure, all scowl in my face.

Full oft I've intreated the rich and the great
To yield me some labor my hands to employ;
But heedless they've bid me begone from their gate,
And call'd me dishonest, because I'm a poor boy.

Then, oh, my good lady, pray pity the fate
Of a poor wretched wand'rer, deprived of all joy.
Oh drive not the motherless child from your gate,
But Pity the plaints of the poor Gipsy Boy.

BENEVOLENCE.

A FABLE.

Imitated from the German of Gellert.

O'er Howard's tomb soft pity weeps,
Bewailing still her favorite's fate;
And thence the Muse invokes her aid
Of kindred merit to relate.

Like him to sympathise with woe;
Like him to heal the broken mind,
And rear affliction's drooping head,
Belinda's generous soul inclin'd.

But want of fortune oft—too oft
Her charitable views withstood:
For what, alas! avails the will,
Without the power of doing good?

Her uncle dies and leaves his niece,
A clear two thousand pounds per ann,
'Ah!' now she cries, 'I'm blest indeed,
'I'll help the poor where'er I can.'

Scarce had she spoken, when at her door,
An old decrepid wretch appears;
Bent on his crutch, he begs her alms,
And moves her pity with his tears.

Belinda felt for his distress—
She heav'd a sigh and shook her head;
Then to this aged son of woe
Stretch'd forth a——"crust of mouldy bread!"

LINES

Occasioned by a Lady's presenting a Gentleman with an APPLE.

An apple caus'd our present state;
And by inevitable fate,
Condemn'd us all to die;
But if that apple was so fine,
And came from such a hand divine,
Who from its charms could fly.

How can I then poor Adam blame,
When I myself had done the same,
Had you the apple given;
I should, like him, without dispute,
Have eaten the forbidden fruit,
And lost, for you, my heaven.

FROM CAMILLA; *Or*, A PICTURE OF YOUTH.

"——INDEED, Sir,—and pray believe me, I do not mean to repine I have not the beauty of Indiana: I know and have always heard her loveliness is beyond all comparison. I have no more, therefore, thought of envying it, than of envying the brightness of the meridian sun. I knew, too, I bore no competition with my sisters; but I never dreamt of competition. I knew I was not handsome, but I supposed many people besides not handsome and that I should pass with the rest: and I concluded the world to be full of people who had been sufferers as well as myself, by disease or accident. These have been occasionally my passing thoughts; but the subject never seized my mind; I never reflected upon it at all, till, abuse, without provocation, all at once opened my eyes, and shewed me to myself! Bear with me, then, my father, in this first dawn of terrible conviction! Many have been unfortunate—but none unfortunate like me! Many have met with evils—but who with an accumulation like mine!"

Mr. Tyrold extremely affected, embraced her with the utmost tenderness: "My dear, deserving, excellent child," he cried, "what would I not endure, what sacrifice not make, to soothe this cruel disturbance, till time and your own understanding can exert their powers!"—Then, while straining her to his breast with the fondest parental commiseration: the tears, with which his eyes were flowing, bedewed her cheeks.

Eugenia felt them, and, sinking to the ground, pressed his knees. 'O my father,' she cried, 'a tear from your revered eyes afflicts me more than all else! Let me not draw forth another, lest I should become not only unhappy, but guilty. Dry them up, my dearest father; let me kiss them away.'

'Tell me then, my poor girl, you will struggle against this ineffectual sorrow! Tell me you will assert that fortitude which only waits for your exertion: and tell me you will forgive the misjudging compassion which feared to impress you earlier with pain!'

'I will do all, every thing you desire! My injustice is subdued! My complaints shall be hushed! You have conquered me, my beloved father! Your indulgence, your lenity shall take place of every hardship, and leave me nothing but filial affection.'

Seizing this grateful moment, he then required of her to relinquish her melancholy scheme of seclusion from the world: 'The shyness and the fears which gave birth to it,' says he, 'will but grow upon you if listened to; and they are not worthy the courage I would instil into your bosom—the courage, my Eugenia, of virtue—the courage to pass by, as if unheard, the insolence of the hard-hearted, and ignorance of the vulgar. Happiness is in your power, though beauty is not: and on that to set too high a value would be pardonable only in a weak and frivolous mind; since, whatever is the involuntary admiration with which it meets, every estimable quality and accomplishment is attainable without it; and though, which I cannot deny, its immediate influence is universal, yet in every competition and in every decision of esteem, the superior, the elegant, the better part of mankind give their suffrages to merit alone. And you, in particular, will find yourself, through life, rather the more than the less valued, by every mind capable of justice and compassion, for misfortunes which no guilt has incurred.'

Observing her now to be softened, though not absolutely consoled, he rang the bell, and begged the servant, who answered it, to request his brother would order the coach immediately, as he was obliged to return home; 'And you, my love,' said he, 'shall accompany me; it will be the least exertion you can make in first breaking through your averseness to quit the house.'

Eugenia would not resist; but her compliance was evidently repugnant to her inclination; and in going to the glass to put on her hat, she turned aside from it in shuddering, and hid her face with both her hands.

'My dear child,' cried Tyrold, wrapping her again in his arms, 'this strong susceptibility will soon wear away—but you cannot be too speedy nor too firm in resisting it. The omission of what never was in our power cannot cause remorse, and the bewailing what never can become in our power cannot afford comfort. Imagine but what would have been the fate of Indiana, had your situation been reversed, and had she, who can never acquire your capacity, and therefore never attain your knowledge lost that beauty which is her all; but which to you, even if retained, could have been but a secondary gift. How short will be the reign of that all! how useless in sickness! how unavailing in solitude! how inadequate to long life! how forgotten, or repiningly mentioned in old age! You will live to feel for all you covet and admire; to grow sensible to a lot more lastingly happy in your own acquirements and powers; and to exclaim with contrition and wonder, the time was when I would have changed with the poor mind-dependent Indiana!'

The carriage was now announced; Eugenia, with reluctant steps, descended; Camilla was called to join them, and Sir Hugh saw them set off with the utmost delight.

TRUE VIRTUE AND HONOUR.

MEN possessed of these, value not themselves upon any regard to inferior obligations, and yet violate that which is the most sacred and ancient of all—religion.

They should consider such violation is a severe reproach in the most enlightened state of human nature; and under the purest dispensation of religion, it appears to have extinguished the sense of gratitude to Heaven, and to slight all acknowledgment of the great and true God. Such conduct implies either an entire want, or a wilful suppression of some of the best and most generous affections belonging to human natore.

INNOCENCE FEARS NO SCRUTINY.

In the days of Innocence, when modesty was the ruling passion of the female sex, we find great frankness in external behaviour; for women who are above suspicion, are little solicitous about appearances.

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The MINERVA;

Or, LADY's AND GENTLEMAN's MAGAZINE.

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FROM THE

BEAUTIES OF HISTORY.

COURAGE.

PORSENNA, the most potent king then in Italy, having undertaken to restore the Tarquins to the throne of Rome, from which they had been banished for their cruelty and oppression, sent proposals to the senate for that purpose; but finding they were rejected with scorn, he advanced towards Rome in a confident persuasion that he should easily reduce it. When he came to the bridge, and saw the Romans drawn up in order of battle, before the river, he was surprised at their resolution, and not doubting but he should overpower them with numbers, prepared to fight. The two armies being engaged, fought with great bravery, and long contended for victory. After a great slaughter on both sides, the Romans began to give way, and were quite put to flight. All fled into the city over the bridge, which at the same time would have afforded a passage to the enemy, if Rome had not found, in the heroic courage of one of her citizens, a bulwark, as strong as the highest walls. Publius Horatius was the man surnamed Cocles, because he he had but one eye, having lost the other in a battle.—He was the strongest and most undaunted of all the Romans. He used every method to stop the flying army; but perceiving that neither entreaties nor exhortations could overcome their fear, he resolved, however badly supported he might be, to defend the entrance of the bridge till it was demolished behind. On the success of this depended the preservation of the city. Only two Romans followed his example, and partook of his danger; nay, when he saw but a few planks of the bridge remaining, he obliged them to retire, and to save themselves. Standing alone against a whole army, but preserving his intrepidity, he even dared to insult his numerous enemies; and cast terrible looks upon the principal Etrurians, one while challenged them to a single combat, and then bitterly reproached them all. "Vile slaves that you are," said he, "not satisfied with being unmindful of your own, ye are come to deprive others of their liberty who have had the courage to assume it."—Covered with his buckler he sustained a shower of darts; and at last when they were all preparing to rush upon him, the bridge was entirely demolished, and Cocles throwing himself with his arms into the Tyber, safely swam over, having performed an action, says Livy, that will command the admiration more than the faith of posterity. He was received as in triumph by the Romans. The people erected him a brazen statue in armour in the most conspicuous part of the forum. As much land was given him as he could surround with a plough in a day.—All the inhabitants, both men and women, contributed to his reward: and in the midst of a dreadful scarcity, almost every person in the city, depriving themselves of a part of their subsistence, made him a present of provisions.

Biographical department.

CHARACTER OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

There are few personages in history who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies, and the adulation of friends, than Queen Elizabeth: and yet there scarce is any whose reputation has been more certainly determined by the unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, and the strong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices; and, obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat of their panegyrics, have at last, in spite of political factions, and what is more of religious animosities, produced an uniform judgment with regard to her conduct. Her vigour, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, her vigilance, and address, are allowed to merit the highest praises, and appear not to have been surpassed by any person who ever ruled a throne: a conduct less rigorous, less imperious, more sincere, more indulgent to her people, would have been requisite to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind she controlled all her more active passions, and prevented them from running into excess: her heroism was exempt from all temerity, her frugality from avarice, her friendship from partiality, her enterprize from turbulency and a vain ambition. She guarded not herself with equal care or equal success from lesser infirmities; the rivalship of beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love, and the sallies of anger.

Her singular talents for government were founded equally on her temper and on her capacity.—Endowed with a great command over herself, she soon obtained an uncontrouled ascendant over the people; and while she merited all their esteem by her real virtues, she engaged the affections by her pretended ones. Few sovereigns of England succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances; and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity. Unacquainted with the practice of toleration, the truest secret of managing religious factions, she preserved her people, by her superior prudence from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all her neighbouring nations; and though her enemies were the most powerful princes of Europe, the most active, the most enterprizing, the least scrupulous, she was able by her vigour to make deep impressions on their state: her own greatness meanwhile remained untouched and unimpaired.

The wise ministers and brave warriors, who flourished during her reign, share the praise of her success; but in stead of lessening the applause due to her, they make great addition to it: they owed all of them, their advancement to her choice; they were supported by her constancy; and with all their ability, they were never able to acquire any undue ascendant over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, she remained equally mistress: the force of the tender passions was great over her, but the force of her mind was still superior; and the combat which her victory visibly cost her, serves only to display the firmness of her resolution, and the loftiness of her ambitious sentiments.

The fame of this princess, though it has surmounted the prejudices both of faction and of bigotry, yet lies still exposed to another prejudice, which is more durable, because more natural, and which, according to the different views in which we survey her, is capable either of exalting beyond measure, or diminishing the lustre of her character. This prejudice is founded on the consideration of her sex. When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be struck with the highest admiration of her qualities and extensive capacity: but we are also apt to require the more softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, more facility to the weaknesses by which her sex is distinguished. But before we proceed to estimating her merit, is to lay aside all these considerations, and to consider her merely as a rational being, placed in authority, and intrusted with the government of mankind. We may then difficult to reconcile our fancy to her as a wife or a mistress; but her qualities as a sovereign, though will some considerable exceptions, are the objects of undisputed applause and approbation.

THE ART OF HAPPINESS.

Almost every object that attracts our notice, has its bright and its dark side. He who habituates himself to look at the disheartening side, will sour his disposition, and consequently impair his happiness; while he who constantly beholds it on the bright side, insensibly meliorates his temper, and in consequence of it, improves his own happiness, and the happiness of all about him.

Arachne and Melissa are two friends. They are, both of them, women in years, and children in birth, fortune education and accomplishments. They were originally alike in temper too; but, by different management, are grown the reverse of each other. Arachne has accustomed herself to look only on the dark side of every object. If a new poem or play makes its appearance, with a thousand brilliances, and but one or two blemishes, she slightly skims over the passages that afforded her pleasure, and dwells upon those only that she did not like. If you shew her a very excellent portrait, she looks at some of the drapery that has been neglected, or to a hand or finger which has been left unfinished. Her garden is a very beautiful one, and kept with great neatness and elegance; but if you take a walk with her in it, she takes to yourself nothing but blights and storms, of snails and caterpillars, and how impossible it is to keep it from the ever falling leaves and worm casts. If you sit down in one of her temples to admire the prospect, she observes you, that there is too much wood, or too little water; that the day is too sunny, or too gloomy; that it is sultry or windy: and for hours with a long dramatic piece the wretchedness of our climate. When you return with her to the house, in hopes of a little cheerful conversation, she casts a gloom over all by giving you a detail of her own bad health, confesses herself a martyr to the rheumatism, has lost one of her daughter's children. The inscrutable girls her own pains and keeps them all around her; and, at last dismisses, she knows no way, that her friends are grave.

Melissa is the reverse of all this. By constantly habituating herself to look only on the bright side of objects, she preserves a perpetual cheerfulness in herself, which, by a kind of happy contagion, she communicates to all about her. If any misfortune has befallen her, she considers it might have been worse, and is thankful to Providence for an escape. She rejoices in solitude, as it gives her an opportunity of knowing herself, and in society because she can communicate the happiness she enjoys. She applies every man's virtues to his failings, and can find out something to cherish and applaud in the very

worst of her acquaintance. She opens every book with a desire to be entertained or instructed, and therefore seldom misses what she looks for. Walk with her, though it be on a heath or a common, and she will discover numberless beauties, unobserved before, in the hills, the dales, the brooms, the brakes, and the variegated flowers of weeds, and poppies She enjoys every change of weather and of season, as bringing with it something of health or convenience. In conversation, it is a rule with her, never to start a subject that leads to any thing gloomy or disagreeable. You therefore never hear of her grievances, or those of her neighbours, or (what is worst of all) their faults or imperfections. If any thing of the latter kind be mentioned in her hearing, she has the address to turn it into entertainment, by changing the most odious raising into a pleasant raillery. Thus Melissa like the bee, gathers honey from every weed; while Archine, like the spider, sucks poison from the fairest flowers. The consequence is, that, of two tempers once very nearly allied, the one is ever sour and dissatisfied, the other always gay and chearful: the one spreads an uniform gloom, the other a continual sunshine.

There is nothing more worthy of our attention, than this art of happiness. In conversation, as well as life, happiness very often depends upon the slightest incidents. The taking notice of the badness of the weather, a north-east wind, the approach of winter, or any trifling circumstance of the disagreeable kind, shall insensibly rob a whole company of its good humour, & fling every member of it into the vapours. If, therefore, we would be happy in ourselves, and are desirous of communicating that happiness to all about us, these minutiæ of conversation ought carefully to be attended to. The brightness of the sky, the lovely mening of the day, the increasig verdure of the spring, the arrival of any little piece of good news, or what ever carries with it the most distant glimpse of joy, shall frequently be the parent of a social and happy conversation. Good-manners exact from us this regard to our company. The clown may repine at the sun in which ripens the harvest, because his turnips are burnt with it; but the man of refinement will extract pleasure from the thunder storm to which she is exposed, by remarking on the plenty and refreshment which may be expected from the succeeding shower.

Thus does politeness, as well as good sense, direct us to look at every object on the bright side; and, by thus acting, we cherish and improve both. By this practice it is, that Melissa is become the wisest and best-bred woman living: and by this practice, may every person arrive at that agreeableness of temper, of which the natural and never-failing fruit is Happiness.

FROM AN EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

Fashion, Luxury and Dress of the Ladies in Peru, particularly at Lima.

The ladies of Lima are in general of a middling stature, very handsome and agreeable; their skin is uncommonly white, and their complexion, without having recourse to art is excellent; they have fine sparkling eyes, and possess great vivacity. They are usually endowed by nature with fine black hair, extremely thick, and so long that it reaches nearly to the knees. To these bodily advantages are added those of the mind. They possess an acuteness of perception and a sound judgment, express themselves with elegance, and their conversation is gentle and agreeable In a word, they are highly amiable; and hence it is, that so many Europeans willingly become their captives, and are happy to enter into marriage with them.

Their dress differs much from that of the European ladies and it is only the custom of the country which renders it supportable. Though it must be allowed that this dress is extremely advantageous, and appears beautiful on those on whom it seemed shocking at first to the Spaniards, who found it somewhat indecent.

All that a lady of Lima wears on her person, except on her legs and feet, consists of a shift, and a linen gown called fustan, which in Europe would be called a vest; over this an open robe, and a boddice, which in summer is of linen and in winter of stuff or satin, but the least in number, add to this a sort of veil or mantle, which goes round the body, but without fastening.

The vest reaches no lower than the middle of the thigh —and from hence to the ancle hangs a fine lace set round the fustan. Through this lace one sees the ends of the garters hanging, which shine with gold and silver, and are sometimes set with pearls.

The winter garment is of velvet or rich stuff, covered no less with ornaments, and decked with fringes, lace, or ribbons The sleeves of the shift, which are a Castilian ell and an half in length, and two broad, are decorated from one end to the other, with a variety of fine laces.

Over the shift is the boddice, the sleeves whereof, which are very large, are of a circular form. They consist of lace, with strips of cambric, or very fine linen, inserted between. The sleeves of the shift, when they are not of the finest, are made in this manner. The shift is fastened over the shoulders by ribbons which are sewed to the boddice; it is the same with the round sleeves of the bodice and the sleeves of the shift, and the four sets of sleeves present the appearance of so many wings, which fall down below the girdle. Ladies who wear the veil or mantle, bring it round the waist, and, notwithstanding, use the boddice.

In summer no lady is to be seen in Lima that has not her head covered with a veil, of cambric, or very fine linen, and set with lace. Some are flying, as they express it, or tied up only on one side, and others are alternately ranged with top-knots and ribbons.

In winter they muffle themselves up within doors, in a rebos, which is nothing else than a piece of flannel, without farther trimming; but when they make visits, the rebos is ornamented and decorated like the robe. Some adorn it with gold or silver fringes, others with a facing of black velvet, almost one-third of its breadth.

Over the gown they put on an apron, of the same materials, as the sleeves of the boddice; the apron however, must not reach over the hem of the gown. From this description the reader will easily form some notion of the cost of such a dress, in which more is laid out on the trimming than on the principal materials: the silver alone amounts frequently to upwards of a thousand dollars. It is astonishing what care and taste the ladies employ in the choice of the laces which they so lavishly put upon their dress. An universal rivalship prevails of outdoing one another; and this not only among the ladies of distinction, but also among other gentlewomen, the negresses alone, excepted, of the interior and lowest classes. These laces are sewed so close toge her, as to leave but a little portion of the linen visible; and in some articles of dress it is even so entirely covered with it, that the linen that is to be perceived of it seems to be here less for use than for ornament; add to this, that it is all of the finest Brabant lace, and that every other would be rejected as too cheap and vulgar.

One distinction on which the ladies here in general value themselves, is a small foot; for in Peru, as in China, the littleness of the foot is reckoned a great beauty, that they particular the European women for having so large a one. The girls in Lima, from their very infancy, are made to wear such little shoes, that their feet in general when they are grown up, are not longer than five or six inches. The shoes are flat and without sides. A piece of Cordovan serves at once for the sole and the upper leather; as broad and long as the one end as the other which gives the shoe the form of the figure of 8. They are fastened with oncales of diamonds or other precious stones, according to the circumstances of the wearer; but more for shew than necessity; for, as they are entirely flat, there is no use of a buckle to keep them on the foot, and they are put on and off without undoing the buckles. Shoes embroidered with silver or gold are no longer much in fashion, as they are but little adapted to let the smallness of the foot be remarked, but are found to give it rather a larger look.

They usually wear white silk and very thin stockings, that the leg may appear of a fine form. The stockings are sometimes green, with worked clocks: but the white colour is most fashionable, as helping at least to conceal and detect in the legs, which are almost entirely exposed to the eye.

As of all the gifts they have received from nature, the hair is one of the most advantageous, they employ a great deal of care on their head dress. They divide the hair behind into six braids, which take in the whole width & through which they stick a golden pin, somewhat bent, which they call a poficon; they give the like name to a couple of diamond knobs or buttons, the size of small hazel nuts, at each end of the pin. Those braids which are not tied up to the head, fall upon the shoulders, in the shape of a flattened circle They adorn it nei her with ribbons nor with any other ornament, that they may not deprive it of any of its own peculiar beauty. On the head, both before and behind, they stick diamond aigrettes. In front they likewise form the hair into little locks which reach from the upper part of the temple to the middle of the ears: and by the side of the temples little pa ches of black velvet are stuck, which have no bad effect.

The earings are of brilliants with little tassels of black silk, which they likewise call poficons, and decorate with pearls.

Besides rings, diamonds, clasps, and bracelets of large and beautiful pearls, they also wear a round and broad stomacher, fastened by a girdle round the waist; it is richly set with diamonds.

If we figure to ourselves one of these ladies, dressed entirely in lace, instead of linen, and sparkling all over with pearls and diamonds, we shall not be surprised at hearing, that in their grand appearances in state, they carry about them to the value of upwards of 30 or 40,000 dollars; a luxury which is so universal that it holds good even concerning the wives of mere private persons.

But that at which foreigners are still more amazed, is the indifference with which they treat these riches. They care so little about them, there is ever something to be added or improved, and always a part of them is lost or spoiled long before the term of their natural durability.

They have, generally speaking, two modes of dressing when they go abroad: the one consists of a veil of black taffety, and a long robe, the other in a hood and round gown. The former is used when they go to church, the latter on taking a promenade, or going on a party of pleasure Both dresses are wrought with gold & silver, or silk, on a linen ground, of a quality not to discredit its ornaments

They dress themselves in the former mode, particularly on Mondays and Thursdays. On these days they visit all the churches, a tended by three or four female slaves, negresses or mulattos, wearing liveries wrought and decorated with prodigious ex ravagance.

They are uncommonly fond of perfumes: one can seldom see a lady without liquid amber;—they put it behind their ears, in their gowns, in all their clothes, and even in their nosegays. They decorate their hats with the finest flowers, and even stick them on the sleeves of their robes. The flower they are the fondest of is the cherimays.

It is the blossom of a thick-leaved tree, which bears a fruit of a sweet juice, but at the same time has a slight acid taste, and so agreeable a smell, that, in the opinion of all who know it, it is not only the sovereign fruit of India, but is the queen of all the fruits in the known world. The colour of the blossom differs not much from that of the leaves, but when it is ripe, its hue is a yellow bordering upon green In its form it resembles the blossom of the caper plant. It is not very striking to the sight, but for its scent our it is unparalleled. The number of the blossoms and of the fruit is not great; and therefore the avidity shewn by the ladies for these flowers, is the occasion of their being plucked before they come to fruit.—They are sold at a very high price.

The grand square at Lima, from the quantity and diversity of the flowers brought thither by the Indian women for sale, resembles an ever-blooming garden. The ladies come hither in calashes to buy the flowers that please them best, without regarding the price. Calashes are here so common, that every inhabitant of any moderate circumstances, drives about in one; they make a handsome appearance. These carriages are drawn by a single mule, having only two wheels, with a fore and hind seat, for he convenience of four persons The cut of them is elegant: are much gilded and make a great shew; to which we must add, that they are extravagantly dear. One meets always a great number of these calashes at the flower market, when the pleasure is enjoyed of seeing the most eminent and most beautiful persons of Lima.

SCENES IN PARIS.

The *dansomania*, of both sexes, seems rather to increase than to decrease with he warm weather Sixty balls were advertised for last Sunday, and for the next sixty-six are announced. Any person walking in the Elysian Fields or on the Boulevards, may be convinced that these temples of pleasure are not without worshippers. Besides these in our walks last Sunday we counted no less than twenty-two gardens not advertised; where there was fiddling and dancing. Indeed this pleasure is tempting, because it is very cheap. For a bottle of beer, which cost six sous, and two sous to the fidler, a husband and wife, with their children, may amuse themselves from three o'clock in the afternoon to eleven o'clock at night As this exercise both diverts the mind and strengthens the body, and Sunday is the only day in the week which the most numerous classes can dispose of without injury to themselves or to the state, government encourages as much as possible these innocent amusements on that day. In the Garden of Chanmiere, upon the Boulevard Neuf, we observed in the same quadrille, last Sunday, four generations, the grea grand ire dancing with his great grand daughter, and the great grandmamma with her great grandson. It was a satisfaction impossible to express, to see persons of so distant ages all enjoying the same pleasures for the present, not remembering past misfortunes nor apprehending future ones —The grave seemed equally distant from the girl of ten, and from the great grandmamma of seventy, from the boy who had not seen three lustres, and from the great grandsire reaching nearly four-score. In another quadrille danced four lovers with their mistresses. There again was nothing observed but an emulation who should most enjoy the present moment; not an idea of the past or to come clouded their thoughts; in few words, they were perfectly happy. Let those who are tormented by avarice or ambition frequent these places on a Sunday, they will be cured of their vile passions, if they are not incurable.—*Paris paper.*

SCRAPS—FROM ENGLISH PAPERS.

Since the late union at Paris between *Literature* and *Police*, APOLLO has been drawn with a huge key in his hand, instead of his lyre, and the muses are represented as *dancing in chains!*

The crime of suicide is so frequent in Paris, that a pamphlet has been lately published in that city, entitled "*Every man his own Hangman.*"

Pink elbows have *faded* away, in compliance with the season. Where the colour will fix itself next, we know not, unless in those complaisant families,

"*Where, alas! the absent rose,*
"*Goes to paint the bashful nose.*

On CELIA *playing on the harpsichord, and singing.*

I.

WHEN Sappho struck the quiv'ring wire,
The throbbing breast was all on fire;
And, when she raised the vocal lay,
The captive soul was charm'd away!

II.

But had the nymph possessed with these,
Thy softer, chaster pow'r to please;
Thy beauteous air of sprightly youth;
Thy native smiles of artless truth;

III.

The worm of grief had never prey'd,
O, the forsaken, love-sick maid,
Nor had she mourn'd an hapless dame,
Nor dash'd on rocks her tender frame.

FOR THE MINERVA.

ESSAY ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

GENTLEMEN,

A great deal has been observed since the commencement of your valuable paper, on the prevailing defects of education in the female sex. But I think too much cannot be said to stimulate them to bestow more of their time upon those objects of study, which would be beneficial to their information and intellectual improvement.

I would recommend to their attention, a proper application to such subjects as would render them agreeable companions to men of sense and merit, and qualify them for the most important and respectable of all characters, a wife, a mother and a friend. When I consider the happy talents which women in general possess, and how successfully some have cultivated them, I cannot without concern observe others who are naturally blest with equal advantages, pay so little regard to the endowment of their minds. It is really a melancholy consideration that the most precious gifts of nature should be stifled or obscured by a shameful neglect. The charms of their persons may attract admiration, but cannot fix esteem: something more than mere beauty is necessary to rivet the chains of wedded love. By often beholding a beautiful face, the impression it first makes soon wears away. When the woman whose person has been so much admired is incapable of pleasing by her conversation, langour and satiety soon triumph over the transitory passion which was felt for her personal charms. Hence arises that inconstancy and insipidity that is so often seen in the married state; it is that barrenness of ideas which men find in many of the sex, that renders their society irksome. The ladies may judge of the difference there is among them, by the difference which they themselves make between an impudent coxcomb who teazes them with his impertinence, and a man of sense who entertains them agreeably. A very little labour would equal them to the last, and perhaps give them the advantage. This is a kind of victory which men would willingly yield to us; and without envy would see us dividing with them—an acquisition much more valuable than the labour by which it is acquired.

As we enlarge our ideas, new subjects of conversation will come within the sphere of our comprehension;—instructive topics of discourse between us and the male sex will be pleasingly augmented, and the conversation more sprightly and agreeable. How many delicate sentiments; how many nice sensibilities are lost by not being communicable, and which men would feel an increase of satisfaction could they meet with women disposed to taste them?

But what are the studies to which women may with propriety apply themselves? I hope I shall be pardoned, if I give it as my opinion, that among all the branches of study which exercise the wonderful activity of the human mind, I pronounce that very few are fit to be cultivated by them. I would particularly recommend to them to avoid all abstract learning; all thorny researches which may blunt the finer edge of their feelings, and change to pedantic coarseness, that feminine delicacy in which the sex should excel. The learning most proper for females, is such as best suits the softness of their forms, adds to their natural beauties, and fits them for the several duties of domestic life: Such as affords the highest rational improvement, awakens laudable curiosity, and lends graces to the imagination. *History* and *Natural Philosophy* are alone sufficient to furnish women with delightful studies: The latter, in a series of useful observations and interesting experiments, offers a subject well worthy the consideration of a reasonable being. But in vain does Nature present her miracles to the generality of women, who have no attention but for trifles: She is dumb to those who know not how to interrogate her: Yet surely it requires but a small degree of observation to be struck with that wonderful harmony which reigns throughout the universe, and to be ambitious of investigating its secret springs. This is a large volume which is open to us all: here a pair of fine eyes may employ themselves without being fatigued. This amiable study will banish langour from the sober amusements of the country, and repair that waste of intellect which is caused by the dissipation of the town. Women cannot be too much excited to raise their eyes to objects like these, which they but too often debase to such as are unworthy of them. Our sex is more capable of attention than they imagine: what they chiefly want is a well directed application: there is scarcely a girl in town who has not read with eagerness a great number of idle romances, and puerile tales, sufficient to corrupt her imagination and cloud her understanding: if she had devoted the same time to the study of history, she would, in those various scenes which the world offers to view, have found facts more interesting, and real instruction, which truth only can give.—This study, alike pleasing and instructive, will naturally lead to that of the fine arts, which it is fit the ladies should have a less superficial knowledge of. The arts are themselves too fascinating and amiable to need any recommendation. The mind is delightfully harmonized by those images which Poetry and Music trace out to it, especially if they are found congenial with purity of manners.

There is no reason to fear that the ladies by applying themselves to these studies, will throw a shade over the natural graces of their persons.—No—on the contrary, those graces will be placed in a more conspicuous point of view. I have heard many men of sense observe, "What can equal the pleasure that is enjoyed from the conversation of a woman, who is more solicitous to adorn her mind than her person? In the company of such women there can be no satiety; every thing becomes interesting, and has a secret charm which only such women can give." But what preservative is there against weariness and disgust in the society of women of weak and unimproved understandings? In vain do they endeavour to fill the void of their conversation with insipid gaiety—they soon exhaust the barren funds of fashionable trifles, the news of the day and hackneyed compliments; they are at length obliged to have recourse to scandal, and if it is well if they stop there: a commerce in which there is no thing solid must be either mean or criminal. There is but one way to make it more varied and interesting: if they would form their taste upon the best authors, and collect ideas from their useful writings, conversation would take quite a different cast: their acknowledged merit would banish that swarm of noisy impertinents who flutter about them, and who endeavour to render them as contemptible as themselves: men of sense would then frequent their society, and form a circle more worthy the name of good company. In this new circle gaiety would not be banished, but refined by delicacy. Merit is not austere in its nature; there is a calm and uniform chearfulness that runs through the conversation of persons of real understanding, which is preferable to the noisy mirth of ignorance and folly.

My fair friends must allow me once more to repeat to them, that the only means of charming, and of charming long, is to improve their minds. Good sense gives beauties which are not subject to fade like the lillies and roses of their cheeks, but will prolong the power of an agreeable woman to the autumn of life. If the sex desire to have their influence extended beyond the short triumph of a day, they must endeavour to improve their natural talents by study and the conversation of sensible men—neglect will not steal upon them in proportion as their bloom decays; but they will unite in themselves, all the advantages of both sexes.

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening last, at the Friends' Meeting-house, at White Oak Swamp, Dr. *Thomas Harris*, of Hanover, aged 60 years, to *Unity Ladd*, aged 22, daughter of John Ladd of Charles City.

—DIED—

On the 25th ult. in this city, MRS. ANN DOBIE, much lamented by her relatives and friends—whose exemplary life was a shining ornament in the human character, in every vicissitude of life in which providence had placed her—her last moments were marked with uncommon fortitude, being wholly resigned to the mercy of God, trusting in his promises of eternal peace thro' Christ.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPEAN.

London dates of November 20th, mention——That the British cruizers continue to detain Spanish vessels.—The dollars already captured are sent to the Bank of England. The Medusa (British frigate) had captured off Cadiz, without resistance, the Spanish frigate Matilda, of 36 guns, laden with quick-silver.——The traffic between the ports of England and Holland is now greater than at any time during the present war. Between 60.000 & 70,000 quarters of wheat from Dantzick, arrived in the Thames last week.——The French papers notice the gracious reception of Mr. Monroe (the American Minister to our court,) at the Thuilleries. The object of Mr Monroe's journey to France, is said to be the settlement of the differences between the United States and Spain—No apprehension is to be entertained of any rupture between these two states, as it would throw America into the arms of Great Britain. Spain will probably be forced by Bonaparte to give up Florida to the United States of America.

Liverpool, November 28——Mr Frere, our Charge de Affairs at the Court of Madrid, has obtained his passport to leave Madrid on the 10th inst. War is expected.

The scarcity of grain in Spain continues, and it will probably maintain nearly the present prices, through the year.—The following statement will convey an idea of the comparative diminution of the crops in Spain.

The Bishop of Seville collected his tythes in the year 1802, on 326,000 fanegas, of wheat, which was not more than sufficient for consumption.

In 1803, on 181 000—great scarcity.
In 1804, on 55,700—famine.

The sickness is nearly at an end in Malaga and Gibraltar, and has decreased in Cadiz; the deaths are now from 16 to 24, daily, of all diseases, including those who die in hospitals.

The people in some parts of the interior are in a state of insurrection. At Ronda they have hung their corregidor, having been three days without bread.

DOMESTIC.

Jasper Yeates, Thomas Smith and Edward Shippen judges in Pennsylvania have been tried on an impeachment, brought against them by the house of representatives of that commonwealth. Upon the decision of the trial, it appeared that 13 votes declared them guilty, and 11 found them not guilty: there not being a majority of two-thirds, according to the constitution, they were acquitted.

The Legislature of the state of Ohio, have passed a resolution, declaring it expedient to adopt the amendment to the constitution of the United States, as recommended to them by the Legislature of Massachusetts.

SELECTED POETRY.

ELEGY

On the death of Somers, Wadsworth, Israel, and their gallant companions, off Tripoli.

TUNE—*Major Andre's Farewell.*

MOURN, mourn the glorious brave,
Who gave themselves to death;
Their limbs has rent the wave,
The sky receives their breath.

'Twas Somers and his crew,
Bold gallant Preble sent;
Resolv'd to make them rue,
Whose souls can ne'er relent.

With shells and powder fill'd,
They steer'd their fatal way;
The fire, in battle skill'd,
Bore down their course to stay.

Two gallant vessels fell,
Our laggers to oppose;
Twice fifty men the yield,
Brave Somers told but ten.

'Disdain the captive chain,'
The gallant Somers swore,
'Now fire the sleeping train,
Now blow them to the skies.'

Our men expect the blast,
Wave high their hands in air!
The fatal spark is fast,
While hope is yet a pair!

'Huzza,' brave Wadsworth cried;
'Our country must with us,
How it may be tried,
To avenge them on the foe.'

High in the clouds upcast,
The vessels large were blown:
And dreadful was the blast,
That shook the guilty town.

Twice fifty pirates fell,
Fast shrieking in the air!
Thus ale, whenever sold,
Shall make our foes despair.

Mourn, mourn the glorious brave!
Who gave themselves to death;
Their limbs bestrew the wave,
The sky receives their breath.

TO A LADY,

On her too great affectation of ornament.

Dear Maria, whence o'clare this studious care,
A fashion'd mode to curl thy flowing hair;
Why heed'st thou so to shade thy snow breast,
And hide with gauze its fringe the sumptuous vest?
Why these pretences that seem the opulent air?
Alas! art art must render thee less fair.

Each ornament from that celestial face
Detracts a charm, and banishes a grace:
When on the virgin cheek sweets bestrew?
Cull'd from the vale can sweets best show?
Can ruby lips with borrowed colours glow?
Great Nature's beauties ever reach the heart,
And depart the trivial aids of needless art.

No art directs the vernal bloom to blow,
No art assists the murmuring streams to flow,
And the sweet songsters of the vocal grove,
By art unaided, swell their throats to love.

Phebe and Elaira charm'd of old
Not Helen's brother's, not with gems or gold;
Less with Phebus for Marpessa vied,
Than for her beauties, not her wealth he sigh'd.
When gentle Pelops Hippodamia won,
He panted for her virgin charms alone.

With native grace these nymphs inflam'd the heart,
Unskill'd in ornament, devoid of art:
In the severe blush of modesty alone,
And smiles of innocence attir'd, they shone.

Then needless art forbear, dear maids, forbear,
What charm the lover best, adorns the fair.

ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

Haste prest'd nymph, forego thy moss-crown'd cell,
Cloth'd in thy milk-white vest,
By Nature woven, by the Graces drest;
Come seek the adust retreat of these Pierian groves,
Where Helicon's broad hill, ere Fame had rung his knell,
And join the requiem of celebrated lovers.

Can you forget how oft in wooing you,
He artless led he passion in a living?
No sapphian ever held a lyre more true,
And war and beauty mingled in his song.
The Nephe blade, her brows with myrtle twin'd,
Not all her loveliness could shake his constant mind.

In this meridian of his quiet day,
When gentle Reason had in a mild his youth:
The relatives of Orme bless the day
He gave to you and gave to wild his truth.
Pure were his morals as he Parnassus height,
And heaven approved the dogmas Fancy taught.

Ah me, that breast which glow'd with patriot fire,
Beneath this grass-green mingles envious bed!
Cold is that active which harmonic'd the lyre,
And all his height'ning faculties consum'd:
Come hear, such talent excellence deplore,
His harp's unstrung, his mute relay is o'er.

SONG.

For une, all the gifts are vain,
All in joy is transient shew;
Can you free his heart from pain?
Can you ought of bliss bestow?

Nay, this wretched heart can tell,
All your boasted joys are poor:
Sighs here are, you can't repel,
Blessings lost, you can't restore.

Cease, Enchantress, to deceive,
Cheat not thus, nor skilful woo;
Lure not vows to believe,
Happiness depends on one:

For this wretched heart can tell,
All he blesses joys are poor;
Sighs here are, you can't repel,
Blessings lost, you can't restore.

ELEGIAC LINES TO INNOCENCE.

Seraphic guest, from me forever flown!
I vain I woo thee to my eager arms;
There was a time when thou wert all my own,
Belov'd and worship'd in thy native charms!

My present grief to happier time appeals,
For once alas! thy altar I round bore,
Stood in the heart which now is sacked by feels
The agony of sight occasions there.

Fell passion came, with sacrilegious hand,
Rais'd to the dust the long lov'd hallow'd pile!
Slander, Remorse and guilt (a hideous band)
Loud clap'd their hands, and mutually laughed the while!

Alas! time was when still the shadowy night,
We'd in obscurity he darken'd grove,
Or when Aurora shed her purple light,
And wak'd the slumb'ring world to life and love.

Thy charge it was to watch my quiet bed,
Inspire thee, would thy ghost 'd fancy bring
Her fairest visions, till bright o'er my head
The heralds lark would his shrill matins sing.

Why did the traitor, Love, my mind beguile?
Till that sad hour all was serene and gay,
Thy sister peace, with sweet cherubic smile,
Enlighten'd the moments of each halcyon day.

My fev'rite shades cannot my grief subside,
Nor calm my bosoms' ever-varying storm;
For in you rivulet's pellucid tide,
I view with blushes my dishonor'd form.

No more can friendship yield to my delight,
(I thirst would joy unto my soul impart;)
But Joy, with Innocence, has wing'd her flight,
Far from the darken'd mansion of my heart.

THE FLOWER GIRL.

——'PRAY, buy a nosegay of a poor orphan!' said a female voice, in a plaintive and melodious tone, as I was passing the corner of the Hay-market. I turned hastily, and beheld a girl of about four teen, whose drapery, tho' ragged was clean, and whose form was such as a painter would have chosen for a youthful Venus. Her neck, without covering, was white as snow; and her features, tho' not regularly beautiful, were interesting, and set off by a transparent complexion; her eyes dark and intelligent, were shaded by loose ringlets of a raven black, and pourded their sweetly supplicating beams through the silken shade of very long lashes. On one arm hung a basket full of roses, and the other was stretched out towards me with one of the fair buds. I put my hand into my pocket, and drew out a piece of silver.—'Take it, my pretty girl,' said I, putting it into her's; 'and may the God who is the father of the fatherless, be the protector of your existence, and your virtue!—Virtuous poverty is no crime.'

I was turning from her, when she suddenly caught my withdrawn hands; and, putting it to her lips, burst into a flood of tears. The action, and the look which accompanied it, touched my soul; it melted to the artless gratitude of this poor flower-girl, and a drop of sympathy fell from my cheek. 'Forgive me, Sir,' said she, recovering from her transport, while a sweet blush diffused itself over her lovely face; 'so my heart was full of what it could not express; nature impelled me to so free an action. You will pardon the effect it had on me, when I tell you, they are the first kind words I have heard since I lost all that was dear to me on earth'—— A sob interrupted her discourse; she stopped, and wept silently, then raising up her face from the hand on which she had lain it—'O Sir! I have no father, no mother, no relation! Alas! I have no friend in the world!' Chrated with her emotions, she was silent for a moment, before he could proceed.—'My only friend is God! on him I rely, I submit in his will. I only pray that I may support with fortitude, the miseries I am born to experience! To him, kind Sir, this hear shall always pray for you. May that God forever protect you!" added she, gripping a coin say full of humility and grace, as she re ired. I re urned her benediction and went on.——

"And can I thus leave this poor creature?" said I, as I walked pensively on. "Can I leave her forever, without emotion?—— What have I done for her, that can enable me to her prayers? Preserved her a few days from death, but that is all! And still I quit her, fair flower, to see her no more! to be borne down by the rude blast of adversity! to be cropped by some cruel spoiler! to droop thy lovely head beneath the blight of early sorrow! —No! thou hast been reared on some happier bank; thou hast been nurtured by the sweet cares of maternal affection; but hast once blushed beneath the cheering sun of domestic comfort, and under it thou shalt bloom again!" I turned, as I spoke; my heart beat with the sweet surprise. I saw the beautiful flower girl before me. I grasped—caught her hand—the words of triumphant virtue burst from my lips—

"Come, beautiful, deserted girl! Come, and be more to the happy grape who calls me father! Your home shall be mine; I can share with you my little; you shall be taught with them that virtue their father rises to practice!" She stopped me; her eyes flashed with a frantic joy; she rung I on her knees before me, and burst into a flood of rapturous tears. I raised her in my arms—I pushed her ringlets gently aside, and kissed her fair forehead; she blushed, and put it. She I was my children: she loves their father; and the poor orphan of the Hay-Market is now the wife of my son!

DE BURGH.

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT.

To single old ladies.—As a period of life requires the tender attentions of woman, so much as that to which this address is, the most scrupulous ones her services may not be rejected, although having published several, many in some cases less clear than. As it will be considered selfish or pecuniary views of me could induce a female to make what may appear a public tender of her hand, she will, in a few lines, acknowledge how far such is actuated by self; and as she wishes to be understood before she is subjected to proposals, degrading perhaps, for a thing misapplied, she will be as explicit in a public paper as admit. A lone woman, however easy in circumstances, is an unprotected member of society. Thus stated is the writer, and as the idea of her it de would be equally repugnant to her feelings and her pride, she wishes to meet with a gentleman, whose agreeable character would render the protection of his house a pleasant residence to her, as she is one who she should be a desirable addition to his family circle. The advertiser is a gentlewoman whose habits of life are particularly suited to the situation she seeks. The establishment of which she would become a member must be of respectable; some degree of fashionable endenee allowed her as to the disposal of these hours in engrossed by the family arrangements, and proper attendance appointed to be fixed date. But may fall to her share. Inward she wishes to be considered as a *Femme de Charge*, without being treated as a hireling. She would prefer living where in the country, but shall, in election of place, be guided by circumstance. She will set conclude in the common expectation of reference, &c. but shall require sincerity and candour equal to her own. Letters addressed to M M under cover to Mr Hilliard, grocer, Kew-Foot-lane, Richmond, Surry, shall be duly answered.—*English paper.*

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WHERE PRINTING IN GENERAL IS EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND ACCURACY.

The MINERVA;

Or, LADY's AND GENTLEMAN's MAGAZINE.

VOLUME I.] RICHMOND:—*FRIDAY*, FEBRUARY 15, 1805. [NUMBER 23.

Biographical department.

[There is probably no species of writing more attractive and improving than interesting Biography: actuated by this belief, we have endeavoured to furnish our readers from time to time with biographical sketches, from which they may receive some portion of amusement, and reap at least a small share of useful information.

The following cursory sketch of the life of the celebrated adventurous Traveller *John Ledyard*, a native American, deserves an attentive perusal from every inquisitive reader; from every one who admires the unconquerable resolution of an aspiring genius, braving incredible perils, and surmounting innumerable difficulties for the acquisition of knowledge; and finally rising into no ice by his persevering intrepidity, in spite of the powerful impediments which *poverty* and *obscurity* had placed in his way. We find him when an inexperienced youth, performing alone a hazardous voyage of 140 miles down a rapid river, with the navigation of which he was entirely unacquainted.—We then hear of him accompanying Capt. Cook in his voyage of discovery on the N. W. coast of America—Having escaped the hazards of this disastrous voyage, in which he lost an able friend, by the unfortunate catastrophe of his noble commander, we next find him undertaking a pedestrian journey for the purpose of exploring the vast continent of America from west to east—and with only ten guineas in his pocket journeying through the north of Europe: and to expedite his scheme, attempting to pass on the ice across the Gulf of Bothnia.—Forcing his way through "bones Sweden" and "unprincipled Russia," (as our traveller styles them) with no money, destitute of friends, and almost naked, having neither stockings nor shoes.—Being hereupon in London; but unexpectedly arrived here, with the same intention of further exploration, more intrepid, if possible than ever, in which he had long been engaged.—A mere recital of Sir Joseph Banks, President of the Royal Society, the intrepid *Ledyard* [illegible] whose name is Africa, and explore the interior and unknown parts of that savage continent—Place in him this extraordinary undertaking he set out from London in June 1788, and arrived at Cairo, (Egypt), in August but the death of this enterprising genius, which took place shortly after, prevented the accomplishment of his last grand enterprize, and put an end to the extraordinary hardships he suffered in performing his Herculean labours. *Ledyard* was certainly, no ordinary character: and we shall more people disposed and more his resolution and perseverance, than are willing to encounter his perils.

Ledyard was not merely a curious, but was also an observing traveller; his observations on the female character, drawn from actual experience in different countries and far distant climes, do no inconsiderable honor to the sex. Let the [illegible] of an unbiassed traveller who has witnessed the virtues and foibles of women in every quarter of the world, be opposed to the snarlings of splenetic ignorant writers, who, incapable of justly estimating the virtues of the sex, would fain, to their charge every paltry vice too, can tarnish the wonted purity of the feminine character—Let the wisdom of the Philosopher be contrasted with the ignorance of the declaimer, and we shall find no difficulty in giving a decided preference to the former, and in concurring with the opinion of Ledyard, that

Woman's the airringer's general blessing,
From sultry India to the pole.

JOHN LEDYARD.

This enterprising traveller was a native of Connecticut. Being deprived of his father, by death, while he was yet a child, the care of his education devolved on his grandfather, John Ledyard, esq. who gave him a Latin & English school-education at Hartford. When he was about 13 years old, his grandfather died, and left him to follow the bent of his inclination. Possessed of a heart breathing good will to mankind, he now turned his attention to the study of divinity. With this view he went to Dartmouth college, where he became acquainted with the manners of the Indians; and studied with great success, the means of recommending himself to their friendship. This was afterwards of infinite service to him, as well in his voyage with capt. Cook, as in his travels among savage nations.

Want of money obliged him to quit the college, without completing the usual course of academical education. And now his enterprising genius began to exert itself.—Not having money to defray the expences of a journey to Hartford, by land, he built a canoe, 30 feet in length and three in breadth; he also erected a booth of willows over the stern to shelter him from the inclemency of the weather, and procured some corn and venison for sustenance in his intended voyage. Thus furnished he embarked for Hartford. He had 140 miles to sail in his canoe, in a rapid river with which he was totally unacquainted but his determined perseverance surmounted every obstacle, and he arrived safe at the place of his destination, to the astonishment of all who were acquainted with the hazards to which he had been exposed.

Yielding to the impulse of his enterprizing disposition he soon after went as a common sailor, from New-York to London, where he entered on board the Ma[illegible] with Capt. Cook then bound on a voyage of discovery to the N. W. Coast of America. He was a favorite with capt. Cook, and was present at his tragical death.

His friends not having heard any tidings of him, for 10 years, had given him up for dead, when they were surprised with a visit from him at [illegible] published a narrative of Cook's voyage, [illegible] his services to several literary societies, and a tribute to the memory of [illegible] with encouragement he made a second attempt to visit Africa, 1782. The desire to explore new countries was so great to induce him to remain long inactive. He felt a strong anxiety to penetrate the American continent from the north-western coast, where he had been with Capt. Cook, to the eastern coast which he was already acquainted. Having determined to traverse the vast continent, from the Pacific to the Atlantic ocean, he resolved to embark in a vessel which was prepared to sail on a voyage of commercial adventure to Newfoundland—and, accordingly, expended in sea-store, the greater part of the money with which his chief patron and benefactor, Sir Joseph Banks, had liberally supplied him.—But the scheme being frustrated by the rapacity of a custom-house officer, who had seized and detained the vessel for reasons which, on legal enquiry, proved to be frivolous, he determined to travel over land to Kamschatka, from whence a passage to the western coast of America is extremely short. With no more than ten guineas in his purse, which was all he had left, he crossed the British channel to Ostend, and proceeded thence to the capital of Sweden; from whence as it was winter, he attempted to traverse the Gulph of Bothnia on the ice, in order to reach Kamschatka by the shortest way: but finding, when he came to the middle of the sea, that the water was not frozen, he returned to Stockholm, and taking his course northward, walked in to the Arctic, and, passing round the head of the Gulph, descended on its eastern side to Petersburg.

There he was soon noticed as an extraordinary man. Without stockings or shoes, and too much poverty to provide himself with either, he received and accepted an invitation to dine with the Portuguese ambassador. To this invitation it was probably owing that he was able to obtain the sum of twenty guineas, for a bill on Joseph Banks, which he confessed he had no authority to draw, but which, in consideration of the business that he had undertaken, and of the progress he had made, Sir Joseph he believed would not be unwilling to pay. To the ambassador's interest it might also be owing that he obtained permission to accompany a detachment of stores, which the Empress had ordered to be sent to Yakutz, for the use of Mr. Billings, an Englishman, at that time in her service.

From Yakutz he proceeded to Oczackow, from whence he meant to have passed over to that peninsula, and to have embarked on the eastern side in one of the Russian vessels, that trade on the western shores of America: but finding that the navigation was completely obstructed by the ice, he returned again to Yakutz, in order to wait the conclusion of the winter.

Such was his situation, when in consequence of suspicions not hitherto explained, or resentments for which no reason is assigned, he was seized in the Empress's name by two Russian soldiers, who placed him in a sledge, and conveying them in the dead of winter, through the deserts of northern Tartary, left him at last on the frontiers of the Polish dominions. As he [illegible] he told him that he returned to Russia he would be hanged.—Misery and hardship were now become familiar to him. Though it is scarcely possible to conceive a human being capable of sustaining the accumulated misfortunes he experienced on this occasion, yet he bravely struggled with, and finally surmounted them all.

In the midst of poverty, covered with rags, invested with the usual accompaniments of such clothing, worn with continual hardship, exhausted by disease, without friends, without credit, unknown and full of misery, he found his way to Koningsberg. There in the hour of his utmost distress, he resolved once more to have recourse to his old benefactor; and he luckily found a person who was willing to take his draft for five guineas on the President of the Royal Society.

With this assistance he arrived in England, and immediately waited on Sir Joseph Banks, who told him, knowing his temper, that he believed he could recommend him to an adventure almost as perilous as the one from which he had returned; and then communicated to him the wishes of the association for discovering the inland countries of Africa.

Mr. Ledyard replied, that he had always determined to traverse the continent of Africa, as soon as he had explored the interior parts of North America. Sir Joseph gave him a letter of introduction, with which he immediately waited on Mr. Beaufoy the gentleman who had the direction of the intended journey, and to whom we are principally indebted for these particulars. "Before I had learnt from the latter, says Mr. Beaufoy, the name and business of my visitor, I was struck with the manliness of his person, the breadth of his chest, the openness of his countenance, and the inquisitiveness of his eye. I opened the map of Africa before him, and tracing a line from Cairo to Sennar, and from thence westward, in the latitude and supposed direction of the Niger, I told him that was the route by which I was desirous that Africa might, if possible be explored. He said he should think himself singularly fortunate to be entrusted with the adventure. I asked him when he would set out. To-morrow morning was his answer."

On this grand adventure Mr. Ledyard left London on June 30th, 1788, and reached Cairo, in Egypt, on the 19th August, from whence he transmitted such accounts to

his employers, as plainly shewed he was a traveller of observation and reflection, endowed with a mind for discovery and formed for achievments of hardihood and peril. He promised his next communication from Senaar, about 600 miles south of Cairo; but death put an end to the hopes that were entertained of his projected journey.

We shall conclude this short sketch, with Mr. Ledyard's character of the female sex: "I have always remarked that women, in all countries are civil, obliging, tender and humane; that they are ever inclined to be gay and chearful, timorous and modest; and that they do not hesitate, like men, to perform a generous action. Not haughty, arrogant, nor superci ious, they are full of courtesy, and fond of society; more liable in general to err than man, but generally more virtuous and performing more good actions than he.

"In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Swelen and frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide spreading regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, or dry, cold or sick, I have ever found the women friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue so worthy the appellation of benevolence, it has been performed in so kind and free a manner that if I was hungry or dry, I ate or drank the coarsest morsel with a double relish. To a woman either civilized or savage, I never addressed myself in the language of friendship and received without receiving a decent and friendly answer; with man it has been otherwise."

LEDYARD'S PRAISE OF WOMEN.

Thro' many a land and clime a ranger,
With toilsome steps I have held my way;
A lonely unprotected stranger,
To all the stranger's ills a prey.

While steering thus my course precarious,
My fortune still has been to find
Men's hearts and disposition various,
But gentle women ever kind.

Alive to every tender feeling,
To deeds of Mercy always prone,
The wounds of pain and sorrow healing,
With soft compassion's sweetest tone.

No proud delay, no dark suspicion,
Stints the free bounty of the heart:
They turn not from the sad petition,
But cheerful aid at once impart.

Form'd in benevolence of nature,
Obliging, modest, gay and mild;
Woman's the same endearing creature,
In courtly town in savage wild.

When parch'd with thirst, with hunger wasted,
Her friendly hand refreshment gave;
How sweet the coarsest food has tasted!
What cordial in the simple wave!

Her courteous looks, her words caressing,
Shed comfort on the fainting soul——
Woman's the stranger's general blessing,
From sultry India to the pole.

A LETTER FROM A SUCCESSFUL ADVENTURER IN THE

LOTTERY.

You will not be at all surprized when I tell you, that I have had very ill luck in the lottery; but you will stare when I further tell you, it is because unluckily I have got a considerable prize in it. I received the glad tidings of my misfortune last Saturday night from your Chronicle, when, on looking over the list of the prizes, as I was behind my pipe at the club, I found that my ticket was come up a 200*l*. In the pride as well as joy of my heart, I could not then help proclaiming to the company my good luck, as I then foolishly thought it, and as the company thought it too, by insisting that I should treat them that evening. Friends are never so merry, or stay longer, than when they have nothing to pay; they never care too how ex ravagant they are on such an occasion. Bottle after bottle was therefore called for, and that too of claret, though not one of us, I believe, but had rather had port. In short I reeled home as well as I could about 4 in the morning; when thinking to pacify my wife, who began to rate me (as usual) for staying out so long, I told her the occasion of it; but instead of rejoicing, as I thought she would, she cried—"Pish, ONLY two thousand pounds!" However, she was at last reconciled to it, taking care to remind me, that she had chosen the ticket herself, & she was all along sure it would come up a prize, because the number was an odd one. We neither of us got a wink of sleep, though I was heartily inclined to it: For my wife kept me awake—by telling me this, that, and t'other thing which she wanted, and which she would now purchase, as we could now afford it.

I know not how the news of my success spread so soon among my other acquaintance, except that my wife told it to every one she knew, or not knew, at church. The consequence was, that I had no less than seven hearty friends came to dine with us by way of wishing us joy; and the number of these hearty friends was increased to about a dozen before supper time. It is kind in one's friends to be willing to partake of one's success; they made themselves very merry literally at my expence—and, at parting, told me they would bring some more friends, and have another joll, evening with me on this happy occasion.

When they were gone, I made shift to get a little rest, though I was often disturbed by my wife talking in her sleep. Her head, it seems, literally ran upon wheels, that is, the lottery wheels; she frequently called out that she had got the ten thousand pounds, she muttered several wild and incoherent expressions about gowns, and ruffles, ear-rings, and necklaces; and I once heard her mention the word coach. In the morning, when I got up, how was I surprised to find my good fortune published to all the world in the newspaper! though I could not but smile (and ma'am was greatly pleased) at the printer's exalting me to the dignity of *Esquire*, having been nothing but plain Mr. all my life before. And now the misfortunes arising from my good fortune began to pour in thick upon me. In consequence of the information given in the newspaper, we were no sooner sat down to breakfast than we were complimented with a rat-a-tatoo from the drums, as if we had been just married; after these had been silenced by the usual method, another band of music saluted us with a peal from the marrow-bones and cleavers to the same tune. I was harrassed the whole day with petitions from the hospital boys that drew the ticket, the commission clerks that wrote down the ticket, and the clerks of the office where I bought the ticket, all of them praying, "That my *Honour* would consider them." I should be glad you would inform me what these people would have given me if I had drawn a blank.

My acquaintance in general called to know, when they should wait upon me to wet my good fortune. My own relations, and my wife's relations, came in such shoals to congratulate me, that I hardly knew the faces of many of them. One insisted on my giving a piece of plate to his wife; another recommended to me to put his little boy (my two and forteth cousin) out 'prentice; another la'el's *white-washer*, proposed to me my setting him up again in business; and several of them very kindly told me, they would borrow three or four hundred pounds of me, as they knew I could now spare it.

My wife in the mean-time, you may be sure, was not idle in contriving how to dispose of this new acquisition. She found out, in the first place, (according to the complaint of most women) that she had no got a gown to her back, at least no one fit for her *now* to appear in. Her wardrobe of linen was no less deficient; and she discovered several chasms in our furniture, especially in the articles of plate and china. She is also determined to see *a little pleasure*, as she calls it, and has actually made a party to go to the next opera. Now, in order to supply these immediate wants and necessities, she has prevailed on me (though at a great loss) to turn the prize into ready money; which I dared not refuse her, because the number was her own choosing: and she has fur her persuaded me, as we have had such good luck, to lay out a great sum in purchasing more tickets, all of her own choosing. To me it is indifferent which way it goes; for, upon my making out the balance, I already find I shall be a loser by my gains; and all my fear is, that one of the tickets may come up a five thousand or ten thousand.

I am

Your very humble servant,

GEOFFREY CHANCE.

P. S. I am just going to club—I hope they won't desire me to treat them again.

[The following letter from a learned man and admired English writer, contains many useful remarks, and may serve as a specimen of epistolary composition for the imitation of our youthful readers.]

LETTER

From the late Dr. GOLDSMITH, *to a young Gentleman who had formerly been his Pupil.*

I have thought it advisable, my dear young friend, to adopt this method of giving my thoughts to you on some subjects which I find myself not well disposed to speak of in your presence. The reason of this you will yourself perceive in the course of reading this letter. It is disagreeable to most men, and particularly so to me, to say any thing which has the appearance of a disagreeable truth; and, as what I have now to say to you is entirely respecting yourself, it is highly probable that, in some respect or other, your view of things and mine may considerably differ.

In the various objects of knowledge which I have had the pleasure of seeing you study under my care, as well as those which you have acquired under the various teachers who have hitherto instructed you, the most material branch of information which it imports a human being to know, has been entirely overlooked; I mean, the *knowledge of yourself*. There are indeed very few persons who possess at once the capability and disposition to give you this instruction. Your parents, who alone are perhaps sufficiently acquainted with you for the purpose, are usually disqualified for the task, by the very affection and partiality which would prompt them to undertake it. Your masters, who probably labour under no such prejudices, have seldom either sufficient opportunities of knowing your character, or are so much interested in your welfare, as to undertake an employment so unpleasant and laborious. You are as yet too young and inexperienced to perform this important office for yourself, or indeed to be sensible of its very great consequence to your happiness. The ardent hopes and the extreme vanity natural to early youth, blind you at once to every thing within and every thing without, and make you see both yourself and the world in false colours. This allusion, it is true, will gradually wear away as your reason matures and your experience increases; but the question is, What is to be done in the mean time? Evidently there is no plan for you to adopt, but to make use of the reason and experience of those who are qualified to direct you.

Of this, however, I can assure you, both from my own experience & from the opinions of all those whose opinions deserve to be valued, that if you aim at any sort eminence, or respectability in the eyes of the world, or in those of your friends; if you have any ambition to be distinguished in your future career for your virtues, or talents, or accomplishments, this self-knowledge of which I am speaking is above all things requisite. For how is your moral character to be improved, unless you know in what are the virtues and vices which your natural disposition is calculated to foster, and what are the passions which are most apt to govern you? How are you to attain eminence in any talent or pursuit, unless you know in what particular way your powers of mind best capacitate you for excelling? It is therefore my intention, in this letter, to offer you a few hints on this most important subject.

When you come to look abroad into the world, and to study the different characters of men, you will find that the happiness of an individual depends not, as you would suppose, on the advantages of fortune, but principally on the regulation of his own mind. If you are able to secure tranquility within, you will not be much annoyed by any disturbance without. The great art of doing this consists in a proper government of the passions. In taking care that no propensity is suffered to acquire so much power over your mind, as to be the cause of immoderate uneasiness, either in yourselves or others. I insist particularly on this point, my dear young friend, because, if am not greatly deceived, you are yourself very much disposed by nature to two passions, the most tormenting to the possessor, and the most offensive to others, of any which afflict the human race; I mean pride and anger. Indeed, those two dispositions seem to be naturally connected with each other; for you have probably remarked, that most proud men are addicted to anger, and that most passionate men are also proud. Be this as it may, I can confidently assure you, that if an attempt is not made to subdue those uneasy propensities now, when your temper is flexible, and your mind easy of impression, they will most infallibly prove the bane and torment of your whole life. They will not only destroy all possibility of your enjoying any happiness yourself, but they will produce the same effect on those about you; and by that means you will deprive yourself both of the respect of others, and the approbation of your own heart; the only two sources from which can be derived any substantial comfort or real enjoyment.

It is moreover a certain principle in morals, that all the bad passions, but especially those of which we are speaking, defeat, in all cases, their own purposes; a position which appears quite evident on the slightest examination. For what is the object which the proud man has constantly in view? Is it not to gain distinction, and respect, and consideration among mankind? Now it is unfortunately the nature of pride to aim at distinction, not by striving to acquire such virtue and talents as would really entitle him to it, but by labouring to exalt himself above his equals by little and degrading methods; by endeavouring, for example, to outvie them in dress, or show or expence, or by affecting to look down with haughty supercilliousness on such as are inferior to himself only by some accidental advantages for which he is no way indebted to his merit. The consequence of this is, that all mankind declare war against him; his inferiors, whom he affects to despise, will have him, and consequently will exert themselves to injure and depress him; and his superiors, whom he attempts to imitate will ridicule his absurd and unavailing efforts to invade what they consider as their own peculiar province.

If it may with truth be said, that a proud man defeats his own purposes, the same may, with equal certainty, be affirmed of a man who gives way to the violence of temper. His angry invectives, his illiberal abuse, and his insulting language, produce very little effect on those who hear him, and who, perhaps, only smile at his infirmities: but who can describe the intolerable pangs of vexation rage, and remorse, by which the heart of a passion-

man is successively ravaged? Alas! it is himself alone for whom the storm is pent up, who is torn by its violence, and not those against whom its fury is meant to be directed.

You will, I dare say, readily agree to the truth of all this; but you will, perhaps, be at a loss to conceive what can be my reasons for applying it to you. My principal reasons for thinking you subject to these unhappy failings are very cogent; and they are of such a nature, that is peculiarly painful for me to state them. In a word, then, I have seen those hateful propensities govern you with such irresistible power, that they have overcome the strongest and most natural principle that can be supposed to reign in the heart of a young person; I mean, the duty and affection you owe your parents. Surely it could be no common failing, no light or trivial fault of temper, that could be sufficient to counteract the warmest feelings and strongest duties of a young mind! Duties and feelings so natural and so indispensable, that we just, conclude a young person who appears to be devoid of them can scarcely possess any other valuable quality. From such grounds, Sir, can you think me harsh or uncharitable, if I have formed such conclusions?

I have been urged to what I have said by an earnest wish for the improvement of your character, and particularly for the amelioration of your heart. In a future letter I shall pursue the subject, by endeavouring to give you some rules respecting the government and improvement of the understanding. I hope and believe that your conduct will be such as to render any future admonitions on the subjects of this letter entirely unnecessary.

I am, my dear Pupil,
Yours affectionately, &c.

Bayle says, that a woman will inevitably divulge every secret, with which she is intrusted, except one—and that is, *her own age*.

A French Journalist gives the following quotation from the Annals of Tacitus, as an exact character of the women, who are now the most eminently conspicuous at Paris, for beauty and fashion. "She wanted nothing that contributes to make woman lovely, but honour and purity of soul. Under the guise of modesty she was wanton. On those rare occasions on which she appeared in public, her face was partly shaded by a veil, either because she thought this the most becoming to the particular cast of her features, or that she feared lest her beauty should lose its power, if too familiar to the gazer's eye. Of reputation she had no care. Husband or lover was equally welcome to her bed. Incapable herself of love, she gave no preference to love in another. He who paid the highest had ever her fondest embrace." Such was the Poppæa of Nero and Otho; and such are the modern Poppæas at Paris.

The following love-aspirations are from the glowing pen of S. Gessner, a German writer, and author of 'The 'Death of Abel.' By the ardent lover, they will be read with correspondent emotions.

'May thy slumbers be tranquil, O my beloved, and refreshing as the morning breeze. Rest gently on thy couch as the drops of dew repose upon the leaves of the lily, when no breath of wind agitates the flowers. How soft must be the slumbers of innocence!

Descend from Heaven, sweet dreams! you that attend the lovely train of sports and mirth, descend on Cynthia's ray's, and hover over my shepherdess. Present to her mind nought but laughing plains, pastures ever verdant and flocks more white than is their milk.

'Let her think she hears a concert of the sweetest flutes resounding in the solitary valley as if it were Apollo's self that played. May she seem to bathe in some pure chrystal stream, beneath the shades of jessamine and myrtle, beheld by none except the birds that fly from tree to tree and sing for her alone! Let her seem to sport among the graces: let them call her their companion and their sister: and may they together wander in the most delightful fields, gathering of flowers; the garland made by Phillis being worn by the graces: those made by them be worn by her.

'Lovely dreams conduct her to the groves where flowers are with the verdure mixed! There let the little loves pursue and play around her, as bees about the new-blown rose. Let one of the lovely group be settle at her feet, loaded with a fragrant apple: while another presents her with vermillion and transparent grapes, and others agitate the flowers with their wings, to diffuse about her the most sweet perfumes!

'At the bottom of the grove let the Paphian God appear, but without his arrows or his quiver, lest he alarm her timid innocence. Let him be adorned with all the charms of his enchanting youth.

'Sweet dreams! deign at last to present my image to her. Let her see me languishing at her feet; incline my eyes, and say, in faltering accents,—that for love of her I am: Never, O never yet have I dar'd to tell it her. Ah! at that dream may a sigh distend her bosom. May she then blush and smile upon me! Why am not I as beautiful as Apollo, when he guarded the flocks?—Why are not my songs as melodious as those of the nightingale—and why have I not all the excellencies to deserve her love?'

[M. Brydone in his 'Tour through Sicily and Malta' gives us the character of an extraordinary kind of *Banditti* who infest the first of those Islands, and prey on the industry of the unprotected Sicilians—he describes them as possessing the strictest integrity, where they have been confidentially trusted in guarding the property or person of the defenceless stranger—" The magistrates have often been obliged to protect them, and 'even pay them court, as they are known to be perfectly determined and desperate; and so exremely 'vindictive, that they will certainly put any person to 'death who has ever given them just cause of provocation. On the other hand, it never was known that 'any person who had put himself under their protection, or had confidence in them, had cause to repent of 'it, or was injured by any of them in the most minute 'trifle; but on the contrary, they will protect him from 'impositions of every kind, and scorn to go halves with 'the landlord, like most other conductors and travelling 'servants, and will defend him with their lives, if there 'is occasion. That those of their number, who have 'thus enlisted themselves in the service of society, are 'known and respected by the other banditti all over 'the island; and the persons of those they accompan 'are ever held sacred." The following anecdote related by this writer, will further characterize the principles of these lawless yet privileged robbers:

'It happened within this fortnight, that the brother of one of these heroic banditti having occasion for money, and not knowing how to procure it, determined to make use of his brother's name and authority, an artifice which he thought could not easily be discovered; accordingly he went to a country priest, and told him his brother had occasion for twenty ducats, which he desired he would immediately lend him. The priest assured him that he had not then so large a sum, but that if he would return in a few days it should be ready for him. The other replied, that he was afraid to return to his brother with this answer; and desired by all means he would take care to keep out of his way, at least till such a time as he had pacified him; otherwise he could not be answerable for the consequences. As bad fortune would would have it, the very next day the Priest and the robber met in a narrow road; the former fell a trembling, as the latter approached, and at last dropped on his knees to beg for mercy. The robber astonished at this behaviour, desired to know the cause of it. The trembling priest answered, "Il denaro, il denaro," the money, the money—but send your brother to-morrow, and you shall have it. The haughty robber assured him, that he disdained taking money of a poor priest; adding, that if any of his brothers had been low enough to make such a demand, he was ready to advance the sum. The priest then acquainted him with the visit he had received the preceding night from his brother, by his order; assuring him that if he had been master of the sum, he should immediately have supplied it. Well, says the robber, I will now convince you whether my brother or I are most to be believed; you shall go with me to his house, which is but a few miles distant.—On their arrival before the door, the robber called on his brother, who never suspecting the discovery, immediately came to the balcony; but on perceiving the priest, he began to make excuses for his conduct. The robber told him, there was no excuse to be made: that he only desired to know the fact, Whether he had come to borrow money of the priest in his name or not? On his owning he had, the robber with deliberate coolness lifted his blunderbuss to his shoulder, and shot him dead; and turning to the astonished priest, 'You will now be pursuaded, said he, that I had no intention of robbing you at least.'

The following anecdote of the humanity of Henry IV. of France, is peculiarly agreeable because it is related by Goldsmith—Port Folio.

Humanity is melted into tears of admiration by the deportment of Henry IV. of France, while his rebellious subjects forced him to form the blockade of his capital. In chastising his enemies, he could not but remember they were his people; and knowing they were reduced to the extremity of famine, he generously connived at the methods practised to supply them with provision. Chancing one day to meet two peasants who had been detected in these practices, as they were led to execution they implored his clemency, declaring in the sight of heaven, they had no other way to procure subsistence for their wives and children. He pardoned them on the spot, and giving them all the money that was in his purse. 'Henry of Bearne is poor,' said he, 'had he more money to afford, you should have it. Go home to your family in peace—and remember your duty to God, and your allegiance to your sovereign.'

TO THE PAINTERS OF THE MINERVA.

Sirs,

I am afraid you will not be much pleased with a correspondent who has nothing but his own complaints to lay before your readers: however, as many other well disposed men may be in the same situation with myself, you cannot, without palpable injustice, refuse us an opportunity of attempting to redress our wrongs by a candid statement of the petty grievances of which we are oppressed. Consider Sirs! You should not, like some of your fraternity, print only on one side of the question: 'Tis true, yours is the Lady's paper; but that is no reason that you should not allow us husbands the privilege of reproving the follies of our giddy wives. The following statement of facts, relating to my domestic affairs, will prove to your readers, (and to my loving wife, I hope,) that I have an ple cause of complaint.

I was the only child of *Abraham Plainman*, an industrious, frugal & tolerable wealthy planter in a neighbouring county: at his death which took place when I was only twenty years old, I became his sole heir, and found myself in possession of a snug little fortune. I had received a decent English education, but knew little or nothing of the world, except what I learnt from an indifferent collection of books, which oftener misled than instructed me in the dispositions of those with whom I was about to have more frequent intercourse. By reading some old romantic love tales, I had formed an exalted opinion of the married life, and inconsiderately determined to look out immediately for a woman to my fancy. I did not much care about the property which my wife might bring with her; I had enough for both, provided I got one to my liking; but there were two qualifications which she must absolutely possess; she must be a lady of family and polite education. I was for some time baffled in my search, but at length found one whom I thought suited my temper to a hair. Having made my propositions to the lady, which were favorably received, we were shortly after married. My wife had none of your fashionable ordinary recommendations, such as Beauty, Riches and good Sense; but she was graced by those fascinations which ever far excelled them in my estimation—she was a *Lady of Family and Polite Education*, and this fixed my vanity to the extreme. I now left myself quite free, and thought I had nothing to do but attend to my plantations, and enjoy in domestic quiet these indescribable pleasures of matrimonial felicity, which I had expected to reap. Ever since the hymeneal union. For some months after our marriage we continued as loving as Turtle-doves, always cooing and billing: but the honey-moon had scarcely passed over, when the prospect began to darken: the bright horizon which had illumined the beginning of our matrimonial journey, and had excited ideas of love and joy only, began gradually to cloud and lower, giving rise to a train of grave reflections, less pleasing by far than those delightful prospects, which but a moment before I had so fondly cherished! The extravagance of my Lady now caused me serious uneasiness: her desires were unbounded; and had I possessed the gold mines of Mexico and of Peru she could not have spent my money with greater profusion. But hark! the clock strikes three, and I must hurry down stairs lest dinner should get cold by waiting for me: for this would furnish my sweet Lady an excuse to give me an hour's Lecture: so I must take another opportunity to finish my relation: in haste,

Your Friend,
PETER PLAINMAN.

'Colonel Cunningham, who was wounded in the rebellion at Ireland, in a manner too shocking to relate—on his return to England, visited St. Woolo, with whom he was under marriage engagement: but he considered the accident which he had met with, as a reason to put an end to every connection between them.—With still greater honour, and more than all heroism attending, the lady replied,

'That unless his mind was more redeemed than his person, she wished to perform her vows.'

SELECTED POETRY.

From the National Ægis.

ODE TO MADNESS.

FIEND of the tortured brain,
Hoarse horror's recreant child;
Beneath caves where furies reign:
Come in a ghastly wild hour,
With frantic shrieks that might awake the dead,
Broke from thy raging power,
To threaten ruin on thy votaries head.

Hark! what sounds of phrenzy roll,
Shivered through the troubled air;
'Twas the noise of mad despair,
To rack the straining soul.
'Twas the groans of anguish bare,
From trembling guilt's detected son,
Fixed to the sordid spot, where first
The triumph of a crime he won.
His gore-crusted hands he tilts in air,
Imbrued in blood of fratricide;
In pangs of torture, plucks his hair,
And screws it at his side.
No hope his frantic bosom knows
To groaning fate consigned:
Onward he moves in visions lost,
Starts at the phantoms of his mind,
In heaven beholds an injured ghost,
On earth a thousand foes.
The waving trees,
The whispering breeze,
Denote the Demons of the night,
Whose dismal sounds his soul appal:
With eye-balls glaring with affright,
He hears them call.
Again their murmurings rend the sky,
"I come" the shrieks in wild dismay,
Then passing, rushes by,
And madness marks his way.

Lo! on the gloomy veil of night,
The full moon sails in liquid light,
Queen of the sun, sphere,
Whose lamp unwasted through its boundless way,
O'er our arched plains, serenely clear
Pours around its evening ray.
More blest than she, who courts the midnight hour,
To whom, victim of RELIGION'S power,
Her bright gleam of hope shall lingered by,
Find true attachment meet her in the sky
May a hungry child of sorrow,
Become a friend in hapless *Laura*.

Oft would her pitying aid impart
A balm to sooth its aching heart.
Her soul was gentle as the bird of day,
Who swells in air his love-sick lay,
Her eye the mercy-beam of living light,
Her mind resplendent as the rising day.
Till Superstition with distorted melt,
Burst on her consecrated brain,
And gloomy as her breast was seen,
That heaven she sighed to gain.

Next on the heath with loose dishevelled hair,
And measur'd step, appears the *Love-lorn Maid*,
Wrapt in the dark wrought visions of despair,
She seeks the tomb where all her hopes are laid.
There was a time, in fortune's favors blest,
A livelier grace o'er all her movements stole;
The radiant star that gemmed her spotless breast,
Beamed in the full orb'd mirrors of her soul.
Now lost to him, whom pity could not save
From the dark crimes of the warning grave,
Alone and cheerless, wand'ring through the vale,
She pours his requiem to the passing gale;
'Gentle spirit of my love,
'Sainted in etherial day,
'Soon we'll meet in plains above,
'Where every cloud will melt away."

'Tis then, oh, spectred frenzy of the mind,
On every heart-wrought passion fed,
The great, the good must bend to thee,
Thy ruling power must blast mankind,
Till time shall cease to be,
And the last trump shall rouse the dreamless dead.

ZENOBIA.

From the European Magazine *for October* 1801.

SONNET TO CHLOE.

By Ambrose Pitman, Esquire.

HOW could you, Chloe! e'er suppose
I was enamour'd of your charms!
That I could e'er admire your *nose*,
Or wish myself within your *arms*?

Indeed! I never prais'd your *eyes*,
No—nor your *lips*—for who has broader?
The negro-man may vie in *size*—
Or *coops*—a City's late Recorder.

Mistaken maid! Conceit as this,
I have not heard the like till now;
I might perhaps *receive* your kiss,
But never *give* you one, I vow.

No, Chloe, no—indeed I ne'er could see,
One single charm to captivate—in THEE.

[The following ode, written by one of those females, described by *Richardson* as the founders of English female fiction is divested of that Della Cruscan fastidiousness, which too generally clothes productions of its kind—*Inquisitory*.

ODE TO CYNTHIA.

BY MISS FARMER.

Sister of Phœbus, gentle queen,
Of aspect mild, and brow serene,
Whose friendly beams by night appear
The lonely traveller to cheer:
Attractive power, whose mighty sway
The ocean's swelling waves obey,
And, mounting upward, seem to raise
A liquid altar to thy praise:
Thee when the hags, at midnight hour,
Invoke to their infernal bow'r.
Be, I to no such horrid rite,
Sweet Queen, implore thy sacred light;
Nor seek, while all but lovers sleep,
To rob the miser's treasur'd heap.
Thy kindly beams alone impart
To bind the youth who rules my heart,
And guide me from thy silver throne
To steal his heart, or mind my own.

[The following songs were sung at Sadler's-Wells, by Mr. Townsend, in the character of Starboard, (a British Sailor) in the burletta of Edward and Susan, written by C. Dibdin jun.

Bold as when the forest's lord,
Roused by departing day,
By fierce nor howling tempests aw'd,
Forth issues to the prey;
So goes the tarby glory call'd,
By foe or fate so unappall'd,
To ev'ry deep to try,
To conquer or to die!
But, as the lamb in rural shade,
On shore no thoughts his mind pervade
But what with peace agree;
'Tis then his best delight to prove
The joys of friendship and of love
With sweet humanity.
Then comes the feast of a jovial soul
To laugh and sing and drain the bowl,
And drink with gallant hearts times three,
"Britannia! George! and Liberty!"

To fortune's face let who will fly,
A tar must always thank her,
Not weigh a care, nor heave a sigh,
But heave and weigh the anchor.
Aloft or below,
While the breezes blow,
'Tis half! belay!
Yo! ho! yo, yea!
Then he'll drink his grog
Like a jolly dog,
And heave and weigh the anchor.

For Britain ev'ry thing he'll dare,
In ev'ry storm his dearest care,
To bring her to an anchor.
Aloft or below, &c.

LOVE and JOY—A TALE.

By Dr. Aiken.

IN the happy period of the golden age, when all the celestial inhabitants descended to the earth, and conversed familiarly with mortals, among the most cherished of the heavenly powers were twins, the offspring of Jupiter, Love and Joy. Where they appeared the flowers sprung up beneath their feet, the sun shone with a brighter radiance, and all nature seemed embellished by their presence. They were inseparable companions, and their growing attachment was favored by Jupiter, who had decreed that a lasting union should be solemnized between them so soon as they were arrived at maturer years: but in the meantime the sons of men deviated from their native innocence; vice and ruin overran the earth with giant strides—and Astrea, with her train of celestial visitants, forsook their polluted abodes; Love alone remained, having been stolen away by Hope, who was his nurse, and conveyed by her to the forests of Arcadia, where he was brought up among the shepherds. But Jupiter assigned him a different partner, and commanded him to espouse Sorrow, the daughter of Age; he complied with reluctance; for her features were harsh and disagreeable; her eyes sunk, her forehead contracted into perpetual wrinkles, and her temples covered with a wreath of cypress and wormwood. From this union sprung a virgin, in whom might be traced a strong resemblance to both her parents; but the sullen and unamiable features of her mother were so mixed and blended with the sweet ones of her father, that her countenance, though mournful, was highly pleasing. The maids and shepherds of the neighbouring plains gathered round, and called her Pity. A red breast was observed to build in the cabin where she was born, and while she was yet an infant, a dove pursued by a hawk flew into her bosom. This nymph had a dejected appearance, but so soft and gentle a mein, that she was beloved to a degree of enthusiasm. Her voice was low and plaintive, but inexpressibly sweet; and she loved to lie for hours together on the banks of some wild and melancholy stream, singing in her late. She taught men to weep, for she took a strange delight in tears; and often, when the virgins of the hamlet were assembled at their evening sports, she would steal in amongst them, and captivate their hearts by her tales full of a charming sadness. She wore on her head a garland composed of her father's myrtles twisted with her mother's cypress.

One day, as she sat musing by the waters of Helicon, her tears by chance fell into the fountain; and ever since the Muses' spring has retained a strong taste of the infusion. Pity was commanded by Jupiter to fill up the steps of her mother through the world, dropping balm into the wounds she made, and binding up the hearts she had broken. She follows with her hair loose, her bosom bare and throbbing, her garments torn by the briars, and her feet bleeding with the roughness of the path—The nymph is mortal, for her mother is so; and when she has fulfilled her destined course upon the earth, they shall both expire together, and Love be again united to Joy, his immortal and long betrothed bride.

A CURIOUS LOVE EPISTLE.

MADAM,

When I see you, upon your gravity and honks, I conclude you to be a suitable wife for me. My first, when I saw her, told me that since she intended to marry, being weary of boarding she would have a house of her own. If you should be sick, none so tender over you as an husband. My last wife had seven hundred pounds ready cash. She brought me a silver sconce cost three pounds more, and twelve silver spoons, and as many sorts of grave silks as cost above forty pounds, laced with gold & silver up to the pocket holes, the best of which I save for you.

My father gave me about twelve hundred pounds besides my education. I have been a good husband and settled my family. My eldest son has a living of about one hundred and twenty pound per annum, a minister: my second son has two livings and is to be married. They have been about two years from me at Cambridge. My third son is married; he is a confectioner and grocer, selling tea, chocolate and coffee, which he roasts. He had three hundred pounds with his wife, and now eight pounds a year is fallen to her by her brother's death. I have two daughters at home with me at present; the youngest as tall as yourself; they have their portions settled, only eldest son is to pay them out of my perpetual annuity, which is settled on him after my death. My eldest daughter has twice lived with brother the confectioner, and intends to go again as soon as I marry. The I have but one daughter, who will wait upon mine, and my maid you shall chuse. My brewing and coal man is what does, and I have a washer woman. A baker and a butcher we have in the town, both rich and honest, so that you and I may enjoy ourselves with all the exquisite pleasures of matrimony so long as God shall lend us life and health.

Oh! madam, fear nothing. A house I have well furnished, and no one to molest me.

I have lived above thirty years in Aspley, and have above one hundred and fifty pounds per annum. I have only one grandchild. I hope, madam, you received a letter I left with Mr. Simons, at the George. He was an excise man, and can inform you there are thirty one fir trees, all given to encrease you with, a fine garden, and new built house. I beg an answer. Please, madam, to direct to me, "Rector, Aspley, near Woburn."

EDWARD HILL.

November 19, 1713.

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Two doors below the Swan-Tavern:
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The MINERVA;

Or, LADY's AND GENTLEMAN's MAGAZINE.

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TERMS OF "THE MINERVA."

1st.—"THE MINERVA" will be neatly printed weekly, on a half-sheet Super-Royal paper.

2d.—The terms are TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid in advance.

3d.—A handsome title-page and table of contents will be furnished (gratis) at the completion of the volume.

From the Charleston Courier of the 28th ult.

COURT OF SESSIONS.

The trial of Joshua Nettles, and Elizabeth Cannon, for the wilful murder of John Cannon, began last Tuesday, and ended on Wednesday evening; when the jury brought in their verdict—

Joshua Nettles GUILTY,
Elizabeth Cannon NOT GUILTY.

Few cases that we have heard of, or at least can remember, have been attended with circumstances so extraordinary—assuredly none marked with such complicated depravity and turpitude as this. It being intended to publish the trial in a pamphlet, we will not encumber our paper by an anticipated detail of the evidence at large, but [illegible] a summary account of the affair as it was [illegible] by the evidence.

The prisoner, John Nettles, was the neighbour—the prisoner Elizabeth Cannon, the wife of Mr. John Cannon, [illegible] person [illegible], antecedent to the trial, [illegible] had been known by the neighbourhood [illegible] between the prisoner [illegible] Nettles, who [illegible] was in his humble [illegible], a man of intrigue, [illegible] carried his criminality that way, to such an excess, that a separation took place between him and his wife. If a man of such a turn can be supposed capable of entertaining a particular, violent attachment, it would seem that his was [illegible] to Mrs. Cannon: at least it would appear so, from the profligate perseverance with which he followed up his intrigue with her, under circumstances which would [illegible], in ordinary, from a further prosecution of [illegible]. [illegible] it appeared in evidence, that he had been detected lying in bed, on one side of Mrs. Cannon, while her husband [illegible] on the other; that the deceased detecting him in this situation, had once chased him out of the house—in the hurry and confusion of which flight, he (Nettles) had left in the door a key, which he kept for the purpose of getting, at night, into Cannon's house, and that when pursued, he turned upon Cannon with a drawn knife, and that he was forbidden to come near the house of Mr. Cannon: notwithstanding which, he kept a ladder to get into the upper windows of it, at night, to meet her; that two several separations had taken place between Cannon and his wife, (the prisoner) on account of her amour with Nettles; that the good natured and abused man took her back to his arms again; and that, after all this, Nettles formed a determination to remove all obstruction to the gratification of his nefarious desires, by the murder of the man, whom he had so long and so deeply injured. It appeared that the doubly adulterous paramours were in the habit of epistolary correspondence—she making her own daughter (a child of about twelve years of age) the carrier of her letters, the bearer of her messages, the [illegible] of her lewd devices, the instrument of her husband's wrongs:—Her child—her female child—the accomplice of a mother's guilt—the handmaid of a father's disgrace. A multitude of letters, were in the hands of the prosecutors, and were offered to the court to be read, but the counsel for the prisoners objecting to the production of them, his honor the judge ruled in favor of the objection, of which, more will appear in the trial, when published at large.

This was the state of things the morning of the 24th of October; on the night of which, Mr. Cannon and his wife went, as usual, to bed in their chamber, on the ground floor; in the same room, but in different beds, lay Dorothy, their daughter, [a child of 12 years old, whose evidence formed the basis of the conviction] John Cannon and Henry Cannon, her two little brothers; and two other children lay in the bed with Mr and Mrs. Cannon. About midnight, Dorothy, being disturbed from sleep by a very alarming noise, jumped in consternation, out of bed, and ran out of the house, where, by the moonlight, which was sufficiently strong to render the bulk and outline of objects visible, but too feeble for distinguishing minute objects or colours, she perceived her father struggling under the hands of Nettles, or, as the child called it, 'half up, half down,' and Nettles choaking him—the throat of the deceased being grasped in both the hands of Nettles, whom she distinctly heard to say, '*Oh, you damn'd old son of a bitch, I'll kill you now!*'—The voice of Nettles being familiar to the child, she was able to ascertain his identity, exclusive of the aid of the light which the Moon afforded her and by which she could discern the outline of his figure. There was another person with Nettles, whom he called upon to hold her father, but she could not distinguish who it was or whether black or white. By what fell from the Attorney-General, in his very able reply, it should seem as if he conceived it to be the prisoner, Elizabeth Cannon: a circumstance which the child, in filial piety and tenderness, might, perhaps, wish to suppress:—But the judge in his charge, suggested the possibility that it might be a negro, who was said to have been in the habit of carrying the ladder, by which Nettles used to ascend the upper room window. But this, as well as other circumstances of a much more horrible nature, still remains in obscurity. Overwhelmed with horror, the child ran back to the room, sunk into bed with her little brothers, and huddling the cloathes over her head, fell at last asleep.

In this part of our sad narrative, we have to call our readers particular attention to a circumstance, which, for horror and black mysteriousness, is not to be surpassed by any thing that ever [illegible] from the prolific mind of the inimitable Mrs Radcliffe, in the highest [illegible] of her wild and fanciful genius. From the evidence given to the court and Jury, Mr. Cannon was left crying out '*Murder!*' and struggling under the hands of Nettles; but they hear no more of him till they find him back in his bed lying dead by the side of Mrs. Cannon whom they also find calling upon her son John, to come and feel his father, and wake him; [illegible] he was dead. Henry Cannon, one of the sons, who by the bye, was called as a witness for the defence, not only corroborated this point, given in evidence by Dorothy but said, that his mother was sitting up in the bed, close by his father's dead body. What [illegible] of this transaction is, that Mr. Cannon, who was proved to have gone to bed, with a linen shirt and drawers on, was found dead in the bed, with nothing on but a flannel shirt. How the body came there at all; by whom it was brought; how, or by whom it was stripped of the linen shirt and drawers, or how, or by whom, it was dressed in the flannel shirt, still remains to be accounted for: Nor is it less wonderful that all this time Mrs. Cannon seems to have slumbered, till, according to her own account, if it were to be believed, she felt the bed jogg under her, which she supposed might have been occasioned by putting the dead body into it. How the linen shirt and drawers were disposed of however, appeared in evidence. They were thrown into a wash-tub.

Mr. George Cannon, nephew to the deceased, who lived at the distance of about three quarters of a mile from the house, being hastily summoned by a negro called Nero, came with all possible speed, and found Mrs. Cannon sitting by the fire, not crying, but seemingly unconcerned. Expecting her to speak first, he did not ask her any questions; but finding that she did not mean to say any thing of the death of his uncle, [illegible] him to go look at the body he went himself into the room where it was, where he found the negroes crying over it, paying to it that tribute of sorrow which the wife denied: He saw upon it evident marks of murder, but did not touch it till the Rev. Mr. M'Culloch, the minister of the parish, came. Examining then, they found a mark around the neck, which, at first sight, looked as if it had been made with a rope. From the description, the neck was excoriated, & there were marks of nails on the side of it; the face was black with the blood which settled there; the mouth and nose were full of blood; and on the temple there was a contused wound. These were the indications of murder. On the body, there was nothing but a flannel shirt. Making enquiry of the negroes where the shirt and drawers were, they replied, 'in the wash tub,' and that Mrs Cannon had put them there. Mrs. C. then ordered the wench to wash them out, but they stopped her from doing so, took the clothes out, examined them, and found them smeared with blood.

The colour which, whether true or false, was given by Mrs. Cannon, to this extraordinary circumstance was, that the shirt being the best Mr. Cannon had, she took it off, to wash, in order to have him buried in it, and that it received the marks of impurity from an utensil in the chamber, which had been overset by one of the children.

Messengers were dispatched to summon the principal inhabitants of the neighbourhood, and the coroner, to hold an inquest; among the rest Mr. Nettles was called. Mr. Justice Lehay, Major Thornly, a respectable old officer, once a member of the House of Representatives and now in the Senate—Mr William Witherspoon, Mr. Peregrine Browning, and several others came; an inquest was held; Mrs C [the prisoner] was examined, and declared that she had slept that night with Mr Cannon; being asked if he was sick in the night, she said *he had complained of a choaking*; and she declared that she heard no noise, and knew nothing of the matter till she found her husband dead by her side. It is somewhat remarkable, that Nettles, who was on the jury, was the first to avow his assent to the proposition that the deceased was murdered. While they were drawing up the verdict, however, Nettles appeared very uneasy, and wished to go away; but was kept to sign it: Having done which, he went out to mount his horse to go home. At this moment George Cannon told Justice Lehay he had reason to believe that Nettles had murdered his uncle, and desired him to apprehend him. This is the proper place to remark, that the little girl, Dorothy, had told her cousin George that she saw Nettles killing her father, and had taken him to the spot, and shewed him the [illegible] marks of a struggle. The justice ordered the persons present to apprehend Nettles, and then sent some of them, with a constable and a search warrant, to search Nettles' house, where they found, behind a chest, a pair of overalls with the knees begrimed with dirt of the same colour as the ground where Cannon was murdered; and, placed between the feather bed and the mattrass on which Nettles lay, a shirt and waistcoat, with the breast stained with blood, and a woman's nearest garment, in the same state, and with the arms torn off from it all rolled together.——The pantaloons, shirt and waistcoat, were proved to have belonged to Nettles—the other [illegible] on; and all were exhibited in court. [illegible] proved that Nettles wore this on the 24th, and had been seen going into his bed-chamber that night: but that, when called in the morning to go to the house of [illegible], who was then dead, he called for clean [illegible], and would not come out of his room till he had dressed himself in them. The above circumstance was attested.

The circumstance of the under cloathing of Mrs. Cannon being found wrapped up with those of Nettles, [illegible] summary Mrs Cannon [illegible] but her [illegible] her, Mrs. Campbell, who, by the bye, is housekeeper to Nettles, her [illegible], swore that it had been given to her as old linen, to [illegible] laboring under some distemper that required [illegible]. Indeed, the Attorney-General did not [illegible] it necessary to insist upon it, as an ingredient towards the conviction of Mrs. Cannon. In evidence, however, something came out which throws a [illegible] light, [illegible] but circumstantial light, upon the bringing the body of Cannon back to his bed. On the [illegible] the murder took place; on the 25th, the Coroner's Inquest made up their verdict; on the 27th, Mrs. Cannon [illegible] a message by Mr. M'Bride, to Mr Justice Lehay to [illegible] her—he went. Mr Lehay, who through the whole of his dreadful business, displayed a degree of [illegible], strength of mind, and a [illegible] judgment, [illegible] conscientious integrity, that do him infinite honour, abstained from speaking to her, till she should speak to him. She then asked him whether she *would get clear of Cannon's blood*? she cried, and she knew about the murder [illegible]. He very discreetly and judiciously replied, that it was too serious a question for him to answer. She then related to him that she went out to the door, and saw a certain person and another along with him, [illegible] Cannon. [illegible] the evidence of [illegible] any thing which the prisoner Cannon was [illegible] as evidence against the prisoner Nettles. [illegible] of Nettles was, therefore, not mentioned, [illegible] the presumption that he should not be [illegible] stood that he was the person whom she had mentioned.] That she went up and took hold of him by the arm: that he shoved her off—and [illegible] 'For Christ's sake, don't do it!' [illegible] to be observed that Mrs. C was, at the time of the confession, in custody, and under the persuasion, that as he had been found dead in the bed of his wife, she [illegible] held guilty if she did not discover the murderers.

This is the general account of the case, and we have given it, to the best of our judgment, with [illegible]. If we err, it is not wilfully. We should, however, feel that we did wrong if we left the matter here. The majority of mankind are prone to decide by passion, rather than by reason; few, or rather none, but professional men, are capable of distinguishing, in all cases, between legal and moral guilt; and there are many, who on the bare statement of the facts above, will be surprised how it should happen that, under such circumstances, Elizabeth Cannon was found not guilty.—To such persons, we beg leave to say that, though the woman may have deserved punishment, and though conduct such as her's must ever meet with the execration and abhorrence of all who are not as bad as herself; yet her acquittal is a proof, of which the country ought to be proud, of the security which the laws afford to all but those who stand

u[illegible] *legally ascertained* [illegible] B[illegible] ving, as the jury did, that the woman was guilty, not of the murder itself, or of having an actual hand in it; but only of misprision of it—they were right and acted conscientiously and wisely, in not finding her guilty of murder, for which alone she was indicted. By doing this they had supported the cause of our laws, and the justice and order for which those laws are made, as much as they could have done by condemning her. For, let it also be considered, that the gentlemen who compose the Jury did not less than those who read this horrid tale, feel a worthy indignation at the worse than hellish deeds related. How strong then must have been their sense of the obedience due to law, when it repressed this indignation, and made it yield to the mandates of that law. Virtuous indignation if not curbed by reason, is apt to outrun justice, to drive headlong into severity, from severity to degenerate into rigour, and from rigour to sink into cruelty. What evils have not the excess of virtuous feelings produced? When the balance which ought to be preserved among the moral sentiments is lost, error ensues, and crime follows close at its heels. [illegible] who wish to be consistently just, [illegible] therefore keep as vigilant an eye, and as strict a [illegible] over their virtues as over their vices, lest by indulging and [illegible] them to excess, they should swell them into the [illegible] and size of the latter. It is not enough that our laws [illegible] to the morals and intrinsically [illegible]; that [illegible] but [illegible] intended for them; but [illegible] abominably guilty, even those who are guilty to such excess that the soul of ordinary humanity [illegible] at the reflection of their [illegible] within the letter of those laws, [illegible] the [illegible] of a system so glorious, so [illegible], so wise, and so beneficent, that it ought to [illegible] every man who partakes of its advantages, to [illegible] his whole heart, soul, and mind, and every function, [illegible] and physical, which he possesses, to the support of itself, and to the execution of its decrees.

* * *

REFLECTIONS ON FEMALE BEAUTY.

The beauties of the face despise,
A mental beauty only prize.

IT is observed by a very great writer, that persons who are deformed, commonly take pains to cultivate their minds, in order to recommend themselves to the world by the shining qualities of their understanding; and to take off the bad impressions they may receive from the [illegible] be observed too that [illegible] women [illegible] naturally beautiful [illegible] with their outward excellencies, that they totally neglect the improvement of their minds. They are apt to consider beauty as the *only* qualification requisite in themselves; and some that are endowed with it in such an eminent degree, [illegible] down with disdain on females, less happy in the charms of their persons.

Beauty has undoubtedly great influence over the hearts of men, but [illegible] when attended with affectation and conceit, [illegible] in disgust; while women not fair, but [illegible] agreeable, set off with good sense and good humour, will captivate the hearts of the wiser men, and more effectually secure their constancy.

Miss B——— was a lady endued with most exquisite charms, and her person was perfectly handsome. The worst part of it was, that she was too sensible of her external charms. She would walk for hours together in the Mall, and pride herself highly in the contemptible train of coxcombs who dangled by her side; all their compliments, civilities, and encomiums she looked upon as matters of fact, though every one else knew they were words of course. If she smiled at one, winked at another, and nodded her head at a third, she firmly believed she was conferring a lasting obligation; and assumed such an air of superiority over all the rest of her sex, that one would be induced to believe, she expected mankind in general to fall down and worship her.

Such behaviour caused her to be utterly despised by all men of good sense and sound understanding; and she had the mortification at last to find, that all the empty puppies who had once professed such esteem for her, and had offered up so many sacrifices of adulation to her beauty, deserted and despised her; and she became a contemptible dupe to those very charms, which had led her to dupe so many. She found, too late, that most men are of the opinion of Juba, in the tragedy of Cato, where the author makes him say,

'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a skin, that I admire;
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.

It is very obvious, however, that if Miss B——— had paid more attention to the cultivation of her mind, and spent less time in ornamenting her person, she might have shared all the sweets and happiness this world could have afforded her; she might have been loved and cherished by a most endearing husband; and blessed with a little family of dutiful and respectful children. Whereas on the contrary, her ridiculous conduct has driven her into obscurity, where she must forever lament the extravagance of her former folly and glaring indiscretion.

From the fate of this lady, therefore, let all the sex take warning and remember, that Providence has bestowed upon them an inward mirror, (Conscience) whereby they may adorn their minds, and regulate every action of their lives, with as much ease as they can adjust their dress by means of a common looking glass. Nothing is a stronger instance of the goodness of the Creator, than that delicate inward feeling, so strongly impressed upon every reasonable creature.

This internal monitor, if duly attended to, and diligently cherished and kept alive, would check the coquette in her ridiculous career, and make her look back with contempt upon all her vain and frivolous pursuits.

Beauties in vain their sparkling eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

* * *

EXTRACT FROM BRYDONE's TOUR.

ACCOUNT OF AN EXTRAORDINARY HURRICANE.

"The Malteſe still talk with horror of a storm that happened here on the 29th of October 1757, which as it was of a very singular nature I shall translate you the account of it from a little book they have given me, written on that ſubject.

"About three quarters of an hour after midnight, there appeared to the south-west of the city a great black cloud, which, as it approached, changed its colour, till at last it became like a flame of fire mixed with black smoke. A dreadful noise was heard on its approach, that alarmed the whole city. It paſſed over part of the port, and came first upon an English ſhip, which in an instant was torn to pieces, and nothing left but the hulk; part of the masts, ſails, and cordage were carried along with the cloud to a conſiderable diſtance. The ſmall boats and felouques that fell in its way were all broke to pieces and ſunk. The noiſe increaſed and became more frightful. A ſentinel, terrified at its approach, run into his box: both he and it were lifted up and carried into the sea where he perished. It then traverſed a conſiderable part of the city, and laid in ruins almost every thing that stood in its way. Several houſes were laid level with the ground, and it did not leave one ſteeple in its paſſage. The bells of some of them, together with the spires, were carried to a conſiderable distance. The roofs of the churches were demoliſhed and beat down, which, if it had happened in the day-time, must have had dreadful conſequences, as all the world would immediately have run to the churches.

It went off at the north-east point of the city; and [illegible] is said to have mounted up into the air [illegible] and paſſed over the sea to Sicily, [illegible] trees, and did other damage; but nothing considerable, as its fury had been mostly ſpent upon Malta. The number of killed and wounded amounted to near 200, and the loſs of ſhipping, houſes and churches was very conſiderable.

Several treatiſes have been written to account for this ſingular hurricane, but I have found nothing at all ſatiſfactory. The ſentiments of the people [illegible]. They declare, with one voice, that it was a legion of devils let loose to puniſh them for their ſins. There are a thouſand people in Malta that will take their oath they saw them within the cloud, all as black as pitch, and breathing out fire and brimstone; and add, that if there had not been a few godly people among them, the whole city would certainly have been involved in one universal destruction."

* * *

From a LIVERPOOL PAPER.

The following Address was spoken by the young Roscius, [Betty, only 13 years old] at our Theatre on Monday evening:

Anxious to pay my heart-felt homage here,
Before you thus I venture to appear.
No character assumed shall veil me now,
Whilst to my partial friends I grateful bow.
Say, am I wrong to aim at your applause?
Yet there are some, unheard, prejudge my cause;
While in my own theatre, holes are picking,
And scorn the *boyish* hero, stage-struck chicken.
'Shall he debase a Shakespeare's glowing scene?
'A horse! a horse!----a rocking horse he means!
'Drilled by some fugleman----right--left----prepare----
'Heads to the [illegible]----dress----as you were.'
Am I a chicken? They shall find me *game*,
In the bold contest for theatric fame:
As to my *height*, I trust, on reason's plan,
The mind is still the standard of the man;
And for my *youth*----why, if that be a crime,
Patience, dread Sirs, I shall amend in time.
Such critics, for myself, unmov'd I view,
Is it my acting they condemn, or you?
Could tricks or start the nobler passions raise,
Or gain me----what's my proudest boast, your praise!
Cheer'd with protecting smiles the bud may blow,
And the young sapling to a ceder grow.
When at our Shakespeare's shrine my swelling heart,
Bursts forth and claims some kindred tears to start,
Frown not if I avow, that falling tear
Inspires my hopes and bids me persevere;
Here though you weep in sorrows not your own,
Be life's true sorrows to your hearts unknown:
May---I want words---my feelings choke their way,
Think what I ought to feel---[illegible] would I say.

SELECTED POETRY.

CYNICAL LINES ON WOMEN.

Women are books, and men their readers be—
In whom oft times they great errata see;
Here sometimes we a blot—there we espy
A leaf misplac'd—at least a line awry.
If they are books, I wish that my wife were
An almanac, to change her every year.

ANSWER—Extempore—By a Lady.

Women are books—in this I do agree:
And men there are, who can't read A B C:
And some, who have not genius to discern,
The beauties of the books they wish to learn—
For these an almanac doth often hold,
Much more science than they can unfold.
But, thank our stars, our critics are not these;
The men of sense and taste we always please:
Who know to choose, and then to prize their books,
Nor leave [illegible] once in search of crooks:
And from these books their noblest pleasures flow—
Although perfection is not found below:
With them we're in a world of error thrown,
And our Erratas [illegible] against their own.

* * *

TO DOCTOR ANDERSON,

The very ingenious Editor and Biographer of the British Poets, on his arrival at Dromore House, the residence of the Bishop of Dromore, August 8, 1803.

Distinguished stranger! welcome to Dromore,
  Welcome to Percy's hospitable dome,
Where every friend to L[illegible] lore,
  Where genius always finds himself at home.

As with the father of these blooming shades,
  In converse sweet, you pass the classic hour,
Methinks I see the nine harmonious maids,
  Conduct your wand'ring steps from bow'r to bow'r.

Whilst Phœbus, leaning from his car on high,
  A[illegible] in his fiery courser's speed,
Bends on his fav'rites a benignant eye,
  As they along each winding walk proceed.

Even Nature's self her compliments to you,
  [illegible] wears,
The skies clear up, the birds their song renew,
  And [illegible] summer all at once appears.

Friend of the Muses! welcome to Dromore!
  All happiness attend you whilst you stay,
And when again you seek your native shore,
  May safety shield you o'er the watery way!

* * *

The following beautiful and affecting lines, taken from the last Farmer's Museum, are particularly inserted for the benefit of our fair readers. They were written by an unhappy girl to her faithless seducer, and accompanied the return of a watch which he had formerly presented her, in the first ardour of his attachment.

[*New York Evening Post.*

When you implor'd and I believ'd,
This golden bauble I receiv'd.
'Lo! [illegible] look, my love, (you fondly cri'd)
'How fast the little minutes glide:
'Let us the precious hours improve,
'And wing each fleeting day with love,
''Till awful death, my beauteous friend,
'Your being with the earth shall blend.
'Time ne'er my darling girl shall see
'Horatio love again but thee.'
Then rapture sparkled in your eye,
Then roses breath'd in every sigh;
Then resting on your beating breast,
Each thought your artless soul express'd:
And trusting in your generous mind,
My honour and my peace resign'd!
Since then, alas, what magic pow'rs
Can charm to rest my anxious hours?
For guilt is painted on my cheek,
Confusion chokes me when I speak.
No more unconscious and serene,
I gaze upon this bright machine:
Its still reproaches wake my sighs,
And call the tears that dim my eyes—
'Where are those happy minutes fled,
'Where innocence her radiance shed—
'When, pure as morning's orient dews,
'Health gave her soft celestial hues!'
It seems to say —— 'Ah me! no more,
'In future time's exhaustless store,
'Shall you, sad maid, such moments see,
'As [illegible] first accepted me.'
T[illegible]e, O take it from my view,
Valu'd alone while you were true.

Alas! how oft, [illegible] eager love,
The [illegible] passing [illegible] eager move,
And [illegible] the appointed hour at last,
When every care and danger past,
While the [illegible] orb of midnight shone,
To every eye but love unknown,
Thus sighing [illegible] on DELIA's breast
A charming, dangerous, faithless guest!
My views of bliss forever gone——
Deceiv'd, deserted, lost, undone!
Ah! what have I with time to do,
Since he can never bring back you?
Then, [illegible] or, [illegible];
Return to him who pierc'd my heart;
[illegible] these coming hours,
[illegible] his roses show'rs:
[illegible] pillow laid,
The image of a pale-ey'd maid,
[illegible] the [illegible] powers of sleep,
[illegible] Compunction [illegible] guard
[illegible] repenting [illegible].

Yet, ah! he knows me [illegible] mind,
When Love's [illegible] ever bind——
[illegible] woe.
[illegible] glow.
[illegible] the world's [illegible]——
[illegible]——
[illegible]——
[illegible]——
[illegible],
LET HIM BE BLEST——and I will die.

From the TEARS OF GENIUS—By Courtney Melmoth.

ON DOCTOR GOLDSMITH.

LONG for thy sake the peasant's tear shall flow,
And many a virgin [illegible] with woe;
For thee shall [illegible],
And every passion [illegible];
The [illegible] shall [illegible] tale,
The woodman's ballad shall no more prevail;
No more shall mirth, each rural sport inspire,
But every frolic, every feast shall tire.
No more the evening gambol shall delight,
Nor moon-light revels crown the vacant night,
But groups of villagers (each joy forgot)
Shall form a sad assembly round the cot.
Sweet bard, farewell!—and farewell Auburn's bliss
The bashful lover and the yielded kiss;
The evening warble [illegible] made,
The [illegible],
The [illegible],
And the old [illegible] whistles as it [illegible].'
[illegible] shall no longer charm the ploughman's ear,
[illegible] shall [illegible] pauses of the pair.
'[illegible], adieu!' [illegible] priest for thee,'
Shall [illegible] his festive glee,
[illegible] heart [illegible] shall reveal,
[illegible] joys he cannot feel,
[illegible] shall bend,
And [illegible] and virtue's friend:
[illegible] the shepherd's song
[illegible] along;
[illegible] the rural way,
[illegible] their pride was snatch'd away!
[illegible] lake,
[illegible] shall shake,
[illegible] the furrows of her face,
Slow shall the lingering [illegible] each other trace.

The following inscription in [illegible]etham Church, England, deserves to be recorded, as a proof of a thoroughly good wife. In the chancel,

"Rebecca, wife of William Lynne,
who died in 1653."

Her epitaph was written by her husband, who, after enumerating her several virtues, concludes,

"Should I ten thousand years enjoy my life,
I could not praise enough so good a wife."

THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.

On one of the first nights of the opera of Cymon, at Drury Lane theatre, a [illegible] musical critic, who was seated on the first row of the pit, when the late Mr. Vernon began the last air, in the fourth act, which runs,

Torn from me, torn from me, which way did they take her?

immediately answered the interrogation of the actor in the following words, and in the exact tune of the air,

Why towards Long Acre, towards Long Acre.

This unexpected circumstance naturally embarrassed poor Vernon; but in a moment recovering himself, he sung, in [illegible], the following [illegible] words instead of the author's,

Ho, ho, did they so?
Then I'll soon overtake her,
I'll soon overtake her.

and precipitately made his exit, amidst the plaudits of his audience.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

SHERIFF's COURT.

EDWARDS v. TORRIANO.

The plaintiff, Miss Edwards, was a young lady of about four-and-twenty, and lived in the capacity of English teacher at a boarding school, in the vicinity of London, kept by the defendant's wife: she had not long been in this situation, before the defendant used every means to make her swerve from those principles of virtue which it was her duty to instil into the minds of the young females, placed under the immediate care of his wife. For a long time, she withstood his addresses, and even [illegible] them to her mistress, at the same time expressing her intention of relinquishing her service. Mrs. Torriano however persuaded the plaintiff to remain with her, and to rest satisfied with discountenancing the addresses of her husband. Miss Edwards continued in her [illegible] for half a year afterwards; but at length, [illegible] by the frequent importunities of the defendant, she consented to elope with him.

The principal instrument of persuasion used by the defendant was a letter in which he promised to settle 20l. a year on her, or in default of payment, to pay her the sum of 100l. She lived with him as his mistress, in furnished apartments, at Brompton, above a year, within which period she had a child. The defendant's love began to cool, his visits to her became less frequent, and, in short, he entirely abandoned her. She applied to him for the pittance he had expressly undertaken to provide, but he paid no attention to her application; she therefore brought the present action to recover the penalty to which he had obliged himself, by his letter, on failure of his promise.

The defendant suffered judgment by default, and made no attempt to resist the demand. The letter, containing the promise, was proved to be the [illegible] hand-writing, and the jury returned a verdict with 100l. damages.

ORIGINAL MODE OF WRITING.

D'Israeli informs us that the most ancient mode of writing was on cylinders, on bricks, and on tables of [illegible], afterwards on plates of various materials, of ivory, and [illegible] articles.

In the book of Job, mention is made of the custom of writing on stone, and on [illegible]. It was on tables of stone that Moses received the law, written by the finger of God. [illegible] on tables; but of which they were composed [illegible].—This manner of writing we still retain, in [illegible] inscriptions, epitaphs, and such memorials as we are desirous should reach posterity.

These early inventions led to the discovery of tablets of wood; and as cedar is more durable because of its bitterness, the [illegible] chose it for their most important writings. From these [illegible] arises the celebrated expressions of the ancients, when they meant to give the highest eulogium of an excellent work, that it was worthy to be written on cedar. These tablets were made of the stumps of trees; the use of them still exists, but in general they are made of other materials than wood—the same reason which led to prefer the cedar to other trees [illegible] to write on cedar with his [illegible]. Men generally [illegible] their testaments, in order the better to preserve them.

Saint Isidore of Seville testifies, that the Greeks and Tuscans were the first who used wax to write on. They wrote with an iron bodkin, as [illegible] stances we have noticed. [illegible] the [illegible] having forbidden the use of this instrument, they [illegible] used a stylus made of the bone of a bird, or a [illegible], so that their writings resembled engravings. They also employed reeds cut in the forms of pens.

In the progress of time, the art of writing consisted in painting with different kinds of ink. This new mode of writing occasioned them to invent other materials proper to receive their writing. They then chose the [illegible] peel of certain trees, plants, and even skins of animals which were prepared for this purpose. The first place where they began to prepare the skins was Pergamus, in Africa. This is the origin of the Latin [illegible] from whence we have derived that of parchment. These skins are however, better known amongst the authors of the purest Latin, under the name of membrana. They were so called because in remembrance of the animals, of which they were composed. The ancients had parchments of three different colours, white, yellow and purple. At Rome, white parchment was disliked, because it was more subject to be soiled than the others, and dazzled the eye. They generally wrote in letters of gold and silver on purple parchment. This custom continued in the early ages of the church: and there are yet extant written [illegible] of the evangelists of this kind, of which specimens are preserved in the British Museum.

The Egyptians on their side employed for writing, the bark or pith of a plant called papyrus, which formerly grew in great quantities on the sides of the [illegible]. It is this plant which has given the name to our paper, although it is composed of linen or rags. The Chinese make their paper with silk. The honour of inventing paper is due to the town of Memphis in Egypt.

(Salem Register.

In a district near Bengal, we are told that it is a custom for a debtor to pledge his *wife* to his creditors till the debt is discharged. In all countries it appears that some bankrupts contrive to be *gainers*.—

LETTER II.

FROM PETER PLAINMAN TO THE PRINTERS.

SIRS,

BEING forced to make an hasty end of my first epistle to you, in the beginning only of my matrimonial [illegible] tale, I have availed myself of the first time which I can call my own (the greater part of it being occupied by washing for my wife) to get rid of the subject—for I dare say you will readily believe me, when I assure you it is by no means an agreeable one.

I told you before that my wife, soon after our marriage, began to carry a heavy hand in spending my fortune. The truth was, her grand [illegible] her craving for every luxury and finery which any of her neighbours possessed, no matter how costly or useless it might be. She was certainly the most extravagant woman in her [illegible] that I ever knew or heard of: you may guess to what lengths this foolish practice was carried when I declare to you that my [illegible] cost me at least one thousand dollars, in gratifying the cravings of an [illegible] lady. Happening to drink tea one evening [illegible] a [illegible] acquaintance in [illegible], where we now and then came on a [illegible], my help-mate was wonderfully smitten with a set of [illegible] new china which graced my friend's tea-table. I noticed my wife viewing the china with a wistful eye, and [illegible] which women always [illegible] dreaded the consequence of her attention [illegible]: and I soon found to my sorrow, that my [illegible] were [illegible] groundless. We had scarcely got out of [illegible] on our way home when my lady [illegible] me: [illegible] the china at our friend's, my love? [illegible] replied I. And did you not think it [illegible] pretty? continued she. I now plainly discovered what she was aiming at, and told her I would [illegible] to purchase it, but in my opinion [illegible] become a [illegible] [illegible].

Happening soon after that neighbour Richard, (who is one of the wealthiest men in the county,) had bought a [illegible] coach and horse, [illegible] admired [illegible]; but [illegible] seriously [illegible] I [illegible] the wealthy who could [illegible] struck me like lightning. "Good [illegible]," said I, "you are not [illegible]"— [illegible] was not [illegible] for the [illegible] which I was [illegible] and [illegible]; but all in vain—she [illegible] arguments, and of course could not be convinced—she told me that all wives had their times for longing, and it was cruel in me not to allow her the [illegible] which [illegible] she then hinted [illegible] would [illegible] on her critical situation, should I refuse her request. I took time [illegible] with [illegible] out [illegible] who [illegible] tyrannical wives like my own, persuaded me to use [illegible] means; but I could see [illegible] their interested policy, they wished me to [illegible] my wife, [illegible] their own [illegible], and mend their manners [illegible]. After [illegible] the ill consequences which [illegible] I acquiesced in the wish of my [illegible], although it laid me under some pecuniary embarrassment, I purchased her a coach. But this only whetted [illegible] gratifying her vanity; so I have determined hereafter to turn over a new leaf, and be master [illegible] in consequence [illegible] ridicule of [illegible] I [illegible] respect: but I will [illegible] [illegible] shall ever [illegible] be changed either [illegible] the high-toned voice or the frequent [illegible] of my spouse.

Your friend and servant,

PETER PLAINMAN.

Henrico, Feb. 20.

[Our readers are indebted to the politeness of the Manager of the Richmond Theatre, for the amusement they may receive from the perusal of the following humorous production—that gentleman having kindly lent us the copy from which we re-print it.—This Farce has been performed with general applause on the British & American Stages; and some of our patrons have witnessed its risible powers, in its performance by the Virginia Company of Comedians.

RAISING THE WIND—A FARCE—IN TWO ACTS.

By JAMES KENNEY.

CHARACTERS.	CHARACTERS.
Plainway,	*Waiter,*
Fainwou'd	*Servant to Plainway,*
Diddler,	*Messenger,*
Sam,	*Boy,*
Richard,	*Miss L. Durable.*

Scene——A Country Town.

ACT I—SCENE I.—*The public room in an Inn.—Bell rings.*

SAM. COMING,—I'm a coming.

Enter WAITER *and* SAM, *meeting.*

WAIT. Well, Sam, there's a little difference between this and hay-making, eh?

SAM. Yes, but I get on pretty decent, don't I? only you see, when two or three people call at once I'm apt to get flurried—and then I can't help listening to the droll things the young chaps say to one another at dinner; and then I don't exactly hear what they say to me you see. Sometimes too I fall a laughing wi' em, and that they don't like, you understand.——

WAIT. Well, well, you'll soon get the better of all that. [A laugh without.]

SAM. What's all that about?

WAIT. [looking out] Oh, it's Mr. Diddler trying to jobb himself into credit at the bar. But it won't do, they know him too well. By the bye, Sam, mind you never trust that fellow.

SAM. What, him with the spy-glass?

WAIT. Yes, that impudent short-sighted fellow.

SAM. Why, why not?

WAIT. Why, because he'll never pay you. The fellow lives by sponging——cozens people's houses by his songs and his compliments. At home of the squires' tables, he's constant a guest as the parson or the apothecary.

SAM. Come, that's a mild one to go out however.

WAIT. Then he borrows money of every body he meets.

SAM. Nay, but will any body lend it him?

WAIT. Why he asks for so little at a time, that people are ashamed to refuse him, and then he generally asks him out to give it the appearance of immediate necessity.

SAM. Damme, he must be a droll chap, however.

WAIT. Here he comes; mind you take care of him. [exit.

SAM. Never you fear that mun. I was'nt born two hundred miles north of Lonnun, to be done by Mr. Diddler, I allow——

Enter DIDDLER.

DID. Tol lol de riddle lol——eh! (looking through the glass at Sam) the new waiter,—a very clod hy my hopes! an unturn'd clod. My clamorous bowels be of good cheer. Young man, how dy'e do? step this way, will you? A novice I perceive. And how d'ye like your new line of life?

SAM. Why very well, thank'ye. How do you like your old one?

DID. (aside) Disastrous accents! a Yorkshireman! (to him) What is your name my fine fellow?

SAM. Sam,—You need not tell me yours, I know you, my—fine fellow.

DID. [aside] Oh fame! fame! thou incorrigible gossip! but nil desperandum——at him again. (to him) A prepossessing physiognomy——open and ruddy——importing health and liberality. Excuse my glass—I'm short-sighted. You have the advantage of me in that respect.

SAM. Yes, I can see as far as most folks.

DID. (turning away) Well, I'll thank ye to——o Sam, you haven't got such a thing as ten-pence about you, have you?

SAM. Yes. (they look at each other, DIDDLER expecting to receive it) And I mean to keep it about me, you see.

DID. Oh—aye—certainly. I only ask'd for information.

SAM. Hark! there's the stage coach coming in. I must go and wait upon the passengers. You'd better ax some of them.—mashap they mun give you a little better information.

DID. Stop. Hark-ye, Sam! you can get me some breakfast first. I'm devilish sharp set, Sam; you see I come from a long walk over the hills,—snid—

SAM. Aye, and you see I come from—Yorkshire.

DID. You do; your unsophisticated tongue declares it. Superior to vulgar prejudices, I honor you for it, for I'm sure you'll bring me my breakfast as soon as any other countryman.

SAM. Aye, well what will you have?

DID. Any thing; tea, coffee, an egg, and so forth.

SAM. Well now, one of us you understand in this transaction mun have credit for a little while. That is, either I mun trust you for t'money, or you mun trust me for t'breakfast. Now as you're not above vulgar prejudices, and seem to be vastly taken wi' me, and as I'm not so conceited as to be above 'em, and am't at all taken wi' you, you'd better give me t'money you see, and trust me for t'breakfast—he! he! he!

DID. What d'ye mean by that, Sam?

SAM. Or mayhap you'll pay me a horn mo.

DID. Sir, you're getting impertinent.

SAM. Oh, what you don't like they terms. Why then, as you sometimes sing for your dinner, you may whistle for your breakfast, you see: he! he! he! [exit.

DID. This is to carry on trade without a capital. Once I paid my way, and in a pretty high road I travelled; but turn'd out now Jerry Fiddler, little better than a vagabond. Die on this! I take these rough rubs spiritedly, honorably earn my breakfasts and my dinners too. But how? my present trade is the only one that requires no apprenticeship. How unlucky that the rich and pretty Miss Plainway, whose heart I won at Bath, should take it into her head to pay me a visit, and call me, old a foolish romantic name that will prevent her letters from reaching me. A rich wife would pay my debts and heal my wounded pride. But the degenerate state of my wardrobe is confoundedly against me. There's a warm old rogue, they say, with a pretty daughter, fate to come to the house at the foot of the hill. I've a great mind——it's d——d impudent; but if I haven't surmounted my delicacy, I must have starved long ago.

WAITER *crosses in brete.*

George what's the name of the new family at the foot of the hill?

WAIT. I don't know; I can't attend to you now.

DID. There again. Oh! I must bear this any longer. I must make a plunge. No matter for the name, 'tis all perhaps it may be more imposing not to know it. I'll scribble her a passionate billet immediately; that is, if they'll trust me with pen and ink. [exit.

Enter FAINWOU'D *and* RICHARD.

SAM *shows them in.*

FAIN. Bring breakfast directly. Well, Richard, I think I shall ave them into a little respect here, though they are apt to gape at me in London.

RICH. They are not the only ones, sir.

FAIN. Respect, richard! is all I want. My father's money has made me a gentleman, and you never see any familiar jesting with a true gentlemen, I'm sure.

RICH. Very true, Sir. And so, sir, you're come here to marry this Miss Plainway, without ever having seen her.

FAIN. Yes, but my father and her's are very old friends; they were schoolfellows. They've live at a distance from one another ever since, for Plainway always hated London. But my father has often visited him, and about a month ago at last they made up his match. I did'nt object to it, for my father says she's a very pretty girl: and besides, the girls in London don't treat me with proper respect by any means.

RICH. At bristol? then they are new inhabitants here. Well, sir, you must muster all your gallantry.

FAIN. I will, Dick; but I'm not successful that way; I always do some stupid thing or other when I want to be attentive. The other night, in a large assembly, I picked up the tail of a lady's gown, and was going to present it to her for her pocket-handkerchief. Lord now the people did laugh!

RICH. It was an awkward mistake, to be sure, sir.

FAIN. Well, now for a little refreshment, and then for Miss Plainway. Go and look after the luggage, Richard. (sits down——exit Richard.)

Enter DIDDLER *with a letter in his hand.*

DID. Here it is——brief but impressive. If she has but the romantic imagination of my Peggy, the direction alone must win her ——(reads) "To the beautiful maid at the foot of the hill." The words are so delicate, the arrangement so poetical, and the counterfeit reads with such a languishing cadence, that a blue-stocking garden-wench must feel it!——"To the beautiful maid at the foot of the hill." She can't resist it!

FAIN. Waiter bring my breakfast.

DID. Breakfast! delightful found! Oh! bless your unsuspicious face; we'll breakfast together. (advancing to him) Sir, your most obedient. From London, sir, I presume?

FAIN. At your service, sir.

DID. Hexfant travening, sir.

FAIN. Middling, sir.

DID. Any news in town when you came away?

FAIN. Not a word, sir. (aside) Come, this is polite and respectful.

DID. Pray, sir, what's your opinion of affairs in general?

FAIN. Sir? why really sir. (aside.) Nobody would ask my opinion in town, now.

DID. No prejudice, perhaps? You talked of breakfast sir; I was just thinking of the same thing——shall be proud of your company.

FAIN. You're very obliging, sir; but really I'm in such haste.

DID. Don't mention it. Company is every thing to me. I'm that sort of man, that I really could'nt dispense with you.

FAIN. Sir, since you insist upon it——waiter.

SAM. (without) Coming, sir.

FAIN. Bless me, they're very inattentive here; they never bring you what you call for.

DID. No. They very often serve me so.

Enter SAM.

FAIN. Let that breakfast be for two.

DID. Yes, this gentleman and I are going to breakfast together.

SAM. (to Fainwou'd) You order it, do you, sir?

FAIN. Yes, to be sure, didn't you hear me?

SAM. (chuckling) Yes, I heard you.

FAIN. Then bring it immediately.

SAM. Yes. (still chuckling)

FAIN. What d'ye mean by laughing, you scoundrel?

DID. Aye, what d'ye mean by laughing, you scoundrel?

[*Drives* SAM *out and follows.*

FAIN. Now, that's disrespectful, extremely so to that gentleman, who seems to be so well known here; but these country waiters are always impertinent.

Enter DIDDLER *his letter in his hand.*

DID. A letter! a line? desire the man to wait. That humpbin is the most impertinent——I desire it's on such to——you haven't got such a thing as half a crown about you, have you, sir? here's a messenger waiting, and I haven't got any change about me.

FAIN. Certainly——at your service.

[*Takes out his purse and gives him money.*

DID I'll return it to you, sir, as soon as possible. Ailo! here! (waiter enters) here's the man's money [putting it into his own pocket] and bring the breakfast immediately.

WAIT. Here it is, sir.

Enter SAM *with breakfast.*

DID. There we are, sir. Now, no ceremony, I beg, for I'm rather in a hurry myself. (*Exit* SAM *chuckling.* DIDDLER *pours out coffee for himself.*) Milk and sugar, and then you'll have your thing. When you have done with that lump of sugar, I'll thank you for it. (takes it out of his hand) thankee sir.

FAIN. (aside) That's not quite so respectful though.

DID. Breakfast, sir, is a very wholesome meal. (eats fast.)

FAIN. It is, sir; I always eat a good one.

DID. So do I, sir. (aside) more at present.

FAIN. You an early riser too; and in town the servants are so late; but I'm often obliged to wait a long while before I can get any.

DID. That's exactly my case in the town ry.

FAIN. And then very mortalizing, when one's hungry, to be served so.

DID Very, sir, I'll trouble you once more. (snatches the bread out of his hand again.)

FAIN. (aside) This can't be meant for disrespect, but it's very like it.

DID. Are you looking for this, sir, you can call for more if you want it. (returns a very small bit) Here, waiter! [waiter answers without] some more bread for this gentleman. You eat nothing at all, sir.

FAIN. Why, bless my soul, I can get at nothing.

SAM *enters with rolls.*

DID Very well, Sam——thank'ye, Sam: but don't giggle, Sam; curse you, don't laugh. [*Throwing them at him.*

SAM. Lord! you're in jest, Mr. Diddler. [exit.

DID. [*again taking the letter out of his pocket*] Ah! another letter by the coach. Mayhap I trouble you again? you haven't got such a thing as ten pence about you, have you? I live close by, sir; I'll send it——Oons! the moment I go home——we glad to see you any time you'll call in, sir.

FAIN. You do me honor, sir. I haven't any halfpence; but there's my servant, you can desire him to give it you.

DID. You're very obliging. [puts the rolls Sam brought, in his pocket, and into his hat.] I'm extremely sorry to give you so much trouble. I will take that likewise. [aside] Come, I've raised the wind for to-day, however; and now to stir a permanent gale by my beautiful maid at the foot of the hill. [exit.

FAIN. That must be a man of some breeding, by his ease and his impudence.

[*To be continued in our next.*]

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The MINERVA;

Or, LADY's AND GENTLEMAN's MAGAZINE.

VOLUME 1] RICHMOND.—*FRIDAY*, MARCH 1 [illegible] [NUMBER [illegible]

ACCOUNT OF THE TURKISH, GREEK AND ARABIAN WOMEN.

[*From Dr Chandler's Travels.*]

The liberty of the fair ſex at Athens is almoſt equally abridged by the Turks and the Greeks. Their houſes are ſecured with high walls; and the windows turned from the ſtreet, and latticed or boarded, ſo as to preclude all intercourſe even of the eyes. The apartment of the Turkiſh women is not only impregnable, but ought not to be viewed even or [illegible] ſtranger [illegible] approached [illegible] ſilence; and in town it is the cuſtom to turn the wall and ſtand ſtill while they paſs. This is good breeding at Athens.

The Turkiſh women claim exemption from confinement only one day in the week, when they viſit their relations, go in companies to the bath, or ſit in the burial grounds on the graves of their friends, huſbands, children or parents. They are ſo beclothed, it is impoſſible to diſcern if they be young or old, handſome or ugly. Their heads, as far as the eyebrows, are covered with white linen, and alſo their faces beneath; the prominency of the noſe and mouth giving them nearly the appearance of mummies. They draw down a veil of black gauze over their eyes, the moment a man or boy comes in view. They wear ſhort looſe boots of leather, red or yellow, with a large ſheet over their common garments, and appear very bulky.

The dreſs of the Greek matrons is a garment of red or blue cloth, the waiſt ſhort, the long petticoat falling in folds to the ground. A thin flowing veil of muſlin, with a gold border, is thrown over the head and ſhoulders. The attire of the virgins is a long red veſt, with a ſquare cape of yellow ſatin hanging behind. They [illegible] walk with their hands in their pocket holes at the ſides, and their faces muffled. Sometimes they take the Turkiſh garb. Neither prudence nor modeſty ſuffers a maiden to be ſeen by the men before ſhe is married. Her beauty might inflame the Turk, who can take her legally by force to his bed, on a ſentence of the cadi or judge; and the Greek, if there [illegible] as criminal, and with diſdain.

* The Albanian women are inured early to hard living, labor, and the ſun. Their features are injured by penury, and their complexion by the air. Their dreſs is coarſe and ſimple; a ſhift reaching to the ancle, a thick ſaſh about the waiſt, and a ſhort white woolen veſt. Their hair is platted in two diviſions, and the ends faſtened to a red ſilk ſtring with a taſſel, which hangs down to their heels, and frequently laden with pieces of ſilver coin, of various ſizes, diminiſhing gradually to the bottom. Among theſe the antiquarian may often diſcover medals of value. They are ſeen carrying water on their backs, in earthen jars with handles; waſhing by the fountains of the river Iliſſus after rain, with the female ſlaves of the Mahometan and other ſervants; treading their linen or beating it with a piece of heavy wood, ſpreading it on the ground or buſhes to dry, and conveying it to and fro in panniers on an aſs. Their legs and feet are generally bare; their heads hooded, as it were with a long towel which encircles the neck, one end hanging down before, and the other behind. The girls wear a red ſkull cap, plated with Turkiſh pennies, ranged like the ſcales of a fiſh.

The Greek will ſometimes admit a traveller into the apartment of his women. Theſe within doors are as it were uncaſed, and each a contraſt of the figure ſhe made when abroad. There the [illegible], treading on a ſoft carpet, has her white and delicate feet naked, the nails tinged with red. Her trowſers, which in winter are of red ſtuff, and in ſummer of fine calico or thin gauze, deſcend from the hip to the ancle, hanging [illegible] about her limbs; the lower part embroidered with flowers, and appearing beneath the chemiſe, which has the ſleeves wide and open, and the ſeams and edges curiouſly adorned with needle work. Her veſt is of ſilk, exactly fitted to the form of the boſom and the ſhape of the body, which it rather covers than conceals, and is ſhorter than the chemiſe; the ſleeves button occaſionally to the hand, and are lined with red or yellow ſatin. A rich zone encompaſſes her waiſt, and is faſtened before by claſps of ſilver gilded, or of gold ſet with precious ſtones. Over the veſt is a robe, in ſummer lined with ermine, and in cold weather with fur. The head dreſs is a ſkull cap, red or green, with pearls, a ſtay under the chin, and a yellow forehead cloth. She has bracelets of gold on her wriſts; and like Aurora, is roſy fingered, the tips being ſtained. Her necklace is a ſtring of zechins, a ſpecies of gold coin, or of the pieces called byzantines. At her cheeks is a lock of hair turned towards the face; and down her back falls a profuſion of treſſes ſpreading over her ſhoulders. Much time is conſumed in combing and braiding the hair after bathing, and, at the greater feſtivals, in encreaſing and powdering it with ſmall bits of ſilver, gilded, reſembling a violin in ſhape, and woven in a regular ordonnance. She is painted blue round the eyes; and the inſides of the ſockets, with the edges on which the laſhes grow, are tinged with black: the Turkiſh ladies wear the ſame attire, and uſe ſimilar arts to heighten their natural beauty.

For coloring the [illegible] ſhow [illegible] of [illegible] ſome coals [illegible] the ſmoak [illegible] on a ſofa, and cloſing one of her eyes, took the two laſhes before the fore-finger and thumb of the left hand, pulled them forward, and then thruſt in at the outer corner a bodkin which had been dipped in the ſoot, ſo that the ſoot remained within, and was preſſed and ranged round the eyes, leaving as a foil to its uſe, contributing as they ſay, to its health, and increaſing its apparent ſize.

The improvement of the mind and morals is not conſidered as a momentous part of female education at Athens. The girls are taught to dance, to play on the Turkiſh guitar and the tympanum or timbrel, and to embroider, an art in which they generally excel. A woman ſkilled in reading and writing is ſpoken of as a prodigy of capacity and learning. The mother of Oſman Aga, a Turk, who has frequented our houſe, was of this rare number, and as he often told us, ſo terrible for her knowledge, that even Achmet Aga, her kinſman, had been ſeen to tremble, when he received her a [illegible] viſit. In common life the woman waits on her huſband; and after dreſſing the proviſions which he purchaſes, eats perhaps with a female ſlave; the lady [illegible] alone or in company with [illegible].

FROM THE [illegible].

THE CARAVAN[illegible].

On the ſubject of matrimony, I have [illegible] in a huſband, which are of [illegible]. As theſe writers are of courſe in their own [illegible] extremely ſenſible, they perpetually [illegible] of ſuperior ſenſe, by which they [illegible] of literature, in which they themſelves [illegible] object moſt deſerving the attention of a woman in the choice of a huſband.

But as a man may poſſeſs real good ſenſe, without much literature, ſo a man of profound learning may be extremely deficient in good ſenſe. Good ſenſe [illegible] of ſaying and doing, what is moſt proper, in whatever ſituation we may be placed: men who are [illegible] generally excel in this uſeful qualification. If good ſenſe then is to be a firſt rate objection to a woman in this important choice, it is not among ſcholars and authors that ſhe muſt ſearch for the future partner of her life. She will find the moſt agreeable men among thoſe who move in the genteeler circles of [illegible] and will diſcover leſs difference, than [illegible] in the converſation of the well bred, whether their purſuits are profeſſional or commercial.

If a woman has a taſte for elegant literature it is by no means neceſſary, that her huſband ſhould poſſeſs the ſame turn of mind, which might [illegible] ſhip between the parties, and cauſe [illegible] deſtructive to domeſtic harmony [illegible]. I have ſomewhere read of a poetical pair, who [illegible] the neighbourhood with their poetical quarrels. [illegible] would lampoon the huſband in her [illegible] band criticiſe the productions of his [illegible]. Their diſſentions at length aroſe at ſuch a height that they parted with mutual conſent.

Good ſenſe, (whether it be accompanied by literature or otherwiſe is of little conſequence, as it reſpects conjugal happineſs,) united with good temper, on both ſides, will enſure as much felicity, in the married ſtate, as our imperfect nature is capable of enjoying. However, ſuperior the wife may be to the reſt of her ſex, in general eſtimation, yet the huſband, from his more important occupations, however, unlettered, muſt always poſſeſs a degree of ſuperiority which will entitle him to her reſpect. Indeed a woman of good ſenſe, will carefully conceal any of his little failings and blemiſhes, which may ariſe from defect of education, & chearfully bear with the want of ſhowy accompliſhments, for the ſake of his ſubſtantial virtues. To inſult him with deficiencies which he cannot help, to expoſe his ſuppoſed ſuperiority to his wife, and ſpecially to exaggerate all his faults, real or imaginary, this is the conduct of a weak and vain woman, whoſe head is as deſpicable as her heart is deteſtable. I perfectly agree with Swift, that ſuch creatures ought not to be conſidered as women, but be treated as raſcals, ſtript and kicked out of doors. Where there is neither good ſenſe nor good temper, it is to be lamented that matrimony ſhould ever take place; for why ſhould we propagate folly and ill nature, which are already too prevalent? I think this well deſerving the conſideration of the legiſlature, who ought to appoint a court of enquiry to ſet in judgment on all candidates. As ſoon as a couple ſhould [illegible], the court [illegible] make known by advertiſement, that on [illegible], the caſe of A and B, candidates for the honourable ſtate of matrimony, would be tried, and warn friends and foes to give in evidence of their poſſeſſion or want of the neceſſary qualifications. If after a fair trial they ſhould be admitted, a certificate ſhould be preſented to them to this purpoſe, as indiſpenſably neceſſary to a legal union. "Whereas A and B have been examined before the court, as candidates for the honorable ſtate of matrimony, on due examination, we give it as our opinion that ſaid A and B, are duly qualified, as there appeared no evidence that either has been guilty of any groſs violation of the laws reſpecting good ſenſe and good temper. We therefore authoriſe any Miniſter or Juſtice of the Peace, to unite ſaid A and B whenever and wherever ſaid parties ſhall deſire it."

If the claims of the parties ſhould, on evidence, be deemed inadmiſſible, the court would conſequently give their reaſons in terms like theſe:

"We decide that A and B are not qualified for the honorable ſtate of matrimony, as it appears, on evidence [illegible] the ſaid A and B have [illegible] conduct [illegible] agreeably to the ſtandard [illegible] good ſenſe and temper, the ſaid A having [illegible] to ſwear and [illegible] given other proofs of an ungoverned temper, and [illegible] convicted of many bad practices; [illegible], which [illegible]. We therefore [illegible] A and B [illegible] formed [illegible] in the wild imagination of the writer.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, GUILDHALL, December [illegible]

Sittings before Lord Ellenborough and [illegible]

CRIM. CON.

[illegible]NGHAM v. HUNT.

The Plaintiff is a Junior Partner [illegible] merchants, in Town [illegible].

Mr Garrow on the part of the Plaintiff [illegible] Mr Erskine [illegible] with such ability [illegible] eloquence [illegible] ſubject upon which I [illegible]. A [illegible] of eloquence, [illegible] lay before you, in a manner clear [illegible] and to your feelings, as one of the moſt aggravated guilt which ever came before a jury. I ſhall not [illegible] to ſeek for terms to expreſs this injury. I ſhall tell you ſimply, that the injury which [illegible] complains of, is, that the defendant has *debauched* his wife, that he has *debauched* her under almoſt every circumſtance [illegible] be conceived to aggravate his guilt; [illegible] and had [illegible] him the [illegible] he had [illegible] a time when he [illegible] heart was full [illegible] invited him to his houſe, and [illegible]

[illegible] ...ality and friend-
[illegible] ...ment. What was the return?
[illegible] ...ed to be supported by
[illegible] ...ed to seduce his friend's wife,
[illegible] ...ed it. Gentlemen, Counsel are not Judges
[illegible] ...before you a deliberate breach, on the part
[illegible] ...held sacred among
[illegible] ...violated, confidence abused, friend-
[illegible] ...and, above all, the marriage tie, held
[illegible] ...which depends the happiness of the
[illegible] ...deliberate treachery and adultery.
Gentlemen. This is not a case, Gentlemen, of a
[illegible] ...his own dishonour, and betray the peace
[illegible] ...nor is it a case where a husband has,
[illegible] ...but one of the exceptions of his
[illegible] ...you, by all the witnesses I shall
[illegible] ...the learned friend, Mr.
[illegible] ...to produce any wit-
[illegible] ...kind, tender, and af-
[illegible] ...learned friend to
[illegible] ...then will
[illegible] ...and whose
[illegible] ...you for damages
[illegible] ...has taken from the plaintiff the
[illegible] ...child. That, Gentlemen,
[illegible] ...of your
[illegible] ...I now inquire to state to you
[illegible] ...case. The defendant, Mr.
[illegible] ...had married the wife
[illegible] ...was a most amiable wo-
[illegible] ...life—for many years in the world he
[illegible] ...were
[illegible] ...for the
[illegible] ...wife, who was only thirteen years of
[illegible] ...the month of
[illegible] ...the De-
[illegible] ...and the plain-
[illegible] ...able a settle-
[illegible] ...to live upon the interest of
[illegible] ...July last, the plaintiff returned
[illegible] ...The reason was assigned
[illegible] ...excuse for her absence;
[illegible] ...their relations, or
[illegible] ...that she might not be able to get
[illegible] ...every moment. The
[illegible] ...You, Gentlemen,
[illegible] ...consider, what are the feelings of a
[illegible] ...(as I shall prove to
[illegible] ...that night,
[illegible] ...for
[illegible] ...and
[illegible] ...whom
[illegible] ...and
[illegible] ...that
[illegible] ...you
[illegible] ...yourself, and

JOSEPH HUNT."

[illegible] ...the profligacy of this man—*still*
[illegible] ...deliberately, plunged a dagger in your
[illegible] ...I have heard it said, that transactions
[illegible] ...for the place of trial rather at
[illegible] ...that in the city, men va-
[illegible] ...other than their honour. The
[illegible] ...Gentlemen, who say so. I know
[illegible] ...of men to value higher
[illegible] ...than the good opinion of London.
[illegible] ...of the great descend to
[illegible] ...and [illegible] ...purity in the
[illegible] ...admiring situation) cause who
[illegible] ...ces [illegible] ...the pride of them. And I
[illegible] ...respectable members of
[illegible] ...I [illegible] ...feel
[illegible] ...in the [illegible] ...your hand (Gen-
[illegible] ...to my [illegible] ...the [illegible]
[illegible] ...Mr. [illegible], brother to Lir-
[illegible] ...ment etc. It took place on the 11th
[illegible] ...It [illegible] ...was well acquainted with Mr. and
[illegible] ...frequently visited them, and some-
[illegible] ...with them. She had no re-
[illegible] ...of [illegible] ...agreed together. She al-
[illegible] ...described him as a kind and affectionate husband,
[illegible] ...his wife had been a very happy
[illegible] ...
[illegible] ...to remove the Plaintiff from his child-
[illegible] ...they had offered to her; he had of-
[illegible] ...; [illegible] ...had al-
[illegible] ...and though this was
[illegible] ...
[illegible] ...to Mr.
[illegible] ...at
[illegible] ...which [illegible] ...and

the peace. He admitted that he had heard a large party, consisting principally of the relations of the plaintiff and his wife, went from Tower-street to Portman-square to see the illumination, and particularly Mr. Otto's house; that the Defendant was of that party, and that Mrs. Langham was then given to his care, & that in the crowd they had separated from the rest; he afterwards heard her talk of the transactions of this illumination night, before her husband and a large company of friends; she said she was luckier than the rest of the party, for that she supped with her gentleman, while they were content with the refreshments of a pastry cook's shop. (Being examined strictly as to the manner in which the husband received this declaration) he said, that the plaintiff received this information with that kind of raillery and *badinage* that a husband would do, who thought he had a right to place confidence in his wife.

Mr. Dyson being called again, said, that he was of the party on the illumination night, and believed the separation [illegible] ...may have been merely accidental; [illegible] ...took place before they came to Mr. Otto's, when they had ...examined the illumination at Mr. Hope's in Cavendish-square.

Mrs. Sarah Langham, mother to the Plaintiff, said she had been in the constant habit of visiting the Plaintiff and his wife up to the time of her elopement; she always considered them a most happy couple, and never saw the slightest difference between them.

The letter read by Mr. Garrow in his opening speech, was then produced and proved.

Thomas Bailey was the postboy who drove the chaise from London to the Green Man at Barnet; he said, that upon alighting, they immediately called for a bed.

Sarah Ireson, the chambermaid of that Inn, confirmed the account of the last witness; she said that the gentleman and lady slept together that night, and that the bed was very much tumbled. The gentleman and lady went out in the morning, and he bought her different things, [illegible] ...&c. The next night they went to bed very early, and in the course of the evening, or next day. The lady left behind her a pair of stockings, which were marked Lingham, in full length.

Elizabeth Fowler, Landlady of Mr. & Mrs. Lingham, proved that was the mark of Mrs. Lingham's stockings.

Mrs. Davis, who keeps a lodging-house at Eltham, proved that Mrs. Lingham lodged with her at Eltham, for [illegible] ...months, and that Mr. Hunt used generally to come on a Saturday, and stay till Monday.

[illegible] ...the principal evidence on the part of the plaintiff.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

CHARACTER OF THE MALTESE, *by R. Bayborne, who is now making his* 'Tour through Sicily and Malta.'

As Malta is an epitome of all Europe, and an assemblage of the younger brothers, who are commonly the best, of its first families, it is probably one of the best academies for politeness in this part of the globe; besides where every one is entitled by law as well as custom, to demand satisfaction for the least breach of it, people are under the necessity of being very exact and circumspect, both with regard to their words and actions.

All the knights and commanders have much the appearance of gentlemen, and men of the world. We met with no character in extreme. The ridicules and prejudices of every particular nation, are by degrees softened and wore off, by the familiar intercourse and collision with each other. It is curious to observe the effect it produces upon the various people that compose this little medley. The French skip, the German strut, and the Spanish walk, are all mingled together in such small proportions, that none of them are striking; yet every one of these nations still retain something of their original characteristic: It is only the exuberance of it that is wore off; and it is still easy to distinguish the inhabitants of the north and south sides of the Pyrenees, as well as those of the east and west side of the Rhine; for though the Parisian has, in a great measure, lost his assuming air, the Spaniard his taciturnity and foleonism, the Germans his formality and pride; yet still you see the German, the Frenchman, and the Spaniard: It is only the caricatures, that formerly made them ridiculous, that has disappeared.

[Mr. Bayborne, after giving a philosophical description of a curious lake, found by him in the island of Malta, which was supposed to possess the peculiar power of wounding with the tongue, makes the following satirical and humorous remarks on that dreaded weapon, so dexterously used by ill-tempered wives]

(*In a letter to a friend.*)

I don't recollect that this singularity is mentioned in any book of natural history, but possibly I may be mistaken; nor indeed do I remember either to have seen or heard of any animal armed in this manner.—Paley even will scarce venture to advise the gentlemen of [illegible] Mr. S——, who, ever since his marriage, alleges that she [illegible] ...man [illegible] ...are formed after a singular manner: [illegible] ...

ever appears till after matrimony.—He is very learned on this subject, and thinks it may have probably proceeded from their original connection with the serpent.—Let this be as it may, I sincerely hope that you and I shall never have such good reason for adopting that opinion.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE BATCHELOR'S WISH.

Free from the care and strife,
Of this short various scene of life,
O, let me spend my days.
In rural sweetness with a friend,
To whom I may my mind unbend,
Not censure, heed or praise.

Though not extravagant, or near,
Yet through the well-spent cheq'ring year,
I'd have enough to leave;
To drink a bottle with a friend,
Assist him in distress, not lend,
But rather freely give.

Riches bring care, I ask not wealth,
Let me enjoy but peace and wealth;
I envy not the great.
'Tis peace alone can make me blessed,
The rich may take to east or west,
I claim not wealth or state.

I too would choose, to sweeten life,
A tender, mild, good-natured wife,
Young, sensible, and fair,
One who would love to me alone,
Prefer my cottage to a throne,
And share my every care.

Then happy with wife and friend,
My days I carefull, would spend,
By no ill omens be oppressed.
If heaven, that bliss to me in store,
Grant me but this, I ask no more,
And I am truly blessed.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

A VISION.

[illegible] ...ere,
When wrapt in sleep, the poet's brain,
[illegible] ...ere hot with wild desire,
He wakes to find his wishes vain.

Thus smiling from her Muse, across
Bestrowed by heaven to make my lays,
The lovely [illegible] ...ers my dreams,
And ere I wake keep extorts my praise.

Last night I dream'd, I heedless stray'd
Alone, at midnight's silent hour,
By Cynthia's beam along the glade,
And sought a sweet, sequester'd bower.

There, by the ray that through the leaves
Shot its refulgence over the cool,
I saw, in peaceful slumber laid,
The nymph for whom my numbers swell.

'Twas when the year of summer's reign
Diffus'd a tangled warmth around,
And Flora with her gaudy train,
With countless flowrets deck'd the ground.

A sizable [illegible] ...e round thy waist
Was [illegible] ...careless elegance was thrown,
Thy neck the [illegible] ...tresses grac'd,
[illegible] ...in telt no circling zone.

With [illegible] ...
Over all thy [illegible] ...countless, glowing charms,
My heart with [illegible] ...ossions fervor blaz'd,
And thrill'd to clasp thee in my arms.

The bloom of health, a virgin glow,
Play'd on thy cheek, thy heaving breast,
Like undulating hills of snow,
Seem'd to invite a rapture'd guest.

Could stoic coldness view a form
Like thine, in naked beauty dress'd,
Nor feel the passion's jarring storm
Rage wildly in the throbbing breast?

Hush'd!—I bow'd to kiss
Those lips, now moist with fragrant dew,
And, wh[illegible]d in wild ecstatic bliss,
Fresh draughts of love I from them drew.

Oh, Maybird! 'twas the conq'ring power
That bade me [illegible] ...the violet's die,
That bade me [illegible] ...the [illegible] ...bower,

My arms around [illegible] form I threw,
And sunk upon the panting breast,
When Sleep with Fancy's wand withdrew,
And waking, bade me think the rest.

ARISTANDER

FROM THE BALANCE.

FABLE OF THE PARROT.

A Parrot of beautiful hue,
Was kept by a lady, of late,
And long was Poll nourish'd and grew,
Contented and pleas'd with her state.

Her cage with fine gold was inlaid;
Her food was the whitest of bread,
And when night did the welkin o'ershade,
The softest of down was her bed.

Thus many a summer she past,
In happiness, splendor and glee,
Till tired of dependence, at last,
Poor Poll often sigh'd to be free.

One fine [illegible] morn, in the spring,
The door of her cage open stood,
And Poll, with a fluttering wing,
Escap'd to a neighbouring wood.

The birds of the grove throng around,
The beautiful stranger to view,
The hills with their praises resound,
The vallies the echo renew.

Poll hears their applause with delight;
Of her beauty and wit she grows vain—
When lo! by a ravenous Kite,
She is seized and destroyed on the plain.

MORAL.

Thus thoughtless Maids, who love, from home,
In quest of liberty to roam,
Shall find, when caution is too late,
Their virtue meet the parrot's fate

ALCANDER

INSCRIPTION FOR A TABLE,

Which was formerly used as a Writing Desk, by

THOMPSON the POET.

Ye, who in things of simple kind,
Can stamp the mystic worth of mind;
Who press the turf where Virgil trod,
And think it like no other sod;
Or guard each leaf from Shakspear's tree,
With druid-like idolatry:
Ye will this relic fondly view,
On which the sylvan scholar drew,
With moral sweet and comment clear,
His record of the rural year,
While every season's change he trac'd,
With Shakspear's fancy, Virgil's taste.

EPIGRAM.

On the approaching nuptials of a young lady with a

MR. GREY.

With all the blooming sweetness in thy face,
With beauty radiant as the God of day,
With accomplishments, shape elegance and grace,
With all these ties of youth, thou'lt soon be GREY.

An old [illegible] was celebrated [illegible] week [illegible] village in Ber[illegible] [illegible] the bride 5, [illegible] as bride[illegible]: neither of the [illegible] had ever been married, though each of them had been [illegible]. Six grand-daughters of the bridegroom strewed flowers before the company on their way to and from the church; and after dinner four grandsons of the bride sung [illegible] and [illegible] composed by the clerk of the parish on the happy occasion.—*Lon. Pap.*

Charity an additional ornament to Beauty.

There is no charm in the female ſex that can ſupply the place of virtue. Without innocence, beauty is unlovely and quality contemptible; good-breeding degenerates into wantonneſs, and wit into impudence. It is obſerved that all the virtues are repreſented by both painters and ſtatuaries under female ſhapes; but if any one of them has a more particular title to that ſex, it is modesty. I ſhall leave it to the divines to guard them against the opposite vice, as they may be overpowered by temptation; it is ſufficient for me to have warned them against it, as they may be led [illegible].—*Spect.*

CHARACTER OF LORD BOLINGBROKE.

[BY CHESTERFIELD.]

It is impossible to find lights and shades strong enough to paint the character of Lord Bolingbroke, who was a most mortifying instance of the violence of human passions, and of the most improved and exalted human reason. His virtues and his vices, his reason and his passions, did not blend themselves by a gradation of tints, but formed a shining and sudden contrast.

Here the darkest, there the most splendid colours, and both rendered more striking from their proximity. Impetuosity, excess, and almost extravagancy, characterized not only his passions, but even his senses. His youth was distinguished by all the tumult and storm of pleasures, in which he licentiously triumphed, disdaining all decorum. His fine imagination was often heated and exhausted, with his body in celebrating and deifying the prostitute of the night; and his convivial joys were pushed to [illegible] extravagancy of frantic [illegible]. The former impaired both his constitution and his character; but the latter destroyed both his fortune and his reputation.

He engaged young, and distinguished himself in business. His penetration was almost intuition, and he adorned whatever subject he either spoke or wrote upon, by the most splendid eloquence; not a studied or laboured eloquence, but by such a flowing happiness of diction, which (from care, perhaps, at first) was become so habitual to him, that even his familiar conversations, if taken down in writing, would have borne the press, without the least correction, either as to method or style. He had noble and generous sentiments, rather than fixed, reflected principles of good nature and friendship; but they were more violent than lasting, and suddenly and often varied to their opposite extremes, with regard even to the same persons. He received the common attentions of civility as obligations, which he returned with interest; and resented with passion the little inadvertencies of human nature, which he repaid with interest too. Even a difference of opinion upon a philosophical subject would provoke, and prove him no practical philosopher at least.

Notwithstanding the dissipation of his youth, and the tumultuous agitation of his middle age, he had an infinite fund of various and almost universal knowledge, which, from the clearest and quickest conception, and the happiest memory that ever man was blest with, he always carried about him. It was his pocket-money, and he never had occasion to draw upon a book for any sum. He excelled more particularly in history, as his historical works plainly prove. [illegible] Europe, [illegible] of his own, [illegible] than [illegible] in it; but how steadily he [illegible] the latter in his public conduct, his enemies of all parties and denominations tell with pleasure.

During his long exile in France, he applied himſelf to study with his characteristical ardour; and there he formed, and chiefly executed, the plan of his great philoſophical work. The common bounds of human knowledge were too narrow for his warm and aspiring imagination; he must go *extra flammantia mœnia mundi*, and explore the unknown and unknowable regions of metaphysics, which open an unbounded field for the excurſions of an ardent imagination; where endleſs conjectures supply the defect of unattainable knowledge, and too often usurp both its name and its influence.

He had a very handſome perſon, with a most engaging addreſs in his air and manners; he had all the dignity and good-breeding which a man of quality ſhould or can have, and which ſo few, in this country at leaſt, really have.

He profeſſed himſelf a deiſt, believing in a general providence, but doubting of, though by no means rejecting, (as is commonly ſuppoſed) the immortality of the ſoul, and a future ſtate.

He died of a cruel and ſhocking diſtemper, a cancer in his face, which he endured with firmneſs. A week before he died, I took my laſt leave of him with grief; and he returned me his last farewell with tenderneſs, and ſaid, "God, who placed me here, will do what he pleaſes with me hereafter, and he knows beſt what to do. May he bleſs you!"

Upon the whole of this extraordinary character, what can we ſay, but, alas! poor human nature!

Humorous Petition of a French Gentleman to a King of France, who had given him a Title to which his income was not equal, by reaſon of the weight of taxes levied from his eſtate.

(After acknowledging the honour done him by the King's conferring on him a Title, he goes on as follows:)

Your majeſty has only made me more unhappy by giving me a title; for there is nothing more pitiable than a gentleman loaded with a knapſack. This empty ſound, when I was ſuch a fool as to be ambitious of, does not keep away hunger. I know well enough that glory makes us live after we are dead; but in this world a man has but a short time to live, if he has not a morſel of bread to put in his mouth. I had but a little left of [illegible] of the whole, on which I [illegible] a ſhift to [illegible] is now taxed, any body may have it for me, for I ſuppoſe I ſhall ſoon, with my title and eſtate, be glad of an alms-houſe for my [illegible]. I have no reſource if there be a proſecution commenced against me, as they threaten, but in your majeſty's goodneſs. If, indeed, my fate is to be decided by that, I am in no danger, but ſhall laugh at them all. If your majeſty were to ſeize my poor patrimony whole, what would a few acres of marſh land be to the mighty monarch of France and Navarre? It bears nothing but willows, and your majeſty values no trees but the laurel: I therefore beſeech your Majeſty to give me leave to enjoy what my little ſpot brings in, without deſtruction. All that a poor ſubject aſks of your majeſty is—that your majeſty would aſk nothing of him.

ON SYMPATHY.

(BY BURKE.)

It is by the paſſion of ſympathy that we enter into the concerns of others; that we are moved, as they are moved, and are never ſuffered to be indifferent ſpectators of almoſt any thing which men can do or ſuffer. For ſympathy muſt be conſidered as a ſort of ſubſtitution, by which we are put into the place of another man, and affected in a good meaſure as he is affected; ſo that this paſſion may either partake of the nature of thoſe which regard ſelf-preſervation, and turning upon pain may be a ſource of the ſublime; or it may turn upon ideas of pleaſure; and then whatever has been ſaid of the ſocial affections, whether they regard ſociety in general, or only ſome particular modes of it, may be applicable here.

It is by this principle chiefly that poetry, painting, and other affecting [illegible] from one breaſt to another, and [illegible] capable of [illegible] a delight on wretchedneſs, [illegible] common obſervation, that objects which in the reality would ſhock, are in tragical, and ſuch like repreſentations, the ſource of a very high [illegible] pleaſure. This, taken as a fact, has been the cauſe of much reaſoning. This ſatisfaction has been commonly attributed, [illegible] the comfort we receive in conſidering that [illegible] a ſtory is no more than a fiction; and next, to the contemplation of our own freedom from the evils which we ſee repreſented. I am afraid it is a practice much too common in enquiries of this nature, to attribute the cauſe of feelings which merely ariſe from the mechanical ſtructure of our bodies, or from the natural frame and conſtitution of our minds, to [illegible] the [illegible] preſented [illegible] the [illegible] being [illegible] is nothing [illegible] as it is commonly believed.

[illegible]

[illegible] of the Floridas [illegible] Spaniards, [illegible] Spain [illegible] Cadiz [illegible] orders were executed [illegible] hanged on trees with this [illegible] after revenged by Dominic de Gourgues, a [illegible] intrepid [illegible] of Gaſcony, in enmity to Spaniards, and inflamed [illegible] of glory and hazardous enterpriſes. He fitted [illegible] with ſome ſhips, and with a ſelect [illegible] ers, like himſelf, embarked [illegible] Spaniards from all their [illegible] defeated [illegible] son, [illegible]

Portland.—According to the [illegible] of taxes in Portland for 180[illegible], [illegible] perſons, [illegible] regular duty ſhall [illegible]

[illegible] ſtreet, near [illegible] bridge. [illegible] the number [illegible] one [illegible] equal [illegible]

HYMENEAL REGISTER.

MARRIED, On Tueſday, the 12th inſt. Mr. [illegible] *Lightfoot*, of Charles City, to the much accompliſhed Miſs *Eliza* [illegible] *Virginia* [illegible], of Albemarle.

—— In Dover, (England,) Charles Prichard, Eſq. aged 87, to Miſs Charlotte Purſuivance, aged [illegible] a young lady celebrated for her beauty and accompliſhments, ſaid to be worth a [illegible] ling. Having a great number [illegible] from [illegible] youth to hoary age, he [illegible] equal chance, and according [illegible] blood into him," [illegible] —when the [illegible] men were [illegible] ation, ſhe entered [illegible]

RAISING THE WIND—A FARCE—IN TWO ACTS.

BY JAMES KENNEY.

Scene——A Country Town.

[Continued from page 96.]

SAM is going.

FAIN. Who is that gentleman, waiter?

SAM. Gentleman!

FAIN. Yes; by his using an inn, I suppose he lives upon his means—don't he?

SAM. Yes; but they are the oddest sort of means you ever heard of in your life. What, don't you know him?

FAIN. No.

SAM. Well I thought so.

FAIN. He invited me to breakfast with him.

SAM. And very well, and that was handsome enough.

FAIN. I [illegible] myself.

SAM. But it was not quite so handsome to leave you to pay for it.

FAIN. Leave me to pay for it!

SAM. (looking out) Yes, I see he's off there.

FAIN. Pooh! he's only gone to pay for a letter.

SAM. A letter! bless you, there's no letter comes here for him.

FAIN. Why, he had one this morning; I lent him the money to pay for it.

SAM. No—did you though!

FAIN. You [illegible] change about him.

SAM. (laughing) [illegible]—You seem fond of a fine man, don't you, sir?

FAIN. Why, you grinning blockhead, what d'ye mean?

SAM. Why he's had no letters, I tell you, but one he [illegible] to himself.

FAIN. [illegible] lent [illegible]!

SAM. Well, sir, we'd put the breakfast all to your bill, [illegible].

FAIN. [illegible] tease me about the breakfast.

SAM. [illegible] the neatest trick I ever heard (exit laughing.

FAIN. [illegible], this is the most disrespectful treatment.

RE-ENTER [illegible] him.

[illegible] the gentleman [illegible] the ten-pence, sir.

FAIN. Confound that [illegible] and you too.

([illegible] running off [illegible].

SCENE II.—The outside of PLAINWAY's house.

[illegible] PEGGY and Miss DURABLE.

Miss D. [illegible] how soon [illegible] hurry us home [illegible]. Come, [illegible] worse and worse, you'd be [illegible] till night.

PEG. [illegible] you again, I'll not bear [illegible]; [illegible] I [illegible] own, as I have often [illegible] I [illegible] the society of accomplished men [illegible].

PLAIN. [illegible] with you it must be. But [illegible] accomplished men fall in the [illegible], or [illegible] whole hours at a window [illegible] them, unless it [illegible] in the language [illegible]; and that I'm afraid [illegible] 'em understand [illegible]; for whenever you [illegible], they never seem to make you [illegible].

Miss D. Cousin Plainway, you're a sad brute, and [illegible] you another [illegible] while I live.

PLAIN. I'm afraid, cousin, you have helped my [illegible] notions. Come, knock at [illegible]. Well, Peg, are you any [illegible]?

PEGGY (In a [illegible] attitude.)—Alas, cruel [illegible] see him more (the door opens [illegible] goes into the house.)

PLAIN. There—she's at her romance again. Never [illegible]! when you're going to meet him to-day [illegible].

PEG. [illegible] of the vulgar, the sordid Fainwou'd [illegible] Mortimer.

PLAIN. [illegible] Let me hear [illegible] your father, and will be [illegible].

PEGGY. [illegible], fathers [illegible] no [illegible] to our obedience.

PLAIN. [illegible]! and who the devil [illegible] Miss [illegible]?

PEGGY. What, sir! have you never read the Victim of Sentiment?

PLAIN. I——[illegible] victim of sentiment! get in you [illegible]. Victim of sentiment indeed!

[They go into the house.

Enter DIDDLER.

DID. There she dwells. Grant, my kind stars! that [illegible], that she may be dying for want [illegible] and tumble about in her [illegible] of some unknown swain, [illegible] Jeremy Diddler. Now, how shall I get [illegible]?

Miss D. [illegible] the window) Well, I declare [illegible] and [illegible] breezes, that in spite of my cousin's sneers I can't help indulging them.

DID. (looking up) There she is, by my hopes! ye sylphs and cupids! strengthen my sight that I may luxuriate on her beauties. No—not a feature can I distinguish—but she's gazing on mine, and that's enough.

Miss D. What a sweet looking young gentleman—and his eyes are directed towards me. Oh my palpitating heart! What can he mean?

DID. You are a made man, Jerry. I'll pay off my old scores, and never borrow another sixpence while I live.

Miss D. (sings) "Oh listen, listen to the voice of love"—

DID. Voice indifferent: but d——n music when I've done singing for my dinner.

Enter SAM.

[illegible]—[illegible] I'd I'ver my letter. My dear Sam, I'm [illegible] to see you—I forgive your laughing at me. Will you do me a favor?

SAM. If it won't take me long, for you see I've gotten a parcel to deliver in a great hurry. By the bye, how nicely you did the [illegible].

DID. Hush you rogue,—look up there—do you see that lady?

SAM. Yes, I see her.

DID. Isn't she an angel?

SAM. Why if she be, she's been a good while dead I reckon; long enough to appearance to be t'mother of angels.

DID. Sam you're a wag, but I dont understand your jokes. Now if you can contrive to deliver this letter into her own hands, you shall be handsomely rewarded.

SAM. Handsomely rewarded! aye, well let's see; (takes the letter;) "To the beauti——"

DID. Beautiful——

SAM. "Beautiful maid at the foot of the hill." (looks up at the window.) Damma now you're at some of your tricks. [aside.] The old toad's got some money I reckon. Well, I can but try, you know—and as to the reward, why it's neither here nor there. (knocks at the door.)

DID. Thank'ye, my dear fellow. Get an answer if you can, and I'll wait here for you.

[*The door opens—*SAM *nods and enters.*

Miss D. A letter to deliver. Oh dear! I'm all in a flutter. I must learn what it means.

(retires from the window.

DID. Transport! She has disappeared to receive it. [illegible] Now I'll visit the country [illegible] [illegible] I'll only sing when it comes to my turn, and ne[illegible] a story or cut a joke but at my own table. Yet I'm sorry for my pretty Peggy. I did love that little rogue, and I'm sure she never thinks of her Mortimer without sighing. (Sam opens the door, holds it open, and beckons.) Eh, Sam! well, what answer?

SAM. Why first of all she fell into a vast trepidation.

DID. Then you saw herself?

SAM. Yes, I axed to see she that were sitting at the window over the door.

DID. Well.

SAM. Well, you see, as I tell you, when she opened the letter, she fell into a vast trepidation, and flutter'd and blushed, and blushed and flutter'd—in short—I never see'd any person play such comical games i'my days.

DID. It was emotion, Sam.

SAM. Yes, I know it was a motion, but it was a devilish queer one. Then at last says she stuttering, as might be our pot-boy of a frosty morning, says she, tell your master,—she tho't you was my master, he! he! he!

DID. My dear Sam, go on.

SAM. Well,—tell your master, says she, that his request is rather bold, but I've too much—too much confidence in my own diss—dissension.

DID. Discretion—

SAM. Aye, I fancy you're right—in my own discretion, to be afraid of granting it. Then she turned away blushing again—

DID. Like the rose—

SAM. ~~Like the rose, he! he! he! like a red~~ cabbage.

DID. I'm a happy fellow.

SAM. (smiling) Why, how much did you ax her for?

DID. Only for an interview, Sam.

SAM. Oh! then you'd better go in. I an't shut the door.

DID. I fixed it for to-morrow morning: but there's nothing like striking while the iron's hot. I will go in, and find her out, and lay myself at her feet immediately. I'll reward you, Sam, depend upon it. I shall be a monied man soon, and then I'll reward you. (Sam sneers); I will, Sam, I give you my word. (goes into the house.

SAM. Come, that's kind too, to give me what nobody else will take. (exit.

SCENE III.—A room in PLAINWAY's house.

Enter DIDDLER *cautiously.*

DID. Not here.—If I could but find a closet here, [illegible] till she came nigh. Luckily here is one [illegible]!

[*Goes into a closet, and listens from the door.*

Enter FAINWOOD *and* SERVANT.

SERV. Walk in, sir, I'll send my master to you directly.

FAIN. Now let me see if I can't meet with a little more respect here.

DID. (approaching and examining him) My cockney friend, by the lord! come in pursuit of me, perhaps!

FAIN. Old Plainway will treat me becomingly, no doubt; and as he positively determined with my father that I should have his daughter, I presume she's prepared to treat me with proper respect too.

DID. What! Plainway and his daughter! here's a discovery! then my Peggy, after all, is the beautiful maid at the foot of the hill, and the sly rogue wouldn't discover herself at the window on purpose to convict me of infidelity. How unlucky! and a rival arrived too just at the unfortunate crisis.

SERVANT *returns.*

SERV. He'll be with you immediately, Mr. Fainwou'd. (exit.

DID. Mr. Fainwou'd, eh! now, what's to be done? If I could but get rid of him, I would not despair of excusing myself to Peggy.

FAIN. I wonder what my father says in his letter of introduction (takes a letter out of his pocket.)

DID. A letter of introduction! oh! then it's the first visit then. Gad, I have it,—it's the only way; now prudence befriend me! but, first, I'll [illegible] the man out. (goes cautiously and looks at the door where the servant came out,—then advances briskly to Fainwou'd)—Sir, your most obedient.

FAIN. He here!

DID. So you've found me out, sir. But I've sent you the money,—three and four pence was it? two and six and ten—

FAIN. Sir, I didn't mean—

DID. No, sir, I'm Mr Plainway's nephew. I'd introduce you to my uncle, but he's very busy at present with sir Robert Rental, settling preliminaries for his marriage with my cousin.

FAIN. Sir Robert Rental's marriage with Miss Plainway!

DID. Oh! you've heard a different report on that subject, perhaps. Now, thereby hangs a very diverting tale. If you're not in a hurry, sit down, and I'll make you laugh about it.

FAIN. (aside) This is all very well, upon my soul. (they sit down.)

DID. You see, my uncle did agree with an old fellow by the name of Fainwou'd, a Londoner, to marry my cousin to his son, and expects him down every day for the purpose: but a little while ago, Sir Robert [illegible], a baronet, with a thumping estate, fell [illegible], and she fell in love with him. So my uncle [illegible], as it was very natural he should, you know, [illegible] agreed to this new match. And [illegible] saw the young cockney, and has since heard that he's quite a vulgar, conceited, foolish fellow, he has not thought it worth his while to send him an account of the affair. So if he should come down, you know, we shall have a d—d good laugh at his disappointment. (Fainwou'd drops his letter, which Diddler picks up unseen.) Ha! ha! ha! capital go! isn't it.

FAIN. Ha! ha! ha! a very capital go, indeed. (aside) Here's disrespect. (to him) But if the country should not be disposed to think of the affair quite so merrily [illegible].

DID. O the puppy! if he's refractory I'll [illegible] his nose.

FAIN. (aside) Here's an impudent scoundrel. (rises) Well, I shall cheat 'em of their laugh [illegible] however.

DID. (aside) A shy cock [illegible].

FAIN. O, you'll pull his nose, will you.

DID. If he's troublesome [illegible] have that pleasure. Nothing I enjoy more than [illegible].

FAIN. Sir, I wish you a good dinner [illegible] sir, you may——(a knocking at the door [illegible] locked.)

DID. (aside) Just in time, by Jupiter. (aloud) Be quiet there! damn that mastiff! Sir, I'm sorry you're going so soon. [knocking again.] Be quiet, I say. Won't I wish you a good morning, Sir. [illegible] stay and take a bit of dinner?

FAIN. Perhaps, Sir, I say, [illegible] again.

DID. Sir, I shall be extremely happy, [illegible] [exit Fainwou'd.] Bravo Jeremy! admirably hit off [knocking repeated.] Now for the old gentleman. [opens the door.]

Enter PLAINWAY.

PLAIN. My dear Mr. Fainwou'd, I'm extremely happy to see you. I beg pardon for keeping you waiting. Why, who the deuce could lock that door?

DID. He! he! he! it was I, Sir.

PLAIN. You, why wha—

DID. A bit of humour, Sir, to shew you I [illegible] ed to make free, and consider myself at home.

PLAIN. (aside) A bit of humour! why you [illegible] an inveterate humourist indeed, to [illegible] him. Well, come, that's merry and hearty.

DID. Yes, you'll find I've all that about me.

PLAIN. Well, and how's my old friend [illegible] of the family.

DID. Wonderfully well, my old buck. [illegible] have you have it in black and white. [illegible]

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The MINERVA;

Or, LADY's AND GENTLEMAN's MAGAZINE.

VOLUME I.] RICHMOND:—*FRIDAY*, MARCH 15, 1805. [NUMBER 27.

The following gentlemen, from some of whom we have already received indubitable tokens of attachment to the interests of this paper, will act as our AGENTS in receiving money due for the MINERVA, at the places to which their names are affixed—and they will receive and transmit us the names of those who may wish to become subscribers.

Abingdon (Va.)	Mr. Mc. Cormick, P. M.
Aquia	Mr. Thomas Burroughs.
Augusta (Georgia)	Dr. Thomas I. Wray.
Ca-Ira	Mr James Cody.
Charlotte	Capt. William Wyatt.
Charles City	Mr. Carey Wilkinson.
Hick's-Ford	Mr. John Scott.
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King William	Mr. Robert Pollard, jr.
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New-Canton	Mr. William Guerrant.
Northumberland	Mr. Thomas Plummer.
Portsmouth	Dr. Francis Benson.
Petersburg	Mr. John Dickson, Pr.
Smithfield	Hardy Cobb, Esq.

FRIENDSHIP EXEMPLIFIED.

[The following extraordinary narration, which has been handed down to us by ancient authors as a well authenticated fact, will give to the youthful mind a stronger idea of the divine attributes of FRIENDSHIP, than all the elaborate essays which have been written on that heavenly virtue, from the time of Addison to the present day.—It will stamp an impression on the generous heart, not to be crased by time and experience—for although few men possess such exalted virtue, yet no one can withhold the tribute of admiration, which this rare instance of disinterested friendship so imperiously claims.

CAIUS GRACCHUS, who was the idol of the Roman people, having caused his regard for the plebeians so far as to draw on himself the resentment of the nobility, an open rupture ensued. Opinius, who espoused the cause of the [illegible] called a poll which commanded the city. Gracchus, and Fulvius his friend, with a confused multitude, took possession of Mount Aventine: so that the two extremities of Rome, to the east and west, were like two camps. Overtures of peace were made; but not being accepted, a battle ensued, in which the consul meeting with more vigorous opposition than he expected, proclaimed an amnesty for all those who should lay down their arms, and at the same time, set a price on the heads of Gracchus and Fulvius, promising to give their weight in gold to any one who should bring them to him. This proclamation had the desired effect: the populace slipped away, one by one, and during their leader, returned silently to their own houses. Fulvius, by the vigilance of the consular party, was taken and beheaded. As for Gracchus, he would have taken refuge in the temple of Diana; but Licinius Crassus, his brother-in-law, and Pomponius, a Roman knight, who attended him, advised him to make his escape from thence. He followed their advice, and passing through the centre of the city, got to the bridge Sublicius, where his enemies, who pursued him close, would have overtaken and seized him, if his two friends, with as much intrepidity and resolution as Horatius Cocles* had formerly exerted in the same place, had not opposed their fury: but they saw the danger he was in, and determined to save his life, even at the expence of their own. They defended the bridge against all the consular troops, till Gracchus was out of their reach; but at length, being overpowered by numbers and covered with wounds, they both expired on the bridge which they had so valiantly defended. In the mean time, Gracchus fled to a sacred wood, dedicated to the furies, and there ordered a generous slave, by name Pomphorus, who had attended him, to put an end to his life. The faithful slave refusing not to outlive his master, plunged himself with the same dagger which he had pointed into the breast of Gracchus, and expired with him.

NOTE.

* Many of our readers being unacquainted with the valiant achievement of Horatius Cocles, alluded to in the foregoing circumstance, it may not be improper to mention the particulars.—The Roman troops having been beaten in an engagement with an invading enemy, fled into the city over the bridge, which at the same time would have afforded a passage to the enemy, if Rome had not found in the courage of Publius Horatius Cocles, a bulwark as strong as the highest walls. This intrepid hero, standing alone against a whole army, defended the passage of the bridge until it was entirely demolished behind him; —then throwing himself with his arms into the river Tiber, he safely swam over; having performed an action, says Livy, which will command the admiration more than the faith of posterity.

The misfortunes which attend the indulgence of youthful passions, and the cruelty of a parent in becoming indifferent to the happiness of his child, exemplified in the history of Mr. H's family, extracted from a work generally admired, by Dr. RENDER.

Few circumstances can be more distressing to the feelings of a parent, than that of a child's forming an attachment which their reason disapproves; yet the authority invested by the hands of nature, does not extend so far as to deprive him of the object whom he loves. Though the affections may frequently be influenced by *persuasion*, the heart will seldom submit to *restraint*; and many children have rebelled against the wishes of their parents, from seeing them more anxious to augment the splendor of their fortunes, than solicitous to ensure the permanence of their peace.

Doctor Render, in his interesting tour Through Germany, gives an affecting account of a young man, who was horrified into the marriage state by the *threats* which his father used to prevent it, when *gentleness* or *persuasion* might have averted his fate. The story, as related by the author above mentioned, may be considered as a tale of two different kinds: the youthful it may instruct to curb the dictates of their passions; and the parent it may teach to consult the happiness of his child. Though Mr. H's father was deaf to the voice of nature, and though he could suffer an only son to become an apostate to his faith; yet the time will arrive when conscience will accuse him of having been the destroyer of his child's *temporal* and *eternal* peace! What will then avail the dignities of grandeur, or the honors which were conferred by Frederick the Great? Will they be able to allay the voice of that impressive *Monitor*, or applaud him for breaking through the boundaries of the parental state?

"The son of a very opulent Calvinist merchant, at Cologne, about twenty-four years of age, fell violently in love with the daughter of a butcher, who's character was highly estimable, though his situation was not great. The latter having been made acquainted with the young man's partiality, finding his views were non rable, readily gave his consent, and Mr. H. was of course permitted to visit in the family as the future husband of the butcher's child. His father, however, at length, heard of this attachment; and, instead of mildly reasoning upon the impropriety of indulging a passion for a young woman in an inferior state, ordered him to prepare immediately for a journey which would completely divide him from the object of his affection; and informed him that he was in future to reside with a relation under whose care he was to be placed.

"The young man, petrified at a command so unexpected, implored his father not to doom him to a trial so severe; and after avowing the strength of his attachment, increated his father to sanction his choice. Mr. H. was a man of a choleric and violent temper, and a strong adherent to the Calvinist creed; he therefore informed his son, that he must go to Dusseldorf to his relation, or that he would immediately deliver him to the Prussian recruiting officer who resided in the German state; and that he should spend the remainder of his days as a common soldier, in one of the Prussian fortresses, from whence it was impossible for him to escape.

"As several men of consequence had inflicted this cruel punishment upon their children, for venturing to deviate from their commands, the young man was convinced that his inexorable father would rigidly fulfil the resolution he had made. Shocked at the idea of acting in opposition to a parent, yet unable to separate himself from the object of his choice, he persuaded her father to consent to their union, and at the convent of Augustine friars they were cemented for life.

"After the ceremony, they retired to Deantz, when the young man wrote to his father, imploring him to pardon a fault which affection had inspired; and assuring him that every future action of his life should be guided by his councils and directed by his desires. Numberless were the penetential epistles, yet not one of the number received a reply; and although his father-in-law allowed him a scanty subsistance, he was wretched at the prospect of his approaching fate! he had not only incurred the displeasure of his father, and reduced himself from an *affluent* to a *dependent* state, but the object of his affection, the proof of his tenderness, were in some degree the sharers of the misery he sustained. Again he wrote; again his friends interceded: but all their intercessions proved in vain; and the miserable young man, depressed by his misfortunes, flew to the Augustine monks for advice. Anxious to obtain a convert to their bigotted persuasion, they said every thing to enforce the sanctity of their creed; and promised him, if he would embrace their religion, to *compel* his father to rescue him from a state of absolute need.

"The idea of renouncing that religion in which he had been educated, at first struck his mind with a sensation not to be described; but the persuasion of the monks, and the state of his finances, soon reconciled the measure, in some degree, to his mind: but, previous to his taking this step, he wrote to his father, imploring him to merely make him a sufficient allowance to exist: and telling him, that if he continued in the fatal resolution to abandon him, he must abjure his religion, and embrace the Catholic faith: on which condition they in turn had promised to obtain a provision for the child of his tenderness, and the wife of his esteem. To this letter which appealed to every softer sentiment, the unnatural father sent the following reply:

To Mr. H.

'The vengeance of God has overtaken thee for thy disobedience to a father, whose commands thou hast disregarded, whose feelings thou hast garded! But why should I wonder? Thou hast rebelled against thy Maker! In embracing thy new religion, may nothing but the image of his wrath appear continually before thy mind. I from this moment renounce thee for ever as my son, and God will renounce thee hereafter.'

'H.'

"On perusing this proof of parental cruelty, the unfortunate young man fainted away; and the anguish of his mind acted so forcibly upon his body, that he was confined to his bed for three weeks. During that period the monks never left him, and, upon his recovery, he made a public recantation of his faith. The moment the father was made acquainted with his son's apostacy, he threw himself under the protection of the Prussian Monarch for the security of his estates, knowing that to be the only means of preventing the Augustine friars from taking possession of part of his wealth. The king soon conferred upon him the title of Baron; and the young man's misery is augmented by knowing that his property must descend to a foreign state."

FILIAL SENSIBILITY.

A young gentleman in the military academy at Paris, eat nothing but bread, and drank only water. The governor, astonished at this singularity to some excess of devotion, reproved his pupil for it, who, however, continued the same regimen. The governor sent for him again, and informed him, that such singularity was unbecoming him, and that he ought to conform to the rules of the academy. He next endeavoured to learn the reason of this conduct; but as the youth could not be perfuaded to impart the secret, he at last threatened to send him back to his family. This menace terrified him into an immediate explanation. "Sir," answered he, "in my father's house I eat nothing but black bread, and of that very little: here I have good soup, and excellent white bread, and may take luxuriously. But I cannot perfuade myself to eat any thing else, when I consider the situation in which I have left my father and mother." The governor could not refrain from tears at this filial fenibility. "Your father," faid he, "has been in the army and has he no penfion?" "No," replied the youth. "For a twelve month past he has been foliciting one; the want of money has obliged him to give up the purfuit; and rather than contract any debts at Verfailles, he has chofen a life of wre chednefs in the country." "Well!" returned the governor, "if the facts you have represented it I promife to obtain for him a penfion of 3000 livres a year. And since your friends are in fuch poor circumstances, take these three louis d'ors for your pocket expences; and I will write that your father may have half a year of his penfion in advance." "Ah! Sir," returned the youth, "as you have the goodness to remit a fum of money to my father, I entreat you to add thefe three louis d'ors to it. Here I have every luxury I can wish for: they would be useless to me; but they would be of great service to my father for his other children."

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

Pitman *against* Robfon.

This was an action for neceffaries furnished to the defendant's wife.

Mr. Garrow, in his ftatement to the Jury, obferved, that the defendant is a man of fome property, residing at Wadworth, and had married the sister of the plaintiff, Miss Sarah Pitman. Shortly after the marriage, Mrs. Robfon became extremely indisposed, from the defendant's libertine conduct, and her friends took her home: Mrs. Robfon, however, after fome time, was ready to forgive and forgive the paft, in hopes of future amendment. The defendant, however, refufed to take her back: and when she and her friends endeavoured to make their way to his houfe, he threatened to shoot them if they persisted, and actually fired a gun from his window. It had since been found, that the defendant had been living in a ftate of illicit intercourfe with his fervant maid, and that the plaintiff, who had furnished an affidavit for the defendant's wife, had fupported her sister for feven weeks, and that she now fought a recompence by the preftnt action.

The cafe was then proved, as Mr. Garrow had ftated it, with the additional evidence of a Mr. Lane, who faid that he had waited upon the defendant, with a view to bring about a reconciliation; but the defendant was inexorable, and faid that if his wife returned, he would tear the hair off her head, and juft leave life enough to fave his own. All the witneffes gave Miss Pitman a good character for prudence and rectitude of conduct. This was the more material, as it was endeavoured, on the part of the defence, to throw an imputation on the plaintiff's chaftity.

Mr. Erskine admitted that if a man shuts the door against his wife, a third perfon had a right to be paid by the husband, provided he furnishes only fuch neceffaries as were suitable to the condition of the parties. He should contend, however, that the fum demanded a guinea per week, was not according to the defendant's condition, as he was inftructed to fay, though the defendant was an extremely hard and induftrious man, yet his means did not amount to above half that fum. The evidence, he added, was only addressed to the time of demanding admittance for his wife, and did not give the reafons, for her firft leaving the defendants houfe: that deficiency he would fupply, and it was his duty to prefs it upon the jury, that if a wife elopes, and afterwards commits adultery, the perfon who took her in, did it at his own risk, as the husband was not bound to provide for her.

Matilda Bertrinje appeared, dreffed in white muslin, and with a pair of fine French gloves, &c. Being fworn, she faid, I was a fervant to Mr. and Mrs. Robfon.

Lord Ellenborough ... This is the fervant of a perfon who gets only half a guinea a week.

The witneſs proceeded.... I was hired by Mrs. Robfon, but I was recommended by her friends, and alfo by Miss Pitman, the plaintiff. I went to live with them on the 23d of September in the year before she left the houfe. They had no children; fometimes they lived very well together, only when their friends would not let them alone. I include in that number Miss Sarah Pitman, the plaintiff. She was always coming backwards and forwards, and my maftter did not approve of their coming backwards and forwards. I cannot fay why my miſtreſs firſt left the houfe. Three weeks or a fortnight before the 29th May, I remember Miss Pitman taking her away. She desired her to go and fee her brother. She went to fee her brother and sister, and a woman that is kept by her brother. Mr Robfon was not at home then. I cannot fay where she went to. She was ablent all the day. She slept away two nights. She was with Miss Pitman. She used to jump at and fight my maftter, and cut pieces out of his face. He behaved very well to her as far as I faw. Miss Sarah Pitman said she could have made a very good livelihood of it. She said she did not ſtate how that livelihood was to be earned.

Croſs examined by Mr. Garrow.

Q. Matilda, you certainly muſt have had a hard time of it, child, in your place?

A. Never you mind that.

Mr. Garrow—Pull off your bonnet!

A. I will not pull off my bonnet

Lord Ellenborough—I shall not order her to pull off her bonnet if she anſwers fo as to be diftinctly heard, and ſtand that she may be ſeen.

Mr. Garrow—Stand forward, that the Jury may ſee you.

Q. You used to ſee your miſtreſs fly at your maſter to tear pieces out of his face, I think you faid?

A. Yes; she did.

Mr. Garrow—I wonder he has so much face left. He has rather more than any other man in court, I think.

Q. Are you a fervant of all work, child?

A. I am a maid of all work, & a very good place I have.

Q. Had you faved much money before you went to this place?

A. Ask me a civil queſtion.

Q. Are these the clothes you uſually work in?

A. They are the clothes I work in ſometimes, when I put them on.

Q. Do you always wear French gloves, child?

A. I always wear French gloves when I can get them.

Q. How many beds do you make up now?

A. Juſt the ſame number as I do now.

Q. And are there as many uſed?

A. Ask me a civil queſtion, and I will give you a civil anſwer.

Q. What part of the houſe does your maſter ſleep in?

A. He ſleeps on the firſt floor.

Q. And you in the garret?

A. Always.

Q. You always ſleep in the garret?

A. Yes.

Q. Do you mean to anſwer to that? Do you mean to swear that you always ſleep in the garret of your master's house?

A. I ſleep in the houſe.

Q. What part of the houſe do you ſleep in, upon your oath

A few ſec onds elapsed—No answer.

Lord Ellenborough—She has answered the queſtion. Her ſilence anſwers it. I can only say this. I am very glad she did not give the answer that might, perhaps, have been expected, for I had made up my mind, if the matter went much further, to have sent her to Newgate, if the parties would undertake to proſecute her for perjury. Gentlemen of the Jury, it appears that the defendant's wife was driven out of her husband's house—the precise moment when, or how, we do not ſee from the evidence; but if ſhe be driven out, she muſt be ſupported. This defendant's conduct is the moſt barbarous. He says, if he ſaw her near him, he would drag her by the hair of the head, and leave only life enough in her to save his own. The whole case is with you; and I have no call now to adminiſter juſtice between the parties. Verdict, for the plaintiff 100l.

Mr Erskine. That is beyond the bill of particulars.

Mr Garrow. We will run the risk of that.

Lord Ellenborough. I have no evidence before me of any bill of particulars.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER MARRIAGE.

[*By an attached Friend.*]

The firſt thing neceſſary for the insurance of conjugal felicity, is to ſtudy the diſpoſition of the man in whom our future happiness is repoſed; and always endeavour to derive pleaſure from thoſe amuſements which ſeem to afford the higheſt ſatisfaction to his breaſt. Home ought to be the centre of domeſtic happineſs; and it is the wife's duty to make it both cheerful and sweet; for if your husband ſhould be naturally of a roving diſpoſition, you will increaſe the propenſity by *coldness* or *reſerve*. Always receive him with cheerfulneſs and good humour; and never omit any polite attention to his friends; for every civility you pay to thoſe he is attached to, he will conſider as a mark of addection to himſelf. Be always elegant in your dreſs, but never expenſive; or I would rather ſay, never ſuffer yourſelf to be profuſe; but your own good ſenſe will tell you, that this article ought entirely to be directed by the ſtate of your husband's purſe. In the management of your family, be regular to exactitude, and always pay every bill yourſelf; by this means you may avoid many impoſitions; for it will prevent tradeſpeople and ſervants from combining to cheat. Be kind and even affectionate, to all your domeſtics; but at the ſame time never ſuffer them to be guilty of the ſlighteſt diſreſpect. Let your conduct ſet them an example both of religion and morality; and, above all things, avoid the practice of running in debt. Cultivate thoſe talents with which Nature has endowed you, for the purpoſe of rendering your ſociety more pleaſing to the object of your choice; for, though beauty may for a time, delight the eyes of a husband it is mental qualifications alone which can inſure the poſſeſſion of his heart.

The AMAZONS: an Hiſtorical Trait.

Among the illuſtrious women who have been diſtinguiſhed for a mad, heroiſm, which, though not, in general, ſuitable to the ſex, is in ſome particular cases, highly to be praiſed, was Jeanne Hachette, a celebrated woman of Beauvais, in Picardy, who, when the Burgundian army beſieged that city, in 1472, headed a company of other heroines, in order to defend it. On the day of aſſault, this valiant woman ſtood in the breach, ſeized the flag that the enemy were going to plant upon it and threw down the enſign that bore it from the wall. The name of this Amazon is ſtill dear to the inhabitants of Beauvais. Her deſcendants are exempted from all taxes; and, in memory of this action, a proceſſion is made every year, on the 10th of July, in which the women take the lead.

Antiquity exhibits a ſimilar inſtance of female heroiſm, in the illuſtrious Teleſilla, of the city of Argos, in the Peleponneſus. In the year 557, before Chriſt, the city of Argos being beſieged by Cleomenes, king of Sparta, Teleſilla armed all the women, inſtead of the men, and poſted them on the ramparts to oppoſe the enemy. The Spartans, leſs terrified than aſtoniſhed, to find ſuch enemies to combat, and ſenſible, that it would be equally diſhonorable to vanquiſh or be vanquiſhed by them, inſtantly raiſed the ſiege: By this happy audacity, Teleſilla delivered her country from a formidable enemy; and the citizens in gratitude, erected a ſtatue to her memory.

ACCOUNT OF AN EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURE.

(*Extracted from "Les Causes Celebres."*)

Two Pariſian Merchants, ſtrongly united in friendſhip, had each one child of different ſexes, who early contracted a ſtrong inclination for each other, which was cherished by their parents, and they were flattered with the expectations of being joined together for life. Unfortunately, at the time they thought themſelves on the point of completing this long-wiſhed-for union, a man far advanced in years, and poſſeſſed of an immenſe fortune, caſt his eyes on the young lady, and made honorable propoſals; her parents could not reſiſt the temptation of a ſon-in-law in ſuch affluent circumſtances, and forced her to comply. As ſoon as the knot was tied, ſhe ſtrictly enjoined her former lover never to ſee her, and patiently ſubmitted to her fate: but the anxiety of her mind preyed on her body, which threw her into a lingering diſorder, that apparently carried her off, and ſhe was conſigned to her grave. As ſoon as this melancholy event reached the lover, his affliction was doubled, being deprived of all hopes of her widowhood; but recollecting, that, in her youth, ſhe had been ſome time in a lethargy, his hopes revived, and hurried him to the place of her burial, where a good bribe procured him the ſexton's permiſſion to dig her up, which he performed, and removed her to a place of ſafety, where, by proper remedies, he revived the almoſt extinguiſhed ſpark of life. Great was her ſurprize at finding, the ſtate ſhe had been in: and probably as great was her pleaſure, at the means by which ſhe had been recalled from the grave. As ſoon as ſhe was ſufficiently recovered, the lover laid his claim, and his reaſons ſupported by a powerful inclination on her ſide were too ſtrong for her to reſiſt; but as France was no longer a place of ſafety for them, they agreed to remove to England, where they continued ten years, when a ſtrong inclination of revifiting their native country ſeized them, which they thought they might ſafely gratify, and accordingly performed their voyage.

The lady was ſo unfortunate as to be known by her old husband, who met her in a public walk, and all her endeavours to diſguiſe herſelf were ineffectual: he laid his claim to her before a court of juſtice, and the lover defended his right, alledging, the husband by burying her, had forfeited his title, and that he had acquired a juſt one, by freeing her from the grave, and delivering her from the jaws of death. These reaſons, whatever weight they might have in a court where love preſided, ſeemed to have little effect on the grave sages of the law: and the lady, with her lover, not thinking it ſafe to wait the determination of the court, prudently retired a ſecond time out of the kingdom.

DUELLING.

A greater degree of ridicule was never thrown upon duelling, than by the following authentic anecdote told by Dr. Sandilanda.

"Col. Guiſe going over one campaign to Flanders, obſerved a young, raw officer in the ſame veſſel with him; and with his uſual humanity, told him that he would take care of him, and conduct him to Antwerp, where they were both going; which he accordingly did, and then took leave of him.

"The young fellow was ſoon told by ſome arch rogues whom he happened to fall in with, that he muſt ſignalize himſelf by fighting ſome man of known courage, or elſe he would ſoon be deſpiſed in the regiment. The young man ſaid he knew no one but Col. Guiſe—and he had received great obligations from him. "It is all one for that," ſaid they, "in theſe caſes. The Colonel is the fitteſt man in the world; every one knows his bravery."

"Soon afterwards, up comes the young officer to Col. Guiſe as he was walking up and down in the coffee houſe, and began in a heſitating manner to tell him how much obliged he had been by him, and how ſenſible he was of his obligation. "Sir," replied Col Guiſe, "I have done my duty by you, and no more." "But Colonel," added the young officer, faultering, "I am told I muſt fight ſome gentleman of known reſolution, and who has killed ſeveral perſons; and that nobody"—"O! Sir," replied the Colonel, "your friends do me much honor: but there is a gentleman (pointing to a huge, fierce-looking black fellow, that was ſitting at one of the tables) who has killed half a regiment." So up goes the officer to him, and tells him he is well informed of his bravery—and that, for that reaſon, he muſt fight him. "Who, I, Sir!" replied the gentleman: "Why, I am *Teale, the Apothecary!*" meets.

ANECDOTE OF MILTON.

Believing that the following real circumſtance has been but little noticed, we ſubmit the particulars of it, as not uninterefting to the attention of our readers. It is well known that, in the bloom of youth, and when he purſued his ſtudies at Cambridge, this poet was extremely beautiful. Wandering one day, during the ſummer, far beyond the precincts of the University, into the country, he became ſo heated and fatigued, that reclining himſelf at the foot of a tree to reſt, he ſhortly fell aſleep. Before he awoke two ladies, who were foreigners, paſſed by in a carriage. Agreeably astoniſhed at the lovelineſs of his appearance, they alighted, and having admired him, as

they thought, unperceived, for some time. the youngest, who was very handsome, drew a pencil from her pocket, and having written some lines upon a piece of paper, put it with her trembling hand into his own. Immediately afterwards, they proceeded on their journey. Some of his acquaintances, who were in search of him, had observed this silent adventure, but at too great a distance to discover that the highly favored party in it was our illustrious bard. Approaching nearer, they saw their friend, to whom being awakened, they mentioned what had happened. Milton opened the paper, and, with surprise, read these verses from Guarini;

'Occhi, Stella mortali.
'Ministri de miei mali,
'Se chiusi m'accidete,
'Apperti che farete."

"Ye eyes! ye human stars! ye authors of my loveliest pangs! if thus, when shut, ye wound me, what must ha e proved the consequences had they been open!" Eager from this moment, to find out the fair INCOGNITA, Milton travelled, but in vain, through every part of Italy. His poetic fervor became incessantly more and more heated by the idea which he had formed of his unknown admirer, and it is, in some degree, to HER that his own times, and the latest posterity most feel themselves indebted for several of the most impassioned and charming compositions of the Paradise Lost.

SINGULAR MARRIAGE.

In the register of St. Martin's parish, Leicester, Eng. Decimo quinto Februarii, 18 Eliz. regnæ.

Thomas Tisley and Ursula Russet were married; and because the said Thomas was, and is, naturally deaf and dumb, could not, for his part, observe the order of the form of marriage, after the approbation had, from Thomas the Bishop of Lincoln, John Chippendale, L. L. D and Commissary, and Mr. Richard Davis, Mayor of Leicester, and others of his brethren, with the rest of the parith, the said Thomas, for expressing of his mind, in stead of words, of his own accord, used these signs: first he embraced her with his arms; took her by the hand, and put a ring on her finger; and laid his hand upon his heart, and held up his hands towards heaven; and to shew its continuance to dwell with her to his life's end, he did it by closing his eyes with his hands, and digging the earth with his feet, and pulling as tho' he would ring a bell, with other signs approved.

Concordat cum originali. S. H.

FANNY MORTIMER.

Light and airy passed the days of the youth of Fanny Mortimer. The ingenuous glow of innocence and health mantled on her cheek, and cheerfulness and gaiety in her eyes. She was as happy as the day was long, and often from the grey blush of the morning until the last tint of the West withdrew, did the wood is with echo embowered the cottage of her father, echo with her song. Her heart knew not what it was to sigh, and never was a sensation of a tear, except when the tale of real or imaginary woe called them forth from the fountain of sensibility. Thus in primitive simplicity did her hours glide on in happiness. She knew no pleasure greater than that of listening to the cooing of the wood pigeon, when she had saved from the talons of the kite, or of decorating with garlands the lamb she had rescued from the stream. But alas! she was not long permitted to remain in the paths of innocence and peace. Her beauties caught the eye of the seducer; his blandishments prevailed, and with an aching heart the unsuspecting Fanny Mortimer was lured from the home of her parents to the haunts of infamy and vice. Artful, simple as she was, could perceive that the gaiety which surrounded her was all hollow; she felt it so herself, & wept incessantly, and deplored her departure from the easy path of rectitude. Her seducer, cloyed with possession, and tired with her tears, abandoned her on the point of becoming a mother, to that fate which she concluded could not now be distant. He left her destitute, and as a last resource, she was forced to set out on foot for her native place, there to throw herself at the feet of her father, and implore forgiveness. If this were denied, she saw no other alternative than that of laying herself in the parish poor-house, and there give birth to the little being, which, though it would serve to perpetuate her infamy, she could not help loving with all a mother's fondness. She travelled slowly, for heavy were her sorrows, but her heart was still heavier. A melancholy foreboding struck into her soul as she perceived the garden wicket open, and every thing going to ruin and decay. He entered; a cold chill ran through her veins; she called upon her father, and all was yet still. The dreadful certainty now could no longer be doubted; she had sent the grey hairs of her parents with sorrow to the grave. Faint, and broken hearted, she left the cottage, which had once been the abode of innocence and virture. The night was wild and stormy; the cold rains pelted her with pitiless fury;—yet still, mindless of her situation, she walked forwards unheeding whither she went. She had crossed the common and had taken the opposite way to that which led to the village, after proceeding for some time, unconscious where, she awaked to the horrors of her situation; she perceived she had left herself, and knew not in what part of the country she was. Death unto her appeared not dreadful; to her it was the minister of comfort, for she was wearied of the world, but she wished to live for the sake of her babe. She continued, therefore, walking forward, hoping to find some cottage where she might rest for the night. A light now struck her eyes, and following it up, though on the point of sinking at every step with fatigue, she came within sight of the farm whence it proceeded. Hope now lent her vigor; she paced down the hill as quick as her wearied's would permit her. She was within a hundred paces of the cottage, when her strength fainted her, & she sunk on the ground. She was unable to rise. The rain rushed in torrents down the hill, and the blast whistled among the trees. Fanny moaned for some time. Mixed with the confused tones of the wind, her moans reached the ears of the cottagers. 'Tis the spirit of the night which howls, said they, as fearfully they drew their chair nearer the hearth; and as it every rising, they deprecated the Demon of the Storm. Fanny did not moan long for no angel of death appeared, and bore her affected spirit to the region of rest. The next day her corps was carried to the village and buried. Her child lay by her side of her mother, for she had died in its delivering her. She lies beneath the elder on the west side of the church, the place appointed for the burial of paupers. The village girls did not deck her grave with flowers, nor bind down the turf with oziers, yet here the wild lily and the snow drop, emblems of her spotless purity, love to bloom, and the love lorn nightingale and the plaintive throstle build their nests, and warble though the foliage which shades the cold bed under which poor Fanny Mortimer once more tastes of peace in the forgetful sleep of death.

FROM SEGAR'S INFLUENCE OF WOMEN IN SOCIETY.

Women are, if I may use the expression, another soul of our being, which though enveloped in a separate covering, accords most unitormly with all our sentiments, when they inspire; with all our desires which they excite and participate; and with all our weaknesses which they can communicate, without yielding to their influence. If man be unhappy, he requires of his soul, an energy to enable him to support the load of physical suffering, and of moral evils, still more onerous to sustain. But in this assistance must originate within himself, it necessarily partakes of the dejection which pervades his whole being. Should he retort to his other soul, he then sees how much the woman deserves his admiration, these who appear to him in enchanting forms, and administer an unexpected balm to his sorrows; and who make him sensible in every particle of his being, that although they appear distinct from himself, yet they are himself nevertheless. He observes, these sweet participators of his joys and his sorrows are ever nigh near him, with whom he can participate consolation, even before it is offered; whom he needs not to entice with out wanting for the arguments of perfuasion, and who appear an asylum against all misfortune. But, because we are endowed with corporeal strength, is it to follow that the fair sex are to be born to slavery or submission? that they are to be dependent on our passion and caprices? awaiting the arbitrary decrees dictated to them by the forms of government, and the prejudice of men? Here adored as divinities; there esteemed as companions and equals; and again we may see them condemned to servitude and contempt. Yet, under all these different circumstances we see them still retaining their character of the distinctions, submitting with inexhaustible patience, and enduring with inconceivable fortitude. Their faults are not augmented under the pressure of distress and humiliation. And which of our qualities do they not possess? One alone, Rousseau says, has been denied them; and that is prudence.—Man, as they are every where led themselves, and never, unless by a temporary usurpation, are able to assume the lead of others, they have less inducement to the exercise of foresight than the men. Their extreme sensibility, too, pleads their apology in this respect. Alive as they are to every impression that can excite their feelings, their situation is little calculated for the calm exertion of foresight; but, being too apt to yield themselves up to the suggestions of the moment, they not unfrequently pass their lives in alternate action and repentance. Various have been the opinions of celebrated writers with regard to the fair sex: some have considered them as equal in every respect to the other sex; while others have condemned them to perpetual frivolities. And no doubt examples might be quoted, both in support and refutation of both these modes of judgment; yet I must observe, that the number of those who have written in their praise, is much greater than that of their calumniators. Some have denied them any share of political talents; yet how much address and intelligence have they not evinced in important intrigues, and even in negociations? How many treaties, and unhoped for alliances, have they conducted, of which the men received the honor, but the merit of which belonged to the women! How many great actions, and great resolutions, have been accomplished and suggested by them! What admirable enthusiasm have they not been able to excite, to lead on heroes to the brilliant exploits which they themselves were incapable of executing: and when they could only console themselves for standing idle spectators, by the flattering right of binding the laurels on the temples of the brave!

If the men can boast of more prudence, the women have less egotism; and so entirely do they devote themselves to others, that they have at length given reasons to believe that nature ordained the sacrifice; and hence all our laws oppress them, and of them are all privations required. Among no people, even most savage, have we seen the men obliged to offer themselves up a sacrifice on the tombs of their wives, as the women have been on the funeral piles of their husbands. And the history of men affords us no instance of an illustrious and voluntary victim of love, such as Dido, and many others that might be mentioned.

Ever disposed to commiserate our distresses, to participate in our joys, and to offer us every addition to our happiness, evincing only the fear of poverty in the means of assisting us; and if slighted or neglected in our prosperity, yet ready to return at our call, if fresh misfortune oppress us. Such are the the generality of women. In this view, how can ye chuse, but love them? In other respects, how can we cease to pity them? Withheld from the pursuits of any occupation, scarcely allowed to regulate the concerns of their own family, bringing us wealth which they never command, and presenting us with children who are not committed to their power; such is their condition. Yet it cannot be denied, that if the one seems to be endowed with peculiar qualities, not possessed by the other, we cannot deny the other advantages equally to be valued; that where corporeal strength is wanting, they possess qualities to make up the deficiency; that in moments of transient equanimity, they have evinced an ability equal to ours; and that, with the exception of inventive genius, their intellectual faculties are not inferior to our own.

☞ The Editors tender their thanks to the gentleman who politely sent them some numbers of "The Lady's (London) Monthly Museum," and several valuable poetic miscellanies, from which we shall make frequent extracts. Those of our Patrons who are possessed of interesting miscellanies, and particularly of late European Magazines, will greatly oblige us by lending us such publications, or by making, themselves, suitable selections from them, for the use of our paper. Were this plan generally pursued it would doubtless render The Minerva more worthy of public patronage than it has hitherto been, or ever can be, without such friendly aid.

☞ The Patrons of The Minerva are respectfully reminded, that the original terms of our paper were—one dollar to be paid at the reception of the first number, and the other at the expiration of six months."—Some of our subscribers have already paid the amount of the annual subscription; while from many we have as yet received nothing—The former will please to accept our thanks for their punctuality; and the latter will render us an essential service by following their praise-worthy example. It is only justice to our female subscribers to observe, that *they* have almost universally discharged their arrears—it is a large portion of our male subscribers who compose the list of delinquents. Some of those gentlemen who are fond of disparaging the virtues of the female heart, may endeavour to account for this, by attributing the punctuality of the Ladies, to their attention to trifles, which escape the notice of men; the masculine mind being constantly bent on objects of importance. This reasoning is perhaps more plausible than correct. For the honour of our own sex, indeed, we could almost wish to find sufficient grounds for adopting that opinion; but sincerity compels us to acknowledge, that we ought to ascribe the attention of our fair patrons to the most generous motives. We may presume that they were not merely impressed with a sense of justice, but were actuated by principles of liberality in giving vigor to an infant publication, intended chiefly for their instruction—and which was the first and only paper of the kind published in this state.

HYMENEAL REGISTER.

MARRIED on the 4th inst. in Petersburg, Mr. JOHN GAMBLE of Richmond, to MISS CHARLOTTE SMITH DUNCAN of Petersburg.

——— in this city, on the 11th inst. WM. H CABELL Esq to MISS AGNES SABAH BELL GAMBLE, daughter of Col. Robert Gamble.

OBITUARY.

DIED, lately in Norfolk, Mr. *John Vanholt*, after a long indisposition.

RAISING THE WIND——A FARCE.

[*Continued from page* 104.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Inn.*

Enter FAINWOU'D *and* RICHARD.

FAIN. In short, I never met with ſoch diſreſpectful treatment ſince I was born; and ſo the raſcal's name is Diddler is it.

RICH. So I heard the waiters call him.

FAIN. As to the diſappointment, Richard, it's a very fortunate one for me; for it muſt be a ſcrubby family indeed, when one of its branches is forced to have recourſe to ſuch low practices. But to be treated with ſuch contempt! why, am I to be laughed at every where?

RICH. If I was you, ſir, I'd put that queſtion where it's fit it ſhould be anſwered.

FAIN. And ſo I will Richard.—If I dont go back, and kick up ſuch a bobbery—I warrant I'll—why, he called me a vulgar, conceited ſcoundrel cockney.

RICH. No, ſure?

FAIN. Yes, but he did—and what a fool my father muſt have been not to ſee through ſuch a fet—a low bred raſcal with his three and four pence. But if I don't—I'll take your advice, Richard—I'll hire a poſt chaiſe directly, drive to the houſe, expoſe that Mr. Diddler, blow up all the reſt of the family, Sir Robert Rental included, and then ſet off for London, and turn my back upon 'em forever.

Enter SAM *with a letter, followed by a Meſſenger.*

SAM. Why, but, what for do you bring it here?

MESS. Why, becauſe it ſays, to be delivered with all poſſible ſpeed. I know he comes here ſometimes, and moſt likely, won't be at home till night.

SAM. Well, if I ſee him, I'll give it to him.—Moſt likely he'll be here by-and-by.

MESS. Then I'll leave it. (exit.

SAM. Mr. Jeremiah Diddler—Dang it, what a fine feal; and I'll be ſhot if it don't feel like a bank note. To be delivered with all poſſible ſpeed too—I ſhouldn't wonder now, if it ho'ſ him ſome good luck. Ha! ha! ha! with all my heart—he's a——a droll dog, and I like him vaſtly. (exit

SCENE II.—*A room in* PLAINWAY'S *houſe.*

Plainway, Diddler, Peggy *and Miſs* Durable, *at table.*

[DIDDLER *concluding a ſong.*]

"Nor retirement nor ſolitude yield me relief,
when away from my beautiful maid
[*to Peggy.*
when away from my beautiful maid
[*to Miſs. D.*
when away from my beautiful maid, &c.
(*addreſſing himſelf alternately to the two ladies*)

PLAIN. Bravo! (they applaud.

MIſS D. Upon my word, Mr. Fainwou'd, you ſing delightfully; you ſurely have had ſome practice?

DID. A little madam.

Miſs D. Well, I think it muſt be a very deſirable accompliſhment, if it were only for your own entertainment.

DID. It is in that reſpect, madam, that I have hitherto found it moſt particularly deſirable.

Miſs D. But ſurely the pleaſure of pleaſing your hearers——

DID. I now find it to be of the higheſt gratifications it can beſtow, except that of giving me a claim to a return in kind from you. (aside to Peggy.) I lay it on thick, don't I?

Miſs D. You really muſt excuſe me; I can't perform to my ſatisfaction without the aſſistance of an inſtrument.

PLAIN. Well, well, conſin, then we'll hear you by-and-by; there's no hurry, I'm ſure. Come Mr. Fainwou'd your glaſs is empty.

Miſs D. Peggy, my love.

(*They riſe to retire. Exit Miſs* D.

PLAIN. Peg, here, come back; I want to ſpeak with you.

PEGGY. (returns) Well, papa.

PLAIN. Mr. Fainwou'd, (they riſe) you know I told you of a billet-doux that old Laury had received.

PEGGY. Yes, Sir.

PLAIN. Coming through the paſſage to dinner, I picked it up.

PEGGY and DID. No!

PLAIN. Yes; I have it in my pocket,—one of the richeſt compoſitions you ever beheld. I'll read it to you.

DID. (aside) How unlucky! now, if ſhe ſees it, ſhe'll know the hand.

PLAIN. (reads.) "To the beautiful maid at the foot of the hill." Ha! ha! ha!

[Diddler *endeavours to keep* Peggy *from overlooking him.*]

PLAIN. "Moſt celeſtial of terreſtial beings! I have received a wound from your eyes which baffles all ſurgical ſkill. The ſmile of her who gave it, is the only balſam that can ſave it. Let me therefore ſupplicate admittance to your preſence to-morrow, to know at once if I may live or die.

That if I'm to live, I may live your fond lover:——
And if I'm to die, I may get it ſoon over.——
Adonis."

[*They all laugh.* Diddler *appears much diſcomforted.*]

PLAIN. Why this Adonis muſt be about as big a fool as his miſtreſs, eh, ſir? ha! ha ha!

DID. Yes, ſir; he! he! (aside) They have found me out, and this is a quiz!

PEGGY. Or more likely, ſome poor knave, papa, that wants her money; ha! ha! ha!——

PLAIN. Ha! ha! ha! or perhaps a compound of both; eh, ſir?

DID. Very likely, ſir; he! he! [aside] They're at me.

PLAIN. But we muſt laugh her out of the connection, and diſappoint the rogue, however; tho' I dare ſay he little thought to create ſo much merriment. So ſhort-ſighted is roguery.

DID. [aside.] Short-ſighted!—it's all up to a certainty.

PLAIN. So, ſhe's returning, impatient of being left alone I ſuppoſe. Now we'll ſmoke her.

DID. (aside.) I'll join the laugh at all events.

Enter Miſs Durable.

Miſs D. Bleſs me, why I'm quite forſaken, among you all.

PLAIN. Forſaken, my dear Cousin! it's only for are and ughneſs to talk of being forſaken; not for a beauriful maid like you—the moſt celeſtial of terreſtial beings.
[all laugh.]

Miſs D. (aside) I'm aſtoniſhed—he laughing too!

DID. (aside to her) Excuſe my laughing, it's only in jeſt.

Miſs D. In jeſt, ſir.

DID. Yes. [whiſpers and winks.]

PLAIN. Well but, my dear couſin, I hope you'll be merciful to the tender youth. Such a frown as that, now, would kill him at once.

Miſs D. Couſin Plainway, this inſult is intolerable. I'll not ſtay in your houſe another hour.

PLAIN. Nay, but, my dear Laury, I didn't expect that truth would give offence. Pray, don't leave us, coz in. Think of it, will you? we'll leave Mr. Fainwou'd to make our peace with you.

DID. (aside) Leave me alone with her! Oh! the devil!

PEGGY. Aye, do Mr. Fainwou'd endeavour to pacify her—pray induce her to continue a little longer the "beautiful maid at the foot of the hill."

[exeunt Plainway and Peggy.

[*Miſs* Durable *and* Diddler *look aſkeſpishly at each other.*]

DID. (aside) I'm included in the quiz, as I am a gentleman. (to her.) My dear madam, how could you—?

Miſs D. How could I what, ſir.

DID. Wear a pocket with a hole in it?

Miſs D. I wear no pockets, which cauſed the fatal accident. But, ſir, I truſt it is an accident, that will cauſe no change in your affection.

DID. (aside) Damn it! now ſhe's going to be amorous. (to her.) none in the world, madam. I aſſure you, I love you as much as ever I did.

Miſs D. I fear my conduct has been imprudent. If you ſhould be diſcovered—

DID. Its not at all unlikely, madam, that I am already. [aside] now ſhe'll be boring me for explanations. I muſt get her among them again. (to her.) Or if I am not, if we don't take great care, I ſoon ſhall be: therefore, for better ſecurity, I think we had better immediately join—

Miſs D. Oh dear, ſir! ſo ſoon! I declare you quite agitate me with the idea.

DID. Ma'am!

Miſs D. It is ſo awful a ceremony, that really a little time—

DID. My dear ma'am, I didn't mean any thing about a ceremony.

Miſs D. Sir!

DID. You miſunderſtood me; I—

Miſs D. You aſtoniſh me, ſir! no ceremony indeed! —and would you then take advantage of my too ſuſceptible heart, to ruin me? would you deſpoil me of my honor?—cruel, barbarous, inhuman man! (affects to faint.)

DID. (ſupporting her.) Upon my ſoul, madam, I would not interfere with your honor on any account.—(aside.) I muſt make an outrageous ſpeech; there's nothing elſe will make her eaſy. [falls on his knees, *Peggy* enters liſtening.] Paragon of premature divinity! what inſtrument of death, or torture, can equal the dreadful power of your frowns? poiſon, piſtols, pikes, ſteel-traps, and ſpring-guns, the thumb-ſcrew, or lead-kettle, the knout or cat o'nine tails are impotent, compared to the words of your indignation! ceaſe then to wound with them a heart, whoſe affection for you nothing can abate, whoſe—

PEGGY. [interrupting him, and ſhewing the letter] So, ſir; this is your effuſion, and this is the fruit of it; falſe, infamous man!

DID. (asideto miss D.) I told you ſo——You'd better retire, & I'll contrive to get off. My dear miss Plainway.

PEGGY. Don't dear me, ſir. I've done with you.

DID. If you would but hear——

PEGGY. I'll hear nothing, ſir, you can't clear yourſelf; this duplicity can only ariſe from the meaneſt of motives, Mr. Mortimer.

Miſs D. Mr. Mortimer! then I am the dupe, after all

PEGGY. Your's a mean——

Miſs D. Baſe——

PEGGY. Deceitful——

Miſs D. Abominable——

DID. (aside.) Here's a breeze! this is raiſing the wind with a vengeance. My Dear Miſs Plainway, I—a—my dear Miſs Durable, [aside] pray retire; in five minutes I'll come to you in the garden, and explain all to your ſatisfaction.

Miſs D. And if you don't——

DID. Oh, I will; now, do go.

PEGGY. And you too, madam, aren't you aſham'd——

Miſs D. Dont talk to me in that ſtyle, Miſs; it illbecomes me to account for my conduct to you; and I ſhall therefore leave you with perfect indifference to make your own conſtruction. (to him) You'll find me in the garden, ſir.

DID. (aside) Floating in the fiſh-pond, I hope. (to Peggy) My dear Peggy, how could you for a moment believe——

PEGGY. I'll not liſten to you—I'll go and expoſe you to my father immediately—he'll order the ſervants to toſſe you in a blanket, and then kick you out of doors.

DID. (holding her hand) So, between two fools, poor Jeremy comes to the ground at laſt. Now Peggy, my dear Peggy, I know I ſhall appeaſe you.

[he takes her hand.

PEGGY. If you detain me by force, I muſt ſtay; and if you will talk, I muſt hear you; but you can't force me to attend to you.

DID. That's as you pleaſe—only hear me. That letter—I did write that letter—But as a proof that I love you, and only you, and that I will love you as long as I live, I'll run away with you directly.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

GOOD TEMPER,

And kind affections, recommended to the fair ſex, by a ſingular example, adduced by the Rev. Dr. Fordyce, in his ſermons to young women.

Surely there is nothing more beautiful in a chriſtian woman, than good temper and kind affection upon all occaſions.

I was once acquainted with a lady who ſeemed to be held up by Providence, as an example of the joint power of theſe, and of divine principle. She loſt her father early. Her mother's want of health made it neceſſary for her to exert herſelf with double aſſiduity and attention, in a family by no means ſmall, of which ſhe was the eldeſt child. She was naturally active, to a degree very uncommon in one of her diſpoſition, which was the ſofteſt and meekeſt that can be conceived. She had imbibed from her infancy the deepeſt devotion of that kind, which, meeting with a heart originally bright, produces uniform excellence—Such excellence was her's. When in the courſe of a few years, her extraordinary character recommended her to the choice of a man of ſingular worth and good fortune; ſhe did not with the ſelfiſhneſs common on ſuch occaſions, forget her mother or the family ſhe had left behind her; but continued, with the entire approbation and cordial concurrence of her huſband, to manifeſt her filial and ſiſterly regards in the moſt effectual manner. He was none of thoſe narrow-ſouled women, who no ſooner ſet up into houſes of their own; than they ſeem to have all their affections and ideas abſorbed in their new condition; relinquiſhing at once the beſt companions of their youth; dropping the pen of friendly correſpondence and ſhrinking up into a little wretched circle of anxieties that excludes every liberal ſentiment, and every enlarged connexion. When the mother of this lady died, which happened not long after, ſhe became a mother to the helpleſs orphans, to ſuperintend their education, watched over their deportment, promoted their ſettlement in the world, and ſympathiſed with them in all their diſtreſſes. When they alſo ſpread out into families, ſhe acted like a parent to their children. To her own, of whom ſhe had many, bleſſed Lord, what a parent! Was it poſſible for them not to love one another, with ſuch a pattern before them, and with ſuch inſtructions as ſhe gave them? For they too were deprived of their father, while the greater part were very young. Her inſtructions were pious and wiſe: but it was her example, it was that ineffable charm of humble worth & modeſt dignity, of maternal complaiſance and mildneſs almoſt unparalleled, which rendered them irreſiſtible, and diffuſed amongſt all about her the ſpirit of amity and the ſmile of happineſs. You will not be ſurpriſed if I ſubjoin, that there were many other families who ſhared in her labours of love, and amongſt the reſt a very large one, the Poor; whoſe bleſſings attended her through life, and whoſe tears followed her to the grave; for when ſhe died, they loſt a mother. It is hard to ſay upon the whole, whether ſhe was moſt beloved, or venerated by thoſe who knew her. But I uſed to think, that, wherever ſhe appeared, her preſence inſpired ſenſations ſomewhat like thoſe we ſhould probably feel, if we beheld an angel.

The MINERVA;

Or, LADY's AND GENTLEMAN's MAGAZINE.

VOLUME I.] RICHMOND:—*FRIDAY*, MARCH 22, 1805. [NUMBER 23.

Some account of the late MADAME HELVETIUS, *widow of the celebrated French Philosopher, M. Helvetius.*

She was born in 1719, at the Castle of Ligneville, in Lorraine; was the daughter of the count de Ligneville, allied to the house of Lorraine, and related to the Queen Maria Antoinette.

M. Helvetius saw her at the house of Madame Graffigny, so celebrated for her *Peruvian Letters*. He was struck with her beauty, and the dignity with which she supported her fallen fortune. He offered her his hand and married her, after resigning his place of Farmer General.

Her usual occupation now was, to visit the poor and the sick, accompanied by a surgeon, and a man of one of the charitable institutions.

It is known that Helvetius was persecuted for his book —'De L'Esprit," a person of rank wrote to his wife, in order to engage her to obtain from the philosopher a dishonorable retraction: but she rejected the proposition; and, like a courageous woman, resolved to go into banishment, if necessary, rather than attempt to subdue the conscience of her husband.

The death of her husband transferred to other hands those estates upon which she expended her beneficence. She retired to Auteuil with little more than an income of 20,000 francs; and took the resolution of going no more into the world, but of arranging her house in the most agreeable manner that the mediocrity of her revenue would permit. She was not sufficiently rich to go in quest of pleasure among others, but found that she had more than the means of enjoying it at home. She renounced her numerous acquaintance, and attached herself solely to her friends. Of the treasures necessary for her beneficence, she retained nothing but her goodness; and that she employed upon animals. To render a sensible being happy, was to her a matter of necessity. Her house was, for ten years, an assemblage of little republics of animals, whose provider she was. It used to be said, on seeing her conversing with her dogs, her cats, and her birds, that she had some particular understanding with them. It was indeed the mutual understanding between goodness and gratitude. When she spoke of their endearments, their caresses, and their expressions of love towards her, you might suppose you heard La Fontaine, but perhaps with a higher charm.

Of every thing she judged, and in every thing acted from her heart. She loved the revolution, because it restored, enabled, and rendered happy the most numerous part of the nation: she detested it, irrevocably, when she saw that it was attended with pillage and with massacre. She made a jest of pretensions to nobility. The Marechal de B———, her kinsman, once reproached her with not knowing her family, and for not going into mourning for an illustrious relation. "I cannot tell," replied she, "whether I was of his family: but pray did he know that he belonged to mine?"

Whether from the abundance of her sentiments, or that openness is natural to those whose thoughts are always good, she spoke every thing that entered her head; and thus she was celebrated for her ingenuousness. Although she had little learning, yet she always pleased and frequently instructed.

Frequently in the midst of the most profound discussions, she would put in some exclamation, some expression springing from the soul, which baffled all the sophisms, recalled the true principles, and served to determine the question. She was the happiest of women because the most affectionate; the last word she spoke was to Cabanis, who was kissing and pressing her hands already cold, and calling her my good mother, to which she replied "I am that still."—She died at her house at Auteuil, on the 13th August 1799, and was buried in her garden.

"You know not," said she, walking there one day with Bonaparte, "how much happiness may be found in *three acres of land*."——How striking is the contrast between the placid content of this amiable lady, and the turbulent passions of the Emperor Napoleon, whose insatiable ambition is unsatisfied with the possession of all France!

THE INTRODUCTION.

[*From the French.*]

"I announce to you Ladies one of the finest women in Paris," says Linval to the brilliant company assembled in his magnificent saloon—"the elegant, the amiable Emercia. Lo! she is descending from her carriage—I run to present her my hand."

'Ah! we shall be enchanted with a glimpse of her,' unanimously exclaimed the ladies. 'I am rejoiced,' says one, 'at this opportunity to ascertain whether her beauty justifies its reputation.' 'I have a box at the opera to night,' says another, 'but I gladly resign the spectacle for the pleasure of admiring such celebrated attraction.'

The doors open, and the amiable Emercia enters, attended by Linval. A movement of admiration is excited through the whole assembly. The men press eagerly around her: the ladies converse in a low tone: a more than ordinary glow of vermillion suffuses her cheeks; symptoms of chagrin and simpering smiles, mark the countenances of the female part of the company. Emercia receives the homage of the admiring cavaliers with an air of modesty, and answers in the most flattering manner to the compliments of the ladies. The conversation begins.....it rambles, or rather it flies over a thousand different subjects.

Questions are artfully put to elicit particularly the sentiments of the amiable Emercia. They are so many wiles spread to catch her, and she evades them with admirable sagacity. It is already half an hour, and the eyes of the company have not been withdrawn for an instant from the charming woman.

Her visit over, she takes leave, carrying with her as many hearts as there are men of sensibility in the room.

Linval anxious to learn the impression made by her presence on the ladies, eagerly enquires the opinion of each.

All agree that she is a fine woman—'But, but, but,' says the *petite Toni*, 'she is on too large a scale for a woman: she would be more graceful if not so tall by three inches. These gigantic wastes never have a fine shape.'

'*But* she is a little pale,' says the corpulent Madame Souflee: with more *em bon point* she would have a brighter bloom. We never see a fine skin on a skeleton.'

'*But* her chest is somewhat flat,' says Madame Charnu: a fine neck is a great set off to beauty.' '*But* her forehead is too low,' said the Dowager Chauvetempe: 'the forehead is the mirror of the mind, and when high indicates a great soul.'

'*But* her eyes are too large,' says little blinking Emiras, 'an excess there is a great defect, as in general such eyes have not much expression.'

'*But* her nose is rather long,' says Mademoiselle Cami,' the nose *a la Rowlana*, has a more animated effect.

Thus from *bute* to *bute*, he finds that this beauty whom all Paris admires, has not a single feature without a defect.

And, pray Sir, who is this charming Emercia?.....why every lovely woman of the day, on her first introduction to the *beau monde*.

AN AFFECTING STORY.

JOHN ANDREW GORDIER, a respectable and wealthy inhabitant of the Isle of Jersey, had for several years paid his addresses to a beautiful and accomplished young woman, a native of the island of Guernsey; and having surmounted the usual difficulties and delays of love, the happy day for leading his mistress to the altar, at length was fixed. After giving the necessary orders for the reception of his intended wife, Gordier at the time appointed, in full health and high spirits, sailed for Guernsey. The impatience of a lover on such a voyage need not be described; the land of promise at length appears, he leaps on the beach, and, without waiting for refreshment, or his servant, whom he left with his baggage, sets out alone, and on foot, for the house he had so often visited, which was only a few miles from the port. The servant who soon followed was surprised to find his master not arrived; repeated messengers were sent to search and enquire in vain.

Having waited in anxious expectation, till midnight, the apprehensions of the lady and her family were proportionate to the urgency of their feelings, and the circumstances of the case. The next morning at break of day, the appearance of a near relation of the missing man, was not calculated to diminish their fears; with evident marks of distress, fatigue, and dejection, he came to inform them, that he had passed the whole of the night in minutely examining, and in every direction, the road by which Gordier generally passed. After days of dreadful suspense and nights of unavailing anxiety, the corpse of the unfortunate lover was at length discovered in a cavity among the rocks, disfigured with many wounds: but no circumstance occurred on which to ground suspicion, or even to hazard conjecture concerning the perpetrator of so foul a deed. The regret of both families for a good young man thus cut off in the bloom of life by a cruel assassin, was increased by the mode and mystery of his death. The grief of the young lady not being of that species which relieves itself by external effusion, was for that very reason the more poignant.

Her virtues and her beauty having attracted universal admiration, the family, after a few years were prevailed on to permit Mr. Galliard, a merchant and a native of the Island, to become her suitor, hoping that a second lover might gradually withdraw her attention from brooding over the catastrophe of her first.

In submission to the wishes of her parents, but with repeated and energetic declarations that she never would marry, Galliard was occasionally admitted, but the unhappy lady found it difficult to suppress a certain involuntary antipathy, which she always felt whenever he approached. But such was the ardor of passion, or such the fascinating power of her charms, repulse only increased desire, and Galliard persisted in his unwelcome visits, sometimes endeavouring to prevail on the unfortunate young woman, to accept a present from his hands. Her friends remarked, that he was particularly urgent to present her with a beautiful trinket of expensive workmanship and valuable materials, which she positively and firmly refused: adding, with a correctness of sentiment and propriety of conduct, not always imitated by her sex, that it was dishonorable and mean to encourage attentions, and receive favours from the man, who excited in her mind sensations far more violent than indifference, and whose offers no motives could ever prevail on her to accept.

But Galliard, by his earnestness and his assiduities, and by exciting pity, had won over the mother of the young lady to second his wishes. In her desire to forward this suit she had taken an opportunity during the night to affix this trinket in question to her daughter's watch-chain, and forbade her to remove this token of unaccepted affection. The health of the lovely mourner suffered in the conflict; and the mother of the murdered man, who had ever regarded her intended daughter-in-law with tenderness and affection, crossed the sea which divides Jersey and Guernsey, to visit her, to offer every consolation in her power, and what in such cases is always the most soothing consolation, to mingle tears with her's.

The sight of one so nearly related to her first, her only love, naturally called forth ten thousand melancholy ideas in her mind. She seemed to take pleasure in recounting to the old lady many little incidents which lovers only consider as important. Mrs. Gordier was also fond of enquiring into, and listening to every minute particular, which related to the last interview of her son with his mistress. It was on one of those occasions, that their conversation reverted as usual to the melancholy topic; and the sad retrospect so powerfully affected the young lady, whose health was already very much impaired, that she sunk in convulsions on the floor.

During the alarm of the unhappy family, who were conveying her to bed, their terror was considerably encreased by observing that the eyes of Mrs. Gordier were instantly caught by the glittering appendage to the lady's watch, that well known token of her son's affection, which she declared he had purchased as a gift for his mistress, previous to his leaving Jersey. With a dreadful look, in which horror, indignation, wonder and suspicion, were mingled, she repeated the extraordinary circumstance to the unhappy lady, during the interval of a short recovery. The moment the poor sufferer understood that the jewel she had hitherto so much despised was or really in the possession of Gordier, the intelligence seemed to pour a flood of new horror on her mind; she made a last effort to press the appendage to her heart, her eyes exhibited the wild stare of madness, stung to the highest pitch by the envenomed dart of horrible conviction, and crying out, "oh murderous villain!" she expired in the arms of her attendants.

It is hardly necessary to unfold the circumstances of this mysterious assassination. Gordier in his way from the port to the house, was waylaid by Galliard, murdered and plundered of the trinket: in the hope that after his death, he might succeed to the possession of a jewel far more precious.

Galliard, on being charged with the crime, boldly denied it, but while the injured family were sending for the officers of justice, he confirmed all their suspicions by suicide, and an imputation left in his apartment, in which he imputed his abominable conduct to the fury of ungovernable passion: and concluded with calling on the Almighty to forgive the rash and desperate act he was about to commit.

From the LADY'S (London) MUSEUM.

On the FOLLY of that fo generally called A GENTEEL FEMALE EDUCATION.

As a warning to parents in my ſtation of life, to avoid the error we I feel in having given my daughters a genteel education, I would make my hiſtory public; and knowing no better way of doing it, I have drawn up the following account, which you will oblige an *old maid* by inſerting as ſpeedily as poſſible.

I was the only child of an induſtrious, careful farmer, who, having retired after I came of age, left me in poſſeſſion of a farm well ſtocked. My mother being dead ſeveral years before my father, a ſiſter of whom I was very fond, kept my houſe. We were both induſtrious and frugal, and providence ſmiled upon our labours, ſo that I made new purchaſes every year, both of land and ſtock. Things went on ſo for ſeveral years, till, unfortunately for me, as I then thought, a neighbour of ours loſt his wife, and having no body to look after his houſe and children, he made love to her, and married her. She was a good deal younger than my father, and, indeed, it ſeemed to me, that ſhe was more inclined to keep company with my ſiſter and me than with her huſband. At length I married a young woman, who ſeemed to be very fond of me, found her a good-tempered creature, and for ſome time we lived very happily together. We have had a large family, but only ſeven are living: of theſe number ſix are daughters: it is of them I am about to write.

We were induſtrious people, my wife had a ſiſter who married in London, and was quite in a genteel way, as we daily ſaw by her dreſs. When our eldeſt girl was about ſeven years old, we were adviſed to ſend it from the houſe. It might be thought our family would appear extremely awkward to their polite relations, having had no other education than what they received in the neighbouring town, under the children warred every morning, and returned home in the evening.

My wife had told her ſiſter that it was a fad thing not to give children a chance in the world, and propoſed that the two eldeſt ſhould go with her to town for a year or two; where ſhe would place them in a *genteel boarding-ſchool*, that they might learn all the *genteel accompliſhments* proper for young ladies to have, as her huſband would be able to give them a pretty fortune.

Not hearing what *genteel accompliſhments* ſignified, I was eaſily perſuaded to comply with the united requeſt of the mother and daughters; and in ſpite of the latter with their London aunt, ſhe ſoon found a ſchool for them, either in or near Eſſex, I forget which; and gave orders to the governeſs to teach them muſic, French, drawing, dancing, and all other things proper to qualify a fine lady for paſſing the genteel life. Three years paſſed in this way, during which we often received letters from the children, telling us of their improvements in many things to which we were entire ſtrangers. You muſt know, Madam, that this muſt have been a very expenſive time to me, but I did not much mind that, beſides it was all for the good of the young people; and as my wife told me, it would raiſe their fortune. The period being arrived for their return home, they were accompanied by their aunt, who prided herſelf much on the acquiſitions of her nieces; and, indeed, I could ſcarcely know my daughters, they were ſo much improved. They preſſed to hear them ſing, and play on a muſical inſtrument they brought home with them; and alſo thought their fine drawings and needle-work were pretty things. Very fooliſhly I confeſſed that my three youngeſt girls ſhould return with their aunt, to receive the fame poliſh which appeared ſo charming in their ſiſters. But the conſequences of this polite education were not yet fully viſible; though they began, in a degree, to make their appearance even before our relation left us. The report that the Miſs C——s were come from ſchool, procured us the honour of a number of viſits from the gay part of the neighbouring town, with whom, till then, we had not the leaſt connection: and as our houſe was only a pleaſant evening's walk from B——, ſome of our gentry, who came over to take a cup of tea, were ſo delighted with the ſituation, and their entertainment that ſupper-time came before they could depart: and then, perhaps, a bit of cold ham, or a country cheeſe-cake, would tempt them to prolong their ſtay a few minutes: moonlight only put an end to theſe friendly viſits. The convenience to my wife and her maids, was inconſiderable: two or three hours ſleep is of great conſequence in the country. An additional maid ſervant was ſoon found neceſſary: for our poor girls could do no kind of domeſtic work, and their taſte for dreſs and company took up all their time.

The ſucceeding winter they received invitations to the aſſemblies in B——; and as they had been permitted to attend ſuch diverſions while at ſchool, it would now have been cruel to have denied them the ſame pleaſure; therefore they regularly went to every ball, and generally ſtayed ſome time in the morning, in a chaiſe I was obliged to hire on theſe occaſions. Thus paſſed two more years: my daughters attracted univerſal admiration among our acquaintance; and to do them juſtice in this point, as far as I can judge, they certainly are very fine girls. However, I thought it time to ſeek for my youngeſt children; and therefore wrote to my ſiſter, deſiring they might be ſent home, believing I had been at ſufficient expence already, to give my daughters that which I now began to diſcover had done them more injury than any thing their greateſt enemies could have wiſhed.

My whole family are now at home together: I have a houſe full of genteel girls, who can, with the graſhopper in the fable, dance and ſing from morning to evening every day; but neither of them can be perſuaded to pay any attention to plain work, or to aſſiſt their mother in family affairs.

It is now ſeveral years that our houſe has been a ſcene of confuſion: a round of viſits are paid and received by my daughters, who ſeem to conſider themſelves as born to no other end than, like butterflies, to amuſe themſelves by fluttering about from pleaſure to pleaſure. They read a great deal of that ſort of trash of which I am informed circulating libraries in ſmall towns are compoſed; and, fortunately, they alſo ſee your Magazine. It will therefore oblige me if you will inſert this letter therein, that they may be convinced I feel for their ſituation as well as my own imprudence. Some of them are now marriageable; but as they have no qualifications to fit them for farmers or tradeſmans' wives, and as I cannot give them fortunes to induce gentlemen to marry them, I fancy they muſt live ſingle. What will become of them when I am gone I cannot tell; their fortunes will not ſupport them in the ſtyle they wiſh to live in: and, unleſs they will pay a little more attention to the common affairs of life, I fear they will be very miſerable.

A REPENTANT FATHER.

A remarkable account of HENRY WELBY, Eſq a very ſingular and extraordinary character, who lived Forty-four Years the Life of a Hermit in the City of London.

THE noble and virtuous Henry Welby, Eſq. was a native of Lincolnſhire, and inherited a clear eſtate of more than 1000l. a year. He was regularly bred at the univerſity, and had for ſome time been one of the lords of court, and in the courſe of his travels, ſpent ſeveral years abroad. On his return, this very accompliſhed gentleman ſettled on his paternal eſtate, lived with great hoſpitality, married to his liking, and, had a beautiful and virtuous daughter, who was married, with his entire approbation, to a Sir Chriſtopher Hildiard in Yorkſhire. He had now lived to the age of forty, reſpected by the rich, prayed for by the poor, honoured and beloved by all; when one day a younger brother, with whom he had ſome difference in opinion, meeting him in the field, ſnapped a piſtol at him, which happily flaſhed in the pan. Thinking that this was done only to fright him, he coolly diſarmed the ruffian, and putting the weapon carefully into his pocket, thoughtfully returned home, but, on after examination, the diſcovery of bullets in the piſtol had ſuch an effect upon his mind, that he inſtantly conceived an extraordinary reſolution of retiring entirely from the world, in which he perſiſted inflexibly to the end of his life. He took a very fair houſe on the lower end of Grub-ſtreet, near Cripplegate, and contracting a numerous retinue into a ſmall family, having the houſe provided for his purpoſe, he ſelected three chambers for himſelf; the one for his diet, the ſecond for his lodging, and the third for his ſtudy. As they were one within another, while his diet was ſet on the table, by an old maid, he retired into his lodging-room, and when his bed was making, into his ſtudy, ſtill doing ſo, till all was clear. Out of theſe chambers, from the time of his firſt entry into them, he never iſſued, till he was carried thence, 44 years after, on men's ſhoulders; neither is it all that time, did his ſon in-law, daughter or grandchild, brother, ſiſter, or kinſman, young or old, rich or poor, of what degree or condition ſoever, look upon his face, ſave the ancient maid, whoſe name was Elizabeth. She only made his fire, prepared his bed, provided his diet, and dreſſed his chambers. She ſaw him but ſeldom, never but in caſes of extraordinary neceſſity, and died not above ſix days before him. In all the time of his retirement, he never taſted fiſh or fleſh; his chief food was oatmeal gruel; now and then, in ſummer, he had a ſallad of ſome choice cool herbs; and for dainties, when he would feaſt himſelf upon a high day, he would eat the yolk of an hen's egg, but no part of the white; what bread he did eat, he cut out of the middle of a loaf, but the crust he never taſted; his conſtant drink was four ſhillings beer, and no other, for he never taſted wine, or ſtrong water. Now and then, when his ſtomach ſerved, he did eat ſome kind of fruits; and now and then drank red cow's milk, which his maid, Elizabeth, fetched him out of the fields, hot from the cow. Nevertheleſs, he kept a bountiful table for his ſervants, and ſufficient entertainment for any ſtranger or tenant, who had occaſion of buſineſs at his houſe. Every book that was printed, was bought for him, and conveyed to him; but ſuch as related to controverſy, he always laid aſide, and never read.

In Chriſtmas holidays, at Eaſter, and other feſtivals, he had great cheer provided, with all diſhes in ſeaſon, ſerved into his own chamber, with ſtore of wine, which his maid brought in. Theſe, after thanks to God, for his good benefits, he would pin a clean napkin before him, and putting on a pair of white Holland ſleeves which reached to his elbows, cutting up diſh after diſh, in order, he would ſend one to one poor neighbour, the next to another, whether it were brawn, beef, capon, gooſe, &c. till he had left the table quite empty: when giving thanks again, he laid by his linen, and cauſed the cloth to be taken away; and this would he do, dinner and ſupper, upon theſe days, without taſting one morſel of any thing whatſoever. When any clamoured impudently at his gate, they were not, therefore, immediately relieved; but when, from his private chamber, which had a proſpect into the ſtreet, he eſpied any ſick, weak, or lame, he would preſently ſend after them, to comfort, cheriſh, and ſtrengthen them; and not a trifle to ſerve them for the preſent, but ſo much as would relieve them many days after. He would moreover enquire what neighbours were induſtrious in their callings, and who had great charge of children; and withal, if their labour and induſtry could not ſufficiently ſupply their families, to ſuch he would liberally ſend, and relieve them according to their neceſſities. He died at his houſe in Grub-ſtreet, after an anthonetical conſumption of forty-four years, October 29, 1636, aged eighty-four. At his death, his hair and beard were ſo overgrown, that he appeared rather like a hermit of the wilderneſs, than the inhabitant of one of the firſt cities in the world.

SELECTED POETRY.

RETIREMENT....By JAMES BEATTIE, L.L. D.

WHEN in the crimſon cloud of Even,
The lingering light decays,
And Heſper on the front of heaven
His glittering gem diſplays;
Deep in the ſilent vale, unſeen,
Beſide a lulling ſtream,
A penſive Youth of placid mien,
Inaulged this tender theme.

Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur piled
High o'er the glimmering dale;
Ye woods, along whoſe windings wild
Murmurs the ſolemn gale;
Where Melancholy ſtrays forlorn,
And Woe retires to weep,
What time the wan moon's yellow horn
Gleams on the weſtern deep.

To you, ye waſtes, whoſe artleſs charms,
Ne'er drew Ambition's eye,
Scap'd a tumultuous world's alarms,
To your retreats I fly.
Deep in your moſt ſequeſter'd bower
Let me at laſt recline,
Where Solitude, mild, modeſt power,
Lean's on her ivy'd ſhrine.

How ſhall I woo thee, matchleſs Fair!
Thy heavenly ſmile how win!
Thy ſmile, that ſmooth's the brow of Care,
And ſtills the ſtorm within.
O will thou to thy favourite grove
Thine ardent votary bring,
And bleſs his hours, and bid them move
Serene, on ſilent wing.
Oft let remembrance ſoothe his mind
With dreams of former days,
When in the lap of peace reclined
He framed his infant lays;
When Fancy rov'd at large, nor Care
Nor cold diſtruſt alarm'd,
Nor Envy with malignant glare
His ſimple youth had harm'd.

'Twas then, O Solitude, to thee
His early vows were paid,
From heart ſincere, and warm, and free
Devoted to the ſhade.
Ah, why did fate his ſteps decoy
In ſtormy paths to roam,
Remote from all congenial joy!
O take the Wanderer home.

Thy ſhades, thy ſilence, now be mine,
Thy charms my only theme;
My haunt the hollow cliff, whoſe pine
Waves o'er the gloomy ſtream,
Whence the ſacred owl on pinions grey
Breaks from the ruſtling boughs,
And down the lone vale flits away
To more profound repoſe.

O while to thee the woodland pours
Its wildly warbling ſong,
And balmily from the bank of flowers
The zephyr breathes along;
Let no rude ſound invade from far,
No vagrant foot be nigh,
No ray from Grandeur's gilded car,
Flaſh on the ſtartled eye.

But if ſome pilgrim through the glade
Thy hallow'd bowers explore,
O guard from harm his hoary head,
And ſhelter'd be his lore.

For he of joys divine shall tell
That wean from earthly woe,
And thro' the magic spell
That charms this heart below.

For me no more the path invites
Ambition loves to tread;
No more I climb those toilsome heights
By guileful Hope misled;
Learn my fond fluttering heart no more
To Mirth's enlivening strain;
For present pleasure soon is o'er,
And all the past is vain.

DAMON AND DELIA.

FROM THE POEMS OF GEORGE LORD LYTTLETON.

DAMON.

TELL me, my Delia, tell me why
My kindest fondest looks you fly?
What means this cloud upon your brow?
Have I offended? Tell me how!—
Some change has happened in your heart,
Some rival there has stol'n a part:
Reason those fears may disapprove:
But yet I fear, because I love.

DELIA.

First tell me, Damon, why to-day
At Belvidera's feet you lay?
Why with such warmth her charms you prais'd,
And every trifling beauty rais'd,
As if you meant to let me see
Your flattery is not all for me?
Alas! too well your sex I knew,
Nor was so weak to think you true.

DAMON.

Unkind! my falshood to upbraid,
When your own orders I obey'd;
You bid me try, by this deceit,
The notice of the world to cheat,
And hide, beneath another name,
The secret of our mutual flame.

DELIA.

Damon, your prudence I confess,
But let me wish it had been less:
Too well the lover's part you play'd,
With too much art your court you made;
Had it been only art, your eyes
Would not have join'd in the disguise.

DAMON.

Ah! cease thus idly to molest
With groundless fears thy virgin breast.
While thus at fancied wrongs you grieve,
To me a real pain you give.

DELIA.

Though well I might your truth distrust,
My foolish heart believes you just;
Reason this faith may disapprove,
But I believe, because I love.

SONG.—FROM THE SAME.

THE heavy hours are almost past
That part my love and me:
My longing eyes may hope at last
Their only wish to see.

But how, my Delia, will you meet
The man you've lost so long?
Will love in all your pulses beat,
And tremble on your tongue?

Will you in every look declare
Your heart is still the same;
And heal each idly-anxious care
Our fears in absence frame?

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,
When shortly we shall meet;
And try what yet remains between
Of loitering time to cheat.

But, if the dream that soothes my mind
Shall false and groundless prove;
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love:

All I of Venus ask, is this;
No more to let us join:
But grant me here the flattering bliss,
To die, and think you mine.

THE SEASONS.

WHEN Chloe first with blooming charms,
Invited lovers to her arms,
She look'd a dainty thing:
We saw her beauty, own'd her wit,
And, as the similie must fit,
We call'd the period SPRING.

The hasty moments pass'd away;
We saw her bright meridian day,
And woman's state become her:
The prudent mother and the wife,
Diffus'd around her all the life
And all the bliss of SUMMER.

Advancing on in life's career,
The maids to Chloe lend a tear,
And what she knew she taught 'em;
Her sage advice dispersing round,
Till every prudent virgin found
The richest fruits of AUTUMN.

But Chloe's charms are fail'd quite;
Yet honor can't allow it right,
Of well earn'd praise to stint her;
For she who summer well employs,
Will reap the Autumn's solid joys,
Nor dread the frost of WINTER.

THE LOVER'S ADIEU.

Supposed to have been presented on the morning of his departure for a distant land.

And must I bid my love farewell?
Sweet, charming maid——adieu!
No tongue my present griefs can tell,
No words can speak them, true:
The fatal day begins to dawn,
And chiding, warns me to be gone,
But first I'll say——adieu!

Those fleeting hours of bliss are past,
Which gave me to my love;
The present moments fly as fast
And I must hence remove:
Yet, when departing far away,
No more thy charms I view;
Still sighing, in my heart I'll say
Sweet, blooming nymph——adieu!

May Time upon his eagle wings,
Glide swiftly on his way,
Till, with revolving years, he brings
That blest, that happy day
When we shall meet no more to part,
Then constant, kind and true,
We'll live and love, till death's cold dart
Shall seal our last adieu.

ALCANDER.

MANNERS OF THE PARISIAN LADIES.

[From a French Journal.]

NEVER were women of ton more lightly clothed, and never was white so fashionable: soap is become no less indispensable than bread. Our fair females are covered with transparent shawls, which float and flutter over their shoulders and upon their bosoms which are seen through them. With gauze veils, which conceal half of the face to pique our curiosity; and with robes so light, so loose, so thin, that the wearer seems to be almost naked. In this sylph's dress they run from place to place all the morning, noon and night; one sees nothing but white shades flitting through every street. They pass before us like the fine figures of a picture: they appear to be without hands, but they speak with their eyes. Needlework is unknown to them, and they think themselves born for enjoyments, renewed without ceasing, and never interrupted. Among no people, in no time, in no city, have women enjoyed such independence or devoted themselves to such indolence.

Is it the Revolution that has been the signal of this excessive liberty? Twenty years ago young women would not have stirred a step from home without their mothers: they walked as if it were under their wings; their eyes modestly thrown upon the ground. The man whom they dared to look at was the one whom they were permitted to hope, or chose for a husband.

Now they run about morning and evening in full liberty....to dress, to walk, play, laugh, draw cards, dispute about their adorers: such are their occupations: no scissars, no thimbles, they know no wound but that inflicted by the arrow of Cupid!....who can calculate the effects of this new system of love—of this new career—open to passion ever active of itself? the most improper books, too, get into their hands; the poisonous foam of philosophy comes from their lips; and licentiousness is mistaken for love.

Some days past a young woman, dressed in man's apparel, was taken before the Lord Mayor at the Mansion-House, on a charge brought against her, which was of a very singular nature. The case was as follows: the prisoner, under the character and appearance of a man, had prevailed upon an old woman (the prosecutrix) to accept of her as a husband, and the ceremony was performed between them in due form: but the *wife* soon afterwards discovering the imposition, was so much enraged, that she obtained a warrant against her *spouse*, who was committed by his lordship to the Compter for further examination. The prosecutrix was possessed of one hundred pounds at the time of the marriage, which was the prisoner's inducement to marrying her.—[*Sentimental Magazine.*—Lon.

Buffon, the celebrated Naturalist, was in the habit of rising with the Sun, but it was with great difficulty he conquered his natural indolence. He thus relates the manner in which he accomplished it: "In my youth I was extremely fond of sleep, and that fondness robbed me of much time. My poor Joseph (a domestic who served him sixty five years) was of the highest utility to me in overcoming it. I promised him a crown for every time he should make me get up at six o'clock. He failed not next day to rouse and torment me—I abused him. He came the day following, and I threatened him. "Friend Joseph," said I to him at noon, "you have gained nothing, and I have lost my time. Think only on my promise, and never heed my threatnings." The day following he accomplished his point, I begged, entreated, then abused, and would have turned him off. He raised me by abusive force; & had his reward every day for my ill-humour in the moment of waking—my thanks and a crown an hour after. I owe to poor Joseph at least ten or twelve volumes of my work."

A LAUDABLE INSTANCE OF AVARICE.

Misers are generally characterized as men without honor, or without humanity, who live only to accumulate: and to this passion sacrifice every other happiness. They have been described as madmen, who, in the midst of abundance, banish every pleasure, and make, from imaginary wants, real necessities. But few, very few correspond to this exaggerated picture: and, perhaps, there is not one in whom all the circumstances are found united. Instead of this, we find the sober and industrious branded by the vain and the idle, with this odious appellation; many who by frugality and industry, raise themselves above their equals, and contribute their share of labour to the common flock.

Whatever the vain or the ignorant may say, well were it for society, had we more of this character among us. In general, those close men are found at last the true benefactors of society. With an avaricious man we seldom lose in our dealings, but too frequently in our commerce with prodigality.

A French priest whose name was Gadinet, went for a long time by the name of the Griper. He refused to relieve the most apparent wretchedness; and by the skilful management of his vine-yard, had the good fortune to acquire immense sums of money. The inhabitants of Rheims, who were his fellow-citizens, detested him, and the populace, who seldom love a miser, wherever he went received him with contempt. He still, however, continued his former simplicity of life and amazing and unremitted frugality. This good man had long experienced the wants of the poor in the city, particularly in their having no water but what they were obliged to buy at an advanced price; wherefore, that wise fortune which he had been amassing, he laid out in an aqueduct, by which he did the poor more useful and lasting service, than if he had distributed his whole income in charity every day at his door.

☞ Some of the most interesting pieces in this number of The Minerva are taken from The Lady's Magazine, published in New-York. The polite attention of a fair Patroness has furnished us with half a dozen numbers of that highly entertaining work—and we take pleasure in acknowledging the favor.

HYMENEAL REGISTER.

MARRIED, on the 14th instant by the Rev. George young, Mr. BARTHOLOMEW REDMON, merchant, of the house of Redmon and Frith, Norfolk borough, to MISS JANE COOK, eldest daughter of Capt. Daniel Cook, Portsmouth.

——the same day by the Rev. James Whitehead, Mr. WILLIAM G. CAMP, to the accomplished MISS NANCY BEGG, both of Norfolk borough.

OBITUARY.

DIED, lately in Lunenburg, (Botetourt County, Vir.) Mr. *William Dunkin*, at the advanced age of 124 years, possessed of all his faculties.

RAISING THE WIND——A FARCE.

[*Continued from page 108.*]

PEGGY. Will you, sir, this instant.

DID. I'll hire a post chaise immediately—(aside) that I, if I can get credit for one.

PEGGY. Go, and order it.

DID. I'm off. (going) Nothing but disasters! here's the coachee coming back in a terrible rage, and I shall be discovered.

PEGGY. How unlucky! couldn't you get rid of him again?

DID. Keep out of the way, and I'll try.

[she retires.

Enter FAINWOU'D.

FAIN. Sir, sir,—

DID. How do you do, again, sir? hasn't my servant left you three and four pence yet?—bless my soul, how stupid I

FAIN. Sir, I want to see Mr. Plainway.

DID. Do you, sir? that's unlucky,—he's just gone out—to take a walk in the fields.—Look thro' that window, and you may see him;—there you see, just under that hedge—now he's getting over a stile. If you like to follow him with me, I'll introduce him to you; but you'd better call again.

FAIN. Sir, I see neither hedge nor stile, and I don't believe a word you say.

DID. [affects indignity] Don't believe me, sir!

FAIN. No, sir.

DID. Sir, I desire you'll quit this house.

FAIN. I shan't, sir.

DID. You shan't, sir?

FAIN. No, sir, my business is with Mr. Plainway. I've a post chaise waiting for me at the door, and therefore have no time to loose.

DID. A post-chaise waiting at the door, sir?

FAIN. Yes, sir,—the servant told me Mr. Plainway was within, and I'll find him too, or I'm very much mistaken. (exit.

DID. A post-chaise waiting at the door!—we'll bribe the post-boy, and jump into it.

PEGGY. Charming!

DID. Away! I'll get my hat, and follow you immediately.

PEGGY. Make haste then my dear Mortimer,—fly. (exit.

DID. Now, who shall I borrow a guinea of to bribe the post-boy?

Enter Servant.

SERV. Has that gentleman found my master, sir?

DID. Oh yes, John, I shewed him into the drawing—(Servant is going) Stop, John, step this way.—Your name is John isn't it?

SERV. Yes, sir.

DID. Well, how d'ye do, John?——got a fine place here, John?

SERV. Yes, sir, very fine.

DID. Aye—good wages, good vails, eh?

SERV. Yes, sir, very fair.

DID. Um—you haven't got such a thing as a guinea about you, have you?

SERV. No, sir.

DID. Aye—that's all, John, I only asked for information. (exit Servant.

DID. Gad—I said a civil thing or two to the gardner just now. I'll go and try him; and to prevent all further rencountres, make my escape thro' the garden gate. (going.)

Enter Miss DURABLE.

Oh lord! here is old innocence again.

MISS D. Well, sir, I'm all impatience for this explanation. So you've got rid of Miss Peggy.

DID. Yes, I have pacified her, and she's retired to the drawing-room. I was just coming to——you have'nt got such a thing as a guinea about you, madam, have you? a troublesome post-boy, that drove me this morning, is teasing me for his money. You see I happen'd unfortunately to change my small——

MISS D. Oh! these things will happen, sir. (gives a purse.) There's my purse, sir; take whatever you require.

DID. I'm robbing you, ma'am.

MISS D. Not at all,——you know you'll soon return it.

DID. (aside) that's rather doubtful. (to her) I'll be with you again, madam, in a moment. (going.)

MISS D. What, sir! so even your post-boys are to be attended upon before me.

DID. Ma'am!

MISS D. But I see through your conduct, sir. This is a mere expedient to avoid me again. This is too much.

DID. (aside) What the devil shall I do now? oh! —oh dear, oh lord!

MISS D. What's the matter?

DID. Your cruelty has so agitated me,—I faint—a little water—a little water will recover me; (falls into a chair) pray get me a little water!

MISS D. Lord's me, he's going into hysterics! here—help—John, Betty, a little water immediately. (exit.

[DIDDLER *runs off.*

Enter FAINWOU'D.

No where to be found.—So Mr. Diddler is gone now. They've found me out by my letter, and avoid me on purpose. But I'll not stir out of the house till I see Mr. Plainway I'm determined; so I'll sit myself quietly down. (sits down in the chair Diddler has left.) I'll make the whole family treat with a little more respect, I warrant.

Enter Miss DURABLE *hastily, with a glass of water, which she throws in his face. She screams; he rises in a fury.*

FAIN. Damnation, madam! what d'ye mean?

MISS D. Oh dear sir! I took you for another gentleman.

FAIN. Nonsense, madam! you couldn't mean to serve any gentleman in this way. Where is Mr. Plainway? I'll have satisfaction for this treatment.

Enter PLAINWAY.

PLAIN. Hey dey! hey dey! cousin; why who is this gentleman, and what is all this noise about?

MISS D. I'm sure, cousin, I don't know who the gentleman is. All that I can explain is, that Mr. Fainwou'd was taken ill in that chair; that I went to get some water to recover him; and the moment after, when I came back, I found his place occupied by that gentleman.

FAIN. Madam, this is no longer a time for bantering. You found Mr Fainwou'd's place occupied by me, who am Mr. Fainwou'd—and you find him suffering no illness at all, tho' you wanted to give him one.

PLAIN. and MISS D. You, Mr. Fainwou'd!

FAIN. Yes, sir; and you've found out by this time, I suppose, that I'm perfectly acquainted with all your kind intentions towards me—that I know of your new fon-in-law, sir Robert Rental—that I am informed I am to make merriment for you—and that, if I am refractory, your nephew, Mr. Diddler, is to pull my nose.

PLAIN. Sir Robert Rental, an't my nephew, Mr. Diddler! why, Laury, this is some madman broke loofe. My dear sir, I haven't a nephew in the world, and never heard of such people as sir Robert Rental, or Mr. Diddler, in the whole course of my life.

FAIN. This is amazing!

PLAIN. It is upon my soul!—you say your name is Fainwou'd.

FAIN. Certainly.

PLAIN. Then nothing but the appearance of the other Mr. Fainwou'd can solve the riddle.

FAIN. The other Mr. Fainwou'd!

PLAIN. Yes, sir; there is another gentleman so calling himself now in this house; and he was the bearer of a letter of introduction from—

FAIN. My letter of introduction.—The rascal picked my pocket of it in this very house, this morning. I see through it all! I dare say your house is robbed by this time.

PLAIN. A villain! why, where is he, cousin! here John—where are all the servants?

(*rings a bell.*

Enter SERVANT.

PLAIN. Where is Mr. Fainwou'd?

SERV. What, the other, sir?

PLAIN. The other, sir? then you knew this gentleman's name was Fainwou'd. And you never told me he was here this morning.

SERV. Yes, sir, I did; I sent you to him.

PLAIN. You sent me to the other fellow.

SERV. No, sir, I did not let in the other.

PLAIN. I suppose he got in at the window, then. But where is he now?

SERV. I'm sure I don't know, sir.—But I thought that gentleman was gone.

FAIN. Why did you think so, sir?

SERV. Because, sir, the chaise is gone that you came in.

PLAIN. What!

FAIN. Gone!

SERV. Yes, sir.

PLAIN. Why then the rascal's run off in it—and Peg—where is she? where is my daughter?

MISS D. Gone with him, cousin.—It flashes upon me now.

PLAIN. Oh, I'm a miserable man! let horses be saddled quick.—You and I must ride after them immediately, Mr. Fainwou'd. (exit Serv.

SERV. Here they are, sir.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

HISTORICAL.

BELISARIUS kept alive the last spark of Roman virtue, and with him it expired. I cannot forbear transcribing some historical sketches relating to this hero:—

Belisarius was appointed by Justinian, to the command of the army destined for the African Vandalic war.—— Three months after his departure from Constantinople, he disembarked on the African shore; his troops occupied a camp on the sea side. The next morning after his encampment, some of the neighbouring gardens were pillaged, and Belisarius, after chastising the offenders, embraced the slight occasion, but decisive moment, of inculcating the maxims of justice, moderation, and sound policy. "When I accepted the commission of invading Africa I depended much less (said he) on the numbers or even bravery of my troops, than upon the friendly disposition of the natives, and their immortal hatred to the Vandals. You alone can deprive me of this hope, if you continue to ex ort by rapine what might be purchased for a little money. Such acts of violence will reconcile these implacable enemies, and unite them in a just and a holy league against the invaders of their country."

When Belisarius invested Naples, he gave audience to the deputies of the people, who exhorted him to disregard a conquest unworthy of his army, to seek the Gothic king in arms, &c. Belisarius replied, with an haughty smile, "when I treat with my enemies, I am more accustomed to give than to receive counsel; but I hold in one hand inevitable ruin, in the other peace and freedom, such as Sicily now enjoys." The impatience of duty urged him to grant the most liberal terms; his honor secured their performance, but Naples was divided into two factions. They debated, but came to no conclusion. The patience of the army was almost exhausted; and at the end of twenty days, Belisarius had reconciled himself to the disgrace of abandoning the siege, and marching against the Goths. At last Ifaurian, who explored the dry channel of an aqueduct, reported to the general, that a passage might be perforated to introduce a file of armed soldiers into the city. When the work was executed, the humane general asked the difficulty of the secret, by a just and fruitless admonition of the impending danger. In the darkness of night, four hundred Romans entered the aqueduct, raised themselves by a rope fastened to an olive tree, sounded their trumpets, surprized the centinels, and gave admittance to their companions, who scaled the walls and burst open the gates of the city. Every crime which is punished by civil justice, was practised as the rights of war. Belisarius alone, in the streets and churches of Naples, endeavoured to moderate the calamity he predicted. "The gold and silver, (he repeatedly exclaimed) are the just rewards of your valour; but spare the inhabitants. They are christians——they are your supplicants——they are now your fellow subjects. Respect the children in their parents, the wives in their husbands, and shew them by your generosity, of what friends they have obstinately deprived themselves."

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The MINERVA;

Or, LADY's AND GENTLEMAN's MAGAZINE.

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ACCOUNT OF THE ALPHABET CLUB.

[From the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.]

MR. URBAN,

The following letter was found among the papers of a gentleman, who contributed more than one paper to the Connoisseur. It was destined to be sent to Mr. Town, but was mislaid and forgotten. As Mr. Town is dead, I know no person, Mr. Urban, who has a better right to open his letters than yourself. R. Z.

MR. TOWN,

"Nihil dulcius est otio *literato*."—CIC.

THE humour of forming clubs, which was so common in the beginning of this century is still in existence in this place. Indeed we are in many respects the same race of men that Mr Bickerstaff remembers. The sect of Loungers daily increases, and St. John's has not lost its reputation for punning. But to return to my subject. It was a gentleman of this last mentioned society who made the first proposal for that singular club of which I am going to give you an account, and of which I am myself an unworthy member. We call ourselves the Alphabet Club; as we consist of twenty-six members, each of us by the initial of his name representing one letter of the alphabet. There was at first a dispute whether we should consist of more than twenty-five, as some persons contend that V and U were the same letter: however, it was asserted on the other hand, that they differed both in sound and form; and upon Q's reminding the company, that he could be of no use without U but that he had nothing at all to do with V, it was agreed that each of these letters should have a representative. Each letter takes rank, not according to its place in the alphabet, but according to its rarity; for this reason our president is always one whose name begins with a Z. The next to him in dignity is Q; after whom the rest follow in order, beginning at the end of the alphabet: for we have observed that the first letters A, B, C, &c are the most ordinary. We likewise endeavour to choose our members from some fancied resemblance, either in shape or mien, to the letters they represent. Our present worthy President is an excellent little Z, and is a fellow of one of the largest colleges here. The parson of the corpulent B is well supported by Dr. Bluster, a gentleman who measures about four yards in circumference. But he who bears the most striking resemblance to his initial is Professor Ignoramus, who is stiff and upright as any I in any hornbook whatever. There are at present several vacancies to be filled. If you can recommend to us a person who turns out his toes well, and whose name begins with an A, we will prefer him to the place of that letter. We shall thank any body who will point out a gentleman that makes a good bow, and whose name begins with an S. We have already refused a P who does not wear his hat with a good air; and have done the same by a V, because he has not the faculty of standing upon one leg. As we are determined that our society shall be truly English, we peremptorily rejected the proposal of a certain great scholar to admit the Digamma into our club. When we meet in an evening, which we do once in twenty-six days, we amuse ourselves in a very sprightly manner without uttering a single word; our whole conversation being carried on by the bodies of the members. We connect ourselves together by our hands, and so form words and sentences. Thus we are in continual motion, and talk in dumb show. Were you to enter when we are carrying on a brisk conversation, you would think we were playing at blindman's buff: at other times you would take us for a knot of Peripatetics. We think all this very innocent, and conducive to the sharpening of our wits, and keeping our bodies in health.

I am, &c.

RALPH CROTCHET.

THE EVILS OF RESERVE IN MARRIAGE.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

Believe me, Mary, that to the security of matrimonial felicity, no quality is more necessary than candour. All reserve, obscurity, or disguise, are productive of indifference, suspicion or distrust. Let my example convince you of the necessity of perfect candour, and unbounded confidence in the conjugal union. There should exist such an unity of interest that every pleasure or pain should be common, and all separate enjoyment or suffering is an injury to its sacred rights.

The more exquisite the sensibility, the more tender the attachment, the more poignant the pain inflicted by distrust and suspicion.

My husband was a man of strong understanding, a thoughtful disposition, and tender heart: his temper was reserved and sedate, and he seldom with his own accord, communicated either his pains or his pleasures, particularly the first; and the most acute mental or bodily suffering would be endured in silence, unless drawn from him by the inquiries of his friends. Yet, to few persons were the soothings of tenderness more acceptable, and there was few whose happiness was more dependant on the assiduities of affection. Such, too, was my disposition; delighting in the sympathies of love, yet withheld from ever seeking them, by an unconquerable diffidence and reserve.

His business kept him almost the whole day from home. His office was in the centre of the city; and, as our residence was at one of its extremities, the walk was long and wearisome. Indignant at all fraud, oppression, or injustice, his mind was perpetually harrassed, and his temper fretted, by those iniquities of mankind to which his profesion exposed him.

At the approach of evening I would trim my little fire, prepare the tea-table, and wait with impatience the return of my husband, whom I imagined, glad of a release from labor, would enter with a smiling face, embrace me with tenderness, and in some mode or other express his pleasure.

But, alas! how different was the real from the imaginary scene! He enters, and, throwing himself on a chair, is grave and silent. Mortified and disappointed, I ask not the cause of his silence, but put on his tea, and hand it to him, with a countenance strongly marked by discontent and gloom. Thus passes the evening, in mutual, though silent, suffering.

You, Mary, instead of awaiting the salutation of your husband, would have hastened to the door at the sound of his footsteps, flown to him with a joy-enlightened countenance, and by tender inquiry, would have learned the cause of any gloom which appeared on his face. Affected and pleased by these proofs of your affection, he would have explained to you any disappointment or disturbance that had happened; would have owned he was disgusted and wearied at the injustice he had met with, or the labor he had undergone. These, contrasted with the tranquil and tender pleasures you had prepared, would have endeared him to his home, and have made him forget the evils of society. You would have dissipated his chagrin, his cheerfulness would have returned, the sentiment of gratitude would have been added to love, and your hours would have passed in all the delight of mutual affection. But how different was the effect produced by my conduct! Fatigued, sick, and dejected, my husband promised himself, that, on his return home, the glad welcome of a tender wife would have compensated for all he had suffered: but, instead of this, he perceived only silence & melancholy. He knew his own feelings were obvious, yet they passed unnoticed. His peace of mind, he concluded, was of too little importance to interest his wife; for, certainly, if she had felt solicitude, there would be some expression of it. Disappointed in his anticipated pleasure, and offended by such apparent indifference, he was cold and distant in his manner; thus unknowingly increasing the cause of his own dissatisfaction by increasing mine. Had either of us made those inquiries, without which neither of us would speak, or had we candidly owned our suspicions of indifference, the evil would have been remedied. The incidents of each day, by producing some new cause for complaint, increased the difficulty of an explanation. As the cold blasts of winter congeal the flowing stream, so does neglect or indifference still the warm current of affection.

The sun will rise and dissolve these icy bands, but each instance of unkindness removes to a greater distance the return of that confidence which alone can restore the warmth of love. Each day distrust increased, and removed the possibity of an explanation.

This reserve extended to the minutest concerns. I remember one day, he brought from market a dish of which he was extremely fond, and ordered it to be dressed in a particular manner. Desirous of pleasing him, I attended to it myself, and thought I should have been amply rewarded for this little trouble, by his satisfaction. When it came on table, I watched him, expecting to hear him praise it, and thank me for my attention. He tasted it, and, without saying a word, pushed it from him, and called for another plate. You will perhaps smile when I tell you, that my eyes filled with tears, and I was so choaked with emotion, that I could not articulate a word.——My silence, my emotion, he construed into sullenness and anger. This naturally increased his displeasure. Had I but smiled, had I but spoken one word: or, when the tears flowed down my cheeks, had I allowed him to see them, and explained their source; it would not only have restored his good humour, but, by discovering my fond desire to please, would have excited his tenderness. But this was impossible.

Now you, Mary, would have laughed, rallied him on being so difficult to please, assured him you had done your best, and good-naturedly have promised to have it done better next time. He would have thanked you for your endeavour. With such a disposition as his, your desire to gratify him would have fully compensated for the loss of his dinner. How innumerable are the instances I could give you of the pain and the misery produced by this reserve of disposition! How many wakeful nights have I passed, weeping the want of the tenderness and confidence of my husband; while he, restless and disturbed by the evils incident to life, would tax me with cruelty for not inquiring into, and participating his disquietudes.

This reserve, which for years had been increasing at last became a settled habit. My cheerfulness had entirely deserted me: I went into no company, and I received no visitors. My melancholy became fixed, and the little pleasure my husband found at home induced him to seek it abroad. My tea-table used to wait in vain, no one came to partake of this evening meal. With my arms folded on the table, and my aching head on them, I sighed away my solitary hours. That keenness of feeling, which a heart unused to suffering experiences, was blunted by repeated strokes. The alternations of hope and fear gave place to the stagnation of indifference. The effort to please was lost in despair. Too restless to apply to foreign objects, my active mind preyed on itself, and, left at last to perfect solitude, I sunk into an uninterrupted lethargy. I now saw my husband only during our hasty and silent meals: fond of social pleasure, and sprightly discourse, he spent his evenings among those friends to whom his many virtues had endeared him!

Even on the bed of sickness, this mutual reserve and suspicion did not yield place to anxiety and tenderness, and these circumstances only increased the fear which silence inflicted. I was one day by his bed-side, and offered something which was refused. It was the manner in which this was done that affected me: this manner, however, is indescribable. It seemed to me like an intimation that my attendance was irksome. I might have been mistaken. Pain and sickness might have been the cause. I did not, however, enquire, as at that time I had no doubt, but considered it as the proof of indifference. I was but little in his room: I left to others those attentions which I only should have paid. He never left that room, but there ended a life, many years of which might have been happy, but which were miserable. That sensibility which might have given birth to the purest and most exquisite pleasures, was, from the want of candour and explicitness, changed into an instrument of torture.

The happiest life is not exempt from moments of lassitude, weariness, perplexity, and distraction: Whenever the countenance or manners indicate either, let the friend seek for the cause, and let confidence and plain dealing banish all distrust or suspicion.

N.

ON THE CONDITION OF WOMEN.

A very curious work has been published at Paris on the CONDITION OF WOMEN UNDER REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENTS. The Author's object is, to make it felt that women are at present not in their proper places; or rather that they have, as they are treated now, no place at all in the social order. He argues, that it is the duty of the Republic to draw them from the nullity into which they are plunged by the laws of all nations, and that they ought to enjoy a much happier and more honorable lot. He allows them no share in the sovereignty, because the will of the family, which is one and the same, is represented by the voice of the father or husband; but he wishes that they should be rendered capable of receiving certain delegations from the sovereign authority. Why, for example, should they not discharge to their own sex the functions that relate to public instruction? Why, above all, should not the exercise of the national benevolence, and a share in the administration of charitable establishments, be entrusted to them? There are other missions in which they might appear with advantage.

"Governments," says the author, in another part of his work, "which think they did every thing in providing for the wants of men, have, in extraordinary circumstances, done but half their work; they have still to provide for the wants of those women who are not married, and whose support is not derived from men. The establishment of St. Cyr, which was founded at the close of a long war, and which provided not only for the instruction, but the maintenance and future establishment, of a number of young females, was by no means an absurd institution. Retrench the aristocratic part of it; establish and endow, in a given number of departments, a St. Cyr; and you will see morals, talents, and—the honour, the glory, and the charm of France."

The author thinks it improper that women should not be admitted into learned societies, when, by their acquirements they are fit to have a seat in them. He is also properly indignant that the criminal laws suppose them to have so perfect a knowledge of good and evil, and the provisions of law, that they punish them like men when they violate the laws, and yet they are treated as children, under guardianship, in matters of civil policy.

SKETCH OF LAVATER.

This celebrated Physiognonist, who lately died at Zurich, has been for many years one of the most famous men in Europe.

He was an humble country clergyman of good education, a warm fancy, and a natural acuteness of discernment. In this situation, and with these qualities, he was accidentally led to turn his attention, in a particular manner, to the expression of human sentiment and character, in the varied conformation of the countenance, head, and other parts of the frame: in the complexion, in the habitual motions and attitudes, in the temperament of health, &c. He perceived that, in all these, not only transient passion, but even the more permanent qualities of character, are often very distinctly expressed. He carried his observations, in this way, much further than any other person had before advanced; success inflamed his imagination, and he became an enthusiast in the study of physiognomy. The opinions relative to it, which he propagated, were a medley of acute observation, ingenious conjecture, and wild reverie: they were divulged by him in conversation, and in a multitude of fragments, which he and his disciples soon assembled into volumes. Novelty, mystery, and the dreams of enthusiasm, have inexpressible charms for the multitude: every man was eager to learn to read his neighbour's heart in his face. In Switzerland, in Germany, in France, even in Britain, all the world became passionate admirers of the physiognomical science of Lavater.

His books, published in the German language, were multiplied by many editions. A servant would, at one time, scarcely be hired till the descriptions and engravings of Lavater had been consulted, in careful comparison, with the lines and features of the young man's or woman's countenance. The same system was eagerly translated into the French language; and as the insight into character and secret intention, which it promised, was infinitely graceful to female curiosity, all the pretenders to wit, taste, and fashion, among the lively women of France, soon became distractedly fond of it. It was talked of as a science susceptible of mathematical certainty; and was applauded as capable of endowing man with the power of omniscient intuition into the hearts and intentions of his fellows.

Two well executed translations naturalized the same books of Lavater in the English language: this naturalization was requisite to shew us the fallacy of his pretensions. The wanderings of imagination, the dreams referable to no scientific principles, even the occasional effusions of sublimity and pathos which those books displayed, might interest the curious remarker, on human genius and character; but served, at the same time, to evince to those of sound sense and shrewd discernment that physiognomy was but an idle study: the amusement—it might be—of the wise; the delusion of fools. The multitude run ever in extremes; and notwithstanding the labours of Dr. H. Hunter and Mr. Holcroft, the writings of Lavater have been since treated, in England, with a slighting disregard that does injustice to their genuine merits.

The physiognomical delirium of the weak excited, also, in Germany the derision of the witty and the wise. The Physiognomical Travels, or Physiognomical Quixotte of the celebrated Musæus, the preceptor of Kotzebue, was written in ridicule of the dreams and pursuits of Lavater and his physiognomical disciples: its effect was, in Germany, powerful to the confusion of Lavaterism, and it raised its author at once to splendid literary reputation.

But even after the first charm had been dissolved, Lavater still retained many disciples: he continued to cultivate physiognomy, and was still eagerly visited by travellers, passing near the place of his residence. By some of his adversaries he was idly and unjustly accused as an insidious Jesuit, who under pretensions about physiognomy, pursued some vast and mischievous designs. His theological opinions took a colour from his physiognomical ones, and he became the abhorrence of the orthodox. His private life was simple, and even devoutly pious. His wife had become, as well as himself, a great physiognomist. He was always an early riser, and used never to take his breakfast till he had, in his own mind, earned it by the performance of some literary task.

ANECDOTE.

Amongst the many brilliant flashes of wit attributed to that singular character Doctor Perne, the following, perhaps, is one of the happiest strokes. The doctor happening to call a clergyman (who was not totally undeserving of the title) *a fool*, the divine resented the indignity so highly that he threatened to complain to his diocesan, the bishop of Ely—"Do, (says the doctor) and he will *confirm you*."

DE VALCOUR AND BERTHA:

on,

THE PREDICTION FULFILLED.

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

But while he measur'd o'er life's painful race,
In Fortune's wild inimitable chace,
Adversity, companion of his way,
Still o'er the victim hung with iron sway;
Bade new distresses every moment grow,
Marking each change of scene with change of woe.

Falconer.

THE inhabitants of the Castle di Montalpine had retired to their respective apartments, ere the ponderous bell tolled the midnight hour. Bertha counted the heavy lengthened notes, and then with palpitating heart, stole from her chamber; first ascertaining, that her attendant, Rosa, was in a profound sleep. Anxious to meet her expecting husband, she descended the spiral stair-case with a light and cautious step, unfastened the postern gate, and entered the wood. Looking back over the gloomy pile she had passed, she had the satisfaction to find that every light was extinguished within the castle. The moon emerged from her obscurity with splendor, and lighted the agitated Bertha on her way to the bovel where De Valcour awaited her. "You must be almost frozen in this place," said Bertha. "I am already shivering: I have a comfortable fire in my apartment, you may safely venture." De Valcour threw his arm round her waist, and accompanied her back to the castle. As they passed the grand portal, a gleam of light shone through one of the upper casements. Bertha started. "I thought all were in repose for the night. That gallery leads to my father's apartments; what can induce any one to go thither at this hour!" The bell at that moment struck one, and the light was extinguished. Bertha smiled, and endeavoured to seem gay, thereby to re-assure her lover, who would have returned to his miserable hovel, rather than expose her to the risk of detection. "We have nothing to fear," cried she, with encreasing cheerfulness. "The Baroness is indisposed, and sleeps in a distant apartment: perhaps my father has been to enquire how she is. At any rate, that suite of rooms is so remote from those I occupy, that we need feel no alarm." She had scarcely spoken, when a shadow passed along the wall which both distinctly perceived; though uncertain whether it was that of man or woman. They halted in breathless trepidation. De Valcour placed his hand upon his sword; but a motion from Bertha checked his impetuosity, as she pointed to the tall trees on the other side of their path, where the shade slowly glided in a distant avenue, and then totally disappeared. The moon-beams now fell full upon the face of Bertha; her cheek was pale with terror, her lip quivered, and her icy hand fell motionless by her side. "Bertha, my love, look up," cried the agonized youth: "strive against this weakness. A moment's delay now may prove our ruin. Let me leave you in security, before I go to explore this mystery." "Leave me, Julian!" exclaimed Bertha: "Ah, could you leave me in this dreadful state of alarm? rather let us brave our fate. I shall die of terror if you abandon me now." They had by this time reached Bertha's apartment: the lamp was burning on the table: Rosa still slept soundly; and the chearful fire blazing in the chimney, revived their sinking spirits, enabling them to discourse tranquilly of their present situation and future prospects.

"I fear, Julian, we have done very wrong," said Bertha, dejectedly, "in marrying without my father's consent. Should I never succeed in removing his cruel prejudices, not even your love will preserve me from wretchedness. Hope, and your ardent assurances, may flatter my senses, but reason chills my glowing fancy with the recollection of my disobedience."

"Call not our conduct by so harsh a name, my lovely bride," said Julian, pressing her to his heart. "Surely, in the sight of heaven, you are not disobedient. Your father encouraged and sanctioned our love. He took me an orphan into his protection: gratitude to him, and love for his beauteous daughter, were the first sensations which gave value to my existence. He beheld our affection with apparent delight."

"You have often promised to tell your story, Julian. Suppose you amuse me with it now: it will serve to beguile us from melancholy thoughts.

"The recital will poorly repay your curiosity, Bertha: your affection for me can alone render it interesting. A slight recollection remains in my mind, of a venerable looking woman, whom I used to call mother. Our habitation was indifferently furnished: yet we enjoyed all the comforts, and sometimes the luxuries of life. The transactions of one day as the most importatant of my little history, is also the freshest in my memory. My mother had desired me to amuse myself with toys till she returned from market, and on no account to stir from the bed on which she placed me. She had not been gone many minutes, when two strange-looking men entered: one of them caught me in his arms; and when I endeavoured to cry out stifled my cries, by grasping my throat brutally: the other opened every drawer and clofet, uttering exclamations which I did not understand; and at length having concluded his search, covered me with his cloak, and carried me away in his arms. My little frame was convulsed with agony, and his threats alone made me stifle my fears. He had placed me before him on a horse, which fled with great swiftness. The unusual fatigue rendered me almost insensible. The man who carried me, often spoke to his companion in a complaining tone, which the other answered with reproaches. A fierce quarrel ensued. At length I distinguished the following words in rotation, which was the only part of their conversation I understood. "Place the brat on the ground, and let us settle this dispute at the sword's point. The Chevalier shall see who serves him best. 'I want not to fight,' replied the other fullenly: 'I only wish the reward to be shared equally.' While they were debating, a party of horsemen approached: the villains appeared dismayed. 'It would be useless to return,' said one of them; 'we should be overtaken: let us hide the boy; and let us give them battle.' He immediately dismounted; and placing me behind a hedge, applied a whistle to his lips, the sound of which echoed through the forest; and soon a fresh party of horsemen appeared. He then threw a parcel of papers into my lap. 'Take care of these,' said he, 'and keep yourself concealed till I come to you.' By this time a brisk firing was commenced; the sound terrified me, and I vainly tried to shield my ears from the dreadful noise. Disregarding his injunctions, I ran with all my strength from the spot where death seemed to menace me. What few papers my little hands could grasp, I still held fast, nor stopped till, exhausted with fatigue and terror, I sunk down in a public road. It was there I was found by your father, who, passing with his domestics, formed the benevolent design of protecting me, in compassion for my wretched helpless state." "But the papers," said Bertha: "what did they contain?" "They were without any signature. Here they are." Bertha took them, and in the first read these words:

"Good Maud, be careful of our dear Julian. Every supply necessary for your pleasures and comfort shall be punctually remitted: he must as yet remain with you; but be cautious, as usual; for should he be discovered, his life will be the forfeit. This will be delivered by a trusty messenger, by whom you may send word if you have any wants or wishes ungratified."

The second ran thus:

"Fernando, you must set out directly. I cannot join the party to-night: but I can depend on your punctuality. Leon may attend you. Tell Maud to resign her charge immediately into your hands; but be careful not to delay an unnecessary moment. Should she refuse, force must settle the business."

"This mystery is impenetrable," said Bertha, "and conjecture is bewildered." "It is indeed," replied Julian; "for it seems by the contents of those letters, that my very life depends on secrecy; and to the Baron only have I revealed the events I have just related. His kindness has hitherto prevented my feeling the want of parental love. But now, Bertha, how changed are my prospects! Fatal to us was the hour in which he first beheld the beauteous, the haughty Valeria: she first taught him to treat my humble suit with disdain: for though the Baron, strictly honourable, has never acquainted her with my real story, my being poor and obscure are sufficient crimes in her eyes. Our love was then forbidden. Caprice, not justice, dictated the mandate, which turned me a friendless wanderer from the hitherto hospitable Castle di Montalpine. Disdaining this unmerited ignominy, we dared to ratify our vows of love, by holy, though secret union; and surely, my Bertha, no sin attends on the transgression. Cruel necessity alone compelled us to do it; and though awhile we part, heaven will prosper virtuous affection, and crown our re-union with peace and honor."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

SELECTED POETRY.

ADVICE TO A LADY.

[BY LORD LYTTELTON.]

THE counsels of a friend, Belinda, hear,
Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,
Unlike the flatteries of a lover's pen,
Such truths as women seldom learn from men.
Nor think I praise you ill, when thus I show
What female vanity might fear to know:
Some merit's mine, to dare to be sincere:
But greater your's sincerity to hear.

Hard is the fortune that your sex attends!
Women, like princes, find few real friends:
All who approach them their own ends pursue;
Lovers and ministers are seldom true.
Hence oft from Reason heedless Beauty strays,
And the most trusted guide the most betrays:
Hence by fond dreams of fancied power amus'd,
When most you tyrannize, you're most abus'd.

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition?—To be fair.
For this, the toilet every thought employs,
Hence all the toils of dress, and all the

For this, hands, lips, and eyes, are put to school,
And each instructed feature has its rule:
And yet how few have learnt, when this is given,
Not to disgrace the partial boon of Heaven!
How few with all their pride of form can move!
How few are lovely that are made for love!
Do you, my fair, endeavor to poſsess
An elegance of mind as well as dreſs;
Be that your ornament, and know to pleaſe
By graceful Nature's unaffected eaſe.

Nor make to dangerous wit a vain pretence,
But wiſely rest content with modest ſenſe:
For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
Too ſtrong for feeble woman to ſuſtain:
Of thoſe who claim it more than half have none;
And half of thoſe who have it are undone.

Be ſtill ſuperior to your ſex's arts,
Nor think diſhoneſty a proof of parts:
For you, the plaineſt is the wiſeſt rule:
A CUNNING WOMAN IS A KNAVISH FOOL.

Be good yourſelf, nor think another's ſhame
Can raiſe your merit, or adorn your fame.
Virtue is amiable, mild, ſerene:
Without, all beauty; and all peace within:
The honor of a prude is rage and ſtorm,
'Tis uglineſs in its moſt frightful form.
Fiercely it ſtands, defying Gods and men,
As fiery monſters guard a giant's den.

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great:
A woman's nobleſt ſtation is retreat:
Her faireſt virtues fly from public ſight,
Domeſtic worth, that ſhuns too ſtrong a light.

To rougher man Ambition's taſk reſign
'Tis ours to ſoothe or in courts to ſhine,
To labour for a ſunk corrupted ſtate,
Or dare the rage of Envy, and be great.
One only care your gentle breaſts ſhould move,
Th' important buſineſs of your life is love:
To this great point direct your conſtant aim,
This makes your happineſs, and this your fame.

Be never cool reſerve with paſſion join'd;
With caution chuſe! but then be fondly kind:
The ſelfiſh heart, that but by halves is given,
Shall find no place in Love's delightful heaven:
Here ſweet extremes alone can truly bleſs;
The virtue of a lover is exceſs.

A maid unask'd may own a well-placed flame;
Not loving FIRST, but loving WRONG, is ſhame.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

[The following ſweet lines were ſelected for The Minerva by a reſpectable patron.—By the affectionate parent and by the dutiful child they will be read with correſponding ſenſations of delight.

MY MOTHER.

Who fed me from her gentle breaſt,
And hush'd me to her arms to reſt,
And on my cheek ſweet kiſſes preſt?
My Mother.

When ſleep forſook my open eye,
Who was it ſung ſweet lullaby,
And rock'd me that I ſhould not cry?
My Mother.

Who ſat and watch'd my infant head
When ſleeping on my cradle bed,
And tears of ſweet affection ſhed?
My Mother.

When pain and ſickneſs made me cry,
Who gazed upon my heavy eye,
And wept for fear that I ſhould die?
My Mother.

Who dreſs'd my doll in clothes ſo gay,
And taught me pretty how to play,
And minded all I'd got to ſay?
My Mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would ſome pretty ſtory tell,
Or kiſs the place to make it well?
My Mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
To love God's holy Book and Day,
And walk in wiſdom's pleaſant way?
My Mother.

And can I ever ceaſe to be
Affectionate and kind to thee
Who was ſo very kind to me,
My Mother?

Ah! no—the thought I cannot bear;
And if God pleaſe my life to ſpare,
I hope I ſhall reward thy care,
My Mother.

When thou art feeble, old, and grey,
My healthy arm ſhall be thy ſtay,
And I will ſoothe thy pains away,
My Mother.

And when I ſee thee hang thy head,
'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,
And tears of ſweet affection ſhed,
My Mother.

For God who lives above the ſkies,
Would look with vengeance in his eyes,
If I ſhould ever dare deſpiſe,
My Mother.

SONG.

THE MEN ARE ALL ROVERS ALIKE.

"To me yet in teens Mamma would oft ſay,
That men were deceivers and ſure to betray;
This leſſon ſo ſtrongly ſhe painted to me,
That lovers I thought all deceivers muſt be,

And that men are all rovers alike.

Young Collin is handſome, good humour'd beſide,
With artleſs kind offer, would make me his bride;
Mamma was miſtaken I plainly can ſee,
And I doubt if all lovers deceivers muſt be,

Or that men are all, &c

Thus ſung the fair damſel when Collin appear'd.
Her doubts now all vaniſh'd, no danger ſhe fear'd,
To join in ſweet wedlock, the lover's agree.
Was Miſs in the wrong, that hereafter you'll ſee,

For the men are all, &c.

FOR THE MINERVA.

REFLECTIONS ON CARD PLAYING,

Extracted from BENNET'S LETTERS, *and forwarded for publication by*

A FEMALE FRIEND.

Richmond, March 29, 1805.

LETTER LXXIII.

CARDS which are the inſeparable concomitants of tea viſits, and introduced as ſoon as perſons are well ſeated in company, are a very equivocal pleaſure, and, by no means to be much recommended. Little habits inſenſibly beget a *paſſion* for them: and a paſſion for cards murders time, money, talents, underſtanding, every thing that is rational in our nature, and every thing that is divine.

If experience did not convince us of the fact, one ſhou'd never have imagined, that a *reaſonable* creature would ever have been able to conſume hours, days, weeks, months, years, in *counting over* the black and red ſpots upon paper, and childiſhly to quarrel about their ſucceſs—a creature who has underſtanding, that is capable of improvement, to an infinite degree! A creature, living in a world, where knowledge is immenſe, and every flower or ſhrub a ſubject of aſtoniſhment—who has a temper, that requires continual watchfulneſs; a ſoul that needs unremitting cultivation; perhaps children, that call for inceſſant inſtruction; amidſt objects of diſtreſs, for which *Heaven* begs each ſuperfluous penny, and in a body that may *any moment*, drop into the grave.

I will advert, no longer, on the *moral* conſequences. A woman, who has a wiſh only to *pleaſe*, ſhould not be much addicted to this practiſe. It is very apt to ruffle the temper, and *diſcompoſe the features*; and a four, or an angry look is more deſtructive to *female* charms, than an high ſcorbutic flush, or the ſmall-pox.

It is ſaid in favor of cards, that they prevent *ſcandal*, and are a ſubſtitute to many, for the want of converſation. This conveys a ſevere ſtigma both on our hearts and underſtanding. It ſuppoſes, that we have few ſtores of entertainment *within* ourſelves; & that the only way to avoid a greater crime, is to fall into a leſs. Our moments, I fear, will not bear the ſcrutiny of conſcience or reaſon, much leſs of the great day, if we cannot contrive to ſpend them in an innocent and uſeful manner, without the *low* reſource of either *ſcandal or play*.

LETTER LXXIV.

The *deſender* of cards, however, will ſay nothing in favor of *Gaming*. No fortune, they know is equal to its extravagant demands. An unlucky throw loſes thouſands in a moment. It has reduced the moſt opulent families to indigence; it has led ſome to forgery, and an ignominious death; others, whoſe pride would not brook the *degradation*, to the fatal act of ſuicide; at beſt has plunged into poverty and diſtreſs, many heirs of honorable and illuſtrious houſes, who were born, in all *appearance* to *happier* days.

Your *moderate* card players (as they call themſelves) have often wondered, what can tempt people of fortune to ſuch a dreadful and ruinous amuſement, as that of gaming. I will venture to ſay, that this ſhocking practice is nothing more, than the ſpirit of card playing, carried to its *extreme*: That equal temptations would probably have led *them* to the very ſame imprudence; that they both, *generally*, originate in the ſame principle, (the want of ſomething ſubſtantial to fill and exerciſe the mind) and are only an artificial method of deſtroying that *ennui* and languor, which are the moſt inſupportable feelings of human life: and that the cure of *both*, muſt equally, ſpring from ſolid knowledge and from ſolid virtue.

Though gaming, at *firſt*, riſes from no worſe a principle than a want of amuſement, or of having ſomething to call the paſſions into exerciſe, yet, in its conſequences it has a tendency to eradicate every religious and moral diſpoſition, every ſocial duty, every laudable and virtuous affection. It renders the mind *ſelfiſh* in the extreme, and callous to the touch of woe, in every ſhape, whilſt it ſtops up the *ſluices* of charity, it extinguiſhes the inclination for it; it is deaf to every call of friendſhip or of prudence. There can be no ſuch thing, as an attentive parent, mother, wife, brother, ſiſter or a ſympathiſing heart, where this infernal rage has poſſeſſion of the ſoul. Every thing elſe is ſwallowed up in the *all devouring vortex*. A gameſter would ſtake the laſt thouſand on a throw, though a *priſon* for her *huſband, reſpect* for her *children*, or a *gallows* for her neareſt *friend*, were the melancholy proſpect!

If you diſbelieve *this* reaſoning, look into life. What effect has this paſſion *gradually* produced on women, who had once hearts full of tenderneſs and vir—, and were affected with every appearance of taſte and every elegance of manners to captivate and to charm!

If it were not invidious, I could produce many living characters to ſupport my aſſertions. They would make a diſmal picture, and the *motto* would be, "beware of beginnings."

Though I abhor novels, yet, perhaps, the celebrated one of Cecilia is worth reading, if it was only to guard our faſhionable ladies from ſplitting on the dreadful rock of the Harrels. Many characters, in that book are over ſtrained, but *this* is borrowed from real life, and daily obſervation.

ANECDOTE.

A very curious and valuable library, ſome time ſince, being on ſale, among the reſt a manuſcript law book was put up, the performance of a late eminent hand: to enhance the price, and ſtimulate the company to purchaſe it, the auctioneer, told them, that beſide its originality, it had the additional advantage of an opinion concerning it, written in a blank leaf, by one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed ſages of the law, but he muſt beg to be excuſed the producing it, till after it ſhould be ſold: This took fire all with the *literati*, that they advanced on one another at each bidding, till it was knocked down at a very conſiderable price, to one who was determined to have it at any rate, who when it was delivered to him, (to anger was the expectation and impatience of the company) to read the opinion, that the purchaſer, for fear of being crowded to death, to his mortification, read theſe words:

"MEM. *I have carefully peruſed this book, and do find it worth not one farthing.* H."

THE WISH.

I've often wiſh'd to have a friend,
With whom my choiceſt hours to ſpend,
To whom I ſafely might impart
Each wiſh and weakneſs of my heart;
Who might in every ſorrow cheer,
And mingle with my griefs a tear;
For whom alone I wiſh to be,
And who would only live for me;
And, to ſecure my bliſs for life,
I'd wiſh that friend to be—A WIFE.

HYMENEAL REGISTER.

MARRIED, in Philadelphia, on the 16th inſt. by the Right Rev. Biſhop White, Dr. WILLIAM FOUSHEE, jr. of Richmond, to Miſs LUCY LAWRENCE, of Philadelphia.

OBITUARY.

DIED, in this city on the 26th inſt. GENERAL LAWSON, an officer in the American ſervice during the Revolutionary War.

RAISING THE WIND——A FARCE.

[Concluded from page 112.]

[illegible] Diddler, Peggy, *and* Sam.—Diddler *dancing and singing.*

PLAIN. Sing away, my brave fellow, I'll soon change your note.

DID. Thank'ye, sir, but it is changed already. Sam, pay the young man three and four-pence, (pointing to Falnwou'd) and give him credit for a breakfast on my account.—Ah! my dear old innocence, (to Miss D.) there's your purse again: when I'm at leisure you shall have your explanation.

Miss D. Oh! false Adonis!

PLAIN. And now, sir, what have you to answer to?

DID. I plead guilty to it all. I've been a sad rogue: but as a proof I've some conscience left, here's your daughter, just as I found her. Don't give her to me unless you like.

PLAIN. Give her to you! and pray, sir, what claim have you to her?

DID. "Not my deserts, but what I will deserve."—My resolution to lead a new life, with the trifling collateral recommendation of ten thousand pounds in my pocket——

PLAIN. Ten thousand pounds in your pocket?

DID. In brief, sir, you shall hear my case——Idle habits, empty pockets, and the wrath of an offended uncle, made me the shabby dog you see before you.—So an angry uncle has on his death bed relented. This fine-hearted fellow arrested our flight through the town to put into my hand this letter from his executor, announcing the handsome bequest I have just mentioned, and enclosing me a hundred pound note as earnest of his sincerity.

SAM. Yes, I'm witness to the truth of all that, and——

DID. [stopping his mouth] That's enough, Sam.—the less we say, the better.—I shall be steady now, Plainway, I shall indeed: I've felt too much my past degradation, not to make the best use of my present good fortune.

PLAIN. Um!—I imagine you are the Mr. Mortimer she sometime sighs about.

DID. The same, sir. As Bath under that name, and under somewhat better appearances, I had the honor to captivate her——Isn't I Peggy?

PEGGY. Ah! Isn't that your name, then?

DID. No, my dear, my legitimate appellation is Mr. Diddler.

PEGGY. What! am I to have a lover of the name of Diddler?

SAM. I'm sure Mrs. Diddler's a very pretty name.

DID. Don't be rude, Sam.

PLAIN. Well, sir, your promises are fair, there's no denying; but whether it would be fair to attend to them, depends entirely upon that gentleman, (to Mr Falnwou'd.)

FAIN. As to me, Mr. Plainway, if your daughter has taken a fancy for another, I can't help it. Only let her release me respectfully, and I'm satisfied.

DID. You're a very sensible fellow, and we have all a very high respect for you.

FAIN. I'm satisfied.

DID. But I shall not be satisfied without the hope that all such poor and idle rogues as I have been, may learn, by my disgraceful example,

If we're to vice or indolence inclin'd
By honest industry to RAISE THE WIND.

A NEW TRAIT IN THE FEMALE CHARACTER.

(Extract of a letter from Mr. Bromel, of Berlin, to Professor Engel.)

DURING my residence in the town of———, I had for neighbours, in the house opposite to my own, two ladies, who led a regular and laborious life.—Unobserved by them, I was frequently a witness to their actions; and the little I saw encreased, instead of satisfying, my curiosity. The eldest who was not thirty, had all the noble appearance of an ancient Roman: her look was firm, without audacity. I never observed so much grandeur and dignity in any other woman.

There are certain days of the year on which the ladies of——— repair to the public promenade, dressed in their finest attire. My friend Mr R———, engaged me to go thither. He met, and saluted two ladies who were dressed in the most distinguished taste: they were my two neighbours. The eldest had greatly interested me, and an eager desire to know who she was had long tormented me. I seized this opportunity with avidity, and my friend R——— gave me the following information.

"These ladies are sisters: the brown (that was the elder) is married. Their parents, though they had no fortune, gave them an excellent education: this circumstance, joined to a handsome person, could not fail to procure to the eldest a number of admirers. I shall not say to you, that there was among them one whose homage was more agreeable than the others, for of that I am ignorant: all I know is, that, if there was such a favorite, she did not marry him, as you shall presently hear.

"Among her lovers there was a Mr. F———, whose sole merit consisted in the possession of great wealth; a kind of merit which seldom interests the young, but to which parents usually attach a very high value. The addresses of F——— were, of course, encouraged by the father and mother; they even carried things so far, as to render it impossible for them to recede: the match pleased them, and they thought they could not do too much to get it completed. They believed, that the more they pushed the matter, the less reason there was to fear that it would not be brought to a successful issue; so that, when they communicated the affair to their daughter, they had left her nothing to do but to say *yes*:—that was a word, however, which she would not pronounce.

"Her parents were vexed; pretended that they understood her interests better than she did herself; that her duty as a daughter, imposed on her the obligation of obeying them; that their word was engaged; and added every argument that is usually made use of on like occasions. The daughter replied.—That, with respect to marriage she could not separate her interests from her taste; that, in such a state, the first of all requisites were mutual affection; that the business concerned her more nearly than any other person; that they should have made no promise without consulting her: that, in this instance, they had not acted well towards their child; and that she would not marry the gentleman.

"Both parties were obstinate; but the young woman resolved to endure the greatest severities rather than submit; while the parents on their part, resolved to attempt every thing, rather than suffer themselves to be defeated in their purpose. In such a case, a man of liberal mind would have relinquished his pursuit, rather than disturb the peace of a family: and had Mr. F——— acted thus, perhaps, he would have conquered the repugnance of his mistress: but such was not the character of Mr. F———. He allowed the parents to take their way; he often visited them and his visits only tended the more to disgust the lady. The parents became outrageous against their daughter, and loaded her with reproaches and invectives whenever they were alone with her. The anger of the father was even, one day, carried so far as to throw a knife at her, which wounded her in the face. She would not permit the wound to be cured. She was shut up in her room: there she consoled herself with reading, but he took her books from her. Her harpsichord remained, and music afforded some relief to her anguish; but they deprived her of her instrument also. She remained alone in the midst of indolence and silence, for no person in the house was permitted to speak to her.

"Such was the life which she was condemned to lead, when, one day, she suddenly presented herself before her father and mother, and, in a firm tone, told them she was determined to espouse Mr. F———. They looked at each other with surprize. She tranquilly repeated, that she consented to marry Mr. F———. The lover was sent for: his mistress gave him a flattering reception. A day was fixed, and the marriage ceremony was performed.

"She resumed the cultivation of her talents, and in a short time her beauty recovered all its former brilliancy; she seemed to possess more graces and gaiety than ever. Her husband was soon subjugated by the influence of her mental superiority and her attractions: she became sovereign mistress of his house, and of all the wealth he possessed: she gradually made use of this power. Her expenditure was immense—her benevolence unbounded. Balls and fetes succeeded each other without interruption; so that in a few years her husband was worth nothing—all his property had vanished.

"'Your money,' said his wife, 'was the cause of my misery: now, thank God! not a farthing of it remains. I have now ruined you, but I shall not forsake you. You would starve, for you can do nothing for yourself.——I shall take care of you, but for this time I will have my own conditions.'

"She took a lodging where you have seen her, and asked her sister to live with her, as her parents had died in the interval. Her trade in millinery is extensive, because her taste has insured her a superiority. She has lodged her husband in a small apartment at a considerable distance from her own residence, and pays him an annuity on the express condition that he shall never come near her. As for him, he now passes his time reflecting on the danger of marrying a woman against her inclination.

PLACENTIA.

A CHARACTER.

LONG has the epithet, "Old Maid," been considered as a term of reproach; and long has this unfortunate class of the fair sex been hunted down like the timid hare because they possess not power to repel the repeated attacks of the ungenerous and unfeeling of both sexes. Insensate must that heart be, which can refuse a tear of commiserative pity to the female whose virtue and tender sensibility may have placed her on the list of antiquated virgins.——Placentia, in the bloom of youth, when the roseate hue of health adorned her vivid cheek: when each succeeding year presented still a fairer prospect, received the addresses of young Philander. two happy years passed away in all the sweets of courtship: the gentle Placentia, whose tongue ever spoke the dictates of her heart, nor ever vibrated on the ear but in accents of the purest, most ingenuous truth, suspected not perfidy in him who had long enjoyed her confidence, and whose heart she possessed in exchange for her own———Mistaken fair!——The false Philander deserved not such a heart. His groveling soul never felt the soft emotions of real love. Skilled in the arts of base dissimulation, a pretended passion flowed from his delusive tongue, while his heart remained

"Cold as a dead lover's statue on a tomb."

He did not rob her of her virtue?——No; that was guarded by a superior power; but he robbed her of her peace of mind: he plunged an ideal dagger in her soul, and then, like the dark assassin, left her, a deserted wanderer on the world's wide common.

Placentia sustained the keenest anguish with a virtuous fortitude that would have added glory to the name of Portia. Oft, when the tear has started in her eye, checking the impulse of grief, she would exclaim, "Go false youth, you have triumphed, it is true; but never shall another flatterer say, that Placentia listened to his idle tale——no, I abjure the sex! I fly from them for ever."

In spite of her fortitude, however, memory would present his image to her fancy; nor could her reluctant bosom suppress the rising sigh. On a small paternal fortune she had since retired to the country, where mild benevolence, and meek-eyed charity attend her every action; from her door the distressed traveller never retires unrelieved; the laborious sons of poverty in the surrounding village, never sink on the bed of sickness for want of her consolatory assistance, nor does declining age drop neglected to the grave, while Placentia possesses ought that can protract the faint flame of life. She encourages matrimonial connections among the young rustics of the village, for she is conscious that matrimony, when attended by virtue, is the happiest state of morality; but she is conscious also, that she cannot enjoy that happiness. A variety of overtures have been made to induce her to change her condition, but in vain; her bosom unlike that of the volatile coquette, is incapable of a second passion. Advantage has often been urged by her friends, as a plea: but her answer always is, "I hope I possess more generosity than to give my hand where my heart cannot accompany it." Thus is she proof against every attack; yet it cannot be said that she is lost to the world: no; perhaps in a single state, she is of more essential service to humanity, than if her hand had been in the possession of the perfidious Philander, nay, even if he had been worthy of her; for Placentia is one of those old maids whose like virtue for their model, and whose actions are guided by motives of the purest sensibility.

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2d....THE TERMS are TWO DOLLARS per annum, to be PAID IN ADVANCE.

3d....A handsome title-page and table of contents will be furnished (gratis) at the completion of each volume.

The following gentlemen, from some of whom we have already received indubitable tokens of attachment to the interests of this paper, will act as our AGENTS in receiving money due for the MINERVA, at the places to which their names are affixed—and they will receive and transmit us the names of those who may wish to become subscribers.

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The MINERVA;

Or, LADY's AND GENTLEMAN's MAGAZINE.

VOLUME I.] RICHMOND:—*FRIDAY*, APRIL 5, 1805. [NUMBER 30.

The *flowery* style of the following composition is admirably adapted to the subject on which it is employed—it paints in shining colours the beauties of the present season, and describes in florid language the joys of the succeeding month. The Naturalist will peruse it with avidity and the Sentimentalist with delight. The indolent Fop too, though generally insensible to the ineffable charms of literature, will here find something to excite his notice, to engage his strong mind, employ his retentive memory, and engress a large portion of his precious time:—This piece will serve him as an inexhaustible magazine, from which he may draw at pleasure, by wholesale or retail, any number of fine words or pretty sentences. While gallanting the mistress of his heart on an evening's walk, he may enliven their instructive conversation when it begins to languish, by descanting on the beauty of the "laughing meads," the "verdant plains" and the "irriguous vales," which form the enchanting landscape that delights their enraptured sight: the lady, in her turn, may admire the "melliflurs notes" of the "feathered choristers," and pity the condition of the unhappy prisoner, immured in gloomy cells "where mirth's light foot never trod, nor animated beings frequent, save the lonely bat, which sometimes visits the dark abodes, and schimming about him in circular sweeps, flaps her sooty wings." Suppose one of our Richmond Beaus accompanying his sweetheart through the walks of the Hay-Market Garden: how handsomely may he expatiate on the loveliness of the "paradisaical spot," where "fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace," and "ravishes the eye with a beautiful profusion of gayest flowers." Or perhaps they may chuse to inhale, on Mayo's Bridge, the "gentle zephyrs breathing from the warm chambers of the south, and wafting fragrance on their wings": if so, the Gallant may display his delicacy of sentiment to great advantage by deprecating the savage cruelty of the relentless angler, who pursuing his usual diversion on the "margin of the murmuring stream," decoys the "finny tribe" to the fatal hook. The Sentimental Lady, who values pigmy lap-dogs beyond all animals of the creation, may apologize to her broken-hearted Adonis, who complains that he holds the second place only in her love, by declaring that no susceptible heart can withstand the "unrivalled beauty" which a lorn like Sancho's "angelic face." But enough! we have shewn the convenience of these ready-made expressions to enrich the colloquial fund of our nervous ladies, and still more delicate gentlemen—we leave the application of the rest to their individual discretion, not doubting but they will make liberal use of them. *Minerva.*

MEDITATIONS ON SPRING.

"'Tis come! the lovely Spring is come with all its beauteous scenes and blooming treasures! cutting gales no longer blow, nor fleecy snow drives through the darkened skies, chilling the animal and vegetable productions, and spreading destruction all around; but balmy breezes mild as the opening day, fan with humid wings the fertile earth, and dispense their fostering influences to every part of nature's extensive landscape. The air is all serenity, the skies display their brightest azure, the vivifying sun looks more effulgent and darts a warmer beam, the hills and mountains regain their lost verdure, and lift their green heads to the clouds. Flowers of brilliant hues disclose their painted bloom, and in wild profusion spring spontaneous. Nature clad in the richest robes of vernal pomp calls the graces around her, and with majesty immovable walks in state, while mother Earth hails the genial approach, and exulting at the glorious change, smiles and looks gay.

. . . . . "Now no more
The expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold,
But full of—life and vivifying soul,
Lifts the light-clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
Fleecy and white o'er all surrounding heaven."

THOMPSON.

HARK! the voice of music awakes! and floating along the lucid air salutes the ear with its softest strains. Sullen silence, which long had sat brooding in the barren groves and roaring woods, diffusing a gloomy melancholy through nature's wide domain is fled: gay Spring, enemy to the solitary contemplative, drove him from her haunts, and compelled him to take up his abode in the gloomy caverns den, or the sooty realms of ancient night: there we may find him arrayed in sable robes, reposing in the darkest recesses, or with raven wing hovering in those obscure shades, where man's cheerful voice is never heard: where mirth's light foot never trod, nor any animated beings frequent, save the dreary bat, which sometimes visits the dark abodes, and schimming about her in circular sweeps, flaps her sooty wings.

What a charming concert echoes around, and resounds from every tree and bush; the innumerable choristers hail the glad Spring, and straining their little throats pour forth their very souls in various notes melliflurous. The laughing meads and verdant plains, the irriguous vales well pleased, listen to their melody, and in return replenish them with food, and shew them all their beauty, while man, lord of the creation, with majesty stamp'd on his forehead, walks about to join in the general joy, and catch the harmonious strain.

Ye choristors of the wood, plumy songster, whose ravishing notes delight the mind, and exalt the soul, soothing the tumultuous passions, which bears the breast, and torture every sense, how oft have I stood and listen'd with admiration to the sweet modulation!—how oft have your gay warblings raised my dejected spirits, and poured a kind of brightning sunshine over all my inward powers! Inhabitants of air again assemble unanimously, and strive with united melody to congratulate the season of Love—strive to hail the pleasing approach of Spring.

"'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love:
That even to birds and beasts the tender arts
Of pleasing teaches——"

THOMPSON.

The barrenness of winter is now succeeded by a boundless universal fertility: a fertility charming to behold! The spacious terrene, no longer lock'd in winter's icy arms, is impregnated with the vernal showers, and feels within a prolific heat. See she conceives and brings forth numbers innumerable, the suckling myriads are expelled from her capacious womb, and hang at her breast imbibing purest nutriment. The universal parent smiles on her numerous offspring, and does her utmost to preserve the tender tribes. The sovereign of the day, legitimate progenitor, draws from them Boreas's nipping flaw, and diffuses his own vital warmth to cherish and support them. At night, Nox spreads over them his sable wings, and showers down on them with a liberal hand the benefical humidity from his watery stores. Then flush'd with new life, they unfold their verdant covering, and thrive in all their wonted luxuriance.

What Gorgeous robes does nature wear in this infancy of the year! Survey her face and see the unrivalled beauty which adorns it. Survey her attentively, and contemplate her charms, which she offers freely to thy view: lost in admiration and wonder, I fall down and worship, but to whom must I pay my homage? What invisible hand rolls round the everchanging seasons? The ALMIGHTY FATHER!

——"Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love,
Wide hush the fields; the soft'ning air is balm,
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles,
And every sense and every heart is joy."

THOMPSON.

Gentle zephyrs breathing from the warm chambers of the south, and wafting fragrance on their wings, now play over the earth and form the sultry air. The increasing warmth of the sun wakes the buzzing insects, and induces Flora's painted race to disclose their richest tints and various beauties. The flowery nations which appear about us, are inconceivable, and past the art of the botanist to number their tribes. Favour'd with the kindly influence of spring's reviving presence, they unlock all their magazines of sweets, and convert the whole atmosphere into balm and rich perfume.

The vernal season is now confirmed: the birds of passage are all arrived: a mantle of vivid green is spread over the earth, chequered with a beautiful profusion of gayest flowers, which gives it a peculiar elegance, and throws an air of grandeur over the spacious carpet. The trees now dance and sing, unfold their leaves, and open all their bloom. What a waste of blossoms arrav the branches and whiten all the country! The bees (little animals of industry) hum about the air, and visit every blooming spray to gather their mellifluous treasures. Myriads of evanescent insects burst their winter tombs, rise to new life, and sport about invisible, while millions more which are perceptible, glossed with gold and azure, and cover'd with the finest down, fan their soft wings and gliding through the air, exult in the sunny ray.

The garden which a few weeks ago was an undelightful dreary waste, again assumes its charms, and recovering its primitive beauty, ravishes the eye with its rosy bowers and gay parterres. The whole is one unmingled wilderness of flowers, and here fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace. How delightful to rove through the paradisaical spot, and view the blooming tribes glowing in the richest colours of nature's pencil, while inhaling the balmy breeze we swim as it were in a sea of odoriferous sweets!

Animated by the vigornus warmth, the feather'd people prepare with assiduity and anxious solicitude their little mansions, longing to behold their tender progeny. The angler now pursues his rural diversion, and standing on the margin of a murmuring stream, under the shades of closing peach trees, decoys the finny tribe. The contemplative, fired with the charms of the blooming season, and struck with the beauty that every way surrounds him, indulges in the serious walk, and, lost in a transport of joy admires the gay creation.

Tempests no longer toss the ocean, but the sea is smooth as glass. The silver brook glides unmolested, and the crystal river reflects the bending azure, and displays its polish'd surface unruffled. The fleecy clouds, light and thin, spread over the pure expanse of heaven, are edged with gold, and sometimes descend in gentle showers to refresh the tender herbs, and nourish the new-born flowers. Butterflies arrayed like the cockomb in all the pomp of dress, proudly shew their painted wings, and powder'd over with shining dust, fresh in the sunny gleam, or rob the flowers of their luscious sweets. The Cuckoo perches himself within the branches of the well shaded tree, secured from every harm, his nocturnal cry is expressive of the welcome return of the season—Swallows twitter all o'er, and sweeping through the liquid air commit violent depredations among the buzzing race, who, unconscious of their enemies sport and play in the aereal regions, till on a sudden, snatched away by the hasty beak, they are crushed in a moment, and glide through the slimy road into the tremendous gulph.

It is thus with the majority of rational beings. How many of the sons and daughters of mortality pursue with the same thoughtlessness, and with the same avidity, the flowery roads of pleasure. In the midst of their joy and mirth; when all their wishes bloom, how often does fate laugh at their folly, and disappoint them in a moment. How often does grim death seize them unawares, and blot them from the book of life!

The spring which now appears in all its perfection, who can contemplate without secret sensations of joy. Send your eye over the pleasing scene, let your imagination dwell on the vernal topic, and your heart must needs beat high with satisfaction. Look abroad and see the wild luxuriance of the fields: look abroad and see the earth clothed with trees and flowers, and plants and shrubs innumerable, striking display of the INFINITE CREATIVE POWER! Beauty joy and love appear all around, and reign triumphant through the universal landscape of nature.

Thus the seasons are constantly revolving, and in harmonious succession run their ample rounds. Improve them oh! my soul, improve them as they pass: for every one of them cuts shorter thy days, and wafts thee nearer to thy eternal home. Watch them with attentive eye as they roll impetuous away, and do not suffer the short number which thou art appointed to see, to fly from thee without keeping equal pace with them in thy road towards heaven—stop winged time! on the wings of devotion, I will take my flight with thee, and soon thou wilt guide me safe to the mansions of everlasting rest.

ANECDOTE OF VOLTAIRE.

An impertinent scribbler had teazed Voltaire with continual letters, to which no answer had been given; at last the Wit wrote thus to his importunate correspondent:

'My dear sir,

'I am dead, and cannot, therefore, in future, have the honor to write to you.'

on on its repetition with universal applause."—*Lady's Monthly Museum, No. 11, Vol. ii.*

DE VALCOUR AND BERTHA:

on,

THE PREDICTION FULFILLED.

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.—(CONTINUED.)

But while he measur'd o'er life's painful race,
In Fortune's wild inimitable chace,
Adversity, companion of his way,
Still o'er the victim hung with iron sway;
Bade new distresses every moment grow,
Marking each change of scene with change of woe.

FALCONER.

Bertha shook her head prophetically: a tear stole down her cheek. "A heavy apprehension at my heart," said she, "tells me, that day is far distant. Your profession is full of danger; you may fall: or should my father not live to retract his fatal prohibition.....Oh, Julian, a thousand dreadful suggestions fill my fancy. Forgive my fears, and doubt not my affection: but indeed I am very wretched."....She leaned her head on his shoulder, and wept bitterly. De Valcour would have consoled her; but a deep groan caught his attention; and Bertha, too, started at the sound. "Heaven protect us," she exclaimed; "what was that?" "Nothing, but the wind," said Julian, forcing a smile. "Your nerves are weak, and you yield yourself a prey to superstition. Come, come, rally; you make a coward of a soldier. See how the clouds gather; we shall have a tempest: believe me it was only the wind." "Well, then," said Bertha, "you had better return to the abbey. I will awaken Rosa; her prattle will divert me. Go, go." He plainly perceived that she was fearful of his being discovered in the castle; and, to quiet her, departed. As soon as he was beyond hearing, and her listening ear counted every step, Bertha roused her domestic. The thunder rattled in tremendous peals round the castle: and the vivid lightning gleamed in through every crevice of the dilapidated building. Rosa was more terrified than her mistress, and clung round her for protection. A loud shriek was presently heard; but drowned by such a terrific crash as threatened total destruction to the fabric. Bertha fell on her knees; Rosa sunk beside her; and both remained in fervent prayer, till called to active exertions by the sound of the alarm-bell, which soon roused every servant in the castle. Bertha hastened to her father's chamber, where she beheld him lifeless, disfigured and bloody; while the Baroness frantickly shrieked, tore her hair, and called aloud for vengeance on the murderer. The castle was ineffectually searched; no affaiin could be discovered. Bertha was carried senseless to her apartment, and the Baroness shut herself up from the sight of every one. Father Ambrose, the confessor of the neighbouring convent, was sent for: his pious exhortations were the only means of restoring tranquility to the distressed family: the sanctity of his manners, his active benevolence, humanity, and piety, created him many admirers, among whom the Baroness was not the least zealous.

Bertha, by some unaccountable prejudice, did not feel for the father that enthusiastic veneration prnfessed by the rest of the family: but his subsequent good offices, and friendly advice, to herself and Julian, soon taught her to condemn her former Scepticism; and to him she unburthened every secret care: To him only was the lady Valeria accessible, and he succeeded in regulating her deportment to the observance of decent grief.

Valeria was the illegitimate daughter of an Italian Noble, dissipated and profligate; her earliest days had been passed in gaiety and luxury; and the love of pleasure, pomp, and power, were her leading principles. Her father's affluence, and high favor in the cabinet, had occasioned her to be received into the first company; but an early attachment between her and one of rank far beneath her father's ambitious views, had drawn on her his displeasure. Valeria was too mercenary to give up her expectations, and had sufficient art to calculate every probable advantage: therefore, doubting the stability of her lover's affection, should she be abandoned by her wealthy father, she contrived to gratify her own passion without offending him. And Antonio Adimeni, soon fatiated by indulgence releafed the lady from her vows of fidelity by withdrawing from Naples. She was not too constant for her peace. Chance led her into the presence of the Baron di Montalpine: he was captivated by her beauty, and the wily Valeria neglected no lure to secure her conquest. Age has its follies; nor are they inferior to those of youth. The Baron, delighted with the blandishments of a young and lovely girl, in a short time made her his wife. Valeria no sooner beheld the blooming artless Bertha, than envious hate filled her malignant bosom. She beheld, too, the fondness of the Baron for his adopted son, the orphan Julian, with equal aversion; and the hopes of benefit to her future offspring, made her resolve to ruin the views of the young couple. By slow degrees she rekindled the sparks of family pride in the mind of the Baron; ridiculed his weakness, or child his injustice to his own children; bade him look forward to the providing for a natural heir, and not impoverish him by bestowing his fortune on a beggar. These arguments had the desired effect on the weak Baron, and he soon grew cold in his behaviour to Julian. The spirited youth soon paid his last respects to Bertha, and his resentful deportment increased the evil. Unmindful of all his former promises, the Baron thought he acted full of generosity, when he gave De Valcour a commission in the army, and dismissed him from the castle, with a peremptory command to think no more of Bertha, unless he would draw on his head a parent's curse. Love was too deeply engraven on the hearts of Julian and Bertha to be erased by this cruel mandate; and, thoughtless of consequences, the impetuous youth succeeded in persuading the yielding girl to a private marriage, least fraud or force should throw her into the arms of another, before fortune should enable him to return, and claim her with a father's blessing. Father Ambrose performed the ceremony, and Bertha sacrificed her obedience to her love. De Valcour, then half blest, retired indignantly from the castle, and found a temporary asylum at the Monastry of St. Francis, where he could sometimes hear of Bertha: and, by the friendly aid of father Ambrose, occasionally wandered to the castle, and obtained a private interview with his beloved wife. Such was the state of affairs in the Castle di Montalpine, on the night of the shocking incident before related. Bertha remained in a lethargy of grief, till the succeeding evening, when the sound of the vesper-bell at the monastry reminded her, that in a few hours she must prepare to see Julian. It was their last promised interview; but it was her intention to desire he would not leave the abbey till her father's will had been read.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MEMOIRS OF Mrs. ELIZABETH ROWE.

Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe, not more admired for her fine writings by the ingenious who did not know her, than esteemed and beloved by all her acquaintance, for the many amiable qualities of her heart, was born at Ilchester, in Somersetshire, September 11, 1674; being the eldest of three daughters, of Walter Singer, Esq a gentleman of good family, and Mrs. Elizabeth Portnell; both of them persons of very great worth and piety.

Those who were acquainted with Mrs. Rowe in her childish years, could not but have observed abilities not common at that early period of life; abilities which promised what afterwards enfued, the early dawnings of a great and good mind. She loved the pencil when she has had hardly strength and steadiness of hand to guide it; and even at that early period would squeeze out the juice of herbs and flowers to form her colours. Her father perceiving her inclination and talent for the art, employed a master to instruct her in drawing, which never ceased to be her amusement till death; as it afforded her the pleasure of obliging her friends, by presenting them with the best of her drawings, some of which are still preserved, and held in high estimation. Mrs. Rowe was also very much delighted with music, but chiefly the grave and solemn; which best suited the grandeur of her sentiments, and the sublimity of her devotion: but poetry and writing was her favorite employment, and in youth her muse distinguished excellence. So prevalent was her genius in this way, that her very *prose* had all the charms of *verse*. In the year 1695, and in the twenty-second year of her age, she published a collection of poems subscribed Philomela: her mode ty not consenting that her own name should appear, this was substituted in place of it. *Prior*, the poet, is said to have paid his addresses to her, which she declined receiving; and married Mr. Thomas Rowe, an ingenious young gentleman, who, to the possession of a considerable stock of useful learning, joined the talents of a most lively and engaging conversation; but being of a delicate constitution, his intense application to study, brought on a consumption, which terminated his life in the 28th year of his age; leaving Mrs. Rowe a widow, in which state she continued the remainder of her life.—As soon after his decease as her affairs would permit, she retired to Froome, in her native county, where the greatest part of her property lay, and there indulged her unconquerable inclination to solitude and retirement. She was held in great esteem by the Countess of Hertford, and other great personages, through whose persuasion, she, at different times, spent some few months in London, &c. Yet even on these occasions she never quitted her home without very sincere regret, and always returned to it again as soon as she could, with decency, disengage herself from the importunity of her noble friends. In this retreat she composed the most celebrated of her works; *Friendship in Death*, and several parts of *Letters Moral and Entertaining*, and *Letters from the Dead*, &c.—In 1736, the year before her decease, at the importunity of some friends, she published her *History of Joseph*. After her death, Dr. Watts published a volume of her Religious Thoughts.

As an author, Mrs. Rowe was elegant, chaste, and innocent; evidently designing by representing Virtue in all her genuine beauty, to recommend her to the choice and admiration of the rising generation.

On the 19th of February, 1737, this amiable woman was seized with a distemper, which in a few hours proved mortal. She had immediate medical assistance; but all means were used without success: and, after having given one groan, she expired a few minutes before two o'clock on Sunday morning, February the 20th. Her disease was judged to be an apoplexy. A loose book was found lying open by her, on which she had wrote, shortly before her dissolution, the following unconnected sentences, by which it appears she made the last and best use of the powers of reason below the skies.

O guide, and counsel, and protect my soul from sin!
O speak, and let me know thy heavenly will.
Speak evidently to my state in my soul!
O still my soul with love, with light, and peace,
And whisper home only comforts to my soul!
O speak, celestial Spirit, in the strain
Of love and heavenly pleasure to my soul.

If the circulation of our paper were not confined to certain classes of society, there would be absolute impropriety in publishing the following communication: under existing circumstances, however, it can certainly have no ill tendency; on the contrary, the cause of humanity may possibly derive some feeble aid even from this little production—it may teach compassion to some merciless tyrant, whose ruthless torpid soul has hitherto been steeled against the finest feeling of the generous man,—"to pity another's woe."

FOR THE MINERVA.

THE DYING SLAVE.

O'er my toil'd wither'd limbs sickly languors are shed,
And the dark mists of death on my eye-balls are spread,
Before my last sad ring how gladly I bend,
For the strong arm of Death is the arm of a friend.

Against the hot bruizes hard struggles my breast,
Slow,—slow,—beats my heart and I hasten to rest.
Its longer shall anguish my faint bosom rend,
For the strong arm of Death is the arm of a friend.

No more shall I sink in the hot scorching air,
No more shall sharp hunger my weak body tear:
No more on my limbs shall keen lashes descend;
For the strong arm of Death is the arm of a friend.

Ye ruffians who tore me from all I held dear,
Who mock'd at my railing and smil'd at my tear,
Now,—now all my shame and torture shall end,
For the strong arm of Death is the arm of a friend.

CAIRA, *March 25th*, 1805.

SELECTED FOR

ADVICE TO A LADY.

[BY LORD LYTTELTON.]

(CONCLUDED.)

Contemn the little pride of giving pain,
Nor think that conquest justifies disdain.
Short is the period of insulting power:
Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour;
Soon will resume the empire which he gave,
And soon the tyrant shall become the slave.

Blest is the maid, and worthy to be blest,
Whose soul entire by him she loves possest,
Feels every vanity in fondness lost,
And asks no power, but that of pleasing most:
Her's is the bliss, in just return, to prove
The honest warmth of a dissembled love;
For her inconstant man might cease to range,
And gratitude forbid desire to change.

But, lest harsh care the lover's peace destroy,
And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,
Let Reason teach what Fashion fain would hide,
That Hymen's bands by Prudence should be tied;
Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
If angry Fortune on their union frown:
Soon will the flattering dream of bliss be o'er,
And cloy'd imagination cheat no more.
Then, waking to the sense of lasting pain,
With mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain,
And that fond love, which passion afford relief,
Does but increase the anguish of their grief;
While both could easier their own sorrows bear,
Than the sad knowledge of each other's care.

Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,
Than sell your violated charms for gain,
Than wed the wretch whom you despise or hate,
For the vain glare of useless wealth or state.

Even in the happiest choice, where favouring Heaven
Has equal love and easy fortune given,
Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done:
The prize of happiness must still be won:
And oft, the careless find it to their cost,
The LOVER in the HUSBAND may be lost;
The GRACES might ALONE his heart ALLURE:
THEY and the VIRTUES MEETING must SECURE.

Let e'en your PRUDENCE wear the pleasing dress
Of care for HIM, and anxious TENDERNESS.
From kind concern about his weal or woe,
Let each domestic duty seem to flow.
The HOUSEHOLD SCEPTRE if he bids you bear,
Make it your pride his SERVANT to appear:
Endearing thus the common acts of life,
The MISTRESS still shall charm him in the WIFE;
And wrinkled age shall unobserv'd come on,
Before his eye perceives one beauty gone;
E'en o'er your cold, your ever-sacred urn,
His constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn.

Thus I, Belinda, would your charms improve,
And form your heart to all the arts of love.
The task were harder, to secure my own
Against the power of those already known;
For well you twist the secret chains that bind
With gentle force the captivated mind,
Skill'd every soft attraction to employ,
Each flattering hope, and each alluring joy:
I own your genius, and from you receive
The rules of pleasing, which to you I give.

SONG.

FROM THE SAME.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Awhile by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but her's can hear,
No other wit but her's approve:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

If she some other youth commend,
Though I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love!

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The clearest spring, or shadiest grove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When, fond of power, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spread for every swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

A young man in a deep consumption, feeling himself every moment going faster to decline, is an object sufficiently interesting: but how much must every feeling, on the occasion, be heightened, when we know that this person possessed so much dignity and composure of mind, as not only to contemplate his approaching fate, but even to write a poem on the subject.—The following, is an exact from a poem written by an author in the above situation, on his own approaching death—The subject, and the manner in which it is written, cannot fail of touching the heart of every one who reads it.

Now Spring returns; but not to me returns,
The vernal joy my better years have known:
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns;
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shivering in the unconstant wind,
Meagre and pale, the Ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclined,
And count the silent moments as they pass.

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed,
Nor art can stop, or in their course arrest;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down in peace with them that rest.

Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate:
And morning dreams, as Poets tell, are true:
Led by pale Ghosts, I enter Death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of light and life adieu!

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe;
I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
Which mortals visit and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields, ye cheerful plains!
Enough for me the Church-yards lonely mound;
Where melancholy with still silence reigns,
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground

There let me wander at the close of eve,
When sleep sits dewy on the laborer's eyes;
The World and all its busy fellies leave,
And talk with wisdom where my *Daphnis* lies.

There let me sleep, forgotten, in the clay,
When death shall shut these weary aching eyes;
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.

FOR THE MINERVA.

REFLECTIONS ON SENSIBILITY,

Extracted from Bennet's Letters, *and forwarded for publication by*

A FEMALE FRIEND.

Richmond, March 2d, 1805.

LETTER LXXXIII.

THE tour of affection is unbounded—I have just returned from a circle of ladies, who have been entertaining me with a very long harrangue, on (what they choose to call it) *fine feelings*. This is, in a fashionable subject. The truth is, sensibility is considered as a matter of refinement and a proof of being raised above the vulgar; and many young people, I do believe, would be more hurt by any reflection on their sensibility, than if you suspected their piety and virtue.

This *rage* for the compliment of fine feelings seems to have originated in the writings of Sterne. His very eccentric talents were always contriving some fictitious tale of woe, and bidding the tear to drop: the general circulation of his works, and the novels which have since sprung up in the *Sorbed* of France, and of our own *imaginations*, have led young people to fancy every grace & almost every virtue, comprised under this specious and comprehensive name.

Nothing certainly can be more nauseous and disgusting, than an *affected* sensibility, as nothing is more charming than the pure and genuine. But, with all this *noise* about it, I am far from knowing whether there is much of the real in the world. They, who would be thought to have it in perfection, are only in possession of the *artificial*. For as it is possibility to prefer the turbid pleasures of *midnight* to opening buds and blossoms; to the lesson, which the Creator gives in every vegetable and every insect: to undisturbed contemplation; to the raptures of devotion, or all the fair and enchanting landscapes of creation; to the sentiment, the taste and knowledge that are displayed in the works of the most learned and ingenious men, or the entertainment and delight and profit we might receive from the volume of revelation?—Is it sensibility to form a fancied connexion with one person, and encourage a criminal attachment to another? Is it sensibility to leave the charms, the cries, the wants and tender pleadings of an infant offspring, for the vain and perishable splendour of a ball, a birth night, or a levee?

Every *thinking* person must be disgusted with such a kind of sensibility. Rigid criticism would call it by a very harsh name, and I never has occasion to speak of its evil tendency. Yet Sterne's sensibility led to many of those evils; and who knows not, that a thousand ladies who vaunt fine feelings, are dupes to this ridiculous illusion?

True feeling is of a very different complexion. Like genius it must come from Heaven; indeed it is a part of genius: and, like that, is very rare. It depends considerably on temperament and organization; is much heightened by particular advantage of education, society, friends reading, observation and reflection; and will generally be quickest in the most elevated minds. But, even when it is most genuine and poignant, I will never be a guide safely to be trusted, till it is governed by reason, checked by discretion and moulded by that religion, which requires us to devote every instant we have, to the glory of God, and to the happiness of all our fellow creatures, and ourselves.

Thus consecrated, it is a source of the purest and the richest blessings. It is the parent of an earnest devotion to him, who gave it, and of a thousand blessings to mankind. It appropriates all the sorrows of its brethren! It feels every woe, "rejoices with them that do rejoice, and weeps with them that weep;" and doubly alive to all the exercises of piety, in blossoms, in flowers, in minerals, in vegetables, in stars, in plants, in the azure vault of heaven, in thunders, in storms, in earthquakes, in volcanoes, in the revolutions of empires and destruction of cities, feels most exquisitely, adores and loves and venerates the wisdom, the power, the goodness and wonders of an all present and all disposing God.

It is with this as with every other grace and virtue. There is a false & a true. The false is loud & noisy, much addicted to egotism, & obtrudes itself on public observation in order to gratify its own conceit & vanity: the other, modest, timid, retired, shrinks into itself; feels, but says nothing of its feelings; suffers, but conceals its suffering; rejoices, but does not vaunt its joy, and is too delicate in its nature, and too much interested to solicit pity, or to court approbation. The one is an humble fire work which cracks and sparkles: the other is that lightning, which, in an instant, electrifies and shocks; this is the offspring of heaven! that, the artificial creature of the world.

I will conclude this letter with a contrast taken from life. Flavia lies in bed till noon as soon as she rises, she opens a novel, or a play book; weeps profusely at imaginary distress, sips strong tea, till she is almost in hysterics; concludes, that sensibility is all her own, & is perpetually complaining how her feelings are shocked with such a groan, or such a prospect, the coarseness of this character, and of that conversation, and how the sight of a poor beggar gives her the vapours.

Emily never says a word about her feelings, rises with the dawn, endeavours to fortify her body with air and exercise and her mind with devotion: is oftener seen with her *Bible*, than any other book: seems pleased with every person and every object about her, and puts on a cheerful smile, when her bosom is *really* throbbing with pain, for the distresses of her fellow creatures.

I was lately in her company when a case of very singular distress happened to be related, of a lady reduced, from the height of affluence, to a poverty which she attempted to conceal. She uttered not a syllable, but, in a little while, quitted the room, and returned, after a considerable interval, with eyes that she had vainly bidden not to betray her emotions. The next circumstance I heard was, that she had sent a £. 50 bank note without any signature, to the relief of the fair sufferer. The secret was discovered, contrary to the strictest injunctions, by the imprudence of the bearer. She has, since, adopted one of the daughters, to be educated for her own.

Tell me now, my fair, which of these is the true and the productive sensibility?

ON THE HUMAN HEART.

BY LAVATER.

Each heart is a world of nations, classes, and individuals; full of friendships, enmities, indifferences; full of being and decay, of life and death; the past, the present, and the future; the springs of health, and engines of disease: here joy and grief, hope and fear, love and hate, fluctuate and toss the sullen and the gay, the hero and the coward, the giant and the dwarf, deformity and beauty, on ever-restless waves. You will find all *within* yourself, that you find *without*; the numbers and characters of your friends bear an exact resemblance to your external ones; and your internal enemies are just as many, as inveterate, as irreconcileable as those without. The world that surrounds you is the magic-glass of the world, and of its forms within you: the brighter you are in yourself, so much brighter are your friends; so much more polluted are your enemies. Be assured, then, that to know yourself perfectly, you have only to set down a true statement of those who have ever loved or hated you.

RICHMENEAL REGISTER.

MARRIED, in this city, on the 29th of last month, by the Rev. Mr. Blair, Mr. BENJAMIN STEVENS, Merchant, to the agreeable and much admired Miss NANCY LYLE.

———— in Fredericksburg, on the 27th, by the Rev. Mr. Stevenson, Mr. SAMUEL SOUTHWICK, to Miss LUCINDA RICHARDS, daughter of Mr. John Richards.

———— in Chesterfield county, the same day, Mr. ARMISTEAD HILL, merchant of Petersburg, to the amiable Miss SARAH COGBILL, daughter of Mrs. COGBILL, of Chesterfield county.

———— in Nansemond county, the same day, Mr. RICHARD H. L. LAWSON, of Princess Anne county, to the truly amiable Miss POLLY GODWIN, daughter of Capt. Joe Godwin, of Nansemond.

The following critical remarks on this production, are copied from a London periodical work of high repute:

"To-night (Nov 5th, 1802) a new Farce, entitled, "*Raising the Wind*," was performed for the first time."—"This farce is of the true English stamp, and the best "we have seen for a great length of time. The incidents "follow each other with that rapidity that not a moment "is left for langour; and possess such gaiety, that it is "impossible not to be pleased. The humour is the most "unconstrained that can be imagined."—"This farce de-"served and obtained the most complete success. The "plaudits were almost unremitting. The piece was gi-"ven out for repetition with universal applause."—*Lady's Monthly Museum, No. 11, Vol. ii.*

ALL HAPPINESS IS ILLUSION.

WOE TO HIM WHO ROBS US OF IT.

A DRAMATIC ANECDOTE,

[From the Miscellaneous Works of Kotzebue.].....Translated

BY C. SMITH.

PERSONS.

Judge Belly,
Cooper Simplex,
Francis Simplex, } Two Brothers.
Baron Hurra, a Physician.

[The Theatre is in some great, or in some small town, in the dining-room of Judge Belly, who is fitting at a round table, from which the remaining victuals had already been removed; some cheese, and a bottle of wine was yet left. In the adjoining room was a card table, round which some idlers had placed themselves. Judge Belly, his hands crossed, chewing a bit of cheese, and half asleep, muttered the following monologue.]

"SHALL I drink another bottle of wine, or a dish of Coffee? Shall I get up or fall asleep? Shall I play a game of cards, or catch flies? At five o'clock, I shall have some important business to attend to.—There will be the parson A——— to present me with some tulips,—and parson B——— has promised me a bird of Surinam—and parson C——— is bringing me a tube of a pipe,—and (gaping) my secretary will bring, God knows how many papers which I have to sign."

This last consideration had such a narcotic power on the wise Judge, that his half chew'd bit of cheese fell from his mouth, and his head like a twenty pound bomb, fell upon his shoulder.

My good Judge, if thou knewest the difficulty of the trial that awaits thee! neither flies nor tulips, neither surinam birds, nor tubes, will awake thee from thy slumbers. The storm is approaching, the house-bell is already ringing like a fire bell, they are now upon the stairs, voices like muffled drums are heard, and they are pushing into thy dining room, the sanctuary of thy deity, and thou son of Themis, starkest reelingly up.

[*The Brothers Simplex, drag Baron Hurrd into the room.*]

Francis. Justice! Mr. Judge!

Caspar. Justice and revenge!

Baron Hurra. You are fools, who ought to be sent to Bedlam.

(They continue making a confused noise for some time, so that neither of them could be understood. Judge Belly assumes his official authority and enjoins silence.)

Judge. One after the other, gentlemen! one after the other! slow and distinct!

Francis. This man has made me miserable.

Caspar. And me too.

Baron Hurra. I have made them both happy, and now I am rewarded with ingratitude.

Judge. Who can find out the bottom of all this, 'tis an intricate case.

Baron Hurra. No intricacy at all, Honorable Judge, I beg to be heard.

Judge. Granted.

(He places himself properly upon his chair, assumes an official air, and Baron Hurra begins.)

"These two gentlemen are brothers, both of them recognize nature as their step-mother, for both were neglected by her in soul and body. In body—for only a few days ago the one was blind, and the other deaf: both together had no more than two open eyes, and two sound ears. Judge then! here stands the deaf, who now hears as good as we—There stands the blind, who now sees as good as we—And who was it that bestowed on them this benefaction! That opened their eyes and ears! It was I! I have summoned all my knowledge, I have succeeded, and what have I deserved, reward or punishment!"

Judge. Reward to be sure.

Francis. Stop—not so precipitate, Honorable Judge, I shall in a few words prove to you the contrary. It is true I was born blind, and ah! were I so still, I should not at this moment stand before you with grief in my heart. What we never possessed we can easily do without; what we lose we can never forget:

I loved a girl who made me happy, I could not see, but could hear her. Oh what sweetnefs of voice! Whole days I would hear her, and I felt happy.

When her soft hand touched me, when I slumbered on her bosom, I forgot my blindness, and nothing was wanting to my happiness. Our wedding day was already fixed upon, when an unfriendly dæmon made me acquainted with this man. He offered his services, I yielded to persuasion too soon, and was unhappily restored to sight. My first view fell upon *Amelia*. Oh, heavens what a spectacle! Disfigured by the small-pox, trickling eyes, wrinkled cheeks, red hair and bandy legs. She spoke, it was still the sweet tone of her voice, but it proceeded from a yawning throat. She touch'd me, it was still the soft squeeze of her hand, but her squinting at me went through bone and marrow. In short, vanished was my love; and an insupportable vacuum, a disagreeable feeling such as I never felt before, has now possessed my heart. I am unhappy, and whom have I to thank for it, but this physician, who forced his remedy upon me. Had he left me blind as I was, *Amelia* would not be my wife, and in my opinion a beauty.

Judge. Singular! they are both in the right.

Caspar. Now it is my turn to be heard, Honorable Judge. I was born deaf, and I would give one half of my property if I could re-purchase with it the time of my deafness. I loved a girl who was the joy of my life. I could not hear her, but I could see her, oh, how elegant her figure, how languishing her eyes, how lovely the dimples on her cheeks, whole days I could stand before her, and admire her charms with extacy.

I beheld her blue eyes, and thought to observe in them what I could not hear. My attachment, in spite of my deafness, had already attracted her inclination; the day of our union was near at hand, when I became acquainted with this robber of my happiness, who talked a great deal of his skill, forced upon me his remedies, and, at last, to my sorrow, effected a cure.

On the wings of love I flew to my *Henrietta* and told her that I now could hear her. She spoke—but oh, heavens! all she said was so stupid, and so silly, that I started almost lifeless at her face. It was still the same sweet mouth but it spouted nonsense.

She still had the same lovely dimples on her cheeks, but she smiled when there was nothing to smile at. In short, her charms vanished before my eyes. I saw but an ignorant damsel, and my love extinguished. The same vacuum, the same disagreeable sensation, of which my brother was complaining, I feel with double weight. I am unhappy, and whom have I to thank for it? but this doctor who cured me against my will. Had he left me in my happy state of deafness, *Henrietta* would now be my wife and in my opinion would have more sense than the Goddess of Wisdom

Judge. Strange! they are all three in the right!

All three at once. No, I'm right.

Judge. Silence, gentlemen. This is an intricate case—Jeremias fetch me down the *Corpus Juris*.

Jeremias waddled to the study room of the learned Judge, wiped the dust from some dozens of large books, and brought, as he could not read, some translation of an old heathenish philosopher.

Judge Belly opened the book on a venture, and the first phraze that struck his fancy, was,

ALL HAPPINESS IS ILLUSION;

WOE TO HIM WHO ROBS US OF IT.

A CURIOUS FRENCH LOVE TRIAL.

On the 26th Vendemaire (year 13) or 18th of November, 1804, a curious trial in a love affair was decided by the tribunal at Toulouse, of which the following are the particulars:

A young peasant of the name of La Fay, of the department of Ariege, fell in love with Maria Arigini, in the parish of Cassaigne. She was a young girl of property, and La Fay possessed nothing: he dared, therefore, not pay his addresses to her, and demand her in the usual manner. Love, however, inspired him with a fraud to make her his wife, both without her own and her relations consent.

Accompanied with a person dressed in womans clothes he went before the Mayor of St. Girons, and presented a certificate, stating, that the banns for himself and Maria Arigini had been published, according to law, in the parish church of Cassaigne. La Fay, was, in consequence, married to the person in his company, and took out the certificate of his marriage. With this in his hand, he went directly to Cassaigne, and demanded of Maria's relations, to have his wife given over to him. The whole family, and, most of all, the girl, were as might be expected, greatly surprised. Maria insisted on knowing nothing of this pretended husband, and declared that she had consented to no marriage, and of course was not married. She protested, therefore, before a public notary, against this act, and signed a power of attorney for her brother to prosecute La Fay before the tribunals, and to procure her justice and protection from the laws.

Upon enquiry, it was found out that the certificate of the banns being published was a forgery, and the imperial attorney general ordered, therefore, La Fay to be criminally prosecuted. In the mean time La Fay concealed himself, and three months passed over in inquiries, to find out whether Maria Arigina, or who else was the person to whom he had been married.

During this period, La Fay procured himself often opportunity to see Maria in secret, who, after pitying forgave him a fraud, the consequence of his love, and declared her determination to reward the latter with her hand and fortune. She eloped, therefore, from her brothers house and joined her lover, whose wife she acknowledged herself to be, and it was in her arms that the gens d'armes found him when they went to arrest him, after his retreat was discovered. Carried before the tribunal, Maria stood by his side, and repeated that she was his wife, and that nothing but death should separate them. La Fay, in his turn declared, that Maria was the person to whom he had been married before the Mayor of St. Girons, and that it was from her that he received the forged certificate. This Maria affirmed, recalled the protest signed before the public notary, together with the power of attorney given to her brother, in saying that both these acts had been signed by her from the fear of her brother, who had threatened to kill her in case of refusal. The certificate, she said she procured from an unknown person, who had compassion on her situation. She added, that, though of age, she dared not openly act against her brothers will—which was the cause of her having behaved as she did, until she found an opportunity of flying into her husbands arms.

In consequence of this declaration, the tribunal ordered even Maria to be arrested, and, after a space of eight months, she, with La Fay, was carried before their judges at Toulouse. The Mayor of St. Girons, his secretary, and four other persons witnessing the ceremony of the marriage, were all present, and unanimous in their declaration that Maria was not the girl whose marriage with La Fay they had seen. Maria, however, insisted on the contrary. She gave a description of the furniture of the room at the Municipality at St. Girons, in which they were married. She related some remarks made by the persons present during the ceremony, with some words said by the mayor to the secretary. She knew again every bed, who was present: painted them out by their names and titles, and recalled to their remembrance some expressions they used on that occasion. As she did not contradict herself but was so determined to be La Fay's wife, the imperial commissary, who, in the name of the attorney general, pursued this affair, withdrew his profecution as to the marriage, but continued it on account of the forged certificate. It was impossible for La Fay to have been the fabricator of it, as he could neither read nor write, but he and his wife and both made us of it knowing it to be forged, were and therefore found guilty. La Fay was condemned to the galleys at Marseilles, for eight years, & Maria Arigini to four years hard labour in the house of correction at Toulouse.

This trial excited great interest, particularly among the youth of both sexes. A petition was drawn up, signed by four thousand bachelors and maids, and intended to be presented to the emperor. But, before it could reach Paris, Maria, with her husband, escaped from prison, and as she had long before disposed of all her property, amounting to 9000 livres (250l.) in the year, it is supposed that these persons intended to settle in some foreign country. However, his majesty in his wisdom, pardon them, which it is hoped will be the case as her majesty the empress interested herself in their behalf, they may return, and repair in their own department the errors of their youth with an honorable life.

It is regarded as a certainty at Toulouse, that the person to whom La Fay was married in a young peasant, who had dressed himself in women's clothes to serve his friend.

[*Journal des Tribunaux.*

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The MINERVA;

Or, LADY's AND GENTLEMAN's MAGAZINE.

VOLUME I.] RICHMOND:—*FRIDAY*, APRIL 12, 1805. [NUMBER 31.

LIFE OF MADAME DU CHATELET.

Gabriella-Emilia Tonnelier-de Breteuil, Marchioness du Chatelet was descended from a very ancient family of Picardy, established at Paris for above three hundred years. She was the daughter of the Baron de Breteuil, introductor of foreign princes and ambassadors at court, and was born on the 17th of December, 1705. At a very early age she displayed great strength of genius and vivacity of imagination. She shewed a peculiar fondness for the belles-lettres, and devoted great part of the early period of her life to the study of the ancients. Virgil, above all, was her favorite author. She had a wonderful attachment to the Aeneid, and even began a translation of it; but unluckily, that work was never brought to a conclusion. She was, likewise, remarkably fond of perusing the works of the best French poets, and could repeat the most beautiful and striking passages of them. She applied also to foreign languages; and, in a little time, made herself so far mistress of the English and Italian, as to be able to read Milton and Tasso with ease.

Madame du Chatelet, however, did not confine herself to the study of the belles-lettres only. Metaphysics and mathematics were objects also of her pursuit; and Leibnitz, a philosopher equally profound and ingenious, was the guide whom she chose to direct her in this new path. By close application she was soon enabled to write an explanation of that celebrated German's philosophy, under the title of *Institutions of Physics*, which she composed principally for the use of the Count du Chatelet-Lomont, her son. If this work is entitled to praise, on account of the order and perspicuity observed in it, the preliminary discourse, which Voltaire justly calls a master-piece of eloquence and reasoning, is undoubtedly highly interesting. In this discourse which is addressed by the Marchioness to her son, she first shews, that one of the most sacred duties of men is to pay the strictest attention to the education of their children; after which she requests that he would take advantage of the dawn of reason, and endeavour to preserve himself from that ignorance which is so common among persons of his rank. "You must accustom your mind early," says she, "to think, and to find resources in itself; you will be less liable throughout life to comfort and consolation arises from study; and you will even see that it can afford pleasure and delight." She then advises him to apply principally to natural philosophy; gives an account of the plan she proposes to follow in her lessons; and traces out, in a few words, how much that science has been indebted to those philosophers who have appeared since Descartes. In explaining the system of the latter, and that of Newton, she relates the violent disputes they created, and exhorts him at the same time, to guard against party spirit, which always impedes the discovery of truth. "It is assuredly very unreasonable," continues she, "to make a kind of national affair of the opinions of Newton and Descartes. When a book in philosophy is in question, we ought to ask if it be good; and not whether the author is an Englishman, a Frenchman, or a German." Madame du Chatelet exhorts her son also, not to carry his respect for great men to an excess bordering on idolatry. These reflections, presented with equal strength and sentiment, lead her insensibly to speak of Leibnitz, and the ideas of that philosopher on metaphysics; but in this part she seems to deviate from her own precepts, and to fall into that enthusiasm against which she cautions her son. This slight fault may, however, be very readily excused in a preface, which contains abundance of useful maxims, and an excellent analysis of the work for which it was intended.

Madame Du Chatelet had too much judgment, and was too ardent in the pursuit of truth, to dwell long on the chimeras of metaphysics; she readily quitted, therefore, the imaginations of Leibnitz, in order to give herself up to the clear and perspicuous doctrine of Newton. Having, by close application, gained a complete knowledge of that eminent philosopher's principles, she undertook the arduous task of making a translation of them from the original Latin into French, which she published with an admirable commentary, and by this enterprise rendered an essential service to science.

This commentary, which is far superior to the translation, is composed of two parts, and is preceded by a short history of astronomy, from Pythagoras to the present time. The first part contains an explanation of the most remarkable phænomena of our system; and the second, an analytical solution of the principal problems which relate to it. When we reflect on the dryness of the subject, and the little analogy it has with the delicacy and vivacity of the fair sex, we cannot help admiring the abilities of the authoress, and calling to mind the following lines, which Voltaire addresses to her, in his Epistle on Newton's Philosophy.

Some of those pleasures which too oft engage
The youthful mind to guarded let by age,
Here could you wear, and with so vast a flight,
Great Newton follow right,
To that dark course hid from the light of day,
Where Nature's self forced to go astray.

Madame Du Chatelet's manners were no less estimable than her talents. Though formed by her figure, her rank, and her knowledge, to be distinguished from the greater part of those among whom she lived, she seemed never to be sensible of the advantages which she enjoyed. She was fond of glory, but with no ostentation. "No servile" says Mr de Voltaire, "ever professed so much knowledge, and yet none ever shewed her learning less. She spoke on scientific subjects to those only whom she thought she could instruct, and never with any view to call forth applause." This portrait must undoubtedly exhibit a just likeness of Madame Du Chatelet, for no one had a better opportunity of knowing her character than the person by whom it is traced out. Every one, almost, is acquainted with the close intimacy which subsisted between this celebrated lady and Voltaire for nearly twenty years. The taste which they each had for physic and the belles-lettres served to render this connexion extremely agreeable to the latter, who seems to have derived no small benefit from it. Without the advice of his friend, to whose friendly many of his pieces perhaps, would have contained such a number of beauties. On every thing he wrote Madame Du Chatelet was consulted: and her criticisms were always so proper, that her counsel was generally followed.

A woman, who has no other merit than that of being learned, is certainly wanting in her duty to society. No reproach, however, can be thrown out against Madame Du Chatelet on this head. Her domestic family never made her forget what she owed to her family: she took upon herself the care of the education of her son, whom she instructed in geometry; and she did not think it below her to enter into all those details which are required in the management of a house. Instead of delighting in slander, or ridicule, she often became the advocate of those who in her presence were made the objects of either. She possessed so much greatness of soul, that though she perfectly knew that she was exposed to the shafts of malice, she never shewed the smallest desire of being revenged on her enemies. A pitiful pamphlet, in which one of those authors, who delight in blackening reputations, had made very free with hers, being put into her hands, she said, "that if the author had lost his time in writing such useless stuff, she would not lose hers in reading it;" and next morning she exerted herself to liberate him from prison, even without his knowledge.

All that Madame Du Chatelet can be blamed for is, that she took too little care of her health, and sacrificed it to the glory. Long before her death, she foresaw the fatal stroke which at length carried her off. Being then apprehensive that sufficient time would not be left for her to finish the commentary she had begun on *Newton's Principia*, she devoted every moment almost to it, and by these means hastened her dissolution, in order to secure immortality to her works. "She perceived her end approaching," (says Voltaire) and by a singular mixture of sentiments which appeared to be at variance, she seemed to regret life, and to meet death with intrepidity. The melancholy though of an eternal separation sensibly affected her soul and the philosophy with which it was filled did never retain all her courage. A man who, tearing himself sadly from his weeping family, is calmly making preparations for a long voyage, is only a faint portrait of her firmness and grief; so that those who beheld her last moments, felt doubly, by their own affliction and regret, the pangs which they sustained, and admired at the same time the strength of her mind, which blended with so affecting a sorrow, so unshaken a composure." She died at Luneville in 1794, aged forty-three, some time after she had been delivered of a child. She was a member of several foreign academies.

SINGULAR INVITATION
FOR A FEMALE COMPANION.

[FROM A HAMBURGH PAPER.]

The Lady Inviter is Miss Wilhelmina Henrietta Antonia, of Altona.

"AS I have not yet found a man," says Miss Antonia, "whom I can love, I have contracted a general desire to please, either by politeness, by following the fashions, or by a spirit of malice, which however never degenerates into genuine coquettishness. An invincible love for liberty, and a certain taste for idleness and ease, which renders every kind of authority insupportable to me, have prevented me, hitherto, from marrying.

"I have not yet found any man so superior as to command me, so amiable as to enslave me, so void of character as to be my slave, or so discreet and so faithful as to be my friend.

"I have a mind too elevated, a heart too timid, and an imagination too ardent, for me to be the subject of a long continued delusion. I neither wish to command nor to obey any man. I wish for a friend with whom I may pass my life, and divide my fortune, united by the purest the truest, and the most virtuous sentiments, without constraint, and without reserve, without false delicacy, and without vanity: music, interesting reading, the society of some well-informed man would fill up our lives.

"If therefore, there is to be found a woman between the age of twenty-six and thirty-six, of a good constitution, and a moral character, well brought up, who, together with a pure and sensible heart, a reasonable and unaffected mind, and a correct taste, possesses a happiness, feminine qualities, prudence, and that sincerity which the common intercourse of life requires, I should be happy to offer her my friendship and my house:—I should wish that she should neither be ugly, nor absolutely poor. If the particulars which I have enumerated are found to answer, I hope that she will with a noble frankness acquaint me through the medium of the *Affiches des Empire*, with her good qualities and even with her failings; and that she will consent to share with me the pleasures and the pains of life. She will find in my house an income of four thousand marks, annually; a commodious and extensive apartment, with a fine view over a large garden towards the Elbe, entirely at her own disposal. My carriage and my servants shall be entirely at her command: she shall eat by herself when she pleases. We shall make trial of each other's disposition for three years. All I stipulate is, that she shall be neither a Frenchwoman, a Jewess, nor a Lady of Quality."

From the LADY's (London) MUSEUM.

IT was about the middle of October when Mr Starfield was on his return to the University of Cambridge (having some business to transact in the town of L——, he purposed stopping there a few days. Besides the business which detained him at L——, he was impelled to stop by an innocent curiosity. His friend Dovedale, then a student in the University of Oxford, had commenced an attachment in a family there: which his parents not wishing to indulge, or he to give up, he was constrained to make Mr Starfield his confidant. As Dovedale's attachment was one of the most honorable and sincere, he was very cautious to whom he entrusted the secret: for the few who really feel the passion of love are the least vain, to make it known: while they, with vanity themselves in love, make every one their confidant. Dovedale, seeing the necessity of a friend's confidence though he could not make a better choice than Mr. Starfield. They had been from their infancy schoolfellows, and never had cause of complaint, until they were sent to separate universities. Dovedale's attachment had continued, and encreased, for some time before his parents discovered it: but the time of their apprehension. Dovedale, even by his best friend, could never be prevailed on to declare the lady's name: for in love there are many little yearnings which however innocent, are extremely mortifying to the ear of a lover. It was now, therefore, the wish of Mr Starfield to discover this family; not through any malicious intention to his friend, but from a curiosity natural to young men. He had some hopes of succeeding from many little incidents he had collected from Dovedale's conversation: for when a lover has once met with a true confidant, he cannot, without pain, converse on any other subject, and, notwithstanding his utmost wishes to conceal his secrets, love will at intervals be seen to sparkle in all his words and actions: for, as Shakespeare observes,

A murderous guilt shews not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid.

It was near the close of evening, and Mr. Starfield, who had rode on the outside of the coach for the purpose of enjoying the sweet and sober scenery of a mild Autumn, thought proper to remove into the inside to avoid the evening damps. He there found three passengers, two ladies, and a gentleman. From what he could gather from their discourse, he inferred that one of the ladies was uncon-

nected with the other two paſsengers; which was shortly after confirmed by their alighting about eight miles from B——, leaving only Mr Starfield and the other lady in the coach. Mr. Starfield was at first surprized at her travelling alone, for she seemed scarcely more than eighteen: she, however, said, she had been on a short country visit, and was then returning to her friends at B——. Mr. Starfield thought this a fine opportunity to indulge his curiosity respecting his friend: but it was his chief solicitude to purſue it without betraying the smallest circumstance which might tend to his friend's detriment. Mr. Starfield indeed, wanted neither senſe nor politeneſs; he had, by a refined education, and generous diſposition, attained every accomplishment which constitutes the gentleman. His fair fellow paſsenger seemed, by her addreſs, to be of no mean family: she said her name was Westgrove; and he was convinced, by her manner of converſation, that her diſposition was at once amiable and refined.

When they arrived at B——, it was night, and the lady's servant not being come to the inn to meet her, Mr. Starfield requested, and obtained the favor of attending her home. He staid supper; and was so much liked by the parents and family of the lady, that he was requested to reſide there during his stay at B——.

Beauty though unable alone to secure love, is often the first source of that paſsion. But Miſs Westgrove wanted neither sweetneſs of diſposition, or liberal accomplishments to retain that love which her beauty alone was able to excite. Mr. Starfield had now an opportunity both of seeing, and consequently of admiring her. He found that, exclusive of her personal charms, she had a taste for music, poetry, and most of the liberal arts which adorn the female sex. He began to feel in his bosom an unusual senſation, which none but thoſe who have felt can poſsibly conceive: he felt a pure and honorable love for the daughter of his host. He immediately gave up all thoughts of his useless curiosity respecting his friend's paſsion, to purſue his own, and not being immediately required at Cambridge, reſolved to stay a few weeks.

He soon became intimate with the family, and gained every mark of their esteem. He then thought of nothing but urging his suit; and, if ſucceſsful, of writing to his friend Dovedale at Oxford, on his happineſs of having formed an attachment in the same town with him. Tho' he had a heart susceptible of the warmest impreſsions, he had too much good ſenſe and education to run into any preſumption. Indeed, the real paſsion of love is itself sufficient to restrain assurance, for it is only the rake or libertine that outsteps the limits of decency. As he knew his fortune to be considerable, he hardly doubted of ſucceſs; yet he was conscious of the impropriety of making an addreſs on so short an acquaintance. He consequently reſolved to make frequent visits, till a better acquaintance with each other might give him the opportunity he wished. He had now but two days more to stay, and grew rather penſive and dejected. He wished, before he went, to give some hint of his paſsion, but was utterly at a loſs how to begin. While he was thus meditating on the subject one afternoon, she entered the room, and, to his utter astonishment and confuſion, he saw the portrait of his friend Dovedale suſpended on her bosom.

BARNEY.

THE LOVER's HEART.

THE following tale is recorded in the Historical Memoirs of Champagne, by Bougier. It has been a favorite narrative with many old romance writers, and though the tale itſelf cannot boast a *moral tendency*, yet the feelings are so completely interested throughout the relation of it, that it has obtained admiſsion into ſeveral modern poems; and it is imagined that a genuine relation of the extraordinary circumſtance, unembellished by the licences of poetry or the powers of fiction, may not be unacceptable to the generality of readers.

"The Lord De Concy, vaſsal to the Count De Champagne, was one of the handſomest and moſt accomplished men of the age in which he lived; and if any palliation can be offered for the crime of inconstancy, the lady of Lord du Fayel might plead it as an excuse. Wedded to a man whoſe inhumanity of diſposition and depravity of heart precluded the possibility of either eſteem or tenderneſs, she could not help acknowledging the ſuperiority of her lover, and heard of his intention to accompany the King and the Count De Champagne to the wars in the Holy Land with unfubdued regret and fearful apprehenſion.

"The hour of departure at length arrived. The Lady, in taking leave of her lover, preſented him with ſome rings, ſome diamonds, and a string that she had woven of his own hair intermixed with silk, and buttons of large pearls to cover his helmet, which was the fashionable dreſs for warriors at that period.

"When the gallant hero arrived at Paleſtine, his heart beat high with the love of fame, and, anxious to signalize himſelf at the siege of Acre, he was the first who undauntedly reſolved to aſcend the ramparts; yet for this proof of temerity he lost his life.

"De Concy's wound was inſtantly pronounced mortal, and the few moments between life and eternity were employed by the ardent lover in reconciling the object of his tenderneſs to the ſeverity of his fate, and conjuring his Eſquire to embalm his heart, convey it to his miſtreſs, and preſent her at the same time with the laſt sentiments of an expiring man, who cherished her image amidst the pangs of death.

"The attached domeſtic, faithful to the trust repoſed in him by his Lord, prepared to fulfil his dying requeſt; and as soon as the heart was properly embalmed, returned to France with the melancholy relic, and concealed himſelf in a neighbouring wood, nearly contiguous to Du Fayel's domain, with an intent of watching a favorable moment for delivering up his precious prize.

"The jealous husband, ſuſpicious of all objects near his dwelling, unfortunately encountered the faithful Eſquire, and perceiving, by the embarraſsed mannner in which he anſwered his enquiries, ſome extraordinary circumſtance had occasioned his arrival, threatened immediately to deſtroy his exiſtence, unleſs he made a full diſcloſure of it. Terrified at the proſpect of being deprived of life, and having no arms to defend himſelf againſt his adverſary, he frankly diſcloſed the nature of his embaſſy, and delivered the heart and letter into his hands.

"Elated with pleaſure, and inſpired with rage, the inhuman Du Fayel ordered the cook into his preſence, commanded him to mince to atoms the devoted heart, and dreſs it with gravy to his Lady's palate.

"Unſuſpicious of the inhumanity of the design, and peculiarly pleaſed with the cook's excellence in his art, Lady Du Fayel completely dined upon the dish which her fanguinary husband carefully recommended.

"As soon as the repaſt was ended, Du Fayel enquired if the ragout was to her taſte, and upon being answered that it was——"*excellent!*" he replied——"I knew you would like it, and therefore had it dreſsed; for know, Madam," continued the inhuman monſter, "that you have devoured the heart of the Lord De Concy!"

"Incapable of believing ſo striking an inſtance of depravity, she at firſt refuſed to give it any credit, but the sight of the letter, the diamonds and the hair, too soon convinced her of the fatal truth.

"Shuddering with horror at the cruel recital, and urged by an impulſe of deteſtation and deſpair, she thus replied——"It is true that I loved that heart, because it merited my regard, for never could I find one like it; and since I have eaten of ſo noble a meal, and my stomach is the tomb of ſo precious a heart, I will take care that nothing of inferior worth shall ever be mixed with it!"

"Grief and indignation then choaked her utterance.—She retired to her chamber, cloſed the door within side, refuſed to admit either food or conſolation, and expired on the fourth day after her entrance."

The Female Sex described by St. Pierre.

How little are they acquainted with the laws of Nature who in their opinion of the two Sexes, look for nothing farther than the pleaſures of ſenſe. They are only culling the flowers of life without once taſting its fruits. The Fair sex, that is the phraſe of our men of pleaſure, women are known to them under no other idea, but besides this it is the creative ſex which gives birth to man, and the cherishing ſex which suckles and cherishes him in infancy. It is the pious ſex which conducts him to the altar while he is yet a child, and teaches him to draw in with the milk of the breast, the love of religion.—It is the pacific ſex, which sheds not the blood of a fellow creature; and the ſympathising ſex which miniſters to the sick, and handles without hurting them.

FEMALE FASHIONS—London—For Feb. 1805.

FULL DRESSES.....A robe of ruby coloured velvet, made looſe from the shoulders in front, and very low in the back; short ſleeves of velvet and white crape. The robe worn over a dress of white crape, the front of which is looped down with a diamond broach, and trimmed with a quilling of blond lace. The hair dreſsed with a bandeau of diamonds and white oſtrich feathers. White kid shoes. A round dreſs of gold coloured crape, embroidered with silver, the back and ſleeves of white ſatin: the ſleeves full, and looped up with pearls or diamonds. The hair dreſsed with an Etruſcan bandeau and oſtrich feathers. White shoes.

PROMENADE DRESSES.....A round dreſs of white muſlin. A large Indian shawl. White beaver hat, bound with ſcarlet, and ornamented with a ſcarlet feather, to match the shawl.—A crimſon Velvet Peliſſe, trimmed all round with double lace. Habit shirt, trimmed with lace. Velvet bonnet to correſpond with the peliſſe. Black Jean shoes.

HEAD DRESSES.—A cap of lemon coloured crape with a very deep border of white lace, the front ornamented with red roſes. Bonnet of yellow ſatin, finished with a bow of ribband of the same colour. A veil cap, with a front formed of black and pink silk, ornamented with a bow on the top. A bonnet of blue silk, turned up before and behind, trimmed with the same. A hat of pink silk covered with netting of the same colour, and embroidered with black velvet. A black feather. A bonnet of crimſon velvet, with a black feather. A ſmall cap of blue ſatin, covered with a lace veil.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS....The favorite colours are blue, pink, green, and crimſon. Feathers are univerſally adopted. For full-dreſs, velvet or ſatin are preferred, Small bodies, made of coloured ſatin, and trimmed all round with quillings of the same, are much worn over white dreſses. Small tuckers of white crape, made in the shape of a gown front, and trimmed round with a quilling of blond lace, are the only covering for the neck. For the opera, cloaks or peliſſes of blue or pink ſatin are very fashionable.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE HERMIT.

BY JAMES BEATTIE, LL. D.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulneſs prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove;
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung ſymphonious, a Hermit began;
No more with himſelf or with nature at war,
He thought as a Sage, though he felt as a Man.

'Ah why, all abandon'd to darkneſs and wo,
'Why, lone Philomela, that languiſhing fall?
'For Spring ſhall return, and a lover bestow,
'And ſorrow no longer thy boſom inthral.
'But if pity inſpire thee, renew the ſad lay,
'Mourn ſweeteſt complainer, man calls thee to
'mourn;
'O ſoothe him, whoſe pleaſures like thine pass away.
'Full quickly they paſs—but they never return.
'Now gliding remote on the verge of the ſky,
'The moon half extinguiſhed her crescent displays:
'But lately I mark'd, when majeſtick on high
'She ſhone, and the planets were loſt in her blaze.
'Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladneſs purſue
'The path that conducts thee to ſplendor again.
'But Man's faded glory, what change ſhall renew!
'Ah fool! to exult in a glory ſo vain.

''Tis night, and the landſcape is lovely no more;
'I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
'For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
'Perfumed with freſh fragrance, and glittering with
'dew.
'Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
'Kind Nature the embryo bloſſom will save.
'But when ſhall Spring visit the mouldering urn!
'O when ſhall it dawn on the night of the grave!"

''Twas thus, by the glare of falſe Science betray'd,
'That leads, to bewilder; and dazzles to blind;
'My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to
'shade,
'Deſtruction before me, and ſorrow behind,
"O pity, great Father of light," then I cry'd,
"Thy creature who fain would not wander from
'Thee!
"Lo, humbled in duſt, I relinquiſh my pride
"From doubt and from darkneſs thou only canſt
'free."

'And darkneſs and doubt are now flying away.
'No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
'So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,
'The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
'See Truth, Love and Mercy, in triumph deſcending,
'And Nature all glowing in Eden's firſt bloom!
'On the cold cheek of Death ſmiles and roſes are
'blending,
'And Beauty Immortal awakes from the tomb."

VERSES TO A YOUNG LADY.

SAY why that deep and frequent ſigh,
Heaves thy fond boſom, gentle fair;
The tear that trembles in thine eye,
Ah! flows it from the fount of care?
Thou look'ſt indeed, like ſome fair flow'r,
Sinking beneath the dewy show'r.

Too well I gueſs thy ſecret woe:
Thou weep'ſt to think that one short day
May bid thy beauties ceaſe to glow,
And pilfer every grace away.
'Tis this that melts thy tearful eyes,
And heaves thy tender breaſt with ſighs.

Yet ſhall not all thy beauties fade
Beneath rough Time's auſtere controul:
His keeneſt froſts ſhall ne'er invade
The bright receſſes of thy ſoul,
Which, purer than the veſtal flame,
Forever burns, and burns the ſame

The MINERVA;

Or, LADY's AND GENTLEMAN's MAGAZINE.

VOLUME I.] RICHMOND:—*FRIDAY*, APRIL 19, 1805. [NUMBER 32.

HENRIETTA ST. LEGER.

Handſome, well bred and accompliſhed, Henrietta had attained her ſeventeenth year, intoxicated with flattery, her numerous virtues were obſcured by levity, and the fond indulgence of her parents father ſtrengthened her in error, than eradicated thoſe falſe prejudices ſhe entertained. Yet there were in her mind lurking merits, that reſtrained her from all exceſs, and ſo well tempered her failings, as to diminiſh them almoſt beyond perception.

Among thoſe who knew and juſtly eſtimated her worth, was the Count D'Arcy, a nobleman of immenſe fortune and equal philanthropy. Nature had not been prodigal to his perſon, and he was paſt the meridian of life; deficiencies (that Henrietta, acculſtomed to the admiration of the fineſt men in Paris) could not eaſily overlook, even had not a more inſeparable barrier ſubſiſted between them.

D'Arcy had a friend, graceful in perſon and inſinuating in manner. The bright ſable eyes of Albert beamed ſuch intelligent rays to the heart of Henrietta as ſoon taught it to own no other power.

The Baron St. Leger ſaw the preposſeſſion of his daughter with pain: he eſteemed D'Arcy, and fixed his fondeſt hopes on his union with Henrietta, but ſhe repaid his attentions with ſcorn, and determined no other than Albert ſhould command her affections.

D'Arcy, who beheld with agony her decided preference, withdrew his ſuit, and ſecretly endured all the anguiſh of a hopeleſs and diſappointed paſſion. The Baron vainly entreated her to pay a proper attention to the character of her young lover, which he feared was ſuch as would deſtroy the peace of his child. Theſe were the precautions of age prone to ſuſpicion. The mind of Henrietta was too open to harbour the remoteſt idea of unworthineſs in a beloved object, and ſhe yielded to his ſuit with a generous frankneſs that ſoon rendered farther precaution needleſs. The day was fixed for their union, and the neglected D'Arcy retired from a ſcene of torture to his chatean in a remote part of the province. The Baron ſhed tears at his departure, lamented his daughter's infatuation; and promiſed always to think of him with the warmeſt friendſhip.

The morning that was to make the lovely Henrietta a bride, at length arrived: her heart bounded with delight, nor was Albert leſs tranſported: he ſaw her unſuſpecting confidence and tender affection, and while beauty filled his mind with admiration, her innocence brought with it a pang he vainly tried to conceal. He faltered as he paid her the morning ſalutation; and when he would have raiſed her hand to his lips his own dropped nerveleſs by her ſide. Alarmed almoſt to fainting by his emotion, Henrietta ſunk into a chair, and the ceremony was ſuſpended for a few moments, in which interval a ſervant delivered her a letter to Miſs St. Leger. Aſtoniſhed at perceiving the ſuperſcription in an unknown hand, ſhe haſtily tore it open, and read in an almoſt unintelligible ſcrawl, theſe words: "If you have the leaſt humanity, ſuſpend your marriage with Albert Dufour, till you ſee the unhappy writer of this, to whom the bearer will conduct you. Bid Albert remember the wrongs of

Maria De Lacy."

It were difficult to deſcribe the agitation of Henrietta on the peruſal of this; ſtill more ſo that of Albert, whoſe perturbed looks evinced his guilt, and he retired from the room to conceal his evident alarm. Too fond to condemn upon ſlight grounds, ſhe inſtantly accompanied the bearer of the note; and a poſt chaiſe which ſtood in waiting, ſoon conveyed them to a neat cottage on the banks of the Seine, about twenty miles from the Baron's Caſtle. The woman, her companion, led her into a ſmall apartment, and begged her to wait a few minutes, while ſhe prepared her miſtreſs for her reception, who was, ſhe informed her, in a very infirm ſtate of health. She then left her in a ſtate of the moſt anxious ſuſpence. It now for the firſt time occurred to her that this might be but a ſtratagem of D'Arcy's to get her into his power, and ſhe every moment expected him to enter the apartment. Her terrors were ſoon removed—her conductreſs returned, leading in a young woman whoſe pallid countenance ſhewed the traces of deep diſtreſs, and the moſt winning loveline ſs; in her hand ſhe held a blooming boy of two years old, who poſted vainly endeavouring to ſupport her feeble ſteps. The claſped her hands together as Henrietta roſe from her ſeat, and as the tears trickled down her cheeks, would have fallen on her knees to the ground: but Henrietta ſprang forward, caught her in her arms, and, placing her on a ſeat, But all utmoſt endeavours to keep her in a ſtate of ſenſibility. As ſoon as the young woman revived, ſhe ordered an Auattendant to withdraw, and turning to Miſs St. Leger, addreſſed her in a tone of voice ſo ſweetly plaintive, Goldsmith ſuch as touched her to the heart.

"You behold, Madam," ſaid ſhe, "an unhappy woman, who can now claim no other name than that of Maria. I have diſgraced my family by my unfortunate attachment, and now deſervedly ſuffer the pangs of retribution. My father was tutor to the Chevalier Dufour. Educated together, it is not wonderful I imbibed the fondeſt affection for him, with my earlieſt infancy, which he as fondly returned. The death of my dear parent ſoon left me wholly dependent upon his bounty, and I was the victim of my gratitude to him. I thought of no time beyond the preſent, and hoped for no eſtabliſhment but what I ſhared with him. Early in life left to the guidance of his own inclination, pleaſure deluded him from the paths of honour, and I ſoon found that his attachment to me was but of a tranſient nature, and ſuch as he conſidered very lightly.

"Death would have been more welcome to me than his indifference, yet I was fated to endure it, and learnt that the dignity of his family name demanded that he ſhould marry. You, madam, became the object of his adoration; the poor, weak Maria, was no longer remembered; and this dear infant ſaw the light without a father's ſmiles to welcome it into exiſtence! Still, in all my affliction, I had a friend: the excellent Count D'Arcy viſited me frequently. His friendſhip for my ſtill loved Albert extended itſelf to me; yet he was too generous and noble-minded to diſturb your happineſs with what might be conſidered only as the reſult of a ſelfiſh view. He viſited me, aſſisted me with money, for I had long refuſed to receive any pecuniary favor from Albert, and gave me advice and conſolation. From him I learnt your approaching marriage. It was an event I had long determined never to ſurvive: and I ſent for you now Madam, to bequeath this infant to your care. Condeſcend to plead its cauſe to its unkind father! It is the laſt requeſt of a dying wretch, who will no longer interrupt your happineſs."

As Maria concluded, ſhe ſunk upon her knees, as imploring pity: while Henrietta, with ſtreaming eyes, placed herſelf by her ſide and vowed ſhe would never part them. After much expoſtulation, ſhe prevailed upon the fair ſufferer to return with her in the carriage to the caſtle which they performed by eaſy ſtages; and by the way, Henrietta tenderly endeavoured to fortify her mind againſt the approaching interview with Albert.

During the abſence of Henrietta, he had ſhut himſelf up cloſely in his chamber, and would not ſpeak to any one. A meſſage from Henrietta ſoon recalled him, and ſhe preſented Maria to him, with a dignity that ſurprized all preſent.

"This Lady, Sir," ſaid ſhe, with aſſumed compoſure, "you have greatly injured; you have alſo deceived me. It is a needleſs confeſſion for me to ſay, how much felicity I once promiſed myſelf in an union with you: circumſtances are materially altered; think me not ſo baſe as to found your happineſs in the wretchedneſs of another.—Whatever affection I might once have felt for you, be aſſured it would quickly change into abhorrence and contempt, were you to refuſe doing juſtice to an amiable girl, whoſe artleſs affections you have abuſed. The only compenſation you can now make for the baſeneſs with which you deſigned to act towards me, is by reſtoring her to happineſs. See your beauteous child, too! Does not its innocent looks ſpeak to your heart, and make you wonder at your own madneſs? Want of fortune ſhall no longer be an obſtacle. With my father's conſent, I will now preſent Maria with five thouſand pounds; and as for myſelf, I am determined to ſet you the example of ſelf command, by aſſuring my dear father, that my hand ſhall now be entirely at his diſpoſal."

The magnanimity of her conduct awed the guilty Albert into veneration, and he embraced his long deſerted Maria with tenderneſs, entreating only that Henrietta would bleſs them with her friendſhip.

Fearing to truſt to the weakneſs of her own heart, Henrietta haſtened the celebration of their union as much as poſſible, and parted from them with a calmneſs the reſult of conſcious rectitude. As ſoon as ſhe could recover from the ſhock, her ſpirits had ſuſtained, ſhe permitted the Baron to recall D'Ary. His amiable conduct endeared him to her, and the want of perſonal attractions ceaſed to be a conſideration. Convinced of her former error, ſhe made atonement by the kindeſt attention to D'Arcy, who became her huſband after a ſhort period had elapſed, to the heart-felt ſatisfaction of the Baron.

The virtuous forbearance and obedience of Henrietta was rewarded by the affections of the beſt of men; a friendly intercourſe was eſtabliſhed between the two families, and the happineſs of each is only inſured by the felicity of the other.

EXTRACT FROM A TOUR FROM DEVONSHIRE TO PARIS, 1803.

BY JOHN CARR, Esq.

HAVRE.—Appearance of the Women.—The Inn.

The women are habited in a coarſe round camlet jacket, with a high apron before, long flying lappets to their caps, and were mounted upon large wooden ſhoes, upon each of which a worſted tuft was fixed in rude imitation of a roſe. The appearance and clatter of their ſabots, as they are called, leave upon the mind an impreſſion of extreme poverty and wretchedneſs.

Upon our arrival, we were uſhered by a large dirty ſtair-caſe into a lofty room upon the firſt floor, all the windows of which were open, divided, as they always are in France, in the middle, like folding doors; the floor was tiled, a deal table, ſome commonruſh chairs, two very fine pier glaſſes, and chandeliers to correſpond, compoſed our motley furniture. I found it to be a good ſpecimen of French inns in general. We were followed by our hoſteſs, the porter, two cooks with caps on their heads, which had once been white, and large knives in their hands, who were ſucceeded by two chamber-maids, all looking in the greateſt hurry and confuſion, and all talking together, with a velocity and vehemence, which rendered the faculty of hearing almoſt a misfortune—They appeared highly delighted with us; talked of our dreſs, Sir Sidney Smith, the blockade, the noble Engliſh, the peace, and a train of et ceteras. At length we obtained a little ceſſation, of which we immediately ſeized the advantage, by directing them to ſhew us our bed rooms, to procure us abundance of water, hot and cool, to get a good breakfaſt as ſoon as poſſible, and prepare a good dinner for us at four o'clock. Amidſt a peal of tongues, this clamorous proceſſion retired.

After we had performed our neceſſary ablutions, and had enjoyed the luxury of freſh linen, we ſat down to ſome excellent coffee, accompanied with broiled mutton, delicious rolls, and tolerably good butter: but found no knives upon the table; which, by the bye, every traveller in France is preſumed to carry along with him: having miſlaid my own, I requeſted the maid to bring me one. The appearance of this damſel would certainly have ſuffered by a compariſon with thoſe fragrant flowers, to which young poets reſemble their beloved miſtreſſes: as ſoon as I preferred my prayer, ſhe very deliberately drew from her pocket a large claſp knife, which, after ſhe had wiped on her apron, ſhe preſented to me, with a "voila monſieur." I received this dainty preſent, with every mark of due obligation, accompanied, at the ſame time, with a reſolution not to uſe it, particularly as my companions, (for we had two or three Engliſh gentlemen with us,) had directed her to bring ſome others to them. This delicate inſtrument was as ſavoury as its miſtreſs; among the various fragrancies which it emitted, garlic ſeemed to have the maſtery.

APPROACH TO PARIS.—ACCOMMODATION.

As we approached the capital, the country became very rich and luxuriant. We paſſed through the foreſt of St. Germains, where there is a noble palace, built upon a lofty mountain. The foreſt abounds with game, and formerly afforded the delights of the chaſe to the royal Nimrods of France. Its numerous green alleys are between two and three miles long, and in the form of radii unite in the centre. The foreſt and park extend to the barrier, through which we immediately entered the town of St. Germains, diſtant from Paris about twelve miles, which is a large and populous place, and in former periods, during the royal reſidence, was rich and flouriſhing; but having participated in the bleſſings of the revolution, preſents an appearance of conſiderable poverty, and ſqualid decay. Here we changed horſes for the laſt poſt, and ran down a fine, paved road, through rows of ſtately elms, upon an inclined plain, until the diſtant and wide, but clear diſplay of domeſtic domes, awful towers, and lofty ſpires, informed us that we approached the capital. I could not help comparing them with their cloud capped brethren of London, over whoſe dim diſcovered head a floating maſs of unhealthy ſmoke forever ſuſpends its heavy length of gloom.

Our carriage ſtopped at the Norman Barrier, which is the grand entrance to Paris, and here preſents a magnificent proſpect to the eye. The barrier is formed of very large and noble military ſtone lodges, having porticoes on all ſides, ſupported by maſſy doric pillars. Theſe buildings were given to the nation by the national aſſembly, in the year 1792, and are ſeparated from each other, by a range

of iron gates, adorned with republican emblems. Upon a gentle declivity, through quadruple rows of elms, at the distance of a mile and a half, the gigantic statues of a la Place de la Concorde (ci-devant, de la Revolution) appears beyond which, the gardens, and the palace of the Thuilleries, upon the centre tower of which the tri-colored flag was waving, form the scene of this splendid spectacle.

Before we entered la Place de la Concorde, we passed on each side of us, the beautiful and favorite walks of the Parisians, les Champs Elyfees, and afterwards on our left, the elegant palace of the Garde-meuble; where we entered the streets of Paris, and soon afterwards alighted at the bureau of diligences; from which place, I took a fiacre, (a hackney coach,) and about six o'clock in the evening I presented myself to the mistrefs of the hotel de Roueu, for the women of France generally tranfact all the maf-culine duties of the houfe.

To this hotel I was recommended by Messrs ——, upon mentioning whofe names, I was very politely shewn up to a fuit of pleafant apartments, consisting of an anti-room bed-room, and dreffing-room; the two latter were charmingly situated, the windows of which looked out upon an agreeable garden, belonging to the palace of the Louvre. For thefe rooms I paid the moderate price of three livres a day.

HOUSE OF A RESTAURATEUR.

Upon finding that I was difpofed to remain in town my female friend recommended me to a restaurateur in the gardens of the Thuilleries, one of the first eating houfes in Paris, for fociety and entertainment, to the master of which she fent her fervant, with my name, to inform him that she had recommended an English gentleman of her acquaintance to his houfe, and requested that an Englifh fervant in his fervice, might attend to me, when I dined there.

This was a little valuable civility and truly French. This houfe has been lately built under the auipices of the First Conful, from a design, approved by his own exquifite taste: he has permitted the entrance to open into the gardens of the confular palace. The whole is from a model of one of the little palaces of the Herculaneum, it is upon a fmall fcale, built of a fine white stone; it contains a centre, with a portico, fupported by doric pillars, and two long wings. The front is upon the terrace of the gardens, and commands an enchanting view of all the beautiful walks and statues. On the ground floor the houfe is divided into three long and fpacious apartments, opening into each other through centre arches, and which are rendered upon the view by immenfe pier glasses at each end. The first room is for dinner parties, the next for ices, and the third for coffee. In the middle is a fly-ing stair-cafe, lined on each side with orange trees, which afcends into the upper fuite of dinner rooms, all of which are admirably painted after the taste of the Herculaneum, and are almost lined with coftly pier glasses.

FROM THE (Wil.) MIRROR.

It is undoubtedly a fact, that lefs attention appears to me to be paid to the young women of the prefent day, than to thofe whom I have known twenty years since; and yet from external appearance, they are full as captivating. What then is the caufe? It feems to me it may be accounted for in a certain degree, in this way: when I was young, there were objects to call the attention of the young men from the delightful employ (when the mind is not pre-occupied) of waiting on the young women. Politics did not then as now, occupy all the fpare moments—the road to wealth and honour was then as broad as it is at prefent, nor did riches convey to a man, as now, that refpect which even the fool lays claim to if he is poffeffed of wealth. As population increases, the difficulty is increafed of entering into life in that character which perhaps while single, we could affume without difficulty, and maintain with propriety, but is rendered not only difficult but impracticable under other circumftances. On the other hand an increafe of riches if only in a few families, is productive of a general taste for shew and confequent expence. Dreſs, visiting and converfation, make the employment of the wealthy; and thofe manners we esteem, we are fond to imitate, and none do it more (I might truly fay as much) as our young women. The reafon is evident, they have more leifure and are more readily prepared to meet company than a young man, who must attend to his business, or it will not attend to him. Hence it is, that our females acquire very early in life, a frivolity of character which is diftinguished by little more than a greater or lefs taste for dreſs or trifling converfation. How then can a man be brought up in the habits of induftry, and counting upon the permanence of that habit for future convenience and comfort, ally himfelf with a female, who' though she might in the playful moments of youth, be the pleasing companion of an hour, has not qualifications neceſsary for a wife, and ſtill lefs thofe of a mother, fitted to inſtruct and guard the tender years of her offspring.

If frivolity is too much the character of a young man (and that it is fo while in the company of young women muſt be acknowledged) let the females consider whether even here they are not in a degree to blame. Too many of them have no ear for any converſation that is ſolid, that would convey inſtruction; on the contrary I have known men of good character and propriety of manners, refrain from company becauſe they could not assume that trifling and insignificant line of conduct which is unhappily too often the character of associations of young company.

I have long entertained the opinion, that it is in the power of the young women to form the character of the young men. If a paſsport to their favor was only acquired by that manlineſs of conduct and ſtrength of intellect which makes a man among men, we might hope to ſee a reformation beneficial to both ſexes brought about; but while dreſs and diverſions inſtead of induſtry and economy, and little tattle of no meaning is preferred to ſound reaſoning or common ſenſe, they muſt expect that thoſe young men who frequent their company in endeavouring to pleaſe them will put on the maſk of folly—while thoſe who cannot wear it will ſeek more rational ſources of amuſement.

A MARRIED MAN.

ON THE TREATMENT OF THE FAIR SEX.

IT has been remarked, that the public affairs of most nations have been conducted with more or leſs elegance, dexterity, and ſucceſs, as they reſpectively reſtrain or give freedom to their women.

In Turkey, where the women are ſlaves, and the men maſters of ſlaves, there is neither learning, commerce, religion, nor liberty, but what are maintained by a rigid obſervance of ſuch laws and reſtraints, as hinder the growth of any of thoſe advantages to a perfection which would embelliſh human life.

In Spain and Italy, where the fair-ſex are veiled from public view, and interdicted from the pleaſures of ſociety, and converſation, that behaviour has a ſuitable effect upon their lives; their love and their honour are of a piece; they taſte the one but in romance, and abſent the other in baſe and barbarous murders.

Where the fair-ſex are treated with gallantry and open civility, that treatment has its viſible effect on all public and private tranſactions. I will take upon me to ſay, the French owed moſt of their former greatneſs to it. A certain liberty of heart and frankneſs in converſation, where both ſexes were intermixed, was what inſenſibly insinuated their power among foreigners, and made them appear, when they were raiſed above abſolute want, the happieſt of all the human race in themſelves. If we, by the ſame rule, examine Holland before the late revolution, they alſo owed their proſperity to the treatment of their women. As trade and commerce were eſſential to their very being, their women were their clerks and accompanists; and the management of their cash was in the hands of thoſe who could not embezzle, or miſapply it but to their own deſtruction.

And here I cannot but obſerve, that, among other branches of education commonly beſtowed upon the fair ſex, a competent knowledge of arithmetic is not the leaſt uſeful and valuable. Ladies in every ſphere, will, upon various occaſions, find the advantages thereof, in their œconomy, whether married or ſingle; and thoſe who are deſtined to be wives will, from the example of the Dutch houſewives above mentioned, be better qualified thereby to aſſiſt their helpmates, and make more uſeful companions than they otherwiſe could prove.

But to return to my ſubject. It is, indeed, a very ſenſeleſs imagination to ſuppoſe the buſineſs of human life can be carried on with the excluſion of half the ſpecies: and what makes the churliſh behaviour in this kind more apparently abſurd, is, that the neceſſary and greateſt perſons of all ages have had the greateſt complaiſance this way, and found their account from it in the ſucceſs of their moſt important affairs.

It is the injuſtice of men to conceal all the good, and aggravate all the evil, which ariſes to them from the interpoſition of the other ſex. There is no great incident recorded in hiſtory, wherein a woman has had any ſhare, if ſhe has acted an ill part, but what is related with indignation that ſhe was at all concerned: and there is nothing praiſeworthy of a woman, but what is told with an inſinuation, that it is matter of wonder that it came from one of the ſex. But let moroſe men ſay what they pleaſe, and flatter themſelves that it is becauſe they are too wiſe that they do not affect the converſation of the fair ſex; they will find, upon an impartial examination, that their declination proceeds from want of taſte.

INTERESTING ANECDOTE.

The *Essais Philosophique*, a French periodical work, contains the following intereſting anecdote of a young man and woman, of Francouville, who were born blind. Their parents had given them frequent opportunities of being together, that they might mutually alleviate the melancholy ſituation of each other. Their friendly conſolations ſoon changed into love, and the day of their nuptials was fixed. A ſtranger happening to ſee them, was ſo warmly affected for their ſituation, that he carried them to Paris, and conſulted an oculiſt on their caſe. The latter pronounced, that one of them might be cured. When this was announced to them, it was carefully concealed which of the two were capable of receiving this great benefit, a keen diſpute then aroſe between them on the probable effects of the propoſed operation upon the ſentiments of the perſon who ſhould recover the uſe of ſight, and upon their reciprocal proteſtations of mutual attachment. It was the female on whom the operation was performed, and is perfectly ſucceeded. Although her parents wiſhed to procure her another huſband, faithful to her promiſe, ſhe gave her hand to her old companion in misfortune, for whom ſhe preſerved her former tenderneſs. Her delicate attachment led her to conceal from her huſband the pleaſures ſhe derived from ſight, in which he could not ſhare, as ſhe imparted to him only, what was calculated to be uſeful, without exciting regret at the advantages of which he was deprived.

SELECTED POETRY.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. ALEX POPE.

FROM ROME, 1730.

Immortal bard! for whom each Muſe has wove
The fairest garlands of the Ionian grove;
Preſerv'd our drooping genius to reſtore,
When Addiſon and Congreve are no more;
After ſo many ſtars extinct in night,
The darken'd age's laſt remaining light!
To thee from Latin realms this verſe is writ,
Inſpir'd by memory of ancient wit;
For now no more theſe climes their influence boaſt,
Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue loſt:
From tyrants, and from prieſts, the muſes fly,
Daughters of Reaſon and of Liberty!
Nor Baiæ now nor Umbria's plain they love,
Nor on the banks of Nar or Mincio rove;
To Thame's flowery borders they reſtre,
And kindle in thy breaſt the Roman fire.
So in the ſhades, where, cheer'd with ſummer rays
Melodious Linnets warbled ſprightly lays,
Soon as the faded falling leaves complain
Of gloomy winter's unauſpicious reign,
No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
But mournful ſilence ſaddens all the grove.

Unhappy Italy! whoſe alter'd ſtate
Has felt the worſt fatality of fate:
Not that barbarian hands her ſtate have broke,
And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke;
Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
Her cities deſert and her fields unſown;
But that her ancient ſpirit is deſtroy'd,
That ſacred wiſdom from her breaſt is fled;
That there the footſteps of ſcience trace no more,
Whence its rich ſtreams ſupply'd the world before.

Illuſtrious names! that once in Latium ſhin'd,
Born to inſtruct, and to command mankind;
Chiefs, by whoſe virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,
And poets, who thoſe chiefs ſublimely prais'd;
Oft I the traces your laws have left explore,
Your aſhes viſit, and your urns adore;
Oft kiſs with lips divine ſome mouldering ſtone,
With ivy's venerable ſhade o'ergrown;
Thoſe horrid ruins better pleaſ'd to ſee,
Than all the pomp of modern luxury.

As late on Virgil's tomb freſh flowers I ſtrow'd,
While with th' inſpiring Muſe my boſom glow'd,
Crown'd with eternal bays, my ravish'd eyes
Beheld the poet's awful form ariſe:

'Stranger,' he ſaid, 'whoſe pious hand has paid
Theſe grateful rites to my attentive ſhade,
When thou ſhalt breathe thy happy native air,
To Pope this meſſage from his maſter bear:

"Great bard, whoſe numbers I myſelf inſpire,
To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,
If high exalted on the throne of wit,
Near me and Homer thou aſpire to ſit,
No more let meaner ſatire dim the rays
That flow majeſtic from thy nobler bays;
In all the flowery paths of Pindus ſtray,
But ſhun that thorny, that unpleaſant way;
Nor when each fair attractive Muſe is thine,
Addreſs the leaſt attractive of the Nine.

"Of thee more worthy were the taſk, to raiſe
A laſting column to thy country's praiſe;
To ſing the lard, whom yet alone can boaſt
That liberty corrupted Rome has loſt;
Where Science in the arms of Peace is laid,
And plants her palm beſide the olive's ſhade.
Such was the theme for which my lyre was ſtrung,
Such was the people whoſe explois I ſung;
Brave, yet refin'd, for arms and arts renown'd,
With different bays by Mars and Phœbus crown'd:
Dauntleſs oppoſers of tyrannic ſway,
But pleaſ'd a mild auguſtus to obey.

" If thefe commands fubmiffive thou receive,
Immortal and unblam'd thy name fhall live,
Envy to black Cocytus fhall retire;
And howl with Furies in tormenting fire;
Approving time fhall confecrate thy lays,
And join the patriot's to the poet's praife."

An Epiftle from a young Lady to her Friend, occafioned by the perfidy of her Lover.

I.

I feek not to excufe the guilt,
The world too foon muft know;
Nor do I wifh to wound that heart
Which ever weeps at woe.

II.

You wifh the fatal caufe to hear,
With fympathy unfeign'd,
That robs of peace this faded form,
Where once contentment reign'd.

III.

'Twas Henry's foft infidious arts
My eafy faith betray'd;
But ah! who could his words fufpect,
In virtue's garb array'd.

IV.

Unconfcious of the treach'rous heart,
That beauteous form conceal'd,
I fell—Oh! deareft Fanny, guefs
The tale but half reveal'd.

V.

Pleafure, thy falfe feducing fteps,
For ever I refign:
Ah! had I never loft the road
Which leads to joys divine.

VI.

Is pity deaf? It cannot be!
The gen'rous Fanny fighs:
Nor fcorns to drop the filent tear,
Which cruelty deafies.

VII.

And hark! I hear a faint-like voice,
From Heav'n's high throne proclaim
That penitence fhall favor find,
And gain immortal fame.

VIII.

Come death! come lend thy friendly aid,
Draw out reflection's ftings,
That I may mount to heav'nly bliss,
On mercy's healing wings.

MARY.

MART.

THE wind blew chill, the beating rain
In torrents poured on Mary's form,
As wrapt in grief fhe fought the plain,
And brav'd the fury of the ftorm:
Loud thunder roll'd along the fky,
The vivid lightning round her gleam'd;
Her bofom heav'd with many a figh,
And tears adown her pale cheeks ftream'd.

Oh, Henry! cruel, perjur'd youth,
How could you this fond heart deceive?
Oft have you vow'd with feeming truth,
You never would your Mary leave:
Ah me! this little, trembling heart
Fondly believ'd the oaths you've fworn,
And where it lov'd could see no art—
But Mary now is left forlorn.

Yet hear me, every heavenly power,
Invoke your bleffings on his head;
May no ill-fated, luckless hour
To Henry whisper—" Mary's dead!"
She spoke—But now—a stiffen'd corse,
By lightning struck poor Mary lay!
And Henry lives to deep remorse,
And dire despair, a lasting prey.

FOR THE MINERVA.

ON HAPPINESS.

In our own breasts the source of pleasure lies,
Still open and still flowing to the wise;
Not forc'd by toilsome art and wild desire
Beyond the bounds of nature to aspire,
But in its proper channels gliding fair,
A common benefit which all may share.

LYTTELTON.

To increase the happiness of man by diminishing the real or imaginary ills of his life, has for centuries past been the favorite pursuit of the philosopher. Nor is it surprising that this subject should receive the minutest investigation and most elaborate research—it is an object of the very first importance to ourselves and to our offspring—one which materially and equally affects every individual of society. In all civilized countries the celebrated writers of every age have given to their cotemporaries much salutary advice for attaining this invaluable treasure. Some of them have even prescribed rules, which would certainly conduct every one to the Temple of Happiness, who should strictly adhere to them—Rules, which the authors themselves could never practise, and which, in fact, are impracticable.

Most of our wise men tell us, that CONTENT is the foundation of Happiness; that we need only to be contented with our lot, and we shall be equally happy, whether we be rich or poor, sick or well, wise or ignorant.

" So idle, yet so restless are our minds,
" We climb the Alps and brave the raging winds,
" Through various toils to seek coore it we roam,
" Which but with THINKING RIGHT were ours
" at home."

But the Poet does not explain to us the practicable means by which we should acquire the habit of THINKING RIGHT; he himself, perhaps, had been foiled in making that discovery. This is the new difficulty, the true Philosopher's-stone, which our sages and moralists have yet to explore. If contentment were attained by desiring it, surely we should discover more pleasing faces, and fewer doleful ones, than we usually encounter in our streets. It is not the apish grin that beckons the features of many who address you, which denotes an unclouded conscience and a heart at ease. I have seen some persons affect the liveliest joy—laughing, capering and singing—while the canker-worm of conscience is gnawing at the heart, or while some hidden anxiety preys upon the mind.

It is impossible for a man of sensibility to be contentey with his situation in life, when he knows it to be a disagreeable one. To illustrate this assertion, which may be thought bold and imprudent, permit me to adduce one or two examples. An affectionate husband and tender father has been reduced by misfortune or his own imprudence, from opulence to indigence; he views his faithful consort sinking under fatigue and affliction; his little children are crying for bread and he has none to give them; while bailiffs guard his door, and he dares not venture out, lest the horrors of a jail should be added to those which already surround him! Reason philosophically with this man—tell him not to think of his miserable family—that all men are subject to misfortunes, and they are at worst only imaginary evils—persuade him, therefore, to be content and happy. Reader! were you the witness of a scene so affecting, tell me how you would act, and I will pronounce you to have a virtuous or a vicious heart, without even consulting the physiognomonical rules of the sage Lavater—I will judge you, and justly too, without glancing at one feature of your face. Would you say to this wretched man, " Your grief, sir, is needless; your sorrow will avail you nothing, and you had better banish your cares and be cheerful." If such were your sentiments, my reader, I should pity, and try not to despise you. But your conduct, I hope, would be more humane, more rational; would you not enter into the feelings of the distressed man, participate in his grief, and mix your tears with his? If you could render him no pecuniary aid, you would not, I am persuaded, refuse to apply to his lacerated heart the balm of sympathising condolence.

Suppose another case, less striking, but more frequently realized, than the first. An unfortunate hen-pecked Husband is advised by his neighbour Tranquillus not to be provoked at the harrangues of his termigant, but to preserve an exact equanimity and sweetness of temper, while his good lady publicly catechises him, to the no little diversion of their giggling neighbours. " It is necessary to your happiness that you should not mind these things," says Tranquillus; " you should learn to subdue your rebellious passions." " I would so, (replies the husband) were I as insensible as your walking-cane; but I am a man, and I have the feelings of one."

It is related of Socrates, that although his spouse was reckoned the greatest termigant of her age, yet so firm was the philosophy of her husband, her ingenuity could devise no means to ruffle his temper: Xantippe, at one time, after exhausting on the poor philosopher the whole stock of her abuse, emptied from an upstairs window, the contents of a certain vessel on his naked head; but Socrates, quite composed, pleasantly observed, " 'Tis natural to expect rain after thunder." Although this cunning old Grecian could command his temper so well as never to appear angry before his countrymen, methinks he could not in his heart have been much pleased with this adventure, and I doubt whether his wet head did not make him privately curse the mischievous pranks of his unruly Rib. There are few such men in our times, however, as Socrates is represented to have been; not one, perhaps, in an hundred thousand.

Some writers have supposed that contentment can be attained only amongst woods and vales; in those sequestered spots, where luxury and vice find no entrance. Such places, it is probable, exist only in the creative imagination of the Poet, who delights in describing fairy lands, which he cannot discover. We could find that the abodes to which luxury gains no access, are generally inhabited by the representatives of penury or covetousness, and none but a madman could imagine these to be the dwellings of happiness.

' Happy is He, and He alone, who knows
' His heart's uneasy disease to compose;
' In generous love of others good, to find
' The sweetest pleasures of the social mind;
' To bound his wishes in their proper sphere;
' To nourish pleasing hope, and conquer anxious
' fear:
' This was the wisdom ancient sages taught,
' This was the sovereign good they justly sought;
' This to no place or climate is confin'd,
' But the free native produce of the mind.

The consciousness of being an useful member of society, and of having faithfully discharged the domestic duties to our indigent fellowbeings, must afford no inconsiderable comfort to the distressed mind. Our conscience, a secret but correct Monitor, congratulates us when we do a noble action, reproves us when we have it in our power and omit to do a good one, and punishes by its reproaches, when we have acted improperly. The greater part of our miseries proceed from our inattention in not attending to this faithful adviser. Let every man act as his conscience dictates, and he will command the approbation of his own heart, which is preferable to the good opinion of others, when he knows himself unworthy of esteem.

" I ask not that in calm repofe
My even days may flow,
Unruffled by adversity,
Exempt from human woe.

" Enough, that no reflections keen,
No crimes my foul upbraid,
To rob me of the flattering hope
Of future happiness.

" But grant me that blest frame of mind,
Where no vain thoughts intrude;
That blest ferenity which springs
From confcious rectitude."

CATO.

ANECDOTE OF A PAGAN PHILOSOPHER.

A Pagan Philofopher made the following reflection when he faw a girl cry, as if fhe had been tearing on a rack, over a broken pitcher: and a woman, with her hair loofe, her hands uplifted to Heaven, her eyes fwelled with crying, and her difcourfe nothing but horror and defpair for the lofs of a little infant: " Well, after all the Chriftians talk of heaven, & their hopes of eternal life, 'tis certain there can be no philofophy in their religion, or elfe they are very ignorant of it. They muft be very filly people that have not taught their children to know that pitchers will break; and their women, that little children will die."

HYMENEAL REGISTER.

MARRIED, on Saturday the 6th inst. by the Rev Mr. M'Rae, DR. DANIEL WILSON, of this city, to MISS HENRIETTA JOHNSON, of Powhatan County.

——— on Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr Buchanan, Mr. THOMAS COWLES, to MISS LYDIA BOLTON—both of this city.

DE VALCOUR AND BERTHA;

OR,

THE PREDICTION FULFILLED.

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED from p. 124.)

BERTHA reached the centre of the wood in safety, but not without alarm; the hut was still at some distance, and the darkness of the night rendered every object indistinguishable: Bertha listened anxiously, in the hope that De Valcour would come to meet her; and, after a considerable interval of expectation, she heard footsteps approaching: but there seemed more than one person, of which voices soon convinced her. Bertha was lost in conjecture till, as the sound drew nearer, she was terrified to find that both were strangers. They passed on without observing her; but near enough to perceive that they were armed. She sank cautiously forward, and, with trembling steps, reached the door of the hut. It was open: she softly called on De Valcour, but no answer was returned.—Fearful lest the Strangers should surprise her, she entered, and groped about in search of a secure corner, where she might conceal herself till the arrival of Julian, when her hand fell on an object which chilled her with horror. It was the cold face of a man who was extended on the ground. She faintly shrieked, when a sigh from her suffering companion convinced her he was still living. Ignorant whether it was a friend or an enemy, humanity induced her to raise him in her arms: He breathed with difficulty; and, endeavouring to open his collar, she felt the chain of hair which was suspended round the neck of Julian. This was a most horrible conviction; yet a fortunate exertion of mind enabled her to preserve herself from sinking under the shock. De Valcour revived sufficiently to articulate a few sentences; and informed Bertha that he had been wounded in endeavouring to defend himself against some ruffians who attempted to seize him; and that they were then in search of her. Scarcely had he spoken when two men entered, and, by the light of a torch, discovered Bertha supporting her lover. Her terrified looks and shrill scream, instantly betrayed her sex. The foremost advanced on; tore her from De Valcour, who fell with a deep groan on the ground; then grasping her round the waist, bore her from the hut. Total insensibility succeeded, from which she was only aroused to a scene of new alarm. A number of masked men surrounded the couch on which she was reposing; their eyes were earnestly bent on her, as if watching each motion: their dress was such as she had never beheld before; and the sable plumes which waved in their hats, made her imagine them persons of distinction. She eagerly enquired for Julian. "Do not distress yourself, lovely maid," said one with a dignified air: "he is taken care of. Your meeting cannot take place yet; but you shall meet with every attention here your situation and sex demands." Fearful of provoking resentment, Bertha forbore to make any further enquiries. Every thing round her seemed to wear an air of mystery: the person who addressed her appeared superior to the rest, who obeyed his motions; and he alone watched beside her couch. When he first spoke, she thought the voice was familiar to her; but when he raised his tone to address those who attended, she was again at a loss to recollect it. Several hours passed on without any change, and Bertha began to be anxious for day-light to appear. "It will be long before you see the sun rise," said her companion; "the place we are in precludes all possibility of a visit from the sun: but if you are of a good and cheerful temper, you will find enough here to make you happy. We have sumptuous fare, soft beds and merry hearts. "What, say you, lady, have we cause to complain" "Heaven defend me!" exclaimed Bertha, "where am I? Among whom has my evil destiny thrown me?" Among those," said her companion, with a more serious tone, "who love you too well to see you thrown away upon a needy adventurer. Bertha, I have long loved you, long envied a boy the happiness of possessing your affection.—The farcical ceremony of marriage which passed between you is valid. Be mine; and every luxury, every pleasure of life, shall be yours." Bertha rose indignantly from the couch; she surveyed him with a scrutinizing glance; endeavoured to discover one motion by which she might recognize him for a former acquaintance. Bertha again addressed him. "By whose authority am I detained here? Where is De Valcour?" "De Valcour is confined in a cell at some distance from this spot: he is beyond hearing of your voice, lady, should you raise it to its utmost pitch; and should it reach his ear, a strong iron door would preserve us from impertinent interruption. It is by my order all this is done; no one else has authority here; but, fear not: no violence shall be offered you; neither shall you be made a prisoner here. I have provided a commodious and pleasant retreat for you. I would not be your tyrant, Bertha. I would win by gentle means." Bertha gave him a smile of contempt in answer; and finding resistance vain, put up a secret prayer to heaven for preservation. For some time she refused any refreshment, till, finding herself completely exhausted by grief and fear she consented to take a glass of wine and some bread. The whole party consisting of about ten marshal looking men, sat down to an elegant repast. They remained masked, and conversed on general topics: every one behaved to her with marked respect, and retired soon after the meal was concluded, except one who seemed to wait some orders from the chief. "Tyrault," said he, "conduct this lady to the apartments designed for her in the fortress. Perez is centinel this watch, is not he?" "He is," said Tyrault "and every thing is prepared for the lady's accommodation; she shall want nothing." "That is right," returned the chief. He then added with a sigh, "I hope she will soon be reconciled to her situation, and not feel a wish to leave us." Bertha's tears flowed fast during his conversation. The chief took her hand, and bowing respectfully over it, said, "Farewell, Bertha, for the present. Calm your apprehensions you need not dread molestation. I will see you to-morrow, and explain circumstances more minutely. He then bowed slightly to Tyrault, who led her away. They passed through several arched passages, till they came to a spiral flight of stairs. Bertha was too much absorbed by her own reflections, to speak to her conductor, who lighted her along with polite attention. He at last stopped against a large grated door, when he requested her to hold the lamp, while he removed the padlock by which it was secured. Bertha complied: hope was lost, and she determined patiently to wait the event. It opened into a spacious gallery, encircled by iron railings: from this they passed to a suite of rooms, light and well furnished. Tyrault lighted a lamp which was suspended from the ceiling of the last apartment, observing, that as he should not return for twelve hours, she might find it necessary—" Merciful powers! (cried Bertha,) am I to remain forever in this captivity? What have I done, tell me, I entreat you who are my persecutors?" "I am forbidden, Madam, to answer any questions," returned Tyrault; but my admiration of you prompts me to transgress. Your captivity will be lengthened according to circumstances. The gentleman who detains you here, is the head of an honorable society, known by the title of Independants, who are chiefly men of rank and fortune. I am in his confidence; and think I can promise you the most respectful treatment. A female servant will attend you here; and you will be furnished at stated periods with what refreshments you wish. A change of dress is also in readiness for you. But let me remind you, Madam, that while the Seigneur is thus provident for your accommodation, any attempt to seduce his attendants from their fidelity will be punished with the utmost severity. Farewell, Madam, Judith will wait on you presently." He then bowed, and retired, fastening the door after him. Shortly after which Bertha heard him say without, "Perez, this is your station. I consign this key to you; no one must be admitted, except he bear the signet of our Seigneur." Bertha flung herself on the bed in an agony of grief. Her own lot she could have born with composure, could she but know the fate of Julian; but now every prospect of communication was cut off, and she was filled with the most dreadful apprehension that he had fallen a victim to the vengeance of her persecutors. In this state of painful suspence she remained, till an impulse of curiosity induced her to take a survey of the apartment, allotted her, before night-fall should prevent investigation.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

ON PEACE OF MIND.

IS there any thing to be obtained from the world, that is more important than the peace of mind? If there is, let it be named. My inficience is here confessed. Yet have I been an usurper after fame—have enjoyed it too. I have been loved, and have possessed both wealth and friends. The one has loaded me with cares; the other with anxiety: yet I wish to enjoy as much of them all as I can, temperately: but there is so much to be sacrificed to the frivolous manners of the day, such form to be observed, and so many extraneous circumstances (some ridiculous, others immoral) to be attended to, that, frequently, in my own despight, I am forced to incarcerate myself, and never walk abroad but from necessity.

Here is the fruitful cause of infelicity; we act according to the phrases of opinion; a guide that shines not from its own stores: it is an opaque focus for the rays of absurdity, and thence they are reflected. Arian hath preserved no sentence that redounds more to the credit of his instructor than this: "When, upon mature deliberation, you are persuaded a thing is fit to be done, do it boldly, and do not affect privacy in it; nor concern yourself at all what impertinent censures, or reflections, the world will pass upon it; for if the thing be not just, and innocent, it ought not to be attempted at all, though never so secretly; and if it be, you do very foolishly to stand in fear of those who will themselves do ill in censuring and condemning what you do well."

REMARKABLE ESCAPE.

A lady who was a resident at Brussels having been condemned to death at Lyons, was led with a number of persons in the same unhappy situation, to the scaffold, and had the misery of beholding many wretched victims suffer death under the stroke of the guillotine: the executioner at length declared himself so fatigued, that he could proceed no farther in this horrid business without refreshment. She was not yet bound, and in the interval she jumped down into the crowd, and being unhurt, and probably, assisted, mixed with the multitude, and got away: she ran and walked, without stopping, all that day, and at night she was so exhausted that she was forced to lie down in a wood.

After a short interval of rest, she resumed her flight; and seeing a house, she ventured to go into it, and there related the story of her marvellous escape. They assisted her with food, disguised her like a beggar, and then dismissed her, and she proceeded on her journey, till she reached Berne: after which at her leisure she was conveyed to Brussels.

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1st..."THE MINERVA" shall be neatly printed, weekly, on a half-sheet Super-Royal paper.

2d...THE terms are TWO DOLLARS per annum, to be PAID IN ADVANCE.

3d. ...A handsome title-page and table of contents will be furnished (gratis) at the completion of each volume.

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The MINERVA;

Or, LADY's AND GENTLEMAN's MAGAZINE.

VOLUME I.] RICHMOND:—*FRIDAY*, APRIL 28, 1805. [NUMBER 33.

ADELINE ST. CLAIR.

ADELINE was in the 18th year of her age, beauteous and admired. she was the envy of all her acquaintance, though amiable she was romantic; her knowledge of life and ideas of happiness were formed from novels.

Life she thought insupportable without a friend: Mademoiselle Velours she thought such, and to her she confided all the secrets of her heart.

Monsieur St. Clair, lamented the wrong education his daughter had received: without an opinion of her own and void of suspition, she was likely to become the dupe of any woman less artful than Mademoiselle Velours.

He mentioned his opinion of her to Adeline; with all the warmth of affection she vindicated her friend, and as he saw her attachment was too strong to be shaken, he forbore to mention any more what would make her uneasy, without obtaining the end he wished.

He was making these reflections when the servant announced the Chevalier de Beaumont, a mutual affection had long subsisted between him and Adeline; their characters were alike romantic, to which he joined an impetuosity which frequently gave offence.

Enemies he had few, Mademoiselle Velours was one, after all the advances she had made, finding herself disregarded, she vowed to become his enemy, and resolved to leave no means untried to prevent his marrying any other woman. This was the reason of her pretended friendship for Adeline, that by gaining her confidence she might be able to put her design into execution. A belief of his infidelity she found would make her miserable; and on this she rested her hope, she had no time to lose. In a week, Adeline was to become the wife of Beaumont, in compliance with her father's wishes that the day she attained her twentieth year, she would bestow her hand on the man who was already in possession of her heart. Joy seemed diffused through the family—M. St. Clair forgot his ill opinion of Mademoiselle Velours—all appeared happy; when two days before the wedding was to take place, Mademoiselle Velours entering the apartment of her friend beheld her bathed in tears. Adeline thrust a letter into her hand—"read that," said she, "and judge if I have not cause for my grief—Oh, Mademoiselle! By all that friendship which has subsisted between us, I conjure you tell me all you know. "I will not deceive you," said Mademoiselle, "his amours are numberless; the person who wrote this letter is, I suppose, the young lady who eloped with him and whose friends are now in search of her." "It is enough," said Adeline, I am convinced of his falsehood, with your assistance I will retire to a convent, there, to regain, if possible, that peace of mind I have lost. Their plan of escape was fixed, till early the next morning they arrived at the convent of ——the paper she had found was part of a letter directed to Beaumont, upbraiding him for not keeping his appointment; and ending with these words—"If I do not see you to-morrow, I shall believe that your love for Adeline St. Clair (which you have so often assured me was feigned) to be true.

At breakfast, M. St. Clair was surprised at Adeline's absence, probably she has walked farther than usual, thought he—an hour passed, still she did not appear: he rang the bell for her maid, "Miss Adeline" she said, "Monsieur desired me to give you this letter." M. St. Clair opened it and read.

"My dear Father,

"Pardon the step I have taken—I have flown to a convent—a safe asylum from the false Beaumont. Cruelly as he has deceived me, I still love him. The enclosed paper is a proof of his perfidy! Adieu, my father—pity and do not blame your unhappy daughter.

Adeline St. Clair."

A tear fell from the eye of Mons. St. Clair—No my child, I will not blame you. Void of deceit yourself, you suspected it not in others. I will shew Beaumont this vile letter.

He walked to the house, and entered the apartment of his young friend. He started back—for on a bed lay the exhausted form of the once blooming and happy Beaumont. He raised his languid eyes at the entrance of M. St. Clair, and with a voice scarcely audible, he uttered "oh my dear sir, this is kind indeed! you have not deserted me, and believed what malice invented!"

It is the perfidious Velours who has done this—I refused her hand.—"Know then," said she, "your Adeline detests you! convinced of your falsehood she has taken the veil, and I am revenged." A horrid smile pervaded her features as she left the room: and I, driven to despair by the loss of Adeline swallowed poison.

Quite exhausted, he grasped the hand of M. St. Clair, and breathing a faint sigh expired.

This story was soon circulated throughout Calais, shunned and detested by every one, Mademoiselle Velours resolved to go to England. Before her departure she sent a letter to Adeline, informing her of Beaumont's death (which through tenderness had been concealed), ending with these words, "your jealousy and blind credulity in believing him false, surpassed my most sanguine wishes."

This shock was more than she could sustain. Her reason sunk under it. The sight of a stranger increases her wandering; she never mixes in conversation, and seldom leaves her cell. Mons. St. Clair lived but a short time after these events, and Mademoiselle Velours perished in a storm on her passage to England.

TRICK OF A FRENCH QUACK.

A gentleman, after having ruined his fortune by extravagance, bethought himself of turning quack. He attempted at Paris without success, and then directed his views to the Provinces. He arrived at Lyons, and announced himself as "The celebrated Doctor Mantaccini, who can restore the dead to life," and he declared, that in fifteen days he would go to the public church-yard, and excite a general resurrection.

This declaration caused violent murmurs against the Doctor, who, not at all disconcerted, applied to the Magistrate, and requested that he might be put under a guard to prevent his escape, until he should perform his undertaking. This proposition inspired the greatest confidence, and the whole city came to consult Doctor Mantaccini, and purchase his BRAUME DE VIE.

As the period for the performance of this miracle approached, the anxiety among the inhabitants of Lyons increased. At length, he received the following letter from a rich citizen:——

"The great operation, Doctor, which you are going to perform, has broke my rest. I have a wife buried for some time, who was a fury; and I am unhappy enough already, without her resurrection. In the name of Pea ce do not make the experiment. I will give you fifty Louis to keep your secret to yourself.

In an instant after, two dashing Beaux arrived, who, with the most earnest applications, entreated the Doctor not to revive their old father, formerly the greatest miser in the city, as in such an event they would be reduced to the utmost indigence. They offered him a fee of sixty louis: but the doctor shook his head in doubtful compliance.

Scarcely had they retired, when a young widow, on the eve of matrimony, threw herself at the feet of the Doctor, and with sighs implored his mercy: in short, from morn till night, the Doctor received letters, visits, presents, fees, to an excess that absolutely overwhelmed him. The minds of the citizens were so differently and violently agitated, some by fear, and others by curiosity, that the Chief Magistrate of the city waited upon the Doctor and said——

"Sir, I have not the least doubt, from my experience of your rare talents, that you will be able to accomplish the resurrection in our church yard the day after to-morrow, according to your promise; but I pray you to observe, that our city is in the greatest uproar and confusion, and to consider the dreadful revolution which the success of your experiment must produce in every family. I entreat you, therefore, not to attempt it, but to go away, and thus restore the tranquility of the city. In justice, however, to your rare and divine talents, I shall give you an attestation in due form, under our seal, that you can revive the dead, and that it was our own fault we were not eye-witnesses of your power."

The certificate was duly signed and delivered, and Doctor Mantaccini went to work new miracles in some other city. In a short time he returned to Paris, loaded with gold, where he laughed at popular credulity, and spent immense sums in luxury and extravagance.

From the DAILY ADVERTISER.

COURT OF GENERAL SESSIONS,

For the City of N. York, April 9, 1805.

PEOPLE OF THE STATE v. BAKER.

This was an indictment against the defendant for an assault and battery, committed on the body of a certain Mrs. Hatfield, and the only witness called in support of the prosecution was the lady herself, who was the subject of this assault. She stated that her husband is a person who takes in meat to smoke; and that on a certain day, the defendant called at her house while her husband was from home, and after informing her that he had left two hams there to be smoked, begged to have them if they were sufficiently cured—she replied, that she really did not know them from many others, but lighted a candle and went with the defendant to the smoke house, that he might point them out. He could not & agreed not to call for them again, when her husband should be at home. On their return to the house, she begged the defendant to sit down, which he did. After a short conversation he rose up and said he must go. She rose also, with her knitting in her hand. He told her he would call again for the hams, but as he had already called three times on this business, he thought he ought to have THREE KISSES. Upon which he put one hand around her neck, and the other in her bosom; that a struggle ensued in which he threw her on a bed which was in the room; but in consequence of the resistance she made, he left her. He then begged that she would not tell her husband of what had passed; that she told him "he was a good for nothing fellow; and asked him if he was not the same Baker who had taken some girls a sleighing last winter and treated them so rudely." To which he made no reply, but left the house immediately. On this she went up stairs to a family that occupied the 2d floor of the house, and made some enquiry of them respecting the defendant. Being cross-examined, she said she made no outcry when Baker kissed her; that she said nothing of the matter to the women up stairs, but informed her husband of the circumstance as soon as he returned home in the evening.

The Counsel for the defendant enquired whether her husband had offered to compromise this matter, and hush it up, if the defendant would pay him 150 dollars; but if this proposition was rejected, that he would prosecute him for the assault, &c. The court having over-ruled the question as improper, the counsel, for the defendant, contended that his client ought not to be convicted on this indictment, since it was evident that the matter was a mere piece of badinage, and not intended as an insult in the present case.—That it was clear from her asking him to sit down, and after he had kissed her—"whether he was not the same Baker who treated some girls rudely last winter"—From her not saying a word to the women up stairs the moment after the affair had happened—From her making no outcry when the defendant kissed her—And from her whole demeanor there was nothing that bespoke an insulted woman, and the husband offering to make the matter up on the payment of a round sum of money, shews that he did not feel the insult very deeply, but meant to make a neat job of it. The Counsel declared, that with so pretty a face, and with such a fine pair of coral lips as the witness possessed, he did not wonder if any man should wish to kiss her; and really of a lady with such charms were to give a man encouragement, and he did not endeavour to obtain a kiss, he deserved for that offence himself to be indicted; but if every young fellow in town were to be brought to the bar for kissing the girls, he thought every sleighing season would make plenty of business for the gentlemen of the bar. Upon the whole, under the circumstances of the present case, he trusted the jury would acquit his client.

The Attorney General was of a different opinion. He thought the defendant guilty of a very rude attack on his neighbour's wife; that it was an incident calculated to rouse the most vindictive passions of the human heart; that the husband, had he come in at the moment of the assault, would have been justified in giving the defendant the most severe chastisement—that Mr. Hatfield's offering to settle the matter was a proof of his moderation, and was a measure which the law authorised. As to the fact, however, of the assault and battery, that was clear; and the jury were bound to convict the defendant.

The court charged the jury to the same effect; who after a few minutes consultation, returned a verdict of GUILTY.

EFFECTS OF LOVE.

The daughter of a respectable tradesman, who had fallen in love with a young man, who resided in the neighbourhood, and having in vain attempted to attract his notice by placing herself in his way, at length determined upon making a public declaration of her love to his friends, and throwing herself upon their generosity, and his sensibility in hopes of obtaining her wishes. She accordingly waited upon the young man's father, and, without the the least hesitation or embarrassment, revealed

her passion in the most tender and pathetic way; adding that if Mr. D. could be prevailed upon to accept her for a wife, a love of love, gratitude, and affectionate concern for his interests, should repay him for his condescension. The father was astonished at the singularity of the application, and having no reason to doubt the virtue and character of the young lady, was wholly at a loss how to act. He was about to reason with her upon the boldness and impropriety of her conduct, but she prevented him by saying, she was fully aware that her conduct must excite surprise; but as her character was above reproach, she trusted her motives might be liberally construed, and if in that one instance, she had deviated from the example set by the rest of her sex, she hoped the uncommon proof she had given of the sincerity and ardour of her attachment for his son, would operate as an incentive to his forgiveness, and induce him not only to consent, but to use his influence with his son to bring about an happy union, upon which her happiness or misery depended. She then left the astonished father, observing, that she should call the next day for an answer, and in the mean time should acquaint her own parents with the visit she had made and the resolution she had formed. The sequel to the story is, that the young lady has been threatened with a madhouse, and the young gentleman, insensible to his proffered happiness, has actually left his father's house, the better to avoid the addresses of this most enthusiastic and romantic admirer.

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From the LADY's [London] MUSEUM.

RURAL FELICITY.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

Such scenes as I am going to relate, are little understood in the capital; where rural felicity is considered to exist no where but in poetic fiction or romance; and that the rapture of innocent and pathetic love, were never to be found, but in the groves of Arcadia. But the following simple narrative may serve to prove, that this is a mistaken notion, and that this island still affords proofs of true love and real affection.

Robert was the son of a wealthy farmer in Herefordshire. When he attained the age of maturity, his father allotted him a small portion of land, with a cottage. Here he resided for some time, completely happy, daily attending his flocks, and nightly enjoying those peaceful slumbers, frequently unknown to the rich and great.

Robert had now solaced himself for upwards of a twelvemonth, with his flock and his faithful dog, which had been his chief companion, and engrossed all his attention. But he soon found that he was not unsusceptible of the tender passion. The moment he saw the lovely Fanny, he felt such sensations as he was before unacquainted with: his heart throbbed with those emotions to which it had been before an utter stranger. He viewed her with rapture, which was succeeded by grief at her departure; and, in her absence, involuntary sighs bespoke the affection Fanny had gained over him.

On her part, she was not insensible of the language of Robert's eyes: the only language that had as yet expressed his flame: & they had proved so eloquent, that she found them irresistible advocates in his favor. In a word, a mutual passion inspired her breast; but she had fortitude sufficient to conceal it till such time as she was convinced of Robert's sincerity.

An opportunity offered, one evening, whilst they were seated on a bank, where they viewed the sportive gambols of the fleecy herds; and Robert with a sigh, addressed Fanny, saying, "How happy were his flocks to him!"—This remark brought on a declaration of the sentiments of his heart, which were accompanied with such vows of truth and sincerity, that she could no longer disbelieve them; and she yielded to the impulse of her beating heart to own her fond regard for him. Enraptured at this discovery, Robert now prefixed her to fix a day for the completion of his bliss, by the celebration of their nuptials. Fanny at first evade'd making a reply to this entreaty; but at length, her own wishes so immediately agreeing with Robert's, she yielded to his request.

The assistance of the gentlemen of the robe was not necessary for making settlements, regulating pin money, and the like. Their marriage took place, and their relations and friends were invited to a homely repast, when no turtle or venison smoked upon their table: nor was the Burgundian vintage called in to quench their thirst.—Their homely ale was all that graced their sideboard; and their viands, though good and wholesome, did not require the aid of a French cook to spoil them.

Several honey-moons have now elapsed since their nuptials, and each succeeding one seems more replete with happiness than the former. Sure then this state may be justly pronounced *rural felicity without alloy*.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF FEMALE INTREPIDITY.

JOHN III. Duke of Brittany, dying without issue, left his dominions to his niece Jane, married to Charles de Blois, nephew to the King of France; but Jolin de Mountfort, brother to the late Duke, though by a second marriage, claimed the duchy, and was received as successor by the people of Nantes. The greatest part of the fealty to Charles de Blois, thinking him best supported. This dispute occasioned a civil war; in the course of which Jolin was taken prisoner and sent to Paris. This misfortune would have entirely ruined his party, had not his interest been supported by the extraordinary abilities of his wife, Jane of Flanders, a lady who seems to have united in herself all the excellent qualities of both sexes. Bold and intrepid, she fought like a warrior in the field: sensible and sagacious, she spake like a politician in the council; and endowed with the most amiable manners and captivating address, the force of her eloquence was such, that she could mould the minds of her subjects to her own pleasure. She happened to be at Rennes when she received the news of her husband's captivity; but that misfortune, instead of depressing her spirits, served only to raise her native courage and fortitude. She forthwith assembled the citizens; and, holding in her arms her infant son, recommended him in the most pathetic terms to their protection, and as the male heir of their ancient dukes, who had always governed them with lenity and indulgence, and to whom they had ever professed the most zealous attachment. She declared herself resolved to run all hazards with them in so just a cause; pointed out the resources that still remained in the alliance of England: earnestly beseeching them to make one vigorous effort against an usurper, who, being forced upon them by the intrigues of France, would, as a mark of his gratitude, sacrifice the liberties of Brittany to his Protector. The people, moved by the affecting appearance, and animated by the noble conduct, of the Princess, vowed to live and die with her in defending the rights of her family; and their example was followed by almost all the Bretons. The Duchess went from place to place, encouraging the garrisons of the several fortresses, and providing them with every thing necessary for their subsistance; after which she shut herself up with her son in Hennebon, where she resolved to wait for the succours which Edward III, King of England, had promised to send to her assistance. Charles de Blois, accompanied by the Dukes of Burgundy and Bourbon, took the field with a numerous army, and, having reduced Rennes, laid siege to Hennebon. The heroic Princess, with the most undaunted courage, repulsed the assailants in all their attacks; and observing one day that their whole army had left the camp to join in a general storm, she rushed forth at a postern gate, with 300 horse, set fire to their tents and baggage, killed their fullers and servants, and spread such consternation through all their lines, tents and quarters, that the enemy gave over the assault, and, getting between her and the walls, endeavoured to cut off her retreat to the city. Thus intercepted, she put spurs to her horse, and, without halting, galloped directly to Brest, which lay at the distance of twenty-two miles from the scene of action. There being supplied with a body of 500 horse, she immediately returned, and, fighting her way through one part of the French camp, was received into Hennebon amid the acclamations of the people. Soon after this the English succours appeared, and obliged the enemy to raise the siege.

From LONDON PAPERS.

A FORTUNE TELLER.—On Saturday, at Bow-street, Elizabeth Oldacre, a woman about 50 years of age, was charged with obtaining from a female servant of a gentleman in the Adelphi, several sums of money, and a quantity of wearing apparel, under the false pretence of having her fortune told, and getting her nativity cast. It appeared that the prisoner who is a washer woman, about a month since, when she was at work at the prosecutrix's master's house, told her she knew a Mrs. Church, who resided in Somers Town, who told fortunes, and persuaded the prosecutrix, who is a girl about eighteen years of age, to have her's told. The next time they met, the prisoner brought her the most flattering account of the husband she was to have, the riches she was to enjoy, and every thing that was likely to seduce a weak mind; but the time she was to be put into possession of this delusion, was not known, except she would have her nativity cast, which would take some time and money. The anxiety of the prosecutrix was worked up to such a height, that she would agree to any thing, and gave the prisoner at various times cash to the amount of £11 14.—At last the prisoner told her that Mrs. Church must be paid more money. The prosecutrix accordingly gave her various articles of wearing apparel; but this plunder did not satisfy the prisoner, although the girl told her she could not spare any more: the prisoner asked her to give her some of her mistresses table cloths. This request alarmed the girl, who told her sister what she had been doing. The prisoner was taken into custody, and, on searching her, a great number of pawnbroker's duplicates were found. Sometable-spoons were produced by a pawnbroker, which the prisoner had pledged, and, from the arms upon them, there was very little doubt but they belonged to some family of distinction. The prisoner was committed for further examination.

The following Essay, written to deter literary men from excessive application to study, deserves particular attention from those whose welfare it was intended to promote. "But (says the critic) if your Essay concerns none but those who may probably injure their constitutions by excessive study, it cannot materially affect us, for we have few men of this description in Virginia, or in America." But this reasoning is incorrect. Because we have fewer Philosophers and Authors in America, than in France or in Great-Britain, should we neglect the few whose genius, talents and indefatigable industry, have done honour to our country! Certainly not. We should cherish genius, not only in proportion to its merit, but also, in proportion to its rarity. We should reward extraordinary talents with correspondent liberality: by these means, and thus only, can we hope to rival European countries in Literature and Science. Nourishment is essential to the existence of the plant: and Genius, in its infancy, is compared to a plant of the most delicate texture; to bring it to maturity we must carefully cherish it: otherwise, the plant will wither, the blossom drop, and the FRUIT be irrecoverably lost. *Minerva.*

ON AN EXTRAVAGANT ATTACHMENT TO LETTERS.

[FROM A BRITISH ESSAYIST.]

Whoever labours under the mania of excessive study, will, I think, find effectual cure in reading Tissot on the diseases incident to literary persons. Tissot, however, appears to me, to have exaggerated his descriptions, so as to render them truly terrifying, and sufficient to deter most men from the common and moderate employments of literary life. I mention it only as my opinion, that he has exaggerated his descriptions; and I think so, because I have known many persons devoted to letters, who enjoyed remarkably good health, and were instances of singular longevity. They probably had sense enough to take precautions against the effects of great application, and to relieve their labours by air and exercise. But Tissot's book may yet be very useful, as it cannot but deter the rational student from excessive application: the evils of which he enumerates so copiously, and paints so formidably, that a man who duly regards his happiness might fall into a *bibliophobia* from reading it, and fly from a library with as much horror as a mad-dog from a pond.

A moderate application is sufficient for the attainment of all necessary and useful knowledge, and the excessive attachment which some men display, is chiefly in trifling pursuits. Not satisfied with the great and essential objects which answer every purpose of real utility, they pursue their inquiries into matters of mere curiosity, with no other intention, however they may plausibly disguise it, than their own amusement. But time, health, and life, are too precious to be sacrificed to the pleasure of gratifying mere curiosity.

No man comes into the world without many obligations of the moral and social kind. No man can, consistently with his duty, suffer himself to be engrossed by contemplation. Some sort of social activity is necessary in the most retired scenes, and in professions and modes of life, the most distant from commercial or political employment.

Few stand so insulated, as not to be connected with others by friendship or kindred; besides the general connection with all men, which arises from a participation of the same nature. But how can he, who is immured in his closet, or abstracted by perpetual absence from the busy scene before him, attend to the claims which others may justly make on his active beneficence? He will feel as little inclination as ability to serve them. Every call upon his exertions, in their favor, will be considered as an importunate interruption, to be checked by a morose reprimand, rather than listened to with humane condescension. He may, indeed, labour in the recesses of his study; but as his labour terminates in his private gratification; as it produces no external fruits, as it prevents him from taking an active part in society; it is a labour which entitles him to no esteem. He is, in truth to be numbered among the most selfish of mankind, as he sacrifices all his social duties to the pursuit of his own solitary pleasure.

Prudence has taken care that such conduct should bring on itself its own punishment. For, this gloomy, reclufe, selfish mode of living never fails to produce dejection of spirits, and the loss of that health and vigor which are necessary to sweeten all enjoyments. Languid, enervated, and feeble, the student who follows his pursuit with unreasonable and excessive ardor, exhibits when he comes from the shade of his retirement, into the sunshine of active life, a phantom, pallid as a ghost, and silent as a statue, and excites, in some, horror, and in others, ridicule.

That golden mean, therefore, so celebrated by all the

ſages of the world, in the active world, must be obſerved with no leſs reverence, in the contemplative. For man being a compound of mind and body, departs no leſs from nature and wiſdom, when he devotes himſelf wholly to the mind, than when he attaches himſelf exclusively to the body. Till we ſhall have ſhuffled off this mortal coil, we muſt pay great attention to our animal nature, in order to preſerve the energy of the intellectual in its due vigor.

There is a paſſage at the cloſe of Plutarch's Rules for the Preſervation of Health, which I beg leave to recommend to the attention of the reader, in the following free tranſlation:

"Men of letters," ſays he, "muſt beware of that anxious covetouſneſs, and niggardly attention to matters of literature and ſtudy, which leads them to neglect the condition of their bodies, which they ſpare not, even when ready to ſink under fatigue; compelling the mortal part to vie in exertion with the immortal, the earthly body, with the ſpirit which is heavenly.

"The ox ſaid to the camel, who refuſed to eaſe him a little of his burden, as they were travelling together, Thou wilt not help me now to bear ſomething of my load; but very ſoon ſhalt thou be forced to carry all that I carry, and me beſides; and ſo it happened, when the ox ſhortly after died under the preſſure of his burden.

Juſt ſo it happens to that mind, which will not allow the body, its fellow-ſufferer, reſt and repoſe; for preſently comes a fever, a headach, a dizzineſs of brain, with dimneſs of ſight, and then ſhe is obliged to give up her books, her diſcourſes, her diſputations, and to ſympathize with her companion in all the languor of diſeaſe.

Wiſely, therefore, did Plato adviſe us not to exerciſe the body without the ſoul, nor the ſoul without the body; but to let them draw together equally, like horſes harneſſed together in a carriage, paying perpetual attention to the body's welfare, when its vigor is neceſſary to ſupport the exertions of the mind, and thus producing that fine and lively ſtate of health, which prevents the body from becoming an impediment to the mind, or the mind to the body, either in action or contemplation.

SELECTED POETRY.

MONODY

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT BURNS.

What is there ill news, you're ſo ſad, Robin Grey,
That your blue bonnet hangs o'er your brow?
Sad, O ſad news I've read, Robin Burns, man, is dead,
And the ploughman weeps over his plough.
A-well, a-well, a-day,
And the ploughman weeps over his plough.

Is his pipe mute for aye and for aye Robin Grey,
No more ſhall we hend to his ſong?
Ah cold as a clod, underneath the green ſod,
Poor Robin they've laid all along.
A-well, a-well, a-day,
Poor Robin they've laid all along.

Then farewell to the forest and hill, Robin Grey,
And farewell, to the valley and grove—
The forest and hill and the vallies ſtill ring,
Still they echo his ditties of love.
A-well, a-well a day,
Still they echo his ditties of love.

Then the blackbird ſhall ſing on the thorn, Robin Grey,
And the lark early carrol on high,
The lowly lodged ſwain, as he ſcatters his grain,
Will chant Robin's verſe with a ſigh.
A-well, a-well, a-day,
Will chant Robin's verſe with a ſigh.

Softly lie on his boſom, the turf, Robin Grey,
Reſt his aſhes unmingled and pure,
May his tomb and his urn Caledonia adorn,
And his much lov'd remains lie ſecure.
A-well, a-well, a-day,
And his much lov'd remains lie ſecure.

IN the dance MIRA trips it ſo lightly away,
Her feet to the muſic ſo gracefully move;
So enchanting her ſmile, and ſo chaſte yet ſo gay,
That were it not foolish I ſurely ſhould love.

In the circle ſo ſweet are the accents that flow
From the lips of fair MIRA, I can't but approve;
Such a dart in her eye, on her cheek ſuch a glow,
That were it not foolish I ſurely ſhould love.

So oft wanton *Cupid* to ſnare me has try'd,
And Venus ſo oft to entrap me has ſtrove,
I have thought in my heart, as I grievously ſigh'd,
That were it not foolish I ſurely ſhould love.

Desist little urchin, thy efforts are vain,
And thy charms, *Cytherea*, fruitleſs will prove;
Though MIRA's ſo fair, that I often complain,
That were it not foolish I ſurely ſhould love.

But alas! blithſome *Bacchus*, uniting with *Cupid*,
My 'passions inactive' endeavours to move;
And I fearce can exclaim, as with wine I grow stupid,
There's nothing like wine when connected with love.

PHILETAS.

Cambridge.

FROM THE LONDON MONTHLY MUSEUM.

SELECTED FOR THE MINERVA, BY A FEMALE FRIEND

ON AN APRIL SUN-BEAM.

Thou bright, thou ſoul-reviving ray,
Shall I thy ſmiles believe?
Say, wilt thou reign in cloudleſs day,
Or all my hopes deceive?

Ah, no! I dare not trust thy ſmiles;
Deceitful flatterer, no:—
For thou wilt lure me with thy wiles,
And plunge me deep in woe.

So Fancy oft, with glowing hand,
Paints life in bright array;
O'er common ſcenes ſhe waves her wand,
But holds a short-lived ſway.

Fancy's an April's ſunny beam,
That gilds our future hour;
A falſe, deceitful, flattering dream;
For real life's the ſhow'r.

The ſpell is broke, the illuſions fade,
Our promis'd joys are o'er;
The airy meteor ſinks in ſhade,
And lets, to riſe no more.

A LARK FED HER NESTLINGS.

A Lark fed her neſtlings each day in the corn,
Which ſummer had ripen'd with care;
How blithſome ſhe ſung 'mid the ſweets of the morn
And clear'd with her pinions the air.

No bird that e'er flutter'd its wings as it flew,
Carol'd ſweeter at dawning of day;
How oft did her plumes meet the ſoft falling dew
As upwards ſhe flew on her way.

But luckleſs one noon, as ſhe ventur'd for food,
And left her ſweet younglings behind;
A ſchool-boy eſpied them, and ſtole them ſo rude—
Ah! why did he act ſo unkind.

Returning impatient with food in her bill,
She ſunk in her neſt on the ground;
And call'd them in vain with her mild notes ſo thrill,
For ah! they were not to be found.

She flew o'er the meadows and ſought ev'ry dale
And pluck'd the ſoft down from her breaſt;
To the tall leafy groves ſhe repeated her tale,
"Some robber hath plundered my neſt."

Unceaſing ſhe rov'd and complained far and wide,
And thrill'd her lorn ſtrain to the ſky,
"Oh, where are my neſtlings? tell me;" ſhe cried,
"Too weak are their pinions to fly."

Deſpairing at laſt her dear young ones to find,
The corn ſhe forſook with diſdain;
And cloſing her wings as ſhe ſunk in the wind,
Fell mourning and died on the plain. C. A.

DR. GOLDSMITH.

JOHNSON was once called abruptly from home, and returning in about three hours ſaid, he had been with an enraged author, whoſe landlady preſſed him for payment within doors, while the bailiffs beſet him without; and he was drinking himſelf drunk with Madeira to drown care; and fretting over a novel which when finiſhed was to be his whole fortune; but he could not get it done for diſtraction, nor could he ſtep out of doors to offer it for ſale. Johnſon therefore ſet away the bottle and went to the bookſeller, recommending the performance; and deſired ſome immediate relief; which when he brought back to the writer, he called the woman of the houſe directly to partake of Punch, and paſs their time in merriment. This poor author was no other than Goldſmith, and the novel, his charming *Vicar of Wakefield*.

FOR THE MINERVA.

BATCHELORS' CLUB.

CLUBS, under different names and for various purpoſes, have long ſince been common in the populous towns of Europe and America. Theſe ſocieties were more numerous and faſhionable in the laſt century, than at preſent: The *Spectator* mentions ſeveral that were cotemporary with him; and into ſome of them, he tells us, he had the honor to be admitted.

It is certain, however, that no regular Club which ever yet had exiſtence, either in ancient or modern times, can vie in utility with the one now propoſed. The ſcheme of the BATCHELORS' CLUB is founded on the pureſt principles, from the moſt praiſe-worthy motives. "And what are the MOTIVES of this Club," ſays Miſs *Penelope Prudence*, whoſe watchful eye, ever eager to find ſomething about matrimony, is caught by the words *Batchelors' Club*; "what are the PRINCIPLES on which it will be founded?" "Can you entertain a doubt of their intentions?" replies Miſs Deborah Snarl, a very pretty girl and juſt turned of her forty-third year; "I fancy you may eaſily guess their motives," continues Miſs Deborah, "and you may be ſure from their title there's nothing but meanneſs attached to them; I ſuppoſe they have tied themſelves in a knot to keep each other in countenance; to ridicule wedlock, and jeer at Old Maids; but let them do what they will, they are yet the ſaffie; they are ſtill the ſcurvy tribe that nature made them—*for the Ethiopian cannot change his ſkin*: but if the girls will take my advice, we ſhall have ample revenge of theſe Batchelor Gentlemen;—let us form ourſelves into a ſociety; we will call it "THE AMAZONIAN PHALANX."—and each of us will pledge our honor not to marry any Batchelor until he ſhall penitently acknowledge his paſt offences, and humbly crave pardon from our honorable Society."

Stop, ſweet lady—for one minute ſtop; let thy ſlanderous tongue enjoy a little reſt, whilſt thou liſteneſt to our candid declarations:

It is one of the moſt prominent traits in the propoſed conſtitution of the *Batchelors' Club*, that every member thereof be fully impreſſed with the propriety of matrimony, and is determined to uſe his beſt endeavours to place himſelf in that happy ſtate, ſo ſoon as he ſhall meet with a deſirable object, and his pecuniary circumſtances will juſtify an increaſe of family. No perſon will be admitted a member, who does not explicitly ſubſcribe to this creed.

No lady, however jealous ſhe may be, not even Miſs Deborah herſelf, can harbour a ſuſpicion againſt our good intentions, after accrediting this explanation. So far from wiſhing to detogate from the merits of matrimony, we declare it to be the avowed and real object of this inſtitution to encourage the marriage of its members, not merely by exhortation but by paying the Reverend Doctor's fee out of the Batchelor's Fund, when any one of our brethren has the good luck to exchange the dreary hours of ſingle life, for bliſsful years of wedded love.

It is underſtood that no Batchelor over the age of thirty-five years can be admitted; as there is little chance of correcting the opinions of thoſe who are grown grey in error.

Any perſon wiſhing further information may obtain it by calling on the ſubſcribers at their garret.

TIMOTHY TOUGH, } ELDERS.
SAMUEL HARMLESS, }

Richmond, 24th April, 1805.

TO MATILDA.

Dear girl, by ſome ill-fortune croſs'd,
You, ſmiling, ſay, my heart I've loſt,
My vacant looks reſound it.
Alas! 'tis what I've long confeſs'd;
But quickly own—'twill make me bleſs'd—
If *you* perchance, have *found it*.

HYMENEAL REGISTER.

MARRIED on the 14th inſt. in Petersburg, Mr. DANIEL HANSON, to Miſs POLLY TAYLOR, daughter of Mr. *Alexander Taylor*, all of Petersburg.

——, in Norfolk, on Wednesday the 17th inſt. Dr. LEWIS HANSFORD to Miſs MARIA PENNOCK, daughter of Mr. William Pennock.

DE VALCOUR AND BERTHA;

on,

THE PREDICTION FULFILLED.

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued from p. 128.)

The suite of apartments allotted to the use of Bertha, were furnished in a stile of splendour which surprised her, and, from the appearance of every thing she saw, she concluded that they must have been recently inhabited; but there seemed to be no outlet or passage of communication with any other part of the building, except the iron door by which she had entered. One large window (and the only one which was not secured by a strong iron grating) commanded a view of a most beautiful and extensive lawn, the calm bosom of which reflected the glowing tints of the setting sun, whose radiant beams illuminated a large tract of land on the opposite shore. The scene would have had many beauties in the eye of Bertha in happier days; but now confinement, and reflections on her uncertain fate, sickened her heart, and made even the charms of nature an aggravation of her misery.

Yet she found food for hope, in the idea that her melancholy fate, and peculiar delicacy of situation, might inspire the breast of her female attendant with compassion. A few minutes terminated her suspence, and drove her back to despair; for, in the long-expected wished-for Maud, she beheld a figure uncouth, ill-featured, old, and apparently insensible to all she uttered. Imagining her to be deaf, Bertha addressed her by signs; but all her efforts seemed unheeded by the inexorable Maud, who silently placed some provisions before her, trimmed the lamp, and added fuel to the fire which had been kindled to air the rooms, and retired without a single look of feeling or kindness. Bertha had little rest that night. The first object which met her eye in the morning, was a complete suit of black, to which was affixed a ticket: on it was written, "*A Mourning dress for the Widow of Julian De Valcour.*" Bertha started up: it hung across a chair by her bed side: she surveyed it again, imagining she was but in a fearful dream, but soon found the reality too true. Maud entered soon after: the unhappy girl grasped her withered hand, and, with streaming eyes, entreated to know if her Julian had been murdered. The old woman shook her head as if ignorant of her meaning, and every attempt to make her comprehend proved vain. Bertha lost all composure; she paced the room with irregular steps, tore her hair, and gave way to the most alarming wildness. In this state she continued several days, during which Maud never left her, but continued to preserve the same forbidding cast of features as before. One day, when she was more tranquil than usual, Maud retired for a few hours, and returned with a note, which she presented very respectfully: it was addressed to "*The Lady Bertha*," and contained these words: "The Chief returns a short audience of the Lady Bertha; to which privilege he hopes his long attention to her wishes has entitled him. Every thing in his power shall be done that can contribute to her comfort or pleasure." Bertha hastily snatched a pen, and wrote, "Bertha de Valcour has no wish, but for death or liberty." This she delivered to the attendant, who received it silently, as usual; but with an expression of countenance, such as Bertha had never observed before, and which now filled her with horror. Maud had not been gone many minutes, when a gentle knocking at the outer door gave her a momentary flutter. She listened in trembling anxiety; it was repeated. Convinced it was no one who had been allowed access to the apartments, she approached the door, when some one said, in a low voice, "Madam, Madam! your destiny is uncertain, if you do not escape within two hours. Trust neither to appearances nor promises, you are not safe." The friendly voice ceased. Thinking it was the sentinel who had thus warned her, she eagerly demanded of him the means by which she could escape, and whether he would assist her: when the gruff tones, and rude reply of the guard, convinced her of her mistake. He carelessly asked, if she was mad enough to think he would betray his trust for the whimpering of a woman?" Adding, "No, no, Signora; you are not the first bird that has fluttered in the cage? but if you escape from it without leave from our Signor, you will be a rare bird indeed." Disgusted by his inhumanity, and severely disappointed, Bertha retired from the door to devise some plan for her escape, each of which, as it occurred, she soon found impracticable. An hour elapsed by the glass which stood on the table, and no one came near to assist or comfort her. She turned her eyes despondently to the wind w. "Surely," she exclaimed, "this is my only alternative—death or dishonor. The height is fearful; and my fate seems certain, should I leap from hence; yet it is in the power of a benign Providence to assist me, to preserve me; to that alone will I trust." As she was thus reflecting, the clouds began to darken, the wind rose with considerable violence, and the vivid lightning dazzled the eyes of Bertha. With the agitation of the elements her mind seemed roused to energy, and she gazed with awful expectation on the foaming waves beneath her, which seemed swelling to meet and bear her to her destined grave. A distant cry of distress vibrated on the

"A stretched herself from the window, and looked anxiously around. A small fishing-vessel seemed driven by the tempest towards the building, but the mariners appeared exerting their efforts to keep her clear. The heart of Bertha bounded with joy: heaven now seemed working a miracle in her favor; for should they be brought near enough to distinguish her signals of distress, she might yet escape in safety. Filled with this hope, she took a knife, and cut the sheets into strips, which she joined, and made a line almost long enough to effect her design. Again she approached the window: the vessel was within sight; she suspended her line, waved her handkerchief, and was at length successful in attracting the notice of some of the crew. Two or three, more venturous than the rest, hoisted out a boat, and rowed towards the tower where Bertha was confined, & which had long been a beacon to mariners. Finding the men below ready to receive her, Bertha secured her line to a large bar which crossed the window. She sprang nimbly on a chair; and was preparing to descend, when she felt her arm rudely grasped, and turning, beheld her masked persecutor. This was a moment not to be neglected. Desperate in her determination to escape from the horrid fate which his presence seemed to menace, she madly plunged the knife she held into his bosom. He gave a cry of rage, and grasped her yet more firmly. In vain the sailors below called to her to hasten her descent: every faculty was suspended by the dreadful sight of her enemy's blood streaming on the ground! streaming from the wound inflicted by her hand! She saw him stagger; she endeavoured to support him: but he groaned, and fell! Bertha shrieked aloud for assistance: the sentinel rushed in; fired his piece; and in a few moments the room was filled with armed men, who surrounded their dying chief. One among them attended with assiduous care to Bertha: it was the kind Tyrault, who bore her from the curious crowd, and laid her upon a couch insensible to all that passed.

Meanwhile the ill-fated Julian had languished ten days in a noisome dungeon: all the misery which a malicious foe and a jealous rival could inflict, was his lot. He was made to believe his wife was faithless, and dishonored; and at length, by incessant persuasion, and in the dear hope of obtaining health and liberty, he was induced to take the formal oath of fidelity to the society, and became one of the Independants, whose offences were chiefly of a political nature, and who seldom committed such depredations as could occasion them to be classed with robbers; yet each was sworn to espouse the private interests and revenge the wrongs of each other; and the breach of this promise was punished with death. Tyrault, who pitied his undeserved sufferings, yet dared not violate his oath, sought every opportunity of enquiring into the situation of Bertha, with the generous design of bringing the unfortunate faithful couple together; but the vigilance of the Chief gave him no opportunity of effecting his benevolent purpose. Julian became one of the society; and Tyrault learnt that it was the intention of the Signor to make Bertha his by force. All he could then do was, to warn her secretly of her danger, which he did, and hastened the solution of the mystery in which the fate of the unfortunate lovers had been so long involved.

[To be continued]

THE GENEROUS SULTANA.

AN ARABIAN TALE.

ABDALAZIZ, Calif of Bagdad, was succeeded by his brother, the worthless and abandoned Yezid. At his accession to the throne, being asked by his wife (one of the most accomplished women of her time,) whether any thing on earth was wanting to complete his happiness? He answered,—"I want my Habiba." Though she well knew that this was the singing girl that had plunged him into so much extravagance and folly, and who had been sold by his brother, the preceding Calif, she determined to sacrifice her own happiness to complete that of her husband. She made every possible enquiry for the favourite slave, and was, in a short time, successful enough to hear she might be bought in Egypt for four thousand pieces of gold. A slave merchant was instantly dispatched; and, the bargain being made, Habiba was privately conducted to the palace, and by order of the Sasda visited the baths, and took every necessary refreshment after so long and fatiguing a journey. Nothing now remained but a seasonable opportunity to present her, which offered in a short time after.

Saada, finding Yezid in an uncommon good humour, ventured a second time to ask, if any thing was wanting to complete his happiness? To which he angrily answered, "Nothing but the long lost Habiba can render existence supportable!"

The Sultana made no reply, but, drawing aside the tapestry, discovered the object of his desire. Yezid, sensibly affected by the unprecedented generosity of his consort, forgot his passion for Habiba; and, during the remainder of his life, literally fulfilled the Arabian proverb —"The reward of the beneficent, is beneficence!"

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The MINERVA;

Or, LADY's AND GENTLEMAN's MAGAZINE.

VOLUME I.] RICHMOND:—*FRIDAY*, MAY 5, 1805. [NUMBER 34.

THE SHAM GHOST.

Monsieur Capricone, a native of Montpellier, had confined his whole life to the study of astrology: an art which being little calculated to lead to wealth, this great foreteller of other people's fortune, poffeffed but a very trifling one himfelf. All his riches were comprifed in a cottage, at Vitra, and five hundred livres per annum, with which he fupported himfelf, a daughter (a lovely girl about one-and twenty,) and Gertrude an old female domeftic.

He had, with great exactnefs, drawn the figure of his child, cast her nativity, formed a diagram of the aftrological hacfes, contemplated narrowly the configuration of the planets at the hour of her birth, and verified them in fo many ways, that, having brought them to mathematical precision, he announced publicly that fhe was born to poffefs great riches. Prefuming on this, he had refufed the offers of numberlefs lovers, whofe figures did not promife what he expected. At length, one who had fallen in love with Miss Adeline, was fo fortunate as to chufe by chance (for he did not by his own wifdom) an hour that every way tallied with the aftrologer's imagination.

Mr. Buffonet (his name) was as madly attached to Hellieon as Mr. Capricon was to the Zodiac. In a word, he was a poet, and a greater fool, by feveral grains, than the aftrologer; but, to compenfate for this, he was richer by many pounds. Having the father's confent, he commenced his attack the following day with two madrigals, an acroftic, fix ftanzas, a poetical epiftle, twelve epigrams, and a legitimate fonnet—the forerunners of a folemn declaration of his love.

Adeline was very far from approving of our bard. She had previously fixed her affections on a neighbouring youth called La Grange, and often, by the connivance of Gertrude, privately enjoyed his company.

Old Capricorn, however, infatuated with the poet's horofcope, insisted feriously on her refolving to marry him. This firft was no fooner known, than a counfel of the three oppofers was call d; and, after much debate, Gertrude lixed on the ftratagem:——Adeline was to feign the fact. La Grange to raife a report of his death, and the rest was to be left to her.

Having made this determination, the next day La Grange fell ill, and begged to fee the aftrologer. He visited him; and the other, affecting an implicit faith in his art, requested him to exercife it without flattery. Mr. Capricorn drew a variety of figures, and prefently, with a gloomy countenance pronounced him a dead man in six hours.

La Grange followed his prophecy with the greatest fidelity, and at the exact hour predicted gave up the ghost. A friend at whofe houfe he was concealed, filled a coffin with rubbish, and had it regularly buried. Old Capricorn exulting in his fcience, attended the funeral.

Adeline, the instant she heard of the death of La Grange began to perform her parr. A number of diagrams, figures, &c. which had cost her father many hours of lost time, che tore to pieces in his prefence, and this perfectly convinced him of her defagement. When the poet paid her a visit, she fmartly exercifed a cane on his back, which led him to make a fimilar conclusion, and to decline the honor of an alliance with the Capricorn family. The aftrologer, however, had bound him to forfeit 500 crowns if he should refufe his daughter. This he demanded. The poet pleaded her madnefs as an excufe, and demanded time to endeavour to get her cured; protesting that he would rather lofe his whole fortune, than take her in her prefent ftate, with the disposition she had manifefted towards him.

Next day, Mr. Buffonet brought a physician to fee Miss Adeline. The patient was at that time lolling in an armed chair, pretending to be in a lethargic convulsion, and holding a thick ftick negligently in her hand. The doctor felt her pulfe, and, after a great deal of technical nonfenfe, affirmed that he had no hesitation in declaring, that the patient was NON COMPOS MENTIS; in english—mad.

"Mad!——I mad!" cried Adeline, starting up, and laying about her to the right and left, on the fhoulders of the physician and poet, with fo much alertnefs, that each had received a dozen fmart ftrokes before the father perceived what she was about; and when he offered to interpofe, Gertrude prevented him, fcaving as she faid, that he should be beaten by his daughter.

The catastrophe of this fcene made the poet refolve, once for all, to beat a retreat. He declared he would fooner marry Tifiphone, as fuch a woman. Saying this, he made his final exit.

Gertrude now thought the time was come to put the finishing touch to her fcheme; she therefore took an opportunity of talking to Capricorn; and after telling him that he had in some measure by his prediction, been the death of La Grange, and the cause of his daughter's derangement, she faid——

"But the evil does not end here: for to fill up the measure of our misfortunes, for the last five days La Grange's ghost has every night appeared in Miss Adeline's bedchamber, and——Oh! if you could see how, in the tranfports of her madnefs, she embraces and hugs her poor Ghost, you could not but regret your not having confented to their union."

——"Eh!—What!" cried old Capricorn, starting:—"His ghost appear to my daughter! Well, then, I must fee it.——Oh, I have a thoufand queftions to ask it about the stars!"

"Well—well!" faid Gertrude, "so you shall. And, that it may not do you a mifchief on account of its death, I will read a prayer, I have, against fpirits; and then you'll have nothing to fear."

Every thing being thus arranged, Adeline went to bed at her ufual hour, leaving her candle burning on the table. The ghost was concealed in a contiguous room, wrapped up in a sheet; and the aftrologer, with old Gertrude, atood fentry in the clofet.

In a few minutes the ghost with a violent rumbling, iffued from his hiding place, and opened the bed curtains, in a hollow tone called three times——"Adeline!—Adeline—Adeline!"

I shall not attempt to defcribe the terror and palpitation of old Capricorn. He could barely utter——"Say—fay the prayer!—fay it dear Gertrude!—fay it—quick."

Gertrude mumbled over fome words, when Adeline jumped out of bed, & threw her arms around La Grange's neck: faid innumerable tender things to him, and at last invited him to partake of her bed. But the ghost afsumed a graver air, and ejaculated with a voice that feemed to come from the fepulchre——

"Oh!—touch me not! Thy father has been my death—but he shall be punished, unlefs he confent to my marrying thee, by which means my soul will have permission to reanimate my body. Thus, and thus alone, can he repair the wrong he has done me, terminate the torments I am obliged to inflict on thee, and prevent thofe I have in store for him."

Old Capricorn's curiosity about the stars was at an end—A fountain of perfpiration poured from his quivering limbs. Prefsing clofe to Gertrude, he muttered—"What shall I do!—what shall I do! Say over your prayer—quick!—quick!—or it's all over with me! Why don't you fpeak!—What shall I do!"

"A pretty queftion," she replied. "Step out, to be fure, and tell him that you confent to his marriage: that's all he wants."

"Confent!—ay, that I will, with all my foul!" faid he: "but as to stepping out I had rather not. You go——Go, and say what you pleafe."

Gertrude obeyed, and was ordered to bring Mr Capricorn himfelf. She now drew the aftrologer from his hole more dead than alive. He threw himfelf on his knees before La Grange, and, without daring to look in his face, promised to agree to whatever he desired.

"I will not take thy word," faid he. "Gertrude—here, in my bofom thou wilt find a paper: draw it forth, and let him sign it. I employed one of the greatest lawyers (now in hell) that ever breathed, to make it fast and binding. Sign!"

The contract being signed, La Grange faid——"A part of what is to be done, is done! but I shall not revive until thou haft unbuttoned me of the winding sheet, and my corfe, even with thine own hands, laid on thy daughter's bed: and when I shall refuscitate, we will perform the rest of the ceremony."

Capricorn and Gertrude directly fet about undressing this living corfe, and quickly placed it in the bed by the side of his dear Adeline. La Grange was no fooner there than hearing a deep sigh, he exclaimed——

Ah!—Heaven be praifed, I revive! Adieu! Good night, Mr. Capricorn!"

A STORY OF ANCIENT TIMES.

Brantome, a refpectable French author, relates, that in the reign of Francis I. a young lady, who had a very talkative lover, laid her commands upon him, to obferve an abfolute silence for an unlimited time. The lover obeyed the order for two years; during which space it was thought, that, by fome accident or other, he had lost the ufe of his fpeech. He happened one day to be at an assembly, where he met his mistrefs, who was not known as fuch; love being conducted in thofe days in a more myfterious manner than at prefent. The lady boasted she would cure him instantly, and did it with a single word, SPEAK. What more could the Pythagorean philofophy have done with all its parade and boasting? Is there a lady now that could depend upon fo exact an obedience even for a single day?

But the times of chivalry, in particular, afford examples almost incredible, of an attachment, carried even to adoration, which the knights, and other military heroes of thofe ages, constantly evinced for their mistrefses, to whom, indeed, they were, in the literal fenfe of their amorous professions—the slaves.

FROM THE WEEKLY WANDERER.

[*The following is a good story whether true or not.*]

A SINGULAR STRATAGEM.

A gentleman recently from Boston, relates the following singular affair, which he fays happened just before he left that place.—A perfon had been taken up and committed to prifon, for paffing counterfeit bills.—Shortly afterwards a negro was taken up for fome crime and confined in the fame room; but was taken sick in about a week and died. Next day a coffin was provided, and the body of the deceased depofited in it.—The people of color are generally interred in the evening, by thofe of their own complexion, the coffin was fuffered to remain till night in the room with the money maker. After the goaler and thofe who accompanied him had left the room, he bethought himfelf the prefent would be a most favorable opportunity to make his efcape, and thereby avoid the punishment that awaited him. The wicked do not fo much care what are the means, if they can but accomplish their designs. When all was still and late, he took the corpse out of the coffin, and placed it in his own ben neck, got into it himfelf, and rivited the lid down carefully as before. In this fituation he lay anxiously yet fearfully waiting the moments when he should be liberated from his *fourfcore confinement*. In the evening the coffin was taken from the prifon room, by four good lusty negroes appointed for that purpofe, and folemnly conveyed to the burying ground.—When they arrived at the grave, the coffin was fet down with great care, one of them was about to make a fpeech upon the death of their companion.—Scarcely had he time to utter one word, before the lid of the coffin flew open and the money-maker jumped out and made his efcape, while the poor negroes affrighted almoft to diffraction, ran with great violence in every direction, fcreaming "de Debil! de Debil! de Dil!" The miftake was not difcovered till next day, and the perfon has not been heard of since.

MATRIMONIAL LICENCE.—A happy lover, in a village in Norfolk, having obtained the confent of his fair one, fet off to obtain a matrimonial licence, and being unacquainted with the place, he was directed to one of whom he enquired where a licence was to be procured to the Clerk of the Peace's Deputy, and he returned home. The bride and bridegroom then aflembled their companions, the Clergyman had arrived, and the happy man presented him with a licence, which, lo! proved to be from W. Stokes, Efq. Clerk of the Peace, "*to hill a hare*." A scene of much embarraffment enfued, and the nuptials were neceffarily postponed until the miftake was rectified.

GENEROSITY.

A POOR woman, who had feen better days, underftanding from fome of her acquaintance, that Dr. Smith had studied physic, and hearing of his great generosity, folicited him in a letter, to fend her fomething to her husband who had loft his appetite, and was reduced to a most melancholy state by continual anguish. The good natured poet waited on her immediately, and after fome discourfe with his patient, found him sinking fast to the worst of ficknefs, poverty. The doctor told them that they should hear from him in an hour, when he should fend some pills, which he believed would move either of. He immediately went home and put together a comfortable box, with the following label:—"These are to be given as your neceffities require, be patient and fupport hunger." He fent this letter with the prescription to the unfortunate's mourner, who found it contained a remedy fuperior to any thing Galen or his pupils could administer for his relief.

BIOGRAPHY OF MRS. JOHNSON,

CELEBRATED BY DEAN SWIFT, UNDER THE NAME OF STELLA.

STELLA, her real name was Johnson, but as Dr. Swift always mentioned her under the former, we have chose to follow his example. She was daughter of Sir William Temple's steward, and the contealed but undoubted wife of Dr. Swift. Sir William Temple bequeathed her in his will one thousand pounds, as an acknowledgement of her father's faithful services. How long she remained in England, or whether she made more journies than one to Ireland after Sir William Temple's death is not known; but if our information is right, she was married to Dr. Swift in the year 1716, by Dr. Ashe, then Bishop of Clogher. Stella was a most amiable woman, in mind and person. She had an elevated understanding, with all the delicacy and softness of her own sex. Her voice, however sweet in itself, was still rendered more harmonious by what she said. Her wit was poignant without severity. Her manners were humane, polite, easy, and unreserved. Wherever she came she attracted attention and esteem. As virtue was her guide in morality, sincerity was her guide in religion. She was constant, but not ostentatious in her devotions. She was remarkably prudent in her conversation. She had great skill in music, and was perfectly well versed in all arts that compose a lady's leisure. Her wit allowed her a fund of perpetual chearfulness; her prudence kept that chearfulness within proper limits, she exactly answered the description of Penelope in Homer.

A woman loveliest of the lovely kind,
In body perfect, and complete in mind.

Such was Stella; and yet with all these accomplishments, she never could prevail on Dr. Swift to acknowledge her openly as his wife. A great genius must tread in unbeaten paths, and deviate from the common road of life; otherwise, surely a diamond of so much lustre might have been publickly produced, although it had been fixed in the collet of matrimony: but the flaw which in Dr. Swift's eye reduced the value of such a jewel, was the servile state of her father, who, as has been before said, was a menial servant of Sir W. Temple. Dr. Swift and Mrs. Johnson, continued the same œconomy of life after marriage, which they had pursued before it. They lived in separate houses; he remaining at the deanery, she in lodgings at a distance from him, and on the other side of the Liffy. Nothing appeared in their behaviour inconsistent with decorum, or beyond the limits of platonic love. They conversed like friends, but they industriously took care to summon witnesses of their conversation: a rule to which they adhered so strictly, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to prove that they had ever been together without a third person. A conduct so extraordinary, always gives room for various comments and reflections: but however unaccountable this renunciation of marriage rites may appear to the world, it certainly arose not from any consciousness of too near a consanguinity between them, although the general voice of fame was willing to make them both the natural children of Sir William Temple. There is great reason to believe, that Swift was not of that opinion: because the same false pride that induced him to deny the legitimate daughter of an obscure servant, might have prompted him to own the natural daughter of so eminent a man as Sir William Temple. It may be imagined, that a woman of Stella's delicacy must repine at such an extraordinary situation. The outward honour which she received are as frequently bestowed on a mistress as a wife. She was absolutely virtuous, and yet was obliged to submit to all the appearances of vice, except in the presence of those few people, who were witnesses of the cautious manner in which she lived with her husband, who scorned even to be married like any other men. Inward anxiety affected by degrees the calmness of her mind, and the strength of her body. She began to decline in her health in the year 1724, and from the first symptoms of decay, she rather hastened than shrunk back in the descent: to city pleased to find her footsteps tending to that place, where they neither marry, nor are given to marriage. She died towards the end of January 1727, or 1728, absolutely destroyed by the peculiarity of her fate; a fate which perhaps she could not have incurred by an alliance with any other person in the world.

REFLECTIONS ON THE FEMALE SEX.

AN advantageous settlement in marriage is the universal prize for which parents of all classes enter their daughters upon the lists; and partiality, or self-complacency, assures to every competitor the most flattering prospect of success. To this one point tends the principal part of female instruction; for the promotion of this design, their best years for improvement are sacrified to the attainment of attractive qualities, shewy, superficial accomplishments, polished manners, and, in one word, the whole train of pleasing, which is cultivated with unceasing assiduity, as an object of the most essential importance.

The end is laudable, and deserving of every effort to secure it: happy marriage may be estimated among the rarest felicity of human life; but it may be doubted whether the means used to accomplish it are adequate to the purpose: as the making a first impression is by no means effectual to determine the preference of a wise man. It is not then sufficient that a girl be qualified to excite admiration; her own happiness, and that of the man to whom she devotes the remainder of her days, depend upon her possession of those virtues, which alone can preserve lasting esteem and confidence.

The offices of a wife are different from those of the mere pageant of a ball room; and as their nature is more exalted, the talents they require are of a more noble kind, something far beyond the elegant trifler is wanted in a companion for life. A young woman is very ill adapted to enter into the most solemn of social contracts, who is not prepared by her education to become the participator of her husband's cares—the consoler of his sorrows...his stimulator to every praise-worthy undertaking—his partner in the labors and vicissitudes of life—the faithful and œconomical manager of his affairs, and judicious superintendant of his family—the wise and affectionate mother of his children—the preserver of his honor—his chief counsellor, and, to sum up all, the chosen friend of his bosom. If a modern female education be not calculated to produce these effects, as few surely will judge it to be who reflects upon its tendency, it is incompetent to that very purpose which is confessedly its main object, and must therefore be deemed imperfect, and require reformation.

ON FEMALE BEHAVIOUR AND CONVERSATION.

AS your Magazine is eminently calculated to improve the minds of the fair sex, I esteem it a proper channel to convey not only my own thoughts, but I can assure them, the sentiments of the generality of my own sex, the most sincerely attached to them, upon some particularities in their behaviour, and to say for what it is we most admire them, tis when we see the *woman* in every word, look, and action, that we are the most devoted to them; and though she who talks loud and looks confident may sometimes gain attention, yet *she* will ever have the truest title to esteem, in whom diffidence is the most conspicuous.

Let me assure them, that as well as particular employments, there are also particular subjects of conversation adopted to the different sexes; and as a very great judge of mankind hath said before me, that politics belong to the men, and to hear a woman talk with virulence of one party or the other is as unbecoming as to hear one of us declaim against the particular cut of a pair of ruffles. In short, every discourse that makes them deviate from that sweetness which is natural to them, so far as it has that effect, it renders them unamiable. Let them ever remember the description given us by Homer of the cestus of Venus, so much celebrated for making the wearer of it the subduer of every heart.

This cestus, as that poet tells us, was a *party-coloured* girdle, which had all the attractions of the sex wrought upon it; the four principal figures in the embroidery were love, desire, fondness of speech, and conversation filled with that sweetness and complacency, which insensibly steals away the hearts of the wisest men.

These are the charms that every female ought to make her study, if she would wish her conquests to be lasting and durable; they will certainly be so, if she persevere in this winning behaviour, for who among us can resist the feminine charms of a beautiful female? Nay, the plainest person will appear charming, when attended by the female graces; such a one would I prefer far before a confident beauty.

Lady's Mag.

HEARTY WELCOME.—*Sheriff's Court, Dec. 29, 1804.*

A trial came on, in which a fair Lady of the Borough was the Complainant, and her *caro sposa* was Defendant. The charge as proved was, that on the 16th of October last, on her return home from a friendly party, her husband, who was waiting at home for her, gave her so hearty a welcome with an ashen stick that every part about her below her lips was beat into all the colours of the rainbow. A female friend was present, who corroborated the case, and said, that in consequence of this ill treatment she had left her husband and put herself under the protection of a relation, who had advised her to exhibit this complaint.

The husband, in defence, told a plain unvarnished tale of suspected wrongs, and hinted very plainly that his fair rib did not pay very strict attention to the connubial oath: that in particular she had lately introduced a person to the house on a visit from the country, whom she called her *dear brother*, whom she loaded with carefsses, at the same time she treated him, her lirge lord, with the greatest indifference and neglect; this conduct gradually increased till the day in question, when the lady and her *dear brother*, as she called him, went out and staid till past twelve at night. On their return home, the husband thought it high time to administer a little wholesome correction to her, on which she left him, and now lives with this same near and dear relation. The Jury were shortly charged, and found a verdict against the Defendant. Damages *One Shilling.*

POETRY.

FROM THE VIRGINIA GAZETTE.

A SONG.

Bella's beauty, wit and grace,
Mankind admiring owe;
Yet with the softest sweetest face,
Her heart's as hard as stone.

One half our swains, alas! have sigh'd,
Their wits and souls away;
Turn soon this too resistless tide,
Or to'ther half will stray.

Hear, ye kind Gods, men's joint request,
With pity view the case;
Dissolve this Bella's flinty breast,
Or else deform her face.

PARODY ON THE PRECEDING.

FOR THE MINERVA.

Your Poet's *graceful, easy strain,*
Readers admiring own;
Yet quite devoid of *wit or brain,*
His *head* is hard as *stone.*

One half our swains, alas! have tried,
In vain to write as bad;
Turn soon this too resistless tide,
Or we shall all run mad.

Hear, ye kind Gods, and hearing grant,
This small request of men;
Improve this writer's rhyming rant,
Or take away his pen.

MOMUS.

FROM THE ENQUIRER.

ON A YOUNG LADY WHO WORE A GOLDEN ARROW IN HER HAIR.

MIRANDA, cruel as she's fair,
Exhibits in her auburn *hair*
An emblematic dart;
To show the throng around her shrine,
How hopeless they are doom'd to pine,
Since Love can't reach her *heart!*

'Tis pity she were like a nun,
Who, shut out from the genial sun,
Love's every lure defies.
Or like some fragrant *garden* rose
That with its parent bud's and blows;
And, with'ring, neglects dies.

Nature, fair maid, fay all you can,
Proclaims that you were made for man;
And man for you, I ween.
Then since Eugenio's worth you know,
Requite it with your smiles, and show,
'Tis *felt*, as well as *seen.*

AMICUS.

* *We should have regarded this as little better than a plebiasm if the Lady, supposed to be meant, did not add the highest beauties of cultivation to the finest endowments of nature.*

PUBLISHER.

SONG.

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

Come, tell me where the maid is found,
Whose heart can love without deceit,
And I would range the world around
To sigh one moment at her feet.

Oh! tell me, where's her fainted home,
What air receives her blessed sigh,
A pilgrimage of year's I'll roam
To catch one sparkle from her eye.

And if her cheek be rosy bright,
While truth within her bosom lies,
I'll gaze upon her morn and night,
Till my heart leave me thro' my eyes.

Shew me on earth a thing so rare,
I'll own all miracles are true:
To make one maid sincere and fair,
Oh! 'tis the utmost Heaven can do.

RURAL FELICITY.

SEE where yon clay-built habitation stands,
Whose whiten'd front with clean wip'd casements shine,
A glowing landscape to the south commands,
While round the entrance creeps the fruitful vine.

Behind, an orchard teems with goodly fruit:
In front, a lawn where sportive lambkins bleat;
On either side the door, a moss grown root
Is rudely hewn, to form a shady seat.

Beneath this roof a happy pair reside,
Far from tumultuous scenes of worldly strife:
There the good Philon dwells, where only pride
Centres with rapture in his lovely wife.

Louisa long had been (in virtue train'd)
Her aged parent's sole support on earth,
And, with the pittance her industry gain'd,
Cherish'd the withering form that gave her birth.

Philon in peaceful competency blest,
With pious transport saw the dutcous fair,
And kindly snatch'd her to his fost'ring breast,
Whose love and gratitude repaid his care.

Three beauteous children now adorn his board,
Emblems of health and innocence combin'd,
While by each other more and more ador'd,
The parents daily new perfections find.

Soon as the Lark his matin Carol sings
Philon refresh'd with sleep to work repairs,
Louisa from the couch of luxury springs,
Pleas'd to commence the Matron's daily cares.

Their frugal wholesome meal at noon they share,
With healthful appetites and thankful hearts:
Nor while a fragment from their board they spare,
The stranger from their gate unfed departs.

And when at eve, their daily toil is done,
In cheerful gambols on the lawn they play,
Till the last rays of the departing sun,
Close both the toils and pleasures of the day.

Uniting then their hands and hearts, they raise,
While pious glory animates each face,
In strains of rapture sing their Maker's praise,
And beg his gracious blessing on their race.

The Father hearing, showers on their heads,
The choicest blessings Heaven can bestow,
Gives Peace, the sure reward of virtuous deeds,
And *calm content*, the greatest bliss below.

SONG.—*RELIEF.*

LAURA.

WHEN first young Henry caught my eye,
An inward thought produced a sigh;
'Twas all I gave—I know not why,
Yet something cheer'd my grief.
His heart seem'd form'd for love 'tis true—
His eyes were of a lively blue;
The same the gipsey to me drew,
Which whisper'd—soft relief.

Long were the days in absence spent,
Far fled my former joy—Content—,
In unfought paths my steps I bent—
My partner silent grief.
His form by Fancy's hand portray'd,
I still beheld where'er I stray'd—
Until I Henry's self survey'd—
His love—the wish'd relief.

AN ITALIAN SONG.

DEAR is my little native vale,
The ring dove builds and warbles there,
Close by my cot she tells her tale
To ev'ry passing villager.
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle bowers,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
To charm the fairy-footed hours
With my lov'd lute's romantic sound;
Or crowns of living laurel weave,
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danc'd in twilight glade;
The canzonet and roundelay
Sung in the silent greenwood shade;
These simple joys that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

ANECDOTE OF SHENSTONE.

SHENSTONE was one day walking through his romantic retreats in company with his Delia; (her real name was Wilmot:) they were going towards the bower which he made sacred to the ashes of Thomson, our harmonious countryman. "Would to Heaven, (said Shenston, pointing to the trees,) that Delia could be happy in the midst of these rustic avenues!" He would have gone on, but was interrupted. A person rushed out of a thicket, and presenting a pistol to his breast, demanded his money. Shenstone was surprised, and Delia fainted. "Money (says he) is not worth struggling for.—You cannot be poorer than I am.—Unhappy man, (says he, throwing him his purse) take it, and fly as quick as possible." The man did so. He threw his pistol into the water, and in a moment disappeared. Shenstone ordered the foot-boy, who followed behind them, to pursue the robber at a distance, and observe whither he went. In two hours time the boy returned, and informed his master, that he followed him to Hales-Owen, where he lived; that he went to the very door of his house, and peeped through the key-hole; that as soon as the man entered, he threw the purse on the ground, and addressing himself to his wife, "Take (says he) the dear-bought price of my honesty." Then taking two of his children, one on each knee, he said to them, "I have ruined my soul, to keep you from starving!" and immediately burst into a flood of tears. Shenstone enquired after the man's character, and found that he was a labourer, honest and industrious, but oppressed by want, and a numerous family. He went to his house, where the man kneeled down at his feet, and implored mercy. Shenstone carried him home, to assist at the buildings and other improvements which made himself so poor; and, when Shenstone died, this labourer went to his grave with the true tears of gratitude.

Immortal Benevolence! the richest gem that adorns the human soul! without thee, kings are poor; and with thy possession, the beggar is immensely rich!

FROM A LATE LONDON PAPER.

A GENTLEMAN who went to visit some relatives to Ireland, previous to his departure, determined never to fight a duel; and though naturally irritable, resolved to suppress, if possible, every emotion of resentment. He arrived at Dublin in the evening, and went to the theatre, where two beautiful girls laid siege to his affections, and he invited them both to sup with him on College Green. The repast (consisting of a fowl and chamberry tart) was scarcely placed upon the table, before the waiter informed him that a *jontman* was below stairs, who called himself *Captain Mackavanagh*, and that he had sent up word, that the lady in the flowered tabbinet, was a particular friend of his, and must be sent down to him *immediately*, or he must measure swords with the *person* who detained her.

"The message is somewhat abrupt (said the stranger) but if it must be so, it *must*, Madam, I wish you a good night, permit me to accompany you to the door; and in your absence, this lady and I must console ourselves as well as we can for the loss of your agreeable society."

Five minutes had scarcely elapsed before the waiter returned, and brought another message from the Captain, signifying that the lady below stairs was miserable without her companion, who must come to her in no time at all at all. The stranger, much nettled at this abrupt and unexpected summons, hesitated; but his prudence corrected his anger, and he at length made his congé to his fair companion, and consented to eat his supper alone. This determination was not made many seconds, before the waiter entered with a third demaod from the Captain, the purport of which was, that one of the ladies longed for the broiled fowl, and the other for the chamberry tart—they must not be disappointed in their wishes, but both chicken and pie sent down to them. The gentleman, exceedingly enraged, at this impudent requisition, swore most emphatically, "that he would not part with his supper on such terms for all the demirees and bullies from Cork to Antrim." But recollecting the resolution he had made, he reluctantly consented to the whole being removed, called for a bason of water-gruel, eat it like a philosopher, and then went to bed. While he was at breakfast next morning, a fierce, rawboned, coloffal figure, with a great cockade in his hat, stalked into the room, and, without preface, thus addressed him, in a tone of denunciation; "My name, Sir, is Mackavanagh, and I used you like a scoundrel last night,"—"As you are pleased to say so, Sir, (replied the other) I shall not be so rude as to contradict you."—Very well, (continued the Captain) that point being settled, I must next inform you that I am now come to *give you satisfaction*; and as you are a stranger, and may have no weapons, I brought a pair of pistols, ready charged with a brace of bullets each, my dear; so the sooner we settle the affair the better. This was too much; they called a coach, and drove to Glasnevin, from whence the traveller returned, with what his opponent called *the badge of a brave fellow!*—a ball in his left shoulder.

[*Lon. Pap.*

SENTIMETAL REFLECTIONS ON LOVE.

——In solitude
What happiness! who can enjoy alone?
Or, all enjoying, what contentment find?

MILTON.

THAT affection or reciprocal passion, which incites two persons, is called love. Love is a passion so necessary among mankind, that without it, they would soon be reduced to nothing. The desire of the one sex for the other serves to perfect both; it makes happy unions, and amiable societies; but this is only the case when reason presides over and directs it. Guided by a wicked passion, it every day causes adulteries, incests, perjuries and many other evils of the same cast. If you have naturally a tender, affectionate heart, do not endeavour to make insensible: but fix your affections upon proper objects—upon such as may not endanger the loss of your virtue or whether love only those who are virtuous, and thereby your propensity for love will be no less satisfied. What am I saying? It could exist but imperfectly without the precaution. There is no friendship without virtue. The union of two lovers without virtue and good morals, is not love, but an odious association, which engages them in commerce of vices, and establishes between them a reciprocal participation of infamy. Mortals need fear nothing from love: it cannot but perfect and better them.—Love renders the heart less fierce, the temper more easy, and the disposition more complaisant. Most people are accustomed to the inclination or will of the person beloved—they contract by this means the glorious habit of curbing their desires, to conform their inclinations to places, occasions, and persons. But mortals are not equally free, when we are troubled with those sensual desires, which are sometimes confounded with love. Love is very rarely in vicious hearts. Fire a substance pure in itself, emits fetid vapours, while it is confounding impure matter.

A certain person once ask'd Zeno, if wife merited only to love; a very curious question this; but Zeno, without hesitation, immediately replied: "If the wife did not love the fine ladies would be very unhappy." The union of love and innocence seems to be a paradise on earth: it is the great felicity, and the most happy state of life.

The advantages arising from love are, 1 The propagation of the species. 2 Happy unions. 3 Agreeable alliances. 4 Happiness, if rightly managed. 5 The felicities. And, 6. The taming or curbing the passions.

PICTURE OF SENSUAL LOVE.

Damon has upright intentions; he is deeply smitten and sincerely in love with Phyllis; this may be easily known by the description he gives of her accomplishments. One thing is yet wanting; he mentions nothing concerning her virtue or morals, her temper or behaviour: but these are not the objects of his love; she is endued with a grace and attraction that enchant him; she is full of the genuineis and humour; that is enough for him; he has a greater happiness than that of possessing her. Inspired and illuminated by her sparkling eyes, he is in raptures absent from her he is consumed with cares. Would you think that his eagerness and ardour are nothing else than love? Damon not suspect it; he thinks really that he is deeply in love with her. But you may perceive whence his error proceeds: that which he takes for love is only sensuality.

PICTURE OF TRUE LOVE.

Clara is young, handsome, and virtuous. Cleander is about the same age with her, genteely made, brave, wise and well behaved. They saw each other often at neighbour's; they immediately by a powerful charm were, fixed their eyes and minds upon one another. The hour of departing soon came; they saluted each other respectfully, and spoke some obliging things. Three days passed before they met again. Cleander became bolder: ventured to enter into discourse with her; he had before only a glimple of her virtues; he now saw the beauty of her mind, the honesty of her heart, and the simplicity of her manners. He was sensible of the love he had; did not despair of one day calling her his own. He declared his passion to her in these words: Amiable Clara! the sentiment which attaches me to you is not more extreem: it is love of the most lively, and the most ardent kind. I find I cannot live without you. Could you without reluctancy resolve to make me happy?"

A coquette would have received anger under such a declaration as this. Clara heard her lover without interrupting him; answered him with good nature, and permitted him to hope. She did not even put his constancy to a long trial. The happiness for which he longed was only deferred till he could make the necessary preparations. The articles of the contract were easily settled between the parties: interest had no share in it; the chief thing was the mutual gift of their hearts, and that condition was fulfilled before hand. What will be the fate of this new married pair? The happiest that mortals can find on earth. No pleasure is to be compared with those which affect the heart, and there is none which affects it so agreeably as the bliss of loving and being beloved.

DE VALCOUR AND BERTHA;

OR,

THE PREDICTION FULFILLED.

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED from p. 132.)

The agonised groans of the expiring Chief roused Bertha from her temporary stupor: she broke from the arms of Tyrault, and at the same moment beheld the altered form of her beloved Julian: his eyes gazed on her with melancholy mildness, while she shrieked with surprise at the unexpected rencontre. But a new object of astonishment presented itself, when approaching the bed, she beheld the distorted features of Father Ambrose. He beckoned her to his side: she advanced fearfully supported by the anxious de Valcour. Ambrose took her trembling hand, and placed it within that of De Valcour; gazed earnestly at them; and a tear of remorse stole down his pale cheek. "The Prediction is, indeed, fulfilled," said he, gasping with mental and bodily agony. "I was thy father's murderer. Pray for me fusterring angel! for thy look beam mercy to the despairing sinner. My crimes have been many. Let the Baroness Valeria be secured; she has been my instigator to the basest acts: a paper in my cabinet will explain all. Julian, you are my son." The horror and astonishment of this discovery was suspended by the last convulsion which seized Ambrose; and his kneeling children ventured to address a prayer for his forgiveness, to the power who had terminated his guilty career. But all the joy which would otherwise have attended the re-union of De Valcour and Bertha, was destroyed by the dreadful recollection, that she had also been a murderer; nor could all the perfussions of Julian chase the horrid idea from her mind. Purfuant to the last direction of Ambrose, Julian secured the important paper, and read the contents to Bertha and his friend Tyrault; the rest of the party having retired at his command; some to secure the person of Valeria; others to their respective avocations. The confession of Father Ambrose ran thus:

"Born of indigent and obscure parents, the annals of my early days would be unimportant to those for whom this packet is intended. It has been written in moments of bitter remorse; for, amidst all the scenes of diffipation, fuch moments will occur to the foul labouring with guilt. I was intended for the service of the church; but as much interest was requisite to obtain an advantageous situation, I was forced to submit to menial offices in the convent where I was placed, as gave me a violent disgust to the calling. I quitted the convent; and being a lad of spirit and ingenuity, went through a variety of changes in my purfuit of wealth and pleasure. The person and reputed fortune of the Lady Valeria was a dazzling bait, and my natural vanity led me to imagine the prize within my reach; but I had to deal with one more ambitious and artful than myself, and the consequence was, that I became entangled in a fruitless amour. Aware of the danger attending a discovery, and cured of the passion which at first actuated me, I quitted the city where she resided, having previously directed her as to the disposal of the infant to which she must shortly give birth. By a few well-concerted measures, I contrived to pass for a man of some consequence, and formed acquaintance with youths of distinction, who, in purfuit of pleasure sacrificed prudence and fame. By some of these I was introduced to the society of Independents. Their principles were readily adopted by me; but the strong fuspicion, and strict regulations of government, obliging us to disperse awhile, I obtained, under plausible pretences, admission to the convent of St. Clare. The holy habit covers many a depraved heart. I was an adept in hypocrisy, and succeeded in making many of the brethren believe me a man of the strictest piety. It was there to my infinite surprise, I was sent to by the Baroness Valeria, to officiate as confessor to the family. Her infidelity gave me little pain: but the loss of my child, whom I had sent for at the commencement of my league with the Independents, had occasioned me much pain, and now revived in my mind, with a degree of tenderness (towards the mother) which I imagined I had long been incapable of feeling. I made myself known to her: she heard me with astonishment; professed the most undiminished regard; & laid open to my view such ambitious schemes, as soon engaged me completely in her diabolical plans. The daughter of the credulous Baron to whom Valeria was united, equally beauteous and innocent, was marked for destruction by the designing Valeria; and I engaged in her cause with views little less criminal than those which actuated the female fiend. But to direct my purpose more completely, much dissimulation was necessary: and I became in fact, the dupe of my own artifices. To complete the ruin of the young couple, (Bertha having formed an attachment to an orphan lad under the protection of the Baron) I favored a secret marriage, to which Valeria prompted me, by assurances that it was the only method of crushing the youth's aspiring hopes, as she had the entire sway of the doating Baron who would thereby be induced to disinherit them entirely, and make a will in her favor. This plan succeeded: De Valcour and Bertha were united, and long carried on a clandestine correspondence. The unsuspecting Julian confided every thing to me, except the circumstances of his first introduction to the Baron, which, had I known [illegible] crimes might have been avoided; as I should have thereby learnt that he was the son whose loss I had ever lamented. To hurry over a painful recital, the death of the Baron was determined, and effected by my hand. I had easy access to the castle, and found little difficulty of escaping from the convent when the pious brotherhood imagined me reposing in my cell. That suspicion might be averted from me, it was necessary to prevent too strict investigation, by attaching it to another: and as I was well acquainted with the hours when Julian was admitted on a private interview with his wife, I judged it an easy matter to work on her credulity, and terrify her from the castle. For this I had a double purpose: her beauty had inspired me with a criminal passion; and I resolved to get her into my power. My intimacy with the confederate Independents had been recently renewed; and temporary concealment with them I judged my best expedient, till the Baroness completed her promise of bestowing on me wealth and independence. The only difficulty attending my scheme, was that of breaking the strict oath of the society; but as I should thereby have the whole band in my power, I resolved, at all events to brave the consequences, and prefer my own advantage to any consideration of honor or justice."

"Alas, Julian!" said Bertha, laying her hand on his arm, "we are now taught cruelly the consequence of disobedience. Our own rashness has undone us, and made us the dupe of an artful unrelenting enemy." "Perhaps we may be able to avert the dreaded evil," returned Julian. "We have erred without being criminal: may our present punishment be the expiation."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

A FRAGMENT.

KEEN blew the wind o'er a waste of snow when, with vagrant steps, and wildly-gazing eye, the injured outcast, Delwin, Misery's hapless child, heedless of danger, careless of life, rushed amidst the terrors of a trackless plain. The world, even highly praised society, he fled, tortured by unkindness, perfidy, and ingratitude, from those he once dearly loved and trusted. Despair took possession of his soul, and reflection bred distraction. The cutting blasts of the north scattered the auburn locks that adorned his manly brow, while from the tongue, so late all-persuasive in eloquence, dropped the incoherencies of a mind lacerated to an eminent degree of anguish. "Chill are your winds, stern winter," he cried. "but not half so chill as the pitiless blasts of misfortune. Yours but reach the corporeal feelings: hers with tenfold severity strike deeply into the mental ones. Yet had my Ella, but still-beloved, had she, when the black frown of displeasure sat on an angry parent's brow, when, (pardon him, Blessed Redeemer!) a bitter curse was invoked on my head, dashing me from the height of happiness down the precipice of misery, but welcomed the disowned Delwin, who for her incurred the malediction of his father, still might I have derived some small portion of comfort from the conviction of her constancy. But Ella loved the fortune, not the man. Now, torturing thought! my false friend and happy rival, revels in bliss; for this, this, is their wedding day!" Utterance became painful; wildly he retrod the way he had passed, till tired nature demanded a respite. No longer from his eyes beamed the fire which illumined them. Cold, pale and numbed, yet almost unconscious, he continued to walk, till streaming from the windows of a stately mansion, innumerable lights burst on his astonished sight. From the dusky gloom of twilight to the blaze of an artificial day, was a wondrous change to his visual sense. With fixed stare he regarded the noble edifice, while a pillar, round whose base the snow had drifted, supported his body almost sinking from the combined effects of the weather, and inward anguish. Some confused idea of having been familiar with the scenes before him, crossed his mind; but ere he could recollect when, a strain of melody enchained his attention. Agile forms, decorated with spoils of the ostrich, &c. tripped with light steps past the windows. Loud peals of laughter reached his ears; and pleasure reigned arbitrary over all, save the sad, sad heart of Delwin. A being, superior to the rest, engaged all his powers of observation. The gems of foreign climes sparkled about her; an arm white as the snow below, was drawn in a noble's arm at her side, who with delight appeared to dwell on her looks. They stopped. Delwin uttered a cry of agony.—"My Ella, exclaimed, (vainly stretching forth his arms,) my affianced bride!" A smile of complacency irradiated the countenance of the beautiful girl; her companion pressed her to his bosom. "Madness!" cried the wanderer. "Wilford too! False, perjured woman!—Unworthy Henry!—From my heart, even my memory, I for ever exclude ye!" Still he looked, and still were they in sight. A magnificent carriage advanced to the gate, against a pillar on which Delwin leaned. "Beggar make room!" said a pampered hireling. The poor youth glanced his eye at the equipage. There, in all the pomp of pride, sat the father of the "Beggar;" the haughty, vindictive Baron Delwin! "Why does the fellow stand there!" vociferated the Peer. "Father," gasped the poor convulsed Delwin, "She's there—but not for me. You, false Henry—forgiveness—Oh, Ella—pardon—all—every thing."—The vital current ceased to flow; Misery had its victim; and in innocence and virtue, the soul of Delwin fled to its Savior and its God.

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ACCOUNT OF THE MARQUIS D'EMBLEVILLE.

Before the hand of Power had levelled all diſtinctions in France, and ſunk the proudeſt families to the humiliating condition of the meaneſt peaſant, in the gay neighbourhood of Verſeilles, the Marquis D'Embleville owned a ſumptuous hotel, where he lived in epicurean luxury and princely ſplendour. His mind poſſeſſed all the imperious vanity of the ancient regime; and placed by fortune at an awful diſtance, he looked down upon the *canaille* as unworthy to hold with him a rank in the ſame ſcale of being.

His only ſon Lewis, in the prime of youth, had made the tour of Switzerland: he had viſited every part of thoſe wondrous regions, where Nature reigns in all her grandeur, and diſplays to the enthuſiaſtic mind that ſublime and majeſtic ſcenery which attracts and gratifies the moſt unbounded curioſity.

So remote from the haunts of courtly pleaſure—ſo diſtant from the giddy circle of high life—he felt the impreſſion of that tender paſſion, beneath whoſe controuling power mortals of all degrees are indiſcriminately doomed to bow.

The object of his admiration was a lovely Swiſs, freſh from the hand of Nature, in all the bloom of youth and beauty, like the mother of mankind, in the ſtate of primeval innocence: honeſty was the only wealth her friends poſſeſſed;—her charms and virtues were her only portion.

With this lovely maid Lewis had ſought and cultivated an acquaintance. He weighed her mental graces againſt the frippery of Pariſian belles, & with pleaſure ſaw them greatly preponderate.

She felt the congenial paſſion; but, from diſparity of circumſtances, ſuppreſſed the kindling hope: the ſhaft was fixed too deep in his boſom to be eradicated without lacerating his wounds! Although deſpairing of ſucceſs, he returned to his father, and on his knee beſought him to confirm his happineſs by an aſſent to his unequal union.

Degrading intimation, ſhould the honorary tide of princely blood, long flowing down the channel of an illuſtrious anceſtry, be contaminated by mingling with plebeian ſtreams? No!—He ſpurned him from his feet; and, with a haggard hand, reluctantly conferring a ſcanty annuity, bade him retire again to ignominious exile, and ſee his face no more!

He was too well acquainted with the haughty inflexibility of his father's temper, when once arrived at a certain point—he knew that the moment of expoſtulation was forever paſt! He was forbidden to return to ſeek a pardon, even by the narrow path of duty—he, therefore, felt himſelf not unhappy, without a direct breach of parental obligation, he could, by the trivial ſacrifice of his fortune, obtain the object of his deſires.

He bade adieu to the ſcenes of departed affluence, and flew to repoſe himſelf on the faithful boſom of domeſtic affection. The inhabitants of the happy valley celebrated their nuptials with the uſual ceremonies, and Lewis ſoon forgot that he was born to higher expectations!

The ſtorm which had long been gathering over devoted France at length deſcended, involving in one general ruin all the pride of prerogative, title and family. The ſanguinary ſtreams that flowed from the throne, ſwollen by a thouſand rills, had deluged the nation, and the horrid engine of death ſtill frowned tremendous over its innumerable victims.

Not with leſs trouble than the trembling traveller, when he ſees the accumulating Avalanche thundering from Alpine precipices—in its progreſs tearing up towering pines, and cruſhing into atoms the obſtructing cottages—the Marquis D'Embleville beheld the approaching deſolation.

His lady died of a broken heart, to obſerve the ſplendor of her family eclipſed; and, reſcuing a comparative trifle from the wreck of affluence, he haſtily left his proſcribed country in diſguiſe, and fled towards the regions of ancient Helvetic liberty; where, after long and weary wandering among thoſe eternal mountains, which form the barriers of nations—whoſe heads crowned with ſnows, old as the creation, view the turgid clouds rolling round their baſe—amid the wildeſt ſcenes of nature, he experienced the bitter pangs of reflection, without a beam of diſtant hope to cheer him in his exile.

In order to divert the cares that wrung his boſom, he had viſited the ſtupendous cataract of the Rhine, he had marked the wandering of Emmen and the Reuſs, and at length arrived at a charmingly romantic valley, in the neighbourhood of Lugano.

The evening ſun ſhed his yellow rays over olive, orange, and citron groves, which clothed the ſides of the far-ſtretched mountains, when he reached a neat little cottage, ſeated on a gentle declivity, which terminated in the tranquil waters of an extenſive lake, over which gentle zephyrs wafted the ſoftened notes of ruſtic joy—the villagers were returning from the labours of the day; and here and there appeared, in diſtant groups, winding down the avenues of the vineclad hills.

At the cottage door he was met by two buxum little girls, on whoſe cheeks bloomed the roſes of health, and their dreſs was ſuch as ſerve not to decorate but diſplay the fine ſymmetry of their features.

They made a low and graceful curteſy, and then ran in to announce the approach of a ſtranger.

The charming mother came out, and modeſtly welcomed him to her cottage, where ſhe ſet before him the beſt her ſimple larder afforded, together with the choiceſt fruits the children could procure.

He took the infants on his knee, and encouraged their artleſs prattle by familiar queſtions and endearments; and from them he learnt that their papa was gone to take a long walk on the mountains, on which account they were unable to accompany him as uſual.

Their pleaſures, their paſtimes, and their mode of education, became the general topics of converſation; and the Marquis diſcovered in this little groupe more natural ability and good ſenſe than he had frequently found in the moſt poliſhed circles. The mother was an intelligent, liberal minded woman, and delivered her ſentiments with the moſt agreeable and unaffected ſimplicity—her whole deportment and conduct evinced the moſt ſacred attachment to the maternal and conjugal duties; and ſhe ſpoke with enthuſiaſm of the enjoyments of retirement, and domeſtic life.

The mind of the Marquis was much affected, and it was with apparent difficulty he could conceal the various emotions which ſtruggled in his boſom.

The little mountaineers, who had been on the "tiptoe of expectation," for the arrival of their father, now recognized his footſteps as he approached the door, and welcomed him home by hanging round his knees, and danced with exceſs of rapture, while he diſtributed between them ſome flowers, and other natural curioſities, indigenous to the ſoil, which he had picked up in his way.

A ſudden pleaſure ſeemed to irradiate the lovely countenance of the mother, as ſhe introduced her conſort to her gueſt. Had a clap of thunder that moment torn from the ſummit of the neighbouring mountain, the eternal rock, which then caſt a length of ſhade acroſs the lake, and hurled it into the vale below, a greater degree of aſtoniſhment could not have been depicted in the faces of both, than at this unexpected rencounter.

A momentary ſilence prevailed—conſcious remorſe touched the heart of the Marquis at the appearance of a ſon whom he had ſo much injured, while Lewis ſtood awed beneath the heretofore authoritative eye of a diſobliged parent.

The roſe fled the cheek of the amiable Maria, while the husband on his knee deprecated the forgiveneſs of that father of whoſe diſpleaſure ſhe had formerly heard with ſo much emotion; and who, ſhe now fully expected, was come to deſtroy her happineſs for ever!

He perceived their agitation & adverſity had ſoftened his heart, and all the father returned! For awhile he could not ſpeak; but took their hands, and, joining them together, lifted his eyes to heaven, as in the act of imploring bleſſings on them both. He then ſnatched the wondering infants to his boſom, and ſhed over them involuntary tears.

The firſt tomults this interview had occaſioned ſubſiding, a calmer but more ſolemn ſcene enſued.—The death of Lady Embleville, and the family misfortunes, engaged all their attention; and, while they liſtened to the tale of woe, they mutually paid the tribute due to human calamity.

The Marquis, having now experienced the viciſſitudes and fallacy of fortune, acknowledged the ſuperior prudence of his ſon in making ſo judicious a choice, and bleſſed the Power which ſo myſteriouſly diſpoſed him to provide this calm retreat, & thoſe domeſtic comforts, amidſt which he reſolved to ſpend the evening of his days.

MAXIM.

The ſame energy of mind which urges to the nobleſt heights of benevolence, and aſſists towards the ſublimeſt attainments of genius, may alſo, if not properly directed, hurry us on to the wildeſt extravagances of paſſion, and betray into impetuoſity and folly.

ADVICE TO HUSBANDS.

BY A LADY.

Could that kind of love he kept alive through the marriage ſtate, which makes the charm of a ſingle one, the ſovereign good would no longer be fought for: in the union of two faithful lovers it would be found: but reaſon ſhews us that this is impoſſible; and experience informs us, that it ever was ſo; we muſt preſerve it as long, and ſupply it as happily as we can.

When your preſent violence of paſſion, however ſubſides and a more cool and tranquil affection takes its place be not haſty to cenſure yourſelf as indifferent, or to lament yourſelf as unhappy; you have loſt that only which it was impoſſible to retain; and it were graceleſs, amid the pleaſures of a proſperous ſummer, to regret the bloſſoms of a tranſient ſpring. Neither unwearily condemn your bride's inſipidity, till you have recollected, that no object, however ſublime, no ſound however charming, can continue to tranſport us with delight, when they no longer ſtrike us with novelty. The ſkill to renovate the powers of pleaſing, is ſaid, indeed, to be poſſeſſed by ſome women in an eminent degree; but the artifices of maturity are ſeldom ſeen to adorn the innocence of youth; you have made your choice, and ought to approve of it.

Satiety follows quick upon the heels of poſſeſſion: and to be happy, we muſt always have ſomething in view.—The perſon of your lady is already your own, and cannot grow more pleaſing in your eyes. I doubt, though the reſt of your ſex may think her handſome, Tom, therefore, as an attention to her mind, which will daily grow brighter by poliſhing. Study to acquire a ſacrifice to each other, and acquire a ſimilarity of taſte while you enjoy a community of pleaſures. You will by theſe means have many images in common and be ſeldom [illegible] rating to find ſomething [illegible] wedded love, as the moſt [illegible] of the compaſſion [illegible] cement the preſent union [illegible] never be kept [illegible] your friendſhips, or even [illegible] faults, but make them [illegible] by your circumſpection; conſider all concealment as a breach of fidelity; let her never have any thing to find out in your character: and remember, that from the moment one of the parties turns ſpy upon the other, they have commenced a ſtate of hoſtility.

Seek not for happineſs in ſingularity, and dread a reſinement in wiſdom as a deviation into folly. Liſten not to thoſe ſages who a wife you always to ſcorn the counſels of a woman's friend, if you comply with her requeſt, pronounce you to be under her government. Think not any privation, except of poſitive evil, an excellence; and do not congratulate yourſelf that your wife is not a learned Lady, or that ſhe never touches a card.

I ſaid, that the perſon of your lady would not grow more pleaſing to you: but pray never let her ſuſpect that it grows leſs ſo; that a woman will pardon an affront to her underſtanding, much ſooner than one to her perſon, is well known; nor can the aſſertion be contradicted.—All our attainments and arts, is to gain & keep the heart of man; and what mortification can exceed the diſappointment if the end be not obtained? There is no reproof however pointed, no puniſhment however ſevere, that a woman of ſpirit will not prefer to neglect; and if ſhe can endure it without complaint, it only proves that ſhe means to make herſelf amends, by the attention of others, for the ſlights of her huſband. For this reaſon it behoves every married man not to let his politeneſs fail, though his ardor may abate; but to retain, at leaſt, that general civility towards his own lady, which he is ſo ready to pay to every other; and not ſhew his wife, that every man in company can treat her with more complaiſance than he who ſo often vowed to her eternal fondneſs.

It is not my opinion that a young woman ſhould be indulged in every wild wiſh of her gay heart, or giddy head; but contradiction may be ſoftened by domeſtic kindneſs, and quiet pleaſures ſubſtituted in the place of noiſy ones. Public amuſements are not, indeed, ſo exceſſive as is ſometimes imagined; but they tend to alienate the minds of married people from each other. A well-choſen ſociety of friends and acquaintance, more eminent for virtue and good ſenſe, than for gaiety and ſplendor, where the converſation of the day may afford comment for the evening, ſeems the moſt rational pleaſure we can enjoy.

A word or two on jealouſy, may not be amiſs; for though not a failing of the preſent age's growth, yet the ſeeds of it are too certainly ſown in every warm boſom,

for us to neglect it as a fault of no consequence. If you are ever tempted to be jealous, watch your wife narrowly, but never teaze her; tell her your jealousy but conceal your suspicion; let her, in short, be satisfied that it is only your odd temper, and even troublesome attachment, that makes you follow her; but let her not dream that you ever doubted seriously of her virtue, even for a moment. If she is disposed towards jealousy of you, let me beseech you to be always explicit with her, and never mysterious; be above delighting in her pain; nor do your business nor pay your visits with an air of concealment, when all you are doing might as well be proclaimed to the public at large.

HINTS

FOR A YOUNG MARRIED WOMAN.

It has often been thought, that the first year after marriage, is the happiest of a woman's life. We must first suppose that she marries from motives of affection, or what the world calls love; and even in this case, the rule admits of many exceptions, and she encounters many difficulties. She has her husband's temper to study, his family to please, household cares to attend, and, what is worse than all, she must cease to command, and learn to obey. She must learn to submit, without repinning, where she has been used to have even her looks studied.

Would the tender lover treat his adored mistress like a rational being rather than a goddess, a woman's task would be rendered much easier; and her life much happier. Would the flatterer pay his devoirs to her understanding, rather than her person, he would soon find his account in it. Would he consult her on his affairs, converse with her freely upon all subjects, and make her his companion and friend, instead of flattering her beauty admiring her dress, and exalting her beyond what human nature merits, for what can at best be only called fashionable accomplishments, he would find himself less disappointed, and she would rattle the marriage chains with less impatience and difficulty. How can a sensible man expect that the poor vain trifler, to whom he pays so much court, should make an intelligent, agreeable companion; an assiduous and careful wife, a fond and anxious mother?

When a man pays court only to a woman's vanity, he can expect nothing but a fashionable wife, who may shine as a fine lady, but never in the softer intercourse of domestic endearments. How often is it owing to these lords of the creation, that the poor women become in reality what their ridiculous partiality made them suppose themselves? A pretty method truly this of improving the temper, informing the mind, engaging the affections, and exciting our esteem for these objects that we entrust with our future happiness.

I will now give my fair friends a few hints with regard to their conduct in the most respectable of all characters, a wife, a mother, and a friend. But first let me assert, and I do it with confidence, that nothing can be more false than the idea, that *a reformed rake makes the best husband*. This is a common opinion, but it is not mine. At least there are too many chances against it.

A libertine by the time he can bear to think of matrimony, has little left to boast, but a shattered constitution, empty pockets, tradesmen's bills, bad habits, and a taste for dress, public places, and vices of every denomination. The poor wife's fortune will supply the rake with these fashionable follies a little longer. When money, the last resource, fails, he becomes peevish, sour and discontented. Angry that she can be indulged no longer, and ungrateful and regardless of her past favours. Disease, with all her miserable attendants, next steps in! Ill is he prepared, in body or mind, to cope with pain, sickness, poverty, and wretchedness. The poor wife has spent her all in supporting his extravagancies. She may now pine for want, with a helpless infant crying for bread. Shunned and despised by her friends and neglected by all her acquaintance.

This, my beloved fair, is too often the case with many of our sex. The task of reforming the rake is much above our capacity. I wish our inclinations in this instance were as limited as our abilities. But, alas! we vainly imagine we shall be rewarded for our resolution in making such trial by the success that will attend our undertaking. If a young woman marries an amiable and virtuous young man, she has nothing to fear, she may even glory in giving up her own wishes to his! Never marry a man whose understanding will not excite your esteem, and whose virtues will not engage your affections. If a woman once thinks herself superior to her husband, all authority ceases, and she cannot be brought to *obey* where she is so well enabled to *command*.

Sweetness and gentleness are all a woman's eloquence; and sometimes they are too powerful to be resisted, especially when accompanied with youth and beauty. They are then enticements to virtue, preventatives from vice, & affection's security.

Never let your brow be clouded with resentment! Never triumph in revenge! Who is it that you afflict! The man upon earth that should be dearest to you! Upon whom all your future hopes of happiness must depend—Poor the conquest, when our dearest friend must suffer—and ungenerous must be the heart that can rejoice in such a victory.

Let your tears persuade; these speak the most irresistible language with which you can affail the heart of man. But even these sweet fountains of sensibility must not flow too often, lest they degenerate into weakness, and we lose our husband's esteem and affection by the very methods which were given us to ensure them.

Study every little attention in your person, manner, and dress, that you find will please. Never be negligent in your appearance, because you expect nobody but your husband. He is the first person whom you should endeavour to oblige. Always make your home agreeable to him; receive him with ease, good humour and cheerfulness.—But be cautious how you enquire too minutely into his engagements abroad. Betray neither suspicion nor jealousy. Appear always gay and happy in his presence. Be particularly attentive to his favorite friends, even if they intrude upon you. A welcome reception will at all times counterbalance indifferent fare. Treat his relations with respect and affection: ask their advice in your household affairs and always follow it when you can consistently with propriety.

Treat your husband with the most unreserved confidence in every thing that regards yourself, but never betray your friends letters or secrets to him. This he cannot, and, indeed, ought not to expect. If you do not use him to it, he will never desire it. Be careful never to intrude upon his studies for his pleasure. be always glad to see him but do not be laughed at as a fond, foolish wife. Confine your endearments to your own fire-side. Do not let the young envy you, nor the old abuse for a weakness which upon reflection you must yourself condemn.

These hints will I hope be of some service to my fair country-women. They will perhaps have more weight when they know that the author of them has been married about a year, and has often with success, practised those rules herself which she now recommends to others

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ON THE PLEASURES OF REFLECTION.

That the enjoyments of the intellects exceed the pleasures of sense, is a truth confessed by all who are capable of exerting the faculties of thinking in their full vigour. But by these pleasures are generally understood sublime contemplations on subjects of science and abstruse disquisition—contemplations which can only be the result of uncommon powers, and extraordinary efforts.

But there are intellectual pleasures of another kind; to the enjoyment of which neither abilities nor learning are required. These are no other than the pleasures of reflection, which are open to the illiterate mechanic, as well as the philosopher, and constitute the sweetest satisfaction of human life.

There are few who have not felt pleasing sensations arising from a retrospective view of the first period of their lives. To recollect the puerile amusements, the petty anxieties, and the eager pursuits of childhood, is a task in which all delight. It is common to observe, that even no subject do men dwell with such pleasure, as the boyish tricks and wanton pranks, which they practice at school. The hoary head looks back with a smile of complacency, mixed with regret, on the season when health glowed on the cheek, when lively spirits warmed the heart, and when toil strung the nerve with vigour.

Cicero has remarked, that events the most disagreeable, during their immediate influence, give an exquisite satisfaction when their consequences have ceased; and Æneas solaced his companions, under the hardships they endured, with the consideration, that the remembrance of their sufferings would, one day give them satisfaction. That these sentiments is just, is well known to those who have enjoyed the conversation of the soldier. Battles, skirmishes and sieges, at which, perhaps, he trembled, during the action, furnish him with topics of conversation, and sources of pleasure, for the remainder of his life.

Reflection is the most proper employment, and the sweetest satisfaction, in a rational old age. Destitute of strength and vigour, necessary for bodily exertions, and furnished with observations by experience, the old man finds his chief employment, and his greatest pleasure to consist in wandering in imagination over past scenes of delight, in recounting the adventures of his youth, the visitudes of human life, and public events to which he is proud of having been an eye witness. Of so exalted a nature are these enjoyments, that theologists have not hesitated to assert, that to recollect a well-spent life, is to anticipate the bliss of a future existence.

The professors of philosophy, who will be acknowledged to have understood the nature of true and substantial pleasure better than the gay, the busy and the dissipated, have ever shewn a predilection for privacy and solitude. No other cause have they assigned for their conduct in forsaking society, than the noise and hurry of the world is incompatible with the exertion of calm reason, and dispassionate reflection. The apothegem of that ancient, who said, "he was never less alone than when by himself," is not to be considered as a mere epigrammic turn. In vain was it to pursue philosophy in the Saburra—she was only to be courted by success, in the sequestered shade of rural retirement.

Were the powers of reflection cultivated by habit, mankind would at all times be able to derive a pleasure from their own breasts, as rational as it is exalted. To the attainment of this happiness, a strict adherence to the rules of virtue is necessary; for let it be remembered, than none can feel the pleasures of reflection, who do not enjoy the peace of innocence.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE MONTH OF MAY.

Jovis omnia plena.—VIRGIL.

Bright in verdure, gaily smiling,
May strips lightly o'er the plain,
Thousand beauties, time beguiling,
Wanton in her rosy train.

Nature all her charms discloses,
Fields in lively colours bloom,
Golden cowslips pale primroses,
Spread around a rich perfume.

From the whiten'd hawthorn bushes,
And on each emblossomed spray,
Mellow black-birds, warbling thrushes,
Carol forth the tuneful lay.

Milky lambkins, harmless sporting,
Frolic o'er the dewy lawn,
Ring-doves, in the thickets courting,
Cooing nsher in the dawn.

Music sweetly round us flowing,
Earth and air in concert move,
Every breast with rapture glowing,
Lost in extacy of love.

Thus in Eden's blissful station,
Swell'd the universal theme,
Beauty smil'd—and all creation,
Sung the praise of God supreme.

Scenes of wonder daily rising,
Widely scatter'd o'er the clod,
Say with eloquence surprising,
Nature's self is full of God

ADDRESS TO CHARITY.

An Ode performed before the Female Charitable Society, in Providence, Sept. 6, 1804.

Behold from yonder radiant sphere,
All bounteous Charity descend,
To dry the weeping orphan's tear,
And be the drooping widow's friend.

Thou first of human virtues, hail!
To thee we consecrate the day;
May thy persuasive voice prevail,
And drive each selfish care away.

Columbia's daughters* still appear,
The foremost in thy shining train;
'Tis theirs the languid heart to cheer,
And soften misery's keenest pain.

Far brighter than the diamond's rays
The trembling tear in Pity's eye;
Applauding Seraphs here might gaze,
And waft to Heav'n the feeling sigh.

Ye who possess the envied pow'r,
To gratify the gen'rous mind,
Let some kind action mark each hour,
Nor be to suffering merit blind.

Yet sacred is the heart-felt tear,
By sympathy and virtue given;
And though 'tis unavailing here,
'Tis truly register'd in Heaven.

* It is not known that there are in Europe many similar charitable institution, directed and supported by females.

EPIGRAM.

Kitty declares, that love should bind
Each mortal to a kindred mind—
What Thersites will Kitty find!

[PONT FOLIO.

THE FOP—AN EXTRACT.

See yon Fop in langoid strain,
Half the lingering day complain!

Now the barber stands confest—
"Tongs and powder do your best!"
"Curl'd or frizzled?—I don't care,
Only make the LADIES stare:
Now let's have a luscious touch—
"O 'tis well: I like it much."

Next the toilet claims his care!
Now he's puzzled what to wear
"This won't do for sea, 'tis torn:
This—I wore last Sunday morn;
This—but see, a button's off!
This—O! blast the cursed snuff!
This—how's this?—Is all the *ton*—
Worn it twice—'twill do for John—
This—let's see—Ah! this's *your sort*,
Stop—this 'tis said is rather short:
This then—this's the very one;
I remember when 'twas on,
Chloe star'd with all her eyes—
This must surely, win the prize."

Now as taught in fashion's school,
His dress he first by nicest rule,
Ties and folds with curious art,
Rubs and brushes every part:
Seeks and picks with anxious care,
Every feather, speck and hair;
More his dread than rusty guns,
Though at these he faints or runs.

Equipt, at length, he shuts the door,
Glass behind and glafs before,
Freely views his pretty form—
"Sure those plaited curls must charm:"
Now he trims the killing smirk:
"Yes—that smile must do the work:"
Then the ogle takes its turn;
"Yes—she'll take me, I'll be sworn:"
Next the bow; for much you know
Bows improve by practice too:
"Never better; try once more;
Never half so well before."

Last, his fancy, peace by peace,
Contemplates the power of dress;
Dumb, his wond'rous skill beholds;
Shown in ties, and curls, and folds;
Every curl supplies a bow,
Strong to speed the fatal blow;
Every tie conceals a dart,
Sure to pierce the female heart;
Every fold presents a blind,
Where a Cupid lurks behind
Archly shrugs and rudely laughs,
Silly shoots his random shafts;
Choosing none, but aim'd at all,
Ladies' hearts by thousand's fall;
At his feet for pity plead:
Unregarded, lo! they bleed.

Such his evolutions pass,
In review before the glass:
All who saw would doubtless own,
Pug by Prig was far out-done;
All but Prig would laugh to see
What an Ape a man may be.

SONG,

O why should I puzzle my head,
And struggle for riches or fame?
To-morrow the phantoms are fled,
And mortals return as they came.

How foolish to murmur or fret,
And pore on such trivial affairs;
To set myself down in a pet,
And hug such a burthen of cares.

This life, for which there's such a-do,
Like a whiff of tobacco decays;
And yet it is equally true,
Has many an intricate maze.

The busige we made ourselves in't,
The more are we pester'd and vex't,
Then let me be calm and content,
And seriously think of the next.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MR. COOPER.

In America where business is every one's occupation, but few remarkable characters have appeared, and scarcely a biographer has been found to distinguish those few, before the world. However congenial the mystery of money-making may be with a cheerful evenness of temper, it is certainly inimical to genius; and where the opulent lounger would foster, the man of trade frowns on the efforts of imagination. Our luxuries are exotic, our entertainments imported, our public spectacles more or less excellent as they approach the European models, of which they are the distant imitations. The barrenness of our literary domain is therefore to be wondered at; nor where the soil, though so rank has been hitherto so uncultivated, should it surprise, that when a native plant has sprung up, its virtues have not been recorded, or when a foreign one transplanted, has thriven, though its qualities may have been used and enjoyed, they have not been sufficiently made known, or justly appreciated. The writer of the following memoir, is among the earliest in this country, to attempt the delineation of a living character, and the subject of one of the most eminent of those, whose walks of life, have not been political, that have presented themselves to the biographer. The undertaking is made with that diffidence, which respect for the public voice, and the magnitude of a biographical attempt inspire: the writers motto is, "Neminem libenter, nominem, nisi ut laudem; sed nec peccata reprehenderem, nisi ut aliis prodesse m."

Mr. Cooper was born about the year 1777, of reputable parents: His father was a surgeon, and acquired considerable property in the East under Warren Hasting's Indian administration—but of the greater part, if not all of it, his widow and children were at his death, which was abroad, defrauded and left destitute. When nine years old, Cooper was taken out of friendship to his family, and in some sort adopted by Mr. Godwin, the well known author of the Essay on Political Justice, by whom he was educated and intended for a writer, and no doubt induced into the visionary democratical sentiments of his instructor. He is probably one of the very few, who have been apprenticed to authorship; and as it is impossible to determine the heat, & much more so, the soundness and strength of a mind so young, it is somewhat remarkable that a man of Godwin's understanding should train a boy to write books, before it was certain he could ever be induced to read them. What Mr. Godwin's particular method of education was, we do not know; and though when his opinions are adverted to, it should seem not a system of restraint, yet when Cooper's readiness on most subjects is considered, with his negligent habits, for some years past, a better cannot but be supposed, that the foundation laid was of its kind, a good one.

Such a pupil to such a master, must have been roused and delighted by the French revolution. Cooper was scarcely seventeen, when his enthusiasm prompted him to relinquish the pen for the sword, and to seek a commission in the armies of the great Republick, the just sprouting sensitive, and uncertain laurels of the author were blasted—civick and mural crowns, ovations, and "*subres d'honneur*" were much more glittering and accordingly it was already determined that he should engage for the banners of liberty, and confusion, when the war broke out between England and France, and clouded the brilliant prospects of military promotion and renown in the cause of liberty. Then it was, he turned his attention to the stage, and communicated his wishes to his benefactor; they were received with coldness and regret, and not till some time assented to, and then with decided disapprobation. His intention however being found invincible, Mr. Holcroft undertook to give him some preparatory lessons. When he was thought sufficiently prepared many difficulties occurred, before a suitable place could be found for his first appearance: at last Mr. Stephen Kemble offered his auspices and Edinburgh was concluded on. The writer of this sketch has heard Mr. Cooper describe with great pleasantry his first interview with the Scotch manager; he was at that time a raw country youth of seventeen. On his arrival in Edinburgh, little conscious of his appearance and incompetency, he waited on Mr. Kemble, made up in the extreme of rustick foppery, proud of his talents, and little doubting his success. When he mentioned his name and errand, Mr. Kemble's countenance changed from a polite smile to the stare of disappointment. Cooper had been prepared for young Norval; but he was obliged to exchange all his expected eclat for a few cold excuses from the manager and the chagrin of seeing some nights after, his part filled by an old man and a bad player. During the remainder of the season he continued with Stephen Kemble without ever appearing.—From Edinburgh he went with the company to New-Castle on the Tyne, here he lived as dependent, inactive and undistinguished as before, till, owing to the want of a person to fill the part of Malcolm in Macbeth, he was cast to that humble character—in so inferior a sphere did *he* begin to move, who is now one of the brightest ornaments of the theatrical hemisphere. His *debut* was even less flattering than his reception from the manager had been. Till the last scene he passed through tolerably well, but when he came to the lines, which conclude the play.

"So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
"whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone."

After stretching out his hands and assuming the attitude and smile of thankfulness, a slight embarrassment checked him, and he paused, still keeping his posture and look—the prompter made himself heard by every one, but the bewildered Malcolm, who still continued mute, every instance of his silence encreasing ten-fold his perplexity—Macduff whispered the words in his ear—Macbeth who lay slaughtered at his feet, broke the bonds of death, to assist his dumb successor, the prompter spoke almost to vociferation—Each Thane dead or alive joined his voice—but this was only "confusion worse confounded"—if he could have spoken, the amazed Prince might with great justice have said "so thanks to all at once—but his utterance was gone," yet sacrifice hasit—a hiss presently broke out in the Pit, the clamour soon became general, and the curtain dropped amid a shout of universal disapprobation.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

FROM A LONDON PAPER.

The following circumstance lately occurred in the north of England:—Three mechanics, who are Members of a volunteer corps, retired after the fatigues of a field day, to regale themselves at a hedge ale-house. Being in high spirits, they continued their carousal for four days and nights without intermission, when they found themselves likely to be hogged, the landlady having with lengthened phiz pointed to the score behind the door. Being unable to satisfy her demand, in this predicament one of the party, though only a Tailor, and having a manly voice, and a red coat on, boldly demanded a "Council of War," which sat accordingly, and the result of their deliberations was, that any one present should propose himself for a husband to the landlady, she being a widow. On the lady's clamour being renewed, the ultimatum was given in and accepted! And the bridegroom elect encouraged his companions to commence the carousal again. The siege was renewed accordingly—indemnities obtained for their past depredations, and a guinea was extracted from the pocket of the dowager to pay for a marriage licence!—The day was appointed—our heroes were liberated, and the lady allured by the promises of the arch deceiver, was induced to wait with her bride-maid at the church-door, the arrival of her lover: but alas! no lover arrived.—What cause had tended to blow out the torch of Hymen, is at present unknown; but it should seem that the tailor's propensities were rather more for the *spirit* than the *flesh*.

ADVICE.

A young lady lately consulted a Physician of eminence, on account of some rheumatic pains, and a troublesome cough, which she had laboured under ever since the commencement of the cold weather. The prescription was sent by the footman to the Apothecary's, as usual. He read it with a smile, and recommended the messenger to take it to a Haberdasher's on the opposite side of the street, as Apothecaries did not keep the articles prescribed—upon which the footman enquired what the Doctor had ordered, when he was informed by the young Æsculapius, that the prescription ran thus:—take—a good warm double Scotch shawl, and apply it immediately round the shoulders and chest; add also *secundem artem* a stout Welsh flannel petticoat.

The following is a description of a CAMELEON, now exhibiting in New-York, which arrived there, from Senegal, in the schooner Hope:

"This animal is a production of Africa, is 11 inches in length, his head near two inches: from thence to the beginning of the tail four and an half; the tail is five inches long, and the feet two and an half; the thickness of the body is different at different times, as it can blow itself up and contract itself at pleasure. This swelling and contraction is not only the back and belly, but of the legs and tail. Its subsistence is air; but sometimes is known to feed upon flies, one of which it is half an hour in swallowing. It possesses the power of changing to various colours, such as black, white, yellow, red, &c.

ANECDOTE.

A little Lawyer appearing as evidence in one of the courts, was asked by a gigantic counsellor, what profession he was of: and having replied that he was an Attorney, "You a lawyer! (said Brief) why I can put you in my pocket." "Very likely you may," rejoined the other, "and if you do, you will have more law in your *pocket* than in your *head*.

DE VALCOUR AND BERTHA;

on,

THE PREDICTION FULFILLED.

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER IV.—(Concluded from p. 136.)

DE VALCOUR was prevented from continuing the narrative by the return of Tyrault. He has succeeded beyond their most sanguine expectations; the Baroness had expressed the keenest remorse for her late conduct; affected to throw the whole blame on the criminal Ambrose—and waited only for the presence of Julian, and her injured daughter in law, to make ample restitution, explain several interesting particulars, and then throw herself penitent and unprotected on their mercy. This was a favorable moment, not to be neglected. Julian had attached the band to him by his gentle manners, and manly endurance of calamity. They agreed unanimously on dissowing his oath of association; substituting only one by which he was bound not to betray any of their secrets; and he then obtained an honorable discharge. Tyrault conducted them by sub erraneous passes to the hut in the wood; and Bertha with astonishment discovered that she had been closely confined within a mile of the castle di Montalpine. Tyrault, who was the chief of the Independents, selected a few, on whose fidelity he could depend, to escort his friends to the castle, at the gates of which he took an affectionate leave; assuring De Valcour, that, in any hour of distress or peril, they should ever find assistance and refuge where he was. The lady Valeria, in the castle, had received them: from her countenance was marked an unkeepers ness; her eye alternately shewn with a tear of fear, or glanced with a gleam of kindling hope. The reserve of Bertha at neither exalting nor servile: she returned the kind salute of the Baroness with cordiality, but shrunk from her extended hand, and rested for support on the ready arm of Julian, who entered her with honouring looks in the spacious saloon a collation was prepared; every thing seemed to wear an air of awful preparation, for the chair of the late Baron was placed between a small canopy, over which waved a vast plume of black feathers; his banquetting robe was thrown across the seat, and his sword surrounded across it, an embroidered scarf. The Baroness placed herself in a seat on one side, while she motioned Bertha to take the other; and some moments a mournful silence prevailed. Bertha was too deeply affected to speak, and Valeria seemed absorbed in gloomy meditation. Breaking silence at length, she pledged Julian in a goblet of wine. "It is no use," said she, sighing, "to waste our time thus: I have much to say; and though the subject is painful, it must be entered on. Refresh yourselves, and we will proceed to business.—Alice," continued she, turning to the person who waited behind her chair, "on the table in my chamber you will find a sealed paper: bring it hither." The heart of Bertha was too full to permit her to taste the sumptuous fare set before her. Julian selected the choicest dishes for her; but her efforts to eat were ineffectual. Alice returned with the paper, which the Baroness delivered to Julian, and then addressed him with much solemnity, after ordering the attendants to withdraw. "The implacable hatred I have hitherto ever entertained for you, Julian, I know not how to account for." (Julian turned pale with horror.) "It seemed interwoven in my nature, and has led me on to the commission of acts at the remembrance of which I now shudder. That paper you will find to be the true and only will of the unfortunate Baron, entrusted by him to my care soon after our marriage. Bertha is thereby his sole heiress, though an ample jointure has been allowed for me." Bertha leaned over Julian to peruse it. The Baroness called for more wine; the attendants were withdrawn; she rose, brought some from the sideboard, and filled the goblets. "Bertha," said she, raising her voice, "your father never cursed you. That will was his only one; he died pronouncing his forgiveness and blessing on you." "Eternal Providence be praised," exclaimed Bertha; "I may yet be happy." She sunk on her knees in the fervency of rapture, while imagination pictured the spirit of her father regarding her with pity and pardon.

"But," said Julian, "how are we to account for the mysterious threatenings by which our fate was accelerated?" "By the chemical skill of father Ambrose," said Valeria, with a forced smile, "they were all affected. His voice was that which menaced you; and his hand traced with sulphuric characters the prediction which accident has since fulfilled. Early superstition, which is seldom eradicated, aided by concurrent circumstances, and your own consciousness of misconduct, all conspired to make our plan succeed. The panel on which the terrific words were written, turned on a swivel; and in an apartment, where the whole plan was contrived and executed, you may behold and examine the apparatus. It was necessary you should quit the castle, that Ambrose might escape detection, while his affectation with the Independents rendered it an easy matter to keep you still within our power. Upon considering the whole of our proceedings, you will find how much you have been the dupes of your own credulity; though that consideration does not lessen our crime." The Baroness paused; she seemed yet struggling with some secret. She gazed alternately at De Valcour and Bertha; then rose from her seat and walked precipitately about the room. The wildness of her looks terrified Bertha: she besought her to be pacified, and, after much entreaty, she returned to the table. "I know," said she, in an altered tone, "what I will have to expect from your generosity. I injured you, was accessary to the murder of your father; for that you owe me vengeance. You are restored to your rights, have avenged yourself on your persecutor, have repaid blood with blood, and now fatiated, may in pity for a repenting, defenceless woman, connive at her escape from justice, allow her an annuity; & bid her linger out her days in obscurity, a prey to the horrors of a guilty conscience. This will be your mercy, if I submit. But know, foolish pair! I disdain such pity. You are in my power, not I in thine. In the book of destiny it was written, that Valeria should live infamous, and die triumphant in revenge." "For Heaven's sake, what mean you?" cried Julian, rising, and seizing her arm, while his heart seemed to sicken with dreadful forebodings: "we mean not to exult over or to insult you." Valeria burst into a convulsive laugh. "I know it!" cried she. "You have little time for exultation. Summon the attendants: let me be seized, bound and carried to the place of execution: I have more murders than one to answer for. Fools! to think Valeria penitent. Nay, nay; embrace once more; you have not long for such endearments. Your drink was poisoned!" Bertha shrieked with horror, "I have not tasted it!" O, Julian! my Julian! Inhuman woman you have killed your son!" De Valcour began to feel the effects of the baneful drink: he grasped the hand of Bertha with agony, thanked heaven for her preservation, and confirmed to the distracted Valeria the dreadful truth which Bertha had just uttered. Words cannot describe the feelings of the wretched woman whose malice had recoiled on herself. She tore her hair in phrenzy, and would have plunged a knife in her own breast, but that the attendants at that moment rushed in, and wrested the weapon from her hand. The zealous Tyrault was amongst them: he supported his dying friend, who feast from it was hastily approaching. "I see," said he, "mortal aid would be vain. I die the victim of the most diabolical treachery. Protect my lovely wife; her fault was that of being too tenderly attached to one, who has brought her into endless misery. Bertha, my beloved, farewell. We may meet in happier regions; for we are guiltless, and our earthly disobedience has met an earthly punishment. Unhappy mother, I forgive thee!" Bertha clung round him till forcibly dragged from his lifeless body. The Baroness yielded herself up to justice, and suffered the due punishment of her crimes with that intrepidity which is often mistaken for heroism, but is too frequently the last refuge of a turbulent spirit, and an impious soul. Bertha found a zealous and active friend in Tyrault: he arranged her affairs with fidelity, and gave her every consolation in his power. But her heart had received too deep a wound to admit of future happiness: and resolving on retirement, she devoted the greater part of her fortune to the endowment of a convent in which she passed the remainder of her days. In commemoration of her own sad story, she founded the order of disobedients, enjoining a life of the strictest piety and severest penance. Of this order she remained superior for some years; and at her death was laid beside her dear Julian in the family vault: and a simple marble tablet in the convent chapel bears record of the fate of the two faithful and unfortunate lovers. By the will of the Lady Bertha, Tyrault, who was an orphan succeeded to the estate; and his heirs for many centuries were professors of the Castle di Montalpine, while gratitude has perpetuated in their hearts the virtues of the unhappy pair.

THE END.

ANECDOTE OF THE EMPRESS LIVIA.

Affected ignorance, or wilful secrecy, are species of finesse practised successfully in many cases of conjugal infedelity. Livia when asked by what means she attained so much influence over Augustus, replied, "My secret is very simple:—I have always behaved prudently: I have studied to please him; and I have never been indiscreetly curious neither about his private affairs, nor even his gallantries, of which I was contented to appear ignorant."

ANECDOTE OF A TYRANT.

Christian King of Denmark, threatened the conquered Swedish peasants, if they made the least commotion, to cause a foot, and a hand of each rebel to be cut off; observing, "that one hand, with one real and one wooden leg, were sufficient to serve the purposes of those who were designed by nature for no other occupation than that of tilling the ground."

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NEARLY OPPOSITE THE CROSS-STREET LEADING TO MAYO'S BRIDGE.

We may add he
beaux, written

"In the first form of t
brug. Heaven, no doubt,
has inspired him with a pa
die with laughing. 'Tis cr
deavouring at the honorabl
vows to lead a sinful life no n
ness inspires his mind, or do
to find. 'Tis certain he keeps Mon
ket (*assembly* day) constantly; and
gard worldly muck, there's extraord
deed. I believe that last Monday t
pieces of woman's flesh (for
Van's taste was always odd: his
given him a fancy for Mrs. Var
ogles so that it would do your
and she is not a little pleased, i
men among such a number of
should fall to her share."—Vol.

In the course of this correspo
Lady Mary appears to have conceived

T. M.

G.

...lity of blood
...act us good.
...hole noble mind
...worth, unborrow'd from his

DRYDEN.

...

... beneath the watry plain,
...p one last glim'ring ray:
...h all her mantling train,
... loss of wide illuming day:

II.

...arkness, and in sombre shade,
...he hill, the dale, the distant view;
...stars each moment seem to fade
...ds o'deep ethereal blue.

III.

The birds no longer tune their native lay,
Nor on the ear their plaintive warblings trill:
"The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,"
And all is hush'd, and all around is still;

IV.

Save the soft breeze that gently floats along
The buoyant air to cool the fertile dale;
Or where the woodlark pours his grateful song;
Or where the bat purfues his ev'ning fail.

V.

Here mid thefe fcenes fo genial to my mind,
Prone to reflexion and refearch profound,
In ev'ry prospect fome new lesson find,
In ev'ry feafon as it circles round.

VI.

Thefe shadows feem attun'd to ev'ry thought,
Which ever should fill the contemplative foul,
Whom rude experience has early taught,
The youthful passion nobly to controul.

VII.

And now the great portake their midday meal,
Change times and feafons as their fancies veer,
T' make noon night—What pleafure can they feel?—
Or turn the fummer into winter drear.

VIII.

'Tis not the gay that are the truly great,
Nor is it fortune that can make us good,
Nor all the fplendor of parade and state,
Nor aid the boast of ancestry and blood:

IX.

But 'tis the virtues that imprint the worth,
The liberal hand and kind forgiving breast.
How far fuperior thefe to boasted birth!
Ah, thefe fo valued, and fo truly blest.

SPRING.

YE fouls that are moulded for friendship and pleasure,
Come hail the returned fair beauties of SPRING!
Your time by the rule of gay nature measure,
Come rove the green landscapes while birds sweetly sing.

Our minds to awaken from Winter's dull slumbers,
See Spring now returns, with her fair feeling train;
The muse shall against with her foft, fmiling numbers,
To hail the glad feafon, each nymph and each swain.

Now, foon as o'er Phœbus his glory discloses,
And tinges yon mountain with azure fo bright,
How fragrant smoak! how fweil the fweet roses,
All nature affording unbounded delight.

O, emblem of innocence; loveliest feafon!
Thy return the glad bofom with rapture inspires;
To furvey but thy beauties, adds vigor to reason,
And begets in my foul the fruitnefs desires.

The following little effusion, from the admired pen of MOORE, contains a very pretty moral for our fair readers.

To ——

Can I again that form carefs,
Or on that lip with rapture twine!
No, no! the lip that all may prefs
Shall never more be press'd by mine.

Can I again that look recall,
Which once would make me die for thee
No, no: the eye that burns on all
Shall never more be priz'd by me!

ROCHESTER AND BARROW.

The witty and licentious earl of Rochester meeting with the great doctor Isaac Barrow in the park, told his companions that he would have some fun with the rusty old pue. Accordingly he went up with great gravity, and taking off his hat, made the doctor a profound bow saying, Dr. I am yours to my shoe tye. The Dr. seeing his drift, pulled off his beaver, and returned the bow, with, my lord I am your's to the ground. Rochester followed up his salutations by a deeper bow, saying Dr. I am your's to the centre. Barrow with a very lowly obeisance, replied, my lord, I am your's to the antipodes. His lordship nearly gravelled, exclaimed, Dr I am a yours to the lowest pit of hell. There my lord, said Barrow sarcastically, I leave you, and walked off.

DANCING.

[FROM A NEW-YORK PAPER.]

IN perusing *Jenyn's Art of Dancing*, I was struck with the great difference between the customs of his time and thofe of the prefent day.

'For why should I the gallant fpark command,
'With clean white gloves to fit his ready hand?'

So fays JENYN; but we now fee gentlemen not only dancing without gloves, but alfo without the previous ceremony of washing their hands. He gives rules alfo for drefs intended for both gentlemen and ladies; but he makes no mention of gentlemen dancing in boots or great coats, nor does he even mention the Bull-Dance.

'Would you in dancing every fault avoid,
'To keep true time be first your thoughts employ'd.

This he feems to have considered an object of importance in this amufement. To fee a dancer begin long before the time, and tramp on without attention to the music, was in his idea quite difgusting—for he fays,

'The dance and music should fo nicely meet,
'Each note should be an echo to the feet.'

The following is his advice to the ladies:

'And you fair nymphs avoid with equal care,
'A stupid dulness and a coquette air.
'Neither with eyes that ever love the ground,
'Asleep, like spinning tops run round and round,
'Nor yet with giddy look, and wanton pride,
'Stare all around, and skip from side to side.'

His advice to the gentlemen I dare hardly venture to repeat. It will be considered fo abfurd by thofe who now fet the fashion in our coalitions, and who *labour* fo strenuously to display their skill.

'Tis not a nimble bound nor caper high,
'That can pretend to pleafe a curious eye:
'Good judges no fuch tumbler's tricks regard,
'Or think them beautiful, becaufe they're hard.'

I have given a few extracts from this poem, the perufal of which has been recommended to every perfon who wishes to excel in that accomplishment; and which is considered as written with great spirit and highly finished. His concluding advice with refpect to his rules,

'Each belle shall wear them wrote upon her fan,
'And each bright beau shall read them—if he can,'

I must consider fuperfluous—for we must do most of our beaux at the prefent day the justice to acknowledge that they might make out to read it, and probably to understand it. It is the first law of the North River society, that each member shall know how to dance, and the fecond, each member shall know how to read.

TIM TARTLET.

NATIONAL SUSERSTITION,

Instanced in the remarkable story of two VENETIANS.

AT Genoa, two Venetians, whofe countrymen and the Genoefe still kept up that inveterate hatred to each other which distinguished their ancestors, were prefent at an osteria, or wine houfe, where the conversation of the company arofe, not as it would in England, on politics and pleafure, but on the merits of St. John, the protector of Genoa, who, it was aferted, had worked innumerable miracles, and was the greatest of all faints. If nature be as much the parent of patriotifm, as to create in us an affection for thofe minute objects in our native land, which the citizen of the world would regard with an eye of indifference, how much more powerfully must she operate on our paffions, when we remember that on which the profperity of our country is fuppofed to depend? The two Venetians were precifely in this predicament. They probably knew as little of St. John, as they did of St. Dennis; but St. Mark was the guardian of Venice, and consequently their all in all. Refolved, therefore, to maintain his honor in oppofition to the provoking eulogium of the Genoefe on their patron, one of them obferved, that the bones of his faint had worked more miracles, particularly in healing difeafes, than all the apostles and faints: that in Heaven he was next in rank to the Virgin & popes; and as much fuperior to their St. John, as the patriarch of Venice was to the archbishop of Genoa. To prevent any reply to this, he and his friend left the room; but were foon followed by one of the company, who had the honor of bearing a great crofs of a religious order in their church procefsions. This defperate enthusiast, on overtaking, stabbed the Venetian, who had fpoken, to the heart; crying out with the blow, Timanda questo San Giovanne che ti gorlano le ofse di San Marco. 'St John fends thee this, that the bones of St. Mark may heal thee.' His friend astonished at a deed so bloody, (though an Italian) applied to a Magistrate for justice, who, having heard the particulars, told him, that had a Venitian murdered a Genoefe in Venice, no notice would have been taken of it; but that his complaint would probably be considered in a few days: and fo indeed it was, even fooner than he had promised; for early the next morning he too was found affaffinated at the door of his lodgings!

REMARKABLE INSCRIPTION ON A GRAVE STONE.

AT a burying-place called Abade, in the county of Donegal, Ireland, there was lately dug up a piece of flat stone about three feet by two, the device on which was a figure of Death, with a bow and arrow, shooting at a woman with a boy in her arms, and underneath was an inscription in Irish characters, of which the following is a translation:

"Here are depofited, with a design of mingling them with the parent earth from which the mortal part came, a mother who loved her fon to the destruction of his death. She clafped him to her bofom with all the joy of a parent, the pulfe of whofe heart beat with maternal affection—and in the very moment whilst the gladnefs of joy danced in the pupil of the boy's eyes, and the mother's bofom swelled with transport—Death's arrow, in a flash of lightning, pierced them both in a vital part, and totally dissolving the entrails of the fon, without injuring his skin, and burning to a cinder the liver of the mother, fent them out of this world at one and the same moment of time, in the year 1313."

FROM A LONDON PAPER.

As lovers of "the concord of sweet sounds," we have witnessed with pleasure the gradual improvement of musical inftruments, especially that of the Piano-Forte; and we have long been in the habit of attaching high credit to the names of Stoddart, Broadwood, Tomkinson, Rolfe and Clementi & Co. But fince our last, the house of the latter has exhibited, in a new piano forte, a proof of the possibility of producing, from that species of inftrument, a power and mellifluence of tone, which we confess we never expected to find within its compass. The twang of the wire is completely subdued, and every key seems to actuate a bell rather than a ftring; while the effect throughout the whole scale is as sonorous as it is sweet, and as equal as rich and interesting. Its indisputable superiority over every other inftrument of the kind, seems to prove a new advance in the art of piano-forte making, and to form an æra in the history of musical inftruments. This inftrument to which we allude, is vertical, uncommonly superb in its case, and has been purchased by Dr. BUSBY, for 160 guineas.

An ingenious artist, considering the rapid degrees by which ladies have proceeded in difcarding certain ufelefs incumbrances, called *robes*, has invented an *ulterior process* for ridding the delicate creatures of an intolerable burden, which still seeks to them, their *skin*. His method of *ftripping* is cheap and expeditious; the mode is called the MARSEAS *Negative*, or ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S *interest*.

FRUGALITY DEFINED.

Frugality is that happy medium between profuseness and avarice; when it is adopted for any other purpose it merits satire, not praife. The covetous may remember, his parsimony has no connection at all with frugality, the golden mean. Avarice restrains him from administering that succour which the wants of his fellow-citizens rationally demand, and which frugality aims to satisfy. True liberality is the offspring of frugality; I use the epithet true, because all the apparently liberal actions of man, destitute of frugality, proceed, as Mr. Addison says, from the impulses of passion, not conviction of reason.

INDIAN TALE.—The native story of the princess *Pocahontas* has just issued from the pen of Mr. Davis of this city. It is a tale of interest, told with much ease and excellence of style.—*Philadelphia Gazette.*

OBITUARY.

DIED, on Wednesday last, Capt. JOHN DIXON, Printer, of this city. Liberality, philanthropy, and probity, were found among the virtues of this respectable citizen—No wonder then that his loss is truly regretted by a numerous and respectable acquaintance, who give willing testimony to his intrinsic worth—

. . . . . "Put memory shall often bear
"A thought of thee, and many a tear
"Shall bathe thy shrine."

CELADON AND FLORELLA;

OR, THE PERILS OF A TETE-A-TETE.

FLORELLA had a form which would, in the eyes of a Sir Joshua Reynolds, have been deemed a model for a complete beauty. Unhappily for her, she possessed not only the excellencies, but likewife the foibles of one, who is the admiration of the males and the envy of the females.

She indulged the homage of the men, and thought them no better than a fet of play-things, which she might divert h rfelf with, and difcard whenever she thought proper. The sighs of the enamoured were her most agreeable music, and the groans of the difappointed afforded her diversion. Liberties she granted without fcruple, and could frown even the most presumptuous into fubmission. In a word, she seemed born to be the torture of her own fex, and the tyrant over our's.

Celadon, however, the gay, the elegant, saw her in the circle of pl asures. He was struck with her form—and he ref lved to get the better of her *virtue*.

He resolved badly—he thought weakly. He took the opportunity of pouring into her ears the poifon of adulation. To a female who thinks herfelf charming, adulation is more than poifon. Florella heard his flatteries not without attention, but as the pride which her felf-confeious beauty had inspir d her with, induced her to think that they were nothing more than the tribute which she could claim, they had not that effect upon her which they might have had upon any one whofe exterior was lefs charming. She was, however, pleafed with a new conquest; for her ambition was like that of Alexander: she thought the world too narrow a bound for her triumphs. Vanity is fometimes a preferver of the fex, when even a fenfe of honour is not.

Pleafed however, with the compliments of Celadon, pleafed with being diftinguished by him from the rest of the town, she gave him fome indulgencies, which were not compatible with the right laws of female delicacy: but her indulgencies were only with a view of monopolizing *him* to herfelf, *whom* all her fex feemed eager to monopolize.

The confessions she made only served to give an edge to audacity; and as the least deviation from delicacy generally enfures a greater, Celadon grew more bold in proportion as Florella appeared more kind.

Their intimacy did not efcape the eye of obfervation; and the fex thought her too kind to refufe her hand to one that feemed already to partake of the liberties of a husband. But they were mistaken; it was neither the intention of Florella nor Celadon to make the hymeneal tie. Their intimacy had no other foundation than vanity. At first she was proud in having the handfomest man for her futor, and he was no lefs proud in having one of the handfomest of the fex for his mistrefs.

Yet thofe freedoms which are, perhaps improperly, termed innocent freedoms, too frequently introduce to thofe that are not innocent. This was Celadon's cafe—He was not fatisfied with thofe which were voluntarily granted, but was excited to snatch thofe which no virtuous woman should grant. This appeared in a tete-a-tete which he had with her one morning at her toilette. On his entrance the friseur was employed in adding to the graces of her face, by dressing one of the finest heads of hair that eyes ever beheld. Celadon traced every rising grace with pleafure, but felt a greater pleafure when the friseur left him alone with his mistrefs. More animated than ever with her beauties, he gave a loofe to his appetite, prostrated himfelf at her feet, breathed forth the accents of his paffion in terms that difcovered all the pathos of an enamoured heart, and urged her to infringe the inviolable laws of female honor.

Florella, had, in the prime of life, imbibed the principles of religion from the instructions of a maiden aunt.—Though the feeds had lain dormant for fome years, they began on this occasion, to pullulate. The proposal shocked her—and with a frown, which froze his very blood—she bade him begone—and never dare to enter under that roof again, which could not inspire him with a regard to the laws of hofpitality, nor behold a face any more, that he wanted to tarnish with the blushes of shame, and to degrade to that of a fycen. Thus warned, he fled—Florella exulted in the conscioufnefs of approved virtue, and was cautious in future of granting any indulgencies that might expofe her to the attacks of vice, or fubject her to the cenfures of malevolence.

The following poem contains a defcription of the situation of an unfortunate *Scotch* gentleman who had been obliged to leave his country for rebellion. It represents the distrefs of the perfon defcribed in a very interesting and pathetic manner.

THE EXILE....AN ELEGY.

WHERE, 'midft the ruins of a fallen ftate,
The once fam'd *Tiber* rolls his scanty wave,
Where half a column now derides the great,
Where half a ftatue yet records the brave;

With trembling steps an *Exile* wander'd near,
In *Scottish* weeds his shrivell'd limbs array'd,
His furrow'd cheek was crofs'd with many a tear,
And frequent sighs his wounded foul betray'd.

Oh! wretch! he cry'd, that like fume troubled ghost
Art doom'd to wander round this world of woe,
While memory fpeaks of joy for ever loft,
Of peace! of comfort, thou hast ceas'd to know!

Thefe are the fcenes, with fancy'd charms endow'd,
Where happier Britons, caffing pearls away,
The fools of found, of empty trifles proud,
Far from the land of bliss and freedom stray.

Wou'd that, for yonder dome, thefe eyes could fee
The wither'd oak that crowns my native hill!
Thefe urns let ruin waste; but give to me
The tuft that trembles o'er its lonely rill.

Oh! facred haunts! and is the hillock green
That faw our infant-fports beguile the day?
Still are our feats of fairy fashion feen?
Or is my little throne of mofs away?

Had but Ambition, in this tortur'd breast,
Ne'er fought to rule beyond the humble plain,
Where mild Dependance holds the vafsal blest,
Where faith and friendship fix the chieftain's reign;

Thus had I liv'd the life my fathers led;
Their name, their family had not ceas'd to be;
And thou, *Monimia!* on thy earthly bed!—
My name, my family, what were thefe to thee!—

Three little moons had feen our growing love,
Since first *Monimia* joined her hand to mine;
Three little moons had feen us blest above
All that enthusiast hope could e'er divine.

Urg'd by the brave, by fancy'd glory warm'd,
In treafon honeft, if 'twas treafon here;
For right's fuppos'd my native band I arm'd,
And join'd the standard *Charles* had dar'd to rear.

Fated we fought, my gallant vaffals fell,
But fav'd their master in the bloody strife;
Their coward master, who could live to tell
He faw them fall, yet tamely suffer'd life.

Let me not think;—but, ah! the thought will rife,
Still in my whirling brain its horrors dwell,
When pale and trembling, with uplif ed eyes,
Monimia faintly breath'd—a last farewell!

"They come," she faid; "fly, fly thefe ruthlefs foes,
"And fave a life, in which *Monimia* lives;
"Believe me, *Henry*, light are all her woes,
"Except what *Henry's* dreaded purpofe gives!

"And would'st thou die, and leave me thus forlorn,
"And blast a life the most inhuman fpare!
"Oh! live in pity to the babe unborn
"That stirs within me to afsift my pray'r!"

What could I do? Contending paffions strove,
And prefs'd my bofom with alternate weight,
Unyielding honour, foft perfuafive love——
I fled and left her—left her to her fate!

Fast came the ruffian band; no melting charm,
That e'er to fuffering beauty Nature gave,
The ruthlefs rage of party can difarm;
Thy tears, *Monimia*, wanted power to fave!

She, and the remnant of her weeping train,
Whole faithful love still link'd them to her side,
Torn from their dwelling, trode the defert plain,
No hut to shelter, and no hand to guide.

Thick drove its snow before the wintry wind,
And midnight darknefs wrapp'd the heath they past,
Save one glad gleam, that, blazing far behind,
The ancient mansion of my father's cast.

Calmly she faw the fmouldering ruins glare;
"'Tis paft, all-righteous God!" 'tis past!" she cry'd;
"But for my *Henry* hear my latest pray'r!"—
Big was her bursting heart;—she groan'd, and died!

Still, in my dreams, I fee her form confefs'd,
Sailing in robes of light, the troubled sky!—
And foon, she whifper's shall my *Henry* reft—
And dimly fmiling, points my place to die!

I hear that voice, I fee that pale hand wave;
I come once more to view my native shore;
Stretch'd on *Monimia's* long-neglected grave
To clafp the fod, and feel my woes no more!

THE CONTEMPLATIST.

ADDRESSED TO MATILDA.

Let others boast their hoards of gold,
Be mine content and eafe,
To wanton round the fleecy fold,
And lov'd MATILDA pleafe.

Still as I tune my slender reed,
On *Chelmer's* banks fo gay,
The silent stream, with gentle fpeed,
Glides on its winding way.

'Tis thus, alas! life runs unfeen,
(While we to bliss are blind)
And like the wanton winding stream,
Leaves not a trace behind.

Come then, MATILDA, learn to love,
For age will foon appear;
Give me your heart, your hand, and glove,
And bleft me thro' the year.

POLYDORE.

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2d....THE terms are TWO DOLLARS per annum, to be PAID IN ADVANCE.

3d....A handfome title-page and table of contents will be furnished (gratis) at the completion of each volume.

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The MINERVA;

Or, LADY's AND GENTLEMAN's MAGAZINE.

VOLUME I.] RICHMOND:—*FRIDAY*, MAY 31, 1805. [NUMBER 38.

CRITICISM.

[*From the Edinburgh Review.*]

The Works of the Right Honorable Lady Mary Wortley Montagu: Including her Correfpondence, Poems, and Essays. Published by permission, from her Original Papers.

[CONTINUED.]

These are certainly very uncommon productions for a young lady of twenty; and indicate a ftrength and elevation of character, that does not always appear in her gayer and more oftentatious performances. Mr. Wortley was convinced and reassured by them; and they were married in 1712. The concluding part of the first volume contains her letters to him for the two following years. There is not much tenderness in these letters, nor very much interest indeed of any kind. Mr. Wortley appears to have been rather indolent and unambitious; and Lady Mary takes it upon her, with all delicacy and judicious management however, to stir him up to some degree of activity and exertion. There is a good deal of election news and small politics in these epistles. The best of them we think, is the following exhortation to impudence.

'I am glad you think of serving your friends. I hope it will put you in mind of serving yourself. I need not enlarge upon the advantages of money: every thing we see, and all we hear, puts us in remembrance of it. If it were possible to restore liberty to your country, or limit the encroachments of the prerogative, by reducing yourself to a garret, I should be pleased to share so glorious a poverty with you; but, as the world is, and will be, 'tis a sort of duty to be rich, that it may be in one's power to do good; riches being another word for power; towards the obtaining of which, the first necessary qualifications is impudence, and (as Demosthenes said of pronunciation in oratory) the second is impudence, and the third, still, impudence. No modest man ever did, or ever will make his fortune. Your friend Lord Halifax, R. Walpole, and all other remarkable instances of quick advancement, have been remarkable impudent. The Ministry is like a play at court; there's a little door to get in, and a great crowd without, shoveing and thrusting who shall be foremost; people who knock others with their elbows, disregard a little kick of the shins, and still thrust heartily forwards are sure of a good place. Your modest man stands behind in the crowd, is shoved about by every body, his cloathes torn, almost squeezed to death, and sees a thousand get in before him, that don't make so good a figure as himself.

'I don't say it is impossible for an impudent man not to rise in the world; but a moderate merit, with a large share of impudence, is more probable to be advanced, than the greatest qualifications without it.

'If this letter is impertinent, it is founded upon an opinion of your merit, which, if it is a mistake, I would not be undeceived. It is my interest to believe, (as I do) that you deserve every thing, and are capable of every thing; but nobody else will believe it, if they see you get nothing,' Vol. i. p. 230—232.

To the end of this volume is annexed a translation of the Enchiridion of Epictetus, executed by Lady Mary, when she was under twenty years of age. We have only read the first paragraph of it, in which we see, that 'opinion, appetite, aversion, desire, &c. are said to be altogether *in our power*,' which is evidently a false translation: Epictetus says only, that these things are our proper business and concern.

The second volume, and a part of the third, are occupied with those charming letters, written during Mr. Wortley's embassy to Constantinople, upon which the literary reputation of Lady Mary has hitherto been exclusively founded. It would not become us to say any thing of productions which have so long engaged the admiration of the public. The grace and vivacity, the ease and conciseness of the narrative, and the description which they contain, still remain unrivalled, we think, by any epistolary composition in our language, and are but slightly saded by a sprikling of obsolete tittle-tattle, or womanish vanity and affectation. The authenticity of these letters though at one time disputed, has not been lately called in question: but the secret history of their publication has never, we believe, been laid before the public. The editor of this collection, from the original papers, gives the following account of it:

'In the later periods of Lady Mary's life, she employed her leisure in collecting the copies of the letters she had written during Mr. Wortley's embassy, and had transcribed them herself, in two small volumes in 4 to. They were without doubt, sometimes shown to her literary friends. Upon her return to England for the last time, in 1761, she gave these books to a Mr. Sowden, a clergyman at Rotterdam, and wrote the subjoined memorandum on the cover of them. "These two volumes are given to the Reverend Benjamin Sowden, minister, to be disposed of as he thinks proper. This is the will and design of M. WORTLEY MONTAGU, December 11, 1761."

'After her death, the late Earl of Bute commissioned a gentlemen to procure them, and to offer Mr. Sowden a considerable remuneration, which he accepted. Much to the suprise of that nobleman and Lady Bute, the manuscripts were scarcely safe in England, when three volumes of Lady Mary Wortley Montago's Letters were published by Beckett; and it has since appeared, that Mr. Cleland was the editor. The same gentleman, who had negociated before, was again dispatched to Holland, and could gain no further intelligence from Mr. Sowden, than that a short time before he parted with the MSS. two English gentlemen called on him to see the letters, and obtained their request. They had previously contrived, that Mr. Sowden should be called away during their perusal: and he found on his return that they had disappeared with the books. Their residence was unknown to him—but on the next day they brought back the precious deposit, with many apologies. It may be fairly presumed, that the intervening night was consumed in copying these Letters by several amanuenses.' Vol. i. p. 29—32.

A fourth volume of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's Letters, published in the same form in 1767, appears now to have been a fabrication of Cleland's as the corresponding MSS. have been found among her Ladyship's papers, or in the hands of her correspondents.

To the accuracy of her local descriptions, and the justness of her representations of oriental manners, Mr. Dallaway, who followed her footsteps at the distance of eighty years, and resided for several months in the very palace which she had occupied at Pera, bears a decided and respectable testimony; and in vindication of her veracity in describing the interior of the seraglio, into which no christian is now permitted to enter, he observes that the Sultan Achmet the Third, was notoriously very regardless of the injunctions of the Koran, and that her Ladyship's visits were paid while the Court was in a retirement, that enabled him to dispense with many ceremonies. We do not observe any difference between these letters in the present edition, and in the common copies, except that the names of Lady Mary's correspondents are now given at full length, and short notices of their families subjoined upon their first introduction. At page 89 of the third volume, there are also two short letters or rather notes for the Countess of Pembroke, that have not hitherto been made public; and Mr. Pope's letter, describing the death of the two rural lovers by lightning, is here given at full length; while the former editions only contained her Ladyships answer; in which we have always thought that her desire to be smart and witty, has intruded itself a little ungracefully into the place of a more amiable feeling.

The next series of letters consists of those written to her sister the Countess of Mar, from 1723 to 1727. These letters, have at least as much vivacity, wit, and sarcasm, as any that have been already published; and though they contain little but the anecdotes and scandal of the time, will long continue to be read and admired for the brilliancy and facility of the composition. Though Lady Mary is excessively entertaining in this correspondence, we cannot say, however, that she is either very amiable, or very interesting; there is rather a negation of good affection, we think throughout, and a certain cold-hearted levity, that borders sometimes upon misanthropy, and sometimes on indecency. The style of the following extracts however, we are afraid has been for some time a dead language.

'I made a sort of resolution at the beginning of my letter, not to trouble you with the mention of what passes here, since you receive it with so much coldness. But I find it is impossible to forbear telling you the metamorphoses of some of your acquaintance, which appear as wondrous to me as any in Ovid. Would any one believe that Lady H*****ss is a beauty, and in love? and that Mrs. Anastasia Robinson is at the same time a prude and a kept mistress? and these things in spite of nature. The first of these ladies is tenderly attached to the polite Mr. M***, and sunk in all the joys of happy love, notwithstanding she wants the use of her two hands by a rheumatism, and he has an arm that he cannot move. I wish I could tell you the particulars of this amour, which seems to me as curious as that between two oysters, and as well worth the serious attention of the naturalists.—The second heroine has engaged half the town in arms, from the nicety of her virtue, which was not able to bear the two near approach of Senesino in the opera; and her condescension in her accepting of Lord Peterborough for her champion, who has signalized both his love and courage upon this occasion in as many instances as ever Don Quixotte did for Dulcenia. Poor Senesino, like a vanquished giant was forced to confess upon his knees that Anastasia was a nonpareil of virtue and beauty. Lord Stanhope, as dwarf to the said giant, joked on his side, and was challenged for his pains. Lord Delawar was Lord Peterborough's second; my lady miscarried—the whole town divided into parties on this important point. Innumerable have been the disorders between the two sexes on so great an account, besides half the house of Peers being put under an arrest. By the providence of Heaven, and the wise cares of his Majesty, no bloodshed ensued. However, things are now tolerably accomodated; and the fair lady rides through the town in the shining berlin of her hero, not to reckon the more solid advantages of 100*l.* a month, which tis said he allows her. I will send you a letter by the Count Caylus, whom, if you do not know already, you will thank me for introducing to you. He is a Frenchman, and no fop; which, beside the curiosity of it, is one of the prettiest things in the world.' Vol. iii. p. 120—122.

[*To be continued.*]

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

ASSASSINATION OF MARAT.

Translated from the French by M. DU BROCA.

"Charlotte Corday was born at St. Saturnis des Lignerets, in the year 1768. Nature had bestowed on her a handsome person, wit, feeling, and masculine energy of understanding. She received her education in a convent; but, disdaining the frivolous minutiæ of that species of education, she labored with constant assiduity to cultivate her own powers, and hourly strengthened that bent of her imagination towards the grand and sublime, which accorded with the inflexible purity of her manners, while it fitted her for that perilous enterprize to which, at the age of five-and-twenty, she fell a self-devoted sacrifice.

"Her love of study rendered her careless of the homage that her beauty attracted, and her desire of independence caused her to refuse many offers of marriage from men to whom her heart was indifferent. But even philosophic and patriotism could not always render their fair and heroic disciple invulnerable to the shafts of love. The young and handsome Belzunce, major-en-second of the regiment of Bouhon, quartered at Caen, became devoted to her and succeeded to inspire her with a passion as virtuous as profound. This young officer was massacred on the 11th of August, 1789, by a furious multitude; after Marat, in several successive numbers of his journal called L'Ami du Peuple, had denounced the unfortunate Belzunce as a counter-revolutionist.

"From that moment the soul of Charlotte Corday knew no happiness, and rested only on the desire of vengeance upon him whom she believed to be the author of her misery.

"Her hatred of Marat became more vehemennt after the events of the 31st May, when she beheld him who had decreed the death of Belzunce now master as it were of the destinies of France; while the deputies whose principles she loved and whose talents she honored, were proscribed and destitute fugitives, and looking vainly to their country, to Frenchmen, and the laws to save them from the outstretched sword of tyranny. Then it was that Charlotte Corday resolved to satisfy the vengeance of her love, and snatch her country from the grasp of a tyrant.

"To execute with perseverance and caution that which she had planned upon principle, was natural to the determined and steady mind of Charlotte Corday. She left Caen on the 9th of July, 1793, and arrived about noon on the third day at Paris. Some commissions with which she was charged by her family and friends occupied her the first day after her arrival. Early on the next morning she went to the Pallais Royal, bought a knife, and, getting into a hackney coach, drove to the house of Marat. It was not then possible for her to obtain an audience of him though she left nothing unessayed that she thought likely to influence in her favour the persons who denied her admittance.

"Being returned to her hotel, she wrote the following letter to Marat:

'CITIZEN,

'I am just arrived from Caen. Your love for your country inclines me to suppose you will listen with pleasure to the secret events of that part of the republic. I will present myself at your house; have the goodness to give orders for my admission, and grant me a moment's private conversation. I can point out the means by which you may render an important service to the French people.

In the fear that this letter might not produce the effect she desired upon Marat, she wrote a second letter still more pressing, which she intended to carry with her, and leave for him, in case she was not received. It was expressed as follows: 'I wrote you this morning, Citizen Marat. Have you received my letter? I cannot imagine it is possible you have, when I find your door still closed against me. I entreat that you will grant me an interview to-morrow. I repeat—that I come from Caen—that I have secrets to reveal to you of the highest importance to the safety of the republic. Besides I am cruelly persecuted for the cause of liberty. I am unfortunate; to say that, is sufficient to entitle me to your protection."

"It was necessary to present the second letter; for when Charlotte Corday arrived at the house of Marat, between seven and eight in the evening, and spoke impressively of her desire to see him to the woman who opened the door, Marat, who heard her from his bath, where he then was, concluded it was the person from whom he had received the letter of the morning, and ordered that she should immediately be admitted.

"Being left alone with him whom she intended to immolate to the manes of her lover and the injuries of her country, and sitting close by his side, she answered with the most perfect self-possession, his eager questions concerning the proscribed deputies that were at Caen. He demanded their names, with those of the majistrates of Calvados, all of whom she named accurately. While he wrote memorandums of their conversation upon his tables Charlotte Corday measured with her eye the spot whereon to strike; when Marat having said that all these deputies and their accomplices should presently expiate their treason upon the scaffold, her indignation received his words as the signal of vengeance; she snatched the weapon from his bosom, and buried the entire knife in his heart! A single exclamation escaped the miserable wretch; '*For me!*' he said, and expired.

"Tranquil and unmoved amidst the general consternation, Charlotte Corday, as if she proposed to atone for the murder, however she deemed it necessary by a public death, did not even attempt her escape. She had received several violent blows on the head from a neighbour of Marat, the person who ran into the room on hearing the cries of the assassination; but when the armed force arrived, she put herself under their protection. An officer of the police drew up minutes of the assassination, which she chearfully signed, and was then conveyed to the prison of the Abbey.

"Calumniated, abused, and even personally ill-treated, by the faction of Marat, she was three days exposed in her dungeon to all their insults and ill usage, before she was brought to trial During this interval she had found means to write to her father, imploring his forgiveness for having thus disposed of her life without his concurrence.

"It was in the presence of the men about to decide upon her death, one should have seen Charlotte Corday, to have felt the grandeur of her character. The records of the trial and her own letters, give but a faint picture of her dignified and noble deportment. She spoke to her judges, it was neither with the wild energy of a demoniac, nor did she affect the language of innocence; it was with the self satisfaction of a voluntary victim, who feels it natural to devote her life to the salvation of her country, who did not welcome death as the expiation of a crime, but received it as the inevitable consequence of a mighty effort to avenge the injuries of a nation. While the curses of an incensed and prejudiced people resounded on all sides, she betrayed neither scorn nor indignation. When she looked upon the angry multitude, her eyes expressed a generous pity for the sufferings and delusions of her countrymen. If she despised the men who sat in judgment on her life, she forbore to insult them; but replied to their reiterated questions with a composure and presence of mind that astonished them. While her face and person were animated with the bloom of youth and beauty, her words were graced with the eloquence of a sage!

"The defence made by her counsel, deserves to be recorded here for its peculiar propriety in her circumstances:

'You have heard,' said her counsel, altogether confounded by the courage she had displayed, 'the answers of the prisoner; she acknowledges her guilt—she even acknowledges, in a very deliberate manner, her long premeditation of the event. She has not suffered any of the most revolting of its circumstances to pass unnoticed by you. She confesses the whole charge, and does not seek in any manner to justify herself. This immoveable temperament—this absolute desertion of herself, in the very presence, I may say, of death, this absence of all remorse, these are so far from being natural, that they can only be resolved into that political phrenzy, which places a poignard in the hands of a maniac: and it is for you, citizen jurors, to determine what weight this consideration ought to have in the balance of justice.'

"After the tumult and loud applauses that followed her condemnation had ceased, she addressd herself to her counsel: 'You have defended me,' she said, 'in a manner as generous as delicate; it is the only one which could have rendered me that service which was your object: accept my thanks and my esteem. These gentlemen in form me that my property is confiscated: but there are some little debts to pay in my prison; and as a proof of the esteem I bear you, I give the performance of this my last duty in your hands.'

"The hour of her punishment had drawn immense crowds into every avenue to the place of execution. When she appeared alone with the executioner in the cart, in despight of the constrained attitude in which she sat, and of the disorder of her dress (for, with a littleness of malice, they had despoiled her of every thing that could contribute to the decency of her appearance) she excited the silent admiration of those even who were hired to curse her. One man alone had the courage to raise his voice in her praise: he was a deputy from the city of Mentz; his name was Adam Lux. He cried 'She is greater than Brutus!' He published the same sentiment and signed his own condemnation. He was shortly after guillotined.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

PÆTUS AND ARRIA.

In the reign of Claudius, the Roman emperor, Arria, the wife of Cæcinna Pætus, was an illustrious pattern of magnanimity and conjugal affection.

It happened that her husband and her son were both, at the same time, attacked with a dangerous illness. The son died. He was a youth endowed with every quality of mind and person which could endear him to his parents. His mother's heart was torn with all the anguish of grief; yet she resolved to conceal the distressing event from her husband. She prepared and conducted his funeral so privately, that Pætus did not know of his death. Whenever she came into her husband's bed-chamber, she pretended her son was better; and, as often as he inquired after his health, would answer, that he had rested well, or had eaten with an appetite. When she found that she could no longer restrain her grief, but her tears were gushing out, she would leave the room, and, having given vent to her passion, return again with dry eyes and a serene countenance, as if she had left her sorrow behind her at the door of the chamber.

Camillus Scribonianus, the governor of Dalmatia, having taken up arms against Claudius, Pætus joined him and his party, and was soon after taken prisoner and brought to Rome. When the guards were going to put them on board the ship, Arria befought them that she might be permitted to go with him. "Certainly (said "she) you cannot refuse a man of consular dignity, as he "is, a few attendants to wait upon him; but, if you "will take me, I alone will perform their office." This favour, however, was refused: upon which she hired a small fishing-vessel, and boldly ventured to follow the ship.

Returning to Rome, Arria met the wife of Scribonianus in the emperor's palace, who pressing her to discover all that she knew of the insurrection,—"What! (said she) "shall I regard thy advice, who saw thy husband mur-"dered in thy very arms, and yet survivest him."

Pætus being condemned to die, Arria formed a deliberate resolution to share his fate, and made no secret of her intention. Thrasea, who married her daughter, attempting to dissuade her from her purpose, among other arguments which he used, said to her, "Would you then, "if my life were to be taken from me, advise your daugh-"ter to die with me?" "Most certainly I would," she replied, "if she had lived as long, and in as much harmony with you, as I have lived with Pætus."

Persisting in her determination she found means to provide herself with a dagger: and one day when she observed a more than usual gloom on the countenance of Pætus, and perceived that death by the hand of the executioner appeared to him more terrible than in the field of glory—perhaps, too, sensible that it was chiefly for her sake that he wished to live—she drew the dagger from her side, and stabbed herself before his eyes. Then instantly plucking the weapon from her breast, she presented it to her husband, saying, "My Pætus it is not painful."

ON POSITIVENESS OF OPINION.

IT was the observation of a very virtuous and elegant writer, that no one should be provoked at opinions different from his own. Some persons are so confident they are in the right, that they will not come within the hearing of any notions but their own. They canton out to themselves a little province in the intellectual world, where they fancy the light shines, and all the reft is in darkness. They never venture into the ocean of knowledge, nor survey the riches of other minds, which are as solid as useful, and, perhaps, are finer gold than what they ever possessed. Let no man imagine there is no certain truth but in the sciences which he studies, and among that party in which he was born and educated.

FOR THE MINERVA.

'TIS asserted by Pliny (I cannot tell where,)
No secret a woman can keep,
If the tongue of a Frog, with particular care,
Be laid on the breast when asleep.

Now, SUSAN, could I opportunity find,
I would this experiment make;
But the trouble were uselefs, for you are so kind,
You difclofe all you know *when awake.*

O.

May 29th, 1805.

ODE TO INNOCENCE.

'TWAS when the low declining ray
Had ting'd the cloud with evening gold,
No warbler pour'd the melting lay,
No found disturb'd the sleeping fold.

When by a murm'ring rill reclin'd
Sat wrapt in thought a wand'ring swain;
Calm peace compos'd his musing mind;
And thus he rais'd the flowing strain:

'Hail, Innocence! celestial maid!
'What joys thy blushing charms reveal!
'Sweet as the arbours cooling shade,
'And milder than the vernal gale.

'On thee attends a radiant choir,
'Soft-fmiling Peace, and downy Rest;
'With love that prompts the warbling lyre:
'And hope that foothes the throbbing breast.

'Oh fent from heaven to hunt the grove,
'Where fquinting Envy ne'er can come!
'Nor pines the cheek with luckleſs love,
'Nor anguish chills the living bloom.

'But fpotleſs beauty rob'd in white,
'Sits on you moſs grown hill reclin'd;
'Serene as heaven's unfullied light,
'And pure as Mary's gentle mind.

'Grant Heavenly pow'r! thy peaceful fway,
'May still thy ruder thoughts controul;
'Thy hand to point my dubious way,
'Thy voice to foothe the melting foul.

'Far in the shady fweet retreat
'Let thought beguile the ling'ring hour,
'Let Quiet court the mossy feat,
'And twining olives form the bow'r.

'Let dove-eyed Peace her wreath bestow,
'And oft sit list'ning in the dale.
'While Night's fweet warbler from the bough,
'Tells to the grove her plaintive tale.

'Soft as in Mary's snowy breast,
'Let each conſenting passion move;
'Let Angels watch its silent rest,
'And all its blifsful dreams be love.'

OGILVIE.

SONG.

AS despairing I wander, forsaken, forlorn,
As unheedingly onward I rove,
Full often I wish I had never been born;—
I'm abandon'd by him that I love.

Since my lover has left me, no pleaſure I've known;
I'm the victim of forrow and care,
With Henry, falſe youth! all my pleaſure is flown;
He left me the prey of despair.

How could Henry, so lovely, so gen'rous, and kind,
From virtue thus lead me astray?
What horrible demon possess'd his mind,
That to mis'ry he left me a prey!

No pleaſure I've known since my honour I lost,
In my boſom no joy can I find;
Like a bark in a storm by a tempest that's tost,
Is my self-guilty, tormented mind.

The virtuous alone are of pleaſure possess'd,
Neither anguish nor forrow they feel:
But when vice's foul poiſon has enter'd the breast,
No med'cine the boſom can heal.

A

TO MYRA.....By Lord Lyttelton.

Say, Myra, why is gentle love
A ſtranger to that mind,
Which Pity and Eſteem can move;
Which can be juſt and kind?

Is it becauſe you fear to ſhare
The ills that love moleſt;
The jealous doubt, the tender care,
That rack the am'rous breaſt?

Alas! by ſome degree of woe
We every bliſs muſt gain:
The heart can ne'er a tranſport know,
That never feels a pain.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

Tell me, thou dear departed ſhade,
Ah tell me whither thou art flown,
To what delightful place convey'd,
What diſtant world to me unknown.

Say, does thy airy flight extend
Far back as our once favorite bower?
Doſt thou my lonely walks attend,
Or viſit me at midnight hour.

While Sol diſplays his radiant beam,
Each thought I dedicate to thee;
And if thou form'ſt the nightly dream,
How ſoothing then is ſleep to me!

ON FRIENDSHIP.

CURS'D be the man whoſe heart unmov'd can hear,
Vile inſult ſneaking in the treacherous ſneer;
Wretches privately deſcaming, with malicious mind,
The venal errors which are natural to mankind;
With greedy thirſt th' injurious tale devour,
And vent the lie appointed for the hour;
But doubly curs'd, who hears with patient ſoul
The ſtrains of calumny and ſlander roll,
Haſte, generous rage, with manly zeal defend,
Th' inſulted virtues of an abſent friend;
Full to their teeth diſcharge th' avenging flame,
Refound his goodneſs, and enlarge his fame;
Him from the frowns of ſcorn, indignant free,
The ſtroke which wounds thy friend, is aim'd at thee.
This ſtrong exertion, this expanded fire,
Friendſhip demands and Friendſhip will inſpire;
E'en kindling nature would impatient ſpring,
To ſhield a ſtranger from the viper's ſting.

Few men poſſeſs ſufficient magnanimity to bear with tolerable reſignation, much leſs with chearfulneſs, the ſudden ſhocks of adverſity; 'tis the care of the philoſopher, not ſo much to guard againſt misfortunes which he may probably never experience, as to meet with becoming firmneſs ſuch as may actually befal him. Lord Bolingbroke was doubtleſs one of the beſt writers and moſt accompliſhed gentlemen of the age in which he lived: we preſent our readers with the ſentiments of that diſtinguiſhed perſonage, on this ſubject—his behaviour during his laſt moments, convince us that he was no theorist, no hypocrite in his profeſſions; his were the ſerious opinions of a ſtrong, intelligent mind—and he acted entirely up to his precepts. Lord Cheſterfield, Bolingbroke's particular friend, viſited him a little before his death, when the latter, confeſſing of his approaching diſſolution, took his laſt farewell in theſe words:—"God, who placed me here, will do what he "pleaſes with me hereafter; and he knows beſt what "to do. May he bleſs you."

PATIENCE RECOMMENDED.

BY LORD BOLINGBROKE.

The darts of adverſe fortune are always levelled at our heads. Some reach us, and ſome fly to wound our neighbours. Let us therefore impoſe an equal temper on our minds, and pay without murmuring the tribute which we owe to humanity. The winter brings cold, and we muſt freeze. The ſummer returns with heat, and we muſt melt. The inclemency of the air diſorders our health, and we muſt be ſick. Here we are expoſed to wild beaſts, and there to men more ſavage than the beaſts: and if we eſcape the inconveniences and dangers of the air and the earth, there are perils by water and perils by fire. This eſtabliſhed courſe of things it is not in our power to change; but it is in our power to aſſume ſuch a greatneſs of mind as becomes wiſe and virtuous men, as may enable us to encounter the accidents of life with fortitude, and to conform ourſelves to the order of Nature, who governs her great kingdom, the world, by continual mutations. Let us ſubmit to this order; let us be perſuaded that whatever does happen ought to happen, and never be ſo fooliſh as to expoſtulate with Nature. The beſt reſolution we can take is to ſuffer what we cannot alter, and to purſue without repining the road which providence, who directs every thing, has marked to us: for it is enough to follow, and he is but a bad ſoldier who ſighs, and marches with reluctancy. We muſt receive the orders with ſpirit and chearfulneſs, and not endeavour to ſlink out of the poſt which is aſſigned us in this beautiful diſpoſition of things, whereof even our ſufferings make a neceſſary part. Let us addreſs ourſelves to God who governs all, as Cleanthes did in thoſe admirable verſes,

Parent of nature! Maſter of the world!
Where'er thy providence directs, behold
My ſteps with chearful reſignation turn.
Fate leads the willing, drags the backward on.
Why ſhould I grieve, when grieving I muſt bear;
Or take with guilt, what guiltleſs I might ſhare!

Thus let us ſpeak, and thus let us act. Reſignation to the will of God is true magnanimity. But the ſure mark of a puſillanimous and baſe ſpirit, is to ſtruggle againſt, to cenſure the order of Providence, and, inſtead of mending our own conduct, to ſet up for correcting that of our Maker.

ON THE LOVE OF LIFE.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

Age, that leſſons the enjoyment of life, encreaſes our deſire of living. Thoſe dangers which, in the vigour of youth, we had learned to deſpiſe, aſſume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution encreaſing as our years encreaſe, fear becomes at laſt the prevailing paſſion of the mind; and the ſmall remainder of life is taken up in uſeleſs efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued exiſtence.

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wiſe are liable! If I ſhould judge of that part of life which lies before me by that which I have already ſeen the proſpect is hideous. Experience tells me, that my paſt enjoyments have brought no real felicity; and ſenſation aſſures me, that thoſe I have felt are ſtronger than thoſe which are yet to come. Yet experience and ſenſation, on in vain perſuade; hope, more powerful than either, dreſſes out the diſtant proſpect in fancied beauty; ſome happineſs in long perſpective, ſtill beckons me to purſue; and, like a loſing gameſter, every new diſappointment encreaſes my ardor to continue the game.

Whence then is this increaſed love of life, which grows upon us with our years? whence comes it that we thus make greater efforts to preſerve our exiſtence, at a period when it becomes ſcarce worth our keeping? Is it that nature, attentive to the preſervation of mankind, encreaſes our wiſhes to live, while ſhe leſſons our enjoyments; and as ſhe robs the ſenſes of every pleaſure, equips imagination in the ſpoils! Life would be inſupportable to an old man, who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigour of manhood; the numberleſs calamities of decaying nature, and the conſciouſneſs of ſurviving every pleaſure, would at once induce him, with his own hand, to terminate the ſcene of miſery; but happily the contempt of death forſakes him at a time when it could only be prejudicial; and life acquires an imaginary value, in proportion as its real value is no more.

Our attachment to every object around us encreaſes, in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it. "I "would not chuſe," ſays a French philoſopher, "to ſee "an old poſt pulled up, with which I had been long ac-"quainted." A mind long habituated to a certain ſet of objects, inſenſibly becomes fond of ſeeing them; viſits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance: from hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of poſſeſſion; they love the world and all that it produces; they love life and all its advantages; not becauſe it gives them pleaſure, but becauſe they have known it long.

Chinvang the Chaſte, aſcending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjuſtly detained in priſon during the preceding reigns ſhould be let free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occaſion, there appeared a majeſtic old man, who falling at the emperor's feet, addreſſed him as follows: "Great "father of China behold a wretch now eighty-five years "old, who was ſhut up in a dungeon at the age of twen-"ty-two. I was impriſoned, though a ſtranger to crime, "or without being even confronted by my accuſers. I "have now lived in ſolitude and darkneſs for more than "fifty years, and am grown familiar with diſtreſs. As "yet dazzled with the ſplendor of that ſun to which you "have reſtored me, I have been wandering the ſtreets to "find out ſome friend that would aſſiſt, or relieve, or re-"member me; but my friends, my family, and relations, "are all dead, and I am forgotten. Permit me then, O "Chinvang, to wear out the wretched remains of life in "my former priſon; the walls of my dungeon are to me "more pleaſing than the moſt ſtately palace: I have not "long to live, and ſhall be unhappy except I ſpend the "reſt of my days where my youth was paſſed; in that "priſon from whence you were pleaſed to releaſe me."

The old man's paſſion for confinement is ſimilar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the priſon, we look round with diſcontent, are diſpleaſed with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only encreaſes our fondneſs for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houſes we have built, or the poſterity we have begotten, all ſerve to bind us cloſer to the earth, and embitter our parting. Life ſues the young like a new acquaintance; the companion as yet unexhauſted, is at once inſtructive and amuſing; its company pleaſes, yet, for all this, it is but little regarded. To us, who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; its jeſts have been anticipated in former converſation; it has no new story to make us ſmile, no new improvement with which to ſurprize, yet ſtill we love it, husband the waſting treaſure with increaſed frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguiſh in the fatal ſeparation.

Sir Philip Mordaunt was young, beautiful, ſincere, brave, an Engliſhman. He had a complete fortune of his own, and the love of the king his maſter, which was equivalent to riches. Life opened all her treaſures before him, and promiſed a long ſucceſſion of happineſs. He came, taſted of the entertainment, but was diſguſted even at the beginning. He profeſſed an averſion to living; was tired of walking round the ſame circle; had tried every enjoyment, and found them all grow weaker at every repetition. "If life be, in youth, ſo diſpleaſing," cried he to himſelf, "what will it appear when age comes "on? If it be at preſent indifferent, ſure it will then be "execrable." This thought embittered every reflection; till, at laſt, with all the ſerenity of perverted reaſon, he ended the debate with a piſtol! Had this ſelf-deluded man been apprized, that exiſtence grows more deſirable to us the longer we exiſt, he would have then faced old age without ſhrinking; he would have boldly dared to live; and ſerved that ſociety by his future aſſiduity, which he baſely injured by his deſertion.

THE GOOD HOUSE-WIFE.

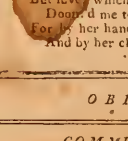
A good wife ſhould be like three things—which three things ſhe ſhould not be like.

First—She ſhould be like a SNAIL, always keeping within her own houſe; but ſhe ſhould not be like a ſnail, *to carry all that ſhe has upon her back!*

Second—She ſhould be like an ECHO, to ſpeak when ſhe is ſpoken to; but ſhe ſhould not be like an echo, *always to have the laſt word!*

Third—She ſhould be like a TOWN CLOCK, always keep time and regularity; but ſhe ſhould not be like a town clock, to ſpeak ſo *loud*, that *all the town may hear her!*

To a Young Lady, on her robbing the Author of a Roſe.



Next to my heart a roſe I plac'd,
Emblem of Jenny's image there;
And yet with all its beauty grac'd,
'Twas not ſo blooming, or ſo fair.

But love, which no compaſſion ſhows,
Doom'd me to feel a twofold ſmart—
For by her hand I loſt my roſe,
And by her charms I loſt my heart. G. H.

OBITUARY.

COMMUNICATED.

Departed this life, a few days ſince, in the county of Cheſterfield, Mrs. ANN BRANCH, aged about 62 years. The pen of the Panegyriſt, in paying the laſt melancholy tribute of reſpect to departed worth, is ſuppoſed frequently to overleap the boundaries of rigid truth. To delineate, in juſt colors, the character of the venerable deceaſed, will not here be attempted: her numerous virtues, which ſhone conſpicuously, with almoſt unequalled brilliancy, are deeply, very deeply engraven on the memories of all thoſe who had the happineſs to come within the ſphere of her acquaintance. Poſſeſſing in an eminent degree, and practiſing in every inſtance, all thoſe amiable qualities which conſtitue the fabric of domeſtic and ſocial felicity, ſhe commanded the reſpect and admiration of all who knew her. Having paſſed a long and well ſpent life, with calm reſignation to the will of her Creator, and with a ſerenity which never fails to characterize at ſuch an awful criſis the ſincerity of the real Chriſtian, her immortal ſoul took its celeſtial flight, and no doubt now reſts in the peaceful manſions of the bleſſed. This muſt be a conſoling reflection to her ſurviving friends and weeping relatives. "So long as memory holds a ſeat on this diſtracted globe," ſo long will the recollection of her virtues be embalmed in their hearts.

HISTORICAL.

CONSTANCY.

AFTER the Carthaginians had defeated the Roman army, and taken Regulus, that illustrious commander, prisoner, they met with fuch a feries of misfortunes as induced them to think of putting an end to fo destructive a war by a fpeedy peace. With this view they began to foften the rigour of Regulus's confinement; and endeavoured to engage him to go to Rome with their ambassadors, and to ufe his interest to bring about a peace upon moderate terms, or at least an exchange of prifoners. Regulus obeyed his masters, and embarked for Rome, after having bound himfelf by a folemn oath, to return to his chains, if the negociation did not fucceed. The Carthaginian ship arrived fafe in Italy: but when Regulus came to the gates of the city, he refufed to enter them; my misfortunes, faid he, have made me a slave to the Carthaginians, I am no longer a Roman citizen. The fenate always gives audience to foreigners without the gates. His wife Marcia went out to meet him, and preferted to him his two children: but he only casting a wild look on them, fixed his eyes on the ground, as if he thought himfelf unworthy of the embraces of his wife, and the caresses of his children. When the fenators assembled in the fuburbs, he was introduced to them with the Carthaginian ambassadors; and together with them made the two propofals wherewith he was charged. "Confeript fathers," faid he, "being now a slave to the Carthaginians, I am come to treat with you concerning a peace, and concerning an exchange of prifoners." Having uttered thefe words, he began to withdraw, and follow the ambassadors, who were not allowed to be prefent at the deliberations and difputes of the confeript fathers. In vain the fenate preffed him to stay. He gave his opinion as an old fenator and conful, and refufed to continue in the assembly till his African masters ordered him; and then the illustrious slave took his place among the fathers; but continued silent, with his eyes fixed on the ground, while the more ancient fenators fpoke. When it came to his turn to deliver his opinion, he addressed himfelf to the confeript fathers in the following words: "Though I am a flave at Carthage, yet I am free at Rome: and will therefore declare my fentiments with freedom. Romans, it is not for your interest either to grant the Carthaginians a peace, or to make an exchange of prifoners with them. Carthage is extremely exhausted; and the only reafon why she fues for peace is, becaufe she is not in a condition to continue the war. You have been vanquished but once, and that by my fault; a fault which Metellus has repaired by a signal victory. But the Carthaginians have been fo often overcome, that they have not the courage to look Rome in the face. Your allies continue peaceable, and ferve you with zeal. But your enemies troops consist only of mercenaries, who have no other tie than that of interest, and will foon be difobliged by the republic they ferve; Carthage being already quite destitute of money to pay them. No, Romans, a peace with Carthage does not by any means fuit your interest, considering the condition to which the Carthaginians are reduced: I therefore advife you to purfue the war with greater vigor than ever. As for the exchange of prifoners, you have among the Carthaginian captives feveral officers of distinction, who are young, and may one day command the enemies armies: but as for me, I am advanced in years, and my misfortunes have made me ufelefs. Befides what can you expect from foldiers who have been vanquished and made slaves? Such men, like timorous deer that have efcaped out of the hunter's toils, will ever be upon the alarm, and ready to fly." The fenate, greatly affected with his difintereftednefs, magnanimity, and contempt of life, would willingly have preferved him, and continued the war in Africa. Some were of opinion, that in Rome he was not obliged to keep an oath which had been extorted from him in an enemy's country. The Pontifex Maximus himfelf, being conffulted in the cafe, declared, that Regulus might continue at Rome, without being guilty of perjury. But the noble captive, highly offended at this decision, as if his honour and courage were called in question, declared to the fenate, who trembled to hear him fpeak, "that he well knew what torments were referved for him at Carthage; but that he had fo much of the true fpirit of a Roman as to dread lefs the tortures of a cruel rack than the shame of a dishonourable action, which would follow him to the grave." "It is my duty," faid he to return to Carthage: let the Gods take care of the reft." This intrepidity made the fenate still more desirous of preferving fuch an hero. All means were made ufe of to make him stay, both by the people and the fenate. He would not even fee his wife, nor fuffer his children to take their leave of him. Amidst the lamentations and tears of the whole city, he embarked with the Carthaginian ambassadors, to return to the place of his slavery, with as ferene and chearful a voice as if he had been going to a country-feat for his deverfion. The Carthaginians were fo enraged against him, that they invented new torments to fatisfy their revenge. First they cut off his eye-lids keeping him for a while in a dark dungeon, and then bringing him out, and exposing him to the fun at noon-day. After, this they shut him up in a kind of a chest, stuck with nails, having their points inwards, fo that he could neither sit nor lean, without great torment; and there they fuffered him to die with hunger, anguish and want of fleep.

[*The following stanzas, extracted from a modern Miscellany, breath a penive strain of melancholy truth. The misfortune of poffeffing an ingenuous mind is depicted in just and sombre colours. To buffet the waves of a turbulent world, the hardihood of unfeeling misanthropy is far more proper, than the delicacy of refined taste, or the softness of generous philanthropy.*]

(NAT. ÆGIS.)

ALAS! too fatally inspir'd,
Why heaves this heart with purest aim,
For aught the sage's soul admir'd,
Or raptur'd minstrel gave to fame!

Why throbs within this lone recess,
Each finer pulse of generous zeal,
That mourns because it cannot bless
The wants, 'tis fated still to feel!

Did fortune blast what nature gave,
Averse with dark malignant glave?
Did sorrow mark the victim's grave
When grac'd with more than mortal's share!

Ah! cruel gift—ah! baneful prize!
By too bewitching fancy led,
To bid hopes fairest visions rise,
Then find those fairest visions fled.

To pause on the deserted gloom,
By their lost hues more hideous made,
While, only left, an early tomb,
Gleams sudden thro' the awful shade.

Less painful far, where dull despair,
Without one spark delusive giv'n,
To flash amid the cells of care,
Or snatch a fading glimpse of heav'n:

Less injur'd the insensate breast,
That ne'er one ardent pang can know,
That deems each social call a jest,
And slumbers o'er the tale of woe:

Like some poor pilgrim, faint and frail,
When lovely eve comes darkling on,
Still forc'd to tread life's thorny vale,
Nor view the tedious travel done;

To hang on hopes pale, setting ray,
To hear in every breeze a sigh,
To end, at last, the weary way;
Then disappointment meet—and die.

If this, Oh Poesy, be thy meed,
Whose bosom—sympathy's sole throne,
Must oft for other's anguish bleed,
And ever, ever, for its own.

Quick tear the sad illusions hence,
(Illusions sad, indeed, yet dear)
Unroot each tender twining sense,
And freeze on pity's cheek the tear.

Oh let that cheek be marble cold
To friendship, or affection's kiss,
And let each child of song be told—
Insensibility is Bliss!

THE FIRST HOUR OF MORNING.

BY MRS. RADCLIFFE.

How sweet to wind the forest's 'tangled shade,
When early twilight from the eastern bound,
Dawns on the sleeping landscape in the glade,
And fades as morning spreads her blush around.

When every infant flower, that wept in night,
Lifts its chill head, soft glowing with a tear,
Expands its tender blossoms to the light,
And gives its essence to the genial air.

How fresh the breeze that wafts the rich perfume,
And swells the melody of waking birds!
The hum of bees beneath the verdant gloom,
And woodman's fong, and low of distant herds!

Then doubtful gleams the mountain's hoary head,
Seen through the passing foliage from afar;
And farther still the ocean's musty bed,
With floating sails that parting sunbeams share.

But vain the sylvan shade, the breath of May,
The voice of music floating on the gale,
And forms that beam through morning's dewy veil,
If health no longer bids the heart be gay!

Oh, balmy hour! 'tis thine her wealth to give:
Here spread her blush, and bid the parent live.

ADDRESS TO STELLA.

Sweet as the misty morning dew,
Which fresh'ning tips the lawn;
Sweet as the Summer's winds which few
With mildness hail the morn;
Sweet as the sympathetic sigh,
Which pitying—heals our woes;
Sweet as the florist's pleased eye
Reviews—the budding rose.

Sweeter than all is Oiseau crown'd,
His joys by Stella giv'n;
Her words transport with joyful sound,
Her looks are sweet as Heav'n.
Oh! may she ne'er suppress the lay,
But still with love adorn
That heart, which can with greatness say,
Will scorn to prove a thorn.

EPIGRAM.

AS two Divines, their ambling fteeds beftriding,
In merry mood o'er Boston neck were riding,
At length a simple structure met their sight,
From which the felon takes his hempen flight,
When sailor like he squares accounts with hope,
His all depending on a single rope;——
"Ah where, my friend," cried one, "where now were you
"Had yonder gallows been allowed its due?"
"*Where*," said the other in sarcastic tone,
"Why *where*—but riding into town *alone*!"

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2d....THE terms are TWO DOLLARS per annum, to be PAID IN ADVANCE.

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The MINERVA;

Or, LADY's AND GENTLEMAN's MAGAZINE.

VOLUME I.] RICHMOND:—*FRIDAY*, JUNE 7, 1805. [NUMBER 39.

CRITICISM.

[*From the Edinburgh Review.*]

The Works of the Right Honorable Lady Mary Wortley Montagu: Including her Correspondence, Poems, and Essays. Published by permission, from her Original Papers.

[CONTINUED]

'I write to you at this time pissing-hot from the birth-night; my brain warmed with all the agreeable ideas that fine clothes, fine gentlemen, brisk tunes, and lively dances can raise there. It is to be hoped that my letter will entertain you; at least you will get amply have the freshest account of all passages on that glorious day. First you must know that I led up the ball, which you'll stare at; but what is more, I believe in my conscience I made one of the best figures there; to say truth, people have grown so extravagantly ugly, that we old beauties are forced to come out on show-days, to keep the court in countenance. I saw Mrs. Murray there, through whose hands this epistle will be conveyed; I do not know whether she will make the same compliment to you that I do. Mrs. West was with her, who is a great prude, having but two lovers at a time; I think those are Lord Hadington and Mr. Lindsay; the one for use, the other for show.

'The world improves in one virtue to a violent degree, I mean plain-dealing. Hypocrisy being as the Scripture declares, a damnable sin, I hope our publicans and sinners will be saved by the open profession of the contrary virtue. I was told by a very good author, who is deep in the secret, that at this very minute there is a bill cooking up at a hunting-seat in Norfolk, to have *not* taken out of the commandments and clapped into the creed, the ensuing session of Parliament.—It is certain it might be carried on with great ease, the world being entirely '*revenue du bagatelle*,' and honour, virtue, reputation, &c. which we used to hear of in our nursery, is as much laid aside and forgotten as crumpled ribbands. To speak plainly, I am very sorry for the forlorn state of matrimony which is as much ridiculed by our young ladies as it used to be by young fellows: in short, both sexes have found the inconveniences of it, and the appellation of a rake is as genteel in a woman as a man of quality: it is no scandal to say Miss ——, the maid of honour looks very well now she is out again, and poor Biddy Noel has never been quite well since her last confinement. You may imagine we married women look very silly; we have nothing to excuse ourselves, but that it was done a great while ago, and we were very young when we did it.' Vol. iii. p. 142—145.

'Sixpenny worth of common sense, divided among a whole nation, would make our lives roll away glibly enough; but then we make laws and we follow customs. By the first we cut off our own pleasures, and by the second we are unreasonable for the faults and extravagancies of others. All these things and five hundred more, convince me (as I have the most profound veneration for the author of nature) I am satisfied I have been one of the contemptiest ever since I was born; and in submission to the Divine justice, I have no doubt but I deserved it in some pre existent state. I will still hope that I am only in purgatory; and that after whining and pining a certain number of years, I shall be translated to some more happy sphere where virtue is natural, and custom reasonable; that is in short, where common sense will reign. I grow very devout as you see, and place all my hopes in the next life, being totally persuaded of the nothingness of this. Don't you remember how miserable we were in the little parlour, at Thoresby? we then thought marrying would put us at once into possession of all we wanted. Then came——— though, after all, I am still of opinion, that it is extremely silly to submit to ill-fortune. One should pluck up a spirit, and live upon cordials when one can have no other punishment. These are my present endeavours, and I run about, though I have five thousand pins and needles in my heart. I try to console myself with a small damsel, who is at present every thing I like—but, alas! she is in a white frock. At fourteen she may run away with the butler: there's one of the blessed effects of disappointment; you are not only hurt by the thing present, but it cuts off all future hopes, and makes your very expectations melancholy. *Quelle vie!!!* Vol. iii. p. 178—80.

'I cannot deny but that I was very well diverted on the coronation day. I saw the procession much at my ease, in a house which I filled with my own company, and then got into Westminster-hall without trouble, where it was very entertaining to observe the variety of airs that all meant the same thing. The business of every walker there was to conceal vanity and gain admiration. For these purposes some languished and others strutted: but a visible satisfaction was diffused over every countenance as soon as the coronet was clapped on the head. But she that drew the greatest number of eyes, was indisputably Lady Orkney. She exposed behind, a mixture of fat and wrinkles: and before a considerable protuberance which preceded her. Add to this, the inimitable roll of her eyes, and her grey hairs, which by good fortune, stood directly upright, and 'tis impossible to imagine a more delightful spectacle. She had embellished all this with considerable magnificence, which made her look as big again as usual; and I should have thought her one of the largest things of God's making, if my Lady St. J***n had not displayed all her charms in humour of the day.—The poor Dutchess of M***e crept along with a dozen of black snakes playing round her face; and my Lady L***nd (who is fallen away since her dismission from court) represented very finely an Egyptian mummy embroidered over with hieroglyphics. In general, I could not perceive but that the old were as well pleased as the young; and I, who dread growing wise more than any thing in the world, was overjoyed to find that one can never quite live one's vanity. I have never received the long letter you talked of, and am afraid that you have only fancied you wrote it.' Vol. iii. p. 181—183.

In spite of all this gaiety, Lady Mary does not appear to have been happy. Her discreet biographer is silent upon the subject of her connubial felicity; and we have no desire to revive forgotten scandal: but it is a fact, which cannot be omitted, that her ladyship went abroad without her husband, on account of bad health, in 1739 & did not return to England till she heard of his death in 1761. Whatever was the cause of their separation, however, it did not produce any open rupture between them; and she seems to have corresponded with him very regularly for the first ten years of her absence. These letters which occupy the latter part of the third volume, and the beginning of the fourth, are by no means so captivating as any of the preceding series. They contain but little wit, and no confidential or striking reflections: they are filled up with accounts of her health and her journeys, with short and general notices of any extraordinary custom she meets with, and little scraps of stale politics picked up in the petty courts of Italy. They are cold, in short, with out being formal; and are gloomy and constrained, when compared with those, which were spontaneously written to shew her wit or her affection to her correspondents. She seems extremely anxious to impress her husband with an exalted idea of the honours and distinction, with which she was every where received; and really seems more elated and surprised than we should have expected the daughter of an English Duke to be, with the attention that were shewn her by the noblesse of Venice, in particular. From this correspondence we do not think it necessary to make any extract.

The last series of letters, which extends to the middle of the fifth volume, and comes down to the year 1761, consists of those that were addressed by Lady Mary, during her residence abroad, to her daughter the Countess of Bute. These letters, though somewhat less brilliant than those to the Countess of Mar, have more heart and affection in them, than any other of her Ladyship's productions; and abound in lively and judicious reflections. They indicate at the same time a very great share of vanity, and that kind of contempt and indifference for the world, into which the veterans of fashion are most apt to sink.—With the exception of her daughter and her children, Lady Mary appears to have cared nothing for any human being; and rather to have beguiled the days of her declining life with every sort of amusement, than to have soothed them with affection or friendship. After boasting of the intimacy, in which she lived with all the considerable people in her neighbourhood, she adds in one of her letters, 'The people I see here make no more impression on my mind than the figures on the tapestry, while they are before my eyes. I know one is clothed in blue, & another in red; but out of sight they are so entirely out of memory, that I hardly remember whether they are tall or short.'

The following reflections upon an Italian story, exactly like that of Pamela, are very much in character.

'In my opinion, all these adventures proceed from artifice on one side, and weakness on the other. An honest tender mind, is often betrayed to ruin by the charms that make the fortune of a designing head, which, when joined with a beautiful face, can never fail of advancement, except barred by a wife mother, who locks up her daughters from view till nobody cares to look on them. My poor friend, the Duchess of Bolton, was educated in solitude, with some choice of books, by a saint-like governess, crammed with virtue and good qualities, she thought it impossible not to find gratitude, though she failed to give passion; and upon this plan threw away her estate, was despised by her husband and laughed at by the public.—Polly, bred in an alehouse, and produced on the stage, has obtained wealth and title, and found the way to be esteemed. So useful is early experience; without it, half of life is dissipated in correcting the errors that we have been taught to receive as indisputable truths.' Vol. iv. p. 119, 120.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF

MRS. INCHBALD.

[*From the General Magazine, for August*, 1787.]

It is an useful observation, and commonly true, that the life of an author is seldom sufficiently diversified to be generally entertaining. We, however, commence our biography with an exception to this general rule, in the memoirs of Mrs. INCHBALD who by various dramatic pieces, has rendered herself a subject of public concern, and her memoirs an object of public inquiry.

Mr. Simpson, a very respectable farmer near Bury St. Edmund's, in Suffolk, was happy in being blessed by a family of children, remarkably handsome; among whom our heroine was more particularly distinguished as being eminently beautiful. In her infancy Mr. Simpson died; and her mother, who appears to have been a woman of great goodness and discretion, continued to occupy the farm, and brought up her children with the most respectability. We have said that our heroine was extremely beautiful; but nature seldom produces perfection; and Miss Simpson was almost prevented the power of articulation, by an impediment which rendered it the attempted to say unintelligible to such as has not been accustomed to hear her. This misfortune so greatly mortified her, before strangers, and preyed so much upon her spirits, that in her earliest days she preferred solitude to all society, and "Melancholy marked her for her own." Under this affliction, books became her chief companions, and she particularly delighted in such as contained descriptions of life directly opposite to her own. And thus it generally happens that they who are in the immediate enjoyment of real life are captivated with the ideal pleasures of the lyre, while those who are obliged to bear the heat and burden of the day in the acquisition of a competence, sigh for the felicities of enjoyment.

The disposition our heroine had shewn for solitude, was forced upon her by an incapacity to enjoy the comforts of social intercourse; but habit had rendered it apparently natural. Curiosity, however strengthened by reading, induced her at the age of thirteen, frequently to declare, that "she would rather die than live any longer without seeing the world." Anxious to become acquainted with such customs and manners as she had read of in newspapers and magazines, and above all, to see the metropolis, of which young minds ever maintain the most romantic ideas, she proposed many plans for the accomplishment of her purpose, but they were constantly rejected by her friends, and she was positively enjoined not to indulge a thought so dangerous to her own safety, and the peace of the family.

But this desire encreasing with her years, she at length resolved to effect by stratagem the design which she could not accomplish by permission. She was now sixteen years of age, and was become still more beautiful: her hair was of that bright colour, so much celebrated by eminent poets and painters; her complexion was the glow of loveliness itself; her eyes dark, and her teeth exquisitely white; she was tall, and the symmetry of her person elegant and correspondent to every description of perfect drawing. Such was our heroine, when in the year 1772, about the end of February, at an early hour in the morning, she stole away unperceived by any of the family, furnished only with a few necessaries, which she had previously packed up in a hand box, and ran about two miles across some fields to the London road, where, with an indescribable perturbation, she waited the coming of the Diligence, which speedily conveyed her to—"that spot of glory, and that world of woe"—the metropolis.

Elopements usually excite romantic ideas; though, that a love sick girl should risk every thing for the man she loves is surely not very wonderful; but that a young and beautiful female without communicating her intention to any one, destitute not only of a lover, but even of a confidant, should "wander forth to see the world, alone," is a phenomenon which would better suit the page of fiction than of history.

But the most romantic projects of youth are seldom adopted without a reference to the accomplishment of some rational purpose, or the attainment of some particular pleasure. Curiosity after every thing worthy of curiosity, and that knowledge of the world, which is so frequently extolled as the most laudable acquisition, induced our fair adventurer to pursue a conduct which, at first, strikes us with a kind of singular indiscretion. She did not, however, quit her home with out some settled plan. She had often heard her family speak of the wife of a tradesman, who was a distant relation, and lived opposite to Northumberland-house, in the Strand. To this relation she determined to apply, and conceived that, after having made herself known, she should be determined to remain under her care 'till she had indulged that curiosity by which she had been prompted to take this extraordinary step, and for which she intended to solicit her mother's pardon by writing to her from this asylum. But, alas! to our adventurer no such asylum was open; for on arriving at the house in a hackney coach, which she took on quitting the Diligence, she had the inconceivable mortification to find, that it was no longer occupied by persons related to her: they had retired from business, and taken up their residence in Wales; a circumstance with which her friends were unacquainted, as no regular correspondence was held between the two families.

It was ten at night when our heroine received these disastrous tidings. The surprize and the distress discovered in her countenance could not but claim the attention of those to whom she was speaking. She appeared before them harrassed, alarmed, and evidently without a place to shelter in. She acknowledged her situation, and requested they would permit her to remain with them 'till she had time to consider whether to go for the remainder of the night. Touched with pity, the people of the house soon complied with her request; and this civility, more than her situation, filled her eyes with tears; her hospitable friends were induced to promise that she should stay the whole night; and desired that she would make herself easy, with a kindness and good nature somewhat exceeding what could raise in her mind suspicions of a more alarming nature than any which she had yet conceived on finding herself in London without a friend to receive her.

As her knowledge of the world had been chiefly gathered from the perusal of novels, she had read too many stories of the various arts of seduction, and was too handsome, not to render the motives of peculiar civility in strangers extremely suspicious, and she now began to imagine herself the immediate object of seducing artifice. In this idea she was confirmed by having heard the people in the shop whisper as she passed through it, "How beautiful!"—and the coachman, on receiving his fare, and leaving her to their protection, significantly bade them "make the most of her." But more fully convinced her, was the appearance of a corpulent elderly woman, so perfectly answering to the usual description, in novels, of a procuress, that our heroine deemed her safety to consist in another elopement. Therefore snatching up her hand box, she suddenly, and without a single word, rushed out of the house, leaving the good people, in the midst of their tenderness and compassion, to stare at each other, and to reprove their ill-timed pity.

Full good at length by the precipitancy of her flight, she stopped a moment to rest her box upon a post in the street; and now the horrors of her situation presented themselves in colours more dreadful than ever. To procure a lodging for the remainder of the night, without exposing herself to the arts and imposition of licentious men or of mercenary women, she thought would be impracticable without having recourse to stratagem; for the inexperienced are too apt to conclude that deceit only can prevail against deceit, and that artifice is to be overcome only by artifice. After ruminating some time, a thought suggested itself, that could she conceal the circumstance of her being a country girl, she would have nothing to dread from those whom she considered as the unprincipled and inhuman destroyers of female innocence. Without reflecting then, on what questions might be asked her under an assumed character, she spiritedly entered the first house which she saw exhibit 'Lodgings to let;' saying that she was a milliner's apprentice accustomed to London, and wanted lodgings only for a night or two, because her mistress having unexpectedly a number of visitors from the country, was obliged to give up all her beds." The people to whom this was addressed, were doubtful of her veracity, which she very ungly asserted, when turning her head she beheld the identical tradesman, from whose house she had just come, an attentive auditor to her new story. He had made bold to trace his uncommon visitor, & confronting her with the relation she had given him, of being just arrived from the country, gave her a sense of shame and guilt, to which her bosom had hitherto been an utter stranger.

In this dilemma the unfortunate wanderer, sharply casting her eye on the box, meditated another elopement. She was stopped in the attempt, and the door was locked. As a detected impostor, she was now obliged to endure the harsh menaces of those around her, who threatened to send her to prison, unless she discovered her abettors, and the end proposed by her imposition. Reduced to this extremity, she again had recourse to sincerity, and with a flood of tears once more candidly confessed who and what she was; protesting that her own preservation, rather than the wrong of another, tempted her to use the falsehoods of which she had been guilty. But truth itself was now of little avail: her hearers treated it as another instance of prevarication; and the woman of the house, with a sort of savage love of honesty, was on the point of ordering a constable, when a sudden exclamation diverted the attention of all to another object. A boy, about twelve years of age, with a heart as tender as his years, pitying the distress, and moved by the supplications of the lovely wanderer, cried to see her cry, and loudly threatened his mother never to go to school again if she did not let the young lady go without sending for a constable. This oratory proved irresistable; the outrageous justice of the woman subsided. Our poor adventurer, after being insultingly told to "Repent!" was turned out of doors near midnight, and with an aching heart and streaming eyes, left to wander in the streets of London.

[*To be continued.*].

MATRIMONY.

"It is not good that man should be alone."

The influence of prejudice upon the mind of man is exemplified more strikingly in the treatment which he bestows on woman, than in any thing else. It has always been the practice of wicked wits and ill-natured cynics, to make them the objects of their indecent raillery and abuse. In former times, their haughty lords of the creation pretended that females were not endowed with as strong intellects as males; and, therefore treated them as beings of an inferior order. But time gradually removed the veil in which prejudice had wrapped up the character of the fex and it was acknowledged that their inferiority was the effect of education and not of nature. Now the theme of abuse was changed, but not the object: they were charged with concealing beneath the semblance of angels, the disposition of fiends: the name of woman was but another appellation for hypocrify and deceit; and so universally did this infatuation affect all ranks, that even one of the most grave and solemn poets of Great Britain says,

"Frailty, thy name is woman."

A more liberal system of education and manners having now nearly extirpated those opinions, the wanton wags of the day have turned their artillery against the dress of the ladies. The followers of fashion cannot avoid being hurried into some ridiculous extravagancies; but are the men more moderate than the women?—I think not. Let them, therefore, "pluck the beam out of their own eyes," and reform their dresses by bringing it down to a rational standard; they will then be better qualified to act the part of cenfors upon the gowns and petticoats of their wives and daughters.

Man, when under the influence of no controuling power, suffers his passions to acquire absolute power over him. The various circumstances and evolutions of his life plunge him into most gloomy despair, or exalt him into most rapturous joy. He is a stranger to the mildness of contentment, and his breast resembles the ocean, when consulfed by the raging of contrary winds. In short from a minute's review of the general character of the Bachelor, we may deduce this facred truth—"*It is not good to be alone.*"

Notwithstanding all the farcasms and sneers of libertines against marriage, no man can be happy unless he enters into that condition. The married man, when outward distress and anxiety annoy him, seeks relief in the bosom of his wife; for the gentle minds of women are peculiarly designed by nature for administering consolation. Has he a secret, her breast is its repository—he pours forth his whole soul to her, unrestrained by the cold maxims of prudence, which influences his conduct with respect to his own fex. His wife is his only firm and unshaken friend; for it is almost impossible that friendship could exist with purity and fervor between man and man—Ambition, rivalry and contrariety of opinions, too often produce a mutual coldness, which soon degenerates into apathy. I think, therefore, I am justified in asserting, that true and generous friendship cannot subsist except in the hearts of those whom hymen has united; with them every reverse of fortune serves but to draw the chords of affection still tighter, and, even in old age, when all all the fire of youth is extinguished, they can retrace the "sadly pleasing scenes" of their more vigorous years still blessed with the esteem and confidence of each other.

LAY PREACHER.

Sir Winsor Hunsloke, bart. has presented the Young Roscius with an elegant gold repeater, accompanied with a beautiful Carton Gream seal, with a fine engraving of Shakspear's head.—*English Paper.*

SELECTED POETRY.

LOVE IN THE BLOSSOM.

Observe where yonder rose-bush stands!
'Tis somewhat old and much decay'd:
'Twas planted there by Henry's hands,
When Mary was a little maid.

This bush, he cried, I give to you,
It always was my favorite tree;
And prithee, little Mary, do
Look on it, and remember me.

These words in Mary's heart funk keep,
And, though the cause she could not tell,
She would not give her eyes to sleep,
Till *that poor bush was water'd well.*

With eyes impatient she beheld,
And chid fair Spring, thy tardy power,
Till the fair bud triumphant swell'd
And burst into a lovely flower.

She pluck'd it with an eager hand;
Shall I to Henry offer this?
She fard—not long she made a stand,
Her heart re-positive answer'd yes.

And, strange as it may seem to you,
Though roses lin'd the garden wall,
More lovely far, in Mary's view,
This single bush surpass'd them all.

And though the bush hung very thick
With flowers, and tho' the ground was strewn,
None venture'd there a rose to pick,
'Twas Henry's plunder, his alone.

And once a rose I saw him strip,
And give it to a standee by:
Resentment quiver'd Mary's lip,
Her pride but half suppress'd the sigh.

Now join'd in wedlock's holy rite,
In mutual love and peace to dwell;
Yet still it gives their hearts delight,
This simple incident to tell.

STANZAS

TO HER, WHO BEST UNDERSTANDS THEM.

"Well, I have found my heart again,
And now; my fair, we both are free;
How strange that I could bear the chain
So long—and bear it, too, for *thee!*"

"Since," said the maid, "since we must part;
And love's delusions all are o'er;
Since you have taken back your heart,
And we, you say, shall meet no more;

"Since here we bid adieu to bliss,
And all our fond delusions ends,
Farewell!—but not without a kiss—
One kiss—and we will part as friends!"

Ah, wily girl! full well you knew
What magic hung upon your lip;
For when the nectar'd draught I drew,
As bees their horied beverage sip,

Again the stream of liquid fire
Impetuous pour'd through every vein;
My pulses beat with new desire—
Ah me! my heart was lost again.

PHOSPHOR.

LINES TO LIBERTY.

O LIBERTY! thou sweetest gift of Heav'n,
Thou greatest good below! Thrice lovely nymph,
While smiling countenance beams heavn ly brightness;
By thee attended, where'er I wander, still I must be happy.
Where'er I wander, still I must be happy.
Thou makest even Poverty to smile;
Thy influence blunts the shafts of adverse Fate,
And makes them pierce less deeply. Thy sweet smile
Can cheer the brow of age, and make the bed,
The all-subduing bed of sickness seem
Less terrible. Th' enchanting thought of thee
Lightens e'en Slavery, and makes the heart
Of the poor wretched captive leap with joy.
Without thee, what is Life?—A dismal blank!
The faculties are cramp'd, the genius blunted,
And the high soaring soul of man
Crush'd in the dust. Oh then, sweet "mountain-nymph,"
Be my companion still, that so I may
Defy the storms of fate and never grieve
At any woe, since blest with liberty!

ISABELLA.

LOVELY MADAM VANDERCROUT.

Madam Vandercrout, her weeds quite new,
Fifty and richer than a Jew,
With voice of ravens and an eye,
Might with the coddled gooseberry vie,
Fair as bull hoof, and then a form,
Lovely as porpoise in a storm,
A ton of flesh with gold hoops bound,
Just four feet high, and six feet round!
Thus form'd, thus featur'd, and thus fac'd,
Her person and her purse thus grac'd,
No wonder lovers swarm'd about,
The charming Madam Vandercrout.

A Lawyer begged his cause to plead,
Said if he liked each title deed,
Twixt Hymen, him, and her that night,
He'd draw indenture nuptial,
Come, come, fair she, my man of law,
In your proceedings there's a flaw.
My goods and chattels you convey?
Please to convey yourself away.
You plead in vain, the trial's past,
You're nonsuited, ejected, cast,
You're ignoramus'd and thrown out,
Then sue not Madam Vandercrout.

An Irish Johnan swore away,
Held love forever and a day;
And if she'd him for husband have,
Then lord and master were her slave.
Paddy, you're made a bull, cried she,
You want to make a slave of me;
I'm his, who for my person seeks,
Sure and you fishmen all *Greeks?*
Nothing but love with you I'd gain;
No, never with your fevers the main,
Mongst Pharaoh's host, shall thy about,
The cash of Madam Vandercrout.

An Auctioneer, a cunning dog,
Of her charms had made a catalogue;
With knail tale keeping still a din,
Said one, should like to buy her in.
Indeed, cried she, by fortune cross,
Must I then wed to who bids most?
My person to the hammer brought,
And put up, like a scurvy lot!
Be *going*, sir, let, with a frown,
Without reserve, I knock you down.
'Tis hear for heart, you nibbling lout,
Must purchase Madam Vandercrout.

Thus lover after lover came,
The fortune courting, not the dame,
Which fortune rather than entiral,
She vowed she would not wed at all.
This conduct s given an hundred names;
Some say she drinks, some say she games;
But none have hit the truth, not one:
The fact is she has married John;
John's tall and comely, and beside,
She knew him ere her husband died.
And now the history's fairly out,
Of lovely Madame Vandercrout.

From a late London Paper.

UNFORTUNATE ADVENTURE IN HIGH LIFE.

An event has lately taken place in high life, which, whilst it occupies the attention and engrosses the conversation of the whole of the fashionable world, has excited the astonishment of every individual acquainted with the parties. The circumstance is as follows: It is roundly asserted, and the report is generally credited, that a certain lady of distinguished rank has lately lost at the *Faro Bank* of a titled dame, a sum of money little short of half a million sterling. Even family connexions are said to be by this unfortunate affair so deeply involved, that the carriages, horses and servants, are all upon the wing, that is, the former shortly to be consigned to the hammer, and the latter discharged. The whole of the transaction, and the motives which produced it, appear so inexplicable, that time only can develope this seeming mystery. Although a bond is said to have been given for the amount of the sum lost, yet the husband is advised to litigate the matter.

ON THE BEAUTY OF EPISTOLARY WRITING.

Its first and fundamental requisite is, to be natural and simple; for a stiff and laboured manner is as bad in a letter as it is in conversation. This does not banish sprightliness and wit. These are graceful in letters just as they are in conversation; when they flow easily, and without being studied; when employed so as to season, not to cloy. One who, either in conversation or in letters, affects to shine and to sparkle always, will not please long. The style of letters should not be too highly polished. It ought to be neat and correct, but no more. All misery about words, betrays study; and hence musical periods, and appearances of number and harmony in arrangement, should be carefully avoided in letters. The best letters are commonly such as the authors have written with most facility. What the heart or the imagination dictates, always flows readily; but where there is no subject to warm or interest these, constraint appears; and hence those letters of mere compliment, congratulation or affected condolance, which have cost the authors most labour in composing, and which, for that reason, they consider as their master-pieces, never fail of being the most disagreeable and insipid to the readers.

It ought, at the same time, to be remembered, that the ease and simplicity which I have recommended in Epistolary correspondence, are not to be understood as importing entire carelessness. In writing to the most intimate friend, a certain degree of attention, both to the subject and the style, is requisite and becoming. It is no more that what we owe both to ourselves, and to the friend with whom we correspond. A slovenly and negligent manner of writing, is a disobliging mark of want of respect. The liberty, besides, of writing letters with too careless a hand, is apt to betray persons into imprudence in what they write. The first requisite, both in conversation and correspondence, is to attend to all the proper decorums which our own character and that of others demand. An imprudent expression in conversation may be forgotten and pass away; but when we take the pen in our hands we must remember, that "*Litera scripta manet.*"*

* The writing remains.

FROM THE GREENOCK ADVERTISER.

SIR,

The following sentences were put to paper by a set of saucy *fair ones*, in the presence of their husbands, whom, forsooth, they accuse of having adopted, since their marriage, a phraseology different from that which they used when *Lovers*. If you think this female production not altogether unworthy of a place in your paper, your inserting it will oblige several of your constant readers, and particularly

BENEDICT.

The Lover. You do every thing well, madam.

The Husband. My dear, you do'nt seem to know how to do any thing.

The Lover. How well you look to-day! Indeed you look charming in any dress.

The Husband. How frightful you are! I wish you would put on your clothes a little more becomingly.

The Lover. That's a pretty cap—how elegant is your taste!

The Husband. That hideous hat! my dear, you never will learn to dress yourself.

The Lover. What pretty sentiments! How well you express yourself on every subject!

The Husband. You know not how to talk on any subject as you ought to do—therefore pray hold your tongue.

The Lover. Let me know your opinion, my dear madam—it shall ever be my guide.

The husband. What does it signify, my dear, what you say on the subject? I never consult women.

The Lover. How neatly you carve that fowl! It is a pleasure to see you.

The Husband. How awkward you are! The meat grows cold before you can cut it up; and after all, it is done in such a manner, that I cannot eat it.

The Lover. I am so concerned to see you indisposed—can I offer nothing that will be of service to you madam?

The Husband. It is all your own fault, my dear, that you have got this cold—you never take care of yourself.

ANECDOTE OF GARRICK,

IN THE CHARACTER OF KING LEAR.

When Garrick first came upon the stage, and, one very sultry evening in the month of May, performed the character of Lear, he in the first four acts received the customary tokens of applause. At the end of the fifth when he wept over the body of Cordelia, every eye caught the soft infection, the big round tear ran down every cheek. At this interesting moment, to the astonishment of all present, his face assumed a new character, and his whole frame appeared agitated by a new passion: it was not tragic, for he was evidently endeavouring to suppress a laugh: in a few seconds the attendant nobles appeared to be affected in the same manner; and the beauteous Cordelia, who was reclined upon a crimson couch, opening her eyes to see what occasioned the interruption, leaped from her sofa, and with the Majesty of England, the gallant Albany, and tough old Kent, ran laughing off the stage. The audience could not account for so strange a termination of a tragedy, in any other way, than by supposing the dramatis personæ were seized with a sudden phrenzy; but their visibility had a different source. A fat Whitechapel butcher, seated on the centre of the first bench in the pit was accompanied by his mastiff, who being accustomed to sit on the same seat with his master at home, naturally thought he might enjoy the same privilege there. The butcher sat very back, and the quadruped, finding a fair opening, got upon the orchestra, peered at the performers with as upright a head, and as grave an air, as the most sagacious critic of his day. Our corpulent slaughterman was made of nothing still; and not being accustomed to a playhouse heat, found himself much oppressed by the weight of a large and well powdered Sunday perruke, which for the gratification of cooling and wiping his head, he pulled off, and placed on the head of his mastiff: the dog, being in so conspicuous, so obtrusive a situation, caught the eye of Garrick and the other performers. A mastiff in a churchwarden's wig, (for the butcher was a parish officer) was too much: it would have provoked laughter in Lear himself, at the moment he was most distressed: no wonder then that it had such an effect on his representative.

ANECDOTE OF WILLIAM COOPER,

[AUTHOR OF THE TASK.]

The predominant genius of a man may, in most cases be traced to some early incident in his life. Cowper, it seems, was from his childhood devoted to meditation and seclusion, and endued with antipathy to every noisy concourse or merely lucrative pursuit.

This temper was strengthened by an attachment between him and the daughter of a neighbouring family.—The usual objection on the score of birth and fortune, did not exist in this case, and neither family was averse to this connection. It was necessary, however, for the opinion of Cooper's father, that the union should be postponed till the young man had established himself in some genteel and honorable profession. For this purpose the youth was sent to London, and placed at the Temple. To his fame of subtlety and science all his rural dispositions accompanied him. The cultivation of literature and poetry ravished his attention away from the *Cokes* and *Coodbews* of his library, and his hours were spent in composing tender ditties for his mistress, instead of prescribing into his common-place book the *demurrers and narrations* of the law.

His father, whose heart was set upon seeing his son Will, one day adorned with the flowing and well-powdered honours of a chancellor, was extremely displeased at this infatuation and supineness. He tried various expedients to awaken in his heart a more profitable ambition. At length he fancied that he discovered the source of all these unhappy propensities in the affection which William had so assiduously fostered for the country maid. He resolved, therefore, to put an end to his hopes; and, by studied incivilities to the lady's family, excited their resentment so far, that the girl was prohibited from further intercourse.

Disobedience to this mandate, produced the usual stretches of parental tyranny. The victim was restricted in her walks and visits; and, finally, imprisoned in her chamber. The gentle spirit was sorely bruised by the rod. Grief and melancholy were succeeded by the loss of understanding, and an untimely close was put to her existence in the cells of a private madhouse!—Such was a father's policy! and the effects of it upon the son's happiness and destiny are generally known.*

* *Mr. Cowper, in the latter part of his life, was grievously afflicted by melancholy, and was subject to frequent fits of mental derangement. But his Biographer, Mr. Harley, makes no mention of the preceding circumstance; if we are not mistaken, he supposes that misfortune to have been a constitutional infirmity.*—Minerva.

EVELINA.

[AS TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.]

The following beautiful sonnet is said to have been written some time in the twelfth century, by a Bard of the *Desart Country*, now part of the county of Waterford, and translated, as Mr. FRANCIS LODGE, jun. informs us, by a gentleman skilled in the language and antiquities of the country. It is to be regretted that no cotemporary Bard has given the author's name to fame.

It was on the white hawthorn, on the brow of the valley, I saw the rising of day first break, the young, the soft, the gay delightful morning; it kissed the crimson of the rose, mixed with her smiles, and laughed the season on us.

Rise, my Evelina; soul that informs my heart! Do thou rise, too, more lovely than the morn in her blushes, more modest than the rifled rose when weeping in her dews, pride of the western shores!

The sky's blue face when cleared by dancing sun-beams, looks not ferener than thy countenance; the richest of the wild honey is on thy lip, and thy breath exhales sweet like the apple-blossom; black are thy locks, Evelina, and polished as the raven's smooth pinions; the swan's silver plumage is not fairer than thy neck, and the wreath of love heaves all her enchantments from thy bosom.

Rise, my Evelina, the sprightly beam of the sun descends to kiss thee without enmity to me, and the heath reserves its blossom to greet thee with its odours; thy timid lover will pluck the straw-berries from the awful brow of the crag, and rob the hazle of its auburn pride, the sweetness of whose kernel thou far exceedest; let my berries be as red as the lips, and my nuts ripe, yet milky as the love beguiled maid in the bridal bosom.

Queen of the cheerful smile! shall I not meet thee in the rock's grown cave, and press to my heart thy beauties in the wood of Inisfeather? How long wilt thou leave me, Evelina, mourning as the lone fawn of the rock; telling thy pains to the passing gale, and pouring out my complaints to the grey stone of the valley?

Ah! dost thou not hear my songs, O virgin! thou, who shouldst be the tender daughter of a meek eyed mother!

Whenever thou comest, Evelina, thou approachest like summer to the children of frost, and welcome with rapture are thy steps to my view, as the harbinger of light to the eye of darkness.

Extract from Dr. Miller's excellent Discourses on Suicide, recently published.

BESIDE the injury done to society in general, he who destroys his own life seldom fails to inflict the deepest wounds upon all who stand immediately related to him in domestic and social life. Say, miserable man, who art contemplating the crime of self-murder, hast thou an *parent*, the evening of whose days, by this crime, would be embittered, or whose grey hairs would be brought down with sorrow to the grave? Hast thou no amiable *partner* of thy life, who would be precipitated by this step into the deepest affliction? Hast thou no *tender babes*, who by thy desertion would be left fatherless, and exposed to all the dangers of an unpitying world? Hast thou no *brethren* or *sisters* to share in the grief and disgrace of thy unworthy conduct? Are there no friends who love thee, who would weep over thy folly and sin, and feel themselves wounded by thy fall? In short, would the execution of thy wicked purpose disturb the peace of no family? Excite no bosom of sensibility and kindness? Defraud no creditor? plunge no friend in difficulty? Did thy conduct extend only to thy own person, though still a crime, it would be comparatively small. But the consequences of such a step would probably extend beyond thy conception, and last longer than thy memory. Stay then, guilty man! Stay thy murderous hand! Extinguish not the happiness and the hopes of a family, it may be, of families! Forbear to inflict wounds which no time can heal, and which may tempt survivors to wish that thou hadst never been born!

* * * * * * * * *

—Let us go to yonder victim of impatience and despair, who wanders silent, melancholy and alone, meditating the termination of his sorrows by the pistol, or the poisonous draught. Let us approach and enquire why he is disgusted with life? You are *embarrassed in your circumstances*; you have been robbed of your property by fraud, or by some disastrous occurrences; you have been precipitated from the height of affluence to the most abject poverty; *you cannot dig, to beg you are ashamed*, and therefore resolve to fly from life. But before you take this dreadful and irrevocable step, pause a moment, and answer me the following question—Is a large portion of property indispensibly necessary to happiness? Have not thousands been contented and happy with as small a pittance as that which you yet possess? Nay, have not some found more real enjoyment after being thus reduced, than they found in the days of their affluence and prosperity? Was not the SAVIOUR of the world, when he sojourned upon the earth, without *a place where to lay his head?* And has he not by his example, made poverty and sufferings honorable? Besides, though you are now in straightened circumstances may not a kind providence hereafter smile upon you, and reward your industry with comfort and plenty? But even supposing the worst; will you destroy a life on which so much depends, for the sake of treasures which are transient and unsatisfying; for a little glittering dust which perishes in the using; "for so much as may be grasped thus?" Miserable estimate! ignoble alternative! Live, and exhibit the sublime, the edifying spectacle, of one struggling with want, and yet holding fast his integrity.

In the juvenile days of Sir William Jones, he used often to amuse himself with the composition of complimentary verses to Beauty and Merit. The following is a specimen of his poetical gallantry.

[PORT FOLIO.

*On seeing Miss *** ride by him without knowing her.*

CARDIGAN, August 18, 1780.

So lightly glanc'd she o'er the lawn,
So lightly through the vale,
That not more swiftly bounds the fawn,
In Sidon's palmy dale.

Full well her bright hair'd enurser knew,
How sweet a charge he bore,
And proudly shook the tassels blue
That on his neck he wore.

Her vest, with liveliest tincture glow'd
That summer blossoms wear,
And wanton down her shoulders flow'd
Her hyacinthine hair.

Zephyr in play had lions'd the string,
And with it laughing flown,
Diffusing from his dewy wing
A fragrance not his own.

Her shape was like a tender pine
With vermil buds array'd,
O heaven what rapture would be mine
To slumber in its shade.

Her cheeks—one rose had Strephon seen,
But dazzled with the sight,
At distance view'd her nymph like mein,
And *fainted with delight.*

He thought Diana from the chace
Was hastening to her bower,
For more than mortal seem'd a face
Of such resistless power.

Actæon's fatal change he fear'd
And trembled at the breeze;
High antlers had his fancy rear'd,
And quivering sunk his knees.

He well might err—that form confess'd
The queen with silver beam,
Shone forth and Sylvia thus address'd,
By Tivy's azure stream.

"Let us this day our robes exchange!
Bind on my waxing moon;
Then through yon woods at pleasure range
And shun the sultry noon.

While I at Cardigan prepare
Gay stores of silk and lace,
Like thine will seem my flowing hair,
Like thine my heavenly grace.

My brother Phœbus lost his heart,
When first he view'd thy charms,
And would this day, with dang'rous art,
Allure thee to his arms.

But Cynthia, friend to virgins fair,
Thy steps will ever guide,
Protect thee from the enchanting snare,
And o'er thy heart preside.

In vain his wiles he shall essay,
And touch his golden lyre;
Then to the skies shall wing his way,
With pale yet raging fire.

Should he with lies traduce the fair,
And boast how oft he kis'd her,
The gods shall laugh, while I declare
He flirted with his sister."

PEACE OF MIND.

BY COWPER.

WHEN all within is peace,
How nature seems to smile!
Delights that never cease,
The live long day beguile.

From morn to dewy eve,
With open hand she showers
Fresh blessings, to deceive
And soothe the silent hours.

It is content of heart
Gives nature power to please;
The mind that feels no smart,
Enlivens all it sees;

Can make a wintry sky
Seem bright as smiling May,
And evening's closing eye,
As peep of early day.

The vast majestic globe,
So beauteously array'd
In nature's various robes,
With wond'rous skill display'd.

Is, to a mourner's heart,
A dreary wild at best;
It flutters to depart,
And longs to be at rest.

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1st..."THE MINERVA" shall be neatly printed, weekly, on a half-sheet Super-Royal paper.

2d....THE TERMS ARE TWO DOLLARS per annum, to be PAID IN ADVANCE.

3d....A handsome title-page and table of contents will be furnished (gratis) at the completion of each volume.

The following gentlemen, from some of whom we have already received indubitable tokens of attachment to the interests of this paper, will act as our AGENTS in receiving money due for the MINERVA, at the places to which their names are affixed—and they will receive and transmit us the names of those who may wish to become subscribers.

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The MINERVA;

Or, LADY's AND GENTLEMAN's MAGAZINE.

VOLUME I.] RICHMOND:—*FRIDAY*, JUNE 14, 1805. [NUMBER 40.

CRITICISM.

[*From the Edinburgh Review.*]

The Works of the Right Honorable Lady Mary Wortley Montagu: Including her Correspondence, Poems, and Essays. Published by permission, from her Original Papers.

[CONCLUDED.]

After observing that, in a preceding letter, her Ladyship declares, that 'it is eleven years since she saw herself in a glass, being so little pleased with the figure she was then beginning to make in it,' we shall close these extracts with the following more favorable account of her philosophy.

'I no more expect to arrive at the age of the Dutchess of Marlborough, than to that of Methusalem: neither do I desire it. I have long thought myself useless to the world. I have seen one generation pass away, and it is gone; for I think there are very few of those left that flourished on my youth. You will perhaps call these melancholy reflections: they are not so. There is a quiet after abandoning of pursuits, something like the rest that follows a laborious day. I tell you this for your comfort. It was formerly a terrifying view to me, that I should one day be an old woman. I now find that nature has provided pleasures for every state. Those are only unhappy who will not be contented with what she gives, but strive to break through her laws, by affecting a perpetuity of youth, which appears to me as little desirable at present as the babies do to you, that were the delight of your infancy. I am at the end of my paper which shortens the sermon.' Vol. iv. p. 314, 315.

Upon the death of Mr. Wortley in 1761, Lady Mary returned to England, and died there in October 1762, in the 73d year of her age. From the large extracts which we have been tempted to make from her correspondence, our readers will be enabled to judge of the character and genius of this extraordinary woman. A title spoiled by flattery, and not altogether 'unlebanished by the world,' she seems to have possessed a masculine solidity of understanding, great liveliness of fancy, and such powers of observation and discrimination of character, as to give her opinions great authority on all the ordinary subjects of practical manners and conduct. After her marriage, she seems to have abandoned all idea of laborious or regular study, and to have been raised to the station of a literary character merely by her vivacity, and her love of amusement and anecdote. The great charm of her letters is certainly the extreme ease and facility with which every thing is expressed, the brevity and rapidity of her representations, and the elegant simplicity of her diction. While they unite almost all the qualities of a good style, there is nothing of the professed author in them; nothing that seems to have been composed, or to have engaged the admiration of the writer. She appears to be quite unconscious either of merit or of exertion in what she is doing; and never steps to bring out a thought, or to turn an expression with the cunning of a practised rhetorician. The letters from Turkey will probably be more universally read than any of these that are now given for the first time to the public; because the subject commands a wider and more permanent interest, than the personalities and unconnected remarks with which the rest of the correspondence is filled. At the same time, the love of scandal and of private history is so great, that these letters will be highly relished, as long as the names they mention are remembered; and then they will become curious and interesting, as exhibiting a truer picture of the manners and fashions of the time, than is to be found in any other publication.

The fifth volume contains also her Ladyship's poems, and two or three trifling papers that are entitled her Essays. Poetry, at least the polite and witty sort of poetry, which Lady Mary has attempted, is much more of an art than prose-writing. We are trained to the latter, by the conversation of good society; but the former seems always to require a good deal of patient labour and application. This her Ladyship appears to have disdained; and accordingly, her poetry, though abounding in lively conceptions, is already consigned to that oblivion in which mediocrity is destined, by an irrevocable sentence, to slumber till the end of the world. The Essays are extremely insignificant, and have no other merit, that we can discover, but that they are very few and very short.

Of Lady Mary's friendship, and subsequent rupture with Pope, we have not thought it necessary to say any thing, both because we are of opinion that no new lights are thrown upon it by this publication, and because we have no desire to awaken forgotten scandals by so idle a controversy. Pope was undoubtedly a flatterer, and was undoubtedly sufficiently irritable and vindictive: but whether his rancour was stimulated upon this occasion by nothing but caprice or jealousy, and whether he was the inventor or the echo of the imputations to which he has given notoriety, we do not pretend to determine. Lady Mary's character was certainly deficient in that cautious delicacy which is the best guardian of female reputation; and there seems to have been in her conduct something of that intrepidity which naturally gives rise to misconstruction, by setting at a defiance the maxims of ordinary discretion.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF

MRS. INCHBALD.

[*From the General Magazine, for August*, 1787.]

(CONTINUED.)

Exposed to those insults which females usually encounter when unprotected, they ramble the streets at midnight, our heroine wandered where chance directed her, till the clock struck two, when she found herself at Holborn bridge, and saw a stage coach setting off for York, hearing, at the same time the coachman tell a person who asked a place, that there was not one to spare. It immediately occurred to her to ask the same question, and on receiving the same answer, to solicit for lodging at the inn, as a disappointed passenger, and thus escape the frightful hazards to which she was liable in the streets. Happily this scheme succeeded; but not without evident suspicions of her character, on the part of her host and hostess. These suspicions, however, afforded her the consolation of an assurance, that she had nothing to apprehend, in this house, where her youth and beauty seemed the only bar to a kind reception; the landlady taking the precaution even to lock the door of the wretched place in which Miss Simpson was permitted to sleep, and like a careful duenna, wisely putting the key in her pocket.

Our adventurer arose at her usual hour; but having no bell, or any means, from the height she was loged, to let the family know she was up, and they lagaciously concluding, that ladies who go to bed at two in the morning are in no haste to rise, she was left to ruminate on her situation till noon. She could not but deplore her fate; and yet she was more inclined to pursue it, than to return home, and suffer the reproach of misdirection, with the still further mortification of not having gratified that curiosity, which had led her into a situation so extraordinary and disagreeable. "Mine hostess" at length released her fair prisoner, and informed her, that the York coach would set out again that evening. This information was delivered with an air of severity, and as if she suspected that her lodger had no intention of becoming a passenger. Our poor adventurer had not courage to justify that suspicion, but laid down her whole stock of money, to the last half-crown, for the purpose of securing a place in the machine for a journey which she never intended to take. This, however, satisfied the landlady, who desired Miss Simpson to walk down to breakfast; but she excused herself, under the pretence that she was in haste to call on a relation in another part of the town, in order to inform her of the disappointment she had experienced in not leaving London the preceding evening. By this apology she saved the expence of breakfast, which she was by no means inclined to taste, and thought she could thus secure another night's lodging at an unsuspected house. On her return to the inn, therefore, she said her relation had requested her to remain in town a few days longer; and by this artifice secured her wretched apartment; and while our unfortunate heroine daily took a walk merely to purchase to what her slender financies could afford, the people of the inn supposed Miss Simpson to be feasting with her relations. She was now in the utmost distress; it is a fact, that two half-penny rolls, with water from the bottle in her chamber were all that she subsisted on during the last ten days she was at the inn.

In one of her daily rambles, among the many whom her appearance attracted, was the then admired Mr. R——, of Drury-lane Theatre, who not to be repulsed by difficulties, employed every art to obtain repeated interviews, to learn the nature of her situation, and to offer such plausible advice as might render his real views unsuspected. He at length succeeded to her confidence, and the stage was pointed out to her as the most probable scheme of support. It had also the advantage of being extremely well adapted for the gratification of one whole sole motive for relinquishing her home was to see the world. But an acquaintance thus formed with a man of intrigue, was not long to continue: our heroine soon discovered Mr. R——'s real views, and, positively rejecting them, was once more left destitute: but not of every prospect she had formed of a livelihood from the stage: for this perseverance assured her that the impediment in her speech was an insurmountable obstacle to her arriving to a certain situation in a theatre, as a particular attention to, and a frequent repetition of the parts, would enable her to repeat them before an audience, so as to obtain, with the advantage of so charming and amiable a person, a respectable if not a brilliant department in the *dramatis personæ*. In an aspiring and persevering mind, hope is soon converted into a resolution not to be baffled by petty disappointments, nor to be conquered by the intrusion of apparent impossibilities; and such was the mind of our heroine.—Left once more to provide for herself, she had no sooner discarded her libertine admirer than she determined to profit by his plan, however doubtful she might be of the sincerity of him who proposed it. As a total stranger without recommendation, and with a defect in her speech, that must have struck every one, on first hearing her as an invincible bar to all public speaking, she immediately applied to Mr. King of Drury-lane Theatre, then manager of the Bristol-House during the summer. His surprise, and the replies she made to his interrogations, have furnished so many Green room anecdotes, that, however whimsical and entertaining such of them may be, we are here obliged to decline them all, lest we risk our veracity by adopting those which are fictitious: suffice it to say, that this was, perhaps, one of the most comic scenes Mr. King ever was engaged in; and notwithstanding all impediments, after having rehearsed with her a short time, he did not wholly, discourage her idea of being an actress; but declined giving her any engagement.

Disappointed in this application, she consulted the playbills; she remembered the name of Mr. Inchbald, who was then of Drury-lane Theatre, having seen him perform several seasons together at Bury St. Edmond's, the town near the village from whence she came. With this gentleman she had not the least acquaintance, but she felt a confidence in him, which his having been frequently in that neighbourhood had alone inspired. The most remote tie was now a near one, while it had any reference to a place she was at this time brought to reflect upon with the most tender regret, having at length seen something of the world, and done it sufficiently to be convinced of the happiness of home. To Mr. Inchbald she resolved to apply for advice respecting an engagement in the theatre. Mr. Inchbald, at that time a man of noted gallantry and intrigue, was struck with her beauty, but just then attached to the wife of Col. ——, and engaged in other adventures, he was not tempted to the seduction of that innocence which now sought his friendship; but introduced our heroine to Mr. D——, of Drury-lane House, who had purchased a share in a country theatre, to which he was going as acting manager.

At the first sight of Miss Simpson, D—— hesitated not a moment, but without any trial, immediately engaged her as his pupil: gave her many parts to study, in spite of the impediments in her speech, which he promised to render articulate: & he became her instructor. She was now supplied with every convenience, in the prospect, as she supposed, of future services as an actress, and began to think the world growing kind, when one evening having been reciting a part to her new master a most violent quarrel arose, which, from a reserved behaviour on her part, drew him at last, but firmly to tell her, that he meant to be repaid for the engagement he had assigned her as an actress, with other services than those required for the theatre; and that with such an acquiescence he was willing to hold the agreement, but on no other terms.—The tea equipage happened then to be on the table, and our heroine, not so happily blessed as most women are with the powers of loquocity, replied to this speech by proxy; the comedian soon felt the effects of a bason of scalding water on his face and bosom: and before he had time to recover from his surprise and the immediate sensation of pain, his pupil had flown down stairs, and was gone for ever.

The momentary revenge imparted a gleam of transport as she quitted D—— 's house, but by the time she had reached her own, her mind was clouded by dismal reflec-

tions, and her heart torn with bitter anguish. She found herself deceived, infulted, friendlefs and forlorn. In this unhappy state she flew to Mr. Inchbald; to him she related her forrows and recounted every circumstance that had happened, not omitting the hafon of water: "But why did you fo, my dear?" Becaufe I could not fpeak; but if I had not ftuttered, I fhould have faid fuch things—but I could not fpeak, and therefore I was obliged to do fomething, or perhaps he would not have known I had been angry; but I believe he now thinks I am."—Here a flood of tears relieved her, and fhe repeatedly exclaimed, "What fhall I do? what will become of me?" Mr. Inchbald, affected by her forrow, endeavoured to footh it, by mentioning other projects of introduction; but fhe folemnly declined all further thoughts of the ftage, and requested he would propofe fomething lefs humiliating than attendance on managers. "My dear, faid Mr. Inchbald, I know of nothing, no fituation where you can be fecure, except in marriage." "Yes Sir, but who would marry me?" "I would replied he with warmth, but perhaps you would not have me." "Yes, Sir," and would forever think myfelf obliged to you." "And will you," he asked, "love me?" Here fhe heftitated: but trufting a fentiment of that kind would eafily be infpired by tenderneffs and affection, and becoming at that time, weary of a difipated life, urged the queftion no further, nor fuffered any fubfequent reflection to frustrate the design he had that inftant conceived, and in a few days they were married.

THE TRAVELLER.

During the fummer of laft year, occasion—no matter what—alled an honeft Englifh fquire to take a journey to Petersburgh, (Ruffia)

Untravelled and unknowing, he provided himfelf with no paf-port—his buinefs concerned himfelf alone, and what had foreign nations to do with him?

His route lay through the ftates of different powers:—he landed in Holland—paffed the ufual examination; but insisting that the affairs which brought him there were of a private nature, he was queftioned and detained a fhort time; but appearing to be incapable of design, he was at length permitted to purfue his journey.

To the officer of the guard who had detained him, he made frequent complainis of the lofs that he might fuftain by the delay:—the officer, after a long paufe, flowly drew the pipe from his mouth, and emitting the fmoke; —"Mynheer," fays he, "When you firft fet your foot on the land of the Seven United Provinces, you fhould have declared you came hither on affairs of commerce," and replacing his pipe relapfed into immoveable taciturnity.

Releafed from his unfocial companion, he the next day arrived at a French poft, where the centinel of the advanced guard requested the honor of his permiffion to ask for his paffport:—on his failing to produce any, he was intreated to pardon the liberty he took of conducting him to the commandant; but it was his duty, and he muft, however reluctantly, perform it.

Monsieur le Commandant received him with pompous politeneff; he made the ufual inquiries, and our traveller determined to avoid the error which had produced fuch inconvenience, replied, "that commercial concerns drew him to the continent."

"*Ma foi,*" fays the commandant, "*c'eet un negociant, un burgeois;*—take him away to the guard houfe, we will examine him to-morrow—at prefent we muft drefs for the *Comedie; Allons,*" Our traveller fwore it was uncivil, and unfriendly, and ungenerous:—Five hundred Frenchmen might travel through Great Britain without a queftion; they never queftioned any ftranger in Great Britain, nor ftopped him—nor imprifoned him, nor guarded him.

"Monsieur," fays the centinel, as he conducted him to the guard room, "you fhould not have mentioned commerce to Mons. le Commandant—no gentleman in France difgraces himfelf with trade; we defpife traffic. You fhould have informed Mons ie Commandant that you entered the French dominions to improve in singing, or in dancing, or in dreffing; arms is the profeffion of a man of fashion." He had the honor of paffing the night with a French guard, and the next day was difmiffed.

Proceeding on his journey, he fell in with a detachment of *German Chasseurs*—they demanded his name, quality, and buinefs; he came, he faid, to dance,—to fing,—and to drefs. "He is a Frenchman," faid the corporal; "a fpy!" cries the ferjeant;—he was directed to mount behind a dragoon, and carried to the next municipal town.

There he was foon difcharged, but not without a word of advice. "We Germans," faid the officer, "eat, drink, and fmoke; thefe are our favourite employments,—and had you informed the dragoons you followed no other buinefs, you would have faved them and yourfelf infinite trouble."

He foon approached the Prussian dominions, where his examination was ftill more ftrict;—and on anfwering, that his only designs were to eat, and to drink, and to fmoke.—"To eat, and to drink, and to fmoke!" exclaimed the officer with astonishment; "Sir, you muft be forwarded to Potfdam—war is the only buinefs of mankind."

The king having learned the character of our traveller ordered a paffport to be made out for him, obferving, "It is an ignorant, an innocent Englifhman!—the Englifh are unacquainted with military duties, fo let him paf on."

Being arrived at the frontiers of Poland, he flattered himfelf his troubles were at an end, but he reckoned without his host. "Your buinefs in Poland?" interrogated the officer. I really dont know, Sir.—"Not know your buinefs, Sir," refumed the officer, "I muft conduct you to the Starost."

"For the love of God," fays the wearied traveller, "take pity on me; I have been imprifoned in Holland for being desirous of keeking my own affairs to myfelf.

"I have been confined all night in a French guard-houfe, for declaring myfelf a merchant.

"I have been compelled to ride feven miles behind a German dragoon, for profeffing myfelf a man of pleafure.

"I have been carried fifty miles a prifoner in Prussia, for owning my attachment to eafe and good living.

"If you will have the goodnefs to let me know how I may render fuch an account of myfelf as not to give offence, I fhall ever consider you as my friend and protector."

THE MONITOR.—*AN EXTRACT.*

"*To err sometimes is nature; to rectify error is always glory,*" said the illustrious Washington, as he extended his hand to a man whom he had offended, and acknowledging he had been in the wrong. Did we feel the truth of this sentiment, and see the nobleness of such conduct, how much disputing, contention, and wrangling might be avoided—how much our happiness might be increased—But instead of confessing and retracting our fault, as did the magnanimous Washington, how many of us, after we had discovered our errors, still cherish them, and roll them as sweet morsels under our tongues! Our pride resists the idea of acknowledging that we have been deceived or duped, and we had rather persist forever in the wrong, than confess we have ever been in it.

Such obstinacy is, however, in the highest degree censurable. We are all liable to be led astray by the errors of our own imagination, or the falsehoods, misrepresentations, and artifices of our fellow men. This liability is the common lot of humanity. It is no crime—it is no disgrace—But after mature reflection, or better information, has discovered to us our error, then it is both criminal and disgraceful not to abandon it and embrace the truth. Let those who have been deceived by artful and designing men, and who have been hitherto prevented by a false shame from acknowledging the deception, and turning from the error of their ways, remember the saying of Washington—"*To err sometimes is nature; to rectify error is always glory.*"

ON FEMALE CHARMS.

The finest features, ranged in the most exact symmetry, and heightened by the most blooming complexion, must be animated before they can strike: and when they are animated, will generally excite the same passions which they express. If they are fixed in the dead calm of insensibility, they will be examined without emotion; and if they do not express kindness, they will be viewed without love. Looks of contempt, disdain or malevolence, will be reflected, as from a mirror, by every countenance in which they are turned; and if a wanton aspect excites desire, it is but that of a savage for his prey, which cannot be gratified without the destruction of its object.

Among particular graces, the dimple has been allowed the pre-eminence, and the reason why, is evident; dimples are produced by a smile, and a smile is an expression of complacency; so the contraction of the brows into a frown, as it is an indication of a contrary temper, has always been deemed a capital defect.

The lover is generally at a loss to define the beauty by which his passion was suddenly and irresistibly determined to a particular object: he tells you it is something which he cannot fully express, something not fixed in any part, but diffused over the whole; he calls it a sweetness, a softness, a placid sensibility, or gives it some other appellation which connects beauty with sentiment, and expresses a claim which is in no peculiar set of features, but is perhaps, possible to all.

This beauty, however, does not always consist in smiles but varies as expressions of meekness and kindness vary with their objects; it is extremely forcible in the silent complaint of patient sufferance, the tender solicitude of friendship, and the glow of filial obedience; and in tears, whether of joy, of pity, or grief, it is almost irresistible.

SELECTED POETRY.

[The ensuing charming lines are introduced in a novel of much merit, written by Miss Porter, sister of the celebrated artist.] PORT FOLIO.

THE EXILE'S RETURN.

O woods of green Erin! sweet, sweet was the breeze,
That rustled long since thro' your wide-spreading trees;
And sweet was the flow of your waters so clear,
And precious my cabin, the home of my dear!—
For when through your groves, by your waters I walk'd,
And with Norah of love, and of happiness talk'd:
While calm as the moonlight that silver'd your charms,
My child, softly sleeping, lay press'd in her arms.

But now that I visit thee, Erin! again,
Though years have pass'd o'er me, they've passed me in vain;
Thy woods, and thy lakes, and thy mountains, no more
Can awaken such hard thrills as they kindled before.
Still green are thy mountains, still green are thy groves,
Still tranquil the water my sad spirit loves;
But dark is my home, and wild, wild its trees wave,
For my wife and my baby are dust in the grave!

THE WITHERED VIOLET.

Sweet flower! and is thy blue eye clos'd,
That open'd to the morning ray?
And are thy charms so soon expos'd
To droop, and moulder in decay?

Like thee, till Julia touch'd my heart,
I smil'd in life's auspicious morn;
Each gale that pass'd could charms impart,
On every breeze my bliss was borne.

Like thee, I flourish'd for a while
In Julia's smile, in Julia's eye;
But now thrown off, denied that smile,
Like thee, I droop; like thee, I die.

And when thou bid'st thy sweets expand,
And when thou yield'st thy parting breath,
To scatter fragrance o'er the hand
That crops thy flower, that seals thy death—

'Tis but like me, who doom'd to sigh,
Condemn'd by Julia's frowns to smart,
Yet still must bless that scornful eye,
Yet still must love that cruel heart.

ORIGINAL ODE,

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE MASSACHUSETTS CHARITABLE FIRE SOCIETY.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF BOSTON.

THE night was calm—the sky serene,
And darkness veil'd the face of day,
Tir'd nature clos'd her active scene,
And bound in sleep her offspring lay.
The midnight watch, had just been spoke,
Who guards the peaceful hours of night,
When from the roof, bursts forth the smoke,
And horror strikes th' astonish'd sight.

ALLEGRO.

Now see th' affrighted mother run,
Her tender offspring yet to save,
While round the father, clings the son,
Whose piercing cries protection crave.
The crackling flames, like light'ning dart,
From side to side destructive fly,
The frame gives way, the roof now parts,
And all will soon in ruin lie.
When from the crowd, a youth ascends,
Who dar'd the scorching flame to brave,
Fearless of death, he thus defends,
And thus his fellow mortal save.

ADAGO.

Blest Providence, whose power we own,
To save or perish, though unknown,
Thy mystic will we must obey,
And thou sweet charity bestow,

THE ROSE.....*By Mr. Fox.*

The Rose, the sweetly blooming Rose,
'Ere from the tree it's torn;
Is like the charms which beauty shews,
In life's excluding morn.

But ah! how soon its sweets are gone,
How soon it withering lies!
So when the eve of life comes on,
Sweet beauty fades and dies.

Then since the fairest form that's made,
Soon with'ring we shall find:
Let each possess what ne'er will fade,—
The beauty of the mind.

SONNET TO EVE.

I.

FORTH let me steal, ah! now my toils are done,
Near woodland wild, or mid some fertile plain,
To view the glories of the setting sun,
Or list enraptur'd to the warbling train.

II.

Here quiet, harmony, and peace prevail;
Here Meditation leads her pensive throng;
While here I taste the fragrant-breathing gale,
Ye muses, aid me as I saunt along.

III.

And now, perhaps, some victim's ling'ring breath
Sighs on his lip, unwilling to depart;
And now, perhaps, chill unrelenting Death
Aims his barb'd arrow, and wounds deep the heart;
Yet when he comes, let me not be afraid;
For soon or late his visit must be paid.

The following harsh philippic against ladies of ton, does not apply to the American fair—Whether it be a just character of the London Fashionables, we are incompetent to decide. We hope and believe, however, that the picture is extravagantly high coloured.

From a London Paper.

INSTRUCTIONS TO LADIES OF THE TON.

Fair Creatures!

IT is the height of presumption in any mortal to have the confidence even to address you; but what shall be said of the daring arrogance of that luckless wight, who shall attempt to *instruct* you! you, who, when you throw off your leading strings, discard every preceptor but those who profess the liberal arts of composing *cosmetics, gowns* (not garments) and *frizzled Brutus-es!* but, as John Dryden sings,

"None but the brave deserve the fair!"

I'll e'en venture, though first it may be incorrect, to particularize the descriptions of ladies I mean to have the honor of addressing, and, if possible, of instructing. I do not address myself to you who *save*, but to you who *spend* money—not to you who are economical, but to you who are extravagant—not to you who pay, but to you who contract debts—not to you who study the comfort, but to you who break alike the hearts and purses of your husbands—not to you who are strictly virtuous, but you *who keep up appearances*—in short, I address to "*The Ladies of Ton*" the following INSTRUCTIONS:

If you should have the misfortune to possess a good natural complexion, use every endeavour to destroy it by rouge, fard, &c—clear white and red may do for a milkmaid, but is *outre* in a LADY of TON. In summer dress warm, and in winter half-naked. Never go to bed till sun-rise, nor rise till near sun-set; so shall you have an opportunity of observing that glorious luminary at the two most advantageous periods. Be nervous in the extreme; start and cry at the sight of a mouse; but drive unconcerned over a decrepid beggar in the street. *N. B.* This disorder will authorise you to *sip* ratafia, sherry, brandy, and other strengthening *liquors*. Never nurse your own children, as suckling will spoil your shape, and their noise distract your head. In the choice of a husband, your only consideration should be a separate maintenance, and as long as he be rich, never mind a broken constitution—Laugh at the *pathos* of a Siddons, and die away in ecstacy at the *cadence* of a Banti—Give half a guinea in charity, and ten pounds to a foreigner for his benefit ticket—Never go to church on Sunday morning, but punt at *Faro* all Sunday evening. In fine, learn to talk loud, swear a great deal, and stare all modesty out of countenance—and you will then be "*a complete woman of Ton.*"

Your Instructor,

The Shade of Chesterfield.

A MELANCHOLY TALE.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

A few years ago, a subaltern of the regiment of the Prince of Nassau Weilbourg was impeached of a crime of great atrocity. He asserted his innocence with a firmness and composure which none but the guiltless can assume: However, a court-martial was demanded, and after a fair and impartial trial, he was convicted and condemned to suffer death. He was two and twenty years of age, brave, sincere, engaging in his manners, and handsome in his person; he had lived beloved by his brother officers, and respected by his whole corps. The regiment lay at this time at Nimeguen. Every one was interested in the fate of this young man, both on his own account and that of his family. He had an only sister who loved him with all the tenderness which the ties of consanguinity and warmth of affection peculiar to her sex could inspire. Distracted with sorrow on hearing the fatal news, she rushed into the street, her hair hanging loose on her shoulders, and, regardless of the delicacy of her sex, bewailed the loss of her brother, with all the horror or frantick woe. It was a light too much for humanity; the heart of every one was touched with pity. Unknowing what she did, or whither she went, she approached the parade in an agony of grief; the evolutions of the troops were for a moment suspended: The eyes of the officers were suffused with tears, and compassion appeared in the looks of the soldiery. She turned towards the prison, and with an eager voice demanded to see her brother. The guards, without any interruption, suffered her to pass; but what can express the grief and despair of two such hearts! they sunk motionless in each others arms, and were with difficulty restored to life, when their recovery was but a renewal of their misery. It was necessary to have the sentence of the court-martial confirmed by the Prince of Orange. The unhappy sister flew to the Hague, and threw herself at the Prince's feet. A woman young and beautiful is always eloquent; but her tears could only allow her in broken accents, to implore the prince to save her brother's life and honor. She defended his innocence, and in terms the most pathetic urged, that a foul which always delighted in virtue could never be guilty of the crime of which he was accused. The Prince himself, a young man, of sentiments congenial with the feelings of youth, was melted into tenderness: his tears flowed with the disconsolate girl's; he soothed and comforted her, and promised all the aid which the circumstance of the case would admit. But there was found no alternative; the presumptive proof was strong; the rigour of the laws demanded a sacrifice; and the sentence of the court-martial was confirmed and executed. The passions of the people interested by so singular an event, had scarce subsided, when all their sympathy was again awakened. The real delinquent pressed by the enormity of his guilt, aggravated by the desolation into which he had plunged an innocent and respectable family, made a full confession of the crime, which from a fatal concurrence of circumstances that sometimes happen in human affairs, was laid to the amiable youth who had confessed. We shall draw a veil over the accumulated distresses of this young man's family; his sister exhausted with grief and watching, survived his cruel fate but a short time; and her last request was, that she might be buried in the same untimely grave with her brother.

THE SINGULAR HISTORY OF A PEASANT OF SYRIA.

A Peasant near Damascus, in the year that the locusts covered the plains of Syria, to supply the urgent necessities of his family, was daily obliged to sell his implements of labour. Whilst he was cheapening some corn, he heard tell of the successes of Mourat Bey, who, after vanquishing his enemies, had entered Grand Cairo in triumph.—They painted the size, character and origin of this warrior. They related the manner he had risen from the state of slavery to his present greatness.

The astonished countryman knew him to be one of his sons, carried off from him at eleven years old. A ray of hope revived in his breast. He lost no time in conveying to his family the provisions he had purchased, recounts what he had learned, and determines to set out for Egypt. His wife and children bathed him with their tears; offering up their vows for his safe return. He went to the port of Alexandretta where he embarked and landed at Damietta.

A son who had quitted the religion of his forefathers to embrace Mahometism, and who saw himself encircled with all the splendor of the most brilliant fortune, is it likely he will acknowledge him? This idea hung heavy upon his heart. On the other hand, the desire of rescuing his family from the horrors of a famine, the hopes of recovering a child, whose loss he had long deplored, supported his courage, and animated him to continue his journey.

He enters the capital and repairs to the palace of Mourat Bey. He presents himself to the Prince's attendants and desires permission to speak to him. He urges, he ardently solicits an audience; his dress and his whole appearance, which bespoke poverty and misfortune, were not calculated to obtain what he sought for; but his age, that age so much respected in the East pleaded in his favour.

One of the officers informed Mourat Bey, that a wretched old man desired to speak to him. "Let him enter," says he. The peasant advances with trembling steps on the rich carpet which covered the hall of the divan, and approaches the Bey, who was reclining on a sopha, embroidered with silk and gold. The various feelings which oppressed his mind, deprived him of utterance. Recollecting at length the child that had been stolen from him, and the voice of nature getting the better of his fears, he throws himself at his feet, and embracing his knees, he cries out, "You are my child." The Bey raises him up, endeavours to recollect him, and on a further explanation finding him to be his father, he seats him by his side, and loads him with caresses.

After the tenderest effusions of the heart, the old man painted to him the deplorable situation in which he had left his mother and his brethren. The prince proposed to him to send for them to Egypt, and make them partake of his riches and his power, provided they would embrace Mahometism.

The generous old Christian had foreseen this proposal, and fearing lest young people might be dazzled with it, had not suffered one of his children to accompany him. He stedfastly rejected therefore this offer of his son, and had courage enough to remonstrate with him on his change of religion.

Mourat Bey seeing that his father remained inflexible, and that the distress his family was in, demanded immediate succour, ordered him a large sum of money, and sent him back to Syria with a small vessel laden with corn.

The happy countryman returned as soon as possible to the plains of Damascus. His arrival banished misery and tears from his rural dwelling, and restored joy, comfort and happiness.

A meek tempered wife disputing her husband's judgment on a certain matter of controversy between them, silenced poor *Benedict* by the following gentle admonition:

My counsel take,
Or else I'll make
The house too hot to hold you;
Be rul'd, I pray,
I'd something say,
Did I e'er rout or scold you?

But spite to wreak,
On one so meek,
Who never raves nor flies out;
On me who am,
Like any lamb,—
Oh! *I could tear your eyes out.*

Pomp and pow'r are toys,
Which [illegible] mind at ease may well disdain;
But [illegible] k'ry is the tinsel pride
Of [illegible] where by wasting woes, the mind
Lies [illegible] within.

[illegible]ANG FROID.

My [illegible]sheath'd his shining blade,
A[illegible]s point against his breast;
Th[illegible] upon the wond'ring maid,
[illegible]thus his dire resolve express'd,
"[illegible]ince cruel fair, with cold disdain,
"You still return my raging love;
"Thought is but madness, life put pain,
"And thus—at once—I both remove."

"O stay one moment"—Chloe said,
And trembling hasted to the door;
"Here Betty, quick—a *pail*, dear maid,
"This madman else, *will stain the floor.*"

Dr. Linegar, titular archbishop of Dublin about thirty years since, was a man of lively parts, and very communicative; he happened in a large mixed company to be introduced to Mr. Swan, a gentleman of a cynical turn, whose practice it was to attempt to raise a laugh at the expense of some one in the company; they sat near each other at table, where the Doctor engaged attention by his sprightly manner; Mr. Swan to silence him, addressed him, Mr. ——I forget your name; Linegar, replied the Doctor. I ask your pardon; I have the misfortune scarce ever to recollect names, you'll not be offended if in the course of conversation I should name Doctor *Vinegar*: O, not all, replied the Doctor; I have the same defect, and it is probable, though I now name you Swan, I shall by-and-by think you a *Goose*. The laugh was effectually turned against the Cynic, who never attempted a second farcasm that evening, and went away as soon as he decently could.

FRATERNAL AFFECTION.

IN the beginning of the fifteenth century, the Portuguese carracks sailed from Lisbon to Goa, a very great, rich, and flourishing colony of that nation in the East Indies. There were no less than twelve hundred souls, mariners, passengers, priests, and friars, on board one of these vessels. The beginning of their voyage was prosperous; they had doubled the southern extremity of the great continent of Africa, called the Cape of Good Hope, and were steering their coast north-east, to the great continent of India, when some gentlemen on board, who, having studied geography and navigation, (arts which reflect honour on the professors) found in the latitude in which they were then sailing a large ridge of rocks laid down in their sea charts. They no sooner made this discovery, than they acquainted the captain of the ship with the affair, desiring him to communicate the same to the pilot: which request he immediately granted, recommended him to lie by in the night, and slacken sail by day, until they should be past the danger. It is a custom always among the Portuguese absolutely to commit the sailing part, or the navigation of the vessel to the pilot, who is answerable with his head for the safe conduct or carriage of the king's ships, or those belonging to private traders; and he is under no manner of direction from the captain who commands, in every other respect.

The pilot being one of those self-sufficient men who think every hint given them from others in the way of their profession derogatory from their understandings, took it as an affront to be taught his art, and instead of complying with the captain's request, actually crowded more sail than the vessel had carried before. They had not sailed many hours, but just about the dawn of day, a terrible disaster befel them, which would have been prevented if they had lain by. The ship struck upon a rock. I leave to the reader's imagination what a scene of horror this dreadful accident must occasion among twelve hundred persons all in the same inevitable danger; beholding with fearful astonishment that instantaneous death which now stared them in the face!

In this distress the captain ordered the pinnace to be launched, into which having tossed a small quantity of biscuit, and some boxes of marmalade, he jumped in himself with nineteen others, who, with their swords, prevented the coming in of any more, lest the boat should sink. In this condition they put off into the great Indian ocean, without a compass to steer by, or any fresh water but what might happen to fall from the heavens, whose mercy alone could deliver them. After they had rowed to and fro for four days in this miserable condition, the captain who had been for some time very sick and weak, died: this added, if possible, to their misery, for as they now fell into confusion, every one would govern and none would obey. This obliged them to elect one of their own company to command them, whose orders they implicitly agreed to follow. This person proposed to the company to draw lots, and to cast every fourth man overboard; as their small stock of provisions so far spent as not to be able at a very short allowance to sustain life above three days longer. They were [illegible] persons in all; in this number were a [illegible] penter, both of whom they would exempt, as [illegible] useful to assolve and comfort them in their [illegible] and the other to repair the pinnace in case [illegible] other accident. The same compliment they [illegible] new captain, he being the odd man, and his [illegible] consequence. He refused their indulgence a great [illegible] but at last they obliged him to acquiesce, so that [illegible] was four to die out of the sixteen remaining persons.

The three first, after having confessed and received absolution, submitted to their fate. The fourth whom fortune condemned, was a Portuguese gentleman that had a younger brother in the boat, who seeing him about to be thrown overboard, most tenderly embraced him, and with tears in his eyes besought him to let him die in his room, enforcing his arguments by telling him that he was a married man, and had a wife and children at Goa, besides the care of three sisters, who absolutely depended upon him; that as for himself he was single, and his life of no great importance: he therefore conjured him to suffer him to take his place. The elder brother astonished, and melting with this generosity, replied, that since the divine providence had appointed him to suffer, it would be wicked and unjust to permit any other to die for him, especially a brother to whom he was so infinitely obliged. The younger, persisting in his purpose, would take no denial; but throwing himself on his knees held his brother so fast that the company could not disengage them.—Thus they disputed for a while, the elder brother bidding him to be a father to his children, and recommending his wife to his protection, and as he would inherit his estate, to take care of their common sisters; but all he could say could not make the younger desist. This was a scene of tenderness that must fill every breast susceptible of generous impressions with pity. At last the constancy of the elder brother yielded to the piety of the other. He acquiesced, and suffered the gallant youth to supply his place, who being cast into the sea, and a good swimmer, soon got to the stern of the pinnace, and laid hold of the rudder with his right hand, which being perceived by one of the sailors, he cut off the hand with his sword; then dropping into the sea, he presently caught hold again with his left, which received the same fate by a second blow; thus dismembered of both hands, he made a shift notwithstanding to keep himself above water with his feet and two stumps, which he beheld bleeding upwards.

This moving spectable so raised the pity of the whole company, that they cried out, He is but one man, let us endeavour to save his life, & was accordingly taken into the boat; where he had his hands bound up as well as the place and circumstances could permit. They rowed all that night and the next morning; when the sun arose as if heaven would reward the gallantry and piety of this young man; they descried land, which proved to be the Mountains Mozamb que, in Africa, not far from a Portuguese colony. Thither they all safe arrived, where they remained until the next ship from Lisbon passed by and carried them to Goa.

At that city, Linschoten, a writer of good credit and esteem, assures us, that he himself saw them land, supped with the two brothers that very night, beheld the younger with his stumps, and had the story from both their mouths, as well as from the rest of the company.

POETIC EPISTLE

FROM LORD LYTTELTON TO MR. POYNTZ,

ON THE SUBJECT OF MATRIMONY.

O THOU, whose friendship is my joy and pride,
Whose virtues warms me, and whose precepts guide;
Thou, to whom greatness, rightly understood,
Is but a larger power of being good;
Say, Poyntz, amidst the toil of anxious state,
Does not thy secret soul desire retreat?
Dost thou not wish (the task of glory done)
Thy busy life at length might be thy own;
That to thy lov'd philosophy resign'd,
No care might ruffle thy unbended mind?
Just is the wish. For sure the happiest meed,
To favour'd man by smiling heaven decreed,
Is, to reflect at ease on glorious pains,
And calmly to enjoy what virtue gains.

Not him I praise, who, from the world retir'd,
By no enlivening generous passion fir'd,
On flowery couches slumbers life away,
And gently bids his active powers decay:
Who fears bright Glory's awful face to see,
And shuns renown as much as infamy.
But blest is he, who, exercis'd in cares,
To private leisure public virtue bears;
Who tranquil ends the race he nobly run,
And decks repose with trophies Labour won.
Him Honour follows to the secret shade,
And crowns propitious his declining head;
In his retreats their harps the Muses string,
For him in lays unbought spontaneous sing!
Friendship and Truth on all his moments wait,
Pleas'd with retirement better than with state;
And round the bower, where humbly great he lies,
Fair olives bloom, or verdant laurels rise.

So when thy country shall no more demand
The needful aid of thy sustaining hand;
When Peace restor'd shall, on her downy wing,
Secure repose and careless leisure bring;
Then, to the shades of learned ease retir'd,
The world forgetting, by the world admir'd,
Among thy books and friends, thou shalt possess
Contemplative and quiet happiness:
Pleas'd to review a life in honour spent,
And painful merit paid with sweet content.
Yet, though thy hours unclogg'd with sorrow roll,
Though wisdom calm, and science feed thy soul,
One dearer bliss remains to be possest,
That only can improve and crown the rest—

Permit thy friend this secret to reveal,
Which thy own heart perhaps would better tell;
The point to which our sweetest passions move
Is, to be truly lov'd, and fondly love.
This is the charm that smooths the troubled breast,
Friend of our health, and author of our rest:
Bids every gloomy vexing passion fly,
And tunes each jarring string to harmony.
E'en while I write, the name of Love inspires
More thoughts, and more enlivening fires;
Beneath his power my rapture'd fancy glows,
And every tender verse more sweety flows.

Dull is the privilege of living free:
Our hearts were never form'd for liberty:
Some beauteous image, well imprinted there,
Can best defend them from consuming care.
In vain to groves and gardens we retire,
And Nature in her rural works admire;
Though grateful these, yet these but faintly charm;
They may delight us, but can never warm.
May some fair eyes, my friend, thy bosom fire
With pleasing pangs of ever-gay desire;
And teach thee that soft science, which alone
Still to thy searching mind rests slightly known!
Thy soul, though great, is tender and refined,
To friendship sensible, to love inclin'd,
And therefore long thou canst not arm thy breast
Against the entrance of so sweet a guest.
Hear what th' inspiring Muses bid me tell,
For Heaven shall ratify what they reveal:

'A chosen bride shall in thy arms be plac'd,
With all th'attractive charms of beauty grac'd;
Whose wit and virtue shall thy own express,
Distinguish'd only by their softer dress:
Thy greatness she, or thy retreat shall share;
Sweeten tranquility, or soften care;
Her smiles the taste of every joy shall raise,
And add new pleasures to renown and praise:
Till charm'd you own the truth my verse would prove,
That happiness is near allied to love.'

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The MINERVA;

Or, LADY's AND GENTLEMAN's MAGAZINE.

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INSTANCES OF FEMALE HEROISM.

FROM SEGAR'S INFLUENCE of WOMEN IN SOCIETY.

THE revolutionary committee of Toulouse had condemned one Citizen Causse, of that city. It was night when his sentence was pronounced, and therefore the execution was postponed till the next day. His wife heard of the delay, and immediately conceived the design to avail herself of it, and release him from his executioners. An uninhabited house adjoined the place in which he was to pass the night; his wife, who had sold every thing which she possessed, in order to distribute gold in his behalf, instantly bought this house. Thither she stole, followed by a female servant, in whom she could confide. They both laboured, and made a hole in the wall contiguous to the prison, sufficiently large to let out the captive whom they wished to release; but then how could they elude the guards, with which the neighbourhood was filled? The provident lady had brought with her a military disguise, which served for this purpose. She herself, dressed as *un Feu d' Acme*, conducted him through the posts of the sentinels. In this manner they traversed the city, and even passed the very spot where was already prepared the instrument which was to have destroyed the life which love had found means to preserve.

Love also saved a young man of Bordeaux, who was thrown into one of the prisons of that city. The unwholsome air which he breathed, had injured his health; and and he was sent to the hospital. A young lady named Theresa, took upon herself the charge of attending him. He was handsome, and possessed the advantages of birth and fortune. His amiable countenance made an impression on the heart of the young lady the first moment she saw him. Having listened to the melancholy story of her sufferings, and his fears, pity confirmed the resolution to which a more tender sentiment had given birth. She determined to set him at liberty. Having communicated to him her design, without, however, acknowledging her attachment, she advised him to feign the most violent convulsions, and at length to assume the appearance of death. The young man performed his part admirably well. Theresa spread the sheet over his face in the customary manner; and when the physician came to him at the usual hour, she informed him that the patient had just expired; and the doctor, without a suspicion of the fraud, retired. In the evening, the young Theresa, pretending that the pupils of the hospital had claimed the body of the deceased, caused him to be removed to the dissecting room. Having succeeded in conveying him thither, she disguised him in the dress of a surgeon, who was in the secret, and by this means he escaped without observation. The stratagem was not discovered till the following day. Therese was interrogated upon the subject; and, so far from dissembling the truth, she related the whole proceeding with a striking frankness, that she received a free pardon. She had, however, excited a passion still more powerful than that with which she herself was inspired. The youth, whom she had saved, prevailed on her to visit him in his retreat, and falling on his knees implored her to give a value to the life which she had saved, by becoming his wife. It may be supposed that she did not reject his suit, since she obtained happiness herself, by bestowing it on him. They retired into Spain, and were there united in marriage.

A widow, in the prime of life, whose lover was imprisoned in one of the northern departments, displayed an energy which was not crowned by a success equal to that which attended the above instance of female heroism.—She no sooner heard of his confinement, than she hastened to solicit his enlargement, but ineffectually. She flew to the prison, the front of which faced the street, and there waited for the first opportunity which should offer to obtain a sight of him. On his presenting himself at one of the windows, it is not difficult to conceive what each of the parties felt. She repaired several times to the same station, braving both the rain, the wind, and the sentinels, still more pitiless than the weather, to obtain a short interview. One day, however, at the instant of her arrival, a mournful spectacle presented itself; a cart, in which were her lover, and several other victims, bound like criminals, setting out for the place of execution. On perceiving this, she darted on the horses, which she endeavoured to stop; and called the populace to her aid, beseeching them to prevent the death of the object of her love. She was seized by the attendants, from whose hands she endeavoured to escape, to embrace the unfortunate wretch they were hurrying to execution. Every effort she could make being ineffectual, she reproached them with their dastardly obedience to the tigers they served, and implored them to allow her to share the fate of him who was above every other earthly consideration dear to her. On their attempting to drag her from the spot, she seized a sabre which one of them held in his hand, and plunged it in her heart. At the sight of her blood, which gushed forth in streams, the populace collected together, and surrounded the soldiers, who stood motionless and appalled. While the lover betrayed the deepest emotions of grief and terror, his unfortunate companions forgot the fate which awaited them, and were entirely absorbed in their reflections on his calamitous situation. In the mean time a party of municipal officers arrived, and ordered the corps to be removed. The cart again set forward to its sanguinary destination; the wretched victims it contained were executed; and the remembrance of the suicide of this magnanimous female was lost in the torrents of blood which were daily shed."

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF

MRS. INCHBALD.

[*From the General Magazine, for August*, 1797.]

(CONCLUDED.)

Thus in an unexpected moment, and in an unexpected manner, our heroine became both a wife and an actress. Mr. Inchbald introduced her on the stage in Scotland, where they remained four years, and the two succeeding years they passed at York. Respecting Mrs. Inchbald's theatrical career, there is little to relate. Her defects as an actress, were generally forgiven in respect to her personal attraction: and by a most amiable private character she acquired the esteem of some of the first people in those places where she chanced to have a temporary residence.

That she well merited this esteem is particularly evident from a circumstance which we are now about to notice. From the day of his marriage Mr. Inchbald constantly evinced the most perfect, and even romantic attachment, love and fidelity; yet was he never able to realise the hope he had fondly indulged of sometime converting into an affection, equally ardent with his own, that indifference which, whilst single, our heroine repeatedly confessed she entertained for him, and always when urged, possessed too little deception not to acknowledge. But a heart like hers could not remain insensible to the influence of that power, which, sooner or later, it is said, every mortal must obey; and she must have possessed a very high, and therefore a proper sense of duty, obligation, and gratitude of a passion, which for some time had wounded her peace. Feelingly alive to every duty of a wife, unshaken in the principles of virtue and obedience, she opposed all the arts of seduction, though exerted by one peculiarly formed to inspire the passion which till that period had been a stranger to her bosom; one, who to high birth and an elegant person, added those accomplishments which rarely fail to make strong impression on the female mind. Reason seldom triumphs over the struggles of the youthful passion without a sacrifice of health; and this our heroine experienced in a very extensive degree. The situation of her heart she found cruelly alarming. This was the crisis of her fate: and in this important moment she acted like a heroine indeed! She seized the desperate, though perhaps the only laudable expedient left her. Sincerity suggested the idea, and confidence in her husband's most tender love, gave her power to execute it. She confessed to him the violation which her mind had suffered; begged his pity and forgiveness; and proposed to go with him to whatever place he should prefer, in order to escape a further injury of principles, for which, she candidly confessed, she could be no longer answerable. Her health by this time was so much impaired, that the Physicians in Scotland, had advised a tour to the south of France, as the only means of recovery. This advice was now adopted. The re-establishment of her health may, in some measure, be attributed to her distance from him, by whom her peace had been invaded, but more especially to the tenderness of a man, who, struck with the generosity of her sentiments, and lamenting the languishing and declining state to which she was reduced, repaid that generosity, and became, instead of a jealous husband, the faithful confident, the faithful advisor, affectionate comforter: who not only pitied her weakness, but alledged every thing in her favor that could possibly extenuate it, and reconcile her to herself. He even urged the depurity of their years; he assured her of his perfect forgiveness; and consoled her with the hope that absence would effectually eradicate those fatal impressions which had proved so injurious to her health and her peace. Nor was the hope vain; our heroine conquered those impressions, and recovered her tranquility.

After staying abroad about a year, Mr. and Mrs. Inchbald returned to England, from whence they had been absent near five years. They constantly avoided the gentleman who had nearly proved so fatal to their happiness, and continued to live in the most perfect harmony near two years, when Mr. Inchbald's death gave our heroine a new occasion of testifying how much she had "ever thought herself obliged to him," by an unaffected concern for his memory, and by a firm regard to a strict vow which she had taken, never again to behold the man who had once designed the ruin of her peace, and the injury of her husband.

Once more left to herself, her former wishes and her former curiosity returned; and, notwithstanding all the difficulties she had heretofore encountered, she again resolved "to see a little more of the world," and again turned her attention to London; and though upon her arrival, she immediately obtained a situation in one of the theatres, she, for four long years, experienced little more than poverty, aggravated by persecution. For some trifling inattention, or a rejection of some peculiar article required by the manager, but repugnant to her feelings, she was one winter expelled the theatre, and obliged to take refuge, under some hard terms, in Ireland. We well recollect the event of her going to Dublin that season; but the particular circumstances that occasioned her quitting London, of her unhappy situation in it, or what induced her return and reinstatement in the very same Theatre from whence she was, during the season of playing, suddenly discharged, we cannot take upon us to state; these are private occurrences which come not within the verge of our knowledge; and we shall not stain the authenticity of these memoirs by giving as facts the conclusions of conjecture

Thus oppressed and unhappy, and living in the most retired manner, our heroine, probably to divert her mind from a too frequent recollection of these circumstances, directed her attention to dramatic composition, in which she has so happily succeeded, that, whatever cause indeed her to "woo the muse," the public have reason to rejoice in the effect.

It was in the fourth year of Mrs. Inchbald's engagement at Covent Garden Theatre that the *Mogul Tale* was sent to Mr. Colman. This was the first piece which she brought upon the stage, though the comedy of *I'll tell you What*, was written three years before, and had lain all that time unread, in Mr. Colman's possession. Appearing in a female hand, and sent by an anonymous author, that gentleman probably concluded it unworthy of his perusal. *The Mogul Tale* was sent in the same manner; its brevity seems to have been its recommendation for speedy attention, and in its success induced Mr. Inchbald to remind the manager of her comedy: his reply was, "I'll go home and read it." He read: he approved; and in the following summer the town was delighted with that piece, to which Mr. Colman gave the title of *I'll tell you what*.

"Success, they say, makes people vain;" but Mrs. Inchbald's success seems to have had no other effect than that of stimulating her to new exertions; & she moves in the dramatic hemisphere with the rapidity and the brilliancy of those fascinating fires "that charm, but hurt not." The comedy of *I'll tell you what*, has been succeeded by *Appearance is against them*; *The Widow's Vow*; *Such things are*; and the *Midnight Hour*. It is needless to descant on the merits of compositions so well known to the public, and from which they will yet derive much profitable pleasure; for it is the almost exclusive property of all Mrs. Inchbald's dramatic productions, that their merit ranks them in the list of what are called "stock plays": plays which are likely to amuse succeeding generations. To these works of genius we may also add a novel, for which we are assured, Mrs. Inchbald has been offered a considerable sum, but which, for reasons best known to herself, she declines publishing at present.

The comedy of *I'll tell you what*, was written at the age of twenty-four, and the remainder of the pieces at periods of life so remarkably early, that we are naturally reminded of the praise bestowed by Dr. Johnson on one of the poets: "When it is remembered he says, "that this author produced these four plays before he had passed the twenty-fifth year; before other men, even such as

ere, some time, to shine in eminence, have passed their probation of literature, or presume for any other notice than such as is bestowed on diligence and inquiry, I doubt whether any one can be produced that more surpassed the common limits of nature than him." The appropriation to our authoress of this striking sentence, and we think just appropriation but mere justice, redounds more to the honor of Mrs. Inchbald, than any praise immediately directed to herself. And were we even to divest her writings of all that popularity and fashion which have so fortunately attended them, still it must be acknowledged, and her works evidently prove, that she has more than accomplished the design which first led her from home: she has not only "seen the world," but largely contributed to its entertainment and instruction.

We cannot conclude, without observing, that the heroine of these memoirs continues, as far as the business of the Theatre will permit, to live much retired: her friends few, but selected. To strangers indeed, her deportment is by no means conciliating: and she seems very cautious in adding to the list of her acquaintance. Asperity or ill-will in others, she never endeavours to soothe by gentleness: ridicule and printed satire, are the weapons with which she retaliates, and sometimes renders "valid friends" implacable enemies. But her attachment being once formed, her friendship is unreserved, fincere, and constant; and though her heart and her purse are ever open to the complaints and the wants of the unfortunate, yet amongst the first of her virtues, is that of a refined delicacy to avoid making connections which might lay her under a necessity of receiving obligations: laudably preferring to every mode of acquisition, the emoluments arising from the exertions of that genius which is calculated to delight and instruct mankind.

ALPHONSO;

OR, THE CRUEL HUSBAND.

ALPHONSO was a man of boisterous passions. This defect was partly owing to the too great indulgence of his parents, and the pusillanimity of his tutor, who was afraid of putting him under any restraint, and had rather cherish such defects in him which he might have corrected, than loose his place by correcting them. The tree carries with it every fault which was suffered to remain in the twig. This was the case of Alphonso.

When he was of an age fit to enter into the soft connubial compact, he looked about for a comfort. But as the protected beauty seems rather designed to command than to obey, there was scarcely one of the belles whom he thought worthy of his choice. Though he was determined not to pay homage to beauty, yet he was far from refolving not to pay it that distant ceremony, which even pride can sometimes stoop to offer. For several years he frequented the gay circle, unaffected with the overtures of blandishment, the smiles of beauty, or even the bashful charms of modesty.

They who can hold out a long time against the influence of external charms are sometimes observed to capitulate. Elvira in a serious *rencontre* convinced him of the truth of this observation. He saw her—he admired—he went home—was restless all night—wished for the dawn to relieve him—and when the dawn came, found the idea of Elvira so strongly imprinted upon his heart, that he sighed for an opportunity of seeing her again.

Their first meeting was accidental: he knew neither her name nor her connexions: he strove to discover her in vain, and was almost ashamed to *enquire* so far as to endeavour to find her out. But his love of repose got the better of his fraugh nefs—he was indefatigable in his researches—and his knowledge of her was so trifling, that he might as well fathom the ocean without a weight, as think of discovering a person who had transfixed his heart with a dart, which it was not in his power to eradicate.

A ball feast presented him with an opportunity of seeing Elvira a second time; her duenna was with her—he sent his servant with a handsome present to shake her fidelity. The duenna rejected the proffered bribe with disdain, and threatened inexorable enmity against Alphonso.

Alphonso was of too lofty a disposition to be intimidated by the threats of an old woman; he was in hopes to meet with difficulty in the purfuit, but thought himself capable of surmounting any obstacles that might obstruct his views, flattering himself that the value of his triumph would be enhanced by the greatness of the difficulties he must encounter. When the feast began he seated himself next to Elvira, and by a billet, which he wrote with his pencil, informed her rather in the style of a master than the obsequiousness of a lover, that he should be glad to run out the thread of his life with her as a partner.

Elvira received his billet, and as soon as he read it tore it in pieces. This slight galled him—he was ready to vow he would never think of her more; but his pride made it impossible to conquer that seeming contempt which had fired his blood.

His servant by his order, followed Elvira and the duenna, till he lodged them in the house of Don Antonio de Vedera. On his informing Alphonso of this circumstance, his hopes revived, and his insolence revived together with his hopes. He applied to Antonio to have the pleasure of joining the two families by the ties of matrimony. Antonio was no stranger to the character of Don Alphonso: he was afraid that a denial would make him desperate; he therefore sent him the softest answer he could, telling him "that he should be glad of the alliance, if it were agreeable to his daughter—for forced matches, added he, are very seldom happy."

Alphonso received the answer with exultation, he lost no time in his application to Elvira, whom he acquainted with her father's concession. She was taught absolute submission to paternal authority, and replied, "that she was entirely at her father's disposal."

Alphonso communicated her answer to Don Antonio; who knowing too well the dangers of precipitation, begged to have time to sound his daughter's dispositions in private, promising him, "that if she was entirely disengaged, he should raise no objection to their union."

Antonio, according to his declaration, sounded Elvira; was rejoiced to find she had not made any pre-engagement: informed Alphonso of the fruits of his enquiry, and the day was fixed for their wedding.

For some time they lived together in perfect harmony: but it is too much the disposition of the malevolent to envy the happiness of others, and to endeavour to blast it. Elvira having a quarrel with her duenna, the old woman was resolved to be revenged, and, for this purpose endeavoured to plant the seeds of jealousy in the breast of Alphonso.

Elvira's brother was at the Havannah at the time of her marriage with Don Alphonso; but having been recalled, he paid Elvira a visit, as soon as he arrived at Madrid. Antonio was, at that time, from home. The crafty duenna took advantage of this visit to confirm the insinuations which she had made to Alphonso of his wife's infidelity. She told him that Elvira had received a visit from an amorous, when he was abroad, that he had promised a second visit, and, unless prevented, would sacrifice the most sacred ties entered into by the sacrament of marriage.

Alphonso listened to her with too much complaisance, and, on quitting her was determined to get the paramour of his wife assassinated.

However he dissembled what he had heard, from Elvira, and behaved to her with greater complaisance than she had been used to. An adected character is generally carried beyond the truth, and sometimes becomes a mere caricature.

Before Alphonso went out the next morning he had a second conversation with the duenna, who endeavoured to encreafe the flame she had ignited. She described the dress, the figure, the stature, and port of Don Juan, Elvira's brother, in so explicit a manner, that it was impossible for him to be mistaken for another.

As soon as Alphonso appeared upon the Prado, he met with Don Juan; the sight of him raised new commotions in his breast, and he quitted that delightful spot to hire a band of ruffians to assassinate him. To make their blow sure, he took them with him to the Prado, where he pointed out Don Juan to them, and promised them a considerable reward for dispatching him.

That very evening, as he was returning home, the ruffians beset him, and stabbed him both before and behind, till he fell dead at their feet. To prevent discovery, they put him into a sack, and carried him to Don Alphonso, in order to receive the reward which he promised them for their sanguinary deed. Alphonso received them with a smile, paid them the promised hire, and took charge of the corple himself. He immediately carried the sack up stairs, with more than savage barbarity opened the body, took out the heart, and in the dead of night buried the corpse in his garden.

The next night was resolved upon to exhibit a scene still more shocking. Before supper he ordered his servant to bring him a dish and cover into his apartment above stairs, and shutting the door against him, put the heart of Don Juan in the dish, over which he carefully placed the cover.

When he was informed that supper was ready to be served, he told Elvira, "that he had prepared her such a dish as she had never seen before, and had reserved it in his closet, that no one should see it before her." On his return he came down with the dish, closely covered, which he placed on the table, saying that "it was intended for the desert."

During their supper, he flung out several hints, that he suspected her fidelity, which gave her great uneasiness, and extorted from her the most solemn vows of her innocence. "That will appear (replied Alphonso) after we have seen the contents of this dish," when he took off the cover, and shewed her the heart of Don Juan, her brother. The sight of a human heart made Elvira start from her chair with the greatest horror: but when he told her it belonged to one that had defiled his bed, her agonies were beyond expression; but adding, that it was the heart of the villain who had visited her at such a time, in his absence, she shrieked out—it was my brother!—and fell breathless on the carpet.

Alphonso agitated at being the murderer of two innocent persons, by listening to the instigations of the duenna, plunged his poignard into her bosom, and afterwards piercing it through his own heart, left a lesson to the credulous of the sad effects of too easy a belief, and, to the jealous, of the inevitable miseries attendant upon so diabolical a passion as jealousy.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE MINERVA.

LINES, ON HEARING A YOUNG LADY SING.

The charms of music we are told,
Surpassing far the charms of gold,
Will sooth the savage breast,
But in the voice of C*****ne
The melody is so divine,
It robs mine of its rest.

But such the sweet enchantment is,
Although I know its penalties,
In vain I wish to fly,
For could I resolution find,
Not only deaf, I must be blind,
If I could 'scape her eye.

J——.

JUNE 20th, 1805.

FOR THE MINERVA.

When first I saw young COLLIN's face,
Adorn'd with beauty and with grace,
My heart from love was then quite free,
But soon his looks attracted me.

The next day, when to Church I went
My mind on him was still intent—
While with devotion he seem'd inspir'd
I silent look'd and still admir'd.

I felt my heart with friendship glow,
Who is his choice I wish'd to know;
A something in my bosom mov'd,
Which whispered that I surely lov'd.

Love! No, no, indeed, that shall not be,
I soon again will boast my liberty,
And smile at Cupid thus outdone,—
Some hearts are pierc'd but never won.

CAROLINE.

RICHMOND, May 24th, 1805.

THE RESOLVE.

The slave of love I'll never be,
My soul defies the urchin's art;
Go, blind deceiver! go and play
On softer hearts thy treach'rous part.

On mine thy boasted power is lost,
Deceitful boy thy wiles are vain;
I laugh to scorn thy dreadful frown,
And treat thy proffers with disdain.

To friendship only will I give
Those vows which others to thee pay,
And bless'd with her seraphic smile,
My days in peace will glide away.

The maid that loves,
Goes out to sea upon a shatter'd plank,
And puts her trust in miracles for safety.

PRUDENTIA

SELECTED POETRY.

A WHISPER OF THE HEART.

A MORNING REFLECTION IN SPRING.

I.

ON yonder bank a beauteous flower
Lifts its fair form to meet the spring,
Hails early sunshine's genial power,
Soft airs that vernal breezes bring.

II.

Too lovely, tender plant! beware,
The world's a treacherous, cruel clime:
Now sun-beam'd zephyrs sport in air,
Now frost and storms deface the prime.

III.

How happy had I power to shield
From each chill blast, each boisterous wind;
Or gently take what thou might'st yield,
And fondly in my bosom bind!

IV.

Alas! beyond *my* hope to reach,
And for *my* guardian care too high,
In vain my longing arms I stretch,
Admire, and love, and gaze, and sigh!

V.

Yet may no changing season's gloom
Thy native elegance restrain;
No rude hand teach thine opening bloom
To shrink into itself again!

VI.

Without, no baneful blast invade;
Conceal'd, no *inward* canker prey;
Till all thy charms are full display'd,
And flourish'd in the face of day.

VII.

Then may some happier hand than mine,
As firm, as fond, as void of art,
With thy future fate entwine,
And wear thee nearest to his heart!

TO SYLVIA.

When charming Sylvia seeks, with subtle art,
To gain the soft recesses of the heart;
Her hostile arts no other end attain,
Than fools to flatter, and than men to feign!

But when her modest look, and downcast eye,
Excite the tribute of an ardent sigh;
That blooming fair imparts this maxim true,
That beauty ever can obtain her due!

ANAGRAM.

If you transpose what ladies wear,
'Twill plainly shew what harlots are;
Again, if you transpose the same,
You'll see an ancient Hebrew name:
Change it again, and it will shew,
What all on earth desire to do—
Transpose the letters yet once more,
What mad men do, you'll then explore.

THE RECLUSE;

OR,

REFLECTIONS IN RETIREMENT.

BY AN OLD MORALIST.

IMAGINATION IN LOVE.

That faculty of the soul, which is alike called imagination or fancy, is the chief source of its pleasures and its pains. By imagination, we deck the rough exterior of nature in a thousand ideal beauties. We fancy that we are treading the variegated mazes of a fairy paradise, and cheat our intoxicated senses with myriads of bright pageantries, till their evanescent fabrics melting into air, leave us amazed and lost in a vast desert.

What a sickness, what a despair, seizes on the trembling heart of the astonished wretch, when the enchanted vapour vanishes from his view! How he flies after the fading glory, to catch one radiant drop ere it falls! and when its gay colors no longer stain the horizon, when he sees nothing around but a wide and naked world, in vain he looks towards the dissipating fumes of heated fancy, for a veil against the horrors which are pressing on his vision: the spell is broken, and the reign of illusion is no more.

Such is the situation of that mind, which unreflectingly surrenders itself to the tyranny of the imagination. It never sees the accidents of life in their true light; all is either misery or bliss: its wishes are passions; and their disappointment, despair.

In the long course of a various life, many woes have presented themselves to my observation, to which this creative power of the soul alone gave birth. I particularly mean cases of Friendship, and her softer sister, Love. Claudius is a man whom I have known from his infancy to his old age, and his character fully elucidates my argument.

He was of an ardent disposition, and a fervid imagination. He grasped at the first alluring object which crossed the path, and where any eminent attraction inflamed his fancy, his senses became fascinated, and he believed that he loved. Such an infatuation does not exhibit the gentle influence of mild affection, but not the infuriate adoration of the mad idolater. It is not a tenderness that melts the heart, but a passion that fires the soul. Claudius felt this wild feeling for Cleora, with all the fervor that blazed in his constitution, till some accident, or some fairer, some more amiable creature rose to his view, and dissolved one delusion only to give birth to another.

In this manner he went through life, adoring and adored, deserting and execrated, spreading mischief and misery wherever he turned. And yet, this man though unfaithful to many individuals, was constant to himself, to the *ideal being* which he loved in the persons to whom he had generally abandoned. The moment he discovered that these fair creatures ceased to resemble the bright prototype in his mind, he foreswore his vows, and left them to themselves. It was the creation of the imagination that he loved: and, heedless of the consequence, he pursued the same chace, seducing the affections of hundreds, till a more intimate intercourse having worn off the witchery that environed the object, he again, and again, turned loathing from it, as the *real* from the *enchanted Florimel*.

DR. LAURENZIUS,

The EWLES *of Germany.*

Dr. Laurenzius lived some years ago in Leipzig. He was a jurist, noted for his opulence. "At home, he lived, like the poorest person, keeping neither man nor maid; partly from thinking he could not maintain them, partly from fear of being robbed. He lived in a building, attached to a large house of his own, in which he had a suite of four rooms, through all which he had to pass on going out. He kept these rooms fast locked, that thieves might be obliged to burst open four doors, before they could reach his Mammon. He seldom sent for meat enough for one meal, and on this, when he did, he lived at least three days. He took neither beer, nor wine, nor coffee. In short, his life at home was a constant fast. Though when invited by his legacy-hunters, he stuffed like a thresher, and toped like a cannon.

"Under the most biting hunger (of which he actually complained to me) he had not the heart to rob his coffers of a single penny. He came to me oftener than once, as I was eating my breakfast, and begged for a bit of roll. "He felt a little qualm: otherwise he never, eat. A single mouthful was enough. More would be his death. He would chearfully send for a whole roll, but, he vowed to heaven, he had not a half-penny at home—and it would be a sin too, as all above a mouthful must be left to spoil." But when I forced upon him half a roll, he eat it with the utmost glee.

"I have twenty times witnessed, when servants brought him presents, how he would steal to the grated hatch, to spy if they were thieves; with what fawning devotion he would draw his bolts, take the cake and wine into custody, and begin; "Ah! my dear fellow, return a thousand thanks to your master and mistress for the refreshment they vouchsafe a poor wretch—Ah! how glad should I be to give you something to drink—but, look you, may I never share the joys of heaven, may I be cast into everlasting perdition, if I have a farthing of money here within—But, be sure, to tell them in my name, I will remember them in my will—Trust me, I will not forget them."

WHEN Garrick had arrived to his high state of theatrical celebrity, he was not without his critics and censors—Quin, and all those of the old school said he was a factious intruder, like the cry of more modern time against useful reformation—but Garrick's was the philosophy of pure taste and simple nature, and it made its way in spite of the *established* junto of the old theatre.—Amongst these snarlers, was Dr. Hill, a celebrated quack of those days, who published a petition of the letters I and U, complaining that Mr. Garrick had made terrible innovation on the English language, and had banished the above mentioned letters from their proper places in the words *virtue*, which, they said, he pronounced *vurtue*; and instead of *ungrateful*, he said *ingrateful*. Garrick, who was as dextrous a poet as he was an actor, gave the following answer:

"If it be, as you say, that I've injur'd a letter,
I'll change my note soon, and I hope for the better,
May the right use of letters, as well as of men,
Hereafter be fix'd by the tongue and the pen.
Most devoutly I wish, they may both have their due,
And that *I* never may be mistaken for *U*."

A Highlander who sold brooms went to a barber's shop in Glasgow to get shaved. The barber bought one of his brooms, and, after having shaved him, asked the price of it. "Tippence," said the Highlander. "No, no," said the barber, "I'll give you a penny, and if that does not satisfy you, take your broom again." The Highlander took it, and asked what he had to pay? "A penny," says Strap. "I'll gie you a bubee," says Duncan," "an if that dinna satisfy ye, pit on my beard again."

[*The following scarce and very humourous poem is worthy of the facetious* CHARLES COTTON, *Esq. He is describing a ramble in Wales, and hence takes occasion to draw the picture of the horse his guide rode; an animal of the same class with Rosinante, or rather that beast, who bore the redoubtable Sir Hudibras.*] PORT FOLIO.

A guide I had got, who demanded great vails
For conducting me over the mountains of Wales;
Twenty good shillings, which sure very large is,
Yet that would not serve, but I must bear his charges;
And yet, for all that, rode astride on a beast
The worst that e'er went *on three* legs I protest:
It certainly was the most ugly of jades,
His hips and his rump made a right ace of spades.
His sides were two letters, well spur gall'd withal,
His neck was a helve, and his head was a maul:
For his colour, my pains and your trouble I'll spare,
For the creature was wholly demunded of hair;
And, except for two things, as bare as my nail,
A tuft of a mane, and a sprig of a tail.
Now, such was the beast, even such was the rider
With a head, like a nutmeg, and legs like a spider,
A voice, like a cricket, a look like a rat,
The brains of a goose and the heart of a cat:
Even such were my guide and his beast; let them pass;
The one for a horse, and the other an ass.

ON MISPENT TIME.

BY MILTON.

Hours have wings, and fly up to the Author of time, and carry back all our usage. All our prayers cannot intreat one of them either to return, or slacken his pace; the misspence of every minute is a new record against us in heaven. Sure, if we thought thus, we would dismiss them with better report, and not suffer them to go away empty, or laden with dangerous intelligence! How happy is it that every hour should convey up not only the message, but the fruits of good, and stay with the Ancient of Days, to speak for us before his glorious throne!

TO MARIA,

ON HER WEARING TWO MINIATURES IN ONE LOCKET.

Exempt from art, and base deceit,
Maria *once* I thought complete;
But alter'd now the case is;
She, like all other girls, I find,
Can ufe her cunning when inclin'd,
And wear, alas!—*two Faces*.

HYMENEAL REGISTER.

MARRIED, on the 13th instant, in Norfolk, Capt. DRISDALE, to Miss HANNAH VICKERY, daughter of Capt. Eli Vickery.

The poetic writings of JAMES BEATTIE, Author of *The Minstrel*, &c. are highly esteemed in the literary world. The following fable, from his elegant pen, contains an excellent *moral lesson*, conveyed in the sweetest strains of polished composition—a lesson which cannot be too seriously considered by the discontented man, who impiously rails against the decrees of providence, because she has not placed him in the most desirable situation of life—ungrateful mortal! is not thy condition envied by millions? Look at you pitiful beggar, worn out by famine and disease, and scarce able to crawl up the steps of thy door, to thank thee with submissive gratitude for the smallest boon that thy bounty may bestow on him—or, view the poor African, exhausted by fatigue, sinking under the scorching rays of a meridian sun, yet not daring to flinch from his labor, lest the smart of cruel stripes make an addition to his misery:—say now, unthinking man, hast thou just cause to complain of thy lot? Cease then, to snarl against the decrees of fate: bear with patience those ills which are the lot of humanity, and of which we all feel a greater or less proportion; and enjoy with avidity, with chearfulness, and with thankfulness, the innumerable virtuous pleasures which offer themselves for our enjoyment.—*Minerva.*

THE HARES.—A FABLE.

By Dr. JAMES BEATTIE.

Yes, yes, I grant the sons of earth,
Are doomed to trouble from their birth.
We all of sorrow have our share;
But say, is yours without compare?
Look round the world; perhaps you'll find
Each individual of our kind
Press'd with an equal load of ill,
Equal at least. Look further still,
And own your lamentable fate
Is little short of happiness.
In yonder hut that stands alone
Attend to Famine's feeble moan;
Or view the couch where Sickness lies,
Mark his pale cheek and languid eyes,
His frame by strong convulsion torn,
His struggling sighs, and looks forlorn.
Or see, transfix'd with keener pangs,
Where o'er his hoard the miser hangs;
Whistles the wind; he starts, he stares,
Nor slumber's balmy blessing shares;
Despair, Remorse, and Terror roll
Their tempests on his harrass'd soul.

But here perhaps it may avail
T' enforce our reasoning with a tale.

Mild was the morn, the sky serene,
The jolly hunting band convene,
The beagle's breast with ardour burns,
The bounding steed the champaign spurns,
And fancy oft the game deferies,
Through the hound's nose, and huntsman's eyes.

Just then a council of the Hares
Had met, on national affairs.
The chiefs were set; while o'er their head
The furze its frizzled covering spread.
Long lists of grievances were heard,
And general discontent appear'd.
" Our harmless race shall every savage
" Both quadruped and biped ravage?
" Shall horses, hounds, and hunters still
" Unite their wits to work us ill?
" The youth, his parent's sole delight,
" Whose tooth the dewy lawns invite,
" Whose pulse in every vein beats strong,
" Whose limbs can leap light the vales along,
" May yet ere noontide meet his death,
" And lie dismember'd on the heath.
" For youth, alas, nor cautious age,
" Nor strength, nor speed, eludes their rage.
" In every field we meet the foe,
" Each gale comes fraught with sounds of woe;
" The morning but awakes our fears,
" The evening sees us bathed in tears.
" But must we ever idly grieve,
" Nor strive our fortunes to relieve?
" Small is each individual's force:
" To stratagem be our recourse;
" And then, from all our tribes combined,
" The murderer to his cost may find
" No foes are weak, whom Justice arms,
" Whom Concord leads, and Hatred warms.
" Be roused; or liberty acquire,
" Or in the great attempt expire."
He said no more, for in his breast
Conflicting thoughts the voice suppress'd:
The fire of vengeance seemed to gleam,
From his swoln eyeball's yellow gleam.

And now the tumults of the war,
Mingling confusedly from afar,
Swell in the wind. Now louder cries
Distinct of hounds and men arise.
Forth from the break, with beating heart
Th' assembled hares tumultuous start,
And every straining nerve on wing,
Away precipitately spring.
The hunting band, a signal given,
Thick thund'ring o'er the plain are driven;
O'er cliff abrupt, and shrubby mound;
And river broad, impetuous bound;
Now plunge amid the forest shades,
Glance through the openings of the glades;
Now o'er the level valley sweep,
Now with short steps strain up the steep;
While backward from the hunter's eyes
The landscape like a torrent flies.
At last an antient wood they gain'd,
By pruner's ax, yet unprofaned.
High o'er the rest, by Nature rear'd,
The oaks majestic boughs appeard;
Beneath, a copse of various hue
In barbarous luxuriance grew.
No knife had curb'd the rambling sprays,
No hand had wove th' implicit maze.
The flowering thorn, self-taught to wind,
The hazle's stubborn stem intwined,
And bramble twigs were wreath'd around,
And rough furze crept along the ground.
Here sheltering from the sons of murther,
The hares drag their tired limbs no further.

But lo, the western wind ere long
Was loud, and roared the woods among;
From rustling leaves and crashing boughs,
The sound of wo and war arose.
The hares distracted scour the grove,
As terror and amazement drove;
But danger, wherso'er they fled,
Still seem'd impending o'er their head.
Now crouded in a grotto's gloom,
All hope extinct, they wait their doom.
Dire was the silence, till, at length,
Even from despair deriving strength,
With bloody eye and furious look,
A daring youth arose, and spoke.

" O wretched race, the scorn of Fate,
" Whom ills of every sort await!
" O, cursed with keenest sense to feel,
" The sharpest sting of every ill!
" Say ye, who, fraught with mighty scheme,
" Of liberty and vengeance dream,
" What now remains? To what recess
" Shall we our weary steps address,
" Since fate is evermore pursuing
" All ways and means to work our ruin?
" Are we alone, of all beneath,
" Condemn'd to misery worse than death!
" Must we, with fruitless labour, strive
" In misery worse than death to live!
" No. Be the smaller ill our choice:
" So dictates Nature's powerful voice.
" Death's pang will in a moment cease;
" And then, all hail, eternal peace!"

Thus while he spoke, his words impart
The dire resolve to every heart.

A distant lake in prospect lay,
That glittering in the solar ray,
Gleam'd through the dusky trees, and shot,
A trembling light along the grot.
Thither with one consent they bend,
Their sorrows with their lives to end,
While each, in thought, already hears
The water hissing in his ears.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

AN EXAMPLE OF PATRIOTISM.

A Corsican gentleman who had been taken prisoner by the Genoese, was thrown into a dark dungeon, where he was chained to the ground. While he was in this situation, the Genneſe sent a message to him that if he would accept a commission in their service he might have it. " No," said he, " were I to accept of your offer it would be with a determined purpose to take the first opportunity of returning to the service of my country: but I will not accept it, for I would not have my countrymen suspect that I could be one moment unfaithful."——And he remained in his dungeon.

HISTORICAL.

CRUELTY.

COMMODUS, the Roman emperor, when but twelve years old, gave a shocking instance of his cruelty at Centumcella, now called Civita Vecchia, when finding the water in which he bathed somewhat too warm, he commanded the person who attended the bath to be thrown into the furnace: nor was he satisfied till those who were about him pretended to have put his order in execution. After his accession to the empire, he equalled, if he did not exceed, in cruelty, Caligula, Domitian, and even Nero himself: playing, we may say, with the blood of his subjects and fellow creatures, of whom he caused great numbers to be racked and butchered in his presence, merely for his diversion. Seeing one day a corpulent man passby, he immediately cut him asunder; partly to try his strength, in which he excelled all men, and partly out of curiosity, as himself owned, to see his intrails drop out at once. Some he murdered because they were negligently dressed; others because they seemed trimmed with too much nicety. He assumed the name and habit of Hercules, appearing publicly in a lion's skin, with a huge club in his hand, and ordering several persons though not guilty of any crimes, to be disguised like monsters, that by knocking out their brains he might have a better claim to the title, the great destroyer of monsters. In short, the shedding of blood seemed to be his chief diversion.

The MINERVA;

Or, LADY's AND GENTLEMAN's MAGAZINE.

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FEMALE VANITY,

OR, THE

STORY OF LOUISA MELVILLE.

What mischiefs have arisen from vanity! and in every case, how poor are the qualifications it has to bestow!

Louisa Melville, before she reached the age of sixteen, was universally allowed to be one of the prettiest girls in the town in which her family resided, and she was equally admired for mental endowments, as for personal charms. Though neither born to rank nor affluence, her education was not neglected; but nature, and her own assiduity, did more for her than her parents or instructors. She made the best use of the few advantages she possessed, and, by application, was soon qualified to outstrip every rival and competitor. When nineteen, she had acquired such a stock of general knowledge, and improved herself by reading with so much success, that to her own sex she became the object of envy, as she was of admiration to the other. She was sprightly in conversation, but prudent in deportment: her affability and good sense were even more attractive than her beauty: and happy was the man who could engage her attention, and who possessed himself sufficient taste and sentiment to relish that refinement and delicacy which shone forth in all that she said or did.

Conscious that her society gave pleasure, and perhaps, inspired with a youthful vanity of making conquests, by degrees she enlarged the circle of her male acquaintance; and by the time she was one and twenty, almost every hour of her time was filled up by calls from the frivolous or the idle, who were pleased to trifle away their heavy moments in converse with youth, innocence, and beauty. One or two young gentlemen, who were her superiors in rank and fortune, there was reason to suppose, were sighing to obtain her exclusive regard; but when they would have poured out their hearts before her, they found her engaged in conversation with those who had no object beyond killing a leisure hour in agreeable company, and whose vanity, was flattered by the easiness with which they procured access, and the gaiety and freedom of Louisa's conversation on every subject that was incidentally started.

There is a delicacy in real regard that shrinks from public observation; and a nice sense of propriety, that leads the genuine lover to imagine his mistress polluted, by indiscriminate conversation with every person who solicits her attention. Perhaps those who admired and esteemed Louisa Melville with the greatest degree of fervour, were, for this very reason, the least entertaining to a young lady of her disposition. Amidst such a crowd of visitants, while every tongue poured forth its adulation, and every eye sparkled with pleasure at her sight, she vainly imagined it would be no difficult matter to find a lover whenever she pleased. Flattered with the general homage paid to her beauty and her wit, she seemed to have neither time nor inclination for particular selection; and, with a heart strictly virtuous and disengaged, she gradually began to find, that though every one courted her society, no one in earnest made her those professions of partial love which are so agreeable to a female ear. She opened her eyes to her folly; but it was now too late; and, with the consciousness of innocence, which, indeed, had never been impeached, except by the envious prudes of her own sex, she discovered that the compliments she received from the gentlemen, were now rather the offspring of gallantry than of sentiment: and that her character was rendered suspected, solely by the very open and unguarded ease with which she had suffered herself to be addressed.

Though her vanity, and even her feelings, were deeply wounded by this reflection, she found it difficult to alter her behaviour. If she denied herself to those who used to lounge away their mornings in her company, it was immediately concluded that she was privately engaged; if she admitted her usual visitants, it was only to be mortified with a repetition of the same fulsome unmeaning adulation which had been so long paid to her without producing any declaration of partial attachment. Without a disposition for reserve, she imposed restraints on her words and looks, which were only interpreted to her disadvantage. She was alternately gay and distant; and sensible that she had been injuring both her prospects and her character, by indiscriminate familiarity, she took every method, which delicacy would allow, to emancipate herself from the mere flatterers of her vanity, and to draw out the real sentiments of such as she hoped, or wished, might be inspired with tender sentiments towards her. Her conversation, which used to be full of freedom and vivacity, now turned on subjects which might lead her apparent admirers to explain themselves; but, instead of succeeding in her aims, the majority finding she was no longer inclined to amuse them when they had nothing else to do but to talk nonsense, dropt off, and sought some more inexperienced female, who would be pleased with general compliments; and the rest could not help observing to each other, that Louisa Melville was now fishing for a husband, and that they must be on their guard.

Thus at the age of twenty-five, after being for six years the object of general attraction, her levees became deserted by all who had crowded them before; and she was obliged to retire to the house of a relation in a distant part of the kingdom, to avoid the triumphant malice of her own sex, and the sneers of such as had only flattered her to deceive. She had not been long in this situation before a lover appeared; but as prudence required that he should acquaint himself with her previous life and conversation, enquiries only excited his suspicion; and though no evidence could be produced, because none existed, that her person was not pure, it was concluded, and perhaps on just grounds, that the mind that had been accustomed to such a promiscuous society, could not escape being tainted. We look at the garden flower with pleasure, but we have little desire to make it our own; but if by chance we find the same blooming in the secret shade, we fancy its odours are sweeter, and we fondly transplant it into our borders. It is thus with genuine love: interest and policy may induce men to overlook the previous conduct of those with whom they connect them, if it has not been marked by flagrant violations of decorum; but a generous attachment can only spring from a conviction of unsullied worth, and of a heart that has admitted no former impression. It is commonly supposed, that in the bosom which has once tenderly, truly loved, the enthusiasm of affection can never be a second time kindled; and though the new admirer of Louisa Melville could gain no certain evidence that her heart had ever been really engaged, his vanity could not reach such a pitch, as to make him forget, that of the numbers who had solicited her notice, some might, in all probability, have been more likely to make an impression than himself.

Others, who admired her person and manners, probably felt and reasoned in the same manner; and she returned to her native place without making, or at least fixing, a conquest. Reiterated instances of neglect, disappointment, and vexation, preying on a heart of sensibility, and, aggravated by the reflection, that the vanity of studying to be universally admired, instead of being individually loved, had been the source of her misfortunes, threw her into a slow fever. Her bloom faded, the roses left her cheek; and had she not felt resources within herself, and mustered all her resolution to recover some share of the composure she had lost, it is probable she would have sunk into an untimely grave. By slow degrees, however, she regained her health, and her beauty returned to nearly its former lustre; but younger competitors for admiration had arisen, and she was now only talked of as a girl that had once been pleasing; while those who had most sedulously furnished fuel to her vanity, were the first to condemn it, and to join in ridiculing the folly of her past conduct.

To withdraw from the public eye, when the public is no longer disposed to favour, is no difficult task. Louisa in a manner secluded herself from the world, and seen only by those who were allied to her by blood, or by a generous sympathy. In this situation, she was addressed by a gentleman, who, in the height of her popularity, would have experienced only ridicule or disdain. Wearied of her unprotected state, she listened to his proposals, though a stranger, and unknown. Suffice it to say, they were speedily united; but in less than twelvemonths he deserted her and an infant daughter: and to the inexpressible anguish of the unhappy woman, it was found that the villain had another wife, and a large family, whom he had previously abandoned, residing in Ireland.

From the fate of Louisa Melville, let others learn to shun the rock on which she split. Vanity, when once thoroughly mortified will stoop to any thing; and the winding up of her fortune was only a natural result of the path she had pursued, which regularly conducted to it.

SINGULAR STORY.

The following is related in a collection of letters ascribed to the younger Lord LYTTELTON.

"I obey your commands with some reluctance, in relating the story of which you have heard so much, and to which your curiosity appears to be so broad awake. I do it unwillingly, because such histories depend so much upon the manner in which they are related; and this, which I have told with such success, and to the midnight terrors of so many simple souls, will make but a sorry figure in a written narration:—however, you shall have it.

"It was in the early part of ——'s life that he attended an hunting club at their sport, when a stranger of genteel appearance, and well mounted, joined the chace, and was observed to ride with a degree of courage and address that called forth the utmost astonishment of every one present. The beast he rode was of amazing powers; nothing stopped them: the hounds could never escape them; and the huntsmen, who were left far behind, swore that the man and his horse were both *devils from hell*. When the sport was over, the company invited this extraordinary person to dinner. He accepted the invitation, and astonished the company as much by the powers of his conversation and the elegance of his manners, as by his equestrian prowess. He was an orator, a poet, a painter, a musician, a lawyer, a divine—in short, he was every thing, and the magic of his discourse kept the drowsy sportsmen awake long after their usual hour. At length, however, wearied Nature could no be charmed, and the company began to steal away by degrees, to their repose. On his observing the society to diminish, he discovered manifest signs of uneasiness; he therefore gave new force to his spirits, and new charms to his conversation, in order to retain the remaining few some time longer.—This had some little effect—but the period could not be long delayed when he was to be conducted to his chamber. The remains of the company retired also; but they had scarce closed their eyes, when the house was alarmed by the most terrible shrieks that were ever heard. Several persons were awakened by the noise; but its continuance being short, they concluded it to proceed from a dog who might be accidentally confined in some part of the house. They very soon, therefore, composed themselves to sleep and were very soon awakened by shrieks and cries of still greater terror than the former. Alarmed at what they heard, several of them rung their bells; and, when the servants came, they declared that the horrid sounds proceeded from the stranger's chamber. Some of the gentlemen immediately arose to inquire into this extraordinary disturbance; and, while they were dressing themselves for that purpose, deeper groans, of despair, and shriller shrieks of agony, again astonished and terrified them.

After knocking some time at the stranger's chamber door, he answered them as one awakened from sleep, declared he had heard no noise, and rather in an angry tone desired that he might not again be disturbed. Upon this, they returned to one of their chambers, and had scarce begun to communicate their sentiments to each other, when their conversation was interrupted by a renewal of yells, screams and shrieks, which from the horror of them, seemed to issue from the throats of damned and tortured spirits. They immediately followed the sounds, and traced them to the stranger's chamber, (the door of which they instantly burst open) and found him upon his knees in bed, in the act of scourging himself with the most unrelenting severity, his body streaming with blood. On their seizing his hand to stop the stroke, he begged them in the most wringing tone of voice, as an act of mercy, that they would retire, assuring them that the cause of their disturbance was over, and that in the morning he would acquaint them with the reason of the terrible cries they had heard, and the melancholy sight they saw. After a repetition of his entreaties, they retired; and in the morning some of them went to his chamber, but he was not there; and on examining the bed they found it to be one gore of blood. Upon further inquiry, the groom said, that as soon as it was light, the gentleman came to the stable booted and spurred, desired his horse might be immediately saddled, and appeared to be extremely impatient until it was done, when he vaulted instantly into his saddle, and rode out of the yard in full speed. Servants were immediately dispatched into every part of the surrounding country, but not a single trace of him could be found; such a person had not been seen by any one, nor has he been since heard of.

The circumstances of this strange story were immediately committed to writing, and signed by every one who were witnesses to them, that the future credibility of any one who would think proper to relate them, might be duly supported. Among the subscribers to the truth of this history, are some of the first names of this century. It would now, I believe, be impertinent to add any thing more than that "I am, Yours, &c."

EXTRACT

FROM WILLIAM AUSTIN'S "LETTERS FROM LONDON."

There is no class of people in England, holden in less respect than the quakers; yet I have seen no sect, in this country, with whom I have been more pleased. With respect to the rest of the world, the quakers certainly are a hopeless and barren set of people. They hate equally kings and priests. Their consciences revolt at tythes in any shape, therefore the clergy hate them. Their own meditations serve them instead of preaching, therefore the religious of most other denominations dislike them. Their temperance laughs at the physician, and their honesty starves the lawyer, while their prudence and foresight exalt them above the active, injurious hatred of the world, and elevate them above those who despise them.

Their decency of carriage, their unassuming manners, their habitual economy and general spirit of equity, have long, and will, perhaps, forever, connect them together in a body co-existent with their present maxims.

There is one characteristic which distinguishes the quakers from all other sects: they discover nothing of the spirit of proselytism; their favorite sentiments partake nothing of enthusiasm; they hurl no damnation on the rest of the world; tolerant to every body, they consider all honest men their brethren.—There is not a single trait in their character incentive to ill will, nor a movement in their conduct which has ever courted persecution. Their humility has never resisted even oppression; in suffering patient, they are active only in support of their principles. Remote from all hypocrisy, they have never sought after temporal power, nor has their own system ever operated to the prejudice of others. Yet this sect has been persecuted, and its members been put to death! the blackest stigma on human nature with which the annals of politics or religion have been stained.

Though they live under a monarchy, they have contrived, with the sacrifice of all temporal favours, to erect themselves into a government of their own, approaching as near to a republic as is consistent with any sort of allegiance to the current government. This is a master-piece of policy which has gained them a firm standing in the midst of their enemies, and which ought to teach the rest of mankind that it is practicable for a virtuous, persevering few to counteract the many. The quakers have contrived to render themselves happy in the midst of misery, and free, in a great measure, in the midst of slavery.—Hence they have all that natural, unaffected dignity, and all that manly, cordial spirit of accommodation which man discovers to man before he becomes degenerate: and hence they regard mankind pretty much as that Cherokee did, who, being introduced at Paris, and shown every thing which was supposed capable of delighting or surprising him, was asked, after his eyes had swallowed the objects of a whole week's exhibition, "What astonished him most?" answered, "the difference between man and man:" and then being questioned "With what he was most delighted?" answered, "He was most delighted to see a passenger help a heavy burden upon the back of another."

Although the quakers approach nearer to the religion of nature, notwithstanding their correspondence with the world, than any systematic sect which has ever appeared, they still hold to the great principles of the christian religion, though, in point of *orthodoxy*, they can hardly be termed christians. Most others, whether eastern sages or western saints, have retired from the world in the degree they have approached Brama or Jesus, while the quakers, contented with the world until they can find a better, have found the secret of living in the midst of society, and of mingling as much of this world as is consistent with heaven, and as much of heaven as is consistent with making the most of this world.

I have been led to these observations from a petty circumstance which occurred yesterday. I found, on my table, the following printed notice: "Some of the people, called quakers, intend to hold a meeting this evening, at their place of worship, in St. Martin's court, St. Martin's lane, to which the neighbours are invited." In expectation of something extraordinary, I attended. At the door I was received by one of the friends, who introduced me to a seat among the elders. The house was soon filled, and a profound silence reigned for a few minutes, when one of the brethren rose, and began to speak, but he had not spoken a minute, when an elder said, "We would take it kind of thee, friend to sit down." The speaker looked up to see whence the disapprobation proceeded, then nodding, in acquiescence, sat down. Presently, a fine looking, elderly lady, of matronly appearance, dressed in the most elegant simplicity, rose, and, after a warm and impressive prayer, delivered, extempore, an animated and edifying discourse, with a flow of elocution, and grace of manner, which, had she been forty years younger might have inflamed those passions she sought to allay.

There is one defect in the polity of the quakers, which will forever subject them to the tyranny of the times—they love peace so well they will not even fight for their liberty. This known principle divests them of all political consequence, when those great political movements are agitated, which sometimes involve the deepest consequences to society: otherwise, the quakers would gradually effect a revolution throughout the world.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTE
OF
MADEMOISELLE DE SALIGNAC.

This gentlewoman was of a good family in France, and lost her sight when only two years old, her mother having been advised to lay some pigeon's blood on her eyes to preserve them in the small-pox; whereas, so far from answering the end, it eat into them; nature may however be said to have compensated for the unhappy mistake, by beauty of person, sweetness of temper, vivacity of genius, quickness of conception, and many talents which certainly much alleviated her misfortune.

She could play at cards with the same readiness as others of the party: she first prepared the packs allotted to her by pricking them in several parts, yet so imperceptibly, that the closest inspection could scarcely discern her index. She could sort the suits, and arrange the cards in their proper sequence, with the same precision, and nearly the same facility as those who had their sight. All she required of those who played with her, was to name every card as it was played; and these she retained so exactly, that she frequently performed some notable strokes, such as shewed a great combination and strong memory.

The most wonderful circumstance is, that she should have learned to read and write: but even this is readily believed, on knowing her method. In writing to her no ink was used, but the letters were pricked down on the paper: and by the delicacy of her touch, feeling each letter, she could follow them successively, and read every word with her finger ends. She herself, in writing making use of a pencil, as she could not know when her pen was dry; her guide on the paper was a small thin ruler, and the breadth of her writing. On finishing a letter, she would wet it, so as to fix the trace of her pencil that they were not obscured or effaced; then she proceeded to fold and seal it, and write the direction; all by her own address, and without the assistance of any other person. Her writing was very straight, well cut and the spelling no less correct. To reach this singular mechanism, the indefatigable cares of her affectionate mother were long employed, who accustoming her daughter to feel letters cut in cards or pasteboard, brought her to distinguish an A from B, and thus the whole alphabet, and afterwards to spell words; then by the remembrance of the shade of the letter to delineate them on paper; and lastly, to arrange them so as to form words and sentences.

She learned to play on the guitar and even contrived a way of pricking down her tunes as an assistance to her memory. So delicate were her organs that, in singing a tune though new to her, she was able to name the notes.

In figure dances she acquitted herself extremely well, and in a minuet with inimitable ease and gracefulness. At the works of her sex, she had a masterly hand; she could sew and hem perfectly well; and in all her works she threaded the needle for herself, however small.

By her watch, her touch never failed telling her exactly the hour and minute.

MR. ADDISON, when in a thoughtful mood, had a custom of suddenly clapping his hand behind him; some young men of fashion undertook to quiz him for it, and one who was a notorious spendthrift, and who, without further ceremony, said, "Do now tell us Mr. Addison, what is the reason you so constantly keep one hand behind you?"—"Because said Addison, it has ever been my determination, Sir, to keep myself before hand in the world."

JEU D' ESPRIT....."How can you, my dear, prefer *punch* to *wine*?" "Because, my dear, it is so like matrimony—such a charming compound of opposite qualities." "Ay, my lord, I am the *weak* part, I suppose." "No, my love, you are the *sweet*, with a dash of the *acid*, and no small portion of the *spirit*."

SELECTED POETRY.

We are desirous of preserving a beautiful ballad by Mr. MOORE, *not only from its intrinsic merit, and general vogue, but because it has been, for the most part, published, either in a mutilated or incorrect form. We scarcely need remind the lovers of music of the exquisite beauty of the air, but we refrain from a call to those, who have a genuine taste for poetry, to observe the lucky union between simplicity and grace, which the genius of the author has effected.* [PORT FOLIO.

FIRST VOICE.

OH, LADY FAIR, where art thou roaming?
The sun has sunk, the night is coming.

SECOND VOICE.

Stranger, I go o'er moor and mountain,
To tell my beads at Agnes' fountain.

FIRST VOICE.

And who is the man, with his white locks flowing?
Oh lady fair, where is he going?

THIRD VOICE.

A wandering pilgrim, weak, I falter,
To tell my beads at Agnes' altar.
Chill falls the rain, night winds are blowing,
Dreary and dark's the way we're going!

FIRST VOICE.

Fair lady stay till morning blushes,
I'll strew for thee a bed of rushes.

SECOND VOICE.

Oh, stranger, when my beads I'm counting,
I'll bless thy name at Agnes' fountain.

FIRST VOICE.

Thou pilgrim turn and rest thy sorrow,
Thou'lt go to Agnes' shrine to-morrow.

THIRD VOICE.

Good stranger, when my beads I'm telling,
My saint she'll bless thy leafy dwelling.
Strew then, oh strew our beds of rushes,
Here we shall rest, till morning blushes.

FROM AN ENGLISH PAPER.

TO MARIA,

Who complained she had lost the Key of her Cabinet.

WHY vex a moment for the key you've lost?
A simple key, as trifling as it cost:
But charming maid, could chance e'er make you part
With that cross-warded key, which locks your heart;
Could you but lose it, and some star arise
To guide me to the wish'd for precious prize,
I'd then unravel each alluring grace
My eye that rivets, but denies th' embrace;
And find each seeming sally of caprice,
Is but the coquetry of love's device:
Thus have we often seen fair *Luna's* ray,
In sportive dalliance on a riv'let play;
Vexing the bosom of the murmuring stream
With all the gambols of a chequer'd beam;
Till th' inconstant winds her veil remov'd,
When all was brightness to the stream she lov'd.

Love still commands my heart and purse,
Life else would not be worth possessing;
Yet never let me make a curse,
What Jove intended for a blessing.

If faithless Chloe should deceive,
Am I to suffer darts and anguish?
No, gentle ladies, by your leave,
I wish to *love* but not to languish.

At a rout, where the ladies' heads were profusely decorated with feathers, the following repartee took place. "What would *you* do," one day, says my Lord to a wit, "Should your wife thus with feathers equip her?" "Why, nothing my lord, but what manners permit—"I'd just take the freedom to *strip her*."

LOVE.

"*Juliet*.....O think'st thou we shall meet again?
Romeo.....I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses, in our time to come."

SHAKESPEARE.

SON of Venus, child of May,
The reason pray explain,
Why, when thy pleasures haste away,
Thy tortures still remain?
Little, wily, wanton boy,
Take the pain, or leave the joy.

Yet if thou wilt not separate
Thy gifts of bliss and woe,
Rather than lose thy pleasures great,
I'll bear thy tortures too:
Yes, yes, thy keenest pangs I'll prove,
Sooner than lose one grain of love.

Must I abstain from soft repose,
Lest mournful dreams appear?
Must I reject the ruddy rose
Because its thorn is near?
No, no —— sad dreams are cheer'd by morn;
And sweetness crowns the rose's thorn.

NOBODY's COMPLAINT.

Aye Nobody—and why not?—As for my single self, I see no just cause or impediment why my name and a new-paper should not be joined together, in the tenuous bands of scribbling wedlock, as any other body. There's your Bodyhody, and your Anybody, and your Somebody and your Everybody—each, each in his turn run the race of typographical notoriety; whilst I, who boast a pedigree as *great*, nay, (being eldest of the Body family) of greater antiquity than either, am doomed to grope through the labyrinths of mere verbal consequence. Against such an unequal distribution of rights among brethren of the same principle, of the same texture, I solemnly protest—and more especially against the unhallowed profanation of my good name and character. Yea, in my own proper capacity I am resolved to defend both; and, contrary to a certain dogma of philosophers, prove, that I, *No* body, possess the fundamental principles of a *real* body, or matter! inasmuch as I occupy *space*, to wit, length and breath—though as for *depth* I do not contend.

All my enemies—that is, all the world, never daily calumnies on my fame—Ought I not then to avenge it?

Says Goody Gaffer, 'John! you will be the ruin of your family—carousing it every night: Who was with you last night?' 'With me, mother—nobody!'

Little master lets fall a glass—it breaks—in comes the nurse—'Sirrah! who did this?' 'No-body!'

Miss has a lover—he stays late—next morning a female friend gets a hint of it, (*for the balmy breeze whispers these things to the sex*)—She calls on her, and after some chit-chat, dryly observes, 'why really Melinda, you seem indisposed to-day—I fear you rested ill last night——Oh! while I think of it, prithee, what rude creature kept you up so unseasonably?' 'Rude! me up! (stammering and crimsoning) why—why—Nobody!' (Zounds! when I'd swear by the ghost of a shadow that I never saw the huzzey.)

Obadiah Primrose is a beau—he struts about big with himself—wears a frizzled crop—bolster cravat—three inch vest—sack pantaloons—Suwarrow boots with tassels—carries a six inch rattan, and visits the ladies.

The other day, in a large circle, whilst officiously pressing a lady to take some lemonade, which she had repeatedly declined, he turned a part of it upon her gown. A friend, who sat near, but did not at the moment see the transaction, shortly after observing her gown soiled, enquired who did it? Maria, twisting up the tip of her nose, and glancing at Obadiah, replied with burlesque solemnity, 'Alas!—*Nobody*—(What an insult to my name!)

A young woman makes a false step—it leaks out, all the world whispers, 'Whose is't—whose is't—and the same world maliciously answers—'*Nobody knows!*'—(Scoundrels! when I know nothing at all about it.)

But these are only smaller thefts—mere petty larcenies on my reputation—in future numbers I may expose some of a more heinous nature. Mean time, Mr. Printer, as I am willing to bear all that belongs to me, should my cousin, Anybody, ask you who writes this, you're welcome to tell him it is

NOBODY.

The Ladies enwrap themselves with large crimson shawls, which are fancifully wrapped round the light fantastic form, displaying, however, the bosom; round the head is twined large bands of muslin *a la Turque*; thus do their *heads* assimilate to the torrid zone, whilst their uncovered insensible *bosoms* are cruelly emblematic to the sighing beau, of the icy regions of the frigid zone.

FOR THE MINERVA.

CHANGES OF FASHION:

OR,

THE PIG-TAIL BEAUX.

"*Bucks have at ye all.*"

THE wind is not more variable than Fashion: like the thermometer, 'tis constantly fluctuating—rising and falling alternately; sometimes it ascends rapidly to the head, and then falls suddenly to the feet.

Important revolutions are daily taking place in every article of dress, from my Lady's wig to her gown trail, and from the hat-buckle to the shoe-string of the smock-faced beau. But enough has been said against the extravagancies of *female* fashion; 'tis not my intention to lampoon the petty foibles of an almost defenceless sex, already over-loaded with unmanly censure: I will not criticise with illiberal severity the scanty and thin dresses of modern belles, nor will I give scope to selfish malignancy, by reviling the whole sex as hypocrites and slanderers, because an unworthy few have been contaminated by hypocrisy and slander; with the same propriety might the female world hurl on us the opprobrious epithets of thieves and murderers, overwhelming our character with unspeakable infamy, because some wicked men have perpetrated the most horrid crimes.

Is it not great pity that our modern ADDISONS and STEELES, who find so much to censure in female dress, cannot be induced to notice the follies of the other sex? Let them view their own sweet persons in the mirror of truth; and if they can find no ridiculous oddity, no foolish foppery about themselves, I will endeavour to convince them that they have always been and still are as subject to the freaks of fashion, in all its extravagance, as that "frail sex" whom some of them unmindkingly affect to despise.

The dress of our grandfathers and great grandfathers, for half a dozen generations back, was just as preposterous in many respects as that of our modern Fops. An extract which I shall here introduce from an ancient English periodical work, justly authorizes the assertion.—Anno Domini 1467—"The people had an extraordinary way of adorning their feet. They wore the "beaks or pikes of their shoes as long that they encumbered them in their walking and were forced to tie "them up to their knees; the fine gentlemen did theirs "with chains of silver, or silver gilt, and others with laces. This ridiculous custom was in vogue ever since "the year 1382, but now it was prohibited, on the forfeiture of twenty shillings, and the pain of cursing by "the clergy."—Absurdity upon absurdity! a truly ridiculous custom indeed, and a prohibition still more ridiculous.

Every one must consent that our female ancestors could not have been more preposterously accoutred than were these dashing bucks of the fifteenth century. The enormous hoops worn by our grand mothers, against which the Spectator so hehemently exclaimed, were trifling to these long toed shoes, tied to the knees with silver chains. Let us now take a slight view of male fashions in our own age.

A few years past we had sharp toed shoes, pointed off like the bill of a Crane: now they are perfectly square, looking as if made for a foot where the toes had been accidentally chopped off. An extraordinary revolution was also effected in the upper department. A fine head of hair had been considered a most distinguishing ornament; no pains were spared to make it sleek and long; it was combed, plaited, and queued with unceasing care; the affectionate wife was seen at her daily task, currying down her husband's luxuriant locks, and stretching his queue till it extended to his waist; the craping irons too were not unfrequently employed, and every favor was lavished upon the head, to the great detriment of the other members of the body, who were much displeased at this open partiality, and made heavy complaints against it: but all at once the shears were put in motion—hair flew on all sides; many pretty heads were suddenly despoiled of the only ornament they possessed; grief, consternation, and despair were strongly depicted in the faces of many. They had toiled incessantly to supply an unfortunate deficiency of brain by the profuseness of hair: after tenderly cherishing the hopeful bantling with more than maternal affection, it had at length arrived at a respectable size, but was now to be cut down in the bloom of beauty—to be shorn to the quick!—"We must lose our hair or be out of fashion, (said they;) aye, there's the rub." The Barbers protested manfully against the proceeding; it was unconstitutional, they contended, to debar any man from exercising his lawful trade: and what employment would they find after they had shorn all their customers, like so many sheep? if the law did not protect them they must starve—that was all. The Barbers' remonstrance passed unnoticed; every man who wore long hair was hooted at; 'tis monstrous uncouth, said one; 'tis unfashionable, observed another; 'tis abominably ugly, replied the third: "cut it off, cut it off," was the general cry; and few had the resolution to abide by their own opinion in this dilemma. Powder was now disused, and combs laid aside; what sense was there in raking over naked skulls? 'twas an useless trouble. The natural consequence was that feathers occupied the place of powder; and the well-greased sleek foretop was suddenly metamorphosed into a nameless monster, whose quills, like the porcupine's, stood to every point of the compass.

Thus has the fashion remained for some years, with trifling variations; but a change has at length taken place, although as yet it is scarcely *visible*; on a close inspection of a genuine modern beau you will find a little infant queue just peeping from the back of his head; every fop wears it, for it is the badge of folly; 'tis very young and consequently diminutive, though perceptible without the assistance of a microscope. Some of these redoubtable queues are nearly as large as a Dutch goose quill, but the greater part must grow considerably before they come to that size, being not so stout at present as the pen I am writing with, which is quite an ordinary one, and was plucked by myself from the *left* wing of my grandmother's grey gander, which may account for its wandering now and then from the subject, and writing nonsense instead of sticking close to the text. It is a most unhappy circumstance that the fashion of queuing should have commenced with the summer; for excessive warm weather will of itself often produce excruciating head-aches; and when a single tuft of hair is so violently strained to form a queue, it can be no wonder if this complaint becomes ten times more grievous than it has heretofore been; the intolerable degree of pain which it must occasion, will be sufficient to addle the brains of any man whose nerves are not devoid of feeling. If a student of law or of physic, instead of attending to his studies, be seen lolling in taverns or strolling through the streets at every hour in the day, you may suppose this his queue is too sneafy to permit his reading with advantage, for he could not remember his subject half an hour: If a merchant's clerk commit numerous blunders in the counting-house, his master may attribute it to the same cause; be not angry with the young man, Mr. *Trafficker*; he only follows the fashion, by aping his superiors; only unqueue him, and he will again be a correct accountant.

This pretty fashion, it seems, has not yet found its way into the interior parts of the country; a blue wagoner, standing near the Post-Office last week, was observed to eye with peculiar earnestness, a young fop who was passing down the street: a gentleman who noticed his inquisitive inspection, enquired the cause of it. "I was wondering," replied John, "why that fine dressed young man should wear such a curled pig-tail; it sticks out for all the world like the stem of my chunk pipe; only it 'ant so long."

For the present, I shall bid adieu to these pretty young men, with their *sweet* little queues; but I shall not take my final leave; by and bye perhaps we may become better acquainted, and I may possibly honor them with frequent communications; in the mean time, let me have no more censure against female dress, from "Pig-Tail Beaux," till every one of the hopeful fraternity has laid aside his favorite hobby.

CENSOR.

At a wedding in a country church, in Somersetshire, the bride, who had been by her worthy Pastor well grounded in the Church Catechism, and who had not, perhaps, studied the matrimonial service, with that laudable zeal which many ladies think necessary, upon being, as usual, asked the question, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?"—cut short the Clergyman by innocently replying, "Yes, verily, and by God's help, and so I will, and I heartily thank our Heavealy Father that he hath brought me to this state."

An Innkeeper, lately complaining to a French gentleman, that his house was greatly infested with Rats, and that he would willingly give a considerable sum to get rid of them, was, on the following morning, and after he had received his bill, accosted by him, "Sir, I shall tell you vich vay you shall get rid of de rat."—"I will be much obliged to you if you can," replied the landlord.—"Vell den, only charge de rat as you charge me, and de rat will never come to your house again."

EPIGRAM.

Humdrum complains his giddy wife
Distracts his nights and days,
And vows he cannot bear a life,
Of gaming, feasts, and plays.

His lot is hard, as fate can give,
So much he thinks about her;
With her he swears he cannot *live*,
Yet *dies*, when he's *without her*.

THE HARES.—A FABLE.

By Dr. JAMES BEATTIE.

[CONCLUDED.]

Fast by the margin of the lake,
Conceal'd within a thorny brake,
A Linnet sate, whose careless lay
Amused the solitary day.
Careless he sung, for on his breast
Sorrow no lasting trace impress'd;
When suddenly he heard a sound
Of swift feet traversing the ground.
Quick to the neighbouring tree he flies,
Thence trembling casts around his eyes;
No foe appear'd, his fears were vain;
Pleas'd he renews the sprightly strain.

The hares, whose noise had caused his fright,
Saw with surprise the linnet's flight.
Is there on earth a wretch, they said,
Whom our approach can strike with dread?
An instantaneous change of thought
To tumult every bosom wrought.
So fares the system-building sage,
Who, plodding on from youth to age,
At last on some foundation-dream
Has rear'd aloft his goodly scheme,
And proved his predecessors fools,
And bound all nature by his rules;
So fares he in that dreadful hour,
When injur'd Truth exerts her power,
Some new phenomenon to raise;
Which, bursting on his frighted gaze,
From its proud summit to the ground
Proves the whole edifice unsound.

"Children," thus spoke a hare sedate,
Who oft had known th' extreme of fate,
'In slight events the docile mind
'May hints of good instruction find.
'That our condition is the worst,
'And we with much misfortunes cursed
'As all comparison defy,
'Was late the universal cry.
'When lo, an accident so slight
'As yonder little linnet's flight,
'Has made your stubborn hearts confess
'(So your amazement bids me guess)
'That all our load of woes and fears
'Is but a part of what he bears.
'Where can he rest secure from harms,
'Whom a helpless hare alarms?
'Yet he repines not at his lot,
'When past the danger is forgot:
'On yonder bough he trims his wings,
'And with unusual rapture sings;
'While we, less wretched, sink beneath
'Our lighter ills, and rush to death.
No more of this unmeaning rage,
'But hear, my friends, the words of age.

'When by the winds of autumn driven
'The scatter'd clouds fly cross the heaven,
'Oft have we, from the mountain's head,
'Beheld th' alternate light and shade
'Sweep the long vale. Here hovering lowers
'The shadowy cloud; there downwards pours
'Streaming direct, a flood of day,
'Which from the view flies swift away;
'It flies, while other shades advance,
'And other streaks of sunshine glance.
'Thus chequer'd is the life below
'With gleams of joy, and clouds of wo.
'Then hope not, while we journey on,
'Still to be basking in the sun:
'Nor fear, though now in shades ye mourn,
'That sunshine will no more return.
'If, by your terrors overcome,
'Ye fly before th' approaching gloom,
'The rapid clouds your flight pursue,
'And darkness still o'ercasts your view.
'Who longs to reach the radiant plain
'Must onward urge his course amain;
'For doubly swift the shadow flies,
'When 'gainst the gale the pilgrim plies.
'At least be firm, and undismay'd
'Maintain your ground! the fleeting shade
'Errlong spontaneous, glides away,
'And gives you back th' enlivening ray.
'Lo, while I speak, our danger past!
'No more the shrill horn's angry blast
'Howls in our ear; the savage roar
'Of war and murder is no more.
'Then snatch the moment fate allows,
'Nor think of past or future woes.'

He spoke; and hope revives; the lake
That instant one and all forsake,
In sweet amusement to employ
The present sprightly hour of joy.

Now from the western mountain's brow
Compass'd with clouds of various glow
The sun a broader orb displays,
And shoots aslope his ruddy rays.
The lawn assumes a fresher green,
And dew-drops spangle all the scene.
The balmy zephyr breathes along,
The shepherd sings his tender song.
With all their lays the groves resound,
And falling waters murmur round.
Discord and care were put to flight,
And all was peace, and calm delight.

PARENTAL AFFECTION.

The following example of parental affection, is equal, if not superior to any other on record; and which ought to command the imitation of every family; I allude to the tender, but prudent conduct of the late queen of England, Caroline. Authority, which is lost in almost every other house, was carefully preserved in the royal palace; where it was rightly judged that affection and education without government and restraint, as planting without pruning and lopping off luxuriant branches, would produce minds void of strength and beauty, and unable to bring forth the fruits of useful and reasonable action. The queen knew how absolutely necessary it was to teach youth very early, to refuse whatever was hurtful or dishonorable; and to prefer the constant and durable good, before momentary and fleeting pleasures. She knew that in the practice of this doctrine of refusing, lay all the seeds of virtue, and the foundation of every thing great and truly noble; for which reason she never gratified her children with what was improper for her to give, or them to receive.

The best proof undoubtedly which parents can give of their affection to their children, is to endeavour to make them wise and good. The first class of duties which parents owe to their children respects their natural life; and this comprehends protection, nurture, provision, introducing them into the world in a manner suitable to their rank and fortune, and the like. The second order of duties regards the intellectual and moral life of their children, or their education in such arts and accomplishments as are necessary to qualify them for performing the duties they owe to themselves and others. As this was found to be the principal design of the matrimonial alliance, so the fulfilling that design is the most important and dignified of all the parental duties. In order therefore to fit the child for acting his part wisely and worthily as a man, as a citizen, and a creature of God, both parents ought to combine their joint wisdom, authority, and power, and each apart to employ those talents which are the peculiar excellency and ornament of their respective sex. The Father ought to lay out and superintend their education; the Mother to execute and manage the detail of which she is capable. The former should direct the manly exertion of the intellectual and moral powers of his child; his imagination and the manner of those exertions, are the peculiar province of the latter. The former should advise, protect, command; and by his experience, masculine vigour, and that superior authority which is commonly ascribed to his sex, brace & strength en his pupil for active life, for gravity, integrity and firmness in suffering. The business of the latter is to bend and soften her male pupil by the charms of her conversation, and the softness and decency of her manners, for social life, for politeness of taste, and the elegant decorum and enjoyments of humanity; and to improve and refine the tenderness and modesty of her female pupil, and form her to all those mild domestic virtues, which are the peculiar characteristics and ornaments of her sex.

To conduct the opening minds of their sweet charge through the several periods of their progress, to assist them in each period in throwing out the latent seeds of reason and ingenuity, and in giving fresh accessions of light and virtue; and, at length, with all these advantages, to produce the young adventurers upon the great theatre of human life, to act their several parts in the sight of their friends, of society and mankind; how parents behold those dear images and representations of themselves inheriting their virtues as well as fortunes, sustaining their respective characters gracefully and worthily, and giving them the agreeable prospect of transmitting their names with growing honours and advantage to a race yet unborn!

COURAGE.

IT is not the daring to kick a waiter at a tavern; it is not the strutting with a cockade, dressed in scarlet; it is not the uttering horrid oaths and imprecations at every word, that constitutes an officer: these may be current in taverns and brothels; but they are no characteristics of true courage. That man only is truly brave who fears nothing so much as doing a shameful action; and that dares resolutely and undauntedly go where his duty, how dangerous soever it is, may call him.

A man cannot answer for his courage who has never been in danger.

Perfect courage consists in doing without witnesses, all we should be capable of doing before the whole world.

Courage is always just and humane.

Courage without conduct is like fancy without judgment: all sail and no ballast.

To die or conquer proves a hero's heart.

Presence of mind, and courage in distress,
Are more than armies to procure success.
True courage dwells not in a troubled flood
Of mounting spirits and fermenting blood,
Lodg'd in the soul, with virtue over-rul'd,
Inflam'd by reason, and by reason cool'd:
In hours of peace content to be unknown.——

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The MINERVA;

Or, LADY's AND GENTLEMAN's MAGAZINE.

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FROM THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

NOTHING is more intolerable to an old perſon, than innovation on old habits. The cuſtoms that prevailed in our youth become dear to us as we advance in years; and we can no more bear to ſee them abolished, than we can to behold the tree cut down under which we have ſported in the happy days of infancy.

Even I myſelf, who have floated down the ſtream of life with the tide—who have humoured it in all its turnings—who have conformed in a great meaſure to all its faſhions, cannot but feel ſenſible of this prejudice. I often ſigh when I draw a compariſon between the preſent and paſt: and, though I cannot but be ſenſible, that, in general things are altered for the better; yet there is ſomething even in the *imperfections* of the manners which prevailed in my youthful days that is inexpreſſibly endearing.

There is nothing that ſeems more ſtrange and prepoſterous to me than the manner in which modern marriages are conducted. The parties keep the matter as ſecret as if there was ſomething diſgraceful in the connexion. The lady poſitively denies that any thing of the kind is to happen; will laugh at her intended huſband, and even lay bets againſt the event, the very day before it is to take place. They ſneak into matrimony as quietly as poſſible, and ſeem to pride themſelves on the cunning and ingenuity they diſplayed in their manœuvres.

How different is this from the manners of former times! I recollect when my *aunt Barbara* was addreſſed by *ſquire Stylish*; nothing was heard of during the whole courtſhip but conſultations and negociations between her friends and relatives: the matter was conſidered and reconſidered, and at length the time for a final anſwer. Never, Mr. Editor, ſhall I forget the awful ſolemnity of the ſcene. The whole family of the Oldſtyle's aſſembled, in formal concluve; my aunt Barbara, dreſſed out as fine as hands could make her—high cuſhion, enormous cap, long waiſt, prodigious hoop, ruffles that reached to the end of her fingers, and a gown of flame-coloured brocade figured with poppies, roſes and ſun-flowers. Never did ſhe look ſo ſublimely handſome. The ſquire entered the room with a countenance ſuited to the ſolemnity of the occaſion. He was arrayed in a full ſuit of ſcarlet velvet, his coat decorated with a profuſion of large ſilk buttons, and the skirts ſtiffened with a yard or two of buckram; a long pig-tailed wig, well powdered, and adorned his head; and ſtockings of deep blue ſilk, rolled over the knees, graced his extremities; the flaps of his veſt reached to his knee-buckles; and the ends of his cravat tied with the moſt preciſe neatneſs, twiſted through every button hole. Thus accoutred, he gravely walked into the room, with his ivory-headed ebony cane in one hand, and gently ſwaying his three-cornered beaver in the other.—The gallant and faſhionable appearance of the ſquire—the gracefulneſs and dignity of his deportment, occaſioned a general ſmile of complacency through the room. My aunt Barbara modeſtly veiled her countenance with her fan; but I obſerved her contemplating her admirer with great ſatisfaction through the ſticks.

The buſineſs was opened with the moſt formal ſolemnity, but was not long in agitation. The Oldſtyles were moderate—their articles of capitulation few, the ſquire was gallant, and acceded to them all. In ſhort the bluſhing Barbara was delivered up to his embraces with due ceremony.—Then, Mr. Editor, then were we happy: ſuch oceans of arrack—ſuch mountains of plum-cake—ſuch feaſting and congratulating—ſuch fiddling and dancing. Ah me! who can think of thoſe days and not ſigh when he ſees the degeneracy of the preſent!—No eating of cake nor throwing of ſtockings—not a ſingle ſkin filled with wine on the joyful occaſion—not a ſingle pocket edified by it but the parſon's.

It is with the greateſt pain I ſee thoſe cuſtoms dying away which ſerved to awaken the hoſpitality and friendſhip of my antient comrades—that ſtrewed with flowers the path to the altar, and ſhed a ray of ſunſhine on the commencement of the matrimonial union.

The deportment of my aunt Barbara and her huſband was as decorous after marriage as before. *Her* conduct was always regulated by *his*; her ſentiments ever accorded with his opinions; ſhe was always eager to tie on his neckcloth of a morning—to tuck a napkin under his chin at meal-times—to wrap him up warm of a winter's day, and to ſprucke him up as ſmart as poſſible of a Sunday.—The 'Squire was one of the moſt attentive and polite huſbands in the world—would hand his wife in and out of church with the greateſt ceremony—drink her health at dinner with peculiar emphaſis, and aſk her opinion on every ſubject—though I muſt confeſs he invariably adopted this own. Nothing was heard of from both ſides but dears, ſweets, loves, &c. The 'Squire could never ſtir out, of a winter's day, without his wife calling after him, from the window, to button up his waiſtcoat carefully.—Thus all things went ſmoothly, and my relations *Stylish* had the name, and as far as I know, deſerved it, of being the moſt happy and loving couple in the world.

A modern married pair will, no doubt, laugh at all this. They are acuſtomed to treat one another with the utmoſt careleſſneſs and neglect. No longer does the wife tuck the napkin under her huſband's chin, nor the huſband attend to the heaping her plate with dainties. No longer do I ſee thoſe little ammuſing fooleries in company, where the lady would pat her huſband's cheek, and he chuck her under the chin—when dears and ſweets were as plenty as *cookies* on a new-year's day. The wife now conſiders herſelf as totally independent—will advance her own opinions without heſitation, tho' directly oppoſite to the huſband's—will carry on accounts of her own—and will even have ſecrets of her own with which ſhe refuſes to entruſt him.

Who can read theſe facts, and not lament, with me, the degeneracy of the preſent times! What huſband is there, who will not look back with regret to the happy days of female ſubjection!

JONATHAN OLDSTYLE.

FEMALE DRESS.

The government of Switzerland have addreſſed the following circular letter, dated the 18th of April, to all the lieutenants:

"The advocate and leſſer council of the canton of Friebourgh ſee, with great diſpleaſure, that in ſome parts of our canton the fair ſex have renounced morality, which is their brighteſt ornament, and introduced and adopted thoſe coſtumes, which are foreign from our manners, and contrary to public decency.—Thoſe faſhions extremely foolish and ridiculous, muſt inevitably make a dangerous impreſſion on a people who have not yet entirely renounced thoſe manners which diſtinguiſhed their anceſtors.—They contribute to the contamination of public morality.

"Adopted with blind enthuſiaſm, and followed with fury by the pleaſure loving crowd, what fatal effects may not be produced to thoſe whoſe education being neglected, are but feebly ſecured againſt the allurements of vice. We tremble for the moment when morality ſhall diſappear!

"This public ſcandal has ſo much excited the attention of eccleſiaſtical authority, that they have addreſſed us to ſolicit our attention to repreſs, by the moſt efficacious means, this growing evil. Theſe means will be without effect, ſo long as thoſe who, in the interior of their families; theſe to whom God and nature have given the moſt ſacred duties of inculcating virtue, neglect or ſeriouſly reform themſelves. A general remedy muſt diſcover the exiſtence of the evil, the knowledge of which is always dangerous and obnoxious to thoſe who may be already ignorant of it; even the publicity of it is a ſcandal which ought to be avoided.

"To retain as much as poſſible ſimplicity of manners in our canton, and to avoid ſuch threatening inconveniences, it appears to us, that the only efficacious means conſiſt in the timely interference of the tribunal of morals, conſequen ly the juſtices of peace, as preſidents of theſe tribunals, will receive from them the following inſtructions:

"If a perſon of the female ſex dreſs in ſuch a manner as to offend decency and morality, the juſtice of the peace, as preſident of the tribunal of manners muſt addreſs the parents, guardians or huſbands, to engage them to exert that power which is given to them by nature, and the laws, to bring the perſon back to the paths of propriety and prudence, and to appriſe them, that if they ſtill continue refractory, they muſt cite them before the tribunal of morals.

"And if theſe repreſentations are ineffectual, or if the weakneſs of parents, guardians, or huſbands afford no hope of amendment, and that the exhortations of juſtices of peace prove of no effect, then ſhall theſe menaces be executed, and ſuch contaminated women ſhall be made to appear before the tribunal of manners, which will cenſure them for their irreligious and immoral conduct, exhort them to fulfil their duties, and repreſent to them with energy, how ridiculous and indecent is that dreſs which, beſide the ſcandal that it occaſions, expoſes a virtuous woman to the danger of being confounded in the public eyes with thoſe unhappy females who juſtly merit general contempt.——*La Clef du Cabinet.*

From the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

The following narrative is the ſubject of a volume lately publiſhed in London, written by MONS. ITARD, a *Pariſian.*

I have put it into a conciſe form, adopted to a periodical publication, and if you think it poſſeſſes ſufficient intereſt or conſequence for a place in your Magazine—you are welcome to its inſertion.

Your's, with reſpect, P.

THE SAVAGE OF AVEYRON.

A TRUE AND WELL ATTESTED STORY.

A CHILD about eleven or twelve years of age, who had been ſeen ſometime before in the woods of Caune, in France, looking after acorns and roots, upon which he ſubſiſted, was met in the ſame place towards the cloſe of 1798, by three ſportſmen, who ſeized upon him at the inſtant he was climbing a tree to elude their purſuit. They conducted him to a neighbouring village, where he was placed under the care of an aged matron; from whom, however, before the end of a week, he contrived to eſcape, and fled to the mountains, where he wandered about during the ſeverity of a moſt rigorous winter, clad only in a tattered ſhirt. At night he retired into ſolitary places, approaching, as the day advanced, the neighbouring villages; and in this manner he paſſed a kind of vagrant life until the time in which of his own accord, he took refuge in a dwelling-houſe of the Canton de St. Sernin. Here he was retained and taken care of for a few days, and thence conveyed to the Hoſpital of St. Afrique, afterwards to Rhodes, where he remained ſeveral months.—During his abode in theſe different places, he appeared equally wild, impatient of reſtraint, capricious in his temper, and continually endeavouring to get away. A clergyman, diſtinguiſhed as a patron of general literature, conceiving that from this circumſtance new light might be thrown on the moral ſcience of man, obtained permiſſion for this child to be brought to Paris, where he arrived Dec. 1799.

The moſt unreaſonable expectations were formed by the Pariſians reſpecting him, and, inſtead of beholding a ſprightly youth—aſtoniſhed at the magnificence of the capitol—they only ſaw a poor diſguſting ſlovenly boy—a ſecret with the ſpaſmodic and frequently with convulſive motions, indifferent to every perſon and thing around him; his ſenſes in ſuch a ſtate of inertia as to render him in many reſpects inferior to our domeſtic animals; his eyes inexpreſſive and wandering; ſo little inſtructed in other reſpects, and ſo inexperienced in the three ſenſes of touch, hearing and ſeeing—that they were limited to the ſphere of his immediate wants—But he could neither mount a chair to obtain food placed out of his reach, nor open a door to free himſelf from immediate danger.

When he was allowed to go into the garden, he ſet off on a full trot, or gallop, and it was with difficulty that he learned to walk.—His paſſions were confined to the ſenſations of joy and anger, and he would often, and without any apparent cauſe, make the moſt ſudden, and violent tranſitions from a ſtate of profound melancholy, to the moſt immoderate peals of laughter.

Immediately after his arrival into Paris, Mons. Itard, phyſician to the national inſtitution of Deaf and Dumb, was appointed for his inſtructor. His progreſs under the care of this gentleman has been uncommonly great, and he is ſaid to be at preſent prepared for ſchool inſtruction.

Determined perſeverance has enabled M. Itard, to effect an object, which will prove ever honorable to his name. For where one would have been ſucceſsful in an undertaking of this kind—thouſands might have been diſcouraged.—And it muſt be a ſource of pleaſure and ſatisfaction to him as well as to the world to reflect, that he has raiſed one fellow being from a brutal ſtate—and enabled him to enjoy the advantages of valuable learning.

EUGENE.

ON THE DREAD OF THUNDER.

BEASTS diſcover a conſciouſneſs of danger at the approach of a thunder tempeſt: they leave their food; and their looks and poſtures betray ſymptoms of fear and amazement. But birds, ſheltered from the fatal bolts by their feathers, are fearleſs. While the thunder roars and the dark and heavy cloud is moving on towards them, they are often ſeen in a playful frolickſome mood. Both are guided by an unerring inſtinct. Beasts are ſometimes ſtruck dead by lightning; they are in real danger;

and have, therefore, cauſe to fear. But lightning, which has power to rive the ſtrongeſt oaks, and even the hardeſt rocks, ſeldom, if ever, paſſes between the feathers, and pierces the bodies of birds.* The latter, as if conſcious of their ſafety and, at the ſame time, exhilirated by the change of air, that begins to be purified and ſweetened by explosions from the gathering clouds, diſcover marks of glee; and they have indeed real cauſe for their expreſſive marks of joy.

Man, exalted by reaſon, and ſtill more by religion, ſhould in this, as in all other reſpects, act a higher part than the beaſts of the field and the fowls of the air. A thunder and tempeſt preſents one of the ſublimeſt ſcenes in nature; and its ſublimity is blended with a degree of awfulneſs proportionate to which thoughtleſs, and much more, a frolickſome levity, during ſuch a ſcene, though becoming birds, would be highly unbecoming men and women. On the other hand, they ſhould not diſcover the ſtupid amazement, nor the frantic fright of beaſts.

Thunder and lightning are neceſſary in the grand operations of nature: they are "Miniſters of good" to mankind, and their general tendency is to ſave life rather than to deſtroy it. By killing noxious vapours and clarifying and ſweetening the air, they render it wholeſome and prevent the ſpread of peſtilence and other mortal diſeaſes. For one perſon, deſtroyed by lightning, thouſands and hundreds of thouſands, would be deſtroyed by poiſons and mortal contagions in the atmoſphere, if this powerful inſtrument to cleanſe it were never uſed.

The fear ariſing from thunder-ſtorms ſhould therefore be, in a manner, loſt in gratitude for the general good, which they occaſion; and parents inſtead of ſetting before their children on ſuch occaſions, an example of conſternation and wild affright, which would tend to render them miſerable through life, ſhould endeavour to fortify their minds by arguments drawn from reaſon, philoſophy and religion.

* It is the practice of ſome people always to riſe from their bed, when thunder tempeſts happen during the night ſeaſon; whereas a bed, filled with feathers, is the ſafeſt ſituation that can be found.

LONDON FASHIONS.

FOR MAY 1805.

FULL DRESSES—1. Morning inſtallation of dreſs of Royal purple and ſilver.—The ſleeves and back of white and ſilver ſilk; the ſleeves feſtooned and ornamented with diamonds. The hair dreſſed with a bandeau of diamonds and white feathers. Purple ſhoes and fan.—2. Inſtallation ball dreſs. The train of royal purple and ſilver, with a tunic of richly embroidered white crape. The hair dreſſed with diamonds, and a large plume of white feathers.

PROMENADE DRESSES.—1. A round dreſs of plain white muſlin, with a ſpencer cloak of green ſilk, trimmed all round with black lace. A ſtraw hat turned up in front and ornamented with feathers.—2. White muſlin dreſs, with a Spaniſh cloak of buff coloured ſilk or muſlin, trimmed with broad white lace. A ſtraw hat turned up at the ſides.—3. A round dreſs of cambric muſlin, with a black lace cloak, trimmed all round. A brown beaver ſpaniſh hat, ornamented with a feather of the ſame color.

OBSERVATIONS.—The prevailing colours are purple, lilac and green; nankeen great coats and ſpencers are much worn. The variety at preſent is ſo great in cloaks, that it is impoſſible to ſay what will be the prevailing faſhion. Straw hats, of various forms, are univerſally worn. Worked lenos are preferred for dreſs, into every part of which lace is introduced. The hair continues to be worn the ſame as uſual, except that it is now completely parted in front, and formed into ſtraight bands over the forehead.

FROM A PARIS PAPER.

The miniſter of the interior, a ſhort time ſince, called on M. Bourdier an ingenious watch-maker, in Magazine ſtreet, for the purpoſe of examining a *Clock*, contrived and executed by this artiſt. It is intended for the king of Spain. The Clock is 11 feet high; the ſub-baſe of it is circular, reſting on 8 cariatides, which ſupport a number of arcades, through which the mechaniſm is ſeen. Juſt above theſe arcades is a baſon to receive water, which iſſues, as from ſo many ſprings, from the bodies of four chimeras which ſuſtain a leſſer baſon, where the waters which ſeem to ſpout out from the prows of four gallies are united; theſe being adapted to the four ſides of a pedeſtal, on which a Trojan pillar is placed. The column is covered with baſ reliefs, repreſenting the provinces of Spain and the principal productions. On the ſpiral which ſeparates theſe baſ reliefs, the hours and minutes are marked; and upon the globe, which terminates this column, the twelve ſigns of the Zodiack are engraved, the revolution of which is, the ſpace of a year; a ſerpent, the emblem of immortality, indicating their courſe. The parts of moſt conſequence in this piece of mechaniſm, or if I may be allowed the expreſſion, the *ſoul* of this clock, ſurrounded by the ſub-baſe compoſed of eight glaſs doors, is conſtructed in the manner of other clocks. It makes a concert every hour, compoſed of two German flutes, and a piano of two parts; which makes a very harmonious quarietto. It will play ſixteen different tunes, effected altogether by the peculiar conſtruction of the clock. It is only wound up once in 15 days.* Every part of the exterior, contributing to the movements, is remarkable for its ſtyle of execution, and the genius diſplayed in their combinations; all concurring to produce ſuch numberleſs and multifarious effects.

* The music is only heard from 10 o'clock in the evening, to 10 in the morning; nevertheleſs, it may be made to play all the airs, without interrupting its going.

From a London Paper.

A young man, a Midſhipman in the ſea ſervice; of rather obſcure birth, was taken priſoner during the Spaniſh war, and carried to Peru in South America, where he remained on parole for ſome years. During this period, an accident brought him acquainted with a lady, a near relation of a very high female perſonage in the kingdom of New-Spain, whoſe influence at length procured him his liberty; ſome time after which he returned to England. In the purſuit of his profeſſion, he has had the fortune to have a birth on board the ſhip, perhaps the moſt ſucceſsful in capturing the Britiſh prizes lately arrived in our ports. It happened that this young man was detached with a party of ſeamen to take poſſeſſion of a valuable prize juſt taken—when upon boarding the ſhip, he found to his utter aſtoniſhment, the very lady to whoſe kind attentions he had been under ſo many obligations. It was now his good fortune to have his caſe exactly reverſed, to enjoy the ſupreme felicity of being able to repay his obligations with a large intereſt. The circumſtance was no ſooner made known to his ſhipmates, than with the generoſity ſo characteriſtic of Britiſh ſeamen, the officers and crew immediately agreed to reſtore her property to their illuſtrious captive. All her large and beautiful veſſels of pure gold, an immenſe quantity of the moſt valuable jewels, all her coſtly furniture, and property of every deſcription to an exceeding large amount, with which ſhe was returning to her native country, were reſtored to her, thus noſly proving that humane and generous treatment of a Britiſh ſeaman in miſfortune, will never fail to be gratefully remembered by his gallant comrades, when occaſion ſhall preſent itſelf.

The fortunate midſhipman, (whoſe ſhare of prize money cannot be leſs than between 4 and 5000l.) has taken, as might be ſuppoſed, his illuſtrious friend under his protection during her ſtay in this country, and they are both we believe, at this moment in the metropolis.

ANECDOTE.

A MAN lived lately in one of the eaſtern ſtates, whoſe father had taught him the method of accumulating riches, but had totally neglected his education. From application and induſtry, he had amaſſed a property of about 20,000 dollars. Although not able to read or write, he never hired a clerk, but had always been in the habit of keeping his own books. He had invented ſome few characters, for the purpoſe of conveying his ideas to himſelf and others. They were formed as nearly ſimilar to the ſhape of the article ſold, as the nature of the circumſtance of it would admit. One day a cuſtomer of his called on him for the purpoſe of ſettling his account.—The book of hieroglaphics was handed down, and our merchant commenced with "ſuch a time you had a gallon of rum, and ſuch a time a pound of tea—ſuch a time a gallon of molaſſes, and ſuch a time a cheeſe."—"Stop there," ſays the cuſtomer, "I never had a cheeſe of you, or any other perſon—I make my own cheeſe."—You certainly muſt have had it," ſaid the merchant, "it is down in my book." The other denied ever buying an article of that kind. After a ſufficient number of *pro's* and *con's*, upon recollection, he informed him he believed he had purchaſed a *grindſtone* about that time. "That is the very thing," ſaid the merchant, "and I muſt have forgotten to put *the hole in the middle.*"

REMARKABLE PERSONAGE.

Don Joze Corderu Bericra, arrived in town laſt week from Portugal, on a viſit to the Portugueſe Ambaſſador This gentleman is 27 years of age, and 28 inches in height elegantly formed. He will be preſented to his Majeſty and the Royal Family, by his Royal Highneſs the Duke of Suſſex, to whom he had the honour of being known at Liſbon. The Portugueſe Charge d' Affaires raiſes the Don erect on his hand, and carries him about the houſe, and wraps him in a Spaniſh mantle whilſt he conveys him from his Excellency's hall that brings him at his apartments in Hanover-ſtreet, Hanover ſquare. It is ſaid he is as accompliſhed as his appearance is prepoſſeſſing.

SELECTED POETRY.

A SONG.

LET not woman e'er complain,
Of inconſtancy in love;
Let not woman e'er complain,
Fickle man is apt to rove.

Look abroad through nature's range,
Nature's mighty law is change;
Ladies would it not be ſtrange,
Man ſhould then a monſter prove?

Mark the winds, and mark the ſkies,
Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow?
Sun and moon but ſet to riſe,
Round and round the ſeaſon's go.

Why then aſk of ſilly man,
To oppoſe great nature's plan?
We'll be conſtant, while we can—
You can be no more, you know.

ALPHONSO.

A WOMAN'S SMILE.

On earth there's nothing worth poſſeſſing,
Or can the ills of life beguile,
Without that deareſt, ſweeteſt bleſſing,
The magic of a woman's ſmile.

The glare of wealth, the pomp of fame,
Are fenſeleſs treaſures, joyleſs, vile,
Are baubles with a ſplendid name,
Without the charm of woman's ſmile.

The noxious clouds of motley care,
That thicken round our joys awhile,
Like morning muſt diſſolve in air,
Before the beams of woman's ſmile.

How ſweet the ſun's bright beam muſt be,
After long night to Zembla's iſle!
But ah! much ſweeter far to me,
The ſunſhine of a woman's ſmile!

Then place me, fate, where'er you may,
Mid dreary waſte, or ſavage iſle;
For o'er my ſoul no gloom can ſtray,
While I am bleſt with woman's ſmile.

ELEGY.

IN vain this tear, lamented maid, is ſhed:
In vain this breaſt may ſorrow for thy doom;
The pang of woe can never reach the dead,
Or pierce the ſad receſſes of the tomb.

Yet, ſacred ſhade, the tributary ſigh,
Which friendſhip pays, in tenderneſs receive;
It is the lot of excellence to die,
And muſt be natures privilege to grieve.

The tender boſom is no longer warm;
That cheek muſt bluſh no wond'rous graces more;
For death alas! has triumphed over a form
Deſign'd to conquer all the world before.

But here reflection eaſily may find
The ſhort duration of the human ſtate;
Since all the nobleſt virtues of the mind
Can ne'er exempt us from the ſtroke of fate.

To Miss ——

Heav'nly are my Polly's graces,
They the female world outſhine;
Gods! ſhe of no human race is,
Her dear form is all divine.

Who can then behold her ſhrine;
Brighter than the noon-day ſun;
And not tell, without divining,
He that looks muſt be undone?

Yet, dear Polly, I muſt view thee,
Thy all killing air endure;
And my raviſh'd eyes purſue thee,
Since the charms that kill can cure.

PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCE.

The Leyden Gazette, of the 12th of December, 1785, gives the following account of the interposition of divine Providence in the favour of a widow and her family, near Dordrecht, in the province of Holland. This industrious woman was left by her husband, who was an eminent carpenter, a comfortable house, with some land, and two boats for carrying merchandize and passengers on the canals. She was also supposed to be worth about ten thousand guilders, in ready money, which she employed in a hempen and sail-cloth manufactory, as the means not only of increasing her fortune, but of instructing her children (a son and two daughters) in those useful branches of business. One night, about nine o'clock, when the workmen were going home, a person dressed in uniform, with a musket and broad-sword, came to her house, and requested lodging. "I let no lodging, friend," said the widow; "and besides, I have no spare bed, unless you sleep with my son, which I think very improper, being a perfect stranger to us all." The soldier then shewed a discharge from Diesbech's regiment, (signed by the major, who gave him an excellent character) and a passport from Compte de Maillebois, governor of Breda. The widow believing the stranger to be an honest man, as he really was, called her son, and asked him if he would accommodate a veteran, who had served the republic thirty years with reputation, with a part of his bed. The young man consented, and the soldier was hospitably entertained, and withdrew to rest. Some hours after, a loud thumping was heard at the street door, which roused the soldier, who stole softly down stairs, and listened at the hall. The blows were repeated, and the door almost broken through by a sledge hammer, or some heavy instrument. By this time the affrighted widow, and her daughters, were running about, and screaming, murder! murder! but the son having joined the soldier, with a case of loaded pistols, and the latter screwing on his bayonet, and fresh priming his piece, which was well filled with slugs, desired the women to retire, as bloody work might be expected in a few minutes. Soon after, the door was burst in, and two fellows entered, and were instantly shot by the son, who discharged both his pistols at once. Two more returned the favour, from without, but without effect; and the intrepid veteran, taking immediate advantage of the discharge of their arms, rushing on them like a lion, ran one through the body with his bayonet, and whilst the other was running away lodged the contents of his piece between his shoulders, and he dropped dead on the spot. They then closed the door as well as they could; re-loaded their arms; made a good fire; and watched till daylight, when a number of weavers and spinners came to resume their employment. We may guess their horror and surprize on seeing four men dead on a dung-hill; where the soldier had dragged them before the door was shut. The burgomaster and his syndic attended, and took the depositions of the family relative to this affair. The bodies were buried in a cross-road, and a stone erected over the grave with this inscription. "Here lie the wretched carcasses of four unknown ruffians, who deservedly lost their lives in an attempt to rob or murder a worthy woman and her family. A stranger, who slept in the house, to which divine Providence undoubtedly directed him, was the principal instrument in preventing the perpetration of such horrid designs, which justly entitles him to a lasting memorial, and the thanks of the public. John De Vries, a discharged soldier, from the regiment of Diesbach—a native of Middleburgh, in Zealand——and upwards of seventy years old—was the David who slew two of these Golians; the rest being killed by the son of the family."——The widow presented the soldier with one hundred guilders, and the city settled a handsome pension on him for the rest of his life.

THE PASSIONS.

To subdue the power of appetite, to vanquish the dominion of cupidity, to suppress the lewd and unlawful pleasures of the world, is more glorious than to triumph over a powerful army; for these passions present a more alarming phalanx and in their career commit greater devastations. He who encounters these passions and overcomes them, is entitled to always of honour. He is a wise victor and puissant conqueror, who triumphs over the direful inclination of the soul and suppresses his passions and affections.

The following is copied from Goddard's Pennsylvania Chronicle, No. 195, from October 8th to 15th, 1770.

"Salem, Sept. 25, 1770.

"Miss Namah Leech, of Beverly, who was in this town a few days since, excited the curiosity of numbers to see her, as a very remarkable instance of dwarfish stature, being but about twenty-five inches in height. She is fifty two years old.

The following communications, addressed to "CENSOR," have been received since the publication of our last paper.

FOR THE MINERVA.

To the Author of CENSOR,

The Remonstrance and Petition of an injured personage,

SHEWETH,

THAT your petitioner is descended in a right line from an illustrious and antient parentage, and, according to the established course of descents, was the lawful heir to his father's title and pre-eminent dignity; as such, he was acknowledged by his brothers and other near relations, who knowing the justice of the claim, made no hesitation in placing him at the head of their family, and chearfully acknowledged him as their superior; your petitioner was universally courted and esteemed by a numerous acquaintance, and his opinion consulted on all matters of consequence; in short, his judgment was the standard of correctness; his kinsmen paid him continual homage, tendered their services with humility, and oppressed him with caresses: but this good understanding, this friendly intercourse, was at last destroyed. Amongst your petitioner's nearest relations, was one of the most ambitious and turbulent temper: one who is never better satisfied than when breeding mischief, by whispering the foulest slanders; it was him who sowed discord in our family; the person to whom I here allude is no other than my perfidious kinsman *The Mouth*; in him have I found a persecuting, an unrelenting enemy. *The Hands* had been my ablest and best friends; they did not like many others, merely proffer their good wishes and kind intentions, but unasked they rendered much effectual assistance. *The Mouth* possessing an insinuating address and powers of eloquence almost irresistible, found little difficulty in beguiling my ignorant friends, and disparaging me in their estimation: he persuaded *The Hands* that I was an insolent tyrannical Aristocrat, who was too proud and too lazy to work for my living, and such idleness, (he cunningly observed) should not be countenanced in a republican government; this plausible argument was easily accredited, and I who a little before had been pampered in luxury, was now, on a reverse of fortune, reduced almost to beggary; and you may guess how poor a figure I made amongst my relations, who now dressed themselves off in the finery of which they had just stripped me. I used to be powdered once a day regularly, and sometimes oftener, but the face was now decorated with my spoils, and you might see cakes of powder in the eye-brows of every fair lady and lady's man, and powdered faces were considered much handsomer than powdered heads, the former contributing greatly to the fairness of the complexion, which is an essential point in female beauty.

After a tedious succession of degradations and misfortunes, your petitioner's prospects at length begin to brighten; *The Hands* have discovered how much they were deceived; and if no unfortunate circumstance intervene, a cordial reconciliation is expected to take place; pray, Mr. Censor, lend your aid to bring it about; lavish out encomiums on the beauties of flowing tresses and powdered locks, and I have little doubt but with your friendly assistance I shall speedily regain my pristine dignity.

And your Petitioner will pray.

THE HEAD.

TO Mr. CENSOR.

SIR,

MY master has sometimes told me that 'twas the best policy for every man to mind his own business, and I'll take the liberty, Mr. Censor, to give you this small matter of advice. What right have you to concern yourself with my head or with any other clerk's head? So we settle our books correctly and file our invoices regularly, tis nothing to any body whether we wear queues or not. If we make errors 'tis our employers' place to find fault and not your's, and they're forward enough to do it when there's nothing wrong: but let me tell you, that what you say against queues is all a fib; no more mistakes are made in compting-houses since they were worn than before. You advise our masters to cut off our queues if we are negligent of our duty:—do think we would suffer it? if you do think so, I can tell you that you're mistaken: remember the story which *Peter Pindar* tells us in his *Lousiad* of King George and his cooks and feullions; the cooks, difregarding the royal mandate, refused to submit their heads to the operation of the razor; the feullions were just as resolute, and boldly pronounced the order to be an infringement of their personal rights: be assured then we clerks will not give up this privilege without a struggle: for we conceive our masters to have less authority than the King of Britain, and we are certain we have better pretensions to liberty than the king's menial servants.

But perhaps you wish to know our reason for wearing 'pig-tails,' as you call them: I'll tell you; it is because the ladies think them pretty; I did not have one myself till I found that out, which was in the following manner: two youngsters belonging to our store, were courting the same young lady; for some time she shewed no partiality for either: but one of them outwitted his adversary by raising a queue; and was instantly preferred. On perceiving this I tried directly to form a queue, but unfortunately my hair was cropped so close the ribbon could get no hold on it. So I greas'd it and tagg'd it for a week, and then tied it fast; and I'm happy to inform you that its now in a fair way to do well. If you don't chuse to be slighted by the ladies you had better follow the fashion.

Yours with little respect and with less esteem,

A QUILDRIVER.

ANGER being always stiled a short madness, no less dangerous than deforming to the persons where it reigns, men should allow themselves leisure to consider the consequence of it, before they suffer themselves to be precipitated into passion. One saying to Diogenes, after a rude fellow had spat in his face, sure this base affront will make you angry; "No," said the philosopher, "but I am thinking whether I ought to be so or not."

TO PREVENT THE DECAY OF THE TEETH.

BY DR. J. BUCHELL.

To keep the gums sound and the breath sweet, wash with one of the following prescriptions night and morning.

Put the size of a nutmeg of unslacked lime, either of stone or oyster shell, fresh burnt, into a quart bottle nearly filled with hot water; keep it so stopped as to exclude the air—it must be permitted to cool before using—one or two mouth-fulls will be sufficient to wash at a time.

Or mix four table spoonfuls of lye of wood ashes, or one tea spoonful of fair of tartar, in a bottle of warm water, as above, and use it in the same manner. This is a good remedy. The lime water is entitled to a small degree of preference.

N. B. Bits of meat must not be suffered to remain between the teeth; but ought to be gently picked out by a quill tooth-pick—and nuts must not be cracked with the teeth.

A Physician in the country, who had a quarrel with the 'Squire, was at last called in to prescribe for his better half—"Now," said the doctor to his friend, "I'll have MY REVENGE on the Fox-hunter, for I'll CURE HIS WIFE.

CHARACTER OF A MARRIED MAN.

The felicity of a married man never stands still. It flows perpetual, and strengthens in its passage. It is supplied from various channels. It depends more on others than on himself. From participation proceed the most extatic enjoyments of a married man.

By an union with the gentlest, the most polished, most beautiful part of the creation, his mind is harmonized; his manners softened; his soul animated by the most tender and lively sensations. Love, gratitude, and an *universal* benevolence, mix in all his ideas. The house of a married man is his *paradise*. He never leaves it without regret; never returns to it but with gladness. The *friend* of his soul, the *wife* of his bosom, welcome his approach with rapture; joy flushes her cheek—Mutual are the transports.

Infants, lovely as the spring, climb about his knees, and contend which shall catch the envied kiss of paternal fondness. Smiling plenty, under the guardianship of economy, is seen in every department of his family. Generosity stands porter at his door; Liberality presides at his table; and social Mirth gives to time the most pleasing motion. When death overtakes him, he is only translated from one heaven to another. His glory is immortalized; and his children's children represent him on earth to the latest generation.

INTERESTING SKETCH

OF THE POLISH CHARACTER

FROM WRAXALL'S MEMOIRS.

THE Polish men of condition possess a captivating exterior, and no where are to be found more accomplished cavaliers. In all the exercises of the body they are expert; but it is on horseback that they excel. "Le Polonais est ne a cheval;" and they preserve this original characteristic of their Samaritan or Scythian origin. I never saw men i de so gracefully, or unite a more martial air, with the elegance and softness of modern manners. In conversation they are full of urbanity, gay, communicative, and well bred. Almost all the young nobility have travelled, particularly into France; from which country they have brought back the superficial, but modest address, only to be gained at Paris. French is not any where spoken more generally or fluently than at Warsaw; for the Poles, like the Russians, have a national facility at acquiring foreign languages. They are magnificent and shewy in their entertainments, with which they contrive to mix all the delicacy of an expensive taste, and creative fancy. It is to be lamented that a race of men endowed with such qualities and faculties, should in general be false, inconsistent, fickle, prodigal and deficient in that judgment, conduct and consistency of character, without which all external and ornamental talents are comparatively of no value or importance.

If the *men* excel in personal endowments and accomplishments, the Polish *women* of rank or condition are equally pleasing. The world does not produce females more winning, polished or enchanting to charm in conversation. They have neither the shyness and coldness of the English, nor the reserve and haughtiness of Austrian women. Ease, joined with grace, animated by the wish to please, render them infinitely agreeable. In beauty they may dispute the palm with any country; and their attractions are commonly heightened by all the refinement of coquetry. I do not mean to apologise for their levity, nor to excuse their libertinism; but those imperfections and faults are mo e the result of situation than of natural depravity or licentiousness. In a court and capital such as Warsaw, it is not easy to resist the seduction of example, added to the torrent of immorality. The same woman who in Poland is a Messalina, if transported to Vienna, or to London, would have given an example of every conjugal virtue. It is society, morals and laws, which mould individuals, and call into action every thing valuable in our nature.—Here, all I see, announces not less the internal dissolution, than the external destruction of Poland.

The elegance and variety of the toilet are no where better understood, or more successfully practised than in this capital; where the ladies seem to disdain the formal restraints imposed by custom in other courts. I have seen the same women in the dresses of different nations, and different centuries; a circumstance that excites no astonishment here. There is something Asiatic in the style of female attire, which reminds me of Greek or Turkish, more than of French or German modes. In a country which frontiers on Moldavia and Ukraine, such a departure, or rather emancipation, from the costume" of Paris, does not and ought not to surprise. I dined the day before yesterday with the princes [illegible]—a, at her villa, on the Vistula, accompanied by Mr. Wroughton. The weather being insupportably warm, we passed the whole afternoon in her garden, under the spreading shade of some large elms, not far from the bank of the river. I had then an opportunity of attentively considering her dress, which I will endeavour to describe. Whatever inability the attempt may discover, it will convey to you an idea of the toilet of a Polish woman of quality, who adds to the advantages of birth and fortune, the additional attractions of youth and beauty.

Her head dress has no resemblance to any thing that I ever beheld in other parts of Europe; for she neither wore powder, nor was her hair frizzled, but on the contrary, simply combed down over her forehead, and bound by a muslin fillet. Two tresses twisted, which fell from the left side were negligently pinned to a sort of turban, composed likewise of muslin, that encircled her head. Her robe was of a pale rose color, bordered by a rich embroidery, and descending to her feet, but without concealing them. About her waist was fastened a girdle or cestus of silk, nine inches in breadth. It is exactly the zone of the Greeks and of Homer, which is still worn in Walachia.—A broad Medicis of Dresden lace surrounded her bosom and shoulders, which were partly uncovered, and partly veiled by a Turkish gauze, calculated rather to display, than to hide, those parts of her person. Over her whole figure was diffused a voluptuousness which added to the effect of her natural attractions. She showed me her maids who had just returned from bathing; young Polonaize girls, resembling nymphs of loose drapery, with their wet hair floating down their backs. The Princess herself, like lady Worthy Montague's Fatima, is a native of Ramminez on the borders of Meldavia; and when a child had, as she told me, frequently been carried by her mother into the Herant of the Bashaw of Choczim, capital of that Turkish province. I have found her conversation on every subject, not less interesting than her figure; & I regret that my approaching departure from Warsaw will soon interrupt our acquaintance.

It is not merely in the intercourse of private life, in the graces of personal deportment, or in the ornaments of female cultivation, that the Polish women excel. They have in a variety of instances, displayed masculine firmness and courage above their sex; peculiarly during the period when their country was the scene of civil and foreign war. I could cite some examples of this assertion, not unworthy to be compared with the greatest models of antiquity in heroism. At the action of Slonim, in Lithuania, fought by prince Radzivil against the forces of Catharine II. in the autumn of 1764, two ladies of the highest rank appeared in the field. The one was sister to prince Radzivil, the other was his wife. The latter scarce dy seventeen years of age, and newly married, fought in person on horseback. With a pistol in her hand, she rode along the line, encouraging the troops to do their duty; and when the Russians obtained the victory, she saved herself by swimming her horse across the river Niemen.—This Camilla only wanted a Virgil to celebrate her courage. She was born a Countess Rzewuski, and is still alive, confined to a lonely castle in Lithuania, where as I am told, she is disordered in her understanding.—Her sister-in-law is likewise living, and in Poland. The fact itself which I know to be true, is one of the many that tend to prove how widely different are the spirit and manners of the country, from those of our own.

SONG TO HOPE.

COME, Hope, thou little cheating sprite,
And let us fet this quarrel right;
Come thou to me,
Or I to thee,
No matter, so we but agree.

You told me Phillis would be true,
I trusted her, I trusted you;
She prov'd a jade,
I was betray'd,
And this was one sly trick you play'd.

You promis'd me to launch a dart
At Parthenissa's stubborn heart;
You fworc 'twould hit;
The deuce-a-bit;
It miss'd—you told a second tit.

You said, base imp, that I should find
Belinda best of woman kind;
The knot was tied,
She was my bride;
She was my plague—again you lied.

A thousand times you vow'd and fwore,
And fibb'd and flatter'd o'er and o'er;
Though all was vain,
It full'd my pain:
Come then, and cheat me o'er again.

FROM THE BALANCE.

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER.

When the hoarse *Bird of night* wakes his ill-omen'd throat,
And Echo resounds from the wind-beaten rock,
While the pilfering wolf strains, with howling, his throat,
Spreading terror and flight thro' the shepherdless flock:

'Twas then a poor Soldier, long worn in the war,
Which freedom and peace to his countrymen gave;
Whose bosom was mangled with many a scar,
Was heard to complain, by a turf-mantled grave.

His thin, flowing locks were, by time, silver'd o'er,
Misfortune with furrows had planted his cheek:
His figure was manly, his garments were poor—
And grief for a moment, forbade him to speak.

"Ungrateful return, that thy country has made
"For thy service, I cried, as I view'd him, alone;
"In age, she forsakes thee—depriv'd of her aid,
"An outcast, you wander, unpitied, unknown."

"Oh! Mary!" he said, while the big briny tear,
In fast-trickling drops, his wan cheek did bedew;
"Why sleep you, my Mary, in solitude here
"Or why lives your Edward, to grieve but for you

"When youth nerv'd my arm, and when beauty's warm glow
"Beam'd thro' those bright eyes—ah! how oft in the grove,
"Where you wave mingling streamlets delightfully flow,
"Have we wander'd along, to converse of our love!

"But Britain the death-daring war-trumpet blew,
"The voice of my country arous'd me to arms:
"To meet the proud foe, into battle I flew
"And left my dear Mary, a prey to alarms.

"A season she languish'd, or wander'd forlorn,
"While fear and suspence rent her bosom with sighs;
"Then expir'd for her Edward—and under this thorn,
"With clay-clods surrounded, her cold body lies!

"Weep not, gentle angel! no longer a slave
"To sorrow, shall fate me and Mary divide"—
He said—then in haste, on the dew-sprinkled grave
His aged limbs laid, kiss'd the green turf—and died.

ALCANDER.

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The MINERVA;

Or, LADY's AND GENTLEMAN's MAGAZINE.

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LETTER OF A YOUNG GENTLEMAN TO HIS SISTER.

YOU are now, my dear sister, arrived at a time of life, when the passions begin to unfold themselves, and the heart expands, and discloses all its tender sensibilities: educated in the bosom of rural retirement, far from the liberties of the town, your mind is unsullied as the crystal stream;—your soul the image of spotless purity; and your heart the seat of every virtuous, every delicate sentiment, void of art, and free from affectation; that sweet timidity, that charming delicacy, that enchanting bashfulness, that artless, blushing modesty, which shrink from the most distant approach of every thing rude and indecent, and which forming the brightest ornaments of your sex, shine in their fullest lustre throughout every part of your conduct. Such, my lovely girl, you appear to the friendly but impartial eye of your brother: But will my charming sister always deserve this character? Young as you are, & possessed of so gentle a disposition, will you have resolution sufficient to associate with those who are called the polite and well-bred, the gay and fashionable ladies of the present day, without assuming their manners, and adopting their free and forward airs? without, like them, admitting the gentlemen among your acquaintance, to liberties, to familiarities, which, if they are not criminal, are at least inconsistent with that modesty, and chastity of manners, which constitute the first female charm, and the want of which the most brilliant accomplishments cannot compensate? Liberties, which will lessen the dignity of your character, and debase you in the eyes of those who are permitted to take them.—Will not those indelicacies, which too many, who are called gentlemen, are accustomed to use in the company of ladies, become familiar from their frequency, and less offensive by repetition, until what at first might shock and disgust, may at length appear even agreeable; and expressions for which a man ought to be kicked out of company, be perhaps heard with a smile? Should this alteration ever take place in my own amiable and blushing sister, should she sink into the common herd of what are called the polite, the fashionable, and even virtuous females, what distress will it give a heart which throbs with anxious solicitude for your felicity! How shall I pity your weakness, and mourn over the ruins of your former self!

But should you, my lovely girl, by an intercourse with the world, acquire just that ease and presence of mind, which is necessary for your own satisfaction, and to prevent your being embarrassed, (which is all you stand in need of if any thing) without losing any thing of your present sensibility and delicacy—should you, while you feel yourself free and unconstrained in company, at the same time be able to maintain that modell reserve in the whole of your conduct, which, untinctured by haughtiness or pride, flows spontaneously from a native dignity of mind, and purity of heart—you will then have arrived as near to the perfection of the female character, as will be the delight and admiration of our sex.

If those fashionable ladies, who obtrude themselves on every occasion—who admit every freedom which we please to take—who, in public companies, suffer themselves to be clasped in our arms, seated on our knees, kissed, pressed, and toyed with it in the most familiar manner—with whom our hands scarce need restraint; if they did but know how much they suffer in our opinion by such conduct, how cheap they render themselves, how much we prefer your amiable diffidence, your blushing timidity, they would endeavour to be like you, if not from principle, at least from pride, and the desire of making conquests. Believe me, my dear sister, I am well acquainted with the sentiments of our sex, and can assure you, however desirous they may be, that their companions of an hour, or of a day, should indulge them in every possible freedom, they wish to find very different manners in those whom they would choose for the companions of their lives. Besides, my dear girl, if once you suffer the rules of decency to be broken in upon by one, there is no drawing the line; nor will you find it easy to prevent every person, who passes for a gentleman, to treat you in the same manner; and be assured, there are many who are called gentlemen, who have nothing but the name.

How mortifying ought it to be to an amiable girl, to have liberties taken with her by an insolent brute, because he happens to be well dressed, and has money in his pocket, who is honored beyond his desert by being admitted into her company! Indeed, to acknowledge the truth, among the most of us, if a young lady will admit every liberty that is not absolutely inconsistent with modelly, she will find it extremely difficult to prevent our taking still greater, and at times, such as ought to be painful to any girl not lost to every eminent of propriety.

Do you ask me how you shall prevent these liberties being taken with you? I answer, by shunning, as much as possible, those large and mixed companies, where there are no persons present, whose age, or the gravity of whose character, may in some measure lay a restraint upon the rest; and by uniformly checking every thing of that nature in its first attempt. That young lady, who, when a gentleman is sitting by her, will remove the hand that is pressing her knee, or otherwise improperly employed, and does it in such a manner as shews her disapprobation—or when a gentleman rudely attempts to clasp her in his arms, and ravish a kiss from her lovely lips, will with spirit put him from her, and assure him she does not approve such freedoms—will soon prevent their representation. And do not my dear girl, fear to give offence by such conduct. If he is a man of sense, he will approve it—he will admire you for it: if he is a fool, his displeasure is not worth your notice.

But indecent conduct is not all that a young lady has to guard against. Those who are the most rude and indelicate in their actions, are commonly equally licentious in their conversation. All the wit that many of our young gentlemen possess, consists in saying things that wound every delicate bosom, and crimson the cheek of modesty—that execrable kind of wit that consists in the use of double entendres, or expressions, which, though not absolutely shocking to themselves, naturally convey loose and immoderate ideas—which in general are so plain, and intelligible, that it would be an insult to a young lady's understanding to suppose her ignorant of their meaning—and admitting her not to be ignorant, the most infamous rudeness and brutality to utter in her presence.—Persons who are no better acquainted with that respect and delicacy which ought to be observed in the company of every lady, and much more of one of your youth, beauty, and merit ought to be avoided as you would avoid a pestilence: *this* can only affect your health, your life; *that* affects the reputation, and is a canker worm which preys upon and blasts the tenest, loveliest flower of virgin modesty. And can it be possible that there are polite and fashionable young ladies, whose faces are ever ready, on such occasions, to wear the smile of approbation, while the archness of their looks give sufficient notice that they perfectly comprehend the full extent of the meaning? Yet, my dear girl, doubt not but there was a time, when they too, would have blushed at the first approaches of indelicacy—such is the terrible devastation made in the female breast, by habit, custom, and that vanity, and rage for admiration, even the admiration of fools and brutes, which frequently at first prevent a young lady from shewing her disapprobation of improper conduct, for fear of losing one from the wretched train of her admirers. And after having suffered the first breach of decency to pass unnoticed, it serves as a precedent to encourage a second, and makes it more difficult for her then to assume that propriety of conduct she ought at first to have adopted, and look out of countenance every thing rude and indelicate; until at length, by its frequency, it becomes familiar, and all her chaste sensibility being lost, it is no longer offensive to her polluted ear.

But now let me proceed to a subject more agreeable and pleasing. Nature, my dear girl, has been indulgent to you in her gifts, and has lavished upon you external beauty with a bounteous hand; she has formed you with a person truly lovely. You are pretty; this will be told you by every dangler that may hang about you. But will they be as honest as your brother, who, while he with pleasure acknowledges the justice of their praise, would wish you to act as though you alone were ignorant of your charms; and would be distressed to see you become proud and vain, and assume a thousand ridiculous and affected airs, which, to every person of sentiment, are infinitely more disgusting than all the ravages of the small-pox! Though you are beautiful, think not your beauty alone sufficient to constitute your merit. Be, my dear girl, as assiduous to cultivate your understanding, to improve your mind, to acquire every truly female and elegant accomplishment, as you would be if you had not one single recommendation to our favour besides. Beauty of person may catch us at first; but the beauties of the mind can alone secure any conquest worth making. Sickness and disease may, in a moment, strip you of the bloom of the rose, and tarnish the whiteness of the lily! at least those charms wither and decay when the winter of life approaches: the beauties of the mind will survive all the ruins of sickness and age, and endear beyond the grave. Beauty of person soon becomes familiar, and palls in possession: but virtue and sense will ever improve, and be still higher prized as they are better known.

A PICTURE OF MATRIMONY.

BY LORD KAIMS.

AMONG the wild birds that build on trees, the male, after feeding his mate in the nest, plants himself on the next spray, and cheers her with a song. There is a still greater pleasure provided for the human race in the matrimonial state, and stronger incitements to constancy.—Sweet is the society of a pair fitted for each other, in whom are the affections of husband, wife, lover friend: the tenderest affections of human nature. Public government is in perfection, when the sovereign commands with humanity, and the subjects are cordial in their obedience. Private government in conjugal society, arrives at still greater perfection, where the husband and wife govern and are governed reciprocally, with entire satisfaction to both. The man bears rule over his wife's person and conduct; she bears rule over his inclinations, he governs by law; she by persuasion. Nor can her authority ever fail, where it is supported by sweetness of temper, and zeal to make him happy. Matrimony among savages is a very humble state, for the female sex; but delicate organization, great sensibility, lively imagination, with sweetness of temper, above all, qualify women for more dignified society with men; which is, to be their bosom friends and companions. In the common course of female education, young women are trained to make an agreeable figure, and to behave with decency and propriety; very little cultivation is bestowed on the head, very little on the heart. Education so slight and superficial, is far from seconding the purpose of nature, that of making women fit companions for men of sense. Due cultivation of the female mind would add greatly to the happiness of the males, and still more to that of the females. Time runs on; and when youth and beauty vanish, a fine lady who never entertained a thought into which an adorer did not enter, finds herself a lamentable void, occasioning discontent and peevishness. But a woman who has merit improved by virtuous and refined education, retains in her decline, an influence over the men more flattering even than that of beauty; she is the delight of her friends, as formerly of her admirers. Admirable would be the effects of such refined education, contributing no less to public good, than to private happiness.

A man, who at present must degrade himself into a fop, or a coxcomb, to order to please the women, would soon discover, that their favour is not to be gained, but by exerting every manly talent in public and private life; and the two sexes instead of corrupting each other, would be rivals in the race of virtue. Mutual esteem would to each be a school of urbanity; and mutual desire of pleasing would give smoothness to their behaviour, delicacy to their sentiments, and tenderness to their passions.

Married women especially, destined by nature to take the lead in educating their children, would no longer be the greatest obstruction to good education, by their ignorance and frivolity. Even upon the breast, infants are susceptible of impressions; and the mother hath opportunities without end, of instilling into them good principles, before they are fit for a male tutor.

MEMORANDA.

Of a Student at law for 24 Hours.

Nine o'clock, A. M. was call'd by the servant to breakfast: *demurred* to it——found it wouldn't do, tho'—must *fill up the blanks* in the abdomen.

Ten o'clock—Felt a little squeamish; intemperance had taken away the tone of my stomach—took a drop of stimulus, by way of *replevin*, to get it back again.

Eleven o'clock—Peeped into Coke—what a big book it is—difficult to be understood too—couldn't stand it—took up a song book, and hummed over "Mother Casey"—walked out to a neighbour's and swallowed another *replevin* stimulate.

Twelve o'clock—A huge fellow made a wry face at me—I swore I'd prosecute him for an *assault*, when he commenced a most tremendous *battery* upon my poor carcase; I gave him a *rejoinder*—he tipp'd me a *sur-rejoinder*

—I then darted my head into his stomach, by way of a *rebutter*, when he fell on the ground and I *won the cause*.

One o'clock—Took a little more of the usual *replevin*—sat down to dinner and ate a slice of ham—made five resolutions to live more temperately—took a glass of *half and half* by way of confirming.

Two o'clock—In prime order—went to see Miss S——a fine looking girl she is too—whispered her a little nonsense in the ear; her mother don't like me—she pop'd in all of a sudden, and caught me kissing her daughter: I made *issue* per front door, and was off in a tangent!

Three o'clock—Saw a creditor—he dunn'd me hard—but I *non-suited* him for the present.

Four o'clock—Time to go to study—got a head ache—read about *petty larceny*—an old cake woman came by, and I made *forcible entry* upon her basket, and *detainer* upon her gingerbread, the old dame made prodigious loud and strong *declarations* against it. My plea was *fun*: she vow'd she'd sue me—I gave her the price of the cakes to compromise, and so the affair ended.

Five o'clock—Went to see an acquaintance—tried to be witty—out of five attempts, three were abortions—one joke was laughed at myself. *Mem.*—Stick to common sense, and let wit alone.

Six o'clock—Took a little more *replevin*—found my stomach in prime order—got among the girls—talked non sense—laughed loud, and endeavour'd to be amusing—the girls sniggered—I looked foolish, and became totally dumb-founded.

Seven o'clock—Shall I go to bed?—Too soon yet—whistled blubullero—capered about the house, & swigg'd another *replevin*—felt quite lively—sallied out—broke a negro's head: the fellow made more noise than our court crier—I made my *escape instanter*.

Eight o'clock—Took another *replevin!*—Nine—Another!—Ten—Another!!!—Eleven—Two more, in quick succession!!!!

Nine o'clock the next morning—Found myself in bed with my coat on!

HISTORICAL.

IT was not until the year 1608 (says a late European publication) that the use of a fork at table was introduced in England. That singular character Thomas Coriate, of Oddecombe, thus speaks upon the subject. "I observed a custom in all the Italian cities and towns through which I passed, that is not used in any other country that I saw in my travels; neither do I think that any other nation in Christendom doth use it, but only Italy. The Italians, and also most strangers are *commorant* in Italy, do always, at their meals, use a little fork when they eat their meat. For while with their knife, which they hold in one hand, they cut their meat out of the dish, they fasten their fork, which they hold in the other hand, upon the same dish. So that whatsoever he be that, sitting in the company of others at meals should unadvisedly touch the dish of meat with his fingers, from which all the table does eat, he will give occasion of offence to the company, as having *transgressed the laws of good manners*, and that for his error he shall be at least brow beaten, if not reprehended in words. This form of feeding is generally used in all places of Italy. Their forks for the most part being made of iron or steel, and some silver, but the last are only used by gentlemen. The reason of this, their *curiosity*, is because the Italian cannot by any means endure to have his dish touched with fingers; seeing all men's fingers are not alike clean. Hereupon I myself thought good to imitate the Italian fashion, by this forked cutting of meat, not only whilst I was in Italy, but in Germany, and oftentimes in England since I came home.

FROM THE NEW-YORK DAILY ADVERTISER.

THE PERPETUAL COMPLAINT.

MR. EDITOR,

Being among the number of those with whom mankind is constantly dissatisfied, I beg leave to subjoin my complaints to those that have occasionally introduced them to the public, through the channel of your communications. When I tell you I am as old as Time himself, you will allow, that on the score of longevity, I ought to be respected: and when I add that I am venerable in my appearance and temperature, as mortals themselves, you will also be disposed to grant that I am not to be reprobated on the score of inconsistency. Yet so it is, that even though I seemingly take pains to accommodate my variable dispositions to the variable dispositions of mankind, the circumstance produces no sympathetic congeniality between us, and my inconstancy is rendered proverbial, while their own propensity to fickleness never occurs to their recollection. Yes, Sir, I have no quarrel with the world on the subjects of indifference, neglect, or disregard; for I must confess every body pays me due attention; I am inquired after every night and every morning, and am so much the topic of conversation, and so regularly introduced after the customary greetings of ceremonial intercourse, that I may be said to be a kind of necesary assistant to conversation; for when people are barren of ideas, I am always at hand to supply the vacuity of minds; yet I am scarcely mentioned in any other light but as a source of complaint and dissatisfaction, and without having some opprobrious epithet attached to my name. Sometimes I am accused of being too warm in my behaviour, sometimes too cold. If I smile unexpectedly, I am suspected of harboring treacherous designs; and men say sarcastically, We shall pay for this! If I continue my placid deportment, and am mild, sweet, and amiable, for any length of time, I am inclined to be sad. Thick, heavy, dull, nasty, are epithets commonly applied to me. If I am still, I am said to be vaporish.—if loud, boisterious and rude. Aches, pains, rheumatisms, and shooting corns, are often attributed to my influence. In short Sir, I am so wretched, so censured, so abused, every day, that it would seem as if I were a stranger upon earth, and born but yesterday rather than an inhabitant of Paradise, known to Adam and Eve, and one who was present at the Creation. But I will not detain you any longer, Sir, for I see you are looking at me through the window, and meditating an interview with your very old acquaintance.

THE WEATHER.

FROM THE NEW YORK HERALD.

A Poem has lately been published in Salem, entitled, *Power of Solitude*, in two parts, by J. STORY, which by the delicacy of its verse, promises to obtain for the author a very considerable share of applause. The design of the work, says the writer, is no less to exhibit descriptions of life and local scenery, than to mark the influence of solitude upon the passions and faculties of mankind. He begins with recounting the pleasures of retirement, and undertakes to shew that the tender and sublime emotions of the soul when reposing in the shades of solitude are derived from that principle of association and sympathy which nature has implanted in the human breast. The Poem begins:

O'er the dim glen when autumn's dewy ray
Sheds the mild lustre of retiring day,
While scarce the breeze with whispering murmur flows
To hymn its dirge at evening's placid close:
When awful silence holds her sullen reign,
And moonlight sparkle on the dimpled main;
Or through some ancient solitary tower
Disport loose shadows at the midnight hour:
Whence flows the charm these hallowed scenes impart,
To warm the fancy, and affect the heart?
Why swells the breast, alive at every pore,
With throbs unknown, with pains unfelt before?
Why turns the restless glance on every side
In grateful gloom, or melancholy pride?
Touch'd by quick Sympathy's mysterious spring,
Thoughts airy sprites in mazy circles wing.
On the fine nerves impress a trembling thrill,
And move obedient to the wakeful will;
Till memory's trains in swift succession rise,
And round Retirement blend harmonic dyes.

Another observation of that Poet is, the social scenes are incapable of affording consolation to the heart in the unfortunate incidents of life, in disappointment, sorrow and despair.

The lovely maid, whose native virtues flow
Chaste, as the airy web of primless snow,
If in sad hour, the prey of treacherous toil,
Her rifled honor fall some plunderer's spoil,
How vain the hope to hide from public fame
Her deep contrition and ingenuous shame!
Where'er she turns the circled crime prevails,
In smiles reproaches, and in sneers assails,
And, like some troubled ghost, in thin disguise,
The pointed insult meets her downcast eyes.
In vain may eloquence in mercy plead
To spare the person yet detest the deed,
Ungenerous censure dooms to deadlier woe
The wretch, who suffered, than who dealt the blow.

Poor, wandering outcast, though with arrowy sway,
Embittered memory haunt the fatal day,
When life's bright visions with pollution fled,
And virtue sickened with the tears she shed;
No more returned the scenes of festive mirth,
When youth and fancy cheer'd the social hearth,
Or tript with truant steps the verdant heath,
To watch the sun-beam as it blushed in death;
Yet shall meek solitude with temperate sway
Gild the deep shade, and light the closing day,
Lull the keen pangs, thy bleeding breast that tore,
And hallow transports, life can ne'er restore.

SELECTED POETRY.

WOMEN.

Lovely women, pride of nature,
Good and sweet, and kind and fair!
Than man, a higher stile of creature,
Perfect as celestials are:
See Myra comes like stately Juno,
Ever fair and ever young,
Completely like, as I and you know,
For she, like Juno, *has a tongue*.

Young Celia's charms that beam so sweetly,
To paint, ah what can words avail,
She's Venus self, and so completely,
That Celia is, like Venus *frail*:
To woo the charming Gloriana,
Audacity would stand afraid;
She's chaste and icy, as Diana,
And, like Diana, *an old maid*.

Thus women boast a near relation,
'Tis plain, to the celestial race,
Thus we of their divine creation,
A family resemblance trace:
If then some faults of this complexion,
Like spots upon the sun, their fame,
Rust this same model of perfection,
The stars, not women, are to blame.

AN UNFORTUNATE MOTHER,

TO HER INFANT AT THE BREAST.

Unhappy child of indiscretion!
Poor slumberer on a breast forlorn,
Pledge and reproof of past transgression,
Dear, though unwelcome to be born;

For thee, a suppliant wish addressing,
To Heaven, thy mother fain would dare,
But conscious blushings stain the blessing,
And sighs suppress my broken prayer.

But, spite of these, my mind unshaken,
In parent duty turns to thee;
Though long respected, never forsaken,
Thy days shall love and guarded be.

And let the injurious world upbraid thee,
For mine or for thy father's ill,
A nameless mother oft shall aid thee,
A hand unseen protect the still.

And while to rank or wealth a stranger,
Thy life an humble course shall run;
Soon shall thou learn to fly the danger,
Which I, too late, have learn'd to shun.

Mean time, in these sequestered vallies,
Here may'st thou rest in safe content;
For innocence may smile at malice,
And thou, O thou! art innocent.

Here to thine infant wants are given
Shelter, and rest, and purest air,
And milk as pure—but mercy, heaven!
My tears have dropp'd, and mingled there.

AMANDA.

ON MRS. JANE LOUISA STUART.

Her peerless beauty sheds celestial light,
An angel's glory, which enchants the sight;
Pure mental beams through blooming features play,
Her smile is morning, and her eye is day.
More than my muse, such heavenly charms require,
Minerva's pencil, and Apollo's fire.

ON A MODERN DRAMATIST.

Not for the *stage* his plays are fit,
But the closet, (said a wit;)
The closet! (said his friend) I ween,
The *water closet* tis you mean.

HUMANITY TO ANIMALS.

(From Southey's Travels into Spain.)

I will relate to you a circumstance which occurred at Aho in Finland. You will admire the despotic justice of the magistrates. A dog, who had been run over by a carriage, crawled to the door of a tanner in that town; the man's son, a boy of fifteen years of age, first stoned, and then poured a vessel of boiling water upon the miserable animal. This act of diabolical cruelty was witnessed by one of the magistrates, who thought that such barbarity deserved to be publicly noticed. He therefore informed the other magistrates, who unanimously agreed in condemning the boy to this punishment.—He was imprisoned till the next market day; then in the presence of all the people, he was conducted to the place of execution by an officer of justice, who read to him his sentence.—"Inhuman young man, because you did not assist an animal who implored your assistance by its cries, and who derives being from the same God who gave you life, because you added to the tortures of the agonizing beast, and murdered it, the Council of this city have sentenced you to wear on your breast the name you deserve, and to receive fifty stripes." He then hung a black board round his neck with this inscription: "A savage and inhuman young man!" and after inflicting on him twenty-five stripes, he proceeded: "Inhuman young man! you have now felt a very small degree of the pain with which you tortured a helpless animal in its hour of death!—As you wish for mercy from that God who created all that live, learn humanity for the future." He then executed the remainder of the sentence.

GRATITUDE.

THERE is a species of grateful remorse which has sometimes been known to operate forcibly on the minds of the most hardened impudence. An actor, celebrated for mimicry, was to have been employed by a comic author, to take off the person, the manner, and the singularly awkward delivery of the celebrated Dr. Woodward, who was to be introduced to the stage in a very laughable character. The mimic dressed himself as a countryman, and waited on the doctor with a long catalogue of ailments, which attended on his wife. The doctor heard with amazement, diseases and pains of the most opposite nature repeated and redoubled on the wretched patient. For as the actor's wish was to keep Dr. Woodward in his company as long as possible, that he might make the more observations on his gestures, he loaded his poor imaginary spouse with every infirmity which had any probable chance of prolonging the interview. At length, being completely master of his errand, he drew from his purse a guinea, and with a scrape made an uncouth offer of it. 'Put up thy money, poor fellow, (says the doctor) put up thy money. Thou hast need of all thy cash, and all thy patience too, with such a bundle of diseases tied to thy back.' The actor returned to his employer, and recounted the whole conversation, with such true feeling of the physicians character, that the author screamed with approbation. His raptures were, however, soon checked, for the mimic told him with the emphasis of sensibility, that he would sooner die than prostitute his talents to render such genuine humanity a laughing stock to the public.

Gratitude is a duty none can be excused from, because it is always at our own disposal.

A WIFE WANTED.

The following curious advertisement has lately appeared in the Charleston Times.

A YOUNG MAN,

Native of a pleasant part of New-England, having no objections to enter upon a Married Life, hereby makes known his intentions to the Young Ladies of Carolina. He is about twenty-five years of age, of decent possessions and fair prospects—can produce unsuspected character—other particulars to be expressed on personal interview; to approach which, he suggests the following method:—The lady whose attention may be excited by these proposals, is desired to drop a Billet into the box of the Post-office addressed to A. B. in which she will declare so much of her mind, as is necessary to hint the first avowal of an honorable courtship. She will also prescribe her (fictitious) address, together with the time and place at which he may deposit a letter of more explicit contents. This correspondence may be continued at the pleasure of the parties, until by reciprocal understanding, they may assign an interview. As his propositions are religiously sincere, he expects that hers also will be such, as far as she thinks proper to proceed. He pledges the honor of a gentleman that, whatever may be his professions and disclosures, he will observe the most diplomatic silence, and unremitting secrecy. She will be indulged (at any stage of the addresses,) in suspending the correspondence whenever she chuses. Attention in conformity to the above shall be strictly paid, for the space of fourteen days from the date.

Though an introduction to the acquaintance of a companion, so novel and unprecedented, may wear with many a theatrical appearance, the writer is conscious of nothing, why it may not be perfectly consistent with every object of courtship. As advertisements of this kind, though really sincere, are too often viewed as mere scenes of mock-gallantry, he tenders his assurances, that this *bona fide* will be supported with serious intention, and unaffected candour; he begs, moreover, that the Lady who cannot otherwise be convicted, would so respect the proposition above stated, as to make an introductory experiment, isolated at her own pleasure, with caution and reserve.

REMARKABLE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

In the Memoirs of the Count de Maurepas, published not long ago, we have an account of the most singular hypochondriac in the person of the prince of Bourbon. He once imagined himself to be a Hare, and would suffer no bell to be rung in his palace, lest the noise should drive him to the woods. At another time he fancied himself to be a Plant, and as he stood in the garden, insisted on being watered. He some time afterwards thought he was dead, and refused nourishment, for which, he said, he had no further occasion. This whim would have proved fatal, if his friends had not contrived to disguise two persons, who were introduced to him as his grandfather and Marshal Luxemburg, (both deceased); and who, after some conversation concerning the shades, invited him to dine with Marshal Turenne, also deceased. Our hypochondriac followed them into a cellar prepared for the purpose, where he made an hearty meal. While his disorder had this turn, he always dined in the cellar with some noble Ghost. We are also informed, that this strange malady did not incapacitate him for business, especially when his interest was concerned.

MADAME JEROME BONAPARTE.

Deal. (England) *May* 19.

Arrived this afternoon, the ship Erin from Baltimore, having on board Madame Bonaparte, (late Miss Patterson.) The ship first put into Lisbon, and there landed JEROME, who immediately went off for Paris, ordering the vessel to proceed to Amsterdam, from whence he intended to have conveyed his wife to Paris, thinking, by the time the ship arrived at that place, he should have obtained the requisite leave from his brother; but on the ship's arrival in the Texel, Madame Bonaparte was prevented from going on shore. Madame Bonaparte is attended by her brother, Mr. Patterson, and a female companion. The reason of the ship coming into an English port is, that as Madame Bonaparte is very far advanced in pregnancy, her brother did not think it safe for her to proceed for Baltimore in such a situation. The captain of the ship informed me, that he remained in the Texel a week, and his vessel was placed during that time between a 64 gun ship and a frigate, and row guard boats were kept about the ship during the night. The Dutch admiral behaved with the greatest civility, and very frequently sent provisions from his own table on board.

Dover. May 21.

This day at half past two o'clock, the beautiful Madame Jerome Bonaparte received the visits of the most conspicuous persons, both ladies and gentlemen, at this place. Her style and behaviour on this occasion displayed an unaffected elegance and dignified composure, which entirely confirmed the favorable impression, which was made on her first landing. She was dressed with great simplicity and modesty: on her head she wore no other ornament but her own hair, seeming to trust completely to that nature, which had, to her, been so bountiful. The company remained a considerable time, each appearing to vie in the offer of attentions. Among many distinguished persons, Lady Forbes, the hon. gen. Hope, Mr, Skeffington, &c. &c. &c. were particularly noticed.

May 22.

Madame Bonaparte has this day experienced a continuation of attentions from the chief inhabitants, the military, &c. The time of her residence here is not yet determined.

HISTORICAL.

CAPTURE OF CONSTANTINOPLE, AND DISCOVERY OF THE ART OF PRINTING.

Nearly the same period of time that gave the world the important discovery of printing, saw the destruction of the Roman Empire in the East. In the year 1453, the city of Constantinople was captured by the Turks, under the command of Mahomet II. after a vigorous defence of 53 days. The encouragement which had been shewn to the Greek professors at Florence, and the character of Cosmo de Medici, as a promoter of letters, induced many learned Greeks to seek a shelter in that city, where they met with a welcome and honorable reception. Amongst these were Demetrius Chalcondyles, Johannes Andronicus Calistus, Constantius, and Johannes Lascaris, in whom the platonic philosophy obtained fresh partizans, and by whose support it began openly to oppose itself to that of Aristotle. Between the Greek and Italian professors a spirit of emulation was kindled that operated most favorably on the cause of letters. Public schools were instituted at Florence for the study of the Greek tongue. The facility of diffusing their labours, by means of the newly discovered art of printing, stimulated the learned to fresh exertions; and in a few years the cities of Italy vied with each other in the number and elegance of works produced from the press.

The following patriotic and sentimental TOASTS are selected from those drank at the celebration of American Independence, in Petersburg, on the 4th inst.

THE DAY—

'The patriot flame with quick contagion ran,
Hill Lighted hill, and man electrized man;
Her heroes slain, awhile Columbia mourn'd,
And crown'd with laurels, liberty return'd.'

THE HEROES OF THE REVOLUTION—

'Our sires were known, but by their manly frowns
On their dark brows, enthron'd fat Liberty.
The awe of hosts and contempt of death:
——We are not bastards.'

THE PEOPLE OF THE U. STATES—

'Are we not mark'd by all the circling world,
As the great flake, the last effort of Liberty?
Say—is it not your wealth—the thirst, the food,
The scope and bright ambition of your souls?'

THE AMERICAN FAIR—

'——Brightest progeny of heav'n!
How shall we trace thy heauties!—where select,
The richest hues to emulate thy bloom!'——6 *gu*

ON DUELLING.

[BY SOMERS.]

THE point of honor has been deem'd of use,
To teach good manners, and to curb abuse.
Admit it true, the consequence is clear,
Our polished manners are a mask we wear,
And at the bottom barbarous still and rude;
We are restrained, indeed, but not subdued.
The very remedy, however sure,
Springs from the mischief it intends to cure.
And savage in its principle appears,
Tried as it should be by the fruits it bears.
'Tis hard, indeed, if nothing will defend,
Mankind from quarrels but their fatal end;
That now and then a hero must decease,
That the surviving world may live in peace.
Perhaps at last close scrutiny may show
The practice dastardly, and mean, and low;
That men engage in it compell'd by force:
And fear, not courage, is its proper source.
The fear of tyrant custom, and the fear
Lest Fops should censure us and fools should sneer.
At least to trample on our Maker's laws,
And hazard life for any or no cause:
To rush into a fix'd eternal state,
Out of the very flames of rage and hate,
Or send another shivering to the bar,
With all the guilt of such unnatural war,
Whatever use may urge, or honor plead,
On reason's verdict, is a madman's deed.
Am I to set my life upon a throw,
Because a hear is rude and surly? No—
A moral, sensible, and well-bred man
Will not affront me, and no other can.
Were I empower'd to regulate the lists,
They should encounter with well-loaded fists;
A Trojan combat would be something new,
Let *Dares* beat *Entellus* black and blue;
Then each might show to his admiring friends,
In honorable bumps his rich amends,
And carry in contusions of his skull,
A satisfactory receipt in full.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A '*Soliloquy to Hope*' has been accidentally mislaid—if the author will take the trouble to send a second copy, it shall appear in the succeeding number.

Humility is inadmissible.

The following ODE TO INDEPENDENCE *was delivered in Baltimore on the 4th of July, at the* BALTIMORE ACADEMY.

ODE TO INDEPENDENCE.

No I.

HAIL INDEPENDENCE! source of parent-joy,
Of all that human life with rapture warms;
Each freedom loving heart thy praise employ,
That feels the priceless value of thy charms.
Annual to thee devoted be this day,
That gave our rising infant empire birth,
That rescu'd from Oppression's slavish sway,
So great a portion of the peopled earth.

Propitious Power!—To mem'ry dear,
High let thy arms thy banner rear,
Where'er by Tyrant wrongs unfurl'd;
O'er ev'ry clime—O'er every land,
Extend afar thy bold command,
Till thou hast freed the fetter'd world.

II.

Devoid of thee how abject human life!
Deep sunk its low, its servile, cringing state—
Unable to abet the glorious strife,
Of those thy native rights who vindicate.
Bereft of thee degraded man appears,
Beneath his nature's dignified scale;
No conscious worth his humbled visage cheers,
No manly joys his social hours regale

As grass beneath the burning ray,
His dull-spent moments pine away—
To thy undaunted spirit dead,
His native dignity is fled—
The bending neck—and suppliant knee—
Ne'er INDEPENDENCE!—taught by thee—
Usurp the sacred honors of his head.

III.

Where thou art lost—too soon the humbled soul,
Falls prostrate at the Despot's haughty shrine;
Their yielding stoops to lawless power's control,
No more to boast a freeborn will divine.
Thus brave old Europe's subjugated swains,
Too long a tyrant's awful nod ador'd;
Tho' often exil'd from their native plains
Or sentenc'd, guiltless, to the wheel or cord.

Seldom do souls enslav'd pervade
The maze that blinds their vanquish'd view;
The more the grievous tribute paid—
The more the galling chains degrade
Whate'er to native right is due—
'Till soon oppression's overflowing flood
In one wide wide vortex whelms the public good.

IV.

But mark! where'er thy fearless spirit glows
There all her genial powers the soul maintains;
Asserts the right that from thy influence flows,
And all her native vigor soon regains.
The Despot's hireling's own thy martial men,
Who ne'er has bent thee to the slavish yoke;
Still in thy train resistless ranks are seen
While tyrant's tremble at the dreadful stroke.

Calm peace and joy, and rosy health,
With rising, honest, self-won wealth,
Contentment, dignity and truth,
And honor's ever blooming youth,
Are the fair offspring thou may'st own;
Virtue in every varied view,
Pure patriotism's Unsullied hue,
By thy blest votaries best are known.

V.

Oft as COLUMBIA'S rising states survey'd
In arts, in arms, in wealth and virtuous fame,
To mind recall the bliss that heav'n display'd,
When independence gave her first a name,
High rank'd her 'midst the glorious nations brave
Who nobly bled in injur'd freedom's cause,
Whom no proud tyrant's minions could enslave;
Or force from sacred right's eternal cause.

Oft as the varied year goes round,
High let thy celebration's sound,
Grateful record the great auspicious day—
That all our grievances redress'd;
Our land with peace and freedom bless'd,
And crush'd the Hydra-form of despotic dismay.

VI.

Ye SONS of INDEPENDENCE, hail this day,
Who prize its worth, inestimably, dear,
Your warmest gratulations, loudly pay.
Ye who its gleaming arms and standards bear,
Your country ne'er by nature form'd to bend,
E'en in her wildest aspect greatly bold,
Her genius to her sons would gladly lend,
And grant them rights ne'er to be bought or sold.

See the rude Indian's untaught mind,
Its independence still preserve—
No dread of power—no fawning arts refin'd,
Can forge his yielding soul to swerve.
Blush then, the mind by culture train'd,
That senseless of its rights remains;
Or basely barters what much blood obtain'd
For vile Corruption's mercenary gains.

VII.

Nor let those *Heroes* brave lie long obscur'd,
In dark oblivion's ungrateful grave,
Who sev'n campaigns of toil and blood endur'd,
And Independence to their country gave.
What, tho' by heav'n 'bove panegyric rais'd,
Their lov'd remain's on earth's cold bosom rest,
So long as deeds of valour shall be prais'd,
So long they'll live in every patriot's breast.
Then raise on high—the loudest strain
"And louder yet—and louder yet again"—
The *Sons of Independence sing.*
Who fought and bled—and bled and fought,
Save those from conscious worth that spring;
Or such as rescu'd nation's bring
To those who dare their country's rights redeem;
Tho' in her cause they pour life's purple stream.

VIII.

As fair Aurora pours her golden light,
With spreading glories o'er the azure zone,
Till the meridian blaze burst on the sight
So Independence—hath thy lustre shone!
Since that high-favor'd band gave thee a form
That o'er Columbia's Councils now presides,
Thro' ev'ry dark, auspicious, gathering storm
Our civic bark thy saving influence guides.

All hail! the happy rescu'd land—
That owns alone thy lov'd command:
And all thy worth maintains—
From Vermont's deep perennial snows,
To where fam'd Mississippi flows,
O'er vast Louisiana's plains;
Thy massy base rests on an empire wide
While tott'ring thrones falls crumbling by thy side.

IX.

Ah! be it ours to teach the human race,
Far as they spread o'er this revolving sphere,
That INDEPENDENCE is her native grace,
O'er all our councils shed her lustre fair.
That here we bear her standard bold erect,
Untarnish'd by the grasp of servile hand,
Firmly securing national respect
O'er the wide confines of this happy land.

That 'neath her waving banner high display'd
Maturing Virtues pros'prous rise,
Fair Honesty without disguise,
And innocence in snowy robes array'd—
Until'd Worth—with conscious Merit crown'd,
Superior to the gilded toys of state,
Integrity of soul—tho' unrenown'd
By all the baubles of the falsely great.
"These, Independence! in thy train preside,"
Propitious Pow'r! our patron and our pride.

X.

"O thou! who ruleft the world with sov'reign sway—
"To whom alone, the *Free* should prostrate bend—
"At first bequeath'd, preserve this blissful day,
"Till time's revolving course shall end.
"To thee in one united, sacred sound,
"Exalted by Columbia's loud acclaim.—}
"Let all the lengthen'd hills and vales around
"Repeat thy anthem's to thy glor'ous name.
"Beneath her highly favor'd skies
"Let independent temples rise,
"Superior to the yoke of civil pride;
"Pure as thyself—their sacred joy,
"Devoid of pomps corrupt alloy,
"O'er all a pious land preside;
"And to thy hallow'd throne, our grateful praises
"guide."

SONNET

On the departure of a young lady.

'Tis past the visionary dream is o'er,
And fled the pleasures in its blissful train:
The joys that Hope had pencil'd are no more,
Though the sad substitutes of Grief remain!

Lucy!—there's anguish in the very word,
That once was life and Heaven to my soul—
For, ah! my falt'ring accents are not heard
By her who listens to the billowy roll!

She's gone!—The scudding bark unfurls its sails,
And bears the prize triumphantly away:
Spreads its wide canvas to the fav'ring gales,
And darts with fury through the foamy spray!
Ah though the breezes waft her to the goal,
They cannot tear *her image* from my soul.

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1st..."THE MINERVA" shall be neatly printed, weekly, on a half-sheet Super-Royal paper.

2d....THE terms are TWO DOLLARS per annum, to be PAID IN ADVANCE.

3d....A handsome title-page and table of contents will be furnished (gratis) at the completion of each volume.

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The MINERVA;

Or, LADY's AND GENTLEMAN's MAGAZINE.

VOLUME I.] RICHMOND:—*FRIDAY*, JULY 19, 1805. [NUMBER 45.

AMBITION.

SERVIUS TULLIUS, the sixth king of Rome, had two daughters by Tarquinia, daughter of Tarquinius Priscus. When they were marriageable, he gave them to their cousin-germans, that prince's two grandsons. His son-in-law met in each of their wives, dispositions entirely opposite to their own genius and tempers. Lucius, the elder brother, a man daring, haughty and cruel, had a wife of a meek, reasonable spirit, full of tenderness and respect for her father. Arcius, the younger brother, much more humane and tractable, found in young Tullia, one of your bold enterprising women, capable of the blackest deeds. Perceiving neither ambition nor daringness in her husband, she bore with uneasiness his peaceable temper, by her called indolence and cowardice. Inclined entirely to the old Tarquin, she ceased not to praise, admire, extol him, as a man of spirit, as a prince worthy his birth. She spoke with contempt of her sister, for so ill seconding a husband. Likeness of temper and inclinations quickly united Lucius Tarquin and young Tullia. In the private conversation which she often procured with her brother-in-law, she used the most injurious and contumelious language to inspire him with contempt for her husband and sister. She said, "it would have been much better for them both to remain unmarried than to be joined to tempers contrary to their own, and forced by the stupidity of others shamefully to languish away their time. If the gods had given her the husband she deserved, she would soon behold in her family the crown she saw in her fathers." It was not difficult to infuse her sentiments into the prince, and lend him to her designs. They immediately plotted the death, the one of her husband, the other of his wife: and after the execution of the double murder, they joined together their fortunes and furious tempers in marriage, which Servius dared not not oppose, though he dreaded the fatal consequences of it.

As they now saw no other obstacle to their ambition but Servius's life, the thirst of dominion quickly carried them from their crime to another still more horrible; that fury which Tarquin had always by his side not letting him rest night nor day, for fear of losing the fruit of her first parricides. What words did she not use? "She had indeed found a man called her husband, & with whom she might live in a private and dishonorable servitude; not a prince who thought himself worthy a throne, who remembered he was grandson to king Tarquin, and chose rather to seize the sceptre than wait for it. If you are the man I imagine myself married to, I call you my husband, my lord, and my king. But if not, my condition is so far altered for the worse, as I find here wickedness joined to cowardice. Dare only, and you will meet no obstacle. You need not, like your grandfather, cross the seas, or travel to Rome from Corinths or Tarquini, to acquire with difficulty a foreign kingdom. Your household gods, the image of your grandfather, the palace you are in, the throne you daily behold, the name of Tarquin, all create and salute you king. If you want courage for these things, why do you still disappoint the city? Why do you appear like a prince that expects to reign? Begone from hence to Tarquinii or Corinth: return back to your first original, more like your brother than grandfather."

Tarquin encouraged and incessantly spurred on by this domestic fury throws off all restraint, and resolvedly pursues the wicked design. He labours to gain the senators, especially of the new creation: he engages the youth by presents; and daily increases his party by his affability, and by promising wonders of himself, whilst he loads the king with the blackest aspersions.

When he thought the proper hour was come to discover his intentions, surrounded with a guard, he abruptly enters the Forum. Fear seizing all, he advances to the Senate-house, seats himself upon the throne, and orders the senators to be convened in king Tarquin's name. They instantly assembled some prepared beforehand, others for fear their absence should be deemed a crime; the greatest part surprised and troubled at so strange and unexpected an event, and believing Servius was undone. Upon information of what passed in the senate, the king comes in whilst Tarquin was in the midst of an harangue: and with a loud voice cries out the moment he seems him on the throne, "What! Tarquin, dare you, while I am alive, to call the senate, and sit on my throne?" Tarquin fiercely replied, "He sat in his grandfather's seat, to which a grandson bad more right than a slave; Servius had too long insulted his betters, and abused their patience." Their favourers on both sides made a great noise the people at the same time rushed into the senate, and it appeared the quarrel was to be decided by force.

Tarquin seeing a necessity of coming to extremeties, as he was young and vigorous, takes the old man by the waist, carries him out of the assembly, and throws him down the steps into the forum; then returns into the senate. Servius, all over bruised, and more dead than alive, was led towards his palace by a few officers that had not deserted him out of fear. He had scarce reached the street called Vicus Cyprius, when he was overtaken and murdered by persons sent after him by Tarquin. It is believed, and with great probability, that the deed was done by Tullia's advice. It is certain, she hastily came forth at the first noise, and crossing the Forum in her chariot, without any regard to the decencies of her sex, or the manners of the time, drove to the Senate, called out her husband, and first saluted him king. He ordered her immediately to withdraw out of the tumult. When in her return she came to the end of the Cyprian street, the coachman turning to the left to go up the esquilina-hill, stopt short, struck with horror, and shewed his mistress Servius's body covered with blood. The sight only served to exasperate and harden Tullia. "The furies, avengers of her sister and husband (says Livy) quite bereaved her at that instant of her reason: so that, forgetting not only the sentiments of nature, but even of humanity, she ordered the chariot to be driven over her fathers body, which occasioned the street to be called *Vicus Sceleratus*, the street of Wickedness." She entered her house as in triumph, sure of reigning for the future, and rejoicing for the happy success of her villanies. So many horrors would seem incredible if the effects of ambition were not known.

Servius was an excellent prince, and had reigned forty years.

Tarquin carried his inhumanity so far as to deny him the funeral solemnities of a king. His body was, by his widow Tarquinia, conveyed in the night to a tomb with a few friends only; and, as if she had survived her husband but to pay him those last duties, she died soon after. As for Tarquin, after a cruel and tyrannical reign of many years, he, his wife, and family, were driven from the city into perpetual banishment. In the disorder and tumult that attended the expulsion of her husband, Tullia fled out of the palace, and was pursued wherever she went with the cries and curses of the people.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. D.

[We now have an opportunity, long desired, of presenting our readers with a new, copious, accurate, and delightful history of OLIVER GOLDSMITH, whose adventures have all the air of romance, while his writings are so faithful to truth and nature: and who deserves our love for the generosity of his nature in the same degree that he excites our admiration of the frank simplicity of his style.

This Biography, as we are assured on questionable authority, is composed from the information of persons, who were intimate with Goldsmith at an early period, and who were honoured with a continuation of his friendship till the time, when the world was deprived of this fascinating writer.

This article, to every ingenious mind, will fulfil the double service of a cheering guide, and a useful monitor. It will excite a generous emulation in the breast of genius, and it will operate as a lesson of instruction to those, who like the feeling and improvident Goldsmith, lavish their bounty upon the undeserving, the worthless and rapacious.] (PORT FOLIO.)

Notwithstanding the biography of poets is, in general, unentertaining, yet the life of our author, whose writings, both prosaic and poetical, have been always justly admired, is by no means destitute of incident, and must, to the admirers of his works, be highly acceptable.

Our author was born in Elphin, in the county of Roscommon, in Ireland, in 1729. Being the third son among four children, he was intended by his father, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, for the church. With this view he was sent to Mr. Hughes's school, where he was well instructed in the classics, and was then admitted a sizer in Trinity College, Dublin, June 11, 1744. During his studies, he exhibited no specimens of that extraordinary genius which afterwards procured him so much respect and popularity; on the contrary, he did not obtain his degree of bachelor of arts till two years after the regular time, (viz. Feb. 27, 1749, O. S.) Relinquishing now his (or rather his father's) intentions respecting the church, he turned his thoughts to the profession of physic, and, after attending some courses of anatomy in Dublin, he went to Edinburgh in 1751, and studied the several branches of medicine under the different professors in that university. During his continuance at the Scotch metropolis, he soon became conspicuous by his want of economy. He engaged to pay a sum for a fellow-student, when, probably, he could not pay his own debts; and was, in consequence of such rash promise, obliged to leave Scotland with precipitation. Thus terminated his studies with respect to the medical profession.

Notwithstanding his hasty flight, he did not escape the vigilance of his pursuers: at Sunderland, near Newcastle, he was arrested about the beginning of 1754, at the suit of one Barclay, a taylor in Edinburgh, to whom he had incautiously given security for his friend. At length, by the favour of Laughlin Maclane, Esq and Dr. Sleigh, then his fellow students at college, he was soon released from the clutches of the bailiff. Hereupon he took his passage on board a Dutch ship to Rotterdam.

It may seem somewhat strange, that an individual, thus poor and pennyless, should think of seeing the world: but men of genius do not act by common rules—they spring forward beyond the usual line of conduct, and meditate deeds of a daring complexion. This was strictly the case with Goldsmith on the present occasion.

Upon his arrival at Rotterdam, we are assured that, having gratified his curiosity, he proceeded to Brussels; then visited a large portion of Flanders. Having passed some time also at Strasburg and Louvain, where he obtained a degree in medicine, he accompanied an English gentleman to Geneva. It is an undoubted fact, that this ingenious man travelled on foot, having left England with a very small sum of money. He had some knowledge of the French language and of music; he played tolerably well on the German flute, which became means of subsistence, though originally it was nothing more than amusement. His learning and other attainments, procured him an hospitable reception at the religious houses, and his music made him welcome to the peasants of Flanders and Germany. Hence he remarks—"Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards night, I played my most merry tunes, and that generally procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day." At the same time, he honestly confesses that the higher ranks had not any taste for his music: "they," says he, "always thought my performance odious, and never made me any return for my endeavours to please them!" This circumstance confirms the remark often made, that there is more real benevolence amongst the middle and lower classes of society. Were the music ever so mean, a poor man at the door, doing his utmost to amuse, ought to excite some degree of compassion—he is a proper object of generosity.

When Goldsmith arrived at Geneva, he was recommended as a proper person for a travelling tutor to a young man, who had been unexpectedly left a considerable sum of money by his uncle, Mr. S. This youth, who was articled to an attorney, on the receipt of his fortune, determined to see the world, and our poet accordingly accompanied him.

Goldsmith, during his continuance in Switzerland, considerably cultivated his poetical talents, of which he had given some ingenuous specimens while at the college at Edinburgh. It was from hence he sent the first sketch of his delightful epistle, called "The Traveller," to his brother Henry, a clergyman in Ireland, who, giving up fame and fortune, had retired with an amiable wife to a happy obscurity, on an income of only forty pounds per annum.

From Geneva he proceeded to the fouth of France, where a disagreement took place between him and his pupil, when the latter paid his preceptor the small part of his salary which was due, and embarked at Marseilles for England. Our wanderer in spite of many difficulties, continued to travel, and saw the greatest part of France, at length his curiosity being gratified, he bent his course towards England, and in the year 1758, about the beginning of winter, landed in perfect safety at Dover.

On his return to England, his pnances were so low (his whole stock of cash amounting to no more than a few halfpence) that he with difficulty got to London; where being an entire stranger, his mind was filled with the most gloomy reflections, in consequence of his em-

harrassed situation. He now applied to several apothecaries, to be received into their shops as a journeyman; but though a Bachelor of Medicine, his applications were unsuccessful; his broad Irish accent, and the uncouthness of his appearance, exposing him more to insult than pity. At length a chemist, near Fish-street, struck with his forlorn condition, and the simplicity of his manner, had compassion on him, and took him into his elaboratory, where he continued till the arrival of his old friend Dr. Sleigh, in London. "It was Sunday, said Goldsmith, when I paid him a visit; and it is to be supposed in my best clothes. Sleigh scarcely knew me: such is the tax the unfortunate pay to poverty. However, when he did recollect me, I found his heart as warm as ever; and he shared his purse and his friendship with me during his continuance in London."

Soon after this period, he was engaged to assist at the academy of Dr. John Milner, at Peckham, where he was treated with kindness and attention. He had, during his travels, attained a perfect knowledge of the Latin and French, which now he taught, and the latter he spoke with facility. Dr. John Milner published Greek and Latin grammars, which have been much esteemed by the literary world. He was a dissenting minister of eminence; and his funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Samuel Chandler, well known for his able writings in behalf of Christianity. Dr. Milner died about the year 1760, and Dr. Goldsmith was employed by him as an usher near three years. He was not indeed with him at the time of his death; but so much was he respected by the widow and family, that he was invited to return and take care of the seminary, which was continued some little time longer—with which request he complied. Dr. Goldsmith came to Peckham from Richardson, the celebrated novelwriter, at the period a printer, near Blackfriars. Here he was occupied in correcting the press; and of Richardson and his family he always spoke in terms of respect and gratitude. He had also, at that time, some acquaintance with Dr. Griffiths, the venerable proprietor and editor of the Monthly Review, to which respectable publication he even then contributed articles of criticism. From this gentleman he received considerable patronage, and therefore to his kindness he often professed himself much indebted. The young gentlemen of the academy were always happy when they could get him on a winter's evening to tell them anecdotes, with which his mind was well stored. But, alas! he never was an economist. Out of his scanty salary of twenty pounds a year, he frequently gave to persons in distress—making a point of never sending a poor author away without half a crown! He had not a few of these latter applications; hence it was that he generally applied for his salary before it was due; and, one day, upon an application of the kind to Mrs. Milner, she smiling said, "you had better, Mr. Goldsmith, let me keep your money for you, as I do for some of the young gentlemen: "to which he replied, with great good humour, "In troth, madam, there is equal need," and pleasantly walked away. Upon his leaving Peckham, he subsisted on what his talents brought him as a writer, and having obtained some reputation by the criticisms he had written for the Monthly Review, he was engaged by Mr. Griffiths in the compilation of it. On his return to London he had wisely resolved on an economical plan, and, at the close of the year, 1757, he took lodgings in Green Arbour Court, in the Old Bailey, where he wrote several ingenious pieces. His first works were "The Bee," a weekly pamphlet, and "An Inquiry into the present State of Polite Learning in Europe." Mr. Newbery, who at that time gave great encouragement to men of literary abilities, became our author's friend, and introduced him as one of the writers for the Public Ledger in which his "Citizen of the World" originally appeared, under the title of "Chinese Letters." It is also said that he wrote for the British Magazine at this time, of which Dr. Smollet was then editor, most of those Essays and Tales, which he afterwards collected and published in a separate volume. He also wrote occasionally for the Critical Review; and it was the merit which he discovered in criticising a deficable translation of Ovid's Fasti, by a pedantic schoolmaster, and his "Inquiry into the present State of Learning in Europe," which first introduced him to the acquaintance of Dr. Smollett, who recommended him to several of the literati, and to most of the booksellers, by whom he was afterwards patronised.

[*To be continued.*]

FROM LEWIS'S COMIC SKETCHES.

HOGARTH.

Mr. Hogarth used to tell a story of his being once in company with several artists, who were boasting of uncommon works each had executed. One in particular said, he had written a volume in folio with a single pen which he had mended 199 times. Another declared he had finished an Equestrian Statue with only a broken knife for a chissel, and a rolling pin for a mallet. A third declared he engraved a copper-plate with no other tool than a rusty nail. 'I told them,' said Hogarth, 'that I once painted a Sacred History Piece with one color, which was neither heightened nor lowered; making the back ground shades, &c. with one unaltered color.' The company expressed their astonishment, and begged he would relate the method of completing his performance. Hogarth thus informed them:

'I was sent for by a Sir Thomas Thornton, a man of singular disposition, to paint his stair-case with some sacred historical piece, applicable to a circumstance which happened to him once; which was his being at sea, when he was pursued and taken by some Algerine Pirates. I asked him what he thought of the Egyptians pursuing the Children of Israel through the red sea?'

'Egad,' said Sir Thomas 'a lucky thought. Well, my dear friend, begin it as soon as possible. But stay, stay! hold, hold!—What is your price? I always like to make a bargain with you gentlemen of the brush.'

'Dear Sir,' answered Hogarth, 'I can give no answer to that until I have finished. I shall not be unreasonable; you will pay me, I dare say, as an artist.'

'Hey, egad, that you may depend on,' said the Baronet; 'but stay, stay! hold, hold! I can't think of exceeding ten guineas.'

Hogarth piqued to have his talents so undervalued, accepted the terms on condition that five of the ten pieces should be paid in advance. The five guineas were paid, and the painter desired to begin immediately.

Hogarth rose early the next morning and took with him some uncommon red paint, with which single color he covered the stair case from top to bottom. He then went to Sir Thomas's chamber, and knocked at the door. The awakened knight asked—'Hey! Who's there.'

'Hogarth,' answered the painter.

'Well! what do you want?' said Sir Thomas.

'The job is done, Sir Thomas,' said Hogarth.

'Done?' asked the other. 'Hey the d—l! no, sure! The stair case done already! Hold, hey—stay, stay!—Let me get on my morning gown—done—hey—what a week's work done in a—day. Stay, stay!'

The knight hobbled out of his chamber as fast as his gouty legs would permit: and rubbing his eyes, cried out;

'What the d—l have we here?'

'The red sea sir,' Hogarth answered.

'The red sea!' said the astonished night.

'Hey! Stay, stay! Hold! hold!—But where the d—l are the children of Israel?'

'They are all gone over,' said the painter.

'They are all gone over, are they!—Sir Thomas repeated—'Hey! stay, stay! hold, hold! but, zounds, where are the Egyptians?'

'They are all drowned, Sir Thomas,' said Hogarth, who was considerably pleased to have thus so properly chastised the illiberal treatment which he had received.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

Diamonds and pearls are in great request: they have again risen to the price which they fetched before the revolution. A kind of simplicity has now usurped at Paris, the place of that universal fondness for magnificence or ostentatious expence which lately prevailed in the metropolis. This taste for simplicity is not however, likely to gain admittance into the French Court. Napoleon rather strives to promote luxury, and considers the love of ostentation as the means of encouraging the manufactures of France. This opinion was pointedly expressed by his conduct towards a Lady who was presented to the empress. She appeared in a velvet dress, without embroidery. The Emperour remarked it, and directed Segur, the Master of the Ceremonies, to tell her that her dress was not sufficiently rich. This commission was not the most agreeable to Segur; but as he conceived that a hint from him would cause less embarrassment to the Lady than a reproof from the emperor, he stepped up to her, and paid her a compliment on the elegant simplicity of her dress. She replied, that it was true she was simply dressed, but she hoped likewise, decent.' 'Certainly,' rejoined Segur, 'decently, but not suitably.'

ON GIVING ADVICE.

Advice is seldom well received, well intended, or productive of any good. It is seldom well received, because it implies a superiority of judgment in the giver, and it is seldom intended for any other end than to shew it: it is seldom of any service to the giver, because it more frequently makes him an enemy than a friend: and as seldom to the receiver, because, if he is not wise enough to act properly without it, he will scarcely be wise enough to distinguish that which is good.

ON IMPERTINENCE AND DIGNITY.

Impertinence is to dignity what cunning is to wisdom. It does not follow, that because a man is not guilty of impertinence, he possesses dignity; or, that because he has no cunning, he is wise: nay, it does not even follow, that because he despises impertinence and cunning, he should therefore never practice either. It is one thing to know the intrinsic value of a thing; another, to know the current information of it.

COMMUNICATION.

Messrs. Cook & Grantland,

The same cause which made Tibullus *to be admired and copied by the Author of these inimitable lines, (a similarity of disposition and in some measure of situation,) has rendered them to the person by whom they are forwarded, a source of ineffable delight. To attempt the eulogy of Mr.* Hammond, *after the honorable testimony given of him by a Lyttelton, a Stanhope, a Thompson, would be idle and preposterous. The genuine unaffected warmth and simplicity which reign in all his writings, must gain them access to every heart not fenced with the most torpid, the most insensate apathy:—must welcome them to every one, who is not, as the author has aptly represented them, "too light for passion," or from "dull senfation stupidly wife."*

VIRGINIUS.

ELEGY VIII.

[*By Mr.* Hammond.]

Ah! what avails thy lover's pious care?
His lavish incenfe clouds the sky in vain:
Nor wealth nor greatnefs was his idle pray'r;
For thee alone he pray'd, thee hup'd to gain.

With thee I hop'd to waste the pleasing day,
"Till in thy arms an age of joy was pass'd,
Then with old love-infenfibly decay,
And on thy bofom gently breathe my last.

I fcorn the Lydian river's golden wave,
And all the vulgar charms of human life;
I only ask to live my Delia's slave,
And when I long have ferved her, call her wife.

I only ask, of her I love poffeet,
To sink o'ercome with bliss in safe repofe;
To strain her yielding beauties to my breast,
And kifs her weary'd eye lids till they clofe.

ELEGY IX.

With mean difguife let others nature hide,
And mimick virtue with the paint of art;
I fcorn the cheat of wafen's foolish pride,
And boast the graceful weakneſs of my heart.

The more I think, the more I feel my pain,
And learn the more each heavenly charm to prize,
Whilst fools too light for passion fafe remain;
And dull fenfation keeps the stupid wife.

Sad is my day and fad my live long night,
When rapt in silent grief I weep alone;
Delia is lost, and all my past delight
Is now the fource of unavailing moan.

Where is the wit that heighten'd beauty's charms?
Where is the face that fed my longing eyes?
Where is the shape that might have blest my arms?
And where thofe hopes relentleſs fate denies?

[Elegies *to be continued.*]

SELECTED POETRY.

The following SONG, from the works of Bruce, a Caledonian Bard of the last century, displays much of that enthusiastic paſsion of Love, which is a trait in the national character of the natives of Scotland.

In May, when the gowans appear on the green,
And flowers in the fields and the forests are feen,
Where lillies bloom'd bonny, and hawthorns up ſprung,
The yellow-hair'd laddie oft whistled and sung.

But neither the shades nor the sweets of the flowers,
Nor the black-birds that warbled on blofsoming bowers,
Could pleafure his eye, or his ear entertain;
For love was his pleasure and love was his pain.

The shepherd thus sung, while his flocks all around,
Drew nearer and nearer and sigh'd to the ground,
Around, as in chains, lay the beast of the wood,
With pity difarmed, and with music subdued.

"Young Jessy is fair as the spring's early flower,
And Mary sings sweet as the bird in the bower.

But Peggy is brighter and fairer than they ;
She's fair as the morning with fmiles like the day.

In the flower of her youth, in the bloom of eighteen,
Of Virtue the goddess, of Beauty the Queen :
One hour in her presence an æra excels
Amid courts where Ambition with Mifery dwells.

Fair to the shepherds the new springing flowers,
When May and when morning lead on the gay hours ;
But Peggy is brighter and fairer than they ;
She's fair as the morning, and lovely as May.

Sweet to the Shepherds the wild woodland sound
When larks sing above him, and lambs bleat around i
But Peggy far sweeter can speak and can sing,
Than the notes of the warblers that welcome the spring.

When in beauty she moves by the brook of the plain,
Your'd call her a Venus new sprung from the main :
When she sings, and the woods with their echoes reply,
You'd think that an angel was warbling on high.

Ye powers, who preside over mortal estate !
Whose ned ruleth nature, whose pleasure is fate,
O grant me, O grant me, the heav'n of her charms !
May I live in her presence, and die in her arms !

THE EMPTY PURSE.

A DITHYRAMBIC.

WHEN Fortune smiles and money comes,
Like torrents rushing to the main,
I count, with joy, the growing sums
That fill my chest, and swell my gain ;
Then can I kiss a smiling lass,
Nor feel my conscience ever the worse ;
Can sing my song, can drink my glass,
Nor dread the plague of *Empty Purse.*

The north wind howls, the snow descends,
And winter rules the opening year ;
But I with social fire and friends,
No tempest feel, no danger fear :
No *smoky house*, no *scolding wife*
Have I to happy hours a curse ;
But lead a mirthful single life,
Nor dread the plague of *Empty Purse.*

Tis spring—the smiling fields are gay,
New beauties freshen in the grove ;
Sweet minstrels, perch'd on every spray
Awaken cheerfulness and love.
But I, more gay than even the spring,
Rove free as air—or speed my course
To distant climes, on Pleasure's wing,
Nor dread the plague of *Empty Purse.*

Even summers raging heats, in vain
Attempt to rob me of delight ;
And chilling autumn's frost and rain,
Serve but more *social* joys t'invite.
While money lasts, I'll revel still—
Twill all expenses reimburse :
Take courage, friends, your glasses fill,
And dream no more of *Empty Purse.*

TAG.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

GUELPH, and his principal followers, were besieged in the castle of Winsburgh ; and having sustained great loss in a sally, they were obliged to surrender at discretion. The Emperor (Conrad) however, instead of using his good fortune with rigor, granted the duke and his chief officers, permission to retire unmolested. But the Dutchess, suspecting the generosity of Conrad with whose enmity against her husband she was well acquainted, begged that she, and the other women in the castle, might be allowed to come out with as much as each of them could carry, and be conducted to a place of safety. Her request was granted, and the evacuation was immediately performed ; when the Emperor and his army, who expected to see every lady loaded with jewels, gold and silver, beheld to their astonishment, the Duchess and her fair companions staggering under the weight of their husbands.—The tears ran down Conrad's cheeks : he applauded their conjugal tenderness, and an accommodation with Guelph and his adherents was the consequence of this act of female heroism.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

THE man who confines his desires to his real wants, is more wise, more rich and contented, than any other mortal existing. The system upon which he acts, is like his soul replete with simplicity and true greatness ; and seeking his felicity in innocent obscurity and peaceful retirement, he devotes his mind to the love of truth, and his highest happiness in a contented heart.

FOR THE MINERVA.

TO HOPE.

Soft, sweet, assuasive pow'r, by all on whom
The with'ring hand of stern adversity
Hard presses ; from the infancy of time,
And still in many an orizon invok'd :
Thou who, in mercy to a wretched race,
Canst smooth with smiles the visage macerate
Of Afric's fon oppress'd ; and move in brisk
Hilarity and joy, th' emaciate form
With thongs (by Friends accurs'd a human shape
Disgracing ;) often torn and furrow'd deep :
Who hovering o'er the wretch on fortune's wreck
Afloat, canst whisper peace : Who poor'st into
The soul betray'd by broken vows,
Of Love or Friendship, sweet oblivion's draughts
To foster future bliss :—O leave me not !
Sorrow's despondieg victim leave me not !
No ruthless dominating tyrant I,
No golden visions from my wishes flown,
No friend perfidious mourn :—All-bounteous Heav'n
From me thy richest gifts are not withdrawn,
With Freedom's favorite sons my lot was thrown ;
To pale necessity,—to fictious want,
A stranger :—but in thee most rarely blest,
In thy possession far above all price
Ingenuous Amicus ! noble proof
Of real worth and dignity in man.
But wilt thou Hope auspicious (and say true ;)
Tell me the mistress of each matchless grace,
Each matchless virtue, ever has esteem'd
At aught my love, my truth unspeakable !
Say that those lustrous eyes which at the plaint
Of wretchedness would always " shine in tears,"
And melt to softness more divinely fair,
In tender sympathy will beam on me.
Should it be fallacy, yet, yet prolong,
O while I live the fond deceit prolong.

VIRGINIUS.

☞ *A second address* ' To Hope,' *written in different measure, by the same author, is reserved to grace our next number.*

ANECDOTE OF SIR RICHARD STEELE.

THAT professional characters are seldom capable of the genuine passion of friendship, is a remark which the intelligent have frequently made ; and the justice of the observation was never more completely verified, than by a gentleman who had long professed the highest regard for Sir Richard Steele. He not only admired the understanding of this author, but was continually requesting that he might be permitted to show some positive proofs of his regard ; assured him, his purse would be always open to his wants and wishes ; and that by making use of it, he would afford the highest gratification to his heart.

Sir Richard had long declined this gentleman's liberal offers ; but finding himself pressed by the payment of a hundred pounds, he determined to avail himself of that friendship which had so frequently been pressed upon him, and accordingly went to this professional being's house. He was received with that warmth to which he had been accustomed ; and offers of friendship were immediately renewed, when Sir Richard informed him he would with pleasure avail himself of his kindness, and for a short time borrow the sum of a *hundred pounds.*

Surprize, rather than pleasure, was depicted in his countenance ; and, instead of saying he was delighted at having the power of testifying his regard, he coldly replied, " Why really, Sir Richard, I should be happy to serve you, if it was in my power ; but I assure you upon my honor, I have not twenty pounds in the house." Contempt and indignation marked the features of the supplicant. " And so, Sir, (exclaimed he,) I have not only been deceived by your professions, but, from your pretended regard, have been led to expose the state of my affairs? The disappointment I can bear ; but I will not put up with the insult ; and you shall either comply with what I have requested, or take the consequence of my rage." " Lord bless me, my dear Sir Richard, (said the despicable coward) I really totally forgot having received a hundred pound note, which, I assure you, is completely at your service ;" & immediately it was produced. " Despicable as you are, (replied Sir Richard) I shall make use of the note for a few days ; and advise you never more to profess a passion which your contracted heart is unable to feel."

LOVE.

ALL serious and strong expressions of the passion of love appear ridiculous to a third person ; and though a lover may be good company to his mistress, he is to nobody else. He himself is sensible of this ; and, as long as he continues in his sober senses, endeavours to treat his own passion with raillery and ridicule. It is the only style in which we care to hear of it, because it is the only style in which we ourselves are disposed to talk of it. We grow weary of the grave, and long sentenced love, of Cowley and Petrarch, who never have done with exaggerating the violence of their attachments ; but the gaiety of Ovid and the gallantry of Horace are always agreeable.

ANECDOTE.

A prisoner in the fleet prison sent to his creditor, to let him know that he had a propofal to make, which he believed would be for their mutual benefit. Accordingly the creditor called on him to hear it. " I have been thinking," faid he, " that it is a very idle thing for me to lie here and put you to the expence of feven groats a week. My being fo chargeable to you has given me great uneasinefs, and it is impossible to fay what it may cost you in the end. Therefore what I would propofe is this : you shall let me out of prifon, and instead of feven groats you shall allow me only eighteen pence a week, and the other ten pence shall go towards the difcharge of the debt."

FROM THE BALLANCE.

No serious and attentive reader can look on a page of Young's " *Night Thoughts,*" without finding a striking and excellent moral lesson. The following lines have been read and quoted until they are familiar to almost every perfon : still they may be again quoted and again read, and still they will be found to furnish new food for reflection :

" *The bell strikes* ONE. *We take no note of time*
" *But from its loss. To give it then a tongue*
" *Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,*
" *I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,*
" *It is the* KNELL *of my departed hours.*
" *Where are they ? with the years beyond the flood.*
" *It is the signal that demands dispatch.*

A clock, morally considered, is, perhaps, one of the most useful monitors that the genius of man can furnish. Look at it—you behold the progress of time. Hear it strike—you are told another hour is gone. What is the age of man ? At best but a few years. Years are compofed of days—days of hours—hours of minutes—minutes of seconds. Man's life is made up of seconds—a single second is all that feparates him from eternity ! Look at yonder clock ! How fast these seconds succeed each other ! How rapidly they come and go ! yet every one that passes shortens life. Therefore, man, be diligent.

MENTOR.

SINGULAR CUSTOM.

The errors of the human mind are sometimes so ridiculous that we can fcarcely give credit to them. In Egypt it was formerly a custom for the master of the house in which a cat died, to shave his left eyebrow, as a token of grief.

ON ARGUMENTATION.

IT may be thought a paradox, yet I believe it is a truth that the application to reafon by argument, is, of all other methods, the least likely to convince men of an error, and produce a change in their opinion. Arguments are opposed by a kind of instinctive impulse ; and the mind necessarily fortifies itself in exerting its utmost force to resist an attack. But if you laugh at the absurdity, and treat it with an air of superiority and negleet, as the attack is not made by reason, the defence will not be attempted by sophistry : the mind will of course become willing, to relinquish an opinion that exposes it to ridicule, and will then naturally consider it with impartiality : nay, it will even be induced to give that up as indefensible, which is treated as unworthy of a serious confutation.

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POOR MARY.

Lo! where yon yew tree spreads it's dark'ning shade,
Where creeping ivy casts a dismal gloom,
Where night birds' notes reverb'rate through the glade,
Cleander mourns o'er Mary's tomb.

With friendship's tear the hallow'd shrine bedew'd,
Where youth and beauty in oblivion rest,
With vernal flowers the sod grown tomb he strew'd,
Then thus express'd the sorrows of his breast:

"Stranger whoe'er thou art, in pity pause,
And if sad memory e'er claimed a tear,
If thou e'er wept in sinking virtues cause,
Come join with me, and pay the tribute here.

"Here in the clay cold lap of earth, unknown,
Poor Mary sleeps—beyond the pale of fame,
Her grave's sole ornament—a rough hewn stone,
Her bieth obscure, and uninscrib'd her name.

"Mary! the blythe, the beauteous rustic queen,
Mary! the echo of the woodland lawn,
Gay as the lambkin bounding o'er the green,
Sweet as the sky-lark ush'ring in the dawn.

"But now she sleeps within her narrow grave,
Screen'd from the cank'ring breath of vulgar scorn,
Calm as the surface of the unruffl'd deep,
She obey'd the mandate in life's blooming morn.

"Near to this spot once dwelt a lab'ring swain,
The happy tenant of a lowly cot,
By avarice unenrich'd, unbrib'd by gain,
Contentment's blessings were his humble lot.

"He had a son his age's only joy,
In whom concenter'd all a parent's care,
While Damon doated on the blooming boy,
Poor Mary's breast was torture'd with despair.

"For Mary lov'd him—to distraction lov'd,
And in her heart the deadly passions rage:
Maternal influence ne'er love's pangs remov'd,
Lorenzo only could those pangs asuage.

"Lorenzo, form'd in nature's fairest mould,
The stateliest shepherd of the neighb'ring plain,
What female could the noble youth behold,
And not experience love's soft thrilling pain.

"For Mary too Lorenzo often sigh'd,
Oft on her bosom breath'd his ardent love,
Where'er she mov'd he linger'd at her side,
And seem'd the image of the faithful dove.

"Oft when pale Cynthia, feeble queen of night,
Cast her bright mantle o'er the leafy grove,
Where yon wove twigs admit a glimm'ring light,
Has Mary listen'd to Lorenzo's love.

"There far secluded from man's prying eye,
In mutual love the winged moments pass'd,
She to love's Syren voice return'd the sigh,
And each new hour seem'd fleeter than the last.

"Thus they the silent hours of night beguil'd,
Thus pass'd each ev'ning of declining day
Thus smooth the path of nature's favourite child,
Without a thorn to intercept her way.

"O simple maid, to thy ill fortune blind,
Thou fair inhabitant of yonder gloom,
Far was the thought from thy too simple mind,
That thou'dst soon wither in the icy tomb.

"One ev'n at setting sun's diurnal hour,
In tip toe haste she hied to meet her love,
With fault'ring step she reach'd the conscious bow'r,
Which modest shrinks in yonder poplar.

"Lorenzo came—a melancholy gloom
O'erspread his countenance; the little wood,
Still as the death-like silence of the tomb,
Save the low gurgling of a little flood.

"Save where the cypress adds a deeper shade,
Where wanton zephyrs play among the trees,
Where whisp'ring leaves the listning ear invade,
And trembling aspins murmur to the breeze.

"With seeming sorrow and unmanly wile,
(Veiling the secret purpose of his breast,)
In artful phrase her scruples to beguile,
He thus the mockery of love express'd:

"O Mary, charming empress of my heart,
With anguish this sad moment I deplore,
This very hour tis destin'd we must part,
Part, my dear girl, perhaps to meet no more.

"When far from thee, fond mem'ry oft will dwell
On former moments of unequall'd bliss,
When no prophetic spirit dirst foretell,
An hour so full of misery as this.

"Since envious fate now robs me of thy charms,
Let me but gaze upon that heavenly face,
Feel the soft pressure of those snowy arms,
And glut with rapture this one last embrace.

"The willing maid, inveigled in the snare,
Yielded, unconscious to love's flatt'ring sway,
The villain press'd from the unguarded fair,
And savage like, resistless, seiz'd his prey.

"Her tears which would have touch'd a murd'rer's breast
Her sporless innocence, augment the pain,
Increas'd distress but cause an idle jest,
Angelic virtue did but plead in vain.

"See'st thou yon lily drooping on the plain,
Torn by the ruthless current of the wind?
So fell the fairest of the village train,
The brightest ornament of woman kind.

"Grief sapp'd the springs of life, she bow'd her head,
Her health's livid glow forsook her tott'ring frame,
She now lies number'd with the virtuous dead,
Obscure her birth, her virtues and her name.

"Thus by the demon of unbounded lust,
In carnal bloom, in life's unchequer'd morn,
A fairer flow'r now moulders in the dust,
Than did the bed of Nature e'er adorn."

M.

POWER OF SOLITUDE.

(CONTINUED.)

After some exemplifications of the power of solitude on the various passions of the soul, the poet proceeds to shew its influence in age, sorrow and death in the instance of St. Aubin. This tale, though not remarkable for any novel or striking circumstances, being merely a description of character in a life of quietude and retirement, is related in a style distinguished for its poetical sweetness.

Far from the world, its pleasure and its strife,
The good ST. AUBIN pass'd his tranquil life;
Deep in a glen the rural mansion rose,
And half an acre spanned its modest close;
Just by the door a living streamlet rolled,
Whose pebbly bottom gleam'd with sandy gold,
There first the woodlark hailed propitious spring,
The humming insect dipped his glossy wing,
The branching elms in ancient grandeur spread,
Inweaved with mirtles, near its babbling head.
Behind, vast mountains closed the wonderous view,
Hung o'er the horizon veil'd in hazy blue,
Save when the shutting eve mid vapors hoar
Rolled its last gleams their woody summits o'er,
And, seen at distance, thro' some opening brake
Transparent brightness lit the neighbouring lake.

Scenes where SALVATOR's soul had joyed to climb
Mid wilds abrupt, and images sublime,
Or caught with kindling glance the bold designs,
Where horror's form on beauty's lap reclines.

Meek was ST. AUBIN's soul, his gentle air
Spoke to the searching glance the man of care;
Unlike the giant oak, which propp'd on high,
Looks o'er the storm, and dares its bolts defy,
But as the humbler reed, whose pliant train
Bend to the breeze, and raise to bloom again.
His ready smile relieved the welcome poor,
Who throng'd with daily joy his opening door.

As the whole tale is too long to be conveniently extracted at this time, we must omit some parts and make a transition to those passages that will suffer the least by the disconnection: the Hermit's daughter is thus depicted.

One darling daughter claimed the good man's care,
Gay as the lark, but scarce more gay than fair;
Light were the sportive locks, whose curls profuse
Hung o'er her neck in native wildness loose;
Blue were the speaking eyes, whose bended lash
Half hid and half betrayed a fluttering flash;
Health's glowing rose, in shadowed lustre sleek,
Diffus'd its virgin blush o'er either cheek;
Love in her form its bright perfection traced,
Yet drest the model, still to nature chaste;
No sober tricks, no mawkish whims confined
Her lively ease, her innocence of mind;
A parent's taste each pore refinement taught,
And fixed the polish, when it formed the thought,
To fancy's lustre lent the touch of art,
And gave the judgment force to guide the heart.

One of those *famed literati*, a country sculptor, was ordered to engrave on a tomb stone, the following words:

A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband.

But the stone being small, he engraved on it

A virtuous woman is 6s. 7d. to her husband.

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BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. D.

Continued.

Forgetting now his economical plan, he ventured on a genteel lodging, and accordingly moved to Wine-Office Court, in Fleet-street, where he finished his inimitable novel, "The Vicar of Wakefield;" and having, through that common passport to the human heart, *flattery*, obtained the esteem of Dr. Johnson, our author obtained for his novel the sum of 60*l.* which far exceeded his expectations, as he himself candidly acknowledged. Goldsmith's reputation not being yet established as a writer, the bookseller was doubtful of the success of the novel; and before he hazarded paper and printing, waited the event of "The Traveller," after which the novel appeared to great advantage. It was in the year 1763, that Dr. Goldsmith produced his poem of The Traveller, which obtained the commendation of Dr Johnson, who candidly acknowledged, "that there had not been so fine a Poem since the time of Pope." But such was his diffidence, that he kept the manuscript by him some years; nor could he be prevailed on to publish it, till persuaded by Dr. Johnson, who furnished him with some ideas for its enlargement.

This Poem, in consequence of the reception it met with from the public, enhanced his literary character with the booksellers, and introduced him to the notice of several persons eminent for their rank and superior talents, as Lord Nugent, Sir Joshu Reynolds, Dr. Nugent, Beauclerc, Mr. Dyer, &c. These distinguished characters were entertained with his conversation, and highly pleased with his blunders, at the same time they admired the elegance of his poems, and the simplicity of the man.—He published, the same year, a "Collection of Essays," which had previously appeared in the news papers, magazines, and other periodical publications. But the "Vicar of Wakefield," published in 1766, established his reputation as a novelist.

Among many other characters of distinction, who were desirous to know our author, was the Duke of Northumberland: and the circumstance that attended his introduction to that nobleman, is worthy of being related, in order to shew a striking trait of his character. "I was invited," said the doctor, by my friend Percy, to wait upon the duke, in consequence of the satisfaction he had received from the perusal of one of my productions. I dressed myself in the best manner I could, and, after studying some compliments, I thought necessary on such an occasion, proceeded to Northumberland house, and acquainted the servants that I had particular business with his grace. They shewed me into an anti chamber, where, after waiting some time, a gentleman, very elegantly dressed, made his appearance. Taking him for the duke, I delivered all the fine things I had composed, in order to compliment him on the honour he had done me; when, to my great astonishment, he told me I had mistaken him for his master, who would see me immediately. At that instant the duke came into the apartment; and I was so confounded on the occasion, that I wanted words barely sufficient to express the sense I entertained of the duke's politeness, and went away exceedingly chagrined at the blunder I had committed."

The doctor, at the time of this visit, was much embarrassed in his circumstances; but, vain of the honour done him, was continually mentioning it. One of those ingenious executors of the law, a bailiff, who had a writ against him, determined to turn this circumstance to his own advantage. He wrote him a letter, that he was steward to a nobleman who was charmed with reading his production, and had ordered him to desire the doctor to appoint a place where he might have the honour of meeting him, to conduct him to his lordship. The vanity of poor Goldsmith immediately swallowed the bait: he appointed the British Coffee-house, to which he was accompanied by his friend Mr. Hamilton, the printer of the Critical Review, who in vain remonstrated on the singularity of the application. On entering the coffee-room, the bailiff paid his respects to the doctor, and desired that he might have the honor of immediately attending him. They had scarce entered Pall-Mall, in their way to his lordship, when the bailiff produced his writ. Mr. Hamilton generously paid the money, and redeemed the doctor from captivity.

As our author's disposition could not keep pace with his economical resolution, soon after the publication of his "Traveller," he changed his lodgings in the Wine-Office Court, for a set of chambers in the Inner Temple; & at the same time, in conjunction with Mr. Bott, a literary friend, took a country-house on the Edgeware Road, for the benefit of the air, and the inconvenience of retirement. He gave this little mansion the jocular appellation of the *Shoemaker's Paradise*, being built in a fantastic style by its original possessor, who was one of the craft.

In this rural retirement he wrote his "History of England, in a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son;" and, as an incontestible proof of the merit of this production, it was generally supposed to have come from the pen of Lord Lyttelton, one of the most elegant writers of his times; and it may be farther observed, to enhance the reputation of the work, that it was never disavowed by that noble lord to any of his most intimate friends. It had a very extensive sale, and was introduced into many seminaries of learning as a most useful guide to the study of English history.

It was a true observation with the doctor, that "of all his compilations, his 'Selection of English Poetry' showed the most the art of the professor." To furnish copy for this work, required no invention, and but little thought: he had only to mark with a pencil the particular passages for the printer, so that he easily acquired two hundred pounds; but then he observed, lest the premium should be deemed more than a compensation for the labour, "that a man shews his judgment in these selections; and he may be often twenty years of his life cultivating that judgment."

In 1768, he commenced dramatist, having produced his comedy of "The Good-natured Man," first acted at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, but which, though it exhibited strong marks of genius, and keen observations on man and manners, did not at first meet with that applause which was due to its merit. The bailiff scene was generally reprobated, though the characters were well drawn; however to comply with the taste of the town, the scene was afterwards greatly abridged. Many part were highly applauded, as possessing great comic genius, and particularly that of *Crookee*; a character truly original, excellently conceived by the author, and highly supported by Shuter, the most popular comedian of his day. The manner of his reading the incendiary letter in the fourth act, and the expression of the different passions by which he was agitated, produced shouts of applause. Goldsmith himself was so transported with the acting of Shuter, that he expressed his gratitude to him before the whole company, assuring him, "he had exceeded his own idea of the character, and that the fine comic richness of his colouring made it almost appear as new to him as to any other person in the house." Dr. Johnson, as a token of his friendship for the author, wrote the prologue. In the character of the *Good-natured Man*, our author delineated his own, and it must be confessed, that the picture was very just.

The emoluments arising from this comedy, including copy-right and his three nights, were above five hundred pounds, by which, with an additional sum he had reserved out of the product of a "Roman History," in two volumes 8vo. and an "History of England," four volumes 8vo. he was was enabled to descend from the attic story he occupied in the Inner Temple, and take possession of a spacious set of chambers in Brook Court, Middle Temple, which he purchased at no less a sum than four hundred pounds, and was at the further charge of furnishing those chambers in an elegant manner.

Notwithstanding this elevation, his pride was hurt by the greater success of Mr. Kelley's comedy, called "False delicacy," which was brought out in opposition to his, at the rival theatre, under the superintendance of M. Garrick, and though inferior to Dr. Goldsmith's, in point of character, plot, and incident, bore away the palm, and became so popular a piece, that ten thousand copies were sold in the course of only one season; when the book-sellers concerned in the property, as a token of their acknowledgment of the merit of the commedy, appeared for its extraordinary sale, presented Kelly with a piece of plate of considerable value, and gave an elegant entertainment to him and his friends. These circumstances irritated the feelings of Goldsmith to so violent a degree, as to dissolve the bonds of friendship between Kelly and him; for though, in every other instance, he bore a near resemblance to his own character of the Good-natured Man, yet, in literary fame, "he could bear no rival near his throne." Had not his countryman and fellow bard aspired at rivalship, had he been modestly content to move in an humbler sphere, he might not only have retained his friendship, but commanded his purse; but he could not bear a rival in his dramatic pursuits; and, however this may appear to ordinary readers, as no pleasing character istic of a *good-natured man*—yet the same age produced another example, and GARRICK, we find, was no less envious of the success of others than Dr Goldsmith. Our author's mortification chiefly arose from the severe criticisms of partial critics, who, in conformity with the rave of those times, gave the preference to ec *timental* comedy; notwithstanding Dr Gold mith's parte was as much superior to Mr. Kelly's as "The School for Scandal" is to "The Heiress."

Thus disappointed in fame, he returned to his poetical studies, and produced a highly-finished poem, called "The Deserted Village." The bookseller gave him a note of an hundred guineas for the copy, which Goldsmith returned, saying to a friend "It is too much, it is more than the honest bookseller can afford, or the piece is worth." He estimated the value according to the following computation: "That it was near five shillings a couplet which was more than any bookseller could afford or, indeed, any modern poetry was worth; but the sale was so rapid, that the bookseller, with the greatest pleasure, soon paid him the hundred guineas, with acknowledgment for the generosity he had evinced upon the occasion.

This poem was by no means a hasty production, it occupied two years in composing; and was the effect of the most minute observation, during an excursion of between four and five years. Soon after the appearance of this work, he paid a tribute to the merit of Dr. Parnell, in a Life prefixed to a new edition of that elegant writer's "Poems on several Occasions;" a work that does honour to the head and heart of the author.

Though Dr. Goldsmith seems to have derived more fame from his poems, yet he was conscious that prose was more productive, and therefore pursued the latter. The Earl of Lisburne, whose classical taste is well known, one day at a dinner of the Royal Academicians, lamented to the doctor his neglecting the Muses, and inquired of him why he forsook poetry, in which he was sure of charming his readers, to compile histories and write novels? The doctor replied, "My lord, by courting the Muses I shall starve; but by my other labours, I eat, drink, have good clothes, and enjoy the luxuries of life."

[To be continued.]

FROM THE COLUMBIAN CENTINEL.

THE NARRATOR....No. VI.

Th' immutable decree
No force can shake: what is that ought to be.

POPE.

ERE the cheer ul light of morning had dispersed the gloomy shadows of night and announced to the world the beginning of another day, Hasson rose from his bed of anguish to wander in silence & despondency over the spacious plains which surround the city of Bassora. His cheeks which were once covered with the bloom of health were now alternately flushed with anger and pale with grief; his eyes which once sparkled with pleasure, now flash'd with despair, his lips quivered with rage and the unuttered burst of imprecation hung upon his tongue. Thus he strayed for some time, without any reflection that did not lead to madness, or any consolation that did not spring from death; now hurrying forward with the speedy confusion of fear, and now halting to remain in the stupid insensibility of sorrow. He beheld the insect brush the dew from its flimsy wings, and prepare for the excursion of the approaching day, he heard the bird warble the song of gaiety or swell the note of love, he saw the rising sun about to dispense heat, promote vegetation and afsist pleasure, he turned away, his heart swelled with envy & burst into complaint. "Why are we told (said he) that all are equal sharers in the bounty of Allah, whilst he lavishes his kindness on others, I alone am neglected.—Tell me thou radiant orb, whose pompous glare intrudes upon and mocks my sufferings, will the glory of thy setting rays he looked upon by such another wretch as I am, comest thou to tell me that thou hast heard the vows of my rival, and seen the perfidy of my mistress & thou wert witness to their raptures and went down in exultation on their happiness.—I have anticipated all this. But canst thou tell me for what crime I am so severely punished which of our holy prophets mandates have I disobeyed.—Henceforth let no one suppose that a compliance with the

laws of Providence will secure happiness since Asad is blessed and Hassan miserable. Why was I condemned to bear this burthen of existence! Its brightest prospects are as the midnight darkness: hope visited me for a moment, to forsake me for an age, and heightened the pleasures of the past only to encrease the misfortunes of the future."—When the first shock of calamity has been supported, every succeeding moment comes fraught with some consoling reflection; we glide imperceptibly from despair to lamentation, from lamentation to tranquility. It was so with Hassan, he reviewed the time that was past and almost forgot it could never return, and remembering the delights he had felt, scarcely remembered that he should feel them no more.

His heart became ameliorated, reason shewed him the impiety of questioning the authority of heaven, impressed with horror and devotion, he fell on his knees, "Protecting power, (said he) through whose will I was born, by whose permission I exist, and at whose command I shall give up the life bestowed upon me, let thy justice assist me in my actions, and thy mercy forgive me in my faults: pity thy afflicted servant, to you he commits the care of his body, and to you the welfare of his soul." He remained praying a few moments and resentment was no longer an inmate of his bosom, though discontent still lowered on his brow and rankled in his heart. He began however to think of returning home and arose for that purpose, when he saw by his side a venerable old man, who had listened unperceived to his orisons. When the customary salutations of the east were over, the sage spoke to Hassan in the following words: "My son, I perceive thy looks are overcast with sorrow, and I heard you address yourself to Allah! with the humility of resignation, rather than the fervour of gratitude. Art thou already acquainted with misfortune? If thou art come with me, I can weep with you, for I have suffered; I can sympathize and confole with you, for I have experienced sympathy and consolation. Ah, cried Hassan, thy sorrows must have been light, for thy discourse is easy and thy looks cheerful; but I will go with you, for if you cannot assuage, I am convinced you will at least participate my woes. They converfed in this manner, till they reached the old man's houfe, which was at once convenient, retired and romantic. When they were feated, Hassan in compliance with the old man's request to relate his story, began, "It is now nearly four years since my father who was a merchant of Bassora, died, and left to me an inheritance, which he told me would be fufficient for my wants. Gaiety of youth and variety of amufement foon made me forget my lofs, and I enjoyed happinefs until love crofsed all my fchemes of pleasure. The charming Zelia, whose beauty cannot be felt unlefs it is feen, and when feen cannot be defcribed, captivated my heart. My hopes were flattered by her parents and relations, but Afad appeared, and Hassan was forgotten. His magnificent prefents were a fufficient, tho' his only recommendation; in short yesterday Zelia gave herfelf up to his embraces, and left me to the horror of defpair or desire of revenge"—It was not without fome difficulty that Hassan finished his relation—when it was over, "My fon (faid the old man) you are much agitated and require reft, here is a chamber; I too will withdraw and endeavour to recover my ufual compofure which has feldom been difturbed fo much by any thing as your melancholy tale." Hassan's mind was fomewhat more at eafe, and being wearied with exercife sleep would have relieved him, but imagination tortured him by recurring to his misfortunes. He thought himfelf still roaming on the plain, when an aetherial form stood before him. "Hassan, (cried the fpirit) why has thy foul murmured against the decrees of justice, thou thinkest thy felf difregarded by heaven, but know that art its peculiar care, I am the angel of fate; Allah has commissioned me to remove the veil which hides futurity from your right. No doubt you believe your rival happy in the poffeffion of fo bright a diamond of beauty, and in your conception the wealth which procured him the prize is neceffary to the enjoyment of it. Yet from thefe two caufes will fpring all the evils which are about to fall on the head of unlucky Afad. See what is written in the book of destiny." Hassan looked on the page which the angel prefented to him, and read with horror, that the chief vizier who was cruel and rapacious, had refolved to strip Afad of all his vast property, when a favourable opportunity occurred, and the profusion of slaves, gold, jewels, the richnefs of the apparel which the latter displayed on the celebration of his nuptials, encreafed the eagerness of the tyrant.—That the impeachment was already made out against him, and witneffes already prepared to prove the charges it contained, and but a few days were to elapse when forfeiture of property and lofs of life awaited this victim of avarice. That to complete his wretchednefs, Zelia will appear to offer her testimony against him on his trial, for which she is to receive a part of the confiscated goods, and to be admitted into the Sultan's seraglio.

Is it poffible, faid Hassan, that her mind is fo debafed! No, it cannot be originally, and really fo. Afad used her ill, and madnefs urged her to vengeance. He was going to ask what chastifement was referved for the vizier, when he found that the angel had disappeared. "My competitor, exclaimed he with a sigh, by destroying my happinefs, has infured his own destruction!" The old man now entered the apartment and Hassan awoke the fage gave him a fmall volume, the works, he faid, of an Eastern Philosopher, from which he had derived wifdom and learnt contentment.

They now parted, and Hassan retraced his steps to Baffora, ruminating on the wonders of the day, without being able to reconcile himfelf to his situation.

R.

From Moore's "View of Society and Manners in Switzerland."

Suicide is very frequent at Geneva. I am told this has been the case ever since the oldest people in the republic can remember; and there is reason to believe, that it happens oftener here in proportion to the number of inhabitants, than in England, or any other country in Europe.

The multiplicity of instances which has occurred since I have been here is astonishing. Two that happened very lately are remarkable for the peculiar circumstances which accompanied them.

The first was occasioned by a sudden and unaccountable fit of despair, which seized the son of one of the wealthiest and most respectable citizens of the republic. This young gentleman had, in appearance, every reason to be satisfied with his lot. He was handsome, and in vigour of youth, married to a woman of an excellent character, who had brought him a great fortune, and by whom he was the father of a fine child. In the midst of all these bleffings, surrounded by every thing which could inspire a man with an attachment to life he felt it insupportable, and without any obvious cause of chagrin, determined to destroy himself.

Having passed some hours with his mother, a most valuable woman, and with his wife and child, he left them in apparent good humour, went into another room, applied the muzzle of a musket to his forehead, thrust back the trigger with his toe, and blew out his brains, in the hearing of the unsuspecting company he had just quitted.

The second instance is, that of a blacksmith who, taking the same fatal resolution, and not having any convenient instrument at hand, charged an old gun barrel with a brace of bullets, and putting one end into the fire of his forge, tied a string to the handle of the bellows, by pulling of which he could make them play, while he was at a convenient distance. Kneeling down he then placed his head near the mouth of the barrel, and moving the bellows by means of the string, they blew up the fire, he keeping his hand with astonishing firmness, and horrible deliberation, in that position, till the farther end of the barrel was so heated as to kindle the powder, whose explosion instantly drove the bullets through his brains.

Though I know that this happened literally as I have related, yet there is something so extraordinary, and almost incredible, in the circumstances, that perhaps I should not have mentioned it, had it not been attested, and known to the inhabitants of Geneva, and all the English who are at present here.

Why suicide is more frequent in Great Britain and Geneva than elsewhere, would be a matter of curious investigation. For it appears very extraordinary, that men should be most inclined to kill themselves in countries where the blessings of life are best secured. There must be some strong and peculiar cause for an effect so preposterous.

Before coming here, I was of opinion, that the frequency of suicide in England, was occasioned in a great measure by the stormy and unequal climate, which, while it clouds the sky, throws also a gloom over the minds of the natives.—To this cause foreigners generally add, that of the use of coal instead of wood, for fuel.

I rested satisfied with some vague theory, built on these taken together.—But neither can account for the same effect at Geneva, where coal is not used, and where the climate is the same with that of Switzerland, Savoy, and the neighbouring parts of France, where instances of suicide are certainly much more rare.

Without presuming to decide what are the remote causes of this fatal propensity, it appears evident to me, that no reasoning can have the smallest force in preventing it, but what is founded upon the soul's immortality and a future state—What effect can the common arguments have on a man who does not believe that necessary and important doctrine?—He may be told, that he did not give himself life, therefore he has no right to take it away: that it is a centinel on a post and ought to remain till he is relieved;—what is all this to the man who thinks he is never to be questioned for his violence and desertion?

If you attempt to pique this man's pride, by asserting that it is greater proof of courage to bear the ills of life, than to flee from them; he will answer you from the Roman history, and ask whether Cato, Cassius and Marcus Brutus, were cowards?

The great legislator of the Jews had been convinced, that no law or argument against suicide could have any influence on the minds of people who were ignorant of the soul's immortality; and therefore, as he did not think it necessary to instruct them in the one (for reasons which the bishop of Gloucester has unfolded in his treatise on the Divine Legation of Moses,) he also thought it superfluous to give them any express law against the other.

Those philosophers therefore, who have endeavoured to shake this great and important conviction from the minds of men, have thereby opened a door to suicide as well as to other crimes. For, whoever reasons against that, without founding upon the doctrine of a future state, will soon see all his arguments overturned.

It must be acknowledged, indeed, that in many cases this question is decided by men's feelings, independent of reasonings of any kind.

Nature has not trusted a matter of so great importance entirely to the fallible reason of man; but has planted in the human breast, such a love of life, and horror of death, as seldom can be overcome even by the greatest misfortunes.

But there is a disease which sometimes affects the body and afterwards communicates its baneful influence to the mind over which it hangs such a cloud of horrors as renders life absolutely insupportable. In this dreadful state, every pleasing idea is banished, and all she sources of comfort are poisoned. Neither fortune, honors, friends, nor family, can afford the smallest satisfaction. Hope, the last pillar of the wretched falls to the ground—Despair lays hold of the abandoned sufferer—Then all reasoning becomes vain—Even arguments of religion have no weight, and the poor creature embraces death as his only friend, which, as he thinks, may terminate, but cannot augment, his misery.

SELECTED POETRY.

[SELECTED BY A CORRESPONDENT.]

ELEGY XIII.

[BY MR. HAMMOND.]

Let others boast their heaps of shining gold,
And view their fields with waving plenty crown'd,
Whem neighbouring foes in constant terror hold,
And trumpets break their slumbers never found.

Whilst calmly poor I trifle life away,
Enjoy fweet leifure by my cheerful fire,
No wanton hope my quiet shall betray,
But, cheaply blest, I'll fcorn each vain desire.

With timely ease I'll fow my little field,
And plant my orchard with its master's hand,
Nor blush to fpread the hay, the hook to wield,
Or range my sheaves along the funny land.

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To stop and gaze at Delia as I go!
To mingle sweet difcourfe with kisses fweet;
And teach my lovely fcholar all I know!

Or if the fun in flaming Leo ride,
By shady rivers indolently stray,
And with my Delia walking side by side,
Hear how they murmur as they glide away!

Thus pleafed at heart, and not in fancy's dream,
In silent happinefs I rest unknown,
Content with what I am, not what I feem,
I live for Delia and myself alone.

Oh foolish man, who thus of her possess'd,
Could float and wander with ambition's wind,
And if his outward trappings fpoke him blest
Not heed the sickneffs of his confcious mind.

With her I fcorn the idle breath of praife,
Nor trust to happinefs that's not our own:
The fmile of fortune might fufpicion raife,
But here I know that I am loved alone.

Her's be the care of all my little train,
While I with tender indolence am blest,
The favourite fubject of her gentle reign,
By love alone distinguish'd from the rest.

Beauty and worth in her alike contend
To charm the fancy and to fix the mind;
In her my wife, my mistrefs and my friend,
I taste the joys of fenfe and reafon join'd.

—

ELEGY XV.

O fay thou dear poffeffor of my braast!
Where's now my boasted liberty and rest?
Where the gay moments which I once have known?
O where that heart I fondly thought my own?
From place to place I folitary roam,
Abroad uneafy nor content at home.
I fcorn the beauties common eyes adore;
The more I view them, feel thy worth the more:
Unmoved I hear them fpeak or fee them fair,
And only think on thee—who art not there.
In vain would books their formal fuccour lend,
Nor wit, nor wifdom can relieve their friend:
Wit can't deceive the pain I now endure,
And wifdom shews the ill without the cure,
When from thy sight I waste the tedious day
A thoufand fchemes I form of things to fay;
But when thy prefence gives the time I feek,
My heart's fo full I wish but cannot fpeak.

THE WOODMAN.

Departing day's laft, glimmering light,
Juft ferv'd to guide the Woodman's feet,
And mark the fmoke (from shades of night)
Which circled o'er his lone retreat.

How fweet his paftime and now free from care;
No cruel thought disturbs his tranquil breast—
Contentment, health and happinefs are there,
And after toil, how grateful is his rest.

No fchemes of wild ambition haunt his mind,
Blest with reverence for those mighty plan;
All his desires within their fphere confin'd,
He only feeks to be an honest man.

The fresh repast his little field fupplies,
The ruftic homefpun habit that he wears,
All that furrounds feems grateful to his eyes;
It was not purchas'd with another's tears.

Kind nature gives him in the breezes health,
Affords each blefsing that for every man was meant,
Unknown to luxury he asks not wealth,
And labour learns, to relish his content.

They on whom pomp, and power, and affluence wait,
And all their hours in pleasure's chafe employ,
Know not its worth, they know not adverfe fate,
Boast not a florid, momentary joy.

When Fortune's gifts too prodigal fupplies,
Their real estimation is unknown;
Alike their value, as when she denies
The fmallest favours and allows us none.

It is a competence, a moderate store,
By honest hands and virtuous actions gain'd,
Augments the rate of every good the more,
And yields a fweeter comfort when obtained.

What, tho' no menial train his signal wait,
Nor founding titles lengthen out his name?
No empty vulgar tongue pronounce him great
They are not happiest who are known to Fame?

Fame, like the phantom on the vernal eve,
Allures th' unwary traveller from his way,
Its garish luftre shines but to deceive,
And brightens nearer only to betray.

The storm that vents upon the oak its power,
Oft spares the lowly lilly of the vale,
And ills which o'er the palace tenant lower,
Seldom the humble cottager assail.

Free from those pangs which haunt the guilty mind,
The cares of grandeur, and ambitious woes,
Plea'd with the present, and to fate resign'd,
The happy Woodman whistles as he goes.

FOR THE MINERVA.

ON HOPE.

O fay to man was HOPE in mercy given
Assuasive of each poignant misery!
Forbear my grief tempugn the will of Heaven,
But never has Hope a folace been to me.

II.

No—no. She hath envenom'd fortune's dart,
Arm'd her with power to torture not her own,
Bade keener angoish rankle in this heart,
Than sorrow's victim's ufually have known.

III.

Elate on fancy's wings she bade me rove
O'er scenes of bliss to feast my rapture'd soul;
Already had I plann'd a life of love,
Ah why the dear illusion thus control?

IV.

I fondly faid, Eudosia will be mine,
Her happinefs shall every thought employ,
'To that fole end each effort shall combine;
And blessing her will be my dearest joy.

V.

Then must this never be? Shall dreadful truth
Each trembling hope from my fad bofom tear?
O for another has thy matchlefs worth
Expanded to maturity fo rare.

VI.

Yet none with fonder duty would admire
Such excellence:—none would more faithful prove,
None with more ardent vigilance aspire;
To be the *worthy* object of thy love.

VII.

Oh more than wretched man! condemned fo soon,
(In earliest bloom) to nurfe unceasing care,
With her who gave them all thy joys are flown;
Thy brightest profpects funk in black defpair.

VIRGINIUS.

From the Port Folio.

CONSOLATION.—*Translated from the French.*

The great Philofopher Citophilus, faid one day to a lady who was overwhelmed with grief, and had just cauſe to be fo, Madam, the queen of England, daughter of the great Henry IV. has been as unfortunate as yourself; she narrowly efcaped fhipwreck on the ocean; she witnessed the death of her royal husband on the fcaffold. I am very forry for her, replied the lady; and she began to shed tears at her own misfortunes.

But, faid Citophilus, remember Mary Stewart: she entertained a very chaste affection for a gallant musician. Her husband killed her musician in her prefence; and afterwards her good friend and kind relation Queen Elizabeth, who called herfelf a virgin, cauſed her head to be fevered from her body, on a fcaffold arrayed in black, after having detained her in prifon eighteen years. That was very cruel, replied the lady; and she was again plunged in melancholy.

You have perhaps, faid the confoler, heard of the beautiful Joan of Naples, who was made prifoner and strangled? I have a confufed recollection of it, faid the afflicted lady.

I must relate to you, faid Citophilus, the adventure of a princess, whom I instructed in philofophy. She, like all other great and beautiful princesses, had a lover.—Her father entered her chamber, and forprifed the lover, whofe face was all on fire, and whofe eyes fparkled like a carbuncle; the complexion of the lady was alfo extremely animated. The countenance of the young man fo much difpleafed the father that he inflicted upon him the most violent blow that ever had been given in his province. The lover feized a pair of tongs and broke the father's head, which was with difficulty cured, and still bears the mark of the wound. The princefs, in a fit of defpair, leapt out of the window, and dislocated her ancle; and she at this day limps, although in other refpects her port and perfon are amiable,—The lover was condemned to death for having broken the head of a great prince. You may judge of the situation of the princefs when her lover was led to the gallows. I frequently saw her whilst she was in prison; she never spoke of any thing but her misfortunes.

Why then, replied the lady, will you not permit me to think of mine? Because, said the philosopher, you ought not to think of them, as so many great women have been so unfortunate, it is unbecoming in you to despair.—Think of Hecuba; think of Niobe. Ah! said the lady, had I lived in their time, or in that of the beautiful princesses whom I have mentioned, and if, by way of consolation, you have recounted to them my misfortunes, do you think they would have listened to you.

On the succeeding day, the philosopher lost his only son, and his excessive grief almost threatened his existence. The lady made out a list of all the kings who had lost their children, and presented it to the philosopher; he read it, found it perfectly correct, but his tears ceased not to flow. After a lapse of six months they met, and were surprised to find each other in so gay a mood. They erected a beautiful statue to TIME, with this inscription:

To him, who brings Consolation.

ANECDOTE.

An Irish Gentleman lately at an English Inn, on receiving his account from the waiter, was somewhat surprised at perceiving that a charge for *Whiskey*, sixteen shillings, made parts of its contents—'By Holy St. Patrick,' vociferated the honest Hibernian—'though I am not so low in behaviour as to complain of your account altogether, notwithstanding the items of it are high enough of all conscience, yet by the place of my birth, a place of all others that I most admire, I am not to be tricked by paying for an article which though uppermost in my wishes I never had.' This impassioned exclamation produced an interrogation from the astonished waiter to ascertain the cause of it; to which the offended Hibernian replied, 'Whiskey the devil a drop has been placed before me!—Och, had I known you had got such a friend in the house, I had taken him to my heart, and given him a welcome reception before this time But d'ye hear, let the dear creature be introduced to me immediately; as it would be an offence to Ireland not to treat him with a salute, even though we should never meet before we parted.' This produced an explanation and the regretted *Whiskey*, turned out to be a *chaise only*, in which the gentleman had taken an airing the day before

FROM THE AMERICAN CITIZEN.

How sad is friendship's parting hour,
When anxious throbs the bosom swell,
How fond's memory lingers o'er
The vanished form we love so well.
Alas! what anguish rends the heart,
In that sad hour when friends must part.

Yet young eyed hope shall turn the view,
A cheering scene of bliss to paint,
When starting tears the eyes bedew,
And all expression shall be faint.
To mark the joy with which we greet
That rapturous hour when friends shall meet.

CLARA.

CANTING.

Though most men are different, yet search mankind through,
And *all* have a *Cant*, in whatever they do—
"*Ma'am*, examine that muslin," the *Shopkeeper* says,
Who has retail'd in Cornhill such things all his days,
"'Tis as fine as a *hair*, and as thick as a *board*,
And more money in London cost, *Ma'am*, on my word."
Thus praising their goods, they all lie and rant,
But never believe them—for 'tis but their *cant*.

Call the *Doctor*, and lo! he puts on a grave face,
"Hem, Sir, I assure you, a very bad case:
I should have been sent for before: but no doubt
My skill and my pills the disease can drive out."
Of his wonderful cures too, much he will vaunt,
Perhaps true, perhaps not, 'tis only his *cant*.

Apply to the *Lawyer*, behold he will quote
What my lord *Coke* has stated, or *Lyttleton* wrote!
He will prate of replevins, demurrers and cost,
And an action so managed can never be lost."
Then continuation and proof he will want,
And will *pocket his fee*—for that is his *cant*.

The *Soldier* will tell you the perils he's seen,
The sieges and battles in which he has been;
Of the wounds he receiv'd and the feats he has done,
And no music to him like the roar of a gun.
A part of his story most fully we grant,
For the rest—a soldier sometimes has his *cant*.

The *Critic* will snarl—"that line is too long,
And the subject of this is too grave for a song."
Then the style—"oh 'tis flat"—the metre—"oh worse;"
But put *any thing* now into verse."
To seek out a blunder or fault he will pant,
And cavil for words—for 'tis but his *cant*.

The *Author* exclaims, "'tis loving one's time,
To employ it in prose, or in *fashioning* rhyme:
If good, or if bad, yet still 'tis in vain,
For the author no money nor praise can obtain;
No judges of merit or taste are extant,
Are not all poets poor?"—and that is his *cant*.

The *Coquette* will say, "I pray you begone,
I ne'er was before with a man all alone;
Lord what will the world say? I hate you, so go;
Nay, don't be affronted—I don't mean so."
About *virtue* and *honor* too, much she will rant,
You all must allow a coquette has a *cant*.

The *Buck* he will yawn and cry what a bore,
"I never saw the town half so stupid before;
I ha'nt had a row for at least now *four* days,
And then so *fatiguing* are all our dull plays;
Then the girls, *demme* Jack, not a smile will now grant,
'Tis so curs'ed provoking"—and that's a Buck's *cant*.

If you speak but of London, or any thing in't,
The fresh return'd *Traveller* quick takes the hint.
"Excuse me—'tis not so—I hope you'll allow
My right—for I've been there, and surely *must know*."
Of the wonders he has seen too, much will he vaunt,
And most tiresome of all is the Traveller's *cant*.

The *Editor* says, "Lines to S." are on file,
"On Sleep" is in rather too sleepy a style,
With personalities we never concern us,
And must therefore refuse the essay of "Alvernus,"
On dulness like "R. T." we're never in want,"
And much more he says—for 'tis but his *cant*.

ARCHI MSARCASM, Esq.

The varying seasons every virtuous soul
With various pleasures in their changes bless:
Raise chearful hopes, and anxious fears controul,
And form a paradise of inward peace.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

A short time since, it was not fashionable for a lady to wear a rose on her head; now it is quite the contrary: a rose must absolutely be worn: but what rose? at first a simple rose, presenting only a rose-bud; shortly after the ball is commenced, the dancer, whilst in the height of a dance, touches a secret spring, and the simple rose-bud produces a full crown of flowers, which form themselves round the head; on the touching of another spring, the crown divides itself into three or four bunches of flowers, the disposal of which is extremely interesting; but when the lady's turn is to be alone in the dance, which is her most favorite part, the secret spring is again put in movement, the leaves of the rose fall off at the feet of the *petite maitresse*, and the crown, bunches of flowers, all disappear, except the single rose-bud which was seen at the *début*; notwithstanding all which, the dancer's headdress does not experience the least confusion—This is magic!

Ovid gives a very poetical description of Daphne's being changed into a laurel, whilst flying from Apollo; the God seizes her hands and catches hold of a leaf; he enfolds her in his arms and embraces a senseless trunk. It is thus with a French *elegante*—whilst her lover gazes on her, her head-dress changes from a bouquet of pinks and tulips to a wreath of roses, and, in turn, put forth all the variety and charms of the garden *parterre*.

HISTORICAL.

CHANGE OF FORTUNE.

DIONISIUS (of Syracuse) was succeeded by one of his own sons, of his own name, commonly called Dionisius the Younger. He saw himself possessed of the most powerful kingdom that had ever been usurped by tyrants. He had possessed it ten years entire; but in the midst of all his greatness, his citadel was attacked, his treasures seized, and he himself was about to surrender up his person. He was sent to Corinth, with only one galley, without convoy, and with very little money. He served there for a sight, every body running to gaze at him; some with a secret joy of heart to feast their eyes with the view of the miseries of a man whom the name of tyrant rendered odious; others with a kind of compassion, from comparing the splendid condition from which he had fallen, with the inextricable abyss of distress into which they beheld him plunged. We are told likewise, that the extreme poverty to which he was reduced at Corinth, obliged him to open a school, and to teach children to read; perhaps, says Cicero, (without doubt jestingly) to retain a species of empire, and not absolutely to renounce the habit and pleasure of commanding. Whether that was his motive or not, it is certain that he who had seen himself master of Syracuse, and of almost all Sicily, who had possessed immense riches, and had numerous fleets and great armies of horse and foot under his command; that the same Dionysius, reduced now almost to beggary, and from a *King* become a *Schoolmaster*, was a good lesson for persons of exalted stations, not to confide in their grandeur nor to rely too much upon their fortune. The Lacedemonians, some time after, gave Philip this admonition, that prince having written to them in very haughty terms, they made him no other answer but 'Dionysius at Corinth.'

POWER OF SOLITUDE.

(CONTINUED.)

The behavior of St. Aubin at the death bed and grave of his daughter, is described by Mr. Story with much feeling and delicacy.

Beside the couch where JANE expiring lay,
The Hermit knelt, and prayed or seemed to pray.
Dim were his eyes with anxious vigils worn,
Yet spoke a soul with no harsh tumults torn;
E'en in the agonies of dumb despair,
Devotion's smile was seen and cherished there:
And as the lingering hours of life decayed,
Faith beamed her radiance through the deepening shade,
With firm reliance drank the parting breath,
Kissed the pale lips and closed the eyes in death,
Thro' brighter realms the unbodied cherub fought,
Realms pure in bliss beyond the soar of thought.

Slow thro' the narrow path by misery worn,
Passed the veiled corpse, in shrouded silence borne;
No vain parade, no courtly pageant spread
Their sickly honors round the virgin dead:
Strewed o'er the bier some vernal flowers were seen,
And here and there a sweetbryar fell between.
The father came in sorrow's holiest gloom,
His raised eye fixed on hopes beyond the tomb,
Still as the tempest hushed in dread suspense,
Yet mild, as twilight greets the wakening sense;
No muttered groans, no stifled angoish shook
His meek repose, his calm, unaltered look,
Save, when the ritual closed its fainted strain,
And o'er the coffin rolled the earth again,
One lingering tear, that seemed the man to speak,
With briny lustre trickled down his cheek,
One lingering tear was all his spirit gave,
Then bowed a last farewell, and left the grave!

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BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. D.

Concluded.

He now resumed his dramatic pen, and with greater success than before, his comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer, or, The Mistakes of a Night," having been performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, with universal applause, adequate to the most sanguine wishes, and contrary to the expectations of the elder Colman, then manager of that Theatre. This gentleman knowing that sentimental comedy was the rage, and conceiving this to be too farcical, had consigned it to condemnation at the time of its last rehearsal, and the *manager's opinion* consequently became that of the performers. The piece, however, notwithstanding the sentence pronounced by that acknowledged critic, was received with great applause, to his mortification, and the exaltation of the author, who was not a little piqued at the critic, from the following circumstance.

The first night of the performance of his comedy, Goldsmith did not come to the house till it approached the close, having been rummaging in St. James's Park, on the very important decision of the fate of his piece then pending: and such were his anxiety, and apprehension of its failure, that he was with great difficulty prevailed on to repair to the Theatre, on the suggestion of a friend, who pointed out the necessity of his presence in order to take cognizance of any passages that might appear objectionable, for the purpose of omission or alteration in the repetition of the performance. Our author, with an expectation suspended between hope and fear, had no sooner entered the passage that lead to the stage, than his ears were shocked at a hiss, which proceeded from the audience, as a token of their disapprobation of the farcical supposition of Mrs. Hardcastle's being so palpably deluded, as to conceive herself at the distance of fifty miles from her house, when she was not at the distance of fifty yards. Such were the tremor and agitation of the doctor on this unwelcome salute, that running up to the manager, he exclaimed, "What's that?"—"Pshaw! doctor," replied Colman, in a sarcastic tone, "don't be terrified at *squibs*, when we have been sitting these two hours upon a barrel of *gun powder*." Goldsmith's pride was so hurt by the poignancy of this remark, that the friendship which had before subsisted between the manager and the author, was dissolved for life.

The success of the comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer," produced a most illiberal personal attack on the author in one of the public prints. Enraged at this abusive publication, Dr. Goldsmith repaired to the house of the publisher, and, after remonstrating on the malignity of this attack on his character, began to apply his cane to the shoulders of the publisher, who, making a powerful resistance, from being the defensive soon became the offensive combatant. Dr. Kenrick, who was sitting in a private room of the publisher's, hearing a noise in the shop, came in and put an end to the fight, and conveyed the doctor to a coach. The papers instantly teemed with fresh abuse, on the impropriety of the doctor's attempting to beat a person in his own house, on which, in the Daily Advertiser of Wednesday, March 31, 1773, he inserted the following address:—

'TO THE PUBLIC.

'Lest it may be supposed that I have been willing to correct in others an abuse of which I have been guilty of myself, I beg leave to declare, that, in all my life, I never wrote, or dictated, a single paragraph, letter, or essay, in a newspaper, except a few moral essays, under the character of a Chinese, about ten years ago, in the Ledger; and a letter to which I signed my name, in the St. James's Chronicle. If the liberty of the press therefore has been abused, I have had no hand in it.

'I have always considered the press as the protector of our freedom, as a watchful guardian, capable of protecting the weak against the encroachments of power. What concerns the public most properly admits of a public distinction. But of late, the press has turned from defending public interest, to making inroads upon private life; from combating the strong, to overwhelming the feeble. No condition is now too obscure for its abuse, and the protector is become the tyrant of the people.' In this manner the freedom of the press is beginning to sow the seeds of its own dissolution; the great must oppose it from principle, and the weak from fear; till, at last, every rank of mankind shall be found to give up its benefits, content with security from its insults.

'How to put a stop to this licentiousness, by which all are indiscriminately abused, and by which vice consequently escapes in the general censure, I am unable to tell; all I could wish is, that, as the law gives us no protection against the injury, so it should give calumniators no shelter after having provoked correction. The insults which we receive before the public, by being more open are the more distressing; by treating them with silent contempt, we do not take sufficient deference to the opinion of the world. By recurring to legal address, we too often expose the weakness of the law, which only serves to increase our mortification, by failing to relieve us. In short, every man should singly consider himself as a guardian of the liberty of the press, and, as far as his influence can extend, should endeavour to prevent its licentiousness becoming at last the grave of freedom.

'OLIVER GOLDSMITH.'

The emolument arising from this comedy was about 800*l*. which added to the profits of his other labours, amounted, as is asserted upon good authority, to 1,800*l*. but, through a profuse liberality to indigent authors, and particularly those of his own country, who played on his credulity, together with the effects of an habit he had contracted for gaming, he found himself, at the close of that very year, not in a state of enjoyment of a pleasing prospect before him, but enveloped in the gloom of despondency, and all the perplexities of debt, accumulated by his own indiscretion.

It is remarkable, that, about this time, our author altered his mode of address: he rejected the title of doctor and assumed that of plain Mr. Goldsmith. This innovation has been attributed to various causes. Some supposed he then formed a resolution never to engage as a practical professor in the healing art; others imagined that he conceived the important appellation of doctor, and the grave deportment attached to the character, incompatible with the man of fashion, to which he had the vanity to aspire; but, wherever might be his motive, he could not throw off the title, which the world imposed on him to the day of his death, and which is annexed to his memory at the present day; though he never obtained a degree superior to that of BACHELOR OF PHYSIC.

Though Goldsmith was indiscreet, he was, at the same time, industrious; and, though his genius was lively and fertile, he frequently submitted to the dull task of compilation. He had previously written Histories of England, Greece and Rome, and afterwards undertook, and finished, a work, entitled, An History of the Earth and Animated Nature; but, if a judgment may be formed of this work from the opinion of the learned, it redounded more to his emolument than his reputation.

His last production, Retaliation, though not intended for public view, but merely his own private amusement, and that of a few particular friends, exhibit strong marks of genuine humour. It originated from some jokes of festive merriment on the author's person and dialect, in a club of literary friends, where good-nature was sometimes sacrificed at the shrine of wit and farcasm; and as Goldsmith could not disguise his feelings upon the occasion, he was called upon for Retaliation, which he produced at the very next club meeting.

It may not be so accurate as his other poetical productions, as he did not revise it, or live to finish it in the manner he intended; yet high eulogiums have been passed on it by some of the first characters in the learned world, and it has obtained a place in most of the editions of the English Poets.

A short time before he paid the debt of nature, he had formed a design of compiling an Universal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, and had printed, and distributed amongst his friends and acquaintance, a prospectus of the work; but as he received very little encouragement from the booksellers, he desisted, though reluctantly, from his design.

He had been frequently attacked, for some years, with a stranguary, and the embarrassed state of his affairs aggravated the violence of the disorder, which, with the agitation of his mind, brought on a nervous fever, that operated in so great a degree, that he exhibited signs of despair, and even a disgust with life itself.

Finding his disorder rapidly increase, he sent for Mr. Hawes, his apothecary, as well as intimate friend, to whom he related the symptoms of his malady. He told him he had taken two ounces of ipecacuanha wine as an emetic; and expressed a great desire of making trial of Dr. James's fever powders, which he desired him to send him. The apothecary represented to his patient the impropriety of taking the medicine at that time; but no argument could prevail with him to relinquish his intention; so that Mr. Hawes, apprehensive of the fatal consequences of his putting this rash resolve into execution, in order to divert him from it, requested permission to send for Dr. Fordyce, who attended immediately on receiving the message.

This gentleman, of whose medical abilities Goldsmith always expressed the highest sense, corroborated the opinion of the apothecary, and used every argument to dissuade him from taking the powders; but deaf to all the remonstrances of his physician and friend, he fatally persisted in his resolution; and when the physician visited him the following day, and inquired of him how he did, he fetched a deep sigh, and said, in a dejected tone, "He wished he had taken his friendly advice last night."

The doctor alarmed at the dangerous symptoms which the disorder indicated, thought it necessary to call in the advice of another physician; and accordingly proposed sending for Dr. Turton, of whom he knew Goldsmith had a great opinion. The proposal was acceded to; a servant was immediately dispatched with a message; and on his arrival, the two Doctors assisted at a consultation, which they continued regularly every day, till the disorder put a period to the existence of their patient, on the 4th day of April, 1774, in the 45th year of his age.

His friends, who were very numerous and respectable, had determined to bury him in Westminster-abbey: his pall was to have been supported by Lord Shelbourne, Lord Louth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, the Hon. Mr. Beauclere, Mr. Edmund Burke, and Mr. Garrick; but, from some unaccountable circumstances, this design was dropped; and his remains were privately deposited in the Temple burial-ground, on Saturday, the 9th of April; when Mr. Hugh Kelley, Messrs. John and Robert Day, Mr. Palmer, Mr. Etherington, and Mr. Hawes, gentlemen who had been his friends in life, attended his corpse as mourners, and paid the last tribute to his memory.

A subscription, however, was afterwards raised by his friends, to defray the expense of a marble monument, which was placed in Westminster-abbey, between Gay's monument and the Duke of Argyle's, in the Poet's Corner, with the following Latin inscription, written by his friend Dr. Samuel Johnson.—

TRANSLATION.

This Monument is raised to the Memory of
OLIVER GOLDSMITH,
Poet, Natural Philosopher, and
Historian,
Who left no species of writing untouched,
or
Unadorned by his Pen,
Whether to move laughter,
Or draw tears:
He was a powerful master
Over the affections,
Though at the same time a gentle tyrant;
Of a genius at once sublime, lively, and
Equal to every subject:
In expression at once noble,
Pure and delicate.
His memory will last
As long as society retains affection,
Friendship is not void of honour,
And reading wants not her admirers.
He was born in the kingdom of Ireland,
At Ferney, in the province
Of Leinster,
Where Pallas had set her name,
29th Nov. 1731.
He was educated at Dublin,
And died in London,
4th April, 1774.

As to his character, it is strongly illustrated by Mr. Pope's line,

'*In wit a man, simplicity a child.*

From the Port Folio.

[The following is an essay to translate a few pages of a work from the pen of the modern Democritus. The original appeared in Paris in 1803, but never, has, I believe, found its way across the Atlantic: the distin-

guished author L. A. de Segur (ci devant Viscomte) in a flowing, unruffled, and charming style, undertakes to refcue the fair fex from that fubordination into which they funk with Eve's fall, and from which the gradual progreffion of fcience and refinement, has been tardily operating their manumiffion. In his three volumes he considers women from Eve to Charlotte Cordays, and as dry differtation could not but be ungrateful upon fo bland and productive a fubject, his positions are interfperfed his principles actuated, and his argument refreshed wi h the liveliest historical narratives of the age or country he considers. In proof of the degeneracy of manners in Paris and Lou s XV. and of its peculiar, I trust and pernicious nature, he communicates the following anecdote, which though it may possibly have received fome poetical embellishments from his hands, is probably at least broadly founded in fact and not unlikely literally and lineally handed down to us. The fastidious critic, or fashidious fair who may be startled at the freedom of the fubject, must recollect that it was intended for the meridian of France; but as it's aim is to expofe the aashushed indecencies of a depraved age, in order that they may be detested and avoided in the prefent and future, the design cannot but be applauded, and if it prove efficacious in cleansing any community of any corrupt propensities, the application is furely inoffenfive.—As to the translation, a formal one is generally odious, unnatural, and unbecoming; but throughout Mr. de Segur's work there runs fo rich and glowing a vein of proper and eafy wit, that I have endeavoured as far as poffible to preferve its peculiarity.—I have tried to translate without metamorphosing him.]

From M. de Segur's Works on Women—Vol. 2 p. 190—235

In the beginning of Louis fifteenth's reign, the young women were not yet enfranchifed from the old-fashioned principles to which their grand-parents adhered. Thence arose, in order to beguile their fuperintendance, the idea & ufe of what are called *Casini*. These mysterious reforts were fixed in remote parts of the fuburbs. Ladies got into grey carriages, with a plain equipage, that did not attract attention, and drove secretly to thofe Casini which belonged to their lovers, where all shame was forgot, and licentiousnefs reigned still more than voluptuousness.—But the same women, as they went from thefe assemblies of disorder, resumed at the door a compofed mein, and even a fort of prudery peculiar to the morals of the times.

It was thus there reigned in the bosom of corruption, a tone of decency, a measure always consonant in converfation and in conduct; women perpetuated in society, that fine taste, that apparent regularity, which imposed upon the public; and the sight was least shocked, at the very period when manners were most offended.

In this way a young lady passed many years without receiving visits from gentlemen: she never went privately to the play, she never went out but with the greatest etiquette; in a word, decorum was observed, but there were Casini. I remember an anecdote on the subject, which perhaps may give the reader fome idea of the manners of the age, and of the contrast between the country and the capital.

THE CASINI.....*An Anecdote.*

M. de N. a Provincial gentleman, who had a fuit to solicit, set out, from the inhabited part of his mansion, for Paris. He was one of those countrymen little inured to the ways of the town and court, but of the utmost good nature, with the greatest consideration for great lords, and the excellent good fenfe to stay always at home, until the moment when business with the council allured him to Paris and Verfeilles. His wife, young, pretty, fomewhat deficient in sense, but by no means in coquetry, in short the belle of the Limousin, did not fail to seize on so favourable an opportunity for seeing Paris: She must prevail on her husband to let her go with him. Now a Parisian woman would have employed her graces and finesse: Mrs. de N..... applied merely that instinctive address which makes ladies acquainted with their husband's blind sides in the Limousin as well as at Paris. Well then the journey is agreed on—The departure was a grand event in the castle; since the battle of Sawfield where M. de N——— received a wound which netted him the cross and a half pay he hardly ever got, he had never left the castle. Some purchafes must be made that were sent for to the village: the news was spread abroad, and Mrs. de N——— had already acquired an increase of consequence in the aſsemblies of the little neighbouring town—She was going to Paris indeed, to Verseilles—may be she might see the king once. Nothing was talked of for two days but the setting out of M. de N. and his wife.

The difficulty was to know where to put up at Paris. M. and Mrs. de B——— who had taken a journey to Versailles in 1776, and who never failed recollecting all about it, were heard as oracles. A black coat was procured for the husband—two ells of new cloaded St. Louis ribbonds were bought—a plume that had grown yellow was made almost white, and adjusted in the 'Squire's hat—the antiquated regimental sword was furbished up. As for my lady, it was settled she should not buy her fashions till she got to Paris.

John the man-servant became a fubject of uneasiness—he must be dreſsed—M. de N. not supposing that he should ever occasion to travel, had made a prefent of his old livery to La Ramee his game-keeper, who always stood near his new at church on holydays. He was obliged to take away this antique depoſit from La Ramee, assuring him at the fame time that it was only borrowed: La Ramee obeyed in a fury, and he swore one of the four hares on his master's grounds should be cooked for that, which was punctually executed. John was huddled into his livery, but as La Ramee was bigger than he, the coat came about half way down his legs. The farmer lent his horses and calash to carry our travellers to the village where they took the stage.

Nothing of moment occurred on the journey; we are about therefore to follow M. and Mrs. de N. at their arrival in Paris. As they had been cautioned against the dearness of the fine furnished hotels, they got out quietly at a tavern in the Fauxbourg Saint Marceau, at the Beautiful Image: In the third story, at the end of a dismal gallery there was a chamber with two beds with sheets long since green, decorated with yellow twisted ribbons.

M. de N. was a whimsical figure: with a vast stature he combined a pot belly, a self sufficient air which, his figure rendered rather laughable than imposing, a strong Limousin accent humble parts and a thorough-base voice: One of his legs too had been abridged by a stroke from a Biscayen, which falling off was provided for by the substitute of an enormous wooden heel, supporting his shoe. Add to this a very few scruples of breeding, but at any rate more than his wife, which made him afraid least the language & expressions of that lady would make her too readily known for a Provincial, and on that account engaged her to talk very little. She was quite submissive, but as her ill luck would have it, the day after their arrival, they went to the Opera. The piece was Castor and Pollux: the man and his wife were fixed in the third row of boxes. Mrs. de N. hardly dared breathe, with her eyes fastened on the stage, and stiff as a stake she never turned her head. All at once the curtain rose—her sight was dazzled, and in her transport she cried out, 'ah! my dear there how it be's!'—M. de N ashamed of his triffing exclamation, replied with temper and dignity, 'Werry vel Mam it be's how it be's.

Conceive the merriment and jests of the rest of the box who roared out their laughter. M. de N. was vexed—his wife blushed—the noise drew the attention of the next box, which by chance belonged to the duke of ——— who was there with Mrs. de ——— whom he had lately left for the baronness of ———, as he imagined pretended attentions to his forsaken mistress would prove a provocation for the new one's temptation: this too bewildered his wife's suspicions, who had read him a curtain lecture of self-love that morning, and who notwithstanding, was at the Opera, right opposite to him, with the Marquis of ———, a young coxcomb whom she did not look upon without interest.

The duke did nothing at first, but laugh at the country lady's *there how it be's*, but by chance he set himſelf to ogling her. He thought her charming; through Mrs. de N's ridiculous behaviour he could perceive a bloom, black eyes, a fine form & beautiful teeth—In short he was tempted, and went down to call Landry his running footman a singularly active, clever fellow. " *Landry*, (said he,) you will not go home with me—I recommend to you a little rustic in the third row, No. 9.—She is with a man about fifty, who behaves as if he might be her husband—You understand me—to night when I go to bed the particulars—ten louis for you if you make no blunders."—That was as good as faying, where does she live, her name, what brings her to Paris—is she come-at-able—any maid who can be gained—wont a hope of influence tempt thefe honest folks?"—" My lord duke shall be fatisfied," anſwered Landry—that was as good as to fay, he could have anſwer to every thing that night—So, indeed he had—The knowing Landry followed the fiacre when the play ended, and while M and Mrs. de N. were undreſsing, the running footman was below stairs in the inn toe to toe with John, treating him. Figure to yourself Landry abſolutely gilt, his master's arms glittering on his bonnet, and with a huge silver headed cane that would have made John's fortune. There was Landry affecting the airs of a lord, at table with the booby, who sitting on a corner of a three-legged stool, hardly dared to look at him. The gentleman fpared neither wine nor liquors, and gave fo exquisite a fupper that his master might have envied it. John, with a stare, took courage, drank and never stopped chattering. When Landry had learned all he wanted, he got up, payed like a prince, slipped into John's hand a louis, and disappeared like the air.

(To be continued.)

SELECTED POETRY.

THE AMERICAN CAPTIVE.

AS wearied and faint, o'er the wild domain
Near Tripoli's borders I fought the cool shade,
My pity was rous'd by the clank of a chain;
I faw a poor captive reclin'd on his fpade.

'Sleeps my country?' he cried 'shall I ne'er visit it more
'The land of my fathers and freedom enjoy?
'Will never thy voice shake this guilt-hardened shore,
'And warn it that vengeance has wak'd to destroy?

'O where is the valour that flew to repel,
'The lawleſs aggreſsions of Gallia's power?
'O where do thoſe spirits magnanimous dwell
'Who scorn'd to fubmit in a perilous hour?

'Has anarchy 'whelm'd thee in gloomy deſpair?
'Or the conqueror levell'd thy towering pride!—
'O no. By the blood of our heroes I swear,
'Thy proweſs shall never be vainly deſi'd.

'When lately thy thunders aſsail'd the blue sky,
'And the defart re-echo'd the clamours of war;
'Thy genius approving, look'd down from on high,
'And own'd with a ſmile the American tar.

'Where now are thoſe heroes that led the bold fight;
'And the eagle and stars bore to Tripoli's wall;
'Alas! ſons of glory, our navy's delight,
'Condemn'd in a contest unequal to fall.

'Must care for our brothers to strike the ſad lay,
'Methinks that with rapture I hear them exclaim,
'Ere long shall the bones of ſea robbers diſplay
'A monument worthy of Somers's name.'

LIFE COMPARED TO A STREAM.

AS through irriguous vales and shadowy groves
A mildly-murmuring streamlet viewleſs roves,
By verdant borders wins its winding way,
Eſcaping through the fields in Fairy play:
Till rapid force th' increasing waters gain.
And mingle with the gentle-ſwelling main.

Thus may my devious life ſecurely glide,
Far from Ambition's blood empurpled tide;
By Riches unoppreſs'd, its courſe purſue
Nor mid Law's vortex be abſorbed from view.
When darkneſs veils my evening's closing hour,
And nature yields to Time's resistleſs power,
May Death's cold hand my wearied limbs compoſe,
And kindly grant the welcome Tomb's repoſe.

RURICOLA.

The following theory of a genuine lover, is more philosophical than is commonly formed in those ardent and uncontrouled hours when men are bewitched with the fascination of female beauty. [Port Folio.

Why we love and why we hate
Is not given us to know;
Random, chance or wilful fate,
Guides the shaft from Cupid's bow.

If on me Zelinda frown,
'Tis madneſs all in me to grieve;
Since her will is not her own,
Why should I uneaſy live:

If I for Zelinda die
Deaf to poor Clariſsa's cries,
Ask not me the reaſon why,
Seek the riddle in the skies.

RULES AND MAXIMS FOR PROMOTING MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.

THE likeliest way, either to obtain a good husband, or to keep one fo, is to be good yourself.

Never uſe a lover ill whom you deſign to make your husband, leſt he ſhould either upbraid you with it, or return it afterwards; and if you find at any time an inclination to play the tyrant, remember theſe two lines of truth and juſtice.

"Gently ſhall thoſe be rul'd who gently ſway'd,
"Abject ſhall thoſe obey, who haughtily were obeyed."

Avoid, both before and after marriage, all thoughts of managing your husband. Never endeavour to deceive or impoſe on his underſtanding, nor give him uneaſineſs, (as ſome do, very foolishly, to try his temper)—but treat him always, before-hand with *ſincerity*, and afterwards, with *affection* and *reſpect*.

Be not ſanguine before marriage, nor promiſe yourſelf felicity without alloy: for that is impoſſible to be attained, in this preſent ſtate of things. Conſider beforehand, that the perſon you are going to ſpend your days, with, is a *man*, and not an *angel*; and if when you come together, you diſcover any thing in his humour or behaviour that is not altogether ſo agreeable as you expect, paſs it over as human frailty: ſmooth your brow, compoſe your temper, and try to amend it by *cheerfulneſs* and *good nature*.

Remember always, that whatever misfortunes may happen to either, they are not to be charged to the account of matrimony, but to the accidents and infirmities of human life; a burden which each has engaged to aſſiſt the other in ſupporting, and to which both parties are equally expoſed. Therefore, inſtead of murmurings, reflections, and diſagreements, whereby the weight is rendered abundantly more grievous; readily put your ſhoulder to the yoke and make it eaſier for both.

Reſolve every morning, to be cheerful and good natured that day: and if any accident ſhould happen to break that reſolution, ſuffer it not to put you out of temper with every thing beſides, and eſpecially with your husband.

Diſpute not with him, be the occaſion what it will; but much rather deny yourſelf the trivial ſatisfaction of having your own will, or gaining the better of an argument, than riſque a quarrel, or create a [illegible] which it is impoſſible to know the end of.

Be aſſured, a woman's power, as well as happineſs, has no other foundation but her husband's eſteem and love, which conſequently, it is her undoubted intereſt, by all means poſſible, to preſerve and increaſe.—Do you, therefore, ſtudy his temper, and command your own: enjoy his ſatisfaction with him, ſhare and ſmooth his cares, and with the utmoſt diligence conceal his infirmities.

Read frequently, with due attention, the matrimonial ſervice and take care, in doing ſo, not to overlook the word *obey*.

In your prayers, be ſure to add a clauſe for grace to make a GOOD WIFE: and, at the ſame time, reſolve to do your utmoſt endeavours towards it.

Always wear your wedding ring, for therein lies more virtue than is uſually imagined; if you are ruffled unawares aſſaulted with improper thoughts, or tempted in any kind againſt your duty, caſt your eyes upon it, and call to mind who gave it you, where it was received, and what paſſed at that ſolemn time.

Let the tenderneſs of your conjugal love be expreſſed with ſuch decency, delicacy, and prudence, as that it may appear plainly and thoroughly diſtinct from the deſigning fondneſs of a harlot.

Have you any concern for your own eaſe, or for your husband's eſteem? Then have a due regard to his income and circumſtances, in all your expences and deſires: for if neceſſity ſhould follow, you run the greateſt hazard of being deprived of both.

Let not many days paſs together, without a ſerious examination how you have behaved as a wife; and if, upon reflection, you find yourſelf guilty of any foibles, or omiſſions, the beſt atonement is to be exactly careful of your future conduct.

ON THE DIFFERENT FASHIONS.

In an Italian book printed a century ago, there is this *bon mot* of a fool, who went about the ſtreets naked, carrying a piece of cloth on his ſhoulders. He was aſked by ſome one, why he did not dreſs himſelf ſince he had the materials? "Becauſe," replied he, "I wait to ſee in what manner the faſhions will end. I do not like to uſe my cloth for a dreſs, which in a little time will be of no uſe to me, on account of ſome new faſhions."

Since that time the rapid changes of faſhion have ſo augmented, that what was then told as a fool's reply, might now paſs as the mature reflection of a wiſe man.

Who would believe that there has been an age in which the eye-brows growing together was admired and praiſed as a perfection in ladies. It is however a fact atteſted by Anacreon, who boaſted of this charm in his miſtreſs. Theocritus, Petronius, and ſeveral of the ancients, alſo notice it. Ovid informs us, that in his time the ladies painted between their eye-brows, that they might appear to be united. It is ſtill conſidered as beautiful, I believe, among the Grecians and Perſians.

There was a time when it was faſhionable for gentlemen to have thick legs; this unphyſical faſhion however gave way to a conſumptive one, and thin legs were for a time all the rage.

To what height has not faſhion carried its tyranny? There has been a period when it influenced the health; it was not becoming to be healthy; it was conſidered as indicative of being a low, vulgar perſon.

At another time the vapours were in vogue, and it was thought a mark of good breeding to have them exceſſively.

Various are the forms which ladies head-dreſſes have aſſumed at different periods; and to what whims has not the faſhion of the hair been ſubjected?——Sometimes dreſſed high, then low, plaited to hang in treſſes, and ſometimes cloſe up to the head, and it has been even cropped round.

Moſt of the faſhions, however, in dreſſing, which have been conſidered by the ladies as new, may be ſeen on old medals to have been the dreſſes of the ancient empreſſes.

ACCOUNT OF THE COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE OF THE CELEBRATED DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

[*From the Dublin edition of Boſwell's Life of* Johnſon.]

JOHNSON had from his early youth, been ſenſible to the influence of female charms. When at Stourbridge ſchool he was much enamoured of Olivia Lloyd, a young quaker, to whom he wrote a copy of verſes, which I have not been able to recover; and I am aſſured by Miſs Seward, that he conceived a tender paſſion for Miſs Lucy Porter, daughter of the lady whom he afterwards married. Miſs Porter was ſent very young on a viſit to Litchfield, where Johnſon had frequent opportunities of ſeeing and admiring her; and he addreſſed to her the following verſes, on her preſenting him with a noſegay of myrtle:

'What hopes, what terrors does thy gift create,
'Ambiguous emblem of uncertain fate:
'Thy myrtle, enſign of ſupreme command,
'Conſigned by Venus to Meliſſa's hand:
'Not leſs capricious than a reigning fair,
'Now grants, and now rejects a lover's prayer.
'In myrtle ſhades oft ſings the happy ſwain,
'In myrtle ſhades deſpairing ghoſts complain;
'The myrtle crowns the happy lover's head,
'Th' unhappy lover's grave the myrtle ſpreads:
'O then the meaning of thy gift impart,
'And eaſe the throbbings of an anxious heart!
'Soon muſt this bough, as you ſhall fix his doom,
'Adorn Philander's head, or grace his tomb.'

His juvenile attachments to the fair ſex, were, however, tranſient; and it is certain that he formed no criminal connection whatſoever. Mr. Hector who lived with him in his younger days in the utmoſt intimacy and ſocial freedom, has aſſured me, that even at that ardent ſeaſon his conduct was ſtrictly virtuous in that reſpect; and though he loved to exhilirate himſelf with wine, he never knew him intoxicated but once.

In a man whom religious education has ſecured from licentious indulgences, the paſſion of love when once it has ſeized him, is exceedingly ſtrong, being unimpaired by diſſipation, and totally concentrated in one object. This was experienced by Johnſon, when he became the fervent admirer of Mrs. Porter, after her firſt husband's death. Miſs Porter told me, that when he was firſt introduced to her mother, his appearance was very forbidding: he was then lean and lank, ſo that his enormous ſtructure of bones was hideouſly ſtriking to the eye, and the ſcars of the ſcorphula were deeply viſible. He alſo wore his hair, which was ſtraight and ſtiff, and ſeparated behind; and he often had ſeemingly, convulſive ſtarts and odd geſticulations, which tended to excite at once ſurpriſe and ridicule. Mrs. Porter was ſo much engaged by his converſation, that ſhe overlooked all theſe external diſadvantages, and ſaid to her daughter, *this is the moſt ſenſible man that I ever ſaw in my life.*

Though Mrs. Porter was double the age of Johnſon, and her perſon and manner as deſcribed to me by the late Mr. Garrick, were by no means pleaſing to others, ſhe muſt have had a ſuperiority of underſtanding and talents, as ſhe certainly inſpired him with a more than ordinary paſſion; and ſhe having ſignified her willingneſs to accept of his hand, he went to Litchfield to aſk his mother's conſent to the marriage, which he could not but be conſcious was a very imprudent ſcheme, both on account of their diſparity of years, and her want of fortune. But Mrs. Johnſon knew too well the ardor of her ſon's temper, and was too tender a parent to oppoſe his inclinations.

I know not for what reaſon the marriage ceremony was not performed at Birmingham; but a reſolution was taken that it ſhould be at Derby, for which place the bride and bridegroom ſet out on horſeback, I ſuppoſe in very good humour. But though Mr. Topham Beauclerk uſed archly to mention Johnſon's having told him with much gravity, "Sir it was a love match on both ſides." I have had from my illuſtrious friend the following curious account of their journey to church upon the nuptial morn. "Sir, ſhe had read the old romances, and had got into her head the fantaſtical notion that a woman of ſpirit ſhould uſe her lover like a dog. So, Sir, at firſt ſhe told me that I rode too faſt, and ſhe could not keep up with me; and when I rode a little ſlower, ſhe paſſed me and complained that I lagged behind. I was not to be made the ſlave of caprice; and I reſolved to begin as I meant to end. I therefore puſhed on briſkly, till I was fairly out of her ſight. The road lay between two hedges, ſo I was ſure ſhe could not miſs it; and I contrived that ſhe ſhould ſoon come up with me. When ſhe did, I obſerved her to be in tears."

This, it muſt be allowed, was a ſingular beginning of matrimonial felicity; but there is no doubt that Johnſon, though he thus ſhowed a manly firmneſs, proved a moſt affectionate and indulgent huſband to the laſt moment of Mrs. Johnſon's life; and in his "Prayers and Meditations," we find very remarkable evidence that his regard and fondneſs for her never ceaſed, even after her death.

THE HAPPY WIFE.

Lovely looks, and conſtant courting,
Sweet'ning all the toils of life;
Cheerful children's harmleſs ſporting
Follow woman made a wife!

The raillery of Addiſon is inimitable. The ſeverity of his reproach is always tempered by the ſweetneſs of his ſmile; and he is the merciful judge, who reluctantly and with ſome ſorrow, pronounces the ſentence of the law, not the bloody executioner, who deſtroys the criminal. His lampoons upon the ladies are never malignant, and the moſt impatient temper will not be ruffled by ſuch gentle reproof as the following:

Lavinia is reduced to ſuch an extremity of deſpair, by the inconſtancy of Philander, that ſhe tells me ſhe writes her letter with her pen in one hand, and her garter in the other. But the ladies are often vexed with ſtill greater cares. I have known a muff, a ſcarf, or a tippet, become a ſolid misfortune. A lap-dog has broken the hearts of thouſands. Flavia, who had buried five children and two huſbands, was never able to get over the loſs of her parrot. How often has a divine creature been thrown into a fit, by a neglect at a ball or an aſſembly? Mopſa has kept her chamber ever ſince the laſt maſquerade, and is in greater danger of her life upon being left out of it, than Clorinda from the violent cold ſhe caught at it. Many a lady has fetched a ſigh at the flouriſh of a cane, and been ruined by the tapping of a ſnuff-box. It is impoſſible to reckon up all the virgins who have fallen a ſacrifice to a pair of fringed gloves.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A SCOLD.

Eternal fury! hold thy curſed tongue,
So quick, ſo ſharp, ſo looſe, ſo loud, ſo long,
That neither huſband, neighbour, friend, or foe,
Can be at eaſe where'er they hear it go;
Dread thunder is a much leſs frightful noiſe,
Drums, guns, and bells are muſic to thy voice;
The pillory which the perjur'd villain fears,
Cannot be half ſo uneaſy to the ears;
Nor is the aching head's vexatious pain
Half ſo tormenting to a ſickly brain;
Then heaven defend, and keep my ears ſecure
From the ſad plague which none but death can cure.

ODE

TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY PETER PINDAR.

LOVE is a pretty paſſion, to be ſure ;
And long, I indeed, may love endure !
Yet now and then to prudence ſhould it look,
Yes, take a little leaf from wiſdom's book.
Our boys, alas ! begin too ſoon to ſigh,
Mourn the pierc'd heart, and lay them down to die ;
Juſt like expiring ſwans with tuneful breath,
Sweet rhyming in the agonies of death.

Too ſoon the girls abuſe of pens the nib,
And pour their little groaning ſouls on paper !
Love ſhould not come, till time removes the bib ;
Miſſes ſhould learn to WALK before they CAPER.

Love though it deals in SWEETS, has many SOURS ;
It does not always furniſh happy hours,
Putting us oft in diſmal ſituations :
The novelty ſets peoples ſouls a longing ;
What thouſands to their ruin thus are thronging !
Indeed we ſee the ruin in all nations.

I fear love does at times a deal of harm :
It keeps the world alive, it is confeſs'd :
So far, indeed, I like the pleaſant charm ;
Yet, yet, through love, what thouſands are diſtreſs'd !

"Give me," exclaims the youth, "but heavenly kiſs ing,
"And lo, I ſeek nought elſe, for nought is miſſing ;
"Let me forever dwell on Chloe's lip ;
"On Chloe's boſom let me only lie ;
"There pour in ſweeteſt extacy the ſigh,
"And like the bee, the honey'd treaſure ſip.

"I heed not fragrant wines, nor fleſh nor fiſh ;
"Chloe is all I want, and all I wiſh !"

And thus again the rapture'd nymph exclaims,
"Sweet are of love the ſighs, and dear the flames !
"Love ſmiles away the dark'ning clouds of life :
"Love feels no rains nor ſtorms, nor pinching cold ;
"Love wants not fire, nor candle, meat, clothes gold :
"All bliſs is center'd in that one word—WIFE."

LOUISA—A SONG.

As with Louiſa late I ſat,
In yonder ſecret grove,
How fondly did each boſom beat,
And pour'd its tale of love !

Eve's tuneful bird with ſweeteſt lay,
Inſpir'd the tranquil place ;
Eve's ſilver ſtar with pureſt ray,
Beam'd on the chaſte embrace.

But now the tender ſcene is o'er,
What tongue my grief can tell !
In yonder grove I meet no more,
The maid I love ſo well !

Yet ſtill, at evening's 'cuſtom'd hour,
With feelings ſadly ſweet,
I ſeek in love's forſaken bow'r,
My ſolitary ſeat.

There Philomela's tuneful tongue,
Still ſoothes my penſive ear,
Ah ! 'tis the ſame melodious ſong,
Louiſa lov'd to hear.

And ſtill I joy to mark the while,
The ſtar of Venus ſhine ;
Which ſaw the bluſh, the tear, the ſmile,
That ſpoke Louiſa mine.

Her clear idea finely tied,
To each lov'd object there ;
I ſtill behold her at my ſide,
And claſp the ſhadowy fair.

FANCY.

Fancy, thou buſy offſpring of the mind !
Thou roving, ranging, rambler, unconfin'd !
Pleaſing, diſpleaſing, aping, marring, making,
Firſt wright for wrong, then wrong for right miſtaking,
Reſtleſs thyſelf, can't let poor me alone,
Thou ſomething, nothing, any thing in one !

THE DESERTED COTTAGE.

Lov'd Cottage, once the ſeat of joy,
How chang'd thy ſcenes appear !
No longer mirth without alloy
Is found a tenant here.

Beneath thy roof pure friendſhip dwelt,
The genuine and ſincere,
Whoſe heart the ſoft emotions felt;
To dry affliction's tear.

Eulogy, on whom is ſlender praiſe,
His deeds his life commend,
No poor man paſſes but he ſays,
That cot contain'd a friend.

When buſy memory takes her view,
O'er thoſe delightful hours,
Which willing fancy would renew,
Sad diſappointment low'rs.

On yonder green, at cloſe of day,
When buſineſs all was o'er,
Oft have I ſeen the ſchool boy play
Before the cottage door.

Intent on ſport, in gay career,
None watch'd the wing of time,
Till o'er yon plain they'd chance to hear
The village clock in chime.

The diſtant ſound a warning ſent,
To-morrow's taſk to gain,
With active ſtep, each homeward bent
His way across the plain.

Ah ! happieſt ſtate of human life,
Bright ſun-ſhine of our day,
No ſtorms of hatred gend'ring ſtrife
O'er cloud thy morning ray.

Yon dreary waſte with weeds o'ergrown
Was once the gard'ner's pride,
Where Flora's varied beauties ſhown
And art with nature vied.

The choiceſt flow'rs were there arrang'd,
The violet and the roſe,
But now, alas ! thy ſcenes how chang'd,
The thorny thiſtle grows.

With Julia as the Sun declin'd
The fragrant walks I'd rove,
And hear the tranſports of her mind
Convey'd through lips of love.

And when returning we would roam
Towards the cottage ſtile,
How oft we've view'd the peaſant's home
Illumin'd by his ſmile.

But like the ſtorm which cairns foretbods
A tempeſt was at hand,
That makes his lately bleſs'd abode,
A cot, deſerted ſtand.

No longer now the ſeat of joy,
How chang'd thy ſcenes appear,
No more gay mirth without alloy,
Is found a tenant here.

INCOGNITA.

HISTORICAL.

RAMSEY, in his hiſtory of the American Revolution, records the following inſtance of patriotiſm.

Among the Americans who were killed in the action near Charleſton, on the 20th June, 1779, was Colonel ROBERTS, an artillery officer of diſtinguiſhed abilities. In the ſhort interval between his being wounded and his dying, he was viſited on the field of battle by his ſon, captain Roberts of his own regiment. The expiring father preſented his ſword to his ſon, with an exhortation to behave worthy of it, and to uſe it in defence of liberty and his country. After a ſhort converſation he deſired him to return to his proper ſtation, adding "that there he might be uſeful, but to him he could be of no ſervice.

A SWEAT—FOR A SWEAT.

A Phyſician had a ſkeleton ſo fixed, that on entering the room a ſpring was touch'd when, in an inſtant it graſped the perſon entering. An Iriſhman (a ſtranger) called on the doctor for ſome medical aid, and was ſhown into the room where the ſkeleton was—it ſeized him in a moment—Oh, Jaſus!—up with his fiſt to defend himſelf: but, to his great aſtoniſhment he ſaw the ghaſtly figure diſengaging itſelf, when he flew from the houſe like lightning. A few days after, meeting the doctor, (who might be called a walking ſkeleton,) coming out of his houſe—"Ah, my honey—are you there! do you think I don't know you, with your cl'oes on? he ſeized the doctor by the throttle, and beſtowing a few hearty whacks—take that for the ſweat you gave me t'other day."

THE RETORT PROPER.

Dr. Warren, a divine ſeldom in church, but a rigid juſtice of peace, having a fellow before him, ſaid, I ſhall teach you *law*, I warrant you. Sir, (anſwered the fellow) it would be better if you would teach me *gaſpel*.

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2d...THE terms are TWO DOLLARS per annum, to be PAID IN ADVANCE.

3d...A handſome title-page and table of contents will be furniſhed (gratis) at the completion of each volume.

The following gentlemen, from ſome of whom we have already received indubitable tokens of attachment to the intereſts of this paper, will act as our AGENTS in receiving money due for the MINERVA, at the places to which their names are affixed—and they will receive, and tranſmit us the names of thoſe who may wiſh to become ſubſcribers.

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BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. D.

Concluded.

We insert the following lines, in verse and prose, written by a friend immediately after his death, as they were deemed faithful transcripts of his character.

Here rests, from the cares of the world and his pen,
A poet whose like we shall scarce meet again;
Who, tho' formed in an age when corruption ran high,
And folly alone seem'd with folly to vie;
When genius, with traffic too commonly train'd
Recounted her merits by what she had gain'd;
Yet spurn'd at those walks of debasement and pelf,
And in poverty's spite dar'd to think for himself.
Thus free'd from those fetters the muses oft bind,
He wrote from the heart to the hearts of mankind;
And such was the prevalent force of his song,
Sex, ages, and parties he drew in a throng.
The lovers—'twas their's to esteem and commend,
For his Hermit had proved him their tutor and friend:
The statesman, his politic passions on fire,
Acknowledg'd repose to the charms of his lyre.
The moralist too had a feel for his rhymes,
For his Essays were carbs on the rage of the times;
Nay, the critic, all school'd in grammatical sense,
Who look'd in the glow of description for sense,
Reformed as he read, fell a dupe to his art,
And confessed by his eyes what he felt in his heart.

Yet blest with original powers like these,
His principal force was on paper to please:
Like a fleet-footed hunter, though first in the chace,
On the road or plain foundhe oft slacken'd his pace;
Whilst dullnefs and cunning, by whipping and goring,
Their hard-footed hackney's paraded before him;
Compounded likewise of such primitive parts,
That his manners alone would have gain'd him our hearts.

So simple in train, so ingenuously kind,
So ready to feel for the wants of mankind;
Yet praise but an author of popular quill,
His flood of philanthropy quickly stood still;
Transform'd from himself he grew meanly severe,
And rail'd at those talents he ought not to fear.

Such then were his foibles; but though they were such
As shadowed the picture a little too much,
The style was all graceful, expressive and grand,
And the whole the result of a masterly hand.

The prosaic enthusiasm which follows does the highest honour to his character, both literary and personal.

"In an age when genius and learning are too generally sacrificed to the purposes of ambition and avarice it is the consolation of virtue, as well as its friends, that they can commemorate the name of Goldsmith as a shining example to the contrary.

"Early compelled (like many of the greatest men) into the service of the Muses, he never once permitted his necessities to have the least improper influence on his conduct; but, knowing and respecting the honourable line of his profession, he made no farther use of *fiction*, than to set off the dignity of *truth;* and in this he succeeded so happily, that his writings stamp him the man of genius, than the universal friend of mankind.

"Such is the out-line of his poetical character, which, perhaps, will be remembered, whilst the first-rate poets of this country have any monuments left them. But, alas! his noble and immortal part, the good man, is only consigned to the short-lived memory of those who are left to lament his death.

"Having naturally a powerful bias on his mind to the cause of virtue, he was cheerful and indefatigable in every pursuit of it; warm in his friendship, gentle in his manners, and in every act of charity and benevolence "the vemnik of human nature." Nay, even his foibles and little weaknesses of temper, may be said rather to simplify than degrade his understanding; for, though there may be many instances adduced, to prove he was *no man of the world*, most of those instances would attest the unadulterated purity of his heart. One who esteemed the kindness and friendship of such a man, as forming a principal part of the happiness of his life, pays this last sincere and grateful tribute to his memory."

To so high a degree of literary fame did Goldsmith arrive, that the product of his writings in general is said to have amounted, in the course of fourteen years, to more than eight thousand pounds; but this sum was dissipated by an improvident liberality without discrimination of objects, and other foibles incident to mankind, which our author could not see in himself, or if he could see, wanted resolution to correct. But, with these foibles he possessed many virtues, and those particularly of humanity and benevolence, which disposed him to do all the good in his power; so that he lived respected and died lamented.

As to his person, he was of a middle stature, fair complexion, wore a large wig, slovenly in his dress, but possessing a benevolent countenance and a cheerful demeanor. If he thought any one slighted him, or used him ill, it caused a great dejection; but otherwise he was a most charming companion. He played frequently, though indifferently, on the German flute. In his diet he was very temperate—in his behaviour unassuming.

He was however the easy dupe of any plausible pretext, and, upon occasions shewed much vanity and folly. He was very fond of cards and belonged to a card club, which always kept him extremely poor, though he was continually receiving large supplies for the productions of his pen. Among his intimate friends, it was customary for him to exclaim "I know that I can play the game of whist better than any other person belonging to the club, and yet I always lose." When the production of any other author pleased him, the highest encomium he could pass upon it was thus expressed, "m-truth it is very excellent, I should not have been ashamed of having been the author of this myself."

In the winter of 1776, he ordered a coach from Covent Garden Piazza, to the Devil Tavern, at Temple Bar, at which place a weekly club was then held by the literati of the day: when the doctor was set down, he had a guinea and a shilling in his pocket, and being rather an absent character, he gave the coachman the guinea instead of the shilling: the doctor repaired to the club-room; the coachman drove away. Being called upon for a subscription, the doctor threw his shilling upon the table, which he imagined was a guinea; he soon perceived the mistake, and related the circumstance to the club. The company laughed, and the doctor, in a violent rage, rushed out of the room to seek the coachman, but in vain. In the following week, when the club was full, and the doctor enjoying his bottle, the waiter brought him word that a hackney-coachman wanted to speak to him. After receiving some sarcastic advice from his friends, to be cautious of his commerce with coachmen, he went down stairs, and was astonished to find it was the same individual who had drove him the preceding week. "I have brought your guinea back" said the coachman, "I know your honour made a mistake: now some scoundrels would have pocketed the money, and have said nothing at all about the matter, but that's not my way, your honour: I thank God, if so be I'm poor, I'm honest; it wears well, as a body may say."—"My dear friend" exclaimed the doctor, "I honour and admire your principle; you will please to wait here a few minutes." Upon which the doctor marched up stairs, and told the story with all the blandishments, which a poetic mind on such an occasion, will beget in a good heart. He finally urged them to a subscription, as a proper reward for singular honesty in the lower ranks of life. It was generally complied with, to the amount of fifty shillings. The good, but credulous man, ran with the collection to the descendant of Phaeton, poured it into his hat, and after affectionately embracing and blessing him, was returning up stairs to his convivial friends, with that enviable and sublime satisfaction, which every man feels after the performance of a good action; he entered the room with triumph; his friends welcomed him with a peal of laughter—alas! it was at the doctor's expense! The guinea which the rascal had pretended to return was, a—*counterfeit!*

Mr. Boswell, in the life of Dr. Johnson, gives us the following description:—"The person of Goldsmith was short: his countenance coarse and vulgar; his deportment that of a scholar, awkwardly affecting the complete gentleman. No man had the art of displaying with more advantage, whatever literary acquisitions he made.——— His mind resembled a fertile but thin soil; there was a quick but not a strong vegetation of whatever chanced to be thrown upon it. No deep root could be struck. The oak of the forest did not grow there; but the elegant shrubbery, and the fragrant parterre, appeared in gay succession. It has been generally circulated and believed, that he was a mere fool in conversation. In allusion to this, Mr. Horatio Walpole, who admired his writings, said he was "an inspired idiot;" and Garrick describes him as one:

.....for shortness cried Noll!
Who wrote like an angel, and talk'd like poor Poll.

But in reality, these descriptions are greatly exaggerated. He had, no doubt, a more than common share of that hurry of ideas, which we often find in his countrymen, and which sometimes introduces a laughable confusion in expressing them. He was very much what the French call *un etourdie*; and from vanity, and an eager desire of being conspicuous wherever he was, he frequently talked carelessly, without any knowledge of the subject, or even without thought. Those who were any ways distinguished, excited envy in him to so ridiculous an excess, that the instances of it are hardly credible. He, I am told, had no settled system of any sort, so that his conduct must not be too strictly criticised; but his affections were social and generous; and when he had money he bestowed it liberally. His desires of imaginary consequence frequently predominated over his attention to truth.

"His prose has been admitted as the model of perfection and the standard of English language. Dr. Johnson says, "Goldsmith was a man of such variety of powers, and such felicity of performance, that he seemed to excel in whatever he attempted; a man who had the art of being minute without tediousness, and general without confusion; whose language was copious without restraint, and easy without weakness."

His merit as a poet, is universally acknowledged. His writings partake rather of the elegance and harmony of Pope, than the grandeur and sublimity of Milton; and it is to be lamented, that his poetical productions are not more numerous; for though his ideas flowed rapidly he arranged them with great caution, and occupied much time in polishing his periods, and harmonizing his numbers.

His most favourite poems are the 'The Traveller,' 'Deserted Village,' 'Hermit' and 'Retaliation.'

These productions may justly be ranked with the most admired works in English poetry.

"The Traveller delights us with a display of charming imagery, refined ideas, and happy expressions. The characteristics of the different nations are strongly marked and the prediliction of each inhabitant in favor of his own ingeniously described.

"The Deserted Village is generally admired, the characters are drawn from the life. The descriptions are lively and picturesque; and the whole appears so easy and natural, as to bear the semblance of historical truth more than poetical fiction. The description of the parish priest (probably intended for a character of his brother Henry) would have done honour to any poet of any age. In this description, the simile of the bird teaching her young to fly, and of the mountain that arises above the storm, are not easily to be paralleled—The rest of the Poem consists of the character of the village school master, and the description of the village ale-house; both drawn with admirable propriety and force; a defcant on the mischiefs of luxury and wealth; the vanity of artificial pleasures; the miseries of those who for want of employment at home, are driven to settle new colonies abroad; and concludes with a beautiful apostrophe to poetry.

"The Hermit" holds equal estimation with the rest of his poetical productions.

His last poem of 'Retaliation,' replete with humour free from spleen, and forcibly exhibits the prominent features of the several characters to which it alludes. Dr. Johnson, as recorded by Mr. Boswell, sums up his literary character in the following concise manner. "Take him [Goldsmith] as a poet, his Traveller is a very fine performance, & so is his Deserted Village, were it not sometimes too much the echo of his Traveller. Whether we take him as a poet, as a comic writer, or as an historian, he stands in the first class."

The most admired of his prosaic writings are the Vicar of Wakefield, Essays; Letters from a Nobleman to his Son, and the Life of Parnell."

With respect to the character or merit of the Vicar of Wakefield it is certainly a composition which has justly merited the applause of all discerning persons, as one of the best novels in the English language. The diction is chaste, correct, and elegant. The characters are drawn to the life; and the scene it exhibits are ingeniously variegated with humour and sentiment.

The heroe of the piece displays the most shining virtues that can adorn relative and social life: sincere in his professions, humane and generous in his disposition, he is himself a pattern of the character he represents, enforcing that excellent maxim, that "example is more powerful than precept." His wife is drawn as possessing many laudable qualifications: and her prevailing passion for external parade is an inoffensive foible, calculated rather to excite our mirth than incur our censure. The character of Olivia, the Vicar's eldest daughter, is contrasted with that of Sophia, the younger; the one being represented as of a disposition gay and volatile, the other as rather grave and steady: though neither of them seems to have indulged their peculiar propensity beyond the bounds of moderation.

Upon a review of this excellent production it may be truly said, that it inculcates the purest lessons of morality and virtue, free from the rigid laws of Stoicism, and adapted to attract the esteem and observation of every ingenious mind. It excites not a thought that can be injurious to its tendency, nor breathes an idea that can offend the chastest ear; or, as it has been expressed, the language is such as "angels might have heard and virgins told." The writer who suggested this pleasing idea, observes further, "that "if we do not always admire his knowledge or extensive philosophy, we feel the benevolence of his heart, and are charmed with the purity of its principles. If we do not follow, with awful reverence, the majesty of his reason, or the dignity of his long extended period, we at least catch a pleasing sentiment in a natural and unaffected style.

FROM A LATE LONDON MAGAZINE.

Case of a person who during twelve years was in a state of complete Inertia.

THE following well authenticated case is of so remarkable, and, I imagine, of so singular a nature, that I even suspect the faculty would find it difficult to give a name to it. History has indeed recorded a curious story concerning the Seven Sleepers, who awoke after having slept during many years, and then returning to their native city, found themselves so many strangers at home. In the cafe I lay before you, you will fee a man who during twelve years, appears not to have existed: & though his eyes were open all that time, he had loft their use, with the reat of his fenfes, till he as fuddenly recovered the ufe of them all.

This singular and terrible diforder, in which the foul fuddenly lofes the full exercife of its faculties, has, I think, been called by physicians, by the Greek name *Katachos*. In this strange diforder the patient remains in the fame position of his members in which he happens to be when all his intellectual and corporeal powers have been fuddenly interrupted. He remains with his eyes open, but without feeing; he has neither perception nor hearing during this state: and frequently it is only a few drops of blood which produce thefe terrible effects, unlefs they occasion fudden death.

In the Memoirs of Stockholm, of October 1784, Mr. Arvid Faxe has defcribed the following cafe: and perhaps, being written in the Swedish language, it may come with fome novelty to your readers.

"Olof Olufson, a peafant, in the parish of Renneby, in the province of Bletting, now aged 42, had been a failor in his youth, was of a strong constitution, and had once nearly perished in a storm. He was feized with fevee in June 1771, which appeared by pains in his body, great heats, and violent head-ache; he soon lost his fpeech, and shortly after, his internal and external fenfes.

"About a month afterwards, the fever and heats abated: but he had become fo lean during this malady, that it was difficult to difcover in him a fleshy fibre.—His body resembled that of a skeleton covered by a slight skin.

"He remained lying on his back constantly, and immoveable; his hands on his breast, his legs stretched out, and his eyes generally clofed. He paffed eleven years in this helpleis state, till the fummer of 1782. Except a little milk insinuated between his lips, and fometimes a spoonful of wine or brandy, and at the fame time, a pinch of fnuff, he abfolutely took no other food. No one can recollect, during all this time, that he ever expreffed a wish for food. He could paffs over four days, and fometimes a week, without taking milk. As he had neither flesh nor fat, this constant position did not occasion him any ulcers in his back.

"His brother, Anders Olufson, shewed every fraternal affection for him, and during thefe tedious and melancholy years, he sought every means to restore him to life. (for his present state could fcarcely be called life) which the most tender friendship suggested. He boiled fome plants, with which he fomented his head frequently. Olof appeared to recover a certain degree of fenfation, regain a little strength, and feemed gradually restored, but he gave no mark of perception nor reasoning. He appeared in a restless state, and full of alarm, in the prefence of any person.

In this state he remained a considerable time before he would fuffer himself to be observed stepping out of his bed, which, therefore, he generally did in the night, or when the family were out in the fields; then would he drag himfelf to the fpot where he could take a little milk but frequently, by the unexpected entrance of any one, he was feized with great trepidation, and frequently remained stretched out on the ground, without the least capability of motion.—At length his brother refolved to make him quit his usual abode, would take him out, give other nourishment, (though he ever preferred milk,) adding some strengthening fubstances, bathed his head with cold water, by a fpring at some distance from the house. Although the patient had recovered his hearing and feeling, he still remained extremely feeble and meagre, without powers of articulation, and with fcarcely any trace of reafon: habit, however, made him capable of going himself to draw water from the spring to bathe his head.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE BEAUX OF FORMER TIMES CONTRASTED WITH THOSE OF THE PRESENT.

IF the observations of an old fellow are not wholly superfluous, I would thank you to shove them into a space corner of your paper.

It is a matter of amusement to an uninterested spectator like himfelf, to obferve the influence fashion has on the drefs and deportment of its votaries, and how very quick they fly from one extreme to the other.

A few years since, the rage was, very high crowned hats, with very narrow brims, tight neckcloth, tight coat, tight jacket, tight fmall clothes, and shoes loaded with enormous silver buckles; the hair craped, plaited, queued and powdered;—in short an air of the greatest sprucenefs and tightnefs diffused over the whole person.

The ladies, with their tresses neatly turned up over an immenfe cushion; waist a yard long, braced up with stays into the fmallest compass, and encircled by an enormous hoop; so that the fashionable belle refembled a walking bottle.

Thus dressed, the lady was feen, with the most bewitching langour, reclining on the arm of an extremely attentive beau, who, with a long cane, decorated with an enormous tafsel, was carefully employed in removing every stone, stick or straw, that might impede the progress of his tottering companion, whofe high-heeled shoes just brought the points of her toes to the ground.

What an alteration has a few years produced!—We now behold our gentlemen, with the most studied carelefsness, and almost slovenness of dress; large hat, large coat, large neckloth, large pantaloons, large boots, and hair scratched into every careleis direction, lounging along the streets in the most apparent listlefsnefs and vacuity of thought; staring with an unmeaning countenance at every paffenger, or leaning upon the arm of fome fair one for fupport, with the other hand cramm'd into his breeches pocket. Such is the picture of a modern beau; in his drefs stuffing himself up to the dimensions of a Hercules, in his manner affecting the helplefsnefs of an invalid.

The belle who has to undergo the fatigue of dragging along this sluggish animal, has chofen a character very reverse; emulating in her drefs and actions all the airy lightnefs of a sylph, she trips along with the greatest vivacity. Her laughing eye, her countenance enlivened with affability and good humour, inspire with kindred animation every beholder, except the torpid being by her side, who is either affecting the fashionable fangfroid, or is wrapt up in profound contemplation of—himself.

Heavens! how changed are the manners since I was young!—then, how delightful to contemplate a ball-room—such bowing, fuch scraping, such complimenting; nothing but copperplate fpeeches to be heard on both sides: no walking but in minuet measures; nothing more common than to see half a dozen gentlemen knock their heads together in striving who should first recover a lady's fan or snuff-box that had fallen.

But now, our youths no longer aim at the character of pretty gentlemen: their greatest ambition is to be called lazy dogs—careless fellows—&c. &c. Dreffed up in the mamoth style, our bucks saunters into the ball-room in a surtout, hat under arm, cane in hand; strolls round with the most vacant air; stops abruptly before such a lady as he may choose to honor with his attention: entertain her with the common slang of the day, collected from the converfation of hostlers, footmen, porters, &c. until his string of smart sayings is run out, and then lounges off to entertain some other fair one with the same unintelligible jargon.

Surely, Messrs. Editors, puppyifm must have arrived to a *climax*; it *must* turn; to carry it to a greater extent seems to me impossible.

JONATHAN OLDSTYLE.

POETRY.

FOR THE MINERVA.

Messrs. EDITORS,

If you give the following "Choice of a Husband," *a place in your paper, you will no doubt gratify the vanity of the author—and perhaps—please some of your fair readers.*

A CORRESPONDENT.

CHOICE OF A HUSAND.

IF marriage ever be my lot in life,
And I by fate am destin'd for a wife;
If e'ee to love's soft powers, I yield my heart,
May worth inspire, and merit point the dart:
And him to whom my hand and heart are giv'n,
Have all those blessings from indulgent Heav'n;
All those virtues in his soul be join'd,
Good sense adorn, and honour guard his mind—
His temper mild, his judgment sound and clear,
Courteous to all, and to his friends sincere:
Gay without rudeness, polite with ease,
His rule good-manners, and his aim to please:
Proud to oblige, a stranger to deceit,
Ambitious rather, to be good than great—
May winning candour grace, and heav'n-born truth
Adorn each action of the accomplish'd youth.
Bless'd with his love, I'll chearfully thro' life,
Fulfil the humble duties of his wife;
Until his fading virtues cease to shine,
Pleas'd I'll admire, and strive to make them mine.

SELECTED.

ON SEEING A HALF-BLOWN WITHERED ROSE

SWEET, wither'd rose! why droop thy leaves,
Why pale is thy vermillion hue?—
Behold yon parent tree—it grieves
And hangs its head for loss of you.

Of late I mark'd thee, as I stray'd
To view the fields, at early dawn;
Mild dew-drops on the clonsplay'd
Thy fragrance filled the spacious lawn.

Now scatter'd all thy beauties lie;
Some rude, rough hand the deed hath done—
Child of an hour: just born to die,
To fade, before thy charms were known!

So have I seen a lovely youth,
A miniature of all that's good,
The friend of science, virtue, truth,
Whose prospects Hope with pleasure viewed,

Cut down, by Death's relentless hand,
While friends stood weeping at its fall
But ah! twas Heaven's supreme command;
Life, health, their tears could not recal.—

Man! what art thou, with all thy powe'r
The morning plant, the op'ning rose;
Youth spreads thy leaves—in fatal hour
Death nips the shoot—they droop, they close!

ALCANDER.

TO A POET.

Unthrifty wretch why yet confine
Thy toil and homage to the *nine*?
Tis time to bid *tor nine* begone,
And now take care of *number* ONE!

FOR THE MINERVA.

PETER....A GERMAN TALE.

IN a Village of the Margravate of Bareith in Franconia, lived a labourer named Peter. He poſseſsed the best farm in the country, but that however, constituted the most inconsiderable portion of his wealth. Three sons, and three daughters by Thereſa his wife were already married; they had all children, and all dwelt with him. Thereſa was 78 years old, himſelf 80; and both were beloved, served and reſpected, by that numerous family, every member of which was emulous to prolong the days, and multiply the comforts of their venerable parents, whom ſobriety and labour during a length of days, had preſerved from the infirmities incident to old age. Contented, amiable, happy, and glorying in their children; they praiſed God, and implored his benedictions for their deſcendants. One evening after paſsing the day at the harvest, the good old Peter, Thereſa and the Children, sat down upon the graſs: they contemplated with ecstacy one of thoſe delightful ſummer nights, to the pleaſures of which, the inhabitants of Cities are strangers. Observe said the old man, how yon beautiful sky is gemmed with innumerable stars; thoſe frequent meteors apparently falling, trailing after them a firy road. The moon almost concealed behind those poplars, darts on us a pale and twinkling light, which imparts to every object a soft and uniform luſtre.—The wind is hushed—the tree appears to respect the slumber of its feathered inhabitant, nought interrupts the solemn scene, ſave that doleful and distant cry, which at measured intervals strikes our ears—It is the cry of the Owl, the symbol of the wicked: *they* are awake whilst others sleep; there complaints never cease; and they dread the light of Heaven. My children be always good, and you will always be happy. Your mother and myself have been bleſsed with uninterrupted tranquility for sixty years—Would to God that none of you may purchase it so dearly. At these words a tear stole from the good old man's eye, and Louisa, one of his grand-daughters, about ten years old, ran immediately, and throwing herself into his arms.—'My dear grandfather,' said she, "you know how we are always pleaſed, when in the evening you tell us some pretty story—Oh how much more enchanted should we be, if you would relate to us your own—it is not late, the evening is agreeable, and none of us are sleepy." All the family of Peter joined in the entreaty, and ranged themselves in a semi-circle before him. Louisa placing herſelf at his feet, recommended silence to them all. Every mother took to her bosom the infant which by its cries would have distracted their attention— every one put themselves in a liſtning attitude, and the good old man, placing one hand on the head of Louisa, and with the other pressing the hand of Theresa, began thus:—Many days have elapsed since I was eighteen years old and Theresa sixteen. She was the only daughter of Aimar, the richest farmer of the country; I was the poorest peasant of the village: but I had never been sensible of my necessities, until I became enamoured of Theresa. I did all in my power to stifle a paſsion which I knew would at one day or other render me miserable. I was not ignorant the poverty to which fortune had condemned me, would be an eternal obstacle to my love, and that it was necessary to renounce Theresa forever, or quickly to think of the means to become rich. To obtain this last end, required an absence from the village where my Theresa dwelt: but this was more than I could bear. I consequently offered my services to her father, he received me: and you may know with what a good heart I applied myself to labour. Insensibly I gained the friendship of Aimar and the love of Theresa. You all my children who know what it is to marry for love, are no longer ignorant of the pleasure which the heart feels at the reciprocity of every interview, every gesture. Theresa loved me as sincerely as she was beloved by me. I thought of Theresa only; I laboured for her alone.—I breathed not but for her; and I flattered myself that happiness would never abandon me: but I was quickly undeceived. A neighbouring peasant asked Theresa of her father in marriage. Aimar examined how many acres of land his proposed son-in-law could settle on his daughter, and thinking him the husband that would suit, a day was appointed for the fatal nuptials. In vain we wept;—tears could avail us nothing. The inflexible Aimar gave Theresa to understand that her chagrin greatly displeased him: so that the event augmented our distreſs. The dreadful day approached—every ray of hope was extinguished. Theresa was about to become the wife of a man whom she detested. To prevent this, we agreed to seize the only means in our power; we made our escape, and Heaven punished us for it. In the middle of the night we left the village: I mounted Theresa on a small horse which one of her uncles had given her I thought it not criminal to carry it away, because it had never belonged to her father. A little Wallet, together with our clothes, contained what money Thereſa had by her frugality been able to accumulate. As for myself, I would take nothing; exhibiting a striking proof, that many of the virtues of youth are the mere offsprings of prejudice and opinion. I had been raved a parent of his only child, and at the same time from conſcientious scruples, disdained to rob him of a pin. We travelled all night and at break of day found ourselves on the frontiers of Bohemia, and almost beyond the reach of our pursuers The place where we first stopped was in a valley upon the border of a rivulet; a place such as lovers delight to meet in. Theresa dismounted, seated herself by my side on the grass, and we made a frugal but delicious repast.—Then consulted on the measures proper to be pursued—and after counting our money again and again, and estimating every thing we possessed at the highest price, our whole fortune did not amount to twenty ducats. We concluded nevertheless on directing our steps to some great city, as well to run the less hazard of discovery, and to be joined in marriage as speedily as possible. After these reflections we took the road leading to Egra: the church received us to her bosom—and we were married. To the priest was given one half our little treasure as a compensation for kindness, and never was money bestowed with greater willingness. We believed that our misfortunes were at an end, and that we had nothing more to fear: and, indeed, in the absence of reflection we were completely happy; but soon by the talisman of necessity we were wakened from this delirium. We had sold our little horse, and at the end of a month had not a penny." How to occupy ourselves?—What means of subsistence? I knew no other art than that of agriculture; and the inhabitants of cities deſpise the profession which supports them. Theresa was alſo unacquainted with any other occupation: she was worty of compassion—she trembled at the idea of futurity. Our sufferings were increased by concealing our respective apprehensions. Having no other resource, I enrolled myself in a regiment of cavalry in garrison at Egra, and gave my earnest money to Thereſa, who received it, shedding a torrent of tears. My pay kept us from dying of hunger, and with the little works of Theresa's hand, (for poverty awaken'd her invention) we procured clothes. About this time, she was delivered of an infant, which drew more closely the ties of our affection. You it was, my dear Gertrude, whom we regarded as a pledge of our eternal love, and the hope of our old age. At the birth of every child which Heaven has given us, the same fond emotions have been reiterated: nor have we as yet been disappointed. Every day Theresa wrought by the side of your cradle, whilst I endeavoured by attention to my duty, to gain the esteem and friendship of my officers.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

The sly humour of the subsequent sneer could only flow from the genius of an Addison. [Port Folio.

Our ladies of late have thrown aside the tucker, and expoſed in its primitive nakedness that gentle swelling of the breast which it was used to conceal. I obſerved this as I was sitting, the other day, by a she-visitant at my lady Lizard's; when accidentally as I was looking upon her lace, letting my sight fall into her bosom, I was surprised with beauties which I never before discovered, and do not know where my eye would have run, if I had not immediately checked it. The lady herself could not forbear blushing, when she obſerved by my looks that she had made her neck too beautiful and glaring an object, even for a man of my character and gravity. I could scare forbear *making use of my hand* to cover so *unseemly a sight.*

THE MUCH ADMIRED SONG.

"Let him meet his Welcome home."

BANISH grief thou lovely creature,
See who comes to bring thee peace;
Joy now sparkling in each feature,
Bids thy grief and sorrow cease:
O'er the rude, the boist'rous ocean,
He by fate was doom'd to roam—.
Cease, dear maid, this wild emotion,
Let him meet his welcome home.

Now from slav'ry come to greet thee,
Sav'd by fate from Algiers' coast—
See, he ties, sweet maid, to meet thee,
Love and constancy his boast:
Each long night he pass'd in sorrow
Made him bless each day to come,
Hope, that on each joyous morrow,
He should meet his welcome home.

Banish grief, thou lovely creature,
See, thy Sailor brings thee peace:—
Know thee not those sun-burnt features?
WILLIAM bids thy sorrow cease:
On the rude, the boist'rous ocean,
He no more shall luckless roam—
Then, dear maid, with glad emotion,
Joyful hail his welcome home.

LOVE OF VIRTUE....Instance of Dion.

Dion was educated in all the turpitude and servility of courts; accustomed to a life of softness, and what is still worse, tainted by ostentation, luxury, and every species of vicious pleasure; but no sooner did he listen to the divine Plato, and acquired a taste for that sublime philosophy, which inculcates the practice of virtue, than his whole soul became deeply enamoured of its charms. The same love of virtue with which Plato inspired the mind of Dion, may be silently and almost imperceptibly infused by every tender mother, into the mind of her child. Philosophy from the lips of a wise and sensible woman, glides quietly, but with strong effect, into the mind thro' the feelings of the heart. Who is not fond of walking even through the most rough and difficult paths, when conducted by the hand of Love? What species of instruction can be more successful, than soft lessons from a female tongue dictated by a mind in profound understanding, and elevated in sentiment, where the heart feels all the affection her precepts inspire!

A JEST.

A certain Priest had hoarded up
A maſs of sacred gold;
And where he might secure the same
He knew not as we're told.—
At last it lik'd his fancy well
To lock it in a chest:
Within the Chancel were he wrote
Thereon, *Hic Deus est.*

A merry grig, whose needy mind
Was seeking such a prey,
Regarding not the reverend words
That on the casket lay.
Took up the gold and blotted out
The Priest's inscript thereon
Wrote *Resurexit non est Hic,*
"Your God is rose and gone."

OBITUARY.

Departed this life, on Friday last, at Mr. Sewell's in Gloucester county, Mr. William Wiseham of this city.

To LUCY,

On her returning a Book with a rose leaf enclosed.

LUCY, when I received the book,
Its pages anxiously I fought,
To find the paſsages, where you
Had pencil'd a congenial thought.

At length, among the leaves I found
A leaf by nature's hand impreſs'd,
Whoſe pages to my mind convey'd
Ideas more pleasing than the reſt.

A roſe leaf 'twas, whoſe downy type
A thouſand tender thoughts expreſs'd;
I ſeiz'd with joy, the leaf of love,
And thus the beauteous boon addreſs'd:

"Thy charming page need not be read,
Thy origin to prove,
Thy blushes shew thou art a leaf
Torn from the book of love;

"A book, which Flora, to adorn,
Her brightest pencil dips,
Wire-wove by nature's plastic hand,
Hot press'd on Lucy's lips.

"Does Lucy ſend the leaf without
The thorns with which 'twas bound,
That I may taste the ſweets of love,
And yet eſcape the wound?

"If ſo, her kindneſs comes too late—
The pains I now endure;
But though she can't prevent the wound,
She may preſcribe a cure.

"Yes—she the welcome medicine ſends,
To mitigate my pain;
Then let the token cherish hope—
Nor cherish it in vain.

"Thy pages more ideas convey,
Than volumes can contain;
And ſuch ſweet ſentiments expreſs,
As words cannot explain.

"Thoſe operate slowly on the mind;
But you at once impart,
By love's intuitive diſcourse,
Your leſsons to the heart.

"On thy fair page, with joy, I ſee
My Lucy's charms pourtray'd,
Thy page, itſelf, an emblem, pure,
Of charms that never fade.

"Thy downy face and blushing hue
Her lips and cheeks declare;
Thy form reminds me of her heart,
Spotleſs as thou art fair.

"Her mental beauties, which shall bloom
When outward charms decay,
And make her lovely when old age
Has driven her ſmiles away,

"An emblem alſo find in thee:—
When all thy beauties fade,
Thy perfum'd breath shall make the sweet
Depriv'd of beauty's aid.

"Let others praiſe the *letter'd leaf*,
Upon whoſe magic page,
A thought to other countries roams,
And lives another age;

"But I preſer the *leaf of love*,
Whoſe pages tell of bliſs;
Though to my lips their ſphere's confin'd,
Where they convey a kiſs."

Then, conſcious that it had been preſs'd
To your dear lips, of ruby hue,
I gently preſs'd it to my lips,
And pleas'd my mind with thoughts of you.

Never, dear Lucy, did I read
A page with more ſupreme delight;
In future all your thoughts, I hope,
On ſuch ſweet pages you will write;

With all your love, continue still
Your kindest kiſses to impart,
On pages from the book of love,
Till I've the volume all *by heart*.

SYLVANUS SENTIMENT.

THE FIRST LESSON,

OF A FATHER TO HIS SON AT A YEAR OLD.

BOY, love thy mother!—she with tearful eye,
Tends the slow progreſs of thy op'ning mind;
Removes the cauſe of every infant sigh,
And by her practice lures thee to be kind.

Boy, love thy mother!—calm her beating heart,
That throbs, affectionate with care for thee:
Compoſe her anxious breast with playful art,
Preſs her ſoft lips, and prattle at her knee.

Boy, love thy mother!—Let thy lisping tongue,
In broken accents, charm her wond'ring ear,
And, when again upon her boſom hung,
Say, Oh, Mamma! I love, I love you dear.

Boy, love thy mother!—the reflected rays
Will beam new luſtre o'er thy father's days.

THE FAITHFUL FRIEND.

BY COWPER.

The green houſe is my ſummer ſeat;
My shrubs, diſplac'd from that retreat,
Enjoy'd the open air:
Two gold-finches, whoſe ſprightly ſong
Had been their mutual ſolace long,
Liv'd happy priſoners there.

They ſang blythe as finches sing
That flutter'd loose on golden wing,
And frolic where they list;
Strangers to liberty, 'tis true,
But that delight they never knew,
And therefore, never miſs'd.

But nature works in every breast;
Inſtinct is never quite ſuppreſs'd;
And Dick felt ſome desires,
Which, after many an effort vain,
Inſtructed him at length to gain
A paſs between the wires.

The open windows ſeem t'invite
The freeman to a farewell flight,
But Tom was still confin'd;
And Dick, although his way was clear,
Was much too generous and sincere
To leave his friend behind.

For sitting on his grated roof,
He chirp'd and kiſs'd him, giving proof
That he desir'd no more;
Nor would forsake his cage at laſt,
Till, gently ſeiz'd, I shut him faſt,
A priſ'ner as before.

O ye, who never knew the joys
Of friendship, ſatisfied with noise,
Fandango, ball or rout!
Blush when I tell you how a bird
A priſon, with a friend preferr'd
To liberty without.

TO A PRODIGAL.

Thus ſaith philoſophy, amid her lore,
None are ſo truly happy as the poor,
If ſo, thy favouring die of fortune's cast
And, Tom, thy happineſs increaſes faſt.

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1st...."THE MINERVA" shall be neatly printed, weekly, on a half-sheet Super-Royal paper.

2d....THE terms are TWO DOLLARS per annum, to be PAID IN ADVANCE.

3d....A handſome title-page and table of contents will be furniſhed (gratis) at the completion of each volume.

The following gentlemen, from some of whom we have already received indubitable tokens of attachment to the interests of this paper, will act as our AGENTS in receiving money due for the MINERVA, at the places to which their names are affixed—and they will receive and transmit us the names of those who may wish to become subscribers.

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The MINERVA;

Or, LADY's AND GENTLEMAN's MAGAZINE.

VOLUME I.] RICHMOND:—*FRIDAY*, AUGUST 16, 1805. [NUMBER 19.

A STRIKING DELINEATION OF REAL LIFE.

——IF I had just this, said I, as I was reading an account in the newspaper, of an acquaintance, who had married an agreeable young lady, with a fortune of 10,000*l*.—If I had just this, I should journey cheerily through life: not a murmur should ever escape from my lips: and I would, if possible, prevent the complaints of others. The hungry should not go away unsatisfied from my door. I would be a father to the fatherless; a protector to the defenceless, and I would—but here my utterance was stopped by my tears, and my heart overflowed with sympathy. I thought I would make all around me perfectly happy.

The wish was a prophetic one. Providence intended to put my virtue to the trial. I had scarcely finished the paragraph when the postboy brought me a letter, informing me that my brother Oliver had lately died in the East Indies, and left me 10,000*l*. When I had finished the letter, I took up my handkerchief which lay by me on the table, one might naturally conclude to wipe away a tributary tear from my cheek. I did neither. It is difficult to give a reason for every thing that happens; I think, however, that for this I can give two substantial reasons.

My brother Oliver had begun his travels in his 16th year, while I was yet a child. Our acquaintance had hardly commenced, nor was it ever cherished and confirmed, by the participation of mutual diversions, hopes and fears. Thus he was to me as an alien, and not as a brother—and further he had left me as much as would have made many rejoice at the death of a brother, who had been brought up as I.

I am now, said I, a gentleman, and I will from this time live as a gentleman. So I leaned my head back in my chair, and began to plan out a scheme for my future conduct in life. After I had turned it over and over and viewed it in every direction, without being able to please myself, I will go to bed said I—a comfortable nap will refresh my mind, and all will go right in the morning. So I laid me down, and turned me to this side and that side; and put myself in this position and that position; but it would not do. Neither could get the nap I wanted, nor could I get the 10,000*l*. out of my head.

So I toiled at it all night, and about nine o'clock in the morning, had fixed my plan. This was no sooner done than I got out of bed, wrote it on a piece of paper, with my annual income in one column, and my expenditures in the other: when, to my great mortification, I found that my expences would be exactly 7*l*. 13*s* 6*d*. above my income. I then ran over all the other plans that had occurred to me in the course of the night; but none of them would answer; and this could not be executed for a shilling less than the estimate I had made.

Had I but this 7*l*. 13*s* 6*d*. said I, it would make me completely happy. So I began to revolve in my mind, with the utmost eagerness, how I should obtain it. I will conceal the whole for a year, said I, my fortune will then amount to 10,000*l*. which will easily bring matters to bear. On further reflection, this would not do. I had told the story the evening before, and it was already spread through the neighbourhood.

While I was in this dilemma, the maid came to tell me that old Peter was at the door. Now Peter was a weekly pensioner, on whom I had long been accustomed to bestow a sixpence every Saturday morning. The girl had told him of my good fortune, and he, no doubt, had reckoned something upon it. But him go about his business, said I, in an angry tone, but my heart smote me as I said it; all my vows to heaven, so recently made, rushed upon my memory.

I will go this moment, said I, and give the old man his sixpence at least; so I put my hand in my pocket, and walked hastily to the door. Stay, said Avarice, as I opened the door with my money in my hand, consider what you do. Here you are at this moment short of your reckoning, 7*l*. 13*s*. 6*d*. and yet you are going to give away your money like a fool. At this very instant old Peter bowed to me with a most piteous countenance; his look seemed to say, this is what I did not expect. I stood in the door, agitated by contending passions.—Charity bade me reach my hand and give it. Avarice contracted it. I would give it and I would not. The poor old man saw my difficulty, and modestly walked out shutting the door after him. He was no sooner gone, than I cursed him for departing; and was convinced that I should have given it him, if he had stood, and laid all that blame upon his precipitate retreat, which ought to have fallen on the badness of my own heart. I put up the six pence, walked into the room again, and sat down to breakfast. Two things I determined on as enough that I could not eat. The first was the taste of 7*l*. 13*s*. 6*d*. the second was the figure of old Peter, which presented itself to my imagination, sitting shivering in his hovel, casting a melancholy look round him in quest of something to relieve the poor remains of a fire just expiring, and exploring every corner with a despairing eye for a crust to allay his raging appetite.

Methought when he had in this manner rummaged his whole hovel in vain, he sat down on his chair, turned up his eyes to heaven, and gave a deep sigh—the sigh was accompanied with an imprecation on me for having denied his usual boon. But perhaps this may be only an illusion, said I, and he may at this moment be begging at the corner of the street, from somebody as hard hearted as myself. So I will go immediately and find him out, and if I do not find him, I shall find plenty of others to bestow something on, who may be in as much need. So I put my 7*l*. 13*s*. 6*d*. into my pocket, resolved to bestow every farthing of it in charity before I returned. I had got but a little way from my door, when I saw a poor man at a distance, standing in a supplicating posture. My niggard breast revolted against all resolutions I had made—it is he, said I, and I must part with my money, although I have 7*l*. 13*s*. 6*d*. a-year too little. When I approached the man and found it was not Peter, my heart rejoiced within me as I passed by.

In going through the town, I met with many objects of charity, but I carefully kept aloof from them all, lest pity should overcome avarice, and force a passage into my heart. While I shunned every other beggar, I would have persuaded myself that I wanted to find Peter, but it was only a pretence, for I got home with every farthing of my money in my pocket, with which I sat out. I had now done my duty, I thought, with regard to Peter, and if I had not given him the money at first, nor found him him out after, it was not my own fault; so I sat down quietly to dinner, with nothing to trouble me, but how I should get the 7*l*. 13*s*. 6*d*. that I wanted.

On Sunday, at church, my head was full of it. It was full of it all the week after. Friday evening in coming home, I found another letter on my table, informing me that my brother's effects had turned to much better account than was expected, and that instead of ten, I might expect at least 20,000*l*. I must now double the plan I had thought of before, said I; but in order to effect this I shall want 15*s*. 7*d*. If I had just this, I should undoubtedly be happy.

There are no limits to avarice. I now spent as uneasy a night in contriving how to obtain this 15*s*. 7*d*. as I had done before on account of the half of it. I rose late in the morning, and taking hold of my waistcoat to put it on, all the money in my pocket fell on the floor. On gathering it up, and counting it, I found exactly the 11*s*. 6*d*. O conscience! however we may be a time stifle thee, thou art a faithful monitor, and never ceases to rouse us from the lethargy of vice. I listened to thy accusing voice. I felt that I had done amiss. When I had but little to spare said I, I gave cheerfully a part of that little, and never, till I became possessed of much, did I carry a sum so long undiminished in my pocket—but I will now atone for my fault.

As I said this, I felt benevolence rushing warm into my heart. Now Peter at this very moment hit the door with the knocker, and as it was about the usual time of his coming, the sound of the knocker reached my heart. You, said I, looking at the 11*s*. 6*d* in my hands—you shall pay the forfeit of my crimes. Long have you shut out every generous sentiment from my heart, but you shall never have it in your power to do it again. So I sent the old man away rejoicing.

FROM *GRANDPRE's* VOYAGE TO BENGAL.

"THE inhuman custom of women burning themselves to death on the corpse of their husbands is not yet annihilated in India; but it is confined to the east of the Brahmins. When an individual of this cast dies, one of his wives is bound to exhibit this dreadful proof of her affection. This lamentable sacrifice is not impofed upon them by law, for they may refufe to make it; but in that cafe they lofe their character, are held in difhonour and are deprived of their cast; a misfortune fo intolerable, that they prefer to it, the alternative of being burnt alive. Nature however, revolts, in fome of thefe widows; and it is probable, if left to themfelves, that they would never confent to ao cruel a facrifice: but the old women and priests are inceffantly importuning them, and repreffenting, that after death, the most exquisite happinefs is her lot as they are most commonly young, it is no difficult matter to triumph over their weakneſs and irreſolution; they accordingly fubmit to the cuftom, and the prejudice which ordains it keeps its ground. The manner in which this facrifice is perfor ned is different in different places. As practifed at Bengal it is horrible. The funeral pile of the nusband is erected near a wall with juft fpace enough between, for a single perfon to paſs, that the widow may walk, as is the cuftom, three times round it. A hole is made in the wall at the height of the pile, in which a beam, upwards of twenty feet long is placed, with a rope faftened to the end of it and hanging to the ground for the purpoſe of making it oſcilla e. When the widow has performed her ambulations and taken off her jewels, which she distributes among her companions, she aſcends the pile, and lies down embracing the corple of her husband. The beam is then put in motion and falls upon her ſo heavily as to break her bones, or deprive her of the power of moving. The pile is now set on fire, and the music striking up, contributes, with the shouts of the people, to drown the noiſe of her groans; and she is thus in the full fenſe of the expreſſion burnt alive. My ſervant a very brave fellow, who had been diſcharged from the military ſervice for the loſs of a finger, and who diſliked the Bramins, informed me one day that a woman was going to be burnt at a place which he pointed out to me on the left ſide of the river, between Fultaand Mayapour. Having inquired into the circumſtance, I learned that she was both young and handſome; that she had twice put off the ceremony, but that the day being a third time fixed nothing could longer deter it. I conceived, that a woman who had twice been reſpited, would find at least no great pleaſure in ſubmitting; and conjecturing that she might not be ſorry to eſcape altogether, I formed the reſolution of endeavouring to ſave her. I aſked my man if he would aſſiſt me, which he readily agreed to, adding, that he had told me with the hope of engaging me in the enterpriſe. He requeſted that one of his comrades might be of the party, who was a bold fellow and would be of great uſe to me. I commended his zeal, and accepted the proffered ſervices of his friend. I took with me twenty good European ſailors, whom I put on board my ſloop, in the bow of which I mounted a ſwivel: I provided alſo a dozen muſquets, eight piſtols and a score of ſabres. Two officers accompanied me who were reſolved to aid me to the utmoſt of their power. I encouraged the ſailors, by promiſing them the Iriſh part of whatever jewels the woman ſhould have about her, intending to leave the remainder for herſelf, if ſhe did not chooſe to ſtay with me. My ſervant and his companion were all to be arms, as it was not my intention to employ them in fighting. I diſpoſed my forces in three bodies, in the following manner. One of the officers and eight men were to land the boat. The other officers and ſix men were to follow me at a ſhort diſtance with piſtols but to reſerve their fire till I gave orders. Six of the moſt reſolute were to attend me in the buſineſs; four of them armed with muſquets, and two who were to keep them ſelves cloſe to my ſide, with piſtols. The party who were left to guard the boat had muſquets, and were to be in readineſs to cover my retreat; the ſides his fire arms every man had a ſabre, and no one was to fire without expreſs leave.

Such was the arrangement of my force, and I had no doubt, from the valour of my people, that my intentions would be admirably ſeconded. They had all ſeen more ſervice, and would bravely ſtand before a veteran and experienced enemy, much more before men like the natives of this country. It was planned by my ſervant and his companion, that I ſhould go up to her and touch her: this was a violation that would deprive her of her caſt, and then ſhe would have no right to burn herſelf: at the ſame time to tell her in the Moorish language not to be frighened but to reſign her whilly in their direc ion, for that they came to reſcue her. They were then to carry her away as expeditiouſly as poſſible, under the eſcort of the officer and party following me, while I and my ſix choſen ſailors were to bear the brunt of the conteſt, that they might have time to reach the boat, to which I was to retreat when I ſuppoſed them ſafely arrived there. I hoped, that men, unarmed and thus taken by ſurpriſe, ſeeing a body of Europeans with ſabres and piſtol, would not have the courage to attack us, but being prepared to receive them if they did, I reſolved to run the riſk. My intention was to leave the woman afterwards to her own diſpoſal, that is to ſay, to give her the choice of either going with me, or of ſettling at Calcutta upon the pro-

duce of her jewels, which I should of course have the precaution to bring away with her. My whole plan was prepared and ready, and I set out to execute it. I arrived at the place, and alertly jumped on shore. The arrangements agreed upon, were made with precision. I advanced, and was astonished at the stillness and silence that prevailed. I came to the spot. Alas! the dreadful sacrifice had been completed the preceding day. The wall was still warm, and the ashes were smoaking. I returned with an oppression of heart that I can hardly express, and as much affected as if I had been a witness to the barbarous execution. My regret for this woman was as great as the pleasure I should have felt in saving her, and the idea I had formed of her youth and beauty."

BIOGRAPHY.

We shall always be happy to present our readers with *Memoirs* of distinguished Americans. The following of the accomplished WILLIAM VANS MURRAY, late Minister of the United States to the Batavian Republic, and one of the Envoys extraordinary to the French Republic, cannot fail to gratify them. He died at his seat in Cawbridge, Eastern shore of Maryland, Dec. 11, 1803. Æt. 42. [PORT FOLIO.

Mr. Murray was one of those characters, whose decease ought not to be passed over with the mere ordinary notice of a newspaper paragraph. At an early age, he had risen high in the honors, and shared largely in the confidence of his country. He had filled various offices of the most important trust, and had executed their duties with great ability and success. He had rendered to the United States services, the importance of which will be more and more appreciated the more they are known, and the more extensively their consequences, which are still operating shall be spread. He was a virtuous citizen. He was a faithful, able, and indefatigable public servant. He was an accomplished and an amiable man. His memory is an object not uninteresting to his nation. To the heart of friendship which guides the pen at this moment, it is precious, it is inestimable.

During the period of the American revolution, Mr. Murray was passing from that of infancy to manhood. At the peace of 1783, he was about twenty-two years of age, and had received an education preparatory to the practice of the law. Immediately after that event he went to London, for the benefit of improvement by travel and foreign instruction, and resided during a period of three years as a student in the temple. Here he became acquainted with, and enjoyed the society of several English gentlemen then upon the fame establishment, and who have since become very eminent characters in that nation, as statesmen, and in the republic of letters as men of genius and science. At an age, when the passions usually riot in their most unlicensed range; with a natural constitution by its exquisite sensibility, peculiarly exposed to the seductions of dissipation, and in the midst of a luxurious and splendid metropolis, where all the energies and powers of mind are combined to vary the scenes of delight, and multiply enjoyments; where sloth allures to beds of down, and pleasure beckons with swimming eye and enchanting smiles, he retained the firmness and resolution of devoting his time and attention to those objects, which were to mark the usefulness of his future life. The observations of Dr. Price, of Mr. Turgot and of the Abbe de Mallby upon the constitutions and laws of the United States, were published during this residence of Mr. Murray in England. He felt the importance of the subject, and meditated the writings of those great men with that ardor of research and that integrity of purpose, which were strongly marked features of his mind and heart. He published the result of his reflections, in a pamphlet which was favorably received by the public, and which may still be consulted with advantage by any person curious of our constitutional history.

In the summer of 1784, while a student in the temple, Mr. Murray took advantage of a vacation to make an excursion of about six weeks to Holland. He travelled over that country with the pleasure which during that season of the year, it cannot fail to give a man of lively imagination, of accurate observation, and of judicious reflection. Enjoying the novelty and beauties of its scenery, remarking the manners, characters and usages of the inhabitants, inquiring into their laws, constitutions and government, he committed to paper the result of all, as he went along; at the inns, in the travelling barks, at every resting place of the stage, he was assiduous in the use of his pen, and thus improved to valuable purpose every moment of that time, which he had considered as indulged to relaxation and amusement. The mass of information which he thus collected, and preferved in minutes, he made on the spot, he afterwards digested and methodised into a regular work; which has never been published, and which the writer of this article has never seen, but which he hopes is not lost, and wishes may one day be published.

Before the expiration of the term which Mr. Murray had allotted to his residence in England he lost his father. The death of a distant friend, is almost always to the survivor the same in effect as if it were sudden death. Mr. Murray had no intimation of his father's illness. The first intelligence he received, after a letter from him indicating perfect health, was an abrupt notification of his decease. To that father, his attachment was unbounded. It was the gratitude of a generous soul united to the sentiment of filial affection. The shock was too violent for a constitution always feeble, & at that time in precarious health. The day after receiving the information, he took to his bed, from which for six weeks he did not rise; a languid and tedious convalescence of several months succeeded this illness, shortly after which he returned to his native country.

In the course of his abode in England he formed no attachment to a lady to whom he was afterwards united, and who survives to lament his loss.

Immediately after his return he engaged in the practice of the law; but the voice of his country very soon called him to her councils. He was elected first a member of the legislature of Maryland, and at three successive elections, from 1791 to 1797, to a seat in the House of Representatives of the United States.—This station he filled with distinguished honor to himself, and with entire satisfaction to his numerous constituents. His fortune, however, which was not affluent, had suffered by the devotion of his time to the public service, & so loudly called for his attention in its turn, that in 1797 he declined standing a candidate for re-election. But his merit and talents had not escaped the discerning eye of a Washington. He was unwilling that they should be buried in retirement, and one of the last acts of his administration was the appointment of Mr. Murray, as Minister of the United States to the Batavian Republic.

(To be continued.)

FROM THE BEAUTIES OF HISTORY.

COMPASSION.

COMPASSION is the sense of our own misfortunes in those of another man. It is the wife foresight of the disasters that may befall us; which induces us to assist others, in order to engage them to return it on like occasions: so that the services we do the unfortunate are in reality so many anticipated kindnesses to ourselves.

Compassion proper to mankind appears
Which nature witness'd when she lent us tears,
To shew by pitying looks, and melting eyes,
How with a suffering friend we sympathize.
Who can all sense of others ills escape,
Is but a brute, at best, in human shape.

EXAMPLE.

THE Sicilians in general exercised a kind of tyranny over their slaves; but a citizen of Enna, a city in the centre of the island, by name Damophilus, had made himself more odious than the rest by his cruelties to a great number of those unhappy men, who cultivated his large possessions. They were all marked with a red-hot iron in their foreheads, shut up every night in close prisons, and let out early in the morning to their daily labours in the fields; though, at the same time, they were scarcely allowed the necessary provisions to support themselves. On the other hand, Megallis, the wife of Damophilus, was no less cruel towards the slaves of her sex; exacting their tasks with insupportable rigour, and causing them to be unmercifully whipped for the least fault. These two tyrants had a daughter, who was very different from themselves; though she was very young she had good nature enough to pity the afflicted. She often alleviated their sufferings, appeased her furious mother, supplied as far as she was able the wants of the necessitous; and, in short, was the only refuge of those unhappy persons.—We are sorry history has not transmitted to us the name of this humane add virtuous young woman. The oppressed slaves, not being able to bear any longer the unspeakable miseries they groaned under, entered into a plot against the authors of them. On the day appointed, the slaves in the city joined their comrades in the country to the number of four hundred on Damophilus's estate, armed with forks, hooks, and other implements of husbandry: and marching directly to Enna surprised and pillaged it. As Damophilus was gone with his wife and daughter, to take the air in a garden near the city, Ennus, who had taken on him the office of general, sent a party to seize him, which was done with the greatest circumstances of barbarity: however, they treated the daughter with all the humanity and respect due to her virtue: so true it is, that goodness commands regard, even from the most furious. Ennus, being now master of Enna, assembled the slaves he commanded in the public theatre, and having erected a kind of tribunal, commanded Damophilus and his wife to be brought before him in order to be tried. Some of the slaves were accusers, others witnesses, and the multitude judges. Ennus presided, and gave the accused leave to speak in their defence. But, while Damophilus was endeavouring to raise compassion, and some began to shew pity for him, Hermias and Quexis, two of the slaves whom he had treated with great cruelty, came up to him, and with repeated blows dispatched him. His wife Megallis was sentenced to be delivered up to the slaves of her own sex, whom she had treated without mercy. These furies fet no bounds to their cruelty: inflicted on their mistress every torture that revenge could invent; and, at length, after having satiated their rage, threw her down a precipice, which put an end to her unhappy life. As for her daughter, she was treated with the utmost respect; conducted with the unanimous consent of all to Catena, and there delivered untouched into the hands of her relations.

SELECTED POETRY.

FROM THE REPERTORY.

The ever-varying lineaments, exhibited in the diversified scenes of nature, are differently contemplated by different persons. A vivacious disposition is accustomed to invest every object in the mantle of cheerfulness; while a melancholy temper diffuses over this lonely scene of things the sombre shades of despondency. The former however does not invariably afford most enjoyment; for in melancholy an incommunicable pleasure sometimes predominates, with which the votaries of hilarity are entirely unacquainted. Whether the following eclogue, translated from the Greek of Bion, be illustrative of this sentiment, the reader will please to determine.

CLEODAMUS.

Which seasons, Myrson, mid the varied year
With most attractive loveliness appear?
Does Summer, when exertion tills the ground,
Or Autumn spreading rich profusion round?
Does Winter, formed for indolence and joy,
When converse sweet the social hours employ;
Or claims delightful Spring your choicest care,
What's your opinion, we have time, declare?

MYRSON.

All-perfect Wisdom's glorious works to scan
Is high presumption for the pride of man;
Though all must be acknowledged good and fair,
Still, to oblige, my preference I'll declare.
Enfeebling langour summer heats produce,
Autumnal fruits diseases introduce,
Chill winter reigns with tyrannous control,
But welcome SPRING reanimates the soul.
This is the loveliest season of delight,
When joyous day is equalled by the night;
When heat and cold have fled; and fragrant flowers
Blossoms and breezes charm the blithsome hours.

RURICOLA.

THE EVENING STAR.

BY T. CAMPBELL.

GEM of the crimson coloured even,
Companion of retiring day,
Why at the closing gates of Heaven,
Beloved Star, dost thou delay?

So fair thy pensive beauty burns,
When soft the tear of twilight flows
So due thy plighted step returns
To chambers brighter than the rose.

To peace, to Pleasure, and to Love,
So kind a star thou seem'st to be,
Sure some enamoured orb above,
Descends and burns to meet with thee.

Thine is the breathing blushing hour,
When all unheavenly passions fly,
Chafed by the foul fubduing power
Of Love's delicious extacy.

O facred to the fall of day,
Queen of propitious ftars, appear,
And early rife, nor long delay
When Caroline herfelf is here!

Shine on her chofen green refort,
Whofe trees the funward fummit crown,
And wanton flowers that well may court
An Angel's feet to tread them down.

Shine on her fweetly fcented read,
Thou ftar of evening's purple dome,
That leads the Nightingale abroad,
And guides the pilgrim to his home.

Shioe where my charmer's fweeter breath
Embalms the foft exhaling dew,
Where dying winds a figh bequeath
To kifs the cheek of rofy hue.

Where, winnowed by the gentle air,
Her filken treffes darkly flow,
And fall upon her brow fo fair,
Like fhadows on the mountain fnow.

Thus ever thus, at day's decline,
In converfe fweet to wander far,
O bring with thee my Caroline,
And thou fhalt be my ruling ftar!

FOR THE MINERVA.

PETER....A GERMAN TALE.

(CONCLUDED.)

FREDERICK our Captain was not yet twenty years old: he was diftinguifhed in all the regiment for the affability of his manners and elegant exterior. He faw Theresa, and interested himself in her fate; he repeatedly promised to intercede with Aimar in our favour; and as I depended absolutely on him, he promifed farther, to grant me liberty, when he should have reconciled us to my Father-in-law. Frederick had accordingly written to our village, but had received no anfwer. Every day the solicitude of my young Captain appeared to increase; and Theresa became continually more dejected. Little did I imagine that Frederick was the cause of her affliction. This young man with all the ardor peculiar to his years, was struck with the beauty of Thereſa, & like mine his virtue was weaker than his passion. He knew our sufferings; he knew alfo our entire dependence upon him; and was daring enough to signify to Theresa the return he expected for his gracious protection. My wife would have made him feel her indignation: but knowing the warmth of my disposition, would not make a disclosure, the fatal consequence of which she plainly foresaw; whilst I through through the effect of a too easy credulity, perpetually lavished praises on the generous friendship of our Captain. Returning one day from guard, Aimar presented himself to my eyes. "At length have I found the vile ravisher" cried he, "perfidious friend! Give me my daughter;—give me back that consolation, of which you have depriv-ed me!" I prostrated myself at his feet.—I supported the first transport of his passion:—my tears began to soften him, and he consented to hear me. I would not attempt my own vindication. It is done, said I—Theresa is mine; she is my wife. My life is in your power; pardon your child, your only daughter; dishonor not her husband. Do not suffer her to become the victim of grief. Forget me, that you may better remember her. Upon this, instead of conducting him to Theresa, I carried him to the houfe of thy nurse my daughter—come added I, come and see another object which claims your compaſsion: you were lying in your cradle Gertrude, and profoundly sleeping; your face, a soft mixture of white and red, was the picture of innocence and health. I took you in my arms, and presenting you to Aimar, this is also your child said I:—at that moment you awoke; and as if inspired by heaven, instead of crying, you smiled tenderly, and stretching forth your little hands, you twined his hoary locks around your fingers, and seemed to court his attention. Aimar kissed you a thousand times, and pressing me to his bosom, "Come, (faid he) my fon, shew me my daughter." Fearing that my wife could not support the sudden sight of her father, and desirous to prevent all ill consequences, I left Aimar who carried you in his arms; I ran to the door and beheld Theresa struggling to defend herself against the immodest attempts of Frederick.—Instantly I buried a poignard in his breast—he fell, the blood gushed from the wound—the room refounded with his frightful cries. A guard rushed in; my weapon was still fmoaking; they seized me, and the unfortunate Aimar only arrived to see his son-in-law loaded with chains. I embraced him, recommended to his care my wife and poor infant, and was then led away by my comrades who thrust me into a deep dungeon. In this horrid situation I remained two days and three nights. I was ignorant of the fate of Theresa; I saw no person but an inflexible jailor, who replied to all my anxious enquiries with, "you need not perplex yourself with the things of this life, for you will shortly I am sure, be condemned to death." On the third day the prison doors were opened: I was ordered out—a detachment of soldiers surrounded & conducted me to the place of execution. I perceived at a distance the regiments ranged in order, and the horrible machine which was to terminate my disastrous days. The reflection that I was at the extreme of my miseries renovated my faculties;—a convulsive motion quickened my steps—in going along I involuntarily pronounced the name of Theresa. My eyes wildly sought her every where; my heart bled because I was unable to behold her. At length the sentence of condemnation was read, and my person delivered into the hands of the executioner. Just as he was preparing to give the fatal stroke, piercing and reiterated cries arrested his arm. I looked up and saw a person, half naked, bloody and pale, who strove to break through the crowd; it was Frederick. "My friend," he cried, "tis I who am culpable; I merit death; pardon the innocent: he has rightly punished me, he has only done his duty, and you must be barbarians to deprive him of life." The Captain of the regiment advanced to Frederick in order to calm him; shewed him the law which condemned to death whoever should raise his hand against his officer. "I was not his officer answered Frederick:" I had granted him liberty the preceding day. He is no longer in your power. The astonished officers assembled: Frederick and humanity pleaded for me; I was remanded to prison. Frederick wrote to the minister, accused himself, solicited my pardon and obtained it: Aimar, Theresa and myself after thanking our benefactor returned to this village, where the death of Aimar soon after put me in possession of all his wealth, and where Theresa and myself will end our days, in the bosom of tranquility, surrounded by you my children. The children of Peter had approached near him during the recital, and when he concluded they were still in listening attitudes. Be ye happy faid the good old man; *me* heaven has recompensed in your love. he then embraced them all, and the family retired with great satisfaction.

A LIBEL ON WOMEN.

Extract from the "Honey Moon," just published at New-York.

COUNT *and* ROLANDO *meeting.*

ROLANDO.— * * * * I met three women—
* * * * * Three loud talking women!
They were difcoursing of the newest fashions,
And their tongues went like—I have since been thinking
What most that active member of a woman
Of mortal things refembles——

COUNT.—Have you found it?

ROLANDO.—Umph! not exactly—fomething like a fmoke jack;
For it goes ever without winding up:
But that wears out in time—there fails the simile.
Next I bethought me of a water-mill;
But that ftands still on 'undays: woman's tongue
Needs no reviving Sabbath. And, besides,
A mill to give it motion waits for grist:
Now whether she has aught to fay or no!
A woman's tongue will go for exercife.
In short I came to this conclu ion:
Most earthly things have their similitudes,
But woman's tongue is yet incomparable.

GEOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTION OF BACHELOR'S ISLAND.

When Hymen's torch glows in the marry'd breast,
All wandering passions are at rest:
In constant love we every pleasure find,
And every solace in a female mind.

BACHELOR'S Island is situated on the burning sands of the deserts of Folly, where even the savage inhabitants of the forest seldom venture to tread. It is bounded on the east by the regions of affectation, vanity, and deceit, on the north by the territories of fear and cowardice, on the south by the burning zone of remorse, disease and death, and on the west by the dead lake of oblivion.—Hence it is easily to be supposed, that the air of this Island is sultry, enervating and pestiferous—exposed to perpetual scenes of storm, hurricane and tempest; and its climate, like the minds of its inhabitants, is never settled for an hour. The spring of Bachelor's Island totally differs from that of any other I have heretofore read of; as that is here the season of the most pernicious heat, and in which the generality of its inhabitants are poſsessed with a kind of madness, the most destructive to themselves; the most injurious to every civilized country, and the most subversive of misgarded innocence. Those, who weather out the spring and live to see the summer, tho' they lose a great degree of madness, yet in that season they become artful, hypocritical and treacherous.—Their winter is truly despicable indeed: since among all nations upon earth, you cannot express your contempt of a man more pointedly, than by calling him an Old Bachelor—a thing that lives only for itself—a thing that has no social harmony in its soul—a thing that cares for nobody, and whom nobody regards—a thing that like a mushroom, delights in bogs and morasses, but hates the generous warmth of the noonday sun. Though the natives of this miserable Island, make those of the Isle of matrimony the constant object of their ridicule, yet there have been numberless instances of their stealing from their own island into that of matrimony, where they have prevailed on some good natured easy creatures to become their nurses and resorters after their constitutions have been nearly ruined in their former miserable abodes—for in the isle of matrimony though clouds now and then gather over it, yet they serve only to render the remainder of the day more brilliant and chearful.—In Bachelor's Island, love is a thing, much talked of but totally unknown to them: and they are hated and despised, robbed and plundered, by the objects of their miserable embraces. If cards be the usual diversions of the people on the island of matrimony, they are considered only as an amusement: but, on Bachelor's Island, they are productive of the most shocking vices, such as the grofsest scenes of drunkenness and debauchery, the total ruin of their private fortunes, and even murder itself is sometimes the consequence. How many have quitted this island, and fled to that they so much despised, in order to repair their ruined fortunes, by seeking a rich and amiable partner? Bachelor's Island is a mere desart, incapable of producing any thing but nettles, thorns and briers; here are no bleating lambs to please the eye of innocence; no doves to cherish their young; nor does the playful fawn bound over their barren plains: but wolves, tygers and crocodiles, are here seen in abundance. Here are neither nor children to weep over the ashes of the deceased: but owls hoot, ravens croak, and the reptiles of the earth crawl over their graves. In short of all animals that ever nature produced, an Old Bachelor must be the most contemptible. He lives a useless being on earth; dies without having answered the end of his creation, in opposition to the mandate of his great maker, and is at least consigned for ever to oblivion.

HYMENEAL.

MARRIED, in this CITY, on Saturday the 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Blair, Mr. THOMAS BURLING, jun. Printer, to the amiable Miss MARTHA BOSWELL.

——, in Manchester, on Saturday the 10th ult. Mr. *Nicholas Mills*, to Miss *Sarah Ronald*.

POETRY.

DAMON TO ELLA:

THE SHEPHERD's EPISTLE.

——— of men
The happiest he! who, far from public rage,
Deep in a vale, with a choice few retir'd,
Tastes the pure pleasures of the rural life.

THOMSON.

My dearest Ella, sweetest maid,
Divinest of the fair,
In poor and humble verse array'd,
Receive thy Damon's pray'r.

Ah, leave, ah, leave that busy scene
Where cares and cankers dwell;
A noble mind will ne'er disdain,
To view a shepherd's cell.

'Mid flow'ry vales with herbage green,
And hills with verdure crown'd,
My little lovely cot is seen,
By woods encircled round.

My cot is *elegantly neat*,
Nor pomp, nor poverty;
But peace and happiness await,
Reserv'd for love and thee.

Then leave, ah, leave the guilty town,
And still more guilty crew;
And come, and wear the rustic gown,
And hat of harvest hue.

Let wealthy lords, with grandeur great,
In robes and rubies shine;
In simple, humble habit neat,
Be love and Ella mine.

I'd rather live in humble state,
And call that state my own,
Than be dependant on the great,
And subject to their frown.

Then come, my love, with Damon live,
In sweets that never cloy:
What would a mighty monarch give
To share a shepherds joy!

Each morn, when on the blushing sky,
The sun begins to peer,
The lark, that quiv'ring carols high,
Shall break upon thine ear.

Together then we'll stray along,
Thro' brakes of woodbine sweet;
Where many a bird with many a song,
Thee and the morning greet.

I'll lead thee thro' a flow'ry vale,
Where purple violets grow,
And tell thee many a pleasing tale,
And many a landscape show.

With rustic reed I'll pipe a strain,
And strive to please thee well;
For I'm allow'd by ev'ry swain
In piping to excel.

At noon, when glist'ning gos'mers lie,
And sultry gleams invade,
We'll hear the busy bust'ling fly,
That hums beneath the shade.

At eve we'll court the bosky burn,
Where cooling breezes breath;
And see the shepherd's lad return,
Shrill whistl'ring o'er the heath.

At night, (when lore of legends tire)
The minstrel's task be mine;
My skill to touch the trembling wire,
Shall vie with all—but thine.

Thus morning, evening, noon, and night,
Shall please alike the mind;
For they that study nature right,
Will endless pleasure find.

The mightiest work Creation shows
Is dull to folly's sight;
But he that God and nature knows,
Finds wonders in a might.

Then hither, dearest love, repair,
Nor Damon's vows decline;
For night and morn still is his pray'r—
"Be Love and Ella mine."

What if an humble shepherd's bed
No costly silk affords?
Far sweeter rest awaits his head,
Than many a mighty lord's.

Believe me, love, I'd rather hold
An humble honest heart,
Than strut in gems and guilty gold,
To act a faithless part.

I've walk'd each gay assembly round,
In learning's vesture drest;
But rural life I've ever found,
The sweetest and the best.

In outward grace, and manners rude,
No boasted charms are mine;
Yet, trust me, love, my heart is good,
Because that heart is thine.

Beneath the walnuts shabby shell
A luscious kernel lies;
But mark what poisonous juices swell
The poppy's painted dyes!

Then let this truth thy bosom fill,
With which I now conclude;
That—all that's ugly is not ill,—
Nor all that's gaudy, good.

FROM MRS. PILKINGTON'S MIRROR FOR YOUNG LADIES.

TRUTH

When a man loses his *integrity*, he loses the *foundation* of his *virtue*.

Truth is so great a perfection, that an ancient philosopher observed, if the almighty thought proper to render himself visible to man, he would choose light for his body, and truth for his soul. The advantages which are attendant upon an habitual love of truth, and a constant practice of its precepts, are so striking to every thinking mind, that it is absolutely astonishing, that even from motives of policy, it is not universally practised.

Amidst the various amiable qualities which have been attributed to Calphurnia, the wife of Julius Cæsar, that of her love for *sincerity*, and adherence to truth, is particularly mentioned with the applause they merit.

Aristotle, the Macedonian philosopher, being asked what a man could gain by telling a falshood, replied, "Not to be credited when he speaks the truth."

Petrarch, a celebrated Italian poet, resided in the family of Cardinal Colonna, by whom he was loved for his virtues, and esteemed for his abilities. A violent quarrel having happened, which that nobleman was anxious to know the foundation of, that he might do justice to the injured party, he assembled all his household, and compelled them to take a solemn oath that they would represent the circumstances with fairness and impartiality; and even his brother, the bishop of Luna, was called upon to make the sacred assertion: but when Petrarch appeared, with an intent of following the bishop's example, the cardinal instantly closed the book, saying, "As to you Petrarch, your word is sufficient."

Zenocrates, an Athenian philosopher, was so highly celebrated for his truth and veracity, that one day, when he approached the altar, to confirm by oath, the truth of what he had asserted, the judges unanimously declared *his word* was *sufficient* evidence, and would not suffer him to take the oath.

Was I to write volumes with an intention of convincing you of the advantages which result from the habit of speaking truth, or the honor which is obtained by the practice of it, I could not convey a stronger proof of either, than what may be derived from the above little historical anecdotes of Petrarch and Zenocrates.

Alexander the Great seeing Diogenes looking attentively at a parcel of human bones, asked the philosopher what he was looking for? "That which I cannot find—the difference between your father's bones and those of his slaves."

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1st..."THE MINERVA" shall be neatly printed, weekly, on a half-sheet Super-Royal paper.

2d....THE TERMS are TWO DOLLARS per annum, to be PAID IN ADVANCE.

3d....A handsome title-page and table of contents will be furnished (gratis) at the completion of each volume.

The following gentlemen, from some of whom we have already received indubitable tokens of attachment to the interests of this paper, will act as our AGENTS in receiving money due for the MINERVA, at the places to which their names are affixed—and they will receive and transmit us the names of those who may wish to become subscribers.

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BIOGRAPHY.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

WILLIAM VANS MURRAY.

(Concluded from our last.)

Mr. Murray arrived at the Hague at a very critical period of affairs. The miſunderſtandings and diſputes between the United States and France were feſtering to a rupture. The influence of France over the Batavian councils was uncontrouled, and her diſpoſition to involve Holland in oppoſition to her moſt unqueſtionable and urgent intereſt in the quarrel, was not equivocal. By a judicious mixture of firmneſs, of addreſs, and of conciliation, he not only ſucceeded in preſerving uninterrupted harmony between the American and Batavian nations, but when the French government liſtening to wiſer ſuggeſtions than thoſe, which had almoſt precipitated them into a war with America, became ſenſible that the true intereſts of both nations dictated peace and reconciliation, their firſt ſtep was to ſend to the Hague a negociator calculated by his perſonal character and his friendly diſpoſition towards the Americans to ſecond the congenial views and intentions of the American miniſter at that place.— The firſt advances towards a reſtoration of harmony were thus made, by conferences between Mr. Murray and Mr. Pichon, then charge des affaires of France at the Hague; theſe led to certain propoſitions for a renewal of direct negociations, made by France, which Mr. Murray tranſmitted to his government.

When the diſpatches, containing an account of theſe interviews, and the propoſitions of the French government were received, and had been fully conſidered by the then Preſident of the United States, he thought them ſufficient to lay the foundation for that direct negociation which was deſired by France, he nominated Mr. Murray as envoy extraordinary to the [illegible] for that purpoſe. This was undoubtedly, under the circumſtances of that time, no ordinary teſtimony of confidence in the abilities, as well as the integrity of the miniſter. It was even thought by thoſe who had leſs experience and knowledge of his talents and character, confidence too extenſive. In compliance with theſe opinions, two other gentlemen, of the higheſt reſpectability, were afterward joined in the nomination and commiſſion with him. He had juſtly eſtimated the proof of the *Preſident's* perſonal truſt, exhibited in the firſt and ſole nomination; and he felt it as an additional mark of the ſame eſteem, when he had colleagues given him, with whom it was an honor to be aſſociated.

The iſſue of this negociation, which terminated in the treaty concluded at Paris, the 30th of September, 1800, is too recent not to be within the recollection of every one. Immediately after the ſignature of that inſtrument, Mr. Murray returned to his ſtation as Miniſter reſident at the Hague, where he remained until after the commencement of the preſent adminiſtration. He was then ſent again to Paris, to make the exchange of the ratifications, which he accordingly effected. But, as it was judged unneceſſary to continue the expenſe of maintaining a public Miniſter at the Hague, he was immediately afterwards recalled from that miſſion, and returned to the United States in December, 1801. From that period, until his deceaſe, he had lived in retirement at his ſeat in Cambridge. His health had always been infirm, and for the laſt eighteen months, had been in a continual decline.

In private life, Mr Murray was remarkably pleaſing in his manners, and at once amuſing and inſtructive in his converſation. With a mind of inceſſant activity, and obſervation ever upon the watch, he united the all enlivening fancy of a poet, and with the moſt inoffenſive good-nature, a peculiar turn of original humour. He had a ſtrong and genuine reliſh for the fine arts, a refined and delicate taſte for literature, and a perſevering and patient fondneſs for the purſuits of ſcience. The compaſs of his converſation therefore was very extenſive, and concurred with a temper ſocial in the higheſt degree, to make him the delight of his friends and intimates. The keenneſs of his ſenſibility, and the rapidity of his conceptions, had given him a ſenſe of decorum and propriety, which ſeemed almoſt intuitive. He perceived inſtantaneouſly and felt deeply every departure from it. But his wit and temper always led him to conſider it with good humour, and to repreſent it with pleaſantry. He had therefore a powerful talent at ridicule, and though, both from principle and diſpoſition, he kept it under a well diſciplined control, yet it could not always avoid thoſe reſentments which are the only defence of dulneſs and folly againſt it.

His facility in writing was proportioned to the vivacity of his mind: His letters were ſtrongly marked with the characteriſtic features of his converſation, and, by their elegance, their ſimplicity, their poignant wit, and unbounded vivacity of ſtyle, might ſerve as models of epiſtolary correſpondence.

As a public ſpeaker, he alſo ranked high. During the ſix years of his ſervice in the Congreſs of the United States, he took an active part in the meaſures and debates of the time, and as a teſt of his talents in this capacity, it may ſuffice to ſay, that in legiſlative aſſemblies accuſtomed to the eloquence of a Madiſon and an Ames, of a Giles and a Dexter, Mr. Murray's ſtation was 'if not firſt, on the very firſt line.'— It may alſo ſerve to confirm the truth of this obſervation, that this was the place, where his ſituation and conduct attracted the notice, and engaged the eſteem and confidence of the United States.

In giving to the public this feeble and imperfect ſketch of one of the brighteſt characters which has riſen in the American Union, ſince the eſtabliſhment of its independence, the writer muſt lament that the ſhortneſs of time has not allowed him to make it more worthy of the ſubject; and while indulging the private tear at the earthly diſſolution by the hand of death of long tried and affectionate friendſhip, he may confidently call upon the ſorrows of his country to mingle with his own, at the loſs of a citizen, whoſe career, cut ſhort at little more than half the ordinary period of human life, had already been ſignalized by attainments thus extraordinary, and by ſervices thus pre eminent. How few among mankind, of any time or nation, at the age of forty-two, have ever given ſuch deciſive and important pledges of the patriot's virtue, and the ſtateſman's wiſdom, as the man to whom this tribute of attachment and reſpect is paid? If the love and veneration of United America be juſtly due to thoſe exalted characters, under whoſe guidance ſhe roſe to independence and aſſumed her rank among the nations, ſhe will never be unmindful of the departed worth, which emerging at a later date into life, has toiled with equal ardor, and almoſt with equal devotion, to ſtrengthen her independence with the pillars of ſecurity, and to adorn her temples with the wreath of national glory.

* * *

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU, TO HER DAUGHTER.

My Dear Child,

YOU have given me a great deal of ſatiſfaction by your account of your eldeſt daughter. I am particularly pleaſed to hear ſhe is a good arithmetician; it is the beſt proof of underſtanding: the knowledge of numbers is one of the chief diſtinctions between us and brutes. * *

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I will ſpeak to you as ſuppoſing her not only capable, but deſirous of learning: in that caſe by all means let her be indulged in it. You will tell me I did not make it a part of your education: your proſpect was very different from hers. As you had much in your circumſtances, it ſeemed your buſineſs to learn how to live in the world, as it is hers to know how to be eaſy out of it. It is the common error of builders and parents, to follow ſome plan they think beautiful (and perhaps is ſo) without conſidering that nothing is beautiful which is diſplaced — Hence we ſee ſo many edifices raiſed, that the raiſers can never inhabit, being too large for their fortunes. Viſtas are laid open over barren heaths, and apartments contrived for a coolneſs very agreeable in Italy, but killing in the north of Britain: thus every woman endeavours to breed her daughter a fine lady, qualifying her for a ſtation in which ſhe will never appear, and at the ſame time incapacitating her for that retirement, to which ſhe is deſtined. Learning, if ſhe has a real taſte for it, will not only make her contented but happy in it. No entertainment is ſo cheap as reading, nor any pleaſure ſo laſting. She will not want new faſhions, nor regret the loſs of expenſive diverſions, nor variety of company, if ſhe can be amuſed with an author, in her cloſet. To render this amuſement complete, ſhe ſhould be permitted to learn the languages. I have heard it lamented that boys loſe ſo many years in learning mere words: this is no objection to a girl, whoſe time is not ſo precious: ſhe cannot advance herſelf in any profeſſion, and has therefore more hours to ſpare, and as you ſay her memory is good, ſhe will be very agreeably employed this way. There are two cautions to be given on the ſubject: firſt, not to think herſelf learned when ſhe can read Latin, or even Greek. Languages are more properly to be called vehicles of learning, than learning itſelf, as may be obſerved in many ſchoolmaſters, who, though perhaps critics in grammar, are the moſt ignorant fellows upon earth. True knowledge conſiſts in knowing things, not words. I would no farther wiſh her a linguiſt, than to enable her to read books in their originals, that are often corrupted, and are always injured by tranſlations. Two hours application every morning will bring this about much ſooner than you can imagine, and ſhe will have leiſure enough beſides, to run over the Engliſh poetry, which is a more important part of a woman's education than is generally ſuppoſed * * * *

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You ſhould encourage your daughter to talk over with you what ſhe reads, and as you are very capable of diſtinguiſhing, take care ſhe does not miſtake pert folly for wit and humour, or rhyme for poetry, which are the common errors of young people, and have a train of ill conſequences. The ſecond caution to be given her, (and which is moſt abſolutely neceſſary) is to conceal whatever learning ſhe acquires, with as much ſolicitude as ſhe would hide crookedneſs or lameneſs: the parade of it can only ſerve to draw on her the envy, and conſequently the moſt inveterate hatred of all the *he* and *ſhe* fools, which will certainly be at leaſt three parts in four of her acquaintance. The uſe of knowledge in our ſex, beſides the amuſement of ſolitude, is to moderate the paſſions, and teach us to be contented with a ſmall expence, which are the certain effects of a ſtudious life; and it may be preferable even to that fame which men have engroſſed to themſelves, and will not ſuffer us to ſhare.

* * * * * * *

If ſhe has the ſame inclination, (I ſhould ſay paſſion) for learning that I was born with, hiſtory, geography, and philoſophy will furniſh her with materials to paſs away, cheerfully, a longer life than is allotted to mortals. I believe there are few heads capable of making Sir Iſaac Newton's calculations, but the reſult of them is not difficult to be underſtood by a moderate capacity. Do not fear this ſhould make her affect the character of Lady ———, or Mrs. ———: thoſe women are ridiculous, not becauſe they have learning, but becauſe they have it not. One thinks herſelf a complete hiſtorian, after reading Echard's Roman Hiſtory; another a profound philoſopher, having got by heart ſome of Pope's *unintelligible* eſſays; and a third is an able divine on the ſtrength of Whitefield's ſermons: thus you hear them ſcreaming politics and controverſy.

It is a ſaying of Thucydides, that ignorance is bold, and knowledge reſerved. Indeed it is impoſſible to be far advanced in it, without being more humbled by a conviction of human ignorance than elated by learning. At the ſame time I recommend books, I neither exclude work nor drawing. I think it as ſcandalous for a woman not to know how to uſe a needle, as a man not know how to write. I was once extremely fond of my pencil & it was a great mortification to me when my father turned off my maſter, having made a conſiderable progreſs for the ſhort time I learned. My over eagerneſs in the purſuit of it had brought a weakneſs in my eyes, that made it neceſſary to leave it; and all the advantage I got was the improvement of my hand. I ſee, by hers, that practice will make her a ready writer: ſhe may attain it by ſerving you for a ſecretary, when your health or affairs make it troubleſome to you to write yourſelf; and cuſtom will, make it an agreeable amuſement to her. She cannot have too many for that ſtation which will probably be her fate. The ultimate end of your education was to make you a good wife (and I have the comfort to hear you are a good one:) hers ought to be to make her happy in a virgin ſtate. — I will not ſay it is happier: but it is undoubtedly ſafer than any marriage. In a lottery where (at the loweſt computation) there are ten thouſand blanks to a prize, it is the moſt prudent choice not to venture. I have always been ſo thoroughly perſuaded of this truth, that, notwithſtanding the flattering views I had for you as I intended you a ſacrifice for vanity, I owed you the juſtice to lay before you all the hazards attending matrimony: you may recollect I did ſo in the ſtrongeſt manner. Perhaps you may have more ſucceſs in inſtructing your daughter: ſhe has ſo much company at home, ſhe will not need ſeeking it abroad, and will more readily take

the notions, you think to give her. As you were alone in my family, it would have been thought a great cruelty to suffer you no companion of your own age, especially having so many near relations; and I do not wonder their opinions influenced yours. I was not sorry to see you not determined on a single life, knowing it was not your father's intention, and contented myself with endeavouring to make your home so easy, that you might not be in haste to leave it.

I am afraid you will think this a long insignificant letter. I hope the kindness of the design will excuse it, being willing to give you every proof in my power that I am your most affectionate mother.

M. W. M.

From M. de Segur's Work on Women—Vol. 3.

(Translated from the French.)

AGE OF LOUIS XVI.

I perceive myself compelled to enter upon some historical details of the commencement and misfortunes of this reign, because women contributed too much to them:—played in them too active a part, to permit of my speaking on the subject, without being naturally lead to retrace some incidents relating to them. The conclusion of Louis XV's reign, and the beginning of Louis XVI's, bear an aspect nearly similar. There do, nevertheless, exist shades which I shall endeavour to render perceptible; but the reader must necessarily suffer my going into particulars that perhaps will seem minute to him, and rather suited to memoirs than to the nature of this work.

The actions, conduct, writings of women pursue of course the tincture of their time In the age of chivalry they were exhibited heroic; but in our day scarcely any beside female coxcombs are left for our pencils: letters alone distinguish some few of them. When pictures shrink, the ground-work is defective, and not the faithful pencil to blame.

Women—their influence on manners under the reign of Louis XVI.

In a monarchical state, the character and inclinations of the sovereign always influence the habits of the people he governs.

In France the need of imitation is such, that when the court ceased to dictate modes and manners to the capital, which, in its turn, handed them over to the provinces, the nation sought for them among foreigners. It was towards the end of Louis XV's reign, and the beginning of Louis XVI's, that the English mania was fixed in France. The old king desired nothing but repose, and his young successor was less solicitous of living as a king to whose direction every thing was submitted, than as the head of a discreet private family. Let not this remark on the English mania be considered a puerile observation. Among the French where all seems calculated to engage rather the eyes than the thoughts, forms, dress, habits enjoy a greater ascendant than elsewhere over manners, and in a country where all is delusion, eclat is the source of respect, and etiquette the safeguard of politeness.

Eclat, delusion, etiquette were completely defolated under Louis XVI. Incalculable evils resulted, to which women contributed. By a striking contradiction, France was resigned to them by the least gallant of her kings, and it is this I am about to endeavour to develope.

Effect of manners on political events and the change of power.

I have presented the lot of women during the reign of Louis XV in an unfavourable light. I think I have shewn that a systematic debasement of the sex was attempted. As amiable a king as Francis I, would have experienced great difficulties in reviving gallantry, but Louis XVI, was the monarch least calculated for this undertaking, by reason of his propensities and the simplicity of his habits. Naturally blunt and open respecting all women, but loving only one, he gave himself little concern to please them. Had he reigned in a less corrupted age, Louis XVI would have served for an example, would have encouraged morals, and our good forefathers would have appreciated, admired, and without doubt, imitated him. But arriving on the throne at the moment of a general dissolution, he could no more restore the virtues by his individual morals, than regenerate gallantry by his seemingly repulsive disposition and exterior.

Scandalized at the pictures he beheld, his dissatisfaction sunk into a sort of misanthropy. He essayed, but soon despaired of reinstating that morality he cherished, and that regal dignity he secretly sighed after. Tired of an useless struggle, he suffered the etiquette to which in the earliest days of his reign he had manifested his attachment, to be unpaired. The contempt thrown upon it, accredited these familiar practices that were introduced into mode: even the women, unaware of the injury they did themselves, supported the latter. Things attained such a pitch, that the courtiers almost ashamed of the decorations they had procured and so much coveted, hardly deigned to wear them. They even affected to lessen their consequence. The principal nobility dressed like their servants; at the play—at places of public resort, every body appeared in boots and frocks. Inattention to the forms of polish followed the indecency of dress; in ceasing to respect the world all the shades of society were obliterated. Women began to be saluted with levity; men spoke before them with the most careless familiarity: the wall was scarcely ever given to them. Under Louis XV. they were quite as dissolute, but still some deference for age and sex was maintained. Under Louis XVI. they were no less vicious, without almost a recollection of politeness remaining. This situation of things is one of those most militating with the existence of women. A few among them of the city and the court, attempted, by means of their years and consideration, to oppose a dyke to this revolution in manners. They were suffered to talk—the young people rather instinctively, than because of any genuine penetration, perceived that their place in society was far from flattering; but fashion hurried them along, and such sometimes is the declension, that degradation is preferred to ridicule. The queen ascending the throne with wit, beauty, a desire to please the French, and that instinct towards the graces, which she did not display till after being fashioned to French elegance possessed the superior merit, through a natural feeling, out of respect to the king, and to the throne she shared, of not following the new modes. In lead she often turned them into ridicule. She soon felt the detriment of the indecorous forms that had gained footing in society. The pupil of a mother as distinguished for her wit as for her character and virtues, her fold-love was wounded as a woman: her dignity offended as a queen. Habituated, besides, from her infancy, to hear the magnificence of Louis spoken of, the splendor of France and the gallantry of that amiable nation to overflowing with regard for women, she discovered nothing she could apply to those brilliant reports, or which gave her the least idea of that flattering picture her own imagination had still further embellished. She could, however, see that she had not been deceived, but that the taste and good manners were daily on the decline. She made some efforts for the restoration of that urbanity, the very remembrance of which gave her pleasure: festivities, of which she made the principal ornament, cast a momentary eclat over the court; but the return to old forms and etiquette lasted only a short time. The fetes ceased, and the queen seldom appeared afterwards. Concentrating herself within a very restricted society of too improvident people, who loved her rather as an individual than a queen, her friends let her forget her grandeur for the charms of a monotonous and tranquil life.

This is, perhaps, the only error with which a society that has been too much calumniated can be reproached; for a long time it enjoyed a great power, performed good actions towards many, and evil to none.

The queen purshed then the declivity that led her to living with simplicity. She superadded the misapprehension of an occasional public appearance in Paris, half incognito, half as sovereign. The public hesitated to applaud her, and became accustomed to this incertitude. Before long what was but an embarrassment in the people about acknowledging the queen, was malignantly elevated to indifference towards her. She forgot that if a Frenchman loves his kings, he loves too the pomp which should encompass them; and that by a natural sentiment, it seems as if the object to whom homage is rendered has never a frame sufficiently brilliant.

For his part, the king who had only laid aside his inclinations to please the queen, returned to his domestic habits. Every moment not consecrated to his family and councils, he gave to study and reading. Hunting was his only diversion, to which he admitted only five or six courtiers: diminishing even the magnificence of those pleasures which under his predecessors were so splendid. Every thing seemed to tend to the stripping of the throne. M. de St. Germain destroyed the king's house, and by that mean completely ravished from the court a necessary splendor. This alteration, without yet attacking power, caused the disappearance of its indications. Versailles became a vast solitude: except of a sunday morning, nobody was to be seen there. Even on that day every one fled to Paris in the afternoon. At the same instant that the courtiers abandoned the palace, the king left it to take his solitary walks: the queen to go to Trianon. Those appeared tired of offering homage; these of receiving it. The sovereigns, their traces, and their court were in vain sought for in this beautiful palace: all was in eclipse: the present seemed to announce to us the future.

Sometimes the king would join the queen and her circle, in the delightful pavillion of Trianon. There he passed calm and happy days—affording rather the idea of a French gentleman on his estate, than of the descendant of the Bourbons, in the midst of miracles created by Louis XIV.

POETRY.

Compassion for the sufferings of a love-sick rhymer, and not the merits of his composition, induces us to give a place to the following doleful ditty. The poet's vanity will be tickled at seeing himself in print—and our readers may amuse themselves at his egregious folly; for never have we seen a better specimen of *lethargic* style. Since, however, his case is so very desperate that *death's his fate if she's coy*, we hope his piteous whining may soften the flinty heart of the cruel fair one, and dispose her to look on our Correspondent S—— with a pitying, if not with a loving eye—and the lady should recollect that the *murder* of a human being, and especially of a *Poet*, is too great a sacrifice even at the august altar of superlative beauty.

FOR THE MINERVA.

Dear M—— thy charms have undone me,
They've robb'd me of reason and joy;
Then do, dearest M——, smile on me,
For death is my fate if you're coy.
Be cautious, dear charmer, in staying,
Since murder's so heinous, comply;
And torture me not with delaying,
Since every cross chit can deny.

Consider my angel, why nature
In forming you took such delight;
Dont think you was made that fair creature,
For nought but to dazzle the sight:
No, love when he gave you those graces,
Intended you solely for love,
And gave you the fairest of faces,
The kindest of females to prove.

Besides pretty maiden, remember,
The flower that's blooming in May,
Is wither'd and shrunk in December,
And cast unregarded away!
So it fares with each scornful young charmer,
Who takes at her lovers distaste;
She trifles till thirty disarms her,
And then dies forsaken at last!!!

S******.

Old Town, August 7th.

SELECTED.

FROM A NEW YORK PAPER.

LOVE! thou sacred, tender passion,
Kind refiner of our youth,
Fly the feats of pride and fashion,
Haste to virtue, peace and truth.

Here thy watchful ægils keep,
Never—never from us flee,
Softly let thy ELLEN sleep,
Let her dream of love and me.

Let my breast thy pillow be,
Let me taste the soft delight;
Still, beneath the hawthorn tree,
Let me watch her slumbers light.

Let no thoughts approach alarming,
Gentle love the hours beguile;
Let me see her eyes be charming,
Open on me with a smile.

Let me see her, with confusion,
Hide her blushes in my breast;
When I press her to my bosom,
Let me hear her sigh she's blest!

Soft sensations crowd upon me;
Never may my heart repine;
Why should care or sorrow press me,
Since ELLEN, love, ELLEN's mine.

FROM THE NEW ENGLAND REPUBLICAN.

SIMON SCRAPER.

Mr. Scraper hath lately been highly diverted with an epistle from one of his country correfpondents; and (as he hath already acquired the reputation of a tattler) ventureth to offer a tranfcript of it in hope that others may laugh at it too.

To S. SCRAPER, ESQ.

SIR,

I DONT know what you mean' when you urged me to visit town: you told me I should find the folks very clever, and fee a great many fine things. I partly believed you; and so, yesterday, I paid a visit to my wife's half sister, Mrs. Tumblecup, who, you know, lives in a house jammed in among a great pile of houses, with a door-yard about as wide as a carter bed. I got to town about ten o'clock in the morning; and on enquiring of a young fellow where fister lived, he told me to ride down —— street to the corner of the green, turn round the printing office corner, and after going down —— street to Mrs. ——'s, I must turn round to my left, and there she lived at the first house on the right, just at the head of ——street. "Much oblige to ye." Says I—"now I know just as well as I did before." The puppy haw'd out a laughing; and I was left to enquire again, or find my way alone. The next man I spoke to, proved a little more civil: he went with me till he could point out the houfe, and then wished me a good morning.

I found sister's folks all at breakfast, late as 'twas: they seemed glad enough to see me: har looked crooked at my old boots; and when I asked where I should turn the old horse, they went to the door, and pointing a way down street, told me that Mr. ——'s stable was there—I thought this plaguy odd, seeing I'd come a courtsing; however I began to think I must do as I was bid; so I scrabbled away through the mud, and saw old Sorrel safe in a brick stable as big as a meeting houfe.

By the time I had got back to sister's, and told wife's and children's love to her an hal' shat, the clock struck twelve. I was glad to hear it; as I had eaten very early breakfast, I began to feel pretty sharp fe. However I had my longing for my pains; fo, the deuce a bit of dinner did I get till after two o'clock: we then fat down to a fine looking piece of beef; but it was'nt half roasted; fo that I rofe from the table about as hungry as I fat down.

After dinner, I was preparing to go down to the water side, to do fome buinefs for one of my country neighbours, when sister told me I must be back by half past four to tea. I obeyed her punctually, and judging from our country practice, I hoped I should find fome hotter-cakes and ham, to make amends for my tough dinner On my return at the tea hour, I found several young folks at the houfe, who, I fuppofe, had come there to fee sister's oldest girl, Cooly. When I first got in, Sophy got up and made a curtfey, and told them that I was Uncle Brushwood, and then told who they all was: but I've forgot now, and besides, I must hasten to tell you about my tea fcrape—the very pickle of all the plagues which this devillish town-visit has brought upon me.

After we had waited about half an hour, a little negro came out of the kitchen, with a towel tuck'd under his chin, lugging along a great tin platter as big as a breadtray; I stared like an owl, and could'nt tell what to make on't. The platter had about a peck of tea cups on't all full, besides a fugar pot, and I don't know what elfe: and to top off all the rafkal carried it right to me: I started back—the young folks tittered like a flock of blackbirds—Sister fcowl'd and call'd out, 'Brother don't drink hyfon—he'd forgot it!" The negro then carried it to the rest: they all took a cup off the platter, and first put a bit of fugar into't, and then drizzled in about three drops of milk out of a little thing, no more like a milk cup than a gridiron. They held their tea cups in their hands, and began to sip, red hot as 'twas; and sister faid, "You'd better try a cup of our hyson, brother—I guefs youll like it." I tho't I must do as I was bid again; and fo I try'd to work it as the rest did—I got my cup into my hands: but I am fure twas hotter than the rest: for the very saucer burnt my fingers; and at this moment along came the negro with another platter full of bread and butter—And now, Mr. Scraper, had you feen me, at this moment, you would have pitied me from your very foul—In one hand I held the tea cup as hot as a warming pan; and in the other a great bit of bread and butter; and for my life I couldn't tell which way to go to work to eat the one or drink the other. The fweat ran down my face with mere vexation; but at length, as I was doleful hungry, I made a great bite at my bread: in doing this I tilted the tea-cup in 'tother hand, to that sister's hyfon flopped over on my fingers and fcalded me fo intolerably, that down went bread and butter, tea-cup and all. The butter side of my bread fel fpat on the knee of my new velvet breeches; and the hyfon, after fcalding my knee to a blister, run down my boot to the very tors—Up I jumped and capered about the room like a bell-sheep: the boys and girls ran out of the room and left sister and me together. I wiped my velvets, while she was picking up the fragments of my tea-cup; and as she carried them into the kitchen, I feized my hat, took a French leave, got old Sorrel from the stable, and after a ride of five hours I got fafe home at ten o'clock at night

I need not tell you that our folks were dolefully frightened to fee me return at that hour. I shall conclude with telling you that if you can pretty foon, you may fee my new velvets half fpoilt—poor me, limping round the houfe with a fcald on my knee as big as a learner apron—and wife a fcolding like a bedlamite, becaufe, as she fays, I've difgraced the family.

Wife and girls feel their compliments: and I am without any compliment,

Your friend,

SAMUEL BRUSHWOOD.

THE COUNTRY PARSON.

Girls! maidens! widows! wives! there has a *Country Parson* come to town. 'God blefs him!' the girls will fmirkingly fay, and ask, 'Is he a *gay* fellow?'—The young men will titter, and enquire 'Is he *married?*'—The widows will trim their caps with new lace, put on their Sunday looks, and exclaim, 'What! a *Parson?*'—And the wives will all protest they will go and hear him *preach*—But, mistake ye not, you fweet and bewitching creatures—you rose-buds and blooming rofes! The *Country Parson* is not a *fashionable* fermonizer: He is a grave old gentleman, that weareth fpectacles, and taketh fnuff out of a horn box: and, moreover, he difcourseth not from the pulpit, but from the *Desk*. Poffeffed not of the garrulity common to old age, however, his sermon, as well as his text, shall be short.

BEGIN IN TIME.

Three words, my brethren, of great importance, both to your worldly and fpiritual welfare, when rightly considered.

Albert poffeffed, at the death of his father a wide domain. He planned vast improvements: and intended to meliorate the condition of his tenants. He daily contemplated this object, and refolved to act about it quickly.—He thought of it in the morning and in the evening: but the follies and faftions of the times engroffed him for the remainder of the day: Still he would do it—he was determined on it. Thus he continued until he had arrived at the age of forty, when he fet about it in good earnest: But ere he could complete his projects, he died. He did not *begin in time.*

Clarissa was an enchanting girl—handfome, but not accomplished. She wished to be pious and godly; but she was so young—and had so many admirers;—and it would do when she grew older. She fell sick: Death hovered about her. Then she wanted religion; it was then she would *begin*. It was too late. She died in a phrenzied state. She did not *begin in time*,

Tom Dasball had a habbit of fwearing. He would fain mend it; and he would *begin* foon. He kept on, however, to the age of fifty, and was then a difgusting object of profanity. He began to mend; but next year he departed this world. He did not *begin in time.*

Sam Thirsty was fond of ftrong drink. His friends told him, if he persisted, it would kill him. *Sam* laughed, thinking he could leave it off when he pleafed. He grew old, and grew worthlefs. Then he strove against it; but it was in vain. He did not *begin in time.*

Timothy Giddy chofe to be a lawyer. He would study hard—that he would. He frolicked with the men, and coquetted with the girls. Yet he would *begin*, he faid, to apply himfelf clofely very foon. He went on in the old way, frolicking, coquetting and resolving, till the time came for him to appear at the bar. He knew nothing of law; he had every thing to learn. He was laughed at and fcorned. He did not *begin in time.*

So it is with all things in life, my brethren. Whatsoever you have to perform, therefore, do it prefently, lest you die, and the work should he left unfinished: whether it be the improvement of the heart, of the mind, or of your estate, *begin in time.*

FAMILY GOVERNMENT.

"Let the child know it shall get nothing by roaring!"—Whining, crying and bellowing, are the children's climax in the pathetic, and have a powerful influence over parents, who have more tenderness than judgment. When the child finds it can have prompt pay for tears and sobs, this ready currency will be coined on all occasions—what is worse, they will often be counterfeited. This sobbing system is more pernicious in a family, than the funding system in a nation. It drowns beauty, and stifles the good humour and vivacity of the mind. The smiling face of youth and innocence, is the most pleasing sight that nature or art produces. I would give more, to fee this living picture in my parlour than the busts of all my anceftors since the Flood. Nature generally completes her works; it is left to the human species to perfect themselves. Parents have it in their power to heighten the bloom of youth with their habitual cheerfulness, or mar it with the distorted grimaces of ill nature.

Instead of paying the child for sobs and tears, grant a premium for smiles. If it cry for a favorite play-thing, quiet its clamour and never grant its request, till it can make its suit in good humour. All this should be done for your own honor and the happiness of your children.

But who has no desire to oblige a good neighbour? If your friend calls to see you, the good humoured vivacity of your children is the finest sight you can possibly exhibit. The museum has nothing more delightful, and the best hand of music is not more pleasing than domestic harmony. When you can furnish your guests with this cheap tho' exquisite entertainment, why should you grate their ears with the difcord of Bedlam?

TO ASPIRING YOUNG MEN.

SCIPIO was a tribune in the army, and distinguished himfelf above the rest of his officers no less by his prudence than his bravery. The cowful under whom he fought committed many oversights by refufing to follow his advice. Young Scipio drew the troops from many dangers into which their imprudent leaders had plunged them. His great and universal reputation excited fome envy against him in the beginning; but as he behaved in all respects, *with the utmost modesty and reserve*, that envy was soon changed into admiration: fo that when the senate fent deputies to the camp, to enquire into the state of the siege of Carthage, the whole army gave him unanimously the highest commendations; the foldiers, as well as officers, saw the very generals extolled the merit of young Scipio. So neceffary it is for a man to *soften*, if I may be allowed the expression, the fplendor of his glory by a *sweet and modest carriage*, and not to excite the jealouly of people, by a haughty and felf-sufficient behaviour.

The following extract is from a new piece, just published at New-York, called "The Honey Moon" *It is a Bachelor's opinion of woman. We publish it for the amusement of our readers, and as a specimen of the piece; without subscribing to the sentiments.*

[Farmer's Cabinet.]

A WOMAN *tam'd*

With words? why then he must invent a language,
Which yet the learned have no glimpfe of.
Fasting and fustigation may do fomething;
I've heard that death will quiet fome of them
But words? mere words, cool'd by the breath of man?
He may preach tame a howling wilderneſs;
Silence a full mouth'd battery with fnow balls;
Quench fire with oil! with his repelling breath
Pull back the northern blast; whistle against thunder,
Thefe things are feasible—but *still* a woman
With the nine parts of fpeech—

Count.—You know him not.

Rolando.—I know the lady. Well, it may to him
Be eafy, gentlemanly recreation.—
But, as I hope to die a Bachelor,
I'd rather come within a windmill's fweep,
Or pluck the lighted fufee from a bomb,
(Which, to fay truth, she mostly doth refemble,
Being stuff'd full of all things mifchievous)
Than parley with that woman.
Could he difcourfe with fluent eloquence
More languages than Babel fent abroad,
The simple rhetoric of her mother tongue
Would pofe him presently; for woman a voice
Sounds like a fiddle in a concert, always
The shrilleſt, if not loudeſt, instrument

POETRY.

SELECTED BY A CORRESPONDENT.

A FRETFUL TEMPER is admirably described in the following lines, from COWPER.

SOME fretful tempers wince at every touch;
You always do too little or too much:
You speak with life, in hopes to entertain;
Your elevated voice goes thro' the brain:
You fail at once into a lower key;
That's worse: The drone-pipe of an humble Bee!
The southern sash admits too strong a light;
You rise and droop the curtain;—now it's night.
He shakes with cold; you stir the fire, and strive
To make a place:—that's roasting him alive.
Serve him with venison, and he chooses fish;
With trout, that's just the sort he would not wish.
He takes what he at first protests'd to loath:
And in the time it goes heartily on both;
Yet still o'erclouded with a constant frown;
He does not swallow, but he gulphs it down.
Your hope to please him vain on every plan,
Himself should work that wonder if he can.
Alas! his efforts double his distress;
He like yours lattic, and his own as less,
Thus always teazing others, always teaz'd,
His only pleasure is, to be displeas'd.

THE MISER.

BY THOMAS PAINE, OF BOSTON, (SON OF ROB. PAINE.)

Next comes the Miser—palsied, jealous, lean,
He looks the very *skeleton of spleen!*
Mid forests drear, he haunts, in spectre gloom,
Some desert Ruby, or some Druid's tomb;
Where! heav'd in earth, his occult riches lay,
Fleec'd from the world, and buried from the day.—
With crutch in hand, he points his mineral rod,
Limps to the spot and turns the well known sod;
While there, involv'd in night, he counts his store,
By the soft tinklings of the golden ore,
He shakes with terror lest the moon should spy,
And the breeze whisper, where his treasures lie.—

This wretch who *dying*, would not take one pill,
If living, he must pay a Doctor's bill,
Still clings to life of every joy bereft;
His God is Gold and his religion theft!

THE BOOK WORM.

BY THE SAME.

See, the lank Book-worm, pil'd with lumbering lore,
Wrinkled in Latin, and in Greek four score,
With toil incessant *thumbs* the ancient page,
Now *blots* a hero, now *turns down* a sage!
O'er learning's field, with leaden eye he strays,
'Mid busts of fame, and monuments of praise.
With Gothic foot, he treads our *flowers* of taste,
Yet stoops to pick the *pebbles* from the waste—
Profound in trifles, he can tell, how short
Were *Æsop's* legs—how large was *Tully's* wart;
And seal'd by Gunter, marks, with joy absurd,
The cut of *Homer's* cloak, and *Euclid's* beard!—

Thus through the weary watch of sleepless night—
This learned Ploughman plods in piteous plight;
Till the dim taper takes French leave to doze,
And the fat folio tumbles on his toes.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

The subsequent wild strain is very old, and has generally passed under the name of the ballad of Bedlam. It is a wonderful specimen of the vivid force and romantic flights of that aerial faculty, our imagination.

I'll sail upon the Dogstar
And then pursue the morning,
I'll chase the moon till it be noon
I'll make her leave her horning.

I'll climb the frosty mountain,
And there I'LL COIN THE WEATHER;
I'll wrench the rainbow from the skies,
And *tie both ends together.*

The stars pluck from their orbs too,
And crowd them in my budget;
Now, if I'm not a roaring boy,
Let Gresham College judge it.

I'll mount the clear cerulean,
To shun the tempring gipsies,
I'll play at bowls with the sun and moon
And fright ye with eclipses.

SONG.

Look, lovely maid, on yonder flow'r,
And see that busy fly,
Made for th' enjoyment of an hour,
And only born to die.

See, round the rose he lightly motes,
And wantons in the sun,
His little life in joy improves,
And lives before 'tis gone.

From this instinctive wisdom learn
The present hour to prize
Nor leave to-day's supreme concern,
'Till morrow's morn arise.

Say, loveliest fair, canst thou divine
That morrow's hidden doom?
Know'st thou if cloudless skies will shine,
Or heaven be wrapp'd in gloom.

Fond man, the trine of an day,
Enjoys the morning light,
Nor knows his momentary play
Must end, before 'tis night.

The present joys are all we claim,
The past are in the tomb;
And like the poet's dream of fame,
The future never come.

No longer then, fair maid, delay
The promis'd scenes of bliss;
Nor idly give another day,
The joys assign'd to this.

If then my breast can soothe thy care,
'Twill now that care allay;
If joy this hand can yield, my fair,
'Twill yield that joy to-day.

Quit then, oh quit! thou lovely maid,
Thy bashful virgin pride;
To-day the happy lot be laid,
The bands, to-morrow, tied!

The purest joys shall be our own,
That e'er to man were giv'n;
And those bright scenes, on earth begun,
Shall brighter shine in heav'n.

SILENCE NOT ALWAYS A PROOF OF WISDOM.

A gentleman who had the ill fate to have a son very weak in his intellects, was continually recommending silence as the best method of hiding his imperfections. It so happened that the father took his son to an entertainment, and for want of room to sit together, they were obliged to take separate seats. After dinner, two gentlemen, opposite the son, differed in opinion upon a subject they were discoursing about, and rather than have any serious dispute they agreed to leave it to the gentleman opposite to them—they then stated the case and desired his opinion—the man was silent—they waited a little longer, and then desired him to decide—still he kept silent—the gentlemen looking steadfastly at him exclaimed, "Why, the fellow's a fool!"—Upon which the son started up, and called out "Father, Father, they have found me out!"

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2d....THE TERMS ARE TWO DOLLARS per annum, to be PAID IN ADVANCE.

3d....A handsome title-page and table of contents will be furnished (gratis) at the completion of each volume.

The following gentlemen, from some of whom we have already received indubitable tokens of attachment to the interests of this paper, will act as our AGENTS in receiving money due for THE MINERVA, at the places to which their names are affixed—and they will receive and transmit us the names of those who may wish to become subscribers.

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BIOGRAPHY

The subject of the present number is an extraordinary instance of the folly of departing from the established order of society, and is a convincing proof, that when a woman from a spirit of eccentric pride, disregards and violates the ornamental and necessary quality of her sex, chastity, she purchases at a dear rate her ideal enjoyments. She becomes the dupe of some designing man, who, perhaps, under the mask of congeniality, corrupts her mind, and debases her person. Too late she discovers her error, and (no matter how great her firmness and magnanimity) experiencing the intheeility of her philosophy, seeks to relieve herself from a wretched life, by suicide.—*Merrimack Miscellany.*

MRS. GODWIN.

Mary Wolstonecraft was born on the 27th of April, 1759, in London, or at a farm upon Epping forest. The education of this extraordinary woman was slender, and she had none of those early advantages which have been the lot of most women who have been distinguished in the literary world. She was remarkable in early life for vivacity and resolution. At nineteen years of age she lived with a Mrs. Dawson, at Bath, as a companion, but was obliged to leave Mrs Dawson, to attend to the wants of her dying mother, to whom her benaviour appears to have been very dutiful.——After the death of her mother, she found herself in narrow circumstances, and was anxious to fix upon some mode of life to secure her independence. In the 24th year of her age she opened a day school at Islington, which was soon after transferred to Newington green. She had, for her partner, a young lady, to whom she was strongly attached, who repaired to Lisbon for the recovery of her health, in pursuance of the advice of a physician. This circumstance is worthy of notice, for it gave occasion to the display of that heroic friendship, which so much distinguished the life and character of Mrs. Godwin, Hearing that her friend was likely to die at Lisbon, Mrs. Godwin abandoned her school, in contempt of every consideration of interest, and having borrowed a sufficient sum of money, flew to Lisbon to attend the last wishes of her friend. On her return to England, she found her school had suffered greatly by her absence; she therefore entered into the family of Lord Kingsborough, as governess to his daughters. In which situation however, she remained but a short time. In 1787, she settled in the metropolis, and had recourse to her pen for subsistence. Here she pursued her literary labours; wrote some of her most popular productions: The Answer to Mr. Burke, and the Vindication of the Rights of Women (translated several works, and contributed many articles to the Analytical Review. In 1792 she went to Paris, where she became acquainted with Mr. Gilbert Imlay, by whom she had a daughter. She had always entertained the most violent prejudices against the conditions of European marriages. She did not think it consistent with the nature of man, for him to enter into an indissoluble union. She did not like those reciprocal legal responsibilities, which take away the individuality of action and conduct Mrs. Godwin, as she frankly acknowledges, took upon her *the duties of marriage* without the ceremony.—She lived with Mr. Imlay.—She was now more than 33 years of age. The connection did not prove fortunate. Mr. Imlay disappointed all her hopes. He abandoned her. In April, 1795, she returned to London. The conduct of Mr. Imlay drove her to desperation, and she attempted to put an end to her life, but was prevented. Her misery increased, and she again attempted to destroy herself. For this purpose, she repaired to Putney, determining to throw herself into the river. We have here another instance of great resolution. It rained, and Mrs. Goodwin, to facilitate her descent into the water, walked up and down the bridge for half an hour, that her clothes might be thoroughly drenched and heavy. She now leaped from the top of the bridge, but finding still a difficulty in sinking, she tried to press her clothes closely around her. The at last became insensible; but at this moment she was discovered and taken out. The next remarkable event in the life of Mrs. Godwin was her union with Mr. Godwin. They had long known each other; and the union took place about six months after Mrs. Godwin had finally lost all hopes of reclaiming Mr. Imlay. They did not immediately marry, both disliking the responsibility and conditions attending that ceremony in England. But after Mrs Godwin had found herself pregnant, she thought it better to submit to the ceremony of marriage, than to that seclusion from society, to which living without, in this country, would subject her, and which would infallibly have narrowed the circle of her usefulness. Mrs. Godwin died in consequence of child-birth, in August, 1797, and was buried in Saint Pancras church-yard. Since her death have been published her posthumous works, consisting of letters and fragments.

From Semple's walks and sketches of the

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

"In one of our morning walks about the town observing a considerable crowd before the door of a house, my friend and I went up and enquired what was going forward, and were informed that it was a public sale of all the effects of a colonist, deceased. Scarcely had we joined the crowd when the auctioneer mounted upon a chair and struck for some time upon a round plate of brass, as a signal that the auction was going to begin. Immediately all was attention—Numbers of articles were put up and disposed of—till growing tired of the scene, we were going away; a short pause, however, and then a murmur in the assembly, announced that something else than trifles was going to be produced. We accordingly waited a moment, and soon saw a black man coming forward thro' the crowd: "Ah!" said Charles, "they are going to dispose of the family slaves, let us stop a little longer."

"The first that was put up was a stout native of the Mozambique coast. His look was sad and melancholy, his hands hanging down clasped together as if they were bound, and his eyes eyes fixed upon the earth. When he heard that his lot was determined, and that he was sold for six hundred rix dollars, he raised his eyes up heavily to look for his new master, and went after him out of the croud without speaking a word; but we thought that his cheeks were wet with tears; and perhaps we were right; for the purchaser told us with some expression of compassion, that he had been a great favourite of his deceased friend. Many were put up, the household of the deceased having been very numerous, but on the countenances of all of them, sorrow and the humiliation of slavery were the predominating features. At length an object was presented which almost made us weep: a mother was brought forward with a little girl of three years old clinging to her, which they wished to tear from her, whilst she, dreading the threats of her owners, feebly told her child to leave her, at the same time that she folded her arms round it. 'Put them up together;' said every voice; it was consented to, and the woman kissing her child & leading it by the hand, advanced to the spot appointed. Whilst they bid for her, she looked anxiously round in every countenance, as if imploring compassion. Her price was made up to seven hundred dollars, which the auctioneer repeated a long time without any body seeming willing to say more. 'The man who had bought her and the child,' said one who stood next to us, 'has the reputation of being very cruel to his slaves.'— 'Has he?' (said Charles) but he has not got them yet.'— Seven hundred and ten cried he, with a voice trembling with eagerness. Every body turned their eyes upon us, and the mother and the child looked in Charles's face. Seven hundred and twenty, said the man, starting up; thirty cried Charles; fifty said the other: eight hundred bade Charles; the man bit his lips; a long pause ensued; eight hundred and one, said a mild looking old man, whose humanity I was acquainted with; Charles drew back, and the poor slave was allotted to a mild master.

"When we had got into the street, I could not help remarking how lightly Charles walked along, and how his eyes glistened with the pleasing reflection of having done a good action. Every now and then also he exclaimed to himself, 'poor child! I have saved you some stripes, however, and then he would walk on so fast that I could scarcely keep up with him.

SOCRATES.

AMONG the ancient Greek Philosophers, Socrates holds a conspicuous rank, on account of his attempts to be useful, and his *inflexible courage in all circumstances.* When popular fury, actuated by superstition, sacrificed ten generals without cause, he alone had courage to oppose the madness of the people. When thirty tyrants with horrid barbarity lorded it over the lives and liberties of the Athenians, Socrates had the hardihood repeatedly to oppose their cruel orders. In the field of battle too he gave honorable proofs of his courage. This good man was accused of impiety, &c. and condemned to drink poison, called the hemlock. In his defence at his trial, he has these expressions:—"Pass on me what sentence you please, Athenians: but I can neither repent nor change my conduct. Should you resolve to acquit me for the future, I should not hesitate to make answer, Athenians I honor and love you; but I shall choose to obey God rather than you, and to my latest breath shall never renounce my philosophy, nor cease to exhort and reprove you according to my custom, by telling each of you when you come in my way;—My good Friend—are you not ashamed to have no other thoughts than that of amassing wealth, and of acquiring *glory, credit* and *dignities*, whilst you neglect the treasures of prudence, truth and wisdom, and take no pains to render your soul as good and perfect as it is capable of being. For the rest, Athenians, if in the extreme danger I now am, I do not imitate the conduct of those who upon less emergencies have implored and supplicated their judges with tears—it is not through pride and obstinacy or any contempt for you, but solely for your honor and that of the whole city. You should know, that there are among our citizens those who do not fear death as an evil, and give that name only to injustice and infamy. I do not think it allowable to entreat a judge—he ought to be persuaded and convinced. He does not swear to discharge with impunity what he pleases; but to do justice where it is due. I am so far of believing in no divinity,—but I am more convinced of the existence of God than my accusers, & so persuaded that I abandon myself to God and to you, that you may judge of me as you may deem best for yourselves and for me.

THE INQUISITIVE FRENCHMAN.

A young Parisian, travelling to Amsterdam, was attracted by the remarkable beauty of a house near the canal. He addressed a Dutchman in French, who stood near him in the vessel, with "Pray sir, may I ask who that house belongs to?" The Hollander answered him in his own language, "Ik kan niet verstan"—[*I do not understand you.*] The Parisian not doubting but he was understood, took the Dutchman's answer for the name of the proprietor. "Oh! Oh!" said he, "it belongs to Mr. Kanniferstan; well, I am sure he must be very agreeably situated; the house is most charming, and the gardens appear delicious. I don't know that I ever saw a better. A friend of mine has one much like it near the river Loire, but I certainly give this the preference." He added many other observations of the same kind, to which the Dutchman made no reply. When he arrived at Amsterdam, he saw a most beautiful woman on the way, walking arm in arm with a gentleman; he asked a person who passed him, who that charming lady was: but the man not understanding French, replied, "Ik kan neit verstaan."—"What Sir," replied our traveller, "is that Mr Kanniverstan's wife, whose house is near the canal? Indeed, the gentleman's lot is enviable, to possess so noble a house, and so lovely a companion." The next day, when he was walking out, he saw trumpeters playing at a gentleman's door who had got the largest prize in the Dutch lottery. Our Parisian wishing to be informed of the gentleman's name, he was still answered, "Ik kan niet verstaan."—"Oh!" said he, "this is too great an accession of fortune! Mr. Kanniferstan proprietor of such a fine house, husband to such a beautiful woman, and to get the largest prize in the lottery! It must be allowed that there are some lucky men in the world. About a week after this, our traveller walking about, saw a very superb burying, he asked who it was? "Ik kan niet verstaan," replied the person of whom he enquired. "Oh, my God!" exclaimed he, "poor Mr. Kanniferstan, who had such a noble house, such an angelic wife, and the largest prize in the lottery! he must have quitted this world with great regret, but I thought his happiness was too complete to be of long duration." He then went home, reflecting on the instability of human affairs.

TO THE RISING GENERATION OF BOTH SEXES.

THE PETITION OF A MUCH-ABUSED BUT VERY INNOCENT PERSON,

HUMBLY SHOWETH,

THAT your unhappy petitioner, though much careſsed and generally acknowledged the moſt useful and valuable ſervant of mankind, is particularly by you, from giddineſs, want of attention, or improper direction, either shamefully neglected or notoriously ill uſed.

And though his competence to cultivate and improve your best faculties in the beſt manner, and for the best ends, be universally allowed and experienced, it is nevertheleſs astonishing to what purſuits of extreme insignificance his indulgence is but too often misapplied.

Many engage him for years together in rendering themselves perfectly uſeleſs to every purpose of life, in deranging their heads and inflaming their hearts, corrupting their minds and distorting their bodies, reducing themſelves from the ſcale of rational creatures to a mere ape in a farce, or puppets on a wire.

Some make no other uſe of him than to get by rote a few articulate sounds, to mouth hard words, to gabble the jargon of fashion, to mimic the complaiſance of etiquette, to imbibe the loose maxims of the world, ſpeak what they do not think, promiſe what they never mean to perform, and look one way while they row another.

Your petitioner has to state with regret, that he is often used as a talisman, to make black white, night day, and good evil, the law a nooſe, politics a trick, religion a jeſt, trade a plot, and life a tragedy.

He complains, that by his means the art is acquired of turning juſtice into ridicule, by the ſophiſtry and verſatility of pettifoggers; of making real piety obsolete and unacceptable, by the affected grimaces of hypocritical pretenders or weak enthuſiaſts; and every physical pretenſion equivocal and ſuſpicious, by the broad qualified effrontery of quacks and mountebanks.

How often is he unable to do more for multitudes in the gayeſt circles, than aid them to ſhuffle and manage a pack of cards, to whiſper away the characters of the innocent and unſuſpecting, to ſit mum, and ſtare at each other in dumb-ſhow like pictures in a gallery, or goſſip nonſense by the hour, and call it polite converſation?

It grieves your petitioner, that he ſhould, on ſo many occaſions be made accessary to the ſeduction of innocence, to public delinquency, profeſſional neglect, proſtituted genius, property diſſipated, talents unimproved, and opportunity loſt.

He knows of what importance he might be rendered in accompliſhing youth, and endowing them with all proper qualifications, to benefit others and better themſelves, to do their duty to their country and ſociety, raiſe their own fortunes, augment the funds of human comfort, and extend their perſonal reputation.

And he would earneſtly impreſs you with the abſolute neceſsity of acting very differently towards him from numbers who have gone before you, who, taking advantage of his good-nature, have made themſelves a nuiſance rather than a bleſsing to ſociety, and who, therefore, are incapable of giving you advice exactly by contraſt.

You may not be aware, but it becomes him to intimate, that he is not unfrequently made the tool of his own deſtruction, and that in his very boſom are cherished the artifices calculated to kill him; that thoſe who have moſt pretenſe for him uſe him worſt, and that he is never treated ſo ill as by ſuch as have the greateſt intereſt in treating him well.

He aſsures you no one can prepare you better for acting your reſpective parts honourably on the ſtage of life; that you never blunder but in conſequence of rejecting his counſel: and never ſucceed, either to your own ſatisfaction or that of others, but in a conformity to his dictates, and the practice of his ſage precepts.

He is ſorry it is not more perfectly underſtood, how inſeparable your intereſt is from his, how much more precious he now is than ever he will be again, how eagerly you are inſtigated by every thing around you, the paſt, the preſent, and the future, to huſband aſſiduously his kind indulgence, and on no account to trifle with him, while ſo much in the humour of bleſsing you, and rendering you bleſsed; and how very happy they are who continue on friendly terms with him from the beginning to the end of their days, and can in every ſtage take a retroſpect on their intercourſe with him without a bluſh.

He will only further add, that theſe overtures cannot laſt for ever; that his patience, like the faculties of every mortal creature, has its limits; that once gone, he cannot be recalled: and that ſlighted, perverted, or flung away, he will only furniſh you with a ſource of endleſs and unavailing repentance.

Your petitioner, therefore, moſt earneſtly prays, that for your own comfort, and the proſperity of ſucceeding generations, you would maturely weigh theſe conſiderations, and deviſe ſome means of providing for the ſafety, honour, and repoſe of an old well-meaning individual nearly worn out in the ſervice of mankind, verging on his diſſolution, and uncertain how ſoon he may be ſuperſeded by one, who will never forget the injuries done his predeceſsor.

And your petitioner, as in duty bound, ſhall pray for the increaſe of your happineſs, and rejoice in whatever promotes and confirms it to the end of TIME.

CHARACTER OF MR. FOX.

(We are indebted to "Adolphus's History of England," a performance of great merit and recent date for the following well drawn character of the great leader of opposition. It cannot but be interesting to coteporary politicians in this country.)

FOX displayed at Eton and at Oxford an ardent attachment to claſsical literature and gave preſsage of future greatneſs, by unwearied application to Cicero and Demoſthenes, and by preferring the Athenian to the Roman orator. Even in the earlieſt periods of life, and during all the viciſsitudes of pleaſure and diſsipation, he was indefatigable in the exerciſe of his argumentative faculty.—The indulgent partiality of his father ſupplied a abundant means of gratifying inclinations natura to youth of warm paſsions, totally exempt from reſtraint; and his great talents were ſhrouded from the view of thoſe that could not diſcern them through the veil of unbounded diſsipation. He obtained a ſeat in parliament before the age of legal maturity, and was in 1770, appointed a lord of the admiralty; but his ſupports, though marked with all the ardor of his temper, and energy of his genius, was not yet deemed eſsential to the cauſe of government: he had more than once participated in the unpopularity of the adminiſtration, without the credit of ſharing the direction of their meaſures. In 1772, he reſigned his ſituation at the admiralty with marks of diſgust, and was then expected to join the rank of oppoſition; the diſsidence was, however, accommodated, and he ſoon afterwards received a ſeat at the treaſury board, from which he was diſmiſsed in March 1774, with circumſtances which occaſioned the moſt lively indignation. To the period of his quitting the miniſter charitable excuſes were afforded for his political errors and lenity of conduct, by youth and inexperience: but he ſoon diſcovered powers of regular debate, which neither his friends had hoped nor his enemies dreaded. The force of Fox's oratory cannot be adequately deſcribed, and can be felt only by thoſe who have heard him on important occaſions. His ſpeeches were luminous, without the appearance of concerted arrangement; his mind ſeemed, by its maſterly force, to have compreſsed, reduced, and, with a conſiſtent ſuperiority, to ſyſtematize rule. The torrent of his eloquence increaſed in force as the ſubject expanded; the vehemence of his manner was ſupported by expreſsions of correſpondent energy; the deciſive terms in which he delivered his opinions, by precluding the poſsibility of evaſion, impreſsed a full conviction of his ſincerity, & gained regard even from the moſt inveterate opponent. The diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of his arguments, was profoundneſs; his general aim was the eſtabliſhment of ſome grand principle, to which all other parts of ſpeech were ſubſervient; and his genius for reply was ſingularly happy. He not only combated the principle reaſoning of his adverſary; but extending a generous protect on to his own partizans reſcued their ſpeeches from ridicule or miſrepreſentation.—The boldeſt conceptions and moſt decided principles, uttered by him, did not appear gigantic; he ſeldom employed exaggerated or tumid phraſeology; in the greateſt warmth of political conteſt, few expreſsions eſcaped him which can be cited to the diſadvantage of his character as a gentleman. Rhetorical embelliſhments, though frequently found in his harrangues, did not ſeem the produce of laborious cultivation, but ſpontaneous effuſion. Superior to art, Fox ſeemed to illuſtrate rules which perhaps he had not in contemplation: and the bold originality of his thoughts and expreſsions, would rather entitle him to be conſidered the founder of new ſpecies of eloquence, than a ſervile adherent to any eſtabliſhed practice. Burke ſtudious and indefatigable, from his continually augmenting ſtores, poured knowledge into the mind of Fox; but in debate their manners were widely diſsimilar.—Fox depended on his natural and daily-improving genius for argumentation: Burke on thoſe beauties which his taſte and learning enabled him to collect and diſpoſe with ſo much grace and facility. His ſpeeches were liſtened to with admiration an elegant pleadings: but Fox was always elevated above his ſubject; and, by energy of manner and impetuoſity of oratory, ſtaggered the impartial, animated his adherents, and threw uneaſineſs, alarm and aſtoniſhment into the minds of his oppnents.

SELECTED POETRY.

FROM A LATE LONDON PAPER.

The following lines are nearly a correct account of an incident that occurred during the laſt campaign in Egypt, which the Author, hearing related in company, verſified at the requeſt of a Friend, without quitting the room:—

THE tumult of battle had ceaſ'd—high in air,
The ſtandard of Britain triumphantly wav'd;
And the remnant of foes had fled in deſpair,
Whom night intervening from ſlaughter had ſav'd—

When a Veteran was ſeen by the light of his lamp,
Slow pacing the bounds of the carcaſe ſtrown plain;
Not baſe his intent—for he quitted the Camp,
To comfort the dying, not plunder the ſlain.

Though doubtleſs in war, at a ſtory of woe,
Down his age-ſtu rrow'd cheek the tears often ran,
Alike proud to conquer or ſave a brave foe,
He fought like a hero but felt like a man.

As he counted the ſlain, Oh! conqueſt!' he cried,
'Thou art glorious indeed! but dearly thou art won,
Too dearly, alas!' a voice faintly replied,
It thrill'd thro' his heart—'twas the voice of his ſon.

He liſten'd aghaſt—all was ſilent again—
He ſearch'd by the beams which his lamp feebly ſhed,
And found his brave ſon amidſt hundreds of ſlain,
The corpſe of a comrade ſupporting his head.

'My Henry,' the war ſhatter'd ſoldier exclaim'd,
'Has death rudely withher'd thy laurels ſo ſoon?'
The youth op'd his eyes, as he heard himſelf nam'd,
And awoke for a while from his death boding ſwoon.

He gaz'd on his Father, who knelt by his ſide,
And ſeizing his hand, preſs'd it cloſe to his heart:
'Thank Heav'n thou art here my dear father; he cried,
'For ſoon, oh! too ſoon, we forever muſt part!

'Though death early call'd me from all that I love,
'From Glory! from thee! yet perhaps it is giv'n,
'To meet thee again in yon regions above!'
His eye beam'd with hope, as he look'd up to Heav'n.

'Then let not thy boſom with vain ſorrow ſwell,
'Ah! check 'ere it riſes the heart rending ſigh!
'I fought for my King! for my Country!—I fell,
'In defence of their rights—and I GLORY TO DIE.'

THE LIBERTINE REPULSED.

Hence Belmour, perfidious! this inſtant retire,
No further entreaties employ,
Nor meanly pretend any more to admire,
What baſely you wiſh to deſtroy.

Say, youth, muſt I madly ruſh on upon ſhame,
If a traitor but artfully ſighs!
And eternally part with my honor and fame
For a compliment paid to my eyes.

If a flame all diſhoneſt be vilely profeſt,
Through tenderneſs muſt I incline,
And ſeek to indulge the repoſe of a breaſt,
That would plant endleſs tortures in mine!

No, Belmour—a paſſion I can't but deſpiſe,
Shall never find way to my ears:
Nor the man meet a glance of regard from thoſe eyes,
That would drench them forever in tears.

Can the lover who thinks, nay, who wiſhes me baſe,
Expect that I ever ſhould be kind?

FILIAL CRUELTY.

DISGRACEFUL as are the circumstances I am about to relate, and incredible and surprising as they may appear, they are founded upon authority that precludes all doubt, and have been attested by those whose veracity is unquestionable.

At an ancient Castle, in one of the most remote parts of Wales, resided a gentleman, whom I shall call Cadwallader, and whom, after a short though severe illness, was reported to have fallen a victim to his violence. His son, a young man of specious manners, mourned the event with the most filial concern: but, after devoting a certain time to grief and lamentation emerged from retirement into the paths of life.

Several years elapsed without any circumstances arising that could create suspicions as to the sincerity of his grief, when accident introduced him to an old friend of his father's, whom he appeared absolutely delighted at having found. As the meeting took place at a neighbouring gentleman's house, young Cadwallader insisted upon their all going to his Castle, and, in compliment to the memory of his deceased father, he made a sumptuous entertainment for his old favorite. Mirth and good humour decked the board, and the guests, delighted with the hospitality they received, thought not of retiring until the midnight hour.

As the young man wished to pay particular attention to the object on whom his father had placed his regard, he conducted him to the apartment prepared for his reception; and after bewaiting the loss he had formerly sustained, and lamenting the death of a beloved parent, informed the gentleman that the bed he was to sleep on was that on which his father had expired.

Though the wine had exhilarated the stranger's spirits, yet the recollection of his deceased friend's virtues naturally tended to lower and depress them; and as soon as he was in bed he unperceptibly fell into a train of thinking upon the shortness and instability of human existence. From this turn of ideas he was suddenly roused by perceiving his chamber door open with precaution, & a tall, thin, emaciated figure enter, whose person was encompassed in a tattered blanket.

Amazement, at first, suspended his faculties, and he remained transfixed with terror and astonishment. These sensations gradually abated, and he calmly examined the spectre's features: those of his lost friend were imprinted on the countenance; but alas! how altered—how sadly changed!—Whilst gazing upon the form with a mixture of grief and surprise, how must he have been astonished to hear it exclaim, in the tone of feebleness and delight—"a fire! O, the comfort of a fire!—and immediately spring forward to enjoy the influence of it."

Unable to account for what he saw, yet he believed it to be the spirit of his departed friend, how much his apprehensions have been increased, by perceiving it turn its eyes wildly towards the bed, and again exclaim—"A bed, too!—yes my own bed!—and again I will enjoy its refreshing comforts!"—Then suddenly returning from the fire, it threw itself by the side of the stranger, who, stretching out his hand to discover whether it was a shadow or substance which had so thoroughly alarmed him, found it was the person of his long lost friend!

The readers will here foresee the conclusion of the narrative—they will behold the father restored to those possessions, of which the depravity of his son had deprived him; and picture that son to their astonished imaginations loaded with infamy and disgrace! They will likewise perceive the hand of Heaven, in bringing that son to justice through the carelessness and intoxication of his father's keeper who, in partaking of the conviviality which spread throughout the Castle, had forgot to secure the door of his prisoner's dungeon.

HISTORICAL.

MONIMA was a lady whom all Greece admired, not so much for her beauty, though confessedly exquisite, as for her wisdom and prudence. Mithridates, King of Pontus, who, excepting Alexander, was the greatest of kings, having fallen desperately in love with her, had forgotten nothing that might endear her to favour his passion: he sent her at once fifteen thousand pieces of gold; but her virtue was proof against every attack. She refused his presents till he gave her the quality of wife and queen, and sent her the royal tiara of diadem; an essential ceremony in the marriage of the kings of those nations. Nor did she then comply without extreme regret. A more humble station was what she had much rather have chosen; but her friends, dazzled with the splendor of a crown, & the power of Mithridates, who was at that time every where victorious, and at the height of his glory, insisted on her acceptance of so advantageous an offer. She complied, and the world thought her happy; but they were greatly mistaken. That unfortunate princess passed her life in continual sadness and affliction lamenting her fatal beauty, that instead of an husband had given her a master, & instead of procuring her an honorable abode, and he endearments of conjugal society, had confined her in a cheerless prison, under a guard of barbarians; where far removed from the delightful regions of Greece, she had only enjoyed a dream of that happiness with which she had been flattered and had really lost that solid substantial good she possessed in her own beloved country. But her misery was not yet complete. Mithridates who for [illegible] maintained a war against the Romans, was at least defeated by Lucullus in the plains of Cabiræ. Even at this battle fortune seemed to smile on him as formerly, for he had greatly the advantage in the two first actions: but, on a sudden, fortune, honour, wealth, and every thing the world calls great, forsook him: in short, he was so completely conquered in a third engagement, that he was obliged to make his escape on foot, and without a single servant to attend him. Enraged at this defeat, and supposing that his wife would fall into the hands of Lucullus, jealously or cruelty prompted him to send her orders to die by the hands of Bacchidas the eunuch. When this messenger of death arrived, and had signified to the princess the order of Mithridates, which favored her no farther than to leave her at liberty to choose the kind of death she thought most gentle and immediate. Monima, taking the diadem from her head, tied it round her neck, and hung herself up by it; but that not proving strong enough, and breaking, she cried out, "Ah, fatal trifle, you might at least do me this mournful office. Then throwing it away with indignation. she presented her neck to Bacchidas, who dispatched her with one relentless stroke. As for Mithridates, though he recovered his Kingdom again, he did not long enjoy it: for being driven by Pompey to his son Pharnaces, he there meditated a scheme of revenge, which threw his army in to such terror, that, to prevent the execution of it, the conspired against him and chose Pharnaces his son king. Mithridates then seeing himself abandoned by the whole world, and that even his son would not suffer him to escape where he could, retired to his apartment, and after giving poison to such of his wives and daughters as were with him at the time, he took the same himself; but when he perceived that it had not its effect upon him, he had recourse to his sword.

EXTRAORDINARY SNAKE IN LAKE ONTARIO.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman residing near the Black river, in the state of New-York, to his correspondent in Castleton—dated,

"Watertown, June 30th, 1805.

"SIR,

"Four men of respectability, who belong to this place were returning from Kingston, last week, in a boat across Lake Ontario, who went about half way home, espied a distant object lying in the Lake; which they supposed to be a boat with her bottom up. They immediately steered towards it, with a design to make a prize of her; when, with the swiftness of an arrow, it darted towards them, and they discovered it to be a monster in the form of a snake. They were dreadfully frightened and pulled with all their might to the shore, which they soon gained it being at no great distance. The monster closely pursued them, until gaining shoal water, it played backward and forward before them two hours. This afforded them leisure to recover from their surprise, to approach and survey it. It contracted itself in a spiral form, which they judged to be nearly eighteen feet in diameter from the centre of the curl, the head projected across folds, lying even with the circumference, almost as large as a hogshead; the eyes nearly as large as a pint basin; the mouth frightfully large, and aspect terrible. The length as it appeared above the water, they judged it to be 150 feet. The body appeared to be about the size of a barrel. After playing around as stated above, he steered his course for a vessel which had left Kingston, at the same time with themselves, bound to Niagara, and was out of sight in a moment.

"I understand that the Indians have frequently seen the same. He attempted to pick a man out of a schooner, who saved himself by jumping into the cabin. A number of boats have been lost in the Lake, which many have conjectured were destroyed by this monster. It is supposed to be of the same kind with that which infests the seas of Norway, as it is not difficult for it, when young, to come up the river St. Lawrence."

However incredible the above amount may appear, the frighted imaginations of these spectators, have not represented this monster of a serpent, to be of such an enormous size, as the Sea-Snake which was shot by the master of a ship, in the Norwegian seas in 1746. The length of that, it will be recollected, was more than a hundred yards. The boat and ship-masters in those seas, seem to dread being overset by this sea-monster; and on that account, provide themselves with quantities of castor, as they are known to have a remarkable aversion to the smell of that drug. It is probable that many who cross the Ontario would be happy to obtain a substance, equally efficacious, for their own security.

REFLECTION.

Where is the man, says the world, that can pretend to perfection? The world should first tell us what is the perfection of man. Is it to have conquered the degrading passions? To be void of avarice, envy, revenge & pride? To be brave, faithful, benevolent and aspiring! To exalt the rational faculty to a knowledge of the Deity! To trace divinity in the precepts of Christianity?—Then let the world scoff at pretensions as it may, I will not think it ill of mankind as not to believe that there are many entitled to the praise of attaining to the perfection of their nature.

THE BEE.

FULL oft my love the moral page,
Persuades us mark the careful Bee,
And oft I've heard the hoary sage,
Commend its useful industry.

And look thee love—see every flower
That spreads its beauties to the day;
Presents some sweet attractive power,
To charm the cheerful wanderer's way.

And why should MAN, with sullen pride,
Neglect the joys by Heaven bestow'd,
And scorn the flowers that bloom beside
His short, and ever varied road.

POVERTY.

O! Poverty! thou hag forlorn!
Whence in the name of wonder didst thou come?
Of what curst monster wast thou born?
What impious frolic made this world thy home!

Thou such an hideous scare-crow art,
Man at the name of thee a panic feels;
Thinks thee at hand, and runs—my heart!
Like folks with a mad bullock at their heels.

The mere per chance of meeting thee
Has sent to bedlam many and many a one.
Some even to Death's embrace will flee,
Thy hated hug, O poverty, to shun.

Ay! scores (as all the world doth know)
Under offers full of gold, to feast their eyes on,
(Their brains by thee are bothered so)
Have flown to razors, ropes, and eke to poison.

Yet though so comical a creature,
Thou and poor I have lived so long together,
That, Dame, to me thy every feature
Is grown familiar—not admir'd much neither.

There are that preach about thy uses,
That hold thee up to view as Beauty's queen;
But, for his own part, feldom one sees
Aught in thee so desirable, I ween.

Yet if there should be one, which much I doubt,
Thinks thee so pretty, prithee tack about,
And soon as may be, go and find him out.

After the loss of Minorca to the French, the Secretary of war found in his office the following billet:

SIR,

I was a Lieutenant with gen. Stanhope when he took Minorca, for which he was made Lord—I was a lieutenant with gen. Blakenney when he lost Minorca, for which he was made a Lord; I am a Lieutenant Still.

Yours ——"

☞ The person who borrowed the First Volume of Pope's Works from a Book-Store in this city, will oblige the owner by returning it without delay.

The natural imagery, and expressive sublimity of the subjoined extract from the Seasons, cannot do otherwise than please the reader, whether he be intimately conversant with, or, from occupation, a stranger to, the literary beauties of that admirable personifier of Nature, Thompson. The extract is beautifully descriptive of a scene in Spring; and the close connection between the delineation and the incident, will immediately present itself to the minds of such as have made the phenomena of nature any part of their study.—[Wilmington Mirror.

"The north-east spends his rage; he now shut up
Within his iron cave, th' effusive south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of Heaven
Breathes the big cloud with vernal showers distent.
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining æther; but by swift degrees,
In heapt on heaps, the doubling vapour fails
Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep
Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom:
Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,
The wish of nature. Gradual sinks the breeze,
Into a perfect calm—that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall. Th' unruffled floods, diffused
In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse,
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks,
Drop the dry sprig, and mute-imploring eye
The falling verdure. Hush'd in shortest suspense,
The plumy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off;
And wait the approaching sign to strike, at once,
Into the general choir. E'en mountains, vales
And forests seem, impatient, to demand
The promised sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude. At last,
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
In large effusion o'er the freshen'd world.
The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,
By such as wander through the forest walks,
Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
But who can hold the state, while Heaven descends
In universal bounty, shedding herbs,
And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
Swift, Fancy fir'd anticipates their growth;
And, while the milky nutriment distils,
Beholds the kindling country colour round.
Thus all day long the full dissended clouds
Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth
Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life;
Till, in the western sky, the downward sun
Looks out effulgent, from amidst the flush
Of broken clouds, gay-shining to his beam,
Th' illumin'd mountain, through the forest streams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
Far smoaking o'er th' interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moist, bright, and green, the landskip laughs around,
Full swell the woods—their every music wakes,
Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks:
Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills,
And hollow lows responsive from the vales,
Whence blending all the sweeten'd zephyr springs.
Meantime refracted from yon eastern cloud,
Bestriding earth, the grand etherial bow
Shoots up immense, and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion running from the red,
To where the violet fades into the sky.

Here, awful Newton the dissolving clouds
Form, fronting on the sun, thy showery prism:
And to the sage-instructed eye unfold
The various twine of light by thee disclos'd
From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy,
He wond'ring views the bright enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory; but amaz'd
Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly,
Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,
A soften'd shade, and saturated earth,
Awaits the morning beam, to give to light,
Rais'd through ten thousand different plastic tubes,
The balmy treasures of the former day.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF THE CELEBRATED FRAGMENT OF SAPPHO.

BLEST, as the immortal gods, is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while,
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast;
For while I gaz'd, in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd: the subtle flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted—sunk—and died away.

PARODY ON THE ABOVE.

TO A SCOLD.

CURST, as the devil himself, is he,
Th' unhappy wretch whose tied to thee:
Who hears and sees thee, every hour,
Talk so loud, and look so sour.

'Tis this deprives my soul of rest,
This raises horrors in my breast;
For oft, in sudden anguish tost,
My courage fails, my voice is lost.

My hairs erect: unusual dread
O'er all my vital frame is spread:
My scared eye-balls shun the sight;
Deaf are my ears with dire affright.

Cold sweats my trembling members feel;
Terrific fears my blood congeal:
Resolv'd, at last no more to stay,
I rise—take breath!—and run away!

Gustavus III. King of Sweden had formed a plan to abridge the liberties of his country. On the night before the plot was executed, the king wished to speak with some officers of the guards, but the sentry refused to let him pass. "Do you know who I am?" said the king. Yes, replied the soldier, *but I also know my duty.*

EPIGRAM.

Repent, repent, for pity's sake,
Roar'd out a friar to a rake,
Below—where droops the willow tree,
I saw the Devil in search of thee!
Mercy! the deed may come to pass—
How look'd he, father? like an ass—
Poh, man! recover from this fright,
It was thy shadow caught thy sight.

WORLDLY CONCERNS.

A man, some time ago, was hanged in Ireland, upon his own land, for a murder he had committed there. A little before he was turned off, having taken a view of the surrounding country he called to his wife very deliberately, and told her that *his pigs were rooting up the potatoes in the next field, and desired her to send somebody to drive them out.*

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The following gentlemen, from some of whom we have already received indubitable tokens of attachment to the interests of this paper, will act as our AGENTS in receiving money due for the MINERVA, at the places to which their names are affixed—and they will receive and transmit us the names of those who may wish to become subscribers.

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Or, LADY's AND GENTLEMAN's MAGAZINE.

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FEMALE EDUCATION.

PHRONISSA, when her daughters were little children, uſed to ſpend ſome hours daily in the nurſery, and taught the young creatures to recite many a pretty paſſage out of the Bible, before they were capable of reading it themſelves; yet at ſix years old they read the ſcriptures with [illegible] the ſame ſtories in Genesis and in the Goſpels which their mother had taught them before. As their years advanced, they were admitted into the beſt converſation, and had ſuch books put into their hands as might acquaint them with the rules of prudence and piety in an eaſy and familiar way: the reading the lives of eminent perſons who were examples of this kind, was one of the daily methods ſhe uſed at once to inſtruct and entertain them. By ſuch means, and others which ſhe wiſely adapted to their advancing age, they had all the knowledge beſtowed upon them that could be ſuppoſed proper for women, and that might render their character honourable and uſeful in the world.

Long has Phronissa known, that domeſtic virtues are the buſineſs and the honour of her ſex. Nature and hiſtory agree to aſſure her, that the conduct of the houſehold is committed to the women, and the precepts and examples of ſcripture confirm it. She educated her daughters therefore in conſtant acquaintance with all family affairs, and they knew betimes what belonged to the proviſions of the table, and the furniture of every room. Though her circumſtances were conſiderable in the world, yet, by her own example, ſhe made her children know, that a frequent viſit to the kitchen was not beneath their ſtate, nor the common menial affairs too mean for their notice, that they might be able hereafter to manage their own houſe, and not be diſcerned, impoſed upon, and perhaps ridiculed by their own ſervants.

They were initiated early in the ſcience of the needle, and were both up ſkilful in all the plain and flowry arts of it; but it was never made a taſk nor a toil to them, nor did they waſte their hours in thoſe nice and tedious works, which coſt our female ancestors ſeven years of their life, and ſtitches without number. To render this exerciſe pleaſant, one of them always entertained the company with ſome uſeful author while the reſt were at work; every one had freedom and encouragement to ſtart what queſtion ſhe pleaſed and to make any remarks on the preſent ſubject, that reading, working and converſation might fill up the hour with variety and delight. Thus, while their hands were making garments for themſelves or for the poor, their minds were enriched with treaſures of human and divine knowledge.

At proper ſeaſons the young ladies were inſtructed in the gayer accompliſhments of their age: but they were taught to eſteem the ſong and the dance ſome of their meaneſt talents, becauſe they are often forgotten in advanced years, and add but little to the virtue, the honor, or the happineſs of life.

Phronissa herſelf was ſprightly and active, and ſhe abhorred a ſlothful and lazy humour; therefore ſhe conſtantly found out ſome inviting and agreeable employment for her daughters, that they might hate idleneſs as a miſchievous vice, and be trained up to an active and uſeful life. Yet ſhe perpetually inſinuated the ſuperior delights of the cloſet, and tempted them by all inviting methods to the love of devout retirement. Whenſoever ſhe ſeemed to diſtinguiſh them by any peculiar favours, it was generally upon ſome new indication of early piety, or ſome young practice of a ſelf denying virtue.

They were taught to receive viſits in forms agreeable to the age; and though they knew the modes of dreſs ſufficient to ſecure them from any thing aukward or unfaſhionable, yet their minds were ſo well furniſhed with richer variety, that they had no need to run to thoſe poor and trivial topics, to exclude ſilence and dulneſs from the drawing-room.

Here, I muſt publiſh it to their honour, to provoke the ſex to imitation, that though they comported with the faſhion in all their ornaments, ſo far as the faſhion was modeſt, and could approve itſelf to reaſon or religion, yet Phronissa would not ſuffer their young judgments ſo far to be impoſed on by cuſtom, as that the mode ſhould be entirely the meaſure of all decency to them. She knew there is ſuch a thing as natural harmony and agreeableneſs; to the beauties of colour and figure her delicacy of ſtate was exquiſite; and where the mode run counter to nature, though ſhe indulged her daughters to follow it in ſome innocent inſtances, becauſe ſhe loved not to be remarkably ſingular in things of indifference, yet, ſhe took care always to reſtrain them to diſcourage ſhy folly and affected extravagance from natural deformities, both in furniture and dreſs: Their rank in the world was eminent; but [illegible] under the firſt [illegible] by [illegible] her wiſe example and inſtructions, ſhe had to formed their minds, as to be able to ſee garments more gaudy, and even more modiſh than their own, without envy or wiſhes. They could bear to find a trimming ſet on a little awry, or the plait of a garment ill-diſpoſed without making the whole houſe and the day uneaſy, and the ſun and heaven ſmile upon us in vain.

Phronissa taught them the happy art of managing a viſit with ſome uſeful improvement in the hour, and without offence. If a word of ſcandal occurred in company, it was ſoon diverted or ſuppreſſed. The children were charged to ſpeak well of their neighbours as far as truth would admit; and to be ſilent as to any thing beſides: but when the poor or the deſerving were mentioned in diſcourſe, the aged, the lame, or the blind thoſe objects were handled with the utmoſt tenderneſs: nothing could diſpleaſe Phronissa more than to hear a jeſt thrown upon natural infirmities: ſhe thought there was ſomething ſacred in miſery, and it was not to be touched with a rude hand. All reproach and ſatire of this kind were forever baniſhed where ſhe came: and if ever railliery was indulged, vice and wilful folly were the conſtant ſubjects of it.

Perſons of diſtinguiſhed characters ſhe always diſtinguiſhed in her reſpect, and trained up her family to pay the ſame civilities. Whenſoever ſhe named her own parents, it was with high veneration and love, and thereby ſhe naturally led her children to give due honour to all their ſuperior relatives.

Though it is the buſineſs of the [illegible] to inſtruct [illegible] prieſthood in all forms, and to teach every boy to look at a miniſter, Phronissa paid ſome honours to them who laboured in the word and doctrine, when their perſonal behaviour upheld the dignity of their office; for ſhe was perſuaded St. Paul was a better director than the gay gentlemen of the mode. Beſides, ſhe wiſely conſidered that a contempt of their perſons would neceſſarily bring with it a contempt of all their miniſtration: and then ſhe might carry her daughters to the church as much as ſhe pleaſed; but preaching and praying, and all ſacred things, would grow deſpicable and uſeleſs, when they had firſt learned to make a jeſt of the preacher.

But are theſe young ladies always confined at home Are they never ſuffered to ſee the world? Yes, and ſometimes without the guard of a mother too; though Phronissa is ſo well beloved by her children, that ſhe would very ſeldom chooſe to go without her. Their boſoms were inlaid betimes with the principles of virtue and prudence; theſe are their conſtant guard; nor do they wiſh to make a viſit where their mother has reaſon to ſuſpect their ſafety.

They have freedom given them in all the common affairs of life to chooſe for themſelves; but they take pleaſure, for the moſt part, in referring the choice back to their ſeniors. Phronissa has managed the reſtraint of their younger years with ſo much reaſon and love, that they have ſeemed all their lives to know nothing but liberty; an admonition of their parents meets with cheerful compliance, and is never debated. A wiſh or deſire has the ſame power over them now, as a command had in their infancy and childhood; for the command was ever dreſſed in the ſofteſt language of authority and this made every act of obedience a delight, till it became an habitual pleaſure.

In ſhort, they have been educated with ſuch diſcretion, tenderneſs, and piety, as have laid a foundation to make them happy and uſeful in the riſing age: their parents with pleaſure view the growing progreſs, and return daily thanks to Almighty God, whoſe bleſſing has attended their watchful cares, and has thus far anſwered their moſt fervent devotions.

ON LAUGHING

TO form a true judgment of a perſon's temper, begin with an obſervation on his laugh; for people are never ſo unguarded as when they are pleaſed; and laughter being a viſible ſymptom of ſome inward ſatisfaction, it is then, if ever, we may believe the face; but for method ſake, it will be neceſſary to point out the ſeveral kinds of laughing, under the following heads:

The Dimplers.—The Smilers.—The Laughers.—The Grinners.—The Horſe-laugh.

The Dimple is practiſed to give a grace to the features, and is frequently made a bait to entangle a gazing lover.—This was called by the ancients, the chain laugh.

The Smile is for the moſt part confined to the fair ſex, and their male retinue; it expreſſes our ſatisfaction in a ſilent sort of approbation, and does not diſorder the features too much, and therefore is practiſed by lovers of the moſt delicate addreſs.

The Laugh, among us, is the common *risus* of the ancients, and breaks forth ſpontaneouſly.

The Grin is generally made uſe of to diſplay a beautiful ſet of teeth.

The Horſe-laugh is used with great ſucceſs, in all kinds of diſputation. The proficients, in this kind, by a well-timed laugh, will baffle the moſt ſolid argument. This upon all occaſions ſupplies the want of reaſon, and is received with great applauſe in coffee-houſe diſputes; that ſide the laugh joins with, is generally obſerved to gain the better of his antagoniſt.

The prude has a wonderful regard for the chain-laugh or dimple; ſhe looks upon all other kinds of laughter as exceſſives of levity, and is never ſeen upon the moſt extravagant jeſts, to diſorder her features with a ſmile; her lips are compoſed with a primneſs peculiar to her character; all her modeſty ſeems collected into her face, and but very rarely takes the freedom to ſhut her cheek into a dimple. The conſummate fop, by the long exerciſe of his countenance, at the glaſs, is in the ſame ſituation and you may poſſibly ſee him admire his own eloquence by a dimple.

The young widow is only a chain for a time; her ſmiles are confined by decorum, and ſhe is obliged to make her face ſympathiſe with her habit; ſhe looks demure by art, and by the ſtricteſt rule of decency is never allowed to ſmile till the firſt offer or advance to her is over.

The wag generally calls in the horſe-laugh to his aſſiſtance.

There are another kind of grinners, which ſome people term ſneerers. They always indulge their mirth at the expence of their friends, and all their ridicule conſiſts in unſeaſonable ill-nature; but they ſhould conſider, that let them do what they will, they never can laugh away their own folly by laughing at other people's.

The coquet has a great deal of the ſneerer in her compoſition; but ſhe muſt be allowed to be a proficient in laughter, and one who can run through all the exerciſe of the features; ſhe ſubdues the formal lover with the dimple—accoſts the fop with a ſmile—joins with the wit in a downright laugh:—to vary the air of her countenance, ſhe frequently rallies with a grin—and when ſhe hath ridiculed her lover quite out of his underſtanding, ſhe, to complete his misfortunes, ſtrikes him dumb with the horſe laugh.

THOUGHTS ON HUMAN HAPPINESS.

MUCH has been ſaid, at different periods of the world, on the ſubject of human happineſs. Many expedients have been formed, by ingenious ſpeculatiſts, for the attainment of this ſublunary felicity; various have been the plans propoſed, to facilitate the acquiſition of this phantom of the imagination; as if it were poſſible for the powers of the human intellect to remain ſtationary, under any ſituation we can be placed in. Corporeal gratifications, we all know, are of transient duration, and to many of them, even thoſe accounted the moſt exquiſitely pleaſing not only fatiety, but diſguſt and langour ſucceed.

Intellectual enjoyments (which are certainly the moſt alluring) are evaneſcent and fleeting: ſeldom affording that pleaſing gratification that our ſanguine expectations vainly anticipated. It may naturally be demanded what is the cauſe of this grievous diſappointment

There appears to be many cogent reaſons, why the mind never enjoys unmixed felicity in this ſtate of exiſt-

ence; the principal one however is, that we are two apt to promise ourselves greater degrees of happiness, than the nature of things can possibly bestow; when we are in pursuit of any promising gratification, we generally contemplate it in an abstract sense, as not being connected with contingent concomitants. We readily grant, that, in general, all human loss are imperfect: but do not we entertain a kind of mental reservation in favour of our own sagacity and prudence! Are we not apt to suppose that, in the general mode of human conduct, men frustrate the end of gratifications, by some mischievous injudicious management, for which they are culpable: but which we trull our nicer judgment will turn to a better account.

The various ways by which the vanity of man deceives him, and counteracts even his best resolutions, are so numerous, that no person in any degree acquainted with himself, will deny, that, on many occasions, he has conceived thoughts of his own superior prudence and discretion, that he would be ashamed to own. That these mistaken conclusions in our own favour, are among the many eccentricities of the human mind, most persons will doubtless admit: and from this single circumstance we have been led to form fallacious notions of the nature of human happiness. It would be arrogant in me, not to acknowledge, that I have been repeatedly deluded in the participation of intellectual gratifications, by expecting a greater degree of satisfaction from them than the nature of things will admit.

For the consolation and encouragement of young persons, who wish to fill up the measure of their duty in social life; it is but just to inform them, that if they preserve themselves untainted by vice, which is constantly holding forth its illusive joys, they may find, in the intervals of their leisure moments, harmless amusements that will leave no sting behind them. Youth full of gay thoughts and pleasing expectations, imagine that they will find, in a full scope of exquisite gratifications, as much happiness in a few months, as, in the usual gradation of human pleasures, are experienced in a whole age. The modern man of pleasure supposes, that the *Old Put*, his father, does not know how to enjoy life; his grave admonitions (the fruits of many years observation and experience) are considered as *stale maxims*, resulting from a total incapacity of enjoying life. Thus deluded by his own vanity, and the empty applause of raw boys, he rushes into every scene of dissipation, ruins his constitution, his reputation, and his fortune.

To the young men of the age, I would further observe, that if they cultivate the habits of virtue, they will not, in the end have just cause to declare that all is vanity; & "that life is a bubble;" for he who lives agreeable to nature, (that is, to virtue) lives happily; and he whose life has been spent in useful pursuits, cannot be said to have *lived in vain*. Innocent pleasures will be the attendants of virtue, as pain, remorse, and misery, are the natural consequences of vice.

BIOGRAPHY.

JOEL BARLOW.

A man equally distinguished in Europe and America, was born at Reading, in Connecticut, about the year 1758 or 59; entered Yale College, in September, 1774, and graduated in 1778. The events of his youth were probably no wise remarkable. Reading is a small country place; Mr. Barlow, jen. was a respectable farmer; and his son, no doubt, received the customary instruction of youth in his situation.

The class in which Mr. Barlow entered was remarkable from the assemblage of men of talents, many of whom now possess a large share of public confidence, and influence, or direct the councils of their country. To be ranked among the first in such a group is no ordinary praise; and as among the first Mr. Barlow was uniformly considered.

Among many absurd customs which formerly prevailed at Yale College, but which are since abolished, was that of an annual challenge from the Freshmen to the Sophimore class, on the fall of the first snow, to cobat at snow balling. This custom is only of importance at present, as it gave birth to the first poem Mr. Barlow is known to have produced. The conflict of the contending parties, was happily pourtrayed: the description of a snow storm with which the poem commenced, concluded with this spirited line—

"And force descends in magazines of snow."

The attachment which Mr. Barlow displayed for poetry, recommended him to the particular notice of Dr. Dwight; and though his tutorial instructions were confined, principally, to another class, yet he took frequent occasion to promote the improvement of his young friend. To this, Mr. Barlow alludes, in very strong terms, in an unpublished poetical letter, addressed to his friend Wolcott (late Secretary of the Treasury of the United States) shortly after their departure from college; in which he declares the summit of his happiness and the extent of his wishes to be, to have

"Dwight for his tutor, Wolcott for his friend."

With what success Mr Barlow cultivated poetry, may be judged by his poem delivered at the public examination for the bachelor's degree, in 1778, and which was printed at the time.

On leaving college, the slender finances of our author admonished him to select some employment, which would speedily furnish him with the means of subsistence. The Connecticut army, at this time, was deficient in chaplains—and he was urged to qualify himself for that appointment. This required time; but it was intimated to him, that such was the confidence in his genius, application, virtue, and such the desire to serve him, that a brief preparation was all that would be demanded, and that every indulgence should be shewn him at the examination. Thus encouraged, he applied himself strenuously to theological studies; and at the end of six weeks, it is said, sustained a reputable examination, was licensed to preach, and repaired to the army. As a preacher, Mr. Barlow was much respected; and the writer of this article remembers to have heard him deliver two sermons during his theological course. How long he continued in the army is not now recollected; but probably until the close of the war. In 1781, however, he repaired to New-Haven, and took his degree of master of arts. On this occasion he pronounced a poem which was soon after printed; and was intended as the harnest of his "*Vision of Columbus*," which it appears he had already composed. This small poem, together with that above mentioned, are republished in "American Poems," vol. 1.—a valuable repository of native poetry.

After leaving the army, Mr. Barlow applied himself to the study of the law, to which he had early destined himself. But immediate support was necessary; and at the suggestion and probably with the assistance of his friend, he undertook and succeeded in the establishment of a weekly paper, in connexion with a printer, at Hartford. During this connection, he published his "Vision of Columbus;" which has gone through two American, one English, and one Paris edition. The subject of this Poem was popular; and the active zeal of the friends of the author, secured to it a favorable reception. But its merit, over-rated at first, is now under-valued. The warmth of friendship and the decision of an American, may be suspected of partiality—but after every deduction, the "Vision of Columbus," must be considered as a specimen of talents highly honorable to so young a man. The ease, correctness, and even sweetness of the versification, and the philosophical turn of thought, which it displays throughout, are much towards compensating for the inherent defects of plan, and the absence of those bold and original flights of genius, which have been designated as among the indispensable characteristics of Epopea—and the poem may be repeatedly perused with pleasure, although the reader may not be able to forget that some of its most interesting passages are close copies of correspondent descriptions and relations in the Incas of Marmontel.——After the publication of this poem, Mr. Barlow was employed by the clergy of Connecticut in the revision of Dr. Watt's version of the psalms—to supply deficiences, and to adopt the whole to the peculiar taste of the country. This task he executed to general acceptance, and in two instances added very beautiful little poems to the common psalm book.

About this time Mr. Barlow dropped his connection with the weekly paper, and opened a book store, but as this was principally for the sale of his edition of the psalms, he quitted this occupation as soon as that was effected, and engaged in the profession of the law. In this his success was but indifferent. The noble conceits and generous sentiments of the poet, did not readily amalgamate with the tautological jargon and petty detail of the lawyer: Mr. Barlow's manners and address were not popular: his elocution was embarrassed—and he was thought deficient in that happy impudence which is so essential to the success of an advocate. He had no children to labor for—and the amiable fortitude and enlightened understanding of his partner sustained his spirits. Still the prospect of a small decreasing fund preyed upon his mind: and he was therefore the more easily induced to quit his situation, and to seek in an agency to a foreign country that wealth which eluded his grasp in his own.

Some members of a land company, called the Ohio company, in connexion with a few other persons then supposed to be men of property, by a manoeuvre not then understood, but which has since been detected, appropriated to their own use a very considerable part of the funds of that company: and under the title of the Scioto company, offered large tracts of land for sale in Europe, to few of which had they any pretensions. It was the agent of the Scioto company, but with a perfect ignorance of their secret plan, that Mr. Barlow embarked for France, in 1783 The event of this agency was unfortunate, and left him it is supposed with no other resources than his own genius and reputation, to make his way in a distant land, and amid a different people. From this time his literary and political history is known.

AN INTERESTING FACT.

SOME years previous to the late revolution in France, when the nobility yet held their almost regal honours: a Mr. ——, a young Englishman in Paris, used to spend much of his time at the *Hotel* of the Marquis de Bouille. His hospitality, and accomplishments, won far on the esteem of Mr. ——, and in one French family, even in the heart of the most dissolute court in Europe, he beheld connubial happiness, connubial purity! the personal graces of the marchioness, though in the wane of forty years, yet gave loveliness to the sentiments of a mind that was only to be known to be adored. She was admired and esteemed by Mr. ——, as her husband was reverenced and loved. When this truly noble pair quitted Paris, for their Chateau in the country, they requested their guest speedily to follow them.

Mr. —— had been some weeks in Paris after the departure of his illustrious friends, and was preparing to comply with their wishes, when he received a letter from the Marquis, written in the utmost consternation and anguish of mind. He had lost the wife of his bosom—she was then lying dead in the castle, after having endured the pains of a short but rapid illness—"she was at peace; but for him, his grief must be as eternal as his love"

This intelligence surprised and afflicted Mr. ——, and eager to console his suffering friend, he immediately set off for the Chateau. When he arrived at the village, which lay at the foot of the hill on which the castle was situated, instead of the stillness of sympathetic sorrow, marking every countenance for one whose utmost soul was charity:—instead of this decent tribute to the virtuous dead—the bells rang; and the parents were assembled, dancing, singing and exhibiting every feature of festivity. Amazed and shocked, he enquired what it meant? The general reply was—"the marchioness is come to life!" Bewildered with a hope he hardly dared cherish, he hastened to the Chateau; and there was received with open arms by the happy Marquis. He led him to the chamber of his amiable wife; who thanked Mr. —— with tears of gratitude for the consolation his friendship had intended her lord. After the first hurried observations and Mr. —— felt his emotion subsided to tranquility; he enquired the occasion of this blissful change. The marchioness's said to him, nearly in the following terms.'

"My illness was sudden and so alarming, that the Marquis summoned several physicians to attend me. All their exertions seemed to fail, and they declared that there was no hope; but consented to remain in the room until I breathed my last, I took leave of my family. And in bidding my husband adieu forever, a sudden convulsion seized me—and I appeared to expire in his arms I fell back on my bed, pale and motionless; and he was torn by absolute force from the apartment. The physicians then advanced and looked at me, declared that I was dead I was stiff and cold as marble, and laid in my shroud upon my couch, to be ready for interment. For this part of my narration I am indebted to my women. In obedience to our religion, and in honour of my rank, the room was darkened, hung with black, and lighted with wax-lights; and the anthems of the dead were chanted morning and evening around my bed. At last the day came, in which I was to be committed to the earth. My husband, who had been detained from the sight of my corpse, hearing I was to be removed, broke from his room, and flying to the door of my apartment, insisted upon seeing me once more. In vain he entreated; his attendants, in obedience to the demands of the physicians, held him fast—but his grief was stronger than their strength; and with a sudden exertion, he burst from their hold, and rushing into the chamber, flung himself upon my bosom exclaiming—"My wife! my dear wife, they shall not tear thee from me!" At these words, I raised myself, and clasped him into my arms—he fainted. By the assistance of the faculty he soon recovered; and I was removed to a warm bed, which quickly restored me to my former self. What I have told you is extraordinary; but what I have yet to tell, still strikes me with terror. When I appeared to expire, I suppose I swooned; for I have no recollection of any thing, until my senses seemed to awake at the strains of fine music. I found myself stretched on my couch unable to open my eyes, to move, or articulate a sound The voices of the choristers chilled me with dread. But when I heard them proceed for hours in the solemnity, and my women who sat around me, discoursing of my death and intended burial—God knows what were my horrors! the conviction that I should be buried alive, with all my senses contemplating the scene, almost drove me mad—yet I was incapable of expressing, even by a sign, that I existed. In this state of distraction and terror was my mind, when I heard my husband's voice at the door—when I heard his struggles, his eloquent grief, O! my soul was torn with agony!—but when my lord threw himself upon my breast,

and in all the torture of anguish, exiled upon my name. and strained me to his heart—it cauſe l fo a tempeſt in my ſoul—ſuch a revolution in my whole frame, that I felt the will, and, the next moment, had the power, to graſp him in my arms, the reſt you already know."

FROM THE TRENTON FEDERALIST.

Frequent contemplation of Death neceſſary to moderate the Paſſions.

Let thoſe weak minds who live in doubt and fear
To jaggling prieſts for oracles repair;
One certain hour of death to each decreed,
My fixed, my certain ſoul, from doubt has freed.
Rowe.

IT is recorded of ſome eaſtern monarch, that he kept an officer in his houſe, whoſe employment it was to remind him of his mortality, by calling out every morning, at a ſtated hour—'Remember, prince, that thou ſhalt die!' and the contemplation of the frailneſs and uncertainty of our preſent ſtate appeared of ſo much importance to Solon of Athens, that he left this precept to future ages—'Keep thine eye fixed upon the end of thy life.'

A frequent and attentive proſpect of that moment, which muſt put a period to all our ſchemes, and deprive us of all our acquiſitions, is, indeed, of the utmoſt efficacy to the juſt and rational regulation of our lives; nor would ever any thing wicked, or often any thing abſurd, be undertaken or proſecuted by him who ſhould begin every day with a ſerious reflection that he is born to die.

The diſturbers of our happineſs in this world are our deſires, our griefs, and our fears; and to all theſe the conſideration of mortality is a certain and adequate remedy. 'Think,' ſays Epictetus, 'frequently on poverty, 'baniſhment and death, and thou wilt never indulge vi'olent deſire, or give up thy heart to mean ſentiment.'

That the maxim of Epictetus is founded on juſt obſervation, will eaſily be granted, when we reflect how that vehemence of eagerneſs after the common objects of purſuit is kindled in our minds. We repreſent to ourſelves the pleaſure of ſome future poſſeſſion, and ſuffer our thoughts to dwell attentively upon it, till it has wholly engroſſed the imagination, and permits us not to conceive any happineſs, but its attainment, nor any miſery but its loſs; every other ſatisfaction which the bounty of Providence has ſcattered over life is neglected as inconſiderable, in comparison to the great object which we have placed before us, and is thrown from us as incumbering our activity, or trampled under foot as ſtanding in our way.

Every man has experienced how much of this ardour has been remitted, when a harp or tedious ſickneſs has ſet death before his eyes. The extenſive influence of greatneſs, the glitter of wealth, the praiſes of admirers and the attendance of ſupplicants, have appeared vain & empty things when the laſt hour ſeemed to be approaching, and the ſame appearance they would always have, if the ſame thought was always predominant. We ſhould then find the abſurdity of ſtretching out our arms inceſſantly to graſp that which we cannot keep, and wearing out our lives in endeavours to add new torrents to the fabric of ambition, when the foundation itſelf is ſhaking, and the ground on which it ſtands, is mouldering away.

THE WILL OF PETER PITHOU.

PETER PITHOU was an eminent French lawyer, the friend of the illuſtrious de Thou, and the chancellor l'Hopital. He wrote his will in elegant latin, which contains perhaps rather moral than pecuniary directions. It begins thus:

"In the midſt of the treaſons and of the perfidies of the moſt corrupt age that the world ever ſaw, I have been as much as poſſible the ſlave of my word.

"I have conſtantly loved & cultivated my friends with the whole force of my heart. I have rather endeavoured to diſarm my enemies by kindneſs, than to revenge myſelf, by doing them miſchief.

"I have loved my wife as myſelf; I have never indulged my children improperly; and my ſervants I have treated as men.

"As a man, a child, a boy, I have paid great deference to age.

"My country has never concentrated all my affections. I have anxiouſly deſired the amendment of the ſtate, but always by moderate and juſt means. Full of reſpect and veneration for purer antiquity, I have never been the dupe of new lights.

"I have always feared, and avoided, as a ſerpent, all vain diſputes and cavils reſpecting divine matters.

"I have always been well aſſured, that knowledge and openneſs of mind lead more directly to their point than ignorance and intrigue.

"I have never been ſo happy as in thoſe days in which I have been able to be of uſe to my country and my friends.

"I have ever preferred the art of judging well to that of ſpeaking finely

"I truſt rather to the deciſion of the law than to that of my own judgment, the diſpoſal of all that I die worth.

"I truſt, that all the tenderneſs that I have received from my dear wife will be tranſferred to my children, and that ſhe will take care of their education as if I were living.

"I bequeath to poſterity this faithful picture of my own mind, which I hope they will receive with the ſame ſimplicity with which I have pourtrayed it."

THE WIDOW

TO HER INFANT IN THE CRADLE.

[*By Mrs. B. Hole*, of Sheffield, Eng.]

BLOSSOM of HOPE! Whole cherub ſmile,
Can all thy Mother's woes beguile:
Sweet bud of comfort! in whoſe face
Her ſorrowing eye delights to trace,
Through every feature, opening fair,
An image of thy Father there!
Ah! gentle germ of joy unborn;
Pale beam of an o'erſhadow'd morn:
How ſhall thy Mother's ſoul expreſs
Her hope, her fear, her ſoft diſtreſs,
As bending o'er the cradled form,
She deprecates life's fatal ſtorm!
And prays, with all a parents fears
For bleſſings on thine early years:
A flower ſet on thy Father's tomb:
Unmindful thou, that ſorrow's power
Hath mark'd thee from life's earlieſt hour;
Wreckleſs of many a bitter tear
That flow'd upon the father's bier;
And many a briny torrent ſhed
Upon thine own unconſcious head:
Yet while thy little cheek hath preſt
Thy hapleſs mother's throbbing breaſt:
No tongue could urge a plea like thine
To ſoothe a breaking heart like mine,
Pour through the breaſt ſo ſweet a charm
And e'en deſpairs fell pang diſarm.

When Wilkes firſt arrived from France, and before he was taken up on the outlawry, he lodged in a ſmall houſe near St. George's fields where he was occaſionally viſited by ſeveral of the moſt reſpectable members of the minority of that time. Among the reſt Mr. Fitzherbert (the father of the preſent Lord St. Helens) and a late celebrated member of the Houſe of Commons being his viſitors, he ſhewed them one evening ſeveral political manuſcripts, which he intended for immediate publication, and aſked their opinion of them. They at firſt declined it, but Wilkes preſſing them for their advice, one of the gentlemen ſaid' "Why, Mr. Wilkes, though there are ſome ſtubborn facts in thoſe papers, and very pointedly told, do you think they are quite ſo *prudent?*" 'No,' ſays the other, 'certainly not; but what the D—l have I to do with *prudence?* I owe money in France, am an outlaw in England, hated by the ———, the Parliament the bench of biſhops, purſued by the courts of law, the miniſters &c. &c. &c.—and what, do you talk to me of *prudence* for? I muſt raiſe a duſt, or ſtarve in a jail for life.

"Well, but what the means you [illegible] purſue?" 'To ſet up for the [illegible]' "Good G—d Mr. Wilkes [illegible] on? What are your pretenſions?' 'General [illegible] rants and the *good nature* of my fellow citizens.'

His friends left him in deſpair; but the reſult ſhewed, deſperate as the meaſure was, it in part ſucceeded, although he loſt his election for London, he inſtantly propoſed himſelf a candidate for Middleſex, which he ultimately carried and repreſented for ſeveral ſeſſions.

We read the other day of the *marriage of a couple*, whoſe joint ages amounted to 150 years. This reminds us of what we remember in an old author, who tells us, that there are three ſorts of marriages, viz *of God's making—i. e.* as when Adam and Eve, two young folks were coupled together; 2ndly *Man's making*, as when one is old, and the other young, as *Joſeph's marriage* with *Mary*; and 3rdly the *Devil's making*, as when two old folks marry, not for comfort but covetouſneſs.

A virgin of twenty-three was lately throwing out ſome affected ſneers at matrimony, when a grave friend in company obſerved, that "marriages were made in Heaven." Can you tell me, ſir, rejoined the fly nymph, why they are ſo *ſlow in coming down!*

TO THE PATRONESSES & PATRONS OF THE MINERVA.

One year has now elapſed ſince the commencement of this Miſcellany, and the preſent number compleats the firſt volume of the Minerva. The encouragement which the publiſhers have received in the proſecution of this work, though not ſufficient to excite vain expectation, has nevertheleſs been highly gratifying to their feelings. Commencing their buſineſs with a very ſmall capital, having only a limited acquaintance, and not an individual influential friend to intereſt himſelf in their behalf, they have had difficulties to encounter, which are experienced only by people under ſimilar circumſtances.

For every number of this volume we have endeavoured to ſelect ſomething which might improve the morals, delight the imagination or enrich the mind of the inquiſitive reader:—Biography of eminent perſons, intereſting hiſtorical ſketches, elegant eſſays, extracts from the beſt poets, &c. have alternately filled the columns of our miſcellany; and we are happy to hear that the manner in which it has been conducted, meets the approbation of many intelligent perſons. The ſtricteſt decorum, too, we believe, has been uniformly maintained; and nothing we hope has ever appeared in this paper which would in the ſlighteſt degree wound the feelings of delicacy. Thus have we, to the utmoſt of our ability, diſcharged our engagement to our ſubſcribers; they too, a very ſmall portion excepted, have punctually preſented us with the remuneration of our ſervices: and the few who have not yet paid their ſubſcriptions, it is hoped and expected will take advantage of the firſt opportunity to do it. The index to the firſt volume, and a correct liſt of ſubſcribers will be ſent with the firſt number of the ſecond volume; which will appear on Friday next.

THE PUBLISHERS.

From a late London Publication.

LINES ON APPARITIONS.

Scene——*The Ruins of* FARLEY CASTLE.

Time—Midnight.

YE spirits who inhabit worlds unknown!
Terrific specires, whither are ye flown!
Oft have I heard, ye love at this dread hour
To haunt the ruin'd aisle or moss-grown tower;
To sit in shadowy forms along the glade,
Or stalk gigantic 'midst the gloomy shade.
Yet here alone with silent steps I tread,
Where broken walls their mouldering ruins spread;
Where the cold ashes of the fair and great,
Vainly enshrin'd repose in awful state;
Where the dark ivy clasps the embattled tower,
And lengthens out awhile its final hour;
Lo! all is still! no frightful ghost appears;
No ghastly phantom in huge form uprears:
No whisper'd spirit glides across the gloom;
No hollow groan low mutters from the tomb;
But death-like silence spreads an awe profound
And darkness flings her sable mantle round.
Then whither are these shadowy spectres fled,
That nightly guard the relics of the dead?
And where is pale cheek'd Terror's hideous train,
That o'er the midnight hour is said to reign?

Ah! let grim Fear and Superstition tell
A tale of horror from their murky cell;
While by the gloom-ring taper's pale blue light,
They pass, in silent mood, the dreary night;
Starting, with frighted look, at every sound,
While visionary phantoms flow around.
Yes—they may tell of deeds with horror fraught,
And dreadful sighs that mock the labouring thought;
Yet wild from the vain deluding tale,
Nor let their voice o'er reason's self prevail.
But can I still a hardy scptic stand,
Rejecting truths revered in every land;
While undisputed facts their force unite,
To prove that spirits haunt the shades of night?
Ah no! I must submit—I plead in vain
Imagination's wild despotic reign;
Or fay the Fairy Queen's magic aid
May fill with airy forms this dubious shade:
And bid the trembling heart in manhood's spite,
Start from a wavering blush with pale affright.
Yes—from in vain! for while with fad surprise
Oft many a dreadful legend pity sighs,
Some well-attested facts the mind perceives,
And with discriminating power—believes.

Yet shall I dread at this dark hour to rove,
Amid the solemn stillnes of the grove;
Or where the time-worn battlements arise,
Or the proud turret low in ruin lies?
I scorn the thought—assured that Sovereign Power
Governs alike the dark or noon-tide hour;
And here as free from rude alarms I stray,
Amid their shades as in the blaze of day:
Wander to thy ease, O thou Almighty Friend!
By night or day thy spirit I commend.

But oh! my heart delights while thus I rove,
To indulge the pleasing thought that some I love,
Who now have gained the radiant seats of bliss,
Attend my wandring steps o'er a scene like this.
Oh yes—the thinks I feel her presence near,
Whose memory claims affections grateful tear;
Whose form so much beloved hath still the power,
With sweetest smiles to cheer the darkest hour;
Dost thou, indeed, my lonely steps attend,
And over me now with kind compassion bend;
As when with fatherly care thou'dst impart
A balm to soothe the sorrows of my heart?
Might I indulge the wish that thou wert near:
Blest spirit! Might I now behold thee here;
Such as thou art, array'd in garments bright,
Or such as memory views with fond delight:
I dare believe, my heart with glad surprize,
Would linger here till morning beams arise;
With strong desire that gentle voice to hear,
Whose kindness oft hath charm'd my infant ear;
And, fraught with tenderest love, hath lull'd to rest
The little sorrows of my youthful breast.
It must not be! I look around in vain—
Darkness profound, and awful silence reign
O'er all this gloomy scene which seems to lie
Entomb'd beneath the sable vaulted sky.
Oh! when shall this imprison'd soul of mine
Burst from its dark abode with powers divine,
And meet with those I love, on that blest shore,
Where sorrow, pain and death are known no more.
Oh! let my soul with hopeful patience say,

"Thy will be done!" and wait that awful day,
That bids my spirit wing its wond'rous flight,
From this dark world to realms of purest light;
With rapturous joy, to share the glorious prize
Of immortality above the skies!

THE WANDERER'S GRAVE.

A mound of sand, heap'd on the barren shore,
Which Ocean's quick succeeding billows lave,
Shall oft compassion's sacred tear implore,
For 'tis the seaman's solitary grave.

Far from his home, from all his heart held dear,
For competence he brav'd the stormy main;
Urg'd the pursuit through all the circling year
Thro' summer's heats and winter's beating rain.

Fortune propitious to his ceaseless toil,
Deigned her fond votary a ardent wish to bless,
Still wont for him her gay, deceitful smile,
And crown'd his dreams with promis'd happiness

Yet here he lies—the visionary form
That led his vain pursuit dissolv'd in air—
He sunk a victim to the howling storm,
That rav'd unmindful of the suppliant pray'r.

But as he sunk amid the winter's roar,
He rais'd a dim, supplicating eye!
"Heaven aid my soul on seraph wings to soar,
"My errors pardon!" breath'd his latest sigh.

Borne on the bosom of the heating wave,
His lifeless form was dash'd upon the strand;
Some pious hands here dug his lonely grave,
And rear'd this humble monument of sand.

Soon will the perishable tomb decay,
That shrouds his ashes in its cold embrace:
Soon will the waters wash the sand away,
And every vestige of his fate erase.

Yet as I wander on the sea-beat shore,
And watch with musing eye the ebbing wave;
The well-remembered spot shall oft implore
A silent tribute to the WANDERER'S GRAVE.

THE ANGEL'S FACE.

No plate had John and Joan to hoard,
Plain folk in humble plight;
One only tankard crown'd their board,
And that was fill'd each night.

Along whose inner bottom—stretch'd
In pride of chubby grace—
Some rude engraver's hand had etch'd
An angel's cherub face.

John swallow'd first a moderate sup;
But Joan was not like John;
For when her lips once touch'd the cup,
She swill'd till all was gone.

John often urg'd her to drink fair;
But she never chang'd a jot;
She lov'd to see the *angel* there,
And therefore drained the pot.

When John found all remonstrance vain,
Another card he play'd;
And where the angel stood so plain,
He got a *Fiend* pourtray'd.

Joan saw the horns, Joan saw the tail,
Yet Joan as stoutly quaff'd;
And ever, as she seiz'd her ale,
She clear'd it at a draught.

John star'd with wonder petrified,
His hair stood on his pate,
And "why dost guzzle now," he cried,
"At this enormous rate?"

"John," said she "am I to blame?
I can't in conscience stop;
For sure 'twould be a burning shame,
'To leave the *fiend* a drop."

ANECDOTE.

An illiterate shop-keeper having an empty cask, which he wished to dispose of, placed it before his door, and with chalk wrote upon it "for sail" A waggish school boy passing that way shortly after, and perceiving the mistake of the "vender of wares" immediately wrote underneath, "for freight or passage; apply at the bung hole."

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2d....THE terms are TWO DOLLARS per annum, to be PAID IN ADVANCE.

3d....A handsome title-page and table of contents will be furnished (gratis) at the completion of each volume.

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