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 LOS ANGELES





*The Vanity of human life.*

# MORAL TALES,

*IN PROSE AND VERSE,*

SELECTED AND REVISED

FROM THE BEST AUTHORS.

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# MORAL TALES.



## THE VANITY OF HUMAN LIFE, OR THE VISION OF MIRZA.

[BY DR. JOHNSON.]



ON the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always kept holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdad, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the top of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, Surely, said I, man is but a shadow, and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast

my eye towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceedingly sweet, and wrought into a variety of tones that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard. This put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of their agonies, and to qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret rapture.

I had often been told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts, by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked

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ed upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet, and wept. The Genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarised him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and, taking me by the hand, Mirza, said he, I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placed me at the top of it: Cast thine eye eastward, said he, and tell me what thou seest. I see, said I, a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it. The valley that thou seest, said he, is the vale of misery; and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity. What is the reason, said I, that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again  
loses

loses itself in a thick mist at the other? What thou seest, said he, is the portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now, said he, this sea that is thus bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it. I see a bridge, said I, standing in the midst of the tide. The bridge thou seest, said he, is human life; consider it attentively. Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the Genius told me, that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. But tell me further, said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see multitudes of people passing over it, said I, and a black cloud hanging on each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passen-

gers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it ; and, upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, than they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

There were indeed some persons, but their numbers were very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy, to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth

and jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking upwards towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the prospect of bubbles that glittered in their eyes, and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects I observed some with scymetars in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors, which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped, had they not thus been forced upon them.

The Genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it: Take thine eye off the bridge, said he, and tell me if thou seest any thing thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, What mean, said I, those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about  
the

the bridge, and settling upon it, from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches. These, said the Genius, are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.

I here fetched a deep sigh. Alas! said I, man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality, tortured in life, and swallowed up in death! The Genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. Look no more, said he, on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good Genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) saw the valle opening at the further end, and spreading

spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean, planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran amongst them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle that I might fly away to those happy seas: but the Genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death, that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge.

The islands, said he, that lie so fresh and  
green

green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands of the sea shore. There are myriads of islands beyond those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degrees and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among those several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them : every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him. I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, Show me

now,

now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant. The Genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it.

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## THE BASKET-MAKER,

A PERUVIAN TALE.

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**I**N the midst of that vast ocean, commonly called the South-Sea, lie the Islands of Solomon. In the centre of these lies one not only distant from the rest, which are immensely scattered round it, but also larger beyond proportion.



portion. An ancestor of the prince, who now reigns absolute in this central island, has, through a long descent of ages, entailed the name of Solomon's Islands on the whole, by the effect of that wisdom wherewith he polished the manners of his people.

A descendant of one of the great men of this happy island, becoming a gentleman to so improved a degree as to despise the good qualities which had originally ennobled his family, thought of nothing but how to support and distinguish his dignity by the pride of an ignorant mind, and a disposition abandoned to pleasure. He had a house on the sea-side, where he spent great part of his time in hunting and fishing: but found himself at a loss in pursuit of those important diversions, by means of a long slip of marsh land, overgrown with high reeds, that lay between his house and the sea. Resolving, at length, that it became not a man of his quality to submit to a restraint in his pleasures, for the ease and convenience of an obstinate mechanic; and having often endeavoured, in  
vain,

vain, to buy out the owner, who was an honest poor basket-maker, and whose livelihood depended on working up the flags of those reeds, in a manner peculiar to himself, the gentleman took advantage of a very high wind, and commanded his servants to burn down the barrier.

The basket-maker, who saw himself undone, complained of the oppression, in terms more suited to his sense of the injury, than the respect due to the rank of the offender: and the reward this imprudence procured him, was the additional injustice of blows and reproaches, and all kinds of insult and indignity.

There was but one way to a remedy, and he took it. For going to the capital, with the marks of his hard usage upon him, he threw himself at the feet of the king, and procured a citation for his oppressor's appearance; who, confessing the charge, proceeded to justify his behaviour by the poor man's unmindfulness of the submission due from the vulgar to gentlemen of rank and distinction.

But





But pray, replied the king, what distinction of rank had the grandfather of your father, when, being a cleaver of wood in the palace of my ancestors, he was raised from among those vulgar you speak of with such contempt, in reward for an instance he gave of his courage and loyalty in defence of his master? Yet his distinction was nobler than yours: it was the distinction of soul, not of birth; the superiority of worth, not of fortune! I am sorry I have a gentleman in my kingdom, who is base enough to be ignorant that ease and distinction of fortune were bestowed on him but to this end, that, being at rest from all cares of providing for himself, he might apply his heart, head, and hand, for the public advantage of others.

Here the king, discontinuing his speech, fixed an eye of indignation on a sullen resentment of mien which he observed in the haughty offender, who muttered out his dislike of the encouragement this way of thinking must give to the commonality, who, he said, were to be considered as persons of no consequence,

in comparison of men who were born to be honoured. Where reflection is wanting, replied the king, with a smile of disdain, men must find their defects in the pain of their sufferings. Yanhuma, added he, turning to a captain of his gallies, strip the injured and the injurer; and, conveying them to one of the most barbarous and remote of the islands, set them ashore in the night, and leave them both to their fortune.

The place in which they were landed was a marsh; under cover of those flags the gentleman was in hopes of concealing himself, and giving the slip to his companion, whom he thought it a disgrace to be found with: but the lights in the galley having given an alarm to the savages, a considerable body of them came down, and discovered, in the morning, the two strangers in their hiding-place. Setting up a dismal yell, they surrounded them; and, advancing nearer and nearer with a kind of clubs, seemed determined to dispatch them, without sense of hospitality or mercy.

Here

Here the gentleman began to discover, that the superiority of his blood was imaginary : for, between the consciousness of shame and cold, under the nakedness he had never been used to ; a fear of the event from the fierceness of the savages' approach ; and the want of an idea whereby to soften or divert their asperity, he fell behind the poor sharer of his calamity ; and, with an unsinewed, apprehensive, unmanly sneakingness of mien, gave up the post of honour, and made a leader of the very man whom he had thought it a disgrace to consider as a companion.

The basket-maker, on the contrary, to whom the poverty of his condition had made nakedness habitual ; to whom a life of pain and mortification represented death as not dreadful ; and whose remembrance of his skill in arts, of which these savages were ignorant, gave him hopes of becoming safe, from demonstrating that he could be useful, moved with bolder and more open freedom ; and, having plucked a handful of the flags, sat down without emotion, and making signs that he

he would shew them something worthy of their attention, fell to work with smiles and noddings; while the savages drew near, and gazed with expectation of the consequence.

It was not long before he had wreathed a kind of coronet of pretty workmanship; and rising with respect and fearfulness, approached the savage who appeared the chief, and placed it gently on his head; whose figure, under this new ornament, so charmed and struck his followers, that they all threw down their clubs, and formed a dance of welcome and congratulation round the author of so prized a favour.

There was not one but shewed the marks of his impatience to be made as fine as the captain: so the poor basket-maker had his hands full of employment. And the savages, observing one quite idle, while the other was so busy in their service, took up arms in behalf of natural justice, and began to lay on arguments in favour of their purpose.

The basket-maker's pity now effaced the remembrance of his sufferings; so he arose and rescued his oppressor, by making signs



that he was ignorant of the art; but might, if they thought fit, be usefully employed in waiting on the work, and fetching flags to his supply, as fast as he should want them.

This proposition luckily fell in with a desire the savages expressed to keep themselves at leisure, that they might crowd round, and mark the progress of a work they took such pleasure in. They left the gentleman therefore to his duty in the basket-maker's service; and considered him, from that time forward, as one who was and ought to be treated as inferior to their benefactor.

Men, women, and children, from all corners of the island, came in droves for coronets: and, setting the gentleman to work to gather boughs and poles, made a fine hut to lodge the basket-maker: and brought down daily from the country such provisions as they lived upon themselves, taking care to offer the imagined servant nothing till his master had done eating.

Three months reflection in this mortified condition, gave a new and just turn to our

gentleman's improved ideas; insomuch that, lying weeping and awake one night, he thus confessed his sentiments in favour of the basket-maker. I have been to blame, and wanted judgment to distinguish between accident and excellence. When I should have measured nature, I but looked to vanity. The preference which fortune gives, is empty and imaginary: and I perceive too late, that only things of use are naturally honourable. I am ashamed, when I compare my malice, to remember your humanity: but if the gods should please to call me to a repossession of my rank and happiness, I would divide all with you in atonement for my justly punished arrogance.

He promised, and performed his promise: for the king, soon after, sent the captain who had landed them, with presents to the savages; and ordered him to bring both back again. And it continues to this day a custom in that island, to degrade all gentlemen who cannot give a better reason for their pride, than that they were born to do nothing: and the word for this due punishment is, "Send him to the basket-maker."

## EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

[BY DR. GOLDSMITH.]

“TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,  
 And guide my lonely way,  
 To where yon taper cheers the vale  
 With hospitable ray.

“For here forlorn and lost I tread,  
 With fainting steps and slow;  
 Where wilds, immeasurable spread,  
 Seem length’ning as I go.”

“Forbear, my son, (the hermit cries)  
 To tempt the dangerous gloom;  
 For yonder faithless phantom flies  
 To lure thee to thy doom. †

“Here to the houseless child of want  
 My door is open still;  
 And though my portion is but scant,  
 I give it with good will.

Then

“ Then turn to-night, and freely share  
Whate'er my cell bestows ;  
My rushy couch and frugal fare,  
My blessing and repose.

“ No flocks that range the valley free,  
To slaughter I condemn ;  
Taught by that power that pities me,  
I learn to pity them :

“ But from the mountain's grassy side  
A guiltless feast I bring ;  
A scrip with herbs and fruits supply'd,  
And water from the spring.

“ Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;  
All earth-born cares are wrong ;  
Man wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little long.”

Soft as the dew from heav'n descends,  
His gentle accents fell :  
The modest stranger lowly bends,  
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure  
The lonely mansion lay,  
A refuge to the neighb'ring poor  
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch  
Requir'd a master's care ;  
The wicket opening with a latch,  
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire  
To take their ev'ning rest,  
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,  
And cheer'd his pensive guest :

And spread his vegetable store,  
And gaily press'd, and smil'd ;  
And, skill'd in legendary lore,  
The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth  
Its tricks the kitten tries,  
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,  
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart  
To sooth the stranger's woe ;  
For grief was heavy at his heart,  
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spy'd,  
With answ'ring care opprest :  
“ And whence, unhappy youth, (he cry'd)  
The sorrows of thy breast ?

“ From better habitations spurn'd,  
Reluctant dost thou rove ?  
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,  
Or unregarded love ?

“ Alas! the joys that fortune brings,  
Are trifling and decay ;  
And those who prize the paltry things,  
More trifling still than they.

“ And what is friendship but a name,  
A charm that lulls to sleep ;  
A shade that follows wealth or fame,  
But leaves the wretch to weep ?

And

“ And love is still an emptier sound,  
 The modern fair-one’s jest :  
 On earth unseen, or only found  
 To warm the turtle’s nest.

“ For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,  
 And spurn the sex,” he said :  
 But while he spoke, a rising blush  
 His love-lorn guest betray’d.

Surpris’d he sees new beauties rise,  
 Swift mantling to the view ;  
 Like colours o’er the morning skies,  
 As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,  
 Alternate spread alarms :  
 The lovely stranger stands confest  
 A maid in all her charms.

“ And, ah ! forgive a stranger rude,  
 A wretch forlorn, (she cry’d) ;  
 “ Whose feet unhallow’d thus intrude  
 Where heav’n and you reside.

But

“ But let a maid thy pity share,  
Whom love has taught to stray :  
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair  
Companion of her way.

“ My father liv'd beside the Tyne,  
A wealthy lord was he ;  
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine ;  
He had but only me.

“ To win me from his tender arms,  
Unnumber'd suitors came ;  
Who prais'd me for imputed charms,  
And felt, or feign'd a flame.

“ Each hour a mercenary crowd  
With richest proffers strove ;  
Amongst the rest young Edwin bow'd,  
But never talk'd of love.

“ In humble, simplest habit clad,  
No wealth nor power had he ;  
Wisdom and worth were all he had,  
But these were all to me.

And







*Edwin and Juliana.*

“ And when, beside me in the dale,  
He carol'd lays of love,  
His breath lent fragrance to the gale,  
And music to the grove.

“ The blossom opening to the day,  
The dews of heav'n refin'd,  
Could nought of purity display  
To emulate his mind.

“ The dew, the blossom on the tree,  
With charms inconstant shine ;  
Their charms were his, but woe to me !  
Their constancy was mine.

For still I try'd each fickle art,  
Importunate and vain ;  
And while his passion touch'd my heart,  
I triumph'd in his pain.

“ Till quite dejected with my scorn,  
He left me to my pride ;  
And sought a solitude forlorn,  
In secret where he dy'd.

“ But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,  
And well my life shall pay ;  
I’ll seek the solitude he sought,  
And stretch me where he lay.

“ And, there forlorn, despairing hid,  
I’ll lay me down and die ;  
’Twas so for me that Edwin did,  
And so for him will I.”

“ Forbid it Heav’n !” the hermit cry’d,  
And clasp’d her to his breast :  
The wond’ring fair one turn’d to chide,—  
’Twas Edwin’s self that prest.

“ Turn, Angelina, ever dear,  
My charmer turn to see  
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,  
Restor’d to love and thee.

“ Thus let me hold thee to my heart,  
And ev’ry care resign :  
And shall we never, never part,  
My life,—my all that’s mine.

No,

“ No, never from this hour to part,  
We'll live and love so true ;  
The sighs that rends thy constant heart,  
Shall break thy Edwin's too.”

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BOZALDAB;  
OR, THE JUSTICE OF PROVIDENCE,  
[BY DR. HAWKESWORTH.]

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BOZALDAB, caliph of Egypt, had dwelt securely for many years in the silken pavilions of pleasure, and had every morning anointed his head with the oil of gladness, when his only son Aboram, for whom he had crowded his treasures with gold, extended his dominions with conquests, and secured them with impregnable fortresses, was suddenly wounded, as he was hunting, with an arrow from an unknown hand, and expired in the field.

Bozaldab, in the distraction of grief and despair, refused to return to his palace, and retired

retired to the gloomiest grotto in the neighbouring mountains ; he there rolled himself in the dust, tore away the hairs of his hoary head, and dashed the cup of consolation that Patience offered him to the ground. He suffered not his minstrels to approach his presence ; but listened to the screams of the melancholy birds of midnight, that flit through the solitary vaults and echoing chambers of the pyramids. “ Can that God be benevolent, (he cried,) who thus wounds the soul, as from an ambush, with unexpected sorrows, and crushes his creatures in a moment with irremediable calamity ? Ye lying Imans, prate to us no more of the justice, of the kindness of an all-directing and all-loving Providence ! He, whom ye pretend reigns in heaven, is so far from protecting the miserable sons of men, that he perpetually delights to blast the sweetest flowerets in the garden of Hope ; and, like a malignant giant, to beat down the strongest towers of happiness with the iron mace of Anger. If this being possessed the goodness and the power with which  
flattering

flattering priests have invested him, he would doubtless be inclined and enabled to banish those evils which render the world a dungeon of distress, a vale of vanity and woe.—I will continue in it no longer !”

At this moment he furiously raised his hand, which Despair had armed with a dagger, to strike deep into his bosom ; when suddenly thick flashes of lightning shot through the cavern, and a being of more than human beauty and magnitude, arrayed in azure robes, crowned with amaranth, and waving a branch of palm in his right hand, arrested the arm of the trembling and astonished Caliph, and said, with a majestic smile, “ Follow me to the top of this mountain.

“ Look from hence (said the awful conductor) ; I am Caloc, the angel of peace ; look from hence into the valley.”

Bozaldab opened his eyes, and beheld a barren, sultry, and solitary island, in the midst of which sat a pale, meagre, and ghastly figure ; it was a merchant just perishing with famine, and lamenting that he could find nei-

ther wild berries nor a single spring in this forlorn uninhabited desert ; and begging the protection of heaven against the tigers that would now certainly destroy him, since he had consumed the last fuel he had collected to make nightly fires to affright them. He then cast a casket of jewels on the sand, as trifles of no use ; and crept feeble and trembling to an eminence, where he was accustomed to sit every evening, to watch the setting sun, and to give a signal to any ship that might happily approach the island.

“ Inhabitant of heaven (cried Bozaldab) suffer not this wretch to perish by the fury of wild beasts.”—Peace ! (said the angel) and observe.”

He looked again, and beheld a vessel arrive at the desolate isle. What words can paint the rapture of the starving merchant, when the captain offered to transport him to his native country, if he would reward him with half the jewels of his casket. No sooner had this pitiful commander received the stipulated sum, than he held a consultation with  
the



the crew, and they agreed to seize the remaining jewels, and leave the unhappy exile in the same helpless and lamentable condition in which they discovered him. He wept and trembled, intreated, and implored in vain.

“ Will heaven permit such injustice to be practised ?” (exclaimed Bozaldab.) “ Look again ! (said the angel) and behold the very ship in which, short-sighted as thou art, thou wishedst the merchant might embark, dashed in pieces on a rock ; dost thou not hear the cries of the sinking sailors ? Presume not to direct the Governor of the Universe in the disposal of events. The man whom thou hast pitied shall be taken from this dreary solitude, but not by the method thou wouldst prescribe. His vice was avarice, by which he became not only abominable but wretched ; he fancied some mighty charm in wealth, which, like the wand of Abdiel, would gratify every wish, and obviate every fear. This wealth he has now been taught not only to despise but abhor ; he cast his jewels upon the sand, and confessed them to be useless :

he offered part of them to the mariners, and perceived them to be pernicious; he has now learned, that they are rendered useful or vain, good or evil, only by the situation and temper of the possessor. Happy is he whom distress has taught wisdom! But turn thine eyes to another and more interesting scene."

—The Caliph instantly beheld a magnificent palace, adorned with statues of his ancestors wrought in jasper; the ivory doors of which, turning on hinges of the gold of Golconda, discovered a throne of diamonds, surrounded by the rajahs of fifty nations, and with ambassadors in various habits, and of different complexions; on which sat Aboram, the much-lamented son of Bozaldab, and by his side a princess fairer than a Houri.

"Gracious Alla!—It is my son! (cried the Caliph) O let me hold him to my heart?"

"Thou canst not grasp an unsubstantial vision (replied the angel :) I am now showing thee what would have been the destiny of thy son, had he continued longer on the earth."

"And why (returned Bozaldab), why was he

not permitted to continue? Why was he not suffered to be a witness of so much felicity and power?" "Consider the sequel," replied he that dwells in the fifth heaven. Bozaldab looked earnestly, and saw the countenance of his son, on which he had been used to behold the placid smile of simplicity, and the vivid blushes of health, now distorted with rage, and now fixed in the insensibility of drunkenness: it was again animated with disdain, it became pale with apprehension, and appeared to be withered with intemperance; his hands were stained with blood, and he trembled by turns with fury and terror. The palace, so lately shining with oriental pomp, changed suddenly into the cell of a dungeon, where his son lay stretched out on a cold pavement, gagged and bound, and his eyes put out. Soon after he perceived the favourite sultana, who before was seated by his side, enter with a bowl of poison, which she compelled Aboram to drink, and afterwards married the successor to his throne.

"Happy (said Caloc) is he whom providence

dence has by the angel of death snatched from guilt! from whom that power is withheld, which, if he had possessed, would have accumulated upon himself yet greater misery than it could upon others.”

“It is enough (cried Bozaldab): I adore the inscrutable schemes of Omniscience!— From what dreadful evil has my son been rescued, by a death which I rashly bewailed as unfortunate and premature. A death of innocence and peace, which has blessed his memory on earth, and transmitted his spirit to the skies.”

“Cast away the dagger (replied the heavenly messenger) which thou wast preparing to plunge into thine own heart. Exchange complaint for silence, and doubt for adoration. Can a mortal look down without giddiness and stupefaction, into the vast abyss of Eternal Wisdom? Can a mind that sees not infinitely, perfectly comprehend any thing amongst an infinity of objects, mutually relative? Can the channels, which thou commandest to be cut to receive the annual inun-  
dation

dation of the Nile, contain the waters of the ocean? Remember that perfect happiness cannot be conferred on a creature, for perfect happiness is an attribute as incommunicable as perfect power and eternity."

The angel, while he was thus speaking, stretched out his pinions to fly back to the empyreum, and the flutter of his wings was like the rushing of a cataract.

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## THE MOUNTAIN OF MISERIES.

A VISION.

[BY DR. JOHNSON.]

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**I**T is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them  
by

by such a division. Horace has carried the thought a great deal further; which implies, that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under, are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we should change conditions with him.

As I was ruminating on these two remarks, and seated in my elbow-chair, I insensibly fell asleep; when on a sudden, methought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the centre of it, and saw with a great deal of pleasure the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady of a thin airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose flowing  
robe,

robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and spectres, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes, as her garment hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was Fancy. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be Poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage; which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were multitudes of lovers saddled with very whimsical burdens, composed of

darts and flames; but what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap when they came up to it; but after a few faint efforts, shook their heads, and marched away, as heavy-loaded as they came. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advance towards the heap with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found, upon his nearer approach, that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of with great joy of heart, among this collection of human miseries. There were likewise distempers of all sorts; though I could not but observe, that there were many more imaginary than real.

One little packet I could not but take notice



tice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hands of a great many fine people: this was called the spleen. But what most of all surprised me was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap: at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself, that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who I did not question came loaded with his crimes; but upon searching into his bundle, I found that, instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast down their burdens, the Fantome, which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when

when on a sudden she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it but I was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in the utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humour with my own countenance; upon which I threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily, that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which it seems was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a most shameful length: I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face. We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves; and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to change his misfortunes for those of another person.

I saw, with unspeakable pleasure, the whole species thus delivered from its sorrows; though at the same time, as we stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarce a mortal, in this vast multitude, who  
did

did not discover what he thought pleasures and blessings of life ; and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to change his affliction, and to return to his habitation with any other such bundle as should be delivered to him.

Upon this Fancy began again to bestir herself, and parcelling the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confusion at this time was not to be expressed. Some observations which I made upon this occasion I shall communicate to the public. A venerable grey-headed man, who had laid down the cholic, and who I found wanted an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son, that had been thrown into the heap by an angry father. The graceless youth, in less than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old gen-

tleman by the beard, and had like to have knocked his brains out ; so that meeting the true father, who came towards him in a fit of the gripes, he begged him to take his son again, and give him back his cholic ; but they were incapable either of them to recede from the choice they had made. A poor galley-slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout in their stead ; but made such wry faces, that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

The female world were very busy among themselves in bartering for features : one was trucking a lock of grey hairs for a carbuncle ; another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders ; and a third cheapening a bad face for a lost reputation ; but on all these occasions there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she had got it into her possession, much more

more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity, which every one of the assembly brought upon himself, in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the evils which befall us are in some measure suited and proportioned to our strength, or that every evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I could not from my heart forbear pitying the poor hump-backed gentleman, before mentioned, who went off a very well-shaped person with a stone in his bladder; nor the fine gentleman who had struck up a bargain with him, that limped through the whole assembly of ladies who used to admire him, with a pair of shoulders peeping over his head.

I must not omit my own particular adventure.—My friend with the long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made such a grotesque figure in it, that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face  
out

out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done: on the other side, I found that I myself had got no great reason to triumph; for as I went to touch my forehead, I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceedingly prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks, as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two other gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish swap between a couple of thick bandy legs, and two long trap-sticks that had no calves to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up into the air above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it; while the other made such aukward circles as he attempted to walk, that he scarce knew how to move forward upon his new supporters: observing him to be a very pleasant kind of a fellow, I struck my cane into the ground, and told him

I would

I would lay a bottle of wine, that he did not march up to it in a line that I drew for him, in a quarter of an hour.

The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight, as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter at length, taking compassion upon the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure; after which, the Fantome, which had led them into such gross delusion, was commanded to disappear. There was sent in her stead a goddess of quite a different figure: her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious and cheerful. She every now and then cast her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter. Her name was Patience. She had no sooner placed herself by the mount of sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable,

able,

able, the whole heap sunk to such a degree, that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice, as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learnt from it never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbour's sufferings; for which reason also I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creature with sentiments of humanity and compassion.



## THE TOWN AND COUNTRY MICE.

[BY MR. POPE.]

ONCE on a time, so runs the fable,  
 A country mouse, right hospitable,  
 Receiv'd a town mouse at his board,  
 Just as a farmer might a lord.  
 A frugal mouse upon the whole,  
 Yet lov'd his friend, and had a soul ;  
 Knew what was handsome, and would do't,  
 On just occasion, *coute qui coute*.  
 He brought him bacon, nothing lean,  
 Pudding, that might have pleas'd a dean ;  
 Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,  
 But wish'd it Stilton for his sake ;  
 Yet, to his guest tho' no way sparing,  
 He eat himself the rind and paring.  
 Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,  
 But show'd his breeding and his wit ;  
 He did his best to seem to eat,  
 And cri'd, " I vow you're mighty neat.

But lord, my friend, this savage scene !  
 For God's sake, come and live with men :  
 Consider, mice, like men, must die,  
 Both small and great, both you and I :  
 Then spend your life in joy and sport ;  
 This doctrine, friend, I learn at court."

The veriest hermit in the nation  
 May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.  
 Away they come, thro' thick and thin,  
 To a tall house near Lincoln's-Inn :  
 'Twas on the night of a debate,  
 When all their lordships had sat late.

Behold the place, where, if a poet  
 Shin'd in description, he might show it ;  
 Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,  
 And tips with silver all the walls ;  
 Palladian walls, Venetian doors,  
 Grottesco roofs, and stucco floors :  
 But let it, in a word, be said,  
 The moon was up, and men abed,  
 The napkins white, the carpet red :  
 The guests withdrawn had left the treat,  
 And down the mice sate, *tête-à-tête*.

Our courtier walks from dish to dish,  
 Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish;  
 Tells all their names, lays down the law,  
 “*Que ça est bon ! Ah goûtez ça !*  
 That jelly’s rich, this malmsey healing,  
 Pray, dip your whiskers and your tail in.”  
 Was ever such a happy swain ?  
 He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.  
 “ I’m quite asham’d—’tis mighty rude  
 To eat so much—but all ’s so good.  
 I have a thousand thanks to give—  
 My lord alone knows how to live.”  
 No sooner said, but from the hall  
 Rush chaplain, butler, dogs and all ;  
 “ A rat ! a rat ! clap to the door ! ”—  
 The cat comes bouncing on the floor,  
 O, for the heart of Homer’s mice,  
 Or gods to save them in a trice !—  
 “ An’t please your honour,” quoth the peasant,  
 “ This same dessert is not so pleasant :  
 Give me again my hollow tree,  
 A crust of bread and liberty ! ”

## THE VISION OF ALMET.

AN EASTERN STORY.

[BY DR. HAWKESWORTH.]

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ALMET, the dervise, who watched the sacred lamp in the sepulchre of the prophet, as he one day rose up from the devotions of the morning, which he had performed at the gate of the temple, with his body turned towards the east, and his forehead on the earth, saw before him a man in splendid apparel, attended by a long retinue, who gazed stedfastly on him, with a look of mournful complacency, and seemed desirous to speak, but unwilling to offend.

The dervise, after a short silence, advanced, and saluting him with the calm dignity which independence confers upon humility, requested that he would reveal his purpose.

“ Almet, (said the stranger) thou seest before thee a man, whom the hand of prosperity  
has

has overwhelmed with wretchedness. Whatever I once desired as the means of happiness, I now possess; but I am not yet happy, and therefore I despair. I regret the lapse of time, because it glides away without enjoyment; and as I expect nothing in the future but the vanities of the past, I do not wish that the future should arrive. Yet I tremble lest I should be cut off; and my heart sinks when I anticipate the moment, in which eternity shall close over the vacuity of my life, like the sea upon the path of a ship, and leave no traces of my existence more durable than the furrow which remains after the waves have united. If in the treasures of thy wisdom there is any precept to obtain felicity, vouchsafe it to me: for this purpose I am come; a purpose which yet I fear to reveal, lest, like all the former, it should be disappointed." Almet listened with looks of astonishment and pity, to this complaint of a being, in whom reason was known to be a pledge of immortality: but the serenity of his countenance soon returned; and stretching out

out his hands towards heaven, "Stranger, (said he) the knowledge which I have received from the prophet I will communicate to thee.

"As I was sitting once at the porch of the temple, pensive and alone, mine eyes wandering among the multitude that was scattered before me; and while I remarked the weariness and solicitude which was visible in every countenance, I was suddenly struck with a sense of their condition. Wretched mortals! said I, to what purpose are you busy? If to produce happiness, by whom is it enjoyed? Do the linens of Egypt, and the silks of Persia, bestow felicity on those who wear them, equal to the wretchedness of yonder slaves, whom I see leading the camels that bring them? Is the fineness of the texture, or the splendour of the tints, regarded with delight by those to whom custom has rendered them familiar? Or, can the power of habit render others insensible of pain, who live only to traverse the desert; a scene of dreadful uniformity, where a barren level is bounded

bounded only by the horizon ; where no change of prospect, nor variety of images, relieve the traveller from a sense of toil and danger ; of whirlwinds, which in a moment may bury him in the sand ; and of thirst, which the wealthy have given half their possessions to allay ? Do those on whom hereditary diamonds sparkle with unregarded lustre, gain from the possession what is lost by the wretch who seeks them in the mine ; who lives excluded from the common bounties of nature ; to whom even the vicissitude of day and night is not known ; who sighs in perpetual darkness, and whose life is one mournful alternative of insensibility and labour ? If those are not happy who possess, in proportion as those are wretched who bestow, how vain a dream is the life of man ! And if there is indeed such difference in the value of existence, how shall we acquit of partiality the hand by which this difference has been made ?

“ While my thoughts thus multiplied, and my heart burnt within me, I became sensible

of a sudden influence from above. The streets and the crowds of Mecca disappeared. I found myself sitting on the declivity of a mountain, and perceived at my right-hand an angel, whom I knew to be Azoran, the minister of reproof. When I saw him, I was afraid. I cast my eyes on the ground, and was about to deprecate his anger, when he commanded me to be silent. ‘ Almet, (said he) thou hast devoted thy life to meditation, that thy counsel might deliver ignorance from the mazes of error, and deter presumption from the precipice of guilt ; but the book of nature thou hast read without understanding : it is again open before thee ; look up, consider it, and be wise.’

“ I looked up, and beheld an inclosure, beautiful as the gardens of paradise, but of a small extent. Through the middle there was a green walk ; at the end a wild desert ; and beyond, impenetrable darkness. The walk was shaded with trees of every kind, that were covered at once with blossoms and fruit ; innumerable birds were singing in the branches ;



es; the grass was intermingled with flowers, which impregnated the breeze with fragrance, and painted the path with beauty: on the other side flowed a gentle transparent stream, which was just heard to murmur over the golden sands that sparkled at the bottom; and on the other were walks and bowers, fountains, grottos, and cascades, which diversified the scene with endless variety, but did not conceal the bounds.

“ While I was gazing in a transport of delight and wonder on this enchanting spot, I perceived a man stealing along the walk with a thoughtful and deliberate pace: his eyes were fixed upon the earth, and his arms crossed on his bosom; he sometimes started as if a sudden pang had seized upon him; his countenance expressed solicitude and terror; he looked round with a sigh, and having gazed a moment on the desert that lay before him, he seemed as if he wished to stop, but was impelled forward by some invisible power: his features, however, soon settled again into a calm melancholy; his eyes were  
again

again fixed on the ground, but he went on as before, with apparent reluctance, but without emotion. I was struck with this appearance; and turning hastily to the angel, was about to enquire, what could produce such infelicity in a being, surrounded with every object that could gratify every sense; but he prevented my request: 'The book of nature, (said he) is before thee; look up, consider it, and be wise.' I looked and beheld a valley between two mountains that were craggy and barren: on the path there was no verdure, and the mountains afforded no shade: the sun burnt in the zenith, and every spring was dried up: but the valley terminated in a country that was pleasant and fertile, shaded with woods, and adorned with buildings. At a second view, I discovered a man in this valley, meagre indeed and naked, but his countenance was cheerful, and his deportment active: he kept his eyes fixed upon the country before him, and looked as if he would have run, but he was restrained, as the other had been impelled, by some secret

cret influence : sometimes, indeed, I perceived a sudden expression of pain, and sometimes he stopped short as if his foot was pierced by the asperities of the way ; but the sprightliness of his countenance instantly returned, and he passed forward without appearance of repining or complaint.

“ I turned again towards the angel, impatient to enquire from what secret source happiness was derived, in a situation so different from that in which it might have been expected ; but he again prevented my request : ‘ Almet, (said he) remember what thou hast seen, and let this memorial be written upon the tablet of thy heart. Remember, Almet, that the world in which thou art placed is but the road to another ; and that happiness depends not upon the path, but the end : the value of this period of thy existence, is fixed by hope and fear. The wretch who wished to linger in the garden, who looked round upon its limits with terror, was destitute of enjoyment, and was perpetually tormented by the dread of losing that which he did not enjoy.

joy. The song of the birds had been repeated till it was not heard, and the flowers had so often recurred that their beauty was not seen; the river glided by unnoticed, and he feared to lift his eye to the prospect, lest he should behold the waste that circumscribed it. But he that toiled through the valley was happy, because he looked forward with hope. Thus, to the sojourner upon the earth, it is of little moment, whether the path he treads be strewed with flowers or with thorns, if he perceives himself to approach those regions, in comparison of which the thorns and the flowers of this wilderness lose their distinction, and are both alike impotent to give pleasure or pain.

“What then has eternal wisdom unequally distributed? That which can make every station happy, and without which every station must be wretched, is acquired by virtue; and virtue is possible to all. Remember, Almet, the vision which thou hast seen; and let my words be written on the tablet of thy heart, that thou mayest direct the wanderer to happiness, and justify God to man.”

“While

“ While the voice of Azoran was yet sounding in my ear, the prospect vanished from before me, and I found myself again sitting at the porch of the temple. The sun was gone down, the multitude was retired to rest, and the solemn quiet of midnight concurred with the resolution of my doubts to complete the tranquillity of my mind.

“ Such, my son, was the vision which the prophet vouchsafed me, not for my sake only, but for thine. Thou hast sought felicity in temporal things; and therefore thou art disappointed. Let not instruction be lost upon thee; but go thy way, let thy flock cloath the naked, and thy table feed the hungry; deliver the poor from oppression, and let thy conversation be above. Thus shalt thou rejoice in hope, and look forward to the end of life, as the consummation of thy felicity.”

Almet, in whose breast devotion kindled as he spake, returned into the temple, and the stranger departed in peace.

## TOM RESTLESS,

A STORY.

[BY DR. MAJOR.]

“A FLITTING stone gathers no moss ;” so says the proverb, and it is true. Activity is not sufficient to ensure success, unless it be directed to one invariable end. The desultory bustle of unsteady minds is only labour in vain. The path that leads to respectability and wealth, must be pursued through all its asperities and obliquities, if you wish to reach the object in view. The traveller who turns aside to gather every flower, or who sometimes hurries and sometimes loiters, will find himself distanced at last by those who calmly pace on, and are neither diverted by difficulties, nor attracted by every casual appearance of temporary pleasure.

Tom Restless was one of the cleverest boys at the school where he was brought up. He outstripped his companions whenever he gave himself

himself the trouble to enter into competition with them. At play,—learning,—every pursuit he engaged in, he carried away the palm of superiority; but all his motions were irregular; and long-continued application to any business was his aversion and contempt.

From school he was removed into the compting-house of a West-India merchant. His relations augured well to his success in commerce, from his known talents and activity. In any situation he might have shone; but he chose rather to dazzle for a moment, than to preserve a clear and steady light. He became master of all the routine of the compting-house in less than twelve months.

Why, thought our hero, should he be longer confined to ledgers and waste-books? Here he had nothing more to learn. His solicitations to be permitted to take a trading voyage, for the benefit of his employer, overcame both the merchant and his own relations. He was soon equipped, and set sail for the West-Indies, in raptures at the idea of seeing the world. A storm, which he had to encounter

before clearing the Channel, gave Tom no very favourable opinion of the felicity of a sailor's life,—but the storm vanished, and, with it, his sense of danger and uneasiness. The remainder of the voyage was barren of occurrences. He landed in due time on the island of Jamaica, to which the vessel was bound; and, in consequence of his eagerness to visit the new scenes which presented themselves, his hurry, and his neglect of proper precautions, he soon fell sick of the endemial fever of the West-Indies; and with difficulty escaped with his life. Our adventurer now began to reflect on his imprudence: regretted his having left the counting-house to encounter useless dangers: and began to form resolutions of checking his natural propensity for change. The vow, formed in illness and under restraint, is seldom observed when health and liberty return. Tom felt all the vagaries of his natural disposition as soon as he recovered. He made himself speedily acquainted with the management of sugar-plantations, and with the West-India trade in general.

But,



But, as he had a heart of benevolence, and not of stone, the task-master met with his unqualified detestation,—the situation of the slave awakened his most generous feelings.

He soon became disgusted with a traffic in which blood was shed without pity, and whips were the reward of toil. He saw the ship freighted, with pleasure, and bade adieu to these islands without regret. He had a pleasant voyage,—returned full of information, and had obtained the credit of prudent and dexterous conduct; but he was sick of what he had seen; and, for once, goodness of principle united with versatility of disposition to make him relinquish this branch of commerce at least. But there were numerous other avenues to wealth in the mercantile profession! True:—had not Tom been tired of the whole, he might have selected parts that would have suited almost any taste.

For some time, however, he had set his heart on being a soldier. When his connections found that his resolution in this respect could not be shaken, they procured a liberation  
from

from his original engagements, and purchased a pair of colours for him. He joined his regiment, which was quartered in the country, —strutted in a laced coat and cockade; and thought himself the happiest fellow alive. So he was for a few weeks,—but here he found that he had little to learn, and less to practise; and his mind revolted at the idea of quiet. Tom was ever impatient of inactivity, —he found it necessary to be doing something; and, in conformity to this principle, though against the remonstrances of his friends, he exchanged into a regiment just about to sail for the East-Indies.

A new scene, and a new quarter of the globe, again pleased and attracted his fancy. He anticipated the greatest felicity in prospect from this new change; but fortune determined otherwise. The ship in which he had embarked was wrecked on the Maldivia Islands. He preserved life by swimming; but could save few of those accommodations that render it delightful. As he hated idleness as much as he disliked any constant employ,  
he

he set about providing the means of subsistence with all possible diligence,—ingratiated himself with the natives, and became a mighty favourite with their chief. Had not the thought of being cut off from polished society disturbed him, he might have been happy still. For a short space he did not form any particular plan for effecting his deliverance. He, indeed, kept a good look-out for any ship that might pass, but such a chance was rare. At last he bethought himself of attempting something. He persuaded the Maldivians that he could teach them to build ships. The bait took :—in a few weeks the first vessel was constructed: she was strong, but of rude formation; and all were eager to see her launched, and to try her on the waves. Tom selected the best mariners, as well as those whom he thought most friendly, to have the honour of this experiment. He had fortunately saved a compass, and some other necessaries, from the wreck; and had privately laid in a small stock of provisions. The vessel sailed to a miracle,—all were delighted

with this nautic excursion; and by degrees they lost sight of land. Now was the critical moment! His associates wished to return; he distributed some liquors among them, and made a feint to tack about; but, the wind being pretty high, and blowing off the shore, this could not be effected. He veered on another tack with no better success, as he wished it to be believed. At length no person, except himself, knew the direction of the shore they had left.

Night coming on, he steered by the compass, and kept his companions in good humour, by telling them there was no danger of their landing next morning. In the meanwhile he made the best of the wind and the time; and, as no one could presume to direct the course of the vessel but himself, all were fearful of interfering,—and on the third day he providentially landed near Cape Comorin.

Thence our hero undertook a long journey to Fort St. George, where he was soon replaced in his rank; and sent with a detachment against one of the country powers who  
had

had just revolted. Captain Restless, as we should now call him, behaved with abundant resolution; success crowned the endeavours of his country; and he was rapidly rising in his new profession, when he once more became dissatisfied and disgusted with it, because he was confined to a garrison, while the range of the whole peninsula would scarcely have gratified his roving ambition.

As he had behaved with bravery, and evinced a fertility of resources on every emergency, he was allowed to sell out, though with concern for his loss; and the very next day, he entered on board a ship bound to China, with no other view than to ascertain whether the Chinese women have smaller feet than the Europeans from nature or art, and to drink tea, as he termed it, at the fountain-head.

He had no sooner arrived in China, than he wished to survey the country; but he had nearly forfeited his life by the attempt. A country not to be seen had no charms for Captain Restless, and he returned in an Indian  
ship,

ship, which was sailing for Europe, as wise as he went; but with a very unfavourable opinion of Chinese hospitality, though he ought to have done justice to its policy. On reaching the Cape of Good Hope, he determined to proceed no farther till he had visited the Hottentots, and ascertained some facts in their natural history.

It would be endless to enumerate all his adventures in this quarter of the globe. Sometimes he was reduced to the greatest distress and danger; but his ingenuity always brought him off. At last he landed in England, found his father was no more, and, in consequence, took possession of his patrimony.

It might have been supposed his adventures would now have terminated, and that he would have been happy in the enjoyment of that quiet which fortune allowed him to possess. No such thing:—he had never made the tour of Europe: and he was determined not to sit down as a country gentleman, till he had visited the continent. He soon reached Paris:—here he began to display his usual activity: he

he could neither be idle nor usefully employed. He began with uttering some speculative opinions, by the adoption of which he conceived that the French government might be vastly improved, and the country made one of the most desirable in the world. For these, he was speedily rewarded with a lodging in the Bastile. After a close confinement of five years he was liberated,—but the hardships he had undergone ruined his health,—and he died, at Paris, in a few weeks after he had recovered his liberty.

REFLECTION.—The heedless career of Tom Restless will, I hope, instruct the young never to give way to a roving and unsettled turn of mind. He might have been happy, he might have been honoured, in any situation, had he stuck to it; but he rendered himself miserable by a romantic search after he did not know what.

Never, on slight grounds, relinquish the station in which you are first placed. If you once deviate from the track intended for you, it is no easy matter to recover it.

It

It is therefore wise to oppose the first irregular sallies of the mind. The road of life will be easy, when once you have obtained a mastery over yourself.

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## THE YOUTH AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

[BY WHITEHEAD.]

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A GRECIAN youth of talents rare,  
 Whom Plato's philosophic care  
 Had form'd for virtue's nobler view,  
 By precept and example too,  
 Would often boast his matchless skill,  
 To curb the steed, and guide the wheel;  
 And as he pass'd the gazing throng,  
 With graceful ease, and smack'd the thong,  
 The idiot wonder they express'd,  
 Was praise and transport to his breast.

At length, quite vain, he needs would show  
 His master what his art could do;

And



And bade his slaves the chariot lead  
 To Academus' sacred shade.  
 The trembling grove confess'd its fright,  
 The wood-nymphs started at the sight;  
 The Muses drop the learned lyre,  
 And to their inmost shades retire.  
 Howe'er, the youth, with forward air,  
 Bows to the sage, and mounts the car.  
 The lash resounds, the coursers spring,  
 The chariot marks the rolling ring;  
 And gath'ring crowds, with eager eyes,  
 And shouts, pursue him as he flies.

Triumphant to the goal return'd,  
 With nobler thirst his bosom burn'd;  
 And now along th' indented plain  
 The self-same track he marks again,  
 Pursues with care the nice design,  
 Nor ever deviates from the line.  
 Amazement seiz'd the circling crowd;  
 The youths with emulation glow'd;  
 E'en bearded sages hail'd the boy;  
 And all but Plato gaz'd with joy.  
 For he, deep-judging sage, beheld  
 With pain the triumphs of the field:

And

And when the chariotcer drew nigh,  
 And, flush'd with hope, had caught his eye,  
 "Alas! unhappy youth, (he cry'd)  
 Expect no praise from me, (and sigh'd).  
 With indignation I survey  
 Such skill and judgment thrown away:  
 The time profusely squander'd there,  
 On vulgar arts beneath thy care,  
 If well employ'd, at less expense,  
 Had taught thee honour, virtue, sense;  
 And rais'd thee from a coachman's fate  
 To govern men, and guide the state."

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## PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

### AN ALLEGORY.

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**P**ROSPERITY and Adversity, the daughters of Providence, were sent to the house of a rich Phœnician merchant, named Velasco, whose residence was at Tyre, the capital city of that kingdom.

Prosperity

Prosperity, the elder, was beautiful as the morning, and cheerful as the spring: but Adversity was sorrowful and ill-favoured.

Velasco had two sons, Felix and Uranio. They were both bred to commerce, though liberally educated, and had lived together from their infancy in the strictest harmony and friendship. But love, before whom all the affections of the soul are as the traces of a ship upon the ocean, which remain only for a moment, threatened in an evil hour to set them at variance; for both were become enamoured with the beauties of Prosperity. The nymph, like one of the daughters of men, gave encouragement to each by turns; but, to avoid a particular declaration, she avowed a resolution never to marry, unless her sister, from whom she said it was impossible for her to be long separated, was married at the same time.

Velasco, who was no stranger to the passions of his sons, and who dreaded every thing from their violence, to prevent consequences, obliged them by his authority to decide their

pretensions by lot ; each previously engaged in a solemn oath to marry the nymph that should fall to his share. The lots were accordingly drawn ; and Prosperity became the wife of Felix, and Adversity of Uranio.

Soon after the celebration of these nuptials, Velasco died, having bequeathed to his eldest son Felix the house wherein he dwelt, together with the greatest part of his large fortune and effects.

The husband of Prosperity was so transported with the gay disposition and enchanting beauties of his bride, that he cloathed her in gold and silver, and adorned her with jewels of inestimable value. He built a palace for her in the wood ; he made rivers in his gardens, and beautified their banks with temples and pavilions. He entertained at his table the nobles of the land, delighting their ears with music, and their eyes with magnificence. But his kindred he beheld as strangers, and the companions of his youth passed by him unregarded. His brother also became hateful in his sight, and in process of time he commanded

manded the doors of his house to be shut against him.

But as the stream flows from its channel, and loses itself among the valleys, unless confined by bounds; so also will the current of fortune be dissipated, unless bounded by economy. In a few years the estate of Felix wasted by extravagance, his merchandise failed him by neglect, and his effects were seized by the merciless hands of creditors. He applied himself for support to the nobles and great men, whom he had feasted and made presents to; but his voice was as the voice of a stranger, and they remembered not his face. The friends whom he had neglected, derided him in their turn; his wife also insulted him, and turned her back upon him and fled. Yet was his heart so bewitched with her sorceries, that he pursued her with entreaties, till, by her haste to abandon him, her mask fell off, and discovered to him a face as withered and deformed, as before it had appeared youthful and engaging.

What became of him afterwards, tradition  
does

does not relate with certainty. It is believed that he fled into Egypt, and lived precariously on the scanty benevolence of a few friends, who had not totally deserted him, and that he died in a short time, wretched and an exile.

Let us now return to Uranio, who, as we have already observed, had been driven out of doors by his brother Felix. Adversity, though hateful to his heart, and a spectre to his eyes, was the constant attendant upon his steps: and to aggravate his sorrow, he received certain intelligence that his richest vessel was taken by a Sardinian pirate; that another was lost upon the Lybian Syrtes; and, to complete all, that the banker with whom the greatest part of his ready money was entrusted, had deserted his creditors, and retired into Sicily. Collecting therefore the small remains of his fortune, he bid adieu to Tyre; and, led by Adversity through unfrequented roads and forests, overgrown with thickets, he came at last to a small village at the foot of a mountain: here they took up their abode some time; and Adversity, in return for all the anxiety he had

had

had suffered, softening the severity of her looks, administered to him the most faithful counsels, weaning his heart from the immoderate love of earthly things, and teaching him to revere the gods, and to place his whole trust and happiness in their government and protection. She humanized his soul, made him modest and humble, taught him to compassionate the distresses of his fellow-creatures, and inclined him to relieve them.

“ I am sent (said she) by the gods, to those only whom they love: for I not only train them up by my severe discipline to future glory, but also prepare them to receive with greater relish all such moderate enjoyments as are not inconsistent with this probationary state. As the spider, when assailed, seeks shelter in its inmost web, so the mind which I afflict contracts its wandering thoughts, and flies for happiness to itself. It was I who raised the characters of Cato, Socrates, and Timoleon, to so divine a height, and set them up as guides and examples to every future age. Prosperity, my smiling but treacherous  
 H 3 sister,

sister, too frequently delivers those whom she has seduced to be scourged by her cruel followers, Anguish and Despair: while Adversity never fails to lead those who will be instructed by her, to the blissful habitations of Tranquillity and Content."

Uranio listened to her words with great attention; and as he looked earnestly on her face, the deformity of it seemed insensibly to decrease. By gentle degrees his aversion to her abated; and at last he gave himself wholly up to her counsel and direction. She would often repeat to him the wise maxims of the philosopher, "That those who want the fewest things, approach nearest to the gods, who want nothing." She admonished him to turn his eyes to the many thousands beneath him, instead of gazing on the few who live in pomp and splendour; and in his addresses to the gods, instead of supplicating for riches and popularity, to pray only for a virtuous mind, a quiet state, an unblemished life, and a death full of good hopes.

Finding him to be every day more and more  
composed



composed and resigned, though neither enamoured of her face, nor delighted with her society, she at last addressed him in the following manner:—

“As gold is purged and refined from dross by the fire, so is Adversity sent by Providence to try and improve the virtue of mortals. The end obtained, my task is finished; and I now leave you to go and give an account of my charge. Your brother, whose lot was Prosperity, and whose condition you so much envied, after having experienced the error of his choice, is at last released by death from the most wretched of lives. Happy has it been for Uranio, that his lot was Adversity, whom, if he remember as he ought, his life will be honourable, and his death happy.”

As she pronounced these words, she vanished from his sight. But though her features at that moment, instead of inspiring their usual horror, seemed to display a kind of languishing beauty, yet as Uranio, in spite of his utmost efforts, could not prevail on himself to love her, he neither regretted her  
departure,

departure, nor wished for her return. But though he rejoiced in her absence, he treasured up her counsels in his heart, and grew happy by the practice of them.

He afterwards betook himself again to merchandise; and having in a short time acquired a competency sufficient for a real enjoyment of life, he retreated to a little farm which he had bought for that purpose, and where he determined to continue the remainder of his days. Here he employed his time in planting, gardening, and husbandry, in quelling all disorderly passions, and in forming his mind by the lessons of Adversity. He took great delight in a little cell or hermitage in his garden, which stood under a tuft of trees, encompassed with eglantine and honeysuckles. Adjoining it was a cold bath, formed by a spring issuing from a rock, and over the door was written in large characters the following inscription:

Beneath this moss-grown roof, within this cell,  
Truth, Liberty, Content, and Virtue, dwell.

Say,

Say, you who dare this happy place disdain,  
What splendid palace boasts so fair a train?

He lived to a good old age, and died ho-  
noured and lamented.

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## ABBAS AND MIRZA.

AN EASTERN STORY.

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IT pleased the mighty sovereign Abbas Carascan, from whom the kings of the earth derive honour and dominion, to set Mirza his servant over the province of Tauris. In the hand of Mirza, the balance of distribution was splendid with impartiality; and under his administration the weak were protected, the learned received honour, and the diligent became rich: Mirza, therefore, was beheld by every eye with complacency, and every tongue pronounced blessings on his head. But it was observed that he derived no joys from the benefits

nefits which he diffused ; he became pensive and melancholy ; he spent his leisure in solitude ; in his palace he sat motionless upon a sofa ; and when he went out, his walk was slow, and his eyes were fixed upon the ground : he applied to the business of state with reluctance ; and resolved to relinquish the toils of government, of which he could no longer enjoy the reward.

He therefore obtained permission to approach the throne of his sovereign ; and being asked what was his request, he made this reply : “ May the lord of the world forgive the slave whom he has honoured, if Mirza presumes again to lay the bounty of Abbas at his feet. Thou hast given me the dominion of a country, fruitful as the gardens of Damascus ; and of a city, glorious above all others, except that only which reflects the splendor of thy presence. But the longest life is a period scarce sufficient to prepare for death : all other business is vain and trivial, as the toil of emmets in the path of the traveller, under whose foot they perish for ever ; and all enjoyment

joyment is unsubstantial and evanescent, as the colours of the bow that appear in the interval of a storm. Suffer me, therefore, to prepare for the approach of eternity; let me give up my soul to meditation; let solitude and silence acquaint me with the mysteries of devotion; let me forget the world, and by the world be forgotten, till the moment arrives in which the veil of eternity shall fall, and I shall be found at the bar of the Almighty."—Mirza then bowed himself to the earth, and stood silent.

By the command of Abbas it is recorded, that at these words he trembled upon that throne, at the footstool of which the world pays homage; he looked round upon his nobles, but every countenance was pale, and every eye was upon the earth. No man opened his mouth; and the king first broke silence, after it had continued an hour.

“Mirza, terror and doubt are come upon me! I am alarmed, as a man who suddenly perceives that he is near the brink of a precipice, and is urged forward by an irresistible force;

force ; but yet I know not whether my danger is a reality or a dream. I am as thou art, a reptile on the earth ; my life is a moment ; and eternity, in which days, and years, and ages, are nothing ; eternity is before me, for which I also should prepare : but by whom then must the faithful be governed ? By those only who have no fear of judgment ? By those alone whose life is brutal ; because, like brutes, they do not consider that they shall die ? Or who, indeed, are the faithful ? Are the busy multitudes that crowd the city, in a state of perdition ? And is the cell of the dervise alone the gate of paradise ? To all, the life of a dervise is not possible : to all, therefore, it cannot be a duty. Depart to the house which has in the city been prepared for thy residence ; I shall meditate the reason of thy request ; and may he who illumines the mind of the humble, enable me to determine with wisdom."

Mirza departed ; and on the third day, having received no commands, he again requested an audience, and it was granted.

When





*Abbas and Mirza.*



When he entered the royal presence, his countenance appeared more cheerful; he drew a letter from his bosom, and having kissed it, he presented it with his right hand.

“ My lord, (said he,) I have learned by this letter, which I received from Cosrou the Iman, who now stands before thee, in what manner life may be best improved. I am enabled to look back with pleasure, and forward with hope; and I shall now rejoice still to be the shadow of thy power at Tauris, and to keep those honours which I so lately wished to resign.” The king, who had listened to Mirza with a mixture of surprize and curiosity, immediately gave the letter to Cosrou, and commanded that it should be read. The eyes of the court were at once turned on the hoary sage, whose countenance was suffused with an honest blush; and it was not without some hesitation that he read these words:

“ To Mirza, whom the wisdom of Abbas our mighty lord has honoured with dominion, be everlasting health! When I heard thy

purpose to withdraw the blessings of thy government from the thousands of Tauris, my heart was wounded with the arrow of affliction, and my eyes became dim with sorrow. But who shall speak before the king when he is troubled? And who shall boast of knowledge, when he is distressed by doubt? To thee I will relate the events of my youth, which thou hast renewed before me; and those truths which they taught me, may the prophet multiply to thee.

“ Under the instruction of the physician Aluazer, I obtained an early knowledge of his art. To those who were smitten with disease, I could administer plants, which the sun had impregnated with the spirit of health. But the scenes of pain, languor, and mortality, which were perpetually rising before me, made me often tremble for myself. I saw the grave open at my feet; I determined, therefore, to contemplate only the regions beyond it, and to despise every acquisition which I could not keep. I conceived an opinion, that as there was no merit but a voluntary poverty,

poverty, and silent meditation, those who desired money were not proper objects of bounty; therefore money was despised. I buried mine in the earth; and, renouncing society, I wandered into a wild and sequestered part of the country; my dwelling was a cave by the side of a hill; I drank the running water from the spring, and eat such fruits and herbs as I could find. To increase the austerity of my life, I frequently watched all night, sitting at the entrance of the cave with my face to the east, resigning myself to the secret influences of the prophet, and expecting illumination from above. One morning after my nocturnal vigil, just as I perceived the horizon glow at the approach of the sun, the power of sleep became irresistible, and I sunk under it. I imagined myself still sitting at the entrance of my cell; that the dawn increased; and that as I looked earnestly for the first beam of day, a dark spot appeared to intercept it. I perceived that it was in motion; it increased in size as it drew near, and at length I discovered it to be an eagle. I still kept my eye  
fixed

fixed steadily upon it, and saw it alight at a small distance, where I now descried a fox, whose two fore-legs appeared to be broken. Before this fox the eagle laid part of a kid, which it had brought in its talons, and then disappeared. When I awaked, I laid my forehead upon the ground, and blessed the prophet for the instruction of the morning. I reviewed my dream, and said thus to myself, 'Cosrou, thou hast done well to renounce the tumult, the business, and the vanities of life; but thou hast as yet only done it in part: thou art still every day busied in the search of food; thy mind is not wholly at rest, neither is thy trust in Providence complete. What art thou taught by this vision? If thou hast seen an eagle commissioned by heaven to feed a fox that is lame, shall not the hand of heaven also supply thee with food; when that which prevents thee from procuring it to thyself, is not necessity but devotion? I was now so confident of a miraculous supply, that I neglected to walk out for my repast, which, after the first day, I expected with an impatience

tience that left me little power of attending to any other object. This impatience, however, I laboured to suppress, and persisted in my resolution; but my eyes at length began to fail me, and my knees smote each other. I threw myself backward, and hoped my weakness would soon increase to insensibility. But I was suddenly roused by the voice of an invisible being, who pronounced these words: "Cosrou, I am the angel who, by the command of the Almighty, have registered the thoughts of thy heart, which I am now commissioned to reprove. Whilst thou wast attempting to become wise above that which is revealed, thy folly has perverted the instructions which were vouchsafed to thee. Art thou disabled as the fox? Hast thou not rather the powers of the eagle? Arise, let the eagle be the object of thy emulation. To pain and sickness be thou again the messenger of ease and health. Virtue is not rest, but action. If thou doest good to man, as an evidence of thy love to God, thy virtue will be exalted from moral to divine; and that

happiness, which is the pledge of paradise, will be thy reward upon earth."

"At these words I was not less astonished than if a mountain had been overturned at my feet. I humbled myself in the dust; I returned to the city; I dug up my treasures; I was liberal, yet I became rich. My skill in restoring health to the body, gave me frequent opportunities of curing the diseases of the soul. I put on the sacred vestments; I grew eminent beyond my merit; and it was the pleasure of the king that I should stand before him. Now, therefore, be not offended; I boast of no knowledge that I have not received: as the sands of the desert drink up the drops of rain, or the dew of the morning; so do I also, who am but dust, imbibe the instructions of the prophet. Believe, then, that it is he who tells thee, all knowledge is profane which terminates in thyself; and by a life wasted in speculation, little even of this can be gained. When the gates of Paradise are thrown open before thee, thy mind shall be irradiated in a moment; here thou canst  
little

little more than pile error upon error ; there thou shalt build truth upon truth. Wait, therefore, for the glorious vision ; and in the mean time emulate the eagle. Much is in thy power ; and therefore, much is expected of thee. Though the Almighty only can give virtue ; yet, as a prince, thou mayest stimulate those to beneficence who act from no higher motive than immediate interest ; thou canst not produce the principle, but mayest enforce the practice. The relief of the poor is equal, whether they receive it from ostentation or charity ; and the effect of example is the same, whether it be intended to obtain the favour of God or man. Let thy virtue be thus diffused ; and if thou believest with reverence, thou shalt be accepted above. Farewell ! May the smile of Him who resides in the heaven of heavens be upon thee ! And against thy name, in the volume of his will, may happiness be written !”

The king, whose doubts, like those of Mirza, were now removed, looked up with a smile that communicated the joy of his mind.

He

He dismissed the prince to his government ;  
 and commanded these events to be recorded,  
 to the end that posterity may know, " That  
 no life is pleasing to God, but that which is  
 useful to man."

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## THE BEARS AND THE BEES.

[BY MERRICK.]

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AS two young bears, in wanton mood,  
 Forth issuing from a neighbouring wood,  
 Came where th' industrious bees had stor'd,  
 In artfull cells, their luscious hoard ;  
 O'erjoy'd they seiz'd, with eager haste,  
 Luxurious on the rich repast.  
 Alarm'd at this, the little crew  
 About their ears vindictive flew.  
 The beasts, unable to sustain  
 Th' unequal combat, quit the plain ;  
 Half blind with rage, and mad with pain,  
 Their native shelter they regain ;

There



There sit, and now, discreeter grown,  
Too late their rashness they bemoan ;  
And this by dear experience gain,  
That pleasure's ever bought with pain.  
So when the gilded baits of vice  
Are plac'd before our longing eyes,  
With greedy haste we snatch our fill,  
And swallow down the latent ill :  
But when experience opes our eyes,  
Away the fancied pleasure flies.  
It flies, but oh ! too late we find,  
It leaves a real sting behind.

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## THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

I HAVE sometimes heard it disputed in conversation, whether it be more laudable or desirable that a man should think too highly or too meanly of himself. It is on all hands agreed to be best, that he should think rightly ; but since a fallible being will always  
make

make some deviations from exact rectitude, it is not wholly useless to enquire towards which side it is safer to incline.

The prejudices of mankind seem to favour him who errs by under-rating his own powers; he is considered as a modest and harmless member of society, not likely to break the peace by competition, to endeavour after such splendour of reputation as may dim the lustre of others, or to interrupt any in the enjoyment of themselves; he is no man's rival, and therefore may be every man's friend.

The opinion which a man entertains of himself ought to be distinguished in order to an accurate discussion of this question, as it relates to persons or to things. To think highly of ourselves in comparison with others, to assume by our own authority that precedence which none is willing to grant, must be always invidious and offensive; but to rate our powers high in proportion to things, and imagine ourselves equal to great undertakings, while we leave others in possession of the  
same

same abilities, cannot with equal justice provoke censure.

It must be confessed, that self-love may dispose us to decide too hastily in our own favour ; but who is hurt by the mistake ? If we are incited by this vain opinion to attempt more than we can perform, ours is the labour and ours is the disgrace.

But he that dares to think well of himself, will not always prove to be mistaken ; and the good effects of his confidence will then appear in great attempts and great performances : if he should not fully complete his design, he will at least advance it so far as to leave an easy task for him that succeeds him ; and even though he should wholly fail, he will fail with honour.

But from the opposite error, from torpid despondency, can come no advantage ; it is the frost of the soul, which binds up all its powers, and congeals life in perpetual sterility. He that has no hopes of success will make no attempt ; and where nothing is attempted, nothing will be done.

Every

Every man should, therefore, endeavour to maintain in himself a favourable opinion of the powers of the human mind; which are, perhaps, in every man, greater than they appear, and might, by diligent cultivation, be exalted to a degree beyond what their possessor presumes to believe. There is scarce any man but has found himself able, at the instigation of necessity, to do what in a state of leisure and deliberation he would have concluded impossible; and some of our species have signalized themselves by such achievements, as prove that there are few things above human hope.

It has been the policy of all nations, to preserve, by some public monuments, the memory of those who have served their country by great exploits; there is the same reason for continuing or reviving the names of those whose extensive abilities have dignified humanity. An honest emulation may be alike excited, and the philosopher's curiosity may be inflamed by a catalogue of the works of

Boyle

Boyle or Bacon, as Themistocles was kept awake by the trophies of Miltiades.

Among the favourites of nature that have from time to time appeared in the world, enriched with various endowments and contrarieties of excellence, none seems to have been more exalted above the common rate of humanity, than the man known about two centuries ago by the appellation of the Admirable Crichton; of whose history, whatever we may suppress as surpassing credibility, yet we shall upon incontestible authority relate enough to rank him among prodigies.

Virtue, says Virgil, is better accepted when it comes in a pleasing form. The person of Crichton was eminently beautiful; but his beauty was consistent with such activity and strength, that in fencing he would spring at one bound the length of twenty feet upon his antagonist; and he used the sword in either hand with such force and dexterity, that scarce any one had courage to engage him.

Having studied at St. Andrew's, in Scotland, he went to Paris, in his twenty-first

year, and affixed on the gate of the college of Navarre, a kind of challenge to the learned of that university, to dispute with them on a certain day ; offering to his opponents, whoever they might be, the choice of ten languages, and of all the faculties and sciences. On the day appointed, three thousand auditors assembled, when four doctors of the church and fifty ministers appeared against him ; and one of his antagonists confesses that the doctors were defeated : that he gave proofs of knowledge above the reach of man ; and that an hundred years, passed without food or sleep, would not be sufficient for the attainment of his learning. After a disputation of nine hours, he was presented by the president and professors with a diamond and a purse of gold, and dismissed with repeated acclamations.

From Paris he went away to Rome, where he made the same challenge, and had in the presence of the pope and cardinals the same success. Afterwards he contracted, at Venice, an acquaintance with Aldus Manutius,

by

by whom he was introduced to the learned of that city; he then visited Padua, where he engaged in another public disputation, beginning his performance with an extempore poem in praise of the city and the assembly then present, and concluding with an oration equally unpremeditated in commendation of ignorance.

He afterwards published another challenge, in which he declared himself ready to detect the errors of Aristotle and all his commentators, either in the common forms of logic, or in any which his antagonists should propose, of an hundred different kinds of verse.

These acquisitions of learning, however stupendous, were not gained at the expence of any pleasure which youth generally indulges, or by the omission of any accomplishment in which it becomes a gentleman to excel: he practised in great perfection the arts of drawing and painting; he was an eminent performer in both vocal and instrumental music; he danced with uncommon gracefulness; and on the day after his disputation at Paris, exhibited his skill in horsemanship  
before

before the court of France, where, at a public match of tilting, he bore away the ring upon his lance fifteen times together.

He excelled likewise in domestic games of less dignity and reputation; and in the interval between his challenge and disputation at Paris, he spent so much of his time at cards, dice, and tennis, that a lampoon was fixed upon the gate of the Sorbonne, directing those who would see this monster of erudition to look for him at the tavern.

So extensive was his acquaintance with life and manners, that in an Italian comedy, composed by himself, and exhibited before the court of Mantua, he is said to have personated fifteen different characters; in all which he might succeed without great difficulty, since he had such power of retention, that once hearing an oration of an hour, he would repeat it exactly, and in the recital follow the speaker through all the variety of tone and gesticulation.

Nor was his skill in arms less than in learning, or his courage inferior to his skill.

There



There was a prize-fighter at Mantua, who (travelling about the world, according to the barbarous custom of that age, as a general challenger) had defeated the most celebrated masters in many parts of Europe; and in Mantua, where he then resided, had killed three that appeared against him. The duke repented that he had granted him his protection; when Crichton, looking on his sanguinary success with indignation, offered to stake fifteen hundred pistoles, and mount the stage against him. The duke, with some reluctance, consented; and on the day fixed, the combatants appeared: their weapons seem to have been the single rapier, which was then newly introduced into Italy. The prize-fighter advanced with great violence and fierceness, while Crichton contented himself calmly to ward his passes, and suffered him to exhaust his vigour by his own fury. Crichton then became the assailant; and pressed upon him with such force and agility, that he thrust him thrice through the body, and saw him expire. He then divided the prize he had won

among the widows whose husbands had been killed.

The death of this wonderful man I should be willing to conceal, did I not know that every reader will enquire curiously after that fatal hour, which is common to all human beings, however distinguished from each other by nature or fortune.

The duke of Mantua, having received so many proofs of his various merit, made him tutor to his son, Vincentio di Gonzago, a prince of loose manners and turbulent disposition. On this occasion it was that he composed the comedy, in which he exhibited so many different characters with exact propriety. But his honour was of short continuance, for as he was one night in the time of Carnival rambling about the streets with his guitar in his hand, he was attacked by six men masked. Neither his courage nor skill at this exigence deserted him; he opposed them with such activity and spirit, that he soon dispersed them, and disarmed their leader, who, throwing off his mask, discovered himself to be  
the

the prince his pupil. Crichton, falling upon his knees, took his own sword by the point, and presented it to the prince, who immediately seized it, and instigated, as some say, by jealousy, according to others only by drunken fury and brutal resentment, thrust him through the heart.

Thus was the admirable Crichton brought into that state, in which he could excel the meanest of mankind only by a few empty honours paid to his memory: The court of Mantua testified their esteem by a public mourning; the cotemporary wits were profuse of their encomiums; and the palaces of Italy were adorned with pictures representing him on horseback, with a lance in one hand, and a book in the other.

## CRUELTY TO HORSES.

[BY PERCIVAL.]

IN the month of June, Lucy, Emilia, and Jacobus, were carried by Hortensia to view the crowds of company as they passed to the races which are annually held upon Kersal Moor, near Manchester. The variety of countenances which they saw, the mirth of some, the eagerness of others, and the dissipation of all, furnished a delightful entertainment to their young minds, unalloyed by any reflections on extravagance, on gambling, and intemperance, which such diversions produce. Whilst they were enjoying this scene of pleasure, they observed two men advancing on a full gallop, spurring and lashing their horses, to increase their speed. The day was extremely hot, and one of the horses fell gasping at the feet of Jacobus. By his agility, the rider instantly freed himself from the stirrups; and rising with fury from the ground, beat his horse in the most savage and relentless

less manner. The poor animal was unable to move; and at every stroke of the whip, expressed his agonies by the most piercing groans. In vain the surrounding croud interceded in his behalf. The tyrant to whom he belonged, inflamed with anger and revenge, continued inexorable; and Hortensia withdrew with her young charge from a spectacle so painful and distressing.

When Euphronius returned to Hart-Hill in the evening, his children flocked around him, impatient to relate this tale of woe. I know and pity the unhappy horse, said he; and if you will listen to me, I will give you the particulars of his history. "The sire of this animal was a native of Arabia Felix, where he ranged without controul in the most fertile and extensive plains, enjoying all the luxuries of nature. He was the leader of a herd which consisted of more than five hundred of his species; and thus supported by the united force of numbers, no beast of the forest durst attack him. When his followers slept, he stood as centinel, to give notice  
of

of approaching danger, and if an Arab happened to advance, he sometimes walked up boldly towards him, as if to examine his strength, or to intimidate him; then instantly he gave the signal to his fellows, by a loud snorting, and the whole herd fled with the swiftness of the wind. In one of these flights, he was taken by a trap concealed upon the ground, which entangling his feet, made him an easy prey to the hunter. He was carried to Constantinople, sold to the British Envoy there, and brought by him into England, to improve our breed of horses. The first colt he got, was the poor animal whose sufferings you now lament, and whom I remember to have seen gay, frolicsome, and happy. He was fed in a large pasture, where he used to gallop round and round; trying every active movement of his limbs, and increasing his strength and agility by those gambols and exercises, which jocund nature and early youth inspires. Thus passed the first period of his life, but now his state of servitude and misery commenced. To render him more tame and  
passive,

passive, a painful operation was performed upon him, by which the size and firmness of his muscles were impaired, his spirit was depressed, and he lost, with the distinction of his sex, one essential power of usefulness and enjoyment. Nature had furnished him with a flowing tail, which was at once an ornament, a covering for what should be concealed, and a weapon of defence against the flies of summer. But false taste decreed the extirpation of it; and several joints were taken off by a coarse instrument, and blundering farrier. The blood gushed from the wound, and to stop the discharge the tender part was seared with a red-hot iron. At this instant of time, I happened to pass by; and whilst I was pierced to the heart with the sufferings of the horse, I saw the savage who inflicted them, suspend his operation, to curse and beat him for the groans he uttered. When the tail was thus reduced to a ridiculous shortness, a turn upwards, it was thought, would give additional grace to it: and to produce this effect, several deep cuts were made in the under side  
of

of it, and the tail was drawn up by a cord and pulley, into a most painful position, till the flesh was healed. He was now trained, or broke, as it is usually termed, for riding; and during this season of discipline, he underwent all the severities of the lash and of the spur. Many a time were his sides covered with blood before his aversion to the ass could be fully subdued. The dread of this animal he derived from his sire; for, in the state of nature, the ass and the horse bear the utmost antipathy to each other; and if a horse happen to stray into the pastures where the wild asses graze, they attack him with fury; and surrounding him, prevent his flight, while they bite and kick him till he dies. When rendered perfectly tractable, he was sold to the present proprietor, whom he has faithfully served during ten years. He has been a companion to him in various journeys; has borne him with ease and security many thousand miles; has contributed to restore him from sickness to health, by the gentle exercise which he afforded; and by the swiftness of his feet, he has twice res-

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cued



cued him from robbers and assassins. But he is now growing old; his joints become stiff; his wind fails him; and urged beyond his speed, on so sultry a day, he fell breathless at your feet. In a few hours he recovered himself; and the owner has since disposed of him at a low price, to a master of post-horses in Manchester. He is now to be ridden as a common hackney, or to be driven in a chaise; and he will be at the mercy of every coxcomb traveller who gallops night and day through different countries to acquire a knowledge of mankind, by observing their manners, customs, laws, arts, police, and government. It is obvious that the horse will soon be unfit for this violent and cruel service; and if he survive, he will probably be sold to grind in a mill. In this state his exercise will be less severe, but almost continual; the movement in a circle will produce a dizziness of the head, and in a month or two he will become blind. Still, however, his labours are to continue; and he may drag on years of toil and

sorrow, ere death closes the period of his sufferings."

The children were much affected by this narrative, and Jacobus cried out with emotion, "I love my little horse, and will never abuse him; and when he grows old, he shall rest from his work, and I will feed him, and take care of him till he dies."

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## THE THREE WARNINGS.

[BY MRS. THRALE.]

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**T**HE tree of deepest root is found  
 Least willing still to quit the ground;  
 'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,  
 That love of life increas'd with years  
 So much, that in our latter stages,  
 When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,  
 The greatest love of life appears.  
 This great affection to believe,  
 Which all confess, but few perceive,

If old assertions can't prevail,  
Be pleas'd to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,  
On neighbour Dodson's wedding-day,  
Death call'd aside the jocund groom  
With him into another room ;  
And looking grave—" You must," says he,  
" Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."  
" With you ! and quit my Susan's side !  
With you !" the hapless husband cried ;  
" Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard !  
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepar'd :  
My thoughts on other matters go ;  
This is my wedding-day you know."

What more he urg'd, I have not heard,  
His reasons could not well be stronger ;  
So Death the poor delinquent spar'd,  
And left to live a little longer.

Yet calling up a serious look—  
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—  
" Neighbour," he said, " Farewell. No more  
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour :

And

And farther, to avoid all blame  
Of cruelty upon my name,  
To give you time for preparation,  
And fit you for your future station,  
'Three several Warnings you shall have,  
Before you're summon'd to the grave.  
Willing for once I'll quit my prey,  
And grant a kind reprieve ;  
In hopes you'll have no more to say ;  
But, when I call again this way,  
Well pleas'd the world will leave."

To these conditions both consented,  
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,  
How long he liv'd, how wise, how well,  
How roundly he pursu'd his course,  
And smok'd his pipe, and strok'd his horse,

The willing Muse shall tell :

He chaffer'd then, he bought, he sold,  
Nor once perceiv'd his growing old,  
Nor thought of death as near ;

His friends not false, his wife no shrew,  
Many his gains, his children few,

He

He pass'd his hours in peace.  
But while he view'd his wealth increase,  
While thus along life's dusty road  
The beaten track content he trod,  
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,  
Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,  
Brought on his eightieth year.  
And now, one night, in musing mood,  
As all alone he sate,  
Th' unwelcome messenger of fate  
Once more before him stood.  
Half kill'd with anger and surprise,  
"So soon return'd!" old Dodson cries.  
"So soon, d'ye call it?" Death replies:  
"Surely, my friend, you're but in jest!  
Since I was here before  
'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,  
And you are now fourscore."  
"So much the worse," the clown rejoin'd;  
"To spare the aged would be kind:  
However, see your search be legal;  
And your authority—is't regal?  
Else you are come on a fool's errand,  
With but a secretary's warrant.

Beside, you promis'd me Three Warnings,  
Which I have look'd for nights and mornings!  
But for that loss of time and ease,  
I can recover damages."

"I know," cries Death, "that, at the best,  
I seldom am a welcome guest;  
But don't be captious, friend, at least:  
I little thought you'd still be able  
To stump about your farm and stable;  
Your years have run to a great length;  
I wish you joy, tho', of your strength!"

"Hold," says the farmer, "not so fast!  
I have been lame these four years past."

"And no great wonder," Death replies:  
"However, you still keep your eyes;  
And sure, to see one's loves and friends,  
For legs and arms would make amends."

"Perhaps," says Dodson, "so it might,  
But latterly I've lost my sight."

"This is a shocking tale, 'tis true;  
But still there's comfort left for you:  
Each strives your sadness to amuse;  
I warrant you hear all the news."

"There's

“ There’s none,” cries he; “ and if there were,  
I’m grown so deaf, I could not hear.”

“ Nay, then,” the spectre stern rejoin’d,

“ These are unjustifiable yearnings,

If you are Lame, and Deaf, and Blind,

You’ve had your Three sufficient Warnings.

So, come along, no more we’ll part:”

He said, and touch’d him with his dart.

And now, old Dodson, turning pale,

Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.



## RELIGION AND SUPERSTITION CONTRASTED.

A VISION.

[BY CARTER.]



I HAD lately a very remarkable dream,  
which made so strong an impression on me,  
that I remember it every word; and if you  
are not better employed, you may read the  
relation of it as follows.

Methought

methought I was in the midst of a very entertaining set of company, and extremely delighted in attending to a lively conversation, when, on a sudden, I perceived one of the most shocking figures imagination can frame, advancing towards me. She was dressed in black; her skin was contracted into a thousand wrinkles; her eyes deep sunk in her head; and her complexion pale and livid as the countenance of Death. Her looks were filled with terror and unrelenting severity; and her hands armed with whips and scorpions. As soon as she came near, with a horrid frown, and a voice that chilled my very blood, she bade me follow her. I obeyed; and she led me through rugged paths, beset with briars and thorns, into a deep solitary valley. Wherever she passed, the fading verdure withered beneath her steps, her pestilential breath infected the air with malignant vapours, obscured the lustre of the sun, and involved the fair face of heaven in universal gloom. Dismal howling resounded through  
the



the forest from every baleful tree ; the night raven uttered his dreadful note, and the prospect was filled with desolation and horror. In the midst of this tremendous scene, my execrable guide addressed me in the following manner :

“ Retire with me, O rash, unthinking mortal ! from the vain allurements of a deceitful world, and learn that pleasure was not designed the portion of human life. Man was born to mourn and to be wretched : this is the condition of all below the stars ; and whoever endeavours to oppose it, acts in contradiction to the will of Heaven. Fly then from the fatal enchantments of youth and social delight, and here consecrate the solitary hours to lamentation and woe. Misery is the duty of all sublunary beings ; and every enjoyment is an offence to the Deity, who is to be worshipped only by the mortification of every sense of pleasure, and the everlasting exercise of sighs and tears.

This melancholy picture of life quite sunk  
my

my spirits, and seemed to annihilate every principle of joy within me. I threw myself beneath a blasted yew, where the winds blew cold and dismal round my head, and dreadful apprehensions chilled my heart. Here I resolved to lie, till the hand of Death, which I impatiently invoked, should put an end to the miseries of a life so deplorably wretched. In this sad situation, I espied on one hand of me a deep muddy river, whose heavy waves rolled on in slow, sullen murmurs. Here I determined to plunge; and was just upon the brink, when I found myself suddenly drawn back. I turned about, and was surprised by the sight of the loveliest object I had ever beheld. The most engaging charms of youth and beauty appeared in all her form; effulgent glories sparkled in her eyes, and their awful splendors were softened by the gentlest looks of compassion and peace. At her approach, the frightful spectre, who had before tormented me, vanished away, and with her all the horrors she had caused. The gloomy  
clouds

clouds brightened into cheerful sunshine, the groves recovered their verdure, and the whole region looked gay and blooming as the garden of Eden. I was quite transported at this unexpected change, and reviving pleasure began to gladden my thoughts; when, with a look of inexpressible sweetness, my beauteous deliverer thus uttered her divine instructions:

“ My name is Religion. I am the offspring of Truth and Love, and the parent of Benevolence, Hope, and Joy. That monster, from whose power I have freed you, is called Superstition: she is the child of Discontent, and her followers are Fear and Sorrow. Thus, different as we are, she has often the insolence to assume my name and character, and seduces unhappy mortals to think us the same, till she at length drives them to the borders of despair, that dreadful abyss into which you were just going to sink.

“ Look round, and survey the various beauties of this globe, which Heaven has destined for the seat of the human race, and consider whether

whether a world thus exquisitely framed could be meant for the abode of Misery and Pain. For what end has the lavish hand of Providence diffused such innumerable objects of delight, but that all might rejoice in the privilege of existence, and be filled with gratitude to the beneficent author of it? Thus to enjoy the blessings he has sent, is virtue and obedience; and to reject them merely as means of pleasure, is pitiable ignorance, or absurd perverseness. Infinite goodness is the source of created existence. The proper tendency of every rational being, from the highest order of raptured seraphs, to the meanest rank of men, is to rise incessantly from lower degrees of happiness to higher. They have each faculties assigned them for various orders of delight."

"What! (cried I) is this the language of Religion? Does she lead her votaries through flowery paths, and bid them pass an unlabourious life? Where are the painful toils of virtue, the mortifications of penitents, and the

the





*Religion and Superstition*

the self-denying exercises of saints and heroes?"

“ The true enjoyments of a reasonable being (answered she, mildly) do not consist in unbounded indulgence, or luxurious ease, in the tumult of passions, the languor of indolence, or the flutter of light amusements. Yielding to immoral pleasures corrupts the mind; living to animal and trifling ones, debases it; both in their degrees disqualify it for its genuine good, and consign it over to wretchedness. Whoever would be really happy, must make the diligent and regular exercise of his superior powers his chief attention; adoring the perfections of his Maker, expressing good-will to his fellow-creatures, and calculating inward rectitude. To his lower faculties he must allow such gratifications as will, by refreshing them, invigorate his nobler pursuits. In the regions inhabited by angelic natures, unmingled felicity for ever blooms; joy flows there with a perpetual and abundant stream, nor needs there any mound to check

its course. Beings conscious of a frame of mind originally diseased, as all the human race has cause to be, must use the regimen of a stricter self-government. Whoever has been guilty of voluntary excesses, must patiently submit both to the painful workings of nature, and needful severities of medicine, in order to his cure. Still he is entitled to a moderate share of whatever alleviating accommodations this fair mansion of his merciful parent affords, consistent with his recovery. And, in proportion as his recovery advances, the liveliest joy will spring from his secret sense of an amended and improved heart.—So far from the horrors of despair is the condition even of the guilty.—Shudder, poor mortal, at the thoughts of the gulf into which thou wast just now going to plunge.

“While the most faulty have every encouragement to amend, the more innocent soul will be supported with still sweeter consolations, under all its experience of human infirmities, supported by the gladdening assurance,



rance, that every sincere endeavour to outgrow them, shall be assisted, accepted, and rewarded. To such a one, the lowest self-abasement is but a deep-laid foundation for the most elevated hopes ; since they who faithfully examine and acknowledge what they are, shall be enabled, under my conduct, to become what they desire. The Christian and the hero are inseparable ; and to the aspirings of unassuming trust and filial confidence, are set no bounds. To him who is animated with a view of obtaining approbation from the Sovereign of the universe, no difficulty is insurmountable. Secure in his pursuit of every needful aid, his conflict with the severest pains and trials, is little more than the vigorous exercises of a mind in health. His patient dependence on that Providence which looks through all eternity, his silent resignation, his ready accommodation of his thoughts and behaviour to its inscrutable ways, is at once the most excellent sort of self-denial, and source of the most exalted transports. Society  
is

is the true sphere of human virtue. In social active life, difficulties will perpetually be met with; restraints of many kinds will be necessary; and studying to behave right in respect of these, is a discipline of the human heart, useful to others, and improving to itself. Suffering is no duty, but where it is necessary to avoid guilt, or to do good; nor pleasure a crime, but where it strengthens the influence of bad inclinations, or lessens the generous activity of virtue. The happiness allotted to man in his present state, is indeed faint and low, compared with his immortal prospect and noble capacities. But yet, whatever portion of it the distributing hand of Heaven offers to each individual, is a needful support and refreshment for the present moment, so far as it may not hinder the attaining his final destination.

“ Return then with me, from continual misery, to moderate enjoyment, and grateful alacrity; return from the contracted views of solitude, to the proper duties of a relative and  
dependent

dependent being. Religion is not confined to cells and closets, nor restrained to sullen retirement. These are the gloomy doctrines of Superstition, by which she endeavours to break those chains of benevolence and social affection, that link the welfare of every particular with that of the whole. Remember, that the greatest honour you can pay to the Author of your being, is such a cheerful behaviour as discovers a mind satisfied with its own dispensations.”

Here my preceptress paused ; and I was going to express my acknowledgments for her discourse, when a ring of bells from the neighbouring village, and the new-risen sun darting his beams through my windows, awakened me.

## THE STORY OF POLEMO.

[BY PERCIVAL,]

**POLEMO** was a young man of Athens, so distinguished by his excesses, that he was the aversion of all the discreeter part of the city. He led a life of continual intemperance and dissipation. His days were given up to feasting and amusements, his nights to riot and intoxication. He was constantly surrounded by a set of loose young men, who imitated and encouraged his vices; and when they had totally drowned the little reason they possessed in copious draughts of wine, they were accustomed to sally out and practise every species of absurd and licentious frolic. One morning they were thus wandering about, after having spent the night as usual, when they beheld a great concourse of people, who were listening to the discourses of a celebrated philosopher, named Xenocrates. The greater part of the young men, who still retained some sense of shame, were so struck with this spectacle, that they turned out of the way; but

Polemo, who was more daring and abandoned than the rest, prest forward into the midst of the audience. His figure was too remarkable not to attract universal notice ; for his head was crowned with flowers, his robe hung negligently about him, and his whole body was reeking with perfumes : besides, his look and manners were such, as very little qualified him for such company. Many of the audience were so displeas'd at this interruption, that they were ready to treat the young man with great severity ; but the venerable philosopher prevail'd upon them not to molest the intruder, and calmly continued his discourse, which happened to be upon the dignity and advantage of temperance. As he proceeded, he discanted upon this subject with so much force and eloquence, that the young man became more compos'd and attentive, as it were in spite of himself. Presently, as the sage grew still more animated in his representation of the shameful slavery which attends the giving way to our passions, and the sublime happiness of reducing them all to or-

der, the countenance of Polemo began to change, and the expression of it to be softened. He cast his eyes in mournful silence upon the ground, as if in deep repentance for his contemptible conduct. Still the philosopher increased in vehemence ; he seemed to be animated with the sacred genius of the art which he professed, and to exercise an irresistible power over the minds of his hearers. He drew the portrait of an ingenuous and modest young man, that had been bred up to virtuous toils and manly hardiness. He painted him triumphant over all his passions, and trampling upon human fears and weakness. Should his country be invaded, you see him fly to its defence, and ready to pour forth all his blood. Calm and composed he appears with a terrible beauty in the front of danger, the ornament and bulwark of his country. The thickest squadrons are penetrated by his resistless valour, and he points out the paths of victory to his admiring followers. Should he fall in battle, how glori-

ous is his lot! To be cut off in the honourable discharge of his duty, to be wept for by all the brave and virtuous, and to survive in the eternal records of fame!—While Xenocrates was thus discoursing, Polemo seemed to be transported with a sacred enthusiasm; his eyes flashed fire; his countenance glowed with martial indignation; and the whole expression of his person was changed. Presently the philosopher, who had remarked the effects of his discourse, painted in no less glowing colours the life and manners of an effeminate young man. Unhappy youth, said he, what words shall I find equal to thy abasement! Thou art the reproach of thy parents, the disgrace of thy country, the scorn or pity of every generous mind. How is nature dishonoured in thy person, and all her choicest gifts rendered abortive! That strength which would have made thee the glory of thy city, and the terror of her foes, is basely thrown away on luxury and intemperance! Thy youth and beauty are wasted in riot, and pre-  
maturely

maturely blasted by disease. Instead of the eye of fire, the port of intrepidity, the step of modest firmness, a squalid paleness sits upon thy face, a bloated corpulency enfeebles thy limbs, and presents a picture of human nature in its most abject state. But hark! the trumpet sounds; a savage band of unrelenting enemies have surrounded the city, and are prepared to scatter flames and ruin through the whole! The virtuous youth that have been educated to noble cares, arm with generous emulation, and fly to its defence. How lovely do they appear drest in resplendent arms, and moving slowly on in a close impenetrable phalanx! They are animated by every motive which can give energy to a human breast, and lift it to the sublimest achievements. Their hoary sires, their venerable magistrates, the beauteous forms of trembling, virgins attend them to the war with prayers and acclamations. Go forth, ye generous bands, secure to meet the rewards of victory, or the repose of honourable death!

Go



Go forth, ye generous bands, but unaccompanied by the wretch I have described. His feeble arm refuses to bear the ponderous shield; the pointed spear sinks feebly from his grasp; he trembles at the noise and tumult of the war, and flies like the haunted hart, to lurk in shades and darkness. Behold him roused from his midnight orgies, reeking with wine and odours, and crowned with flowers, the only trophies of his warfare; he hurries with trembling steps across the city; his voice, his gait, his whole deportment proclaim the abject slave of intemperance, and stamp indelible infamy upon his name. While Xenocrates was thus discoursing, Polemo listened with fixt attention: the former animation of his countenance gave way to a visible dejection; presently his lips trembled and his cheeks grew pale; he was lost in melancholy recollection, and a silent tear was observed to trickle down. But when the philosopher described a character so like his own, shame seemed to take entire possession

sion of his soul, and rousing as from a long and painful lethargy, he softly raised his hands to his head, and tore away the chaplets of flowers, the monuments of his effeminacy and disgrace: he seemed intent to compose his dress into a more decent form, and wrapped his robe about him, that before hung loosely, waving with an air of studied effeminacy. But when Xenocrates had finished his discourse, Polemo approached him with all the humility of conscious guilt, and begged to become his disciple; telling him that he had that day gained the most glorious conquest that had ever been atchieved by reason and philosophy, by inspiring with the love of virtue, a mind that had been hitherto plunged in folly and sensuality. Xenocrates embraced the young man, encouraged him in such a laudable design, and admitted him among his disciples. Nor had he ever reason to repent of his facility; for Polemo, from that hour, abandoned all his former companions and vices, and, by his uncommon ardour for improve-

ment,

ment, very soon became as celebrated for virtue and wisdom, as he had before been for every contrary quality.

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THE HERMIT.

[BY PARNELL.]

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FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,  
 From youth to age a rev'rend hermit grew;  
 The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,  
 His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well;  
 Remote from man, with God he pass'd his  
 days,

Pray'r all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,  
 Seem'd heav'n itself, till one suggestion rose—  
 That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey;  
 This sprung some doubt of Providence's  
 sway;

His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,  
 And all the tenor of his soul is lost.

So when a smooth expanse receives im-  
prest

Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast,  
Down bend the banks, the trees depending  
grow,

And skies beneath with answering colours  
glow :

But if a stone the gentle sea divide,  
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,  
And glimm'ring fragments of a broken sun ;  
Banks, trees, and skies in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by  
sight,

To find if books or swains report it right,  
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,  
Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly  
dew,)

He quits his cell ; the pilgrim-staff he bore,  
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before ;  
Then with the sun a rising journey went,  
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,  
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass :

But

But when the southern sun had warm'd the  
day,

A youth came posting o'er a crossing way :  
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,

And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair :  
Then near approaching, "Father, hail!" he  
cried,

And, "Hail, my son!" the rev'rend sire re-  
plied.

Words follow'd words, from question answer  
flow'd,

And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road :  
Till each with other pleas'd, and loath to  
part,

While in their age they differ, join in heart :  
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,  
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun ; the closing hour of  
day

Came onward, mantled o'er with sober  
gray ;

Nature in silence bid the world repose :

When near the road a stately palace rose.

There,

There, by the moon, through ranks of trees  
they pass,

Whose verdure crown'd the sloping sides of  
grass.

It chanc'd the noble master of the dome  
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's  
home ;

Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,  
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.

The pair arrive ; the liv'ried servants wait ;  
Their lord receives them at the pompous  
gate.

The table groans with costly piles of food ;  
And all is more than hospitably good.

Then, led to rest, the day's long toil they  
drown,

Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of  
down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day  
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play ;  
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,  
And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish  
sleep.

Up rise the guests, obedient to the call ;  
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall ;  
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,  
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to  
taste.

Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch  
they go ;

And, but the landlord, none had cause of  
woe :

His cup was vanish'd ; for in secret guise  
The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring  
prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,  
Glist'ning and basking in the summer ray,  
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,  
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with  
fear ;

So seem'd the sire, when far upon the road  
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.  
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with tremb-  
ling heart,

And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to  
part :

Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it  
hard

That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory  
shrouds,

The changing skies hang out their sable  
clouds;

A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,

And beasts to covert scud across the plain.

Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair re-  
treat,

To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat.

'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,

And strong, and large, and unimprov'd  
around;

Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,

Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,

Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;

The nimble lightning mix'd with show'rs be-  
gan,

And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder  
ran.

Here



Here long they knock, but knock or call in  
vain,

Driv'n by the wind and batter'd by the rain.  
At length some pity warm'd the master's  
breast ;

('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a  
guest ;)

Slow creaking turns the door with jealous  
care,

And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair.  
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,  
And nature's fervour through their limbs re-  
calls.

Bread of the coarsest sort, with meagre wine,  
(Each hardly granted,) serv'd them both to  
dine :

And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,  
A ready warning bid them part in peace,

With still remark the pond'ring hermit  
view'd

In one so rich a life so poor and rude ;  
And why should such (within himself he  
cried)

Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside

But what new marks of wonder soon take  
place,

In ev'ry settling feature of his face,  
When from his vest the young companion  
bore

That cup the gen'rous landlord own'd be-  
fore,

And paid profusely with the precious bowl  
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul !

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly ;  
The sun emerging opes an azure sky ;  
A fresher green the smelling leaves dis-  
play,

And, glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day :  
The weather courts them from the poor re-  
treat,

And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bo-  
som wrought

With all the travail of uncertain thought ;  
His partner's acts without their cause ap-  
pear ;

'Twas there a vice ; and seem'd a madness  
here :

Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,  
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve  
the sky ;

Again the wand'ers want a place to lie :  
Again they search and find a lodging nigh.  
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,  
And neither poorly low, nor idly great,  
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,  
Content, and not for praise but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,  
Then bless the mansion, and the master  
greet.

Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest  
guise,

The courteous man<sup>ner</sup> hears, and thus re-  
plies :

“ Without a vain, without a grudging  
heart,

To him who gives us all I yield a part ;  
From him you come, for him accept it  
here,

A frank and sober, more than costly cheer,”

He

He spoke, and bid the welcome table  
spread,

Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed ;  
When the grave household round his hall re-  
pair,

Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with  
pray'r.

At length the world, renew'd by calm re-  
pose,

Was strong for toil ; the dappled morn arose ;  
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept  
Near the clos'd cradle, where an infant  
slept,

And writh'd his neck : the landlord's little  
pride,

O strange return ! grew black, and gasp'd,  
and died.

Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son !  
How look'd our hermit when the fact was  
done !

Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder  
part,

And breathe blue fire, could more assault his  
heart.

Confus'd

Confus'd and struck with silence at the deed,

He flies; but, trembling, fails to fly with speed.

His steps the youth pursues; the country lay  
Perplex'd with roads; a servant show'd the way:

A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er  
Was nice to find; the servant trod before:  
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,  
And deep the waves beneath the bending  
branches glide.

The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,  
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust  
him in:

Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head;  
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the  
dead.

Wild sparkling rage inflames the father's  
eyes;

He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries;  
"Detested wretch!"—But scarce his speech  
began,

When the strange partner seem'd no longer  
man.

His youthful face grew more serenely sweet ;  
 His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his  
 feet ;

Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair ;  
 Celestial odours breathe through purpled air ;  
 And wings whose colours glitter'd on the day,  
 Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.

The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,  
 And moves in all the majesty of light.

Tho' loud at first the pilgrim's passion  
 grew,  
 Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do ;  
 Surprise, in secret chains, his words suspends,  
 And in a calm his settling temper ends.

But silence here the beauteous angel broke ;  
 The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke.

“ Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice  
 unknown,

In sweet memorial rise before the throne :  
 These charms success in our bright region  
 find,

And force an angel down to calm thy mind ;

For this commission'd I forsook the sky—  
 Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.  
 Then know the truth of government divine,  
 And let these scruples be no longer thine.  
 The Maker justly claims that world he  
 made :

In this the right of Providence is laid.  
 Its sacred majesty through all depends  
 On using second means to work his ends.  
 'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human  
 eye,

The Pow'r exerts his attributes on high ;  
 Your actions uses, nor controls your will ;  
 And bids the doubting sons of men be still.  
 What strange events can strike with more  
 surprise,  
 Than those which lately struck thy wond'r-  
 ing eyes ?

Yet, taught by these, confess the Almighty  
 just ;

And, where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.

“ The great vain man, who far'd on costly  
 food,

Whose life was too luxurious to be good ;

Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,  
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts  
of wine ;

Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,  
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

“ The mean suspicious wretch, whose bolt-  
ed door

Ne'er mov'd in pity to the wand'ring poor,  
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind  
That heav'n can bless, if mortals will be kind.  
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the  
bowl,

And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.  
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,  
With heaping coals of fire upon its head :  
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,  
And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.

“ Long had our pious friend in virtue trod ;  
But now the child half wean'd his heart from  
God :

Child of his age, for him he liv'd in pain,  
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.  
To what excesses had his dotage run!  
But God, to save the father, took the son.



To all but thee in fits he seem'd to go ;  
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.  
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,  
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.  
But how had all his fortunes felt a wrack,  
Had that false servant sped in safety back !  
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to  
steal,

And what a fund of charity would fail !  
Thus Heav'n instructs thy mind: this trial  
o'er,

Depart in peace, resign, to sin no more."

On sounding pinions here the youth with-  
drew ;

The sage stood wond'ring as the seraph flew.  
Thus look'd Elisha, when, to mount on high,  
His master took the chariot of the sky :  
The fiery pomp ascending left the view ;  
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.  
The bending Hermit here a pray'r begun :  
*Lord ; as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done.*  
Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient  
place ;  
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

## THE SAILOR.

[BY GOLDSMITH.]

NO observation is more common, and at the same time more true, than “That one half of the world are ignorant how the other half lives.” The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention; are enlarged upon in tones of declamation; and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble sufferers: the great, under the pressure of calamity, are conscious of several others sympathizing with their distress; and have, at once, the comfort of admiration and pity.

There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude, when the whole world is looking on: men in such circumstances will act bravely even from motives of vanity; but he who, in the vale of obscurity, can brave adversity; who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity,

or

or even without hope to alleviate his misfortunes, can behave with tranquillity and indifference, is truly great : whether peasant or courtier, he deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect.

While the slightest inconveniencies of the great are magnified into calamities ; while Tragedy mouths out their sufferings in all the strains of eloquence, the miseries of the poor are entirely disregarded ; and yet some of the lower ranks of people undergo more real hardships in one day, than those of a more exalted station suffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meanest of our common sailors and soldiers endure without murmuring or regret ; without passionately declaiming against Providence, or calling their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day is to them a day of misery, and yet they entertain their hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear an Ovid,  
a Cicero,

a Cicero, or a Rabutin, complain of their misfortunes and hardships, whose greatest calamity was that of being unable to visit a certain spot of earth, to which they had foolishly attached an idea of happiness! Their distresses were pleasures, compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day endure without murmuring. They ate, drank, and slept; they had slaves to attend them, and were sure of subsistence for life; while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander, without a friend to comfort or assist them, and even without a shelter from the severity of the season.

I have been led into these reflections from accidentally meeting, some days ago, a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dressed in a sailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town, with a wooden leg. I knew him to be honest and industrious when in the country, and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation. Wherefore, after giving him what  
I thought

I thought proper, I desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his present distress. The disabled soldier, for such he was, though dressed in a sailor's habit, scratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himself into an attitude to comply with my request, and gave me his history as follows:

“As for my misfortunes, master, I can't pretend to have gone through any more than other folks; for, except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason, thank Heaven, that I have to complain; there is Bill Tibbs, of our regiment, he has lost both his legs, and an eye to boot; but, thank Heaven! it is not so bad with me yet.

“I was born in Shropshire; my father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old; so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish

parish I belonged, or where I was born, so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third. I thought in my heart, they kept sending me about so long, that they would not let me be born in any parish at all; but, at last, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved, at least, to know my letters; but the master of the workhouse put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet; and here I lived an easy kind of a life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away: but what of that, I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough, till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself;

self; so I was resolved to go and seek my fortune.

“ In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none: when happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of peace, I spy'd a hare crossing the path just before me; and I believe the devil put it in my head to fling my stick at it:—well, what will you have on't? I killed the hare, and was bringing it away in triumph, when the justice himself met me: he called me a poacher and a villain; and collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself; I fell upon my knees, begged his worship's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, seed, and generation; but though I gave a very good account, the justice would not believe a syllable I had to say; so I was indicted at the sessions, found guilty of being poor, and sent up to London to Newgate, in order to be transported as a vagabond.

“ People

“ People may say this and that of being in jail; but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in in all my life. I had my belly full to eat and drink, and did no work at all. This kind of life was too good to last for ever; so I was taken out of prison, after five months, put on board a ship, and sent off, with two hundred more, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent passage, for, being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died for want of sweet air; and those that remained were sickly enough, God knows. When we came a-shore we were sold to the planters, and I was bound for seven years more. As I was no scholar, for I did not know my letters, I was obliged to work among the negroes; and I served out my time, as in duty bound to do.

“ When my time was expired, I worked my passage home, and glad I was to see Old England again, because I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I should be in-

dicted



dicted for a vagabond once more, so did not much care to go down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs when I could get them.

“ I was very happy in this manner for some time, till one evening, coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand. They belonged to a press-gang. I was carried before the justice, and, as I could give no account of myself, I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man of war, or list for a soldier. I chose the latter ; and, in this post of a gentleman, I served two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one wound, through the breast here ; but the doctor of our regiment soon made me well again.

“ When the peace came on, I was discharged ; and, as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes troublesome, I listed for a landman in the East-India Company's service. I here fought the French in  
six.

six pitched battles; and I verily believe, that, if I could read or write, our captain would have made me a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to have any promotion, for I soon fell sick, and so got leave to return home again, with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the present war, and I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money; but the government wanted men, and so I was pressed for a sailor before ever I could set foot on shore.

“The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate fellow: he swore he knew that I understood my business well, but that I shammed Abraham, merely to be idle; but, God knows, I knew nothing of sea business, and he beat me without considering what he was about. I had still, however, my forty pounds, and that was some comfort to me under every beating; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost all.

Our crew was carried into Brest, and many of them died, because they were not used to live in a jail; but, for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned. One night, as I was sleeping on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me, for I always loved to lie well, I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark lanthorn in his hand. Jack, says he to me, will you knock out the French centry's brains? I don't care, says I, striving to keep myself awake, if I lend a hand. Then follow me, says he, and I hope we shall do the business. So up I got, and tied my blanket, which was all the clothes I had, about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen. I hate the French, because they are all slaves, and wear wooden shoes.

“ Though we had no arms, one Englishman is able to beat five French at any time; so we went down to the door, where both the centries were posted, and rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and

knocked them down. From thence, nine of us ran together to the quay, and, seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour and put to sea. We had not been here three days before we were taken up by the Dorset privateer, who were glad of so many good hands; and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not as much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with the Pompadour privateer, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three; so to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight lasted for three hours, and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, had we but had some more men left behind; but, unfortunately, we lost all our men just as we were going to get the victory.

“ I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me had I been brought back to Brest: but, by good fortune, we were retaken by the Viper. I had almost forgot to tell you, that, in that engagement, I was wound-  
ed

ed in two places ; I lost four fingers of the left hand, and my leg was shot off. If I had had the good fortune to have lost my leg and use of my hand on board a king's ship, and not a-board a privateer, I should have been entitled to cloathing and maintenance during the rest of my life ; but that was not my chance : one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God, I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty and Old England. Liberty, property, and Old England, for ever, huzza !”

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content ; nor could I avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with misery serves better than philosophy to teach us to despise it.

ALCANDER

## ALCANDER AND SEPTIMIUS.

[BY GOLDSMITH.]

ATHENS, long after the decline of the Roman empire, still continued the seat of learning, politeness, and wisdom. Theodoric, the Ostrogoth, repaired the schools which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay, and continued those pensions to men of learning which avaricious governors had monopolized. In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow-students together. The one the most subtle reasoner of the Lyceum, the other the most eloquent speaker in the Academic Grove. Mutual admiration soon begot 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

time together, when Alcander, after passing the first part of 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 Hypatia, 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, exulting in his own happiness, or being unable to enjoy any satisfaction without making his friend Septimius a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce Hypatia 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 Hypatia, than he was smitten with a violent 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

that they brought on a fever, which the physicians judged incurable.

During this illness, Alcander 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 being apprised 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 this 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 bride, in all her charms to the young Roman. They were married privately by his connivance; and this unlooked for change of fortune wrought as unexpected a change in the constitution of the now happy Septimius. In  
a few



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 so eminently possessed, Septimius, in a few years, arrived at the highest dignities of the state, and was constituted the city judge or prætor.

In the mean time, Alcander not only felt the pain of being separated from his friend and his mistress, but he was also prosecuted by the relations of Hypatia, 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 his habit of freedom, exposed as a slave in the market-place, and sold to the highest bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaser,

chaser, Alcander, with some other companions of distress, was carried into that desolate and barren region. 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 waked 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 occasion for escaping having offered, he embraced it with ardour; so that travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, he at last arrived at Rome. The same day on which Alcander arrived, Septimius sat dispensing 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 amongst  
the

the rest ; and in the evening, when he was going up to the prætor's chair, he was brutally repulsed by the surrounding 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 pain, and even with danger : in short, he was obliged to take up his lodging 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, and 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

other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at the entrance. In this condition he was found next morning, at the mouth of the vault, and this naturally inducing an enquiry, an alarm was spread; the cave was examined; and Alcander was 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 at last became regardless of life. He detested a world where he found only ingratitude, falsehood, and cruelty; he was determined to make no defence; and thus lowering with resolution, he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. As the proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his own defence, the judge was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and shameful 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,

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: their astonishment, however, 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 PROGRESS OF DISCONTENT.

[BY WARTON.]

WHEN now mature in classic knowledge,  
 The joyful youth is sent to college ;  
 His father comes, a vicar plain,  
 At Oxford bred—in Anna's reign,  
 And thus in form of humble suitor  
 Bowing accosts a reverend tutor :  
 “ Sir, I'm a Gloucestershire divine,  
 And this my eldest son of nine ;  
 My wife's ambition and my own  
 Was that this child should wear a gown :  
 I'll warrant that his good behaviour  
 Will justify your future favour :  
 And for his parts, to tell the truth,  
 My son's a very forward youth ;  
 Has Horace all by heart—you'd wonder—  
 And mouths out Homer's Greek like thunder.  
 If you'd examine—and admit him,  
 A scholarship would nicely fit him,  
 That he succeeds 'tis ten to one ;  
 Your vote and interest, Sir!—'Tis done.”

Our pupil's hopes, though twice defeated,  
Are with a scholarship completed.

A scholarship but half maintains,  
And college rules are heavy chains :  
In garret dark he smokes and puns,  
A prey to discipline and duns :  
And now intent on new designs,  
Sighs for a fellowship—and fines.

When nine full tedious winters past,  
That utmost wish is crown'd at last :  
But the rich prize no sooner got,  
Again he quarrels with his lot :  
“ These fellowships are pretty things,  
We live indeed like petty kings :  
But who can bear to waste his whole age  
Amid the dullness of a college ;  
Debarr'd the common joys of life,  
And that prime bliss—a loving wife !  
Oh, what's a table richly spread,  
Without a woman at its head !  
Would some snug benefice but fall,  
Ye feasts, ye dinners! farewell all !  
To offices I'd bid adieu,  
Of dean, vice-præf.—of bursar too ;

Come, joys, that rural quiet yields,  
 Come, tithes, and house, and fruitful fields!"

Too fond of liberty and ease,  
 A patron's vanity to please,  
 Long time he watches, and by stealth,  
 Each frail incumbent's doubtful health;  
 At length—and in his fortieth year,  
 A living drops—two hundred clear!  
 With breast elate beyond expression,  
 He hurries down to take possession,  
 With rapture views the sweet retreat—  
 "What a convenient house! how neat!  
 For fuel here's sufficient wood:  
 Pray God the cellars may be good!  
 The garden—that must be new plann'd—  
 Shall these old-fashion'd yew-trees stand?  
 O'er yonder vacant plot shall rise  
 The flow'ry shrub of thousand dies:—  
 Yon wall that feels the southern ray,  
 Shall blush, with ruddy fruitage gay;  
 Whilst thick beneath its aspect warm,  
 O'er well-rang'd hives the bees shall swarm,  
 From which, ere long, of golden gleam  
 Metheglin's luscious juice shall stream:



This awkward hut o'ergrown with ivy,  
 We'll alter to a modern privy :  
 Up yon green slope, of hazels trim,  
 An avenue so cool and dim,  
 Shall to an arbour, at the end,  
 In spite of gout, entice a friend.  
 My predecessor lov'd devotion—  
 But of a garden had no notion."

Continuing this fantastic farce on,  
 He now commences country parson.  
 To make his character entire,  
 He weds—a cousin of the 'squire ;  
 Not over-weighty in the purse,  
 But many doctors have done worse :  
 And though she boasts no charms divine,  
 Yet she can carve and make birch-wine.

Thus fixt, content he taps his barrel,  
 Exhorts his neighbours not to quarrel :  
 Finds his church-wardens have discerning  
 Both in good liquor, and good learning :  
 With tithes his barns replete he sees,  
 And chuckles o'er his surplice-fees ;  
 Studies to find out latent dues,  
 And regulates the state of pews :

Rides a sleek mare with purple housing,  
 To share the monthly club's carousing ;  
 Of Oxford pranks facetious tells,  
 And—but on Sundays—hears no bells ;  
 Sends presents of his choicest fruit,  
 And prunes himself each sapless shoot.  
 Plants cauliflowers, and boasts to rear  
 The earliest melons of the year ;  
 Thinks alteration charming work is,  
 Keeps Bantam cocks, and feeds his turkeys ;  
 Builds in his copse a favourite bench,  
 And stores the pond with carp and tench.

But, ah ! too soon his thoughtless breast  
 By cares domestic is opprest :  
 And a third butcher's-bill and brewing  
 Threaten inevitable ruin ;  
 For children fresh expenses yet,  
 And Dicky now for school is fit.  
 " Why did I sell my college life  
 (He cries) for benefice and wife ?  
 Return, ye days ! when endless pleasure  
 I found in reading, or in leisure !  
 When calm around the common room  
 I puff'd my daily pipe's perfume !

Rode for a stomach, and inspected,  
 At annual bottlings, corks selected :  
 And din'd untax'd, untroubled, under  
 The portrait of our pious founder !  
 When impositions were supplied  
 To light my pipe—or sooth. my pride—  
 No cares were then for forward pease,  
 A yearly-longing wife to please.  
 My thoughts no christ'ning dinner crost,  
 No children cried for butter'd toast ;  
 And every night I went to bed,  
 Without a modus in my head !”

Oh! trifling head, and fickle heart !  
 Chagrin'd at whatsoe'er thou art ;  
 A dupe to follies yet untried,  
 And sick of pleasures scarce enjoy'd !  
 Each prize possess'd, thy transport ceases,  
 And in pursuit alone it pleases.

## FITY.

## AN ALLEGORY.

[BY MRS. BARBAULD.]

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. Wherever 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 favoured 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 mean time the sons of men deviated from their native innocence; vice and ruin over-ran the earth with giant strides; and Astrea, with her train of celestial visitants, forsook their polluted abodes.

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 Até. He complied with reluctance; for her features were harsh and disagreeable, her eyes sunk, her forehead contracted into perpetual wrinkles; and her temples were covered with a wreath of cypress and wormiwood. 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 sweetness 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 an hawk flew into her bosom. This

nymph

nymph had a dejected appearance, but so soft and gentle a mien, 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 to her lute. 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 follow 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

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.

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## THE SHEPHERD AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

[BY GAY.]

REMOTE from cities liv'd a swain,  
 Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;  
 His head was silver'd o'er with age,  
 And long experience made him sage;  
 In summer's heat and winter's cold,  
 He fed his flock and penn'd the fold;  
 His hours in cheerful labour flew,  
 Nor envy nor ambition knew:  
 His wisdom and his honest fame  
 Through all the country rais'd his name.

A deep philosopher (whose rules  
 Of moral life were drawn from schools)

The shepherd's homely cottage sought,  
And thus explor'd his reach of thought.

“ Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil  
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?  
Hast thou old Greece and Rome survey'd,  
And the vast sense of Plato weigh'd?  
Hath Socrates thy soul refin'd,  
And hast thou fathom'd Tully's mind?  
Or, like the wise Ulysses, thrown,  
By various fates on realms unknown,  
Hast thou through many cities stray'd,  
Their customs, laws, and manners weigh'd?”

The shepherd modestly replied,  
“ I ne'er the paths of learning tried;  
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts,  
To read mankind, their laws and arts;  
For man is practis'd in disguise,  
He cheats the most discerning eyes.  
Who by that search shall wiser grow?  
By that ourselves we never know.  
The little knowledge I have gain'd,  
Was all from simple nature drain'd;  
Hence my life's maxims took their rise,  
Hence grew my settled hate of vice.



The daily labours of the bee  
Awake my soul to industry.  
Who can observe the careful ant,  
And not provide for future want?  
My dog (the trustiest of his kind)  
With gratitude inflames my mind:  
I mark his true, his faithful way,  
And in my service copy Tray.  
In constancy and nuptial love,  
I learn my duty from the dove.  
The hen, who from the chilly air,  
With pious wing, protects her care,  
And ev'ry fowl that flies at large,  
Instruct me in a parent's charge."

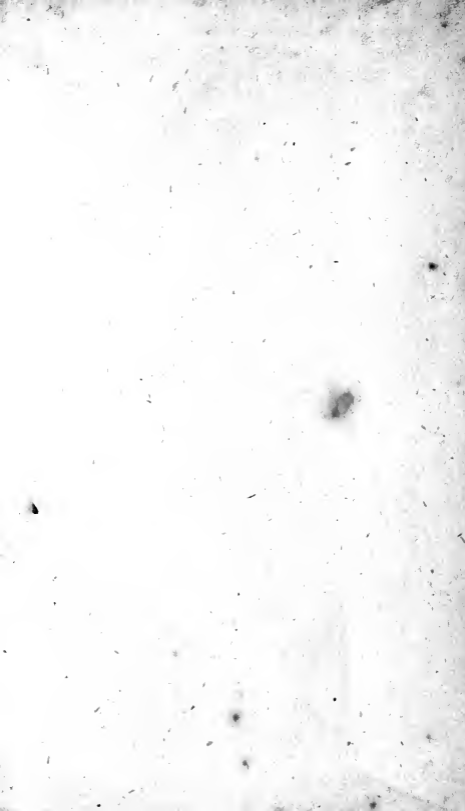
"From nature too I take my rule,  
To shun contempt and ridicule.  
I never, with important air,  
In conversation overbear.  
Can grave and formal pass for wise,  
When men the solemn owl despise?  
My tongue within my lips I rein;  
For who talks much must talk in vain.  
We from the wordy torrent fly:  
Who listens to the chatt'ring pye?

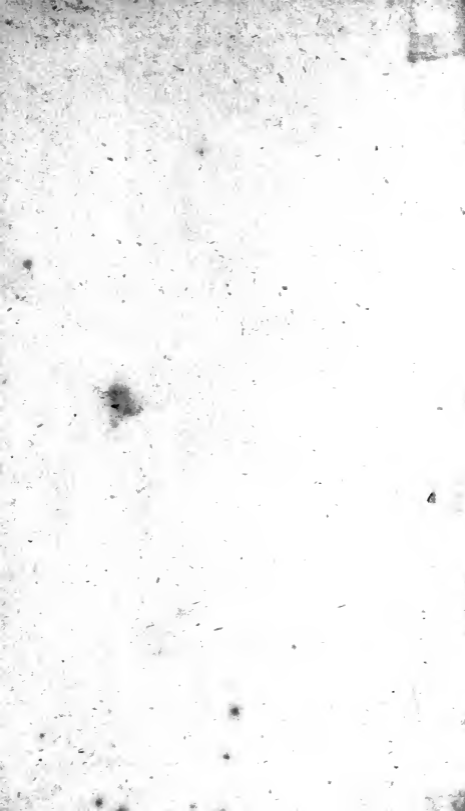
Nor

Nor would I, with felonious flight,  
 By stealth invade my neighbour's right :  
 Rapacious animals we hate ;  
 Kites, hawks, and wolves, deserve their fate.  
 Do not we just abhorrence find  
 Against the toad and serpent kind ?  
 But envy, calumny, and spite,  
 Bear stronger venom in their bite.  
 Thus ev'ry object of creation  
 Can furnish hints to contemplation ;  
 And from the most minute and mean,  
 A virtuous mind can morals glean."

" Thy fame is just," the sage replies ;  
 " Thy virtue proves thee truly wise.  
 Pride often guides the author's pen,  
 Books as affected are as men :  
 But he who studies nature's laws,  
 From certain truth his maxims draws ;  
 And those, without our schools, suffice  
 To make men moral, good, and wise.

END OF VOL. I.







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