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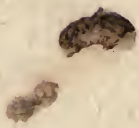
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CHILDREN'S BOOK
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FRONTISPIECE



E. Jourdan

THE
JUVENILE OILIO;
OR
MENTAL MEDLEY:

CONSISTING OF

ORIGINAL ESSAYS,

MORAL AND LITERARY;

TALES, FABLES, REFLECTIONS, &c.

INTENDED

TO CORRECT THE JUDGEMENT, TO IMPROVE THE
TASTE, TO PLEASE THE FANCY, AND
TO HUMANIZE THE MIND.



————— *Ne quid nimis.*

Children and Youth engage my Pen,
'Tis Labour lost to write for Men.



WRITTEN BY A FATHER,
CHIEFLY FOR THE USE OF HIS CHILDREN.



LONDON:

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THE following little work originated from a desire of impressing on the minds of children, some useful lessons in the science of life and manners; and to vary the plan, the author has thought fit to intersperse a few short remarks on those studies which are best calculated to enlighten, instruct, or amuse. He is far from supposing that he has exhausted his subject, or that he has embraced all the important objects he had in view; but, for what he has done, he flatters himself,

he shall escape blame, if he is not found entitled to praise. He feels that his motives were good, however deficient the execution may be; and if he is fortunate enough to inspire one generous passion where it was wanting before, to extirpate one false prejudice where it had been indulged, or to increase the fund of human happiness, and of innocent amusement, in the slightest degree, he will have the pleasure of reflecting, that his humble labours have not been in vain.

Persons of the highest abilities have not thought it derogatory to their genius to write for children; and for whose use can they better employ their talents? All are some time young, though they may not live to become old; and if the child is not instructed, the man will be ignorant at best.

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It may not be amiss to observe, that the author of this has had some experience in the conduct of youth; and to allure them to right and reclaim them from wrong, he thinks it expedient, that every artifice should be tried. Dry lectures, he has seldom seen, to leave any lasting impression; but convey the moral you wish to inculcate through an interesting story or an incidental reflection, and the effect is seldom lost.

May what was first intended for private use, be of some public benefit! This is the only meed to which the writer aspires—it is the same that will be dearest to his heart.

JANUARY 1, 1795.

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THE
JUVENILE OLIO.

BOOKS.

FROM the earliest ages, Books have been the solace of the wise in every country where civilization was known; and without them, what a blank would life be to millions! All the knowledge we can acquire from actual experience is extremely limited; but Books introduce us to the acquaintance of times long past—of nations now no more—of sciences invented, cultivated, and brought to perfection, by the learned and ingenious of every land and age.

The discovery of Letters is of such importance, that many have ascribed it to a divine origin. We in vain endeavour to trace it to its source. But learning, without infinite labour, could never have become general, had it not been diffused through the medium of the press. That noble

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invention, the art of Printing, places modern times, in the facility of obtaining knowledge, at an infinite distance from the ancient; and nothing but gross inattention or criminal indifference can now palliate ignorance, or preclude knowledge. How thankful ought we to be for the superior privileges to which we were born; and how eagerly ought youth to cultivate a taste for literature, which will fill up the blanks of life with amusement, close the interstices of enjoyment; and lead to that improvement of the soul, which we have reason to suppose will increase the fruitions of eternity.

THE CHARITABLE BOY;

OR

THE EFFECTS OF GOOD EXAMPLE.

A POOR old man was begging along the street. His figure was that of Misery personified—his long beard swept his breast—he was lame and decrepid; but still his eyes bespoke the spirit that had once animated his frame, and his tattered dress of red, patched with every colour of the rainbow, shewed that he had formerly been a soldier. “For God’s sake, relieve the poor old veteran!” were all the words he used. Real distress is never clamorous; its silence is most eloquent.

A number of disorderly boys followed him, rather out of curiosity than pity; only one had the charity to relieve him. JACK HEARTLY had but one penny, and he gave it to the soldier. “My blessing attend you, young master,” said he. HEARTLY felt the glow of benevolence on his cheek; and was proud to be distinguished from the rest. He looked round with the consci-

ousness of self-approbation; his companions blushed that they had been so unfeeling—and to compensate for their indifference, all who had it in their power, united to contribute their mite.

How amiable is it to set a good example, and how powerful its impression on youth! One good boy is not only a blessing to his parents, but to many among his associates. To feel for others is glorious—to relieve the distressed is God-like; but when the defenders of our country are reduced to beg their bread, what heart can be so callous as to refuse it!

PROVIDENCE.

PROVIDENCE.

“**I** HAVE been thrown from my poney,” said a little boy to his father; “but by *chance* I am not hurt.”—“I am glad to hear of your safe escape, my dear child, but you ought to ascribe it to PROVIDENCE. Chance is blind, and cannot protect us; Providence watches over all.

“Look round on Nature—on those things most obvious to your senses—the plants, trees, animals, and yourself: lift your eyes to heaven—see the beautiful regularity of the planetary orbs, the return of day and night, and the revolution of seasons; then reflect—can these things be the effect of Chance! No! A supreme Power rules and directs the order of the universe, and holds the chain of events. Learn to acknowledge this great and good Being in every thing that befalls you. Pay him the homage of thankful praise for his benefits: adore his unsearchable wisdom when he afflicts; and repose a humble confidence in his mercy and protection, amidst the various ills that beset the path of

human life. Extend your views beyond the present scene to permanent possessions and pure pleasures; and entitle yourself to their enjoyment, by studying to obey the will of him who placed you here. Look up to his superintending Providence for every blessing you would wish to receive, and every danger you are anxious to avoid; and scorn to be indebted to *Chance* for what you really owe to your **FATHER** and your **GOD."**

[47]

THE PEEVISH CHILD.

“ **W**HO has offended you, my dear? Why do you pout? Will you have any thing to eat? What can I do for you? My sweet, do not cry—it will hurt your eyes. Tell me, my love, what vexes you. No one shall vex you.”

Such were the weak effusions of maternal fondness to a pretty but a spoiled girl. They increased, as may be well imagined, the ill-humour they were intended to remove; because it was seen that it gave concern. Silent obstinacy was the only return that was made to such endearing expressions—perhaps silent contempt was intermixed with it.

The anxiety of the mother rose with the sobs of the child. The servants were all summoned to account for the cause of this distress. One did not know what was the matter—another had not seen the young lady—all were afraid of blame. The kitchen-wench, too honest to dissemble, and conscious of having done her duty, explained the whole: “ An’t please you, Ma’am,

Miss there wanted to wash her hands in the boiling tea-kettle; and I would not let her." The mother could scarcely refrain from censuring the prudence that prevented her favourite from being scalded. "Her child, indeed, should have her own way, when it was proper."

Next day she had her own way, proper or not—for how was a child to judge! When the servant was absent, she was determined to dip her hands in the boiling tea-kettle. She did—and almost lost the use of her fingers for ever.

The foolish indulgence of children is frequently the cause of their ruin, and always of their misery. The mind that is not bent in early youth must be broken in more advanced age to submit to controul. And who was ever qualified to command, who had not first learned implicitly to obey!

FABLE.

FABLE.

A STAUNCH and well-trained pack of hounds, having lost several of the old ones rather suddenly by a distemper, was obliged to be completed out of the young dogs in the kennel, as is the usual practice; and for young dogs, they hunted amazingly well—because they were tractable and minded their elders. It happened, however, that one was imprudently admitted which was a mere puppy, while much better dogs were set aside. The reason given for this partiality was, that his father had been distinguished for a good nose, and had long been a leader in the pack; and it was supposed that the youngster would not prove of a bastard breed. At first, he was proud of being taken into the field; seldom opened; but wagged his tail, and went on in the ranks; or if he was distanced, it was not noticed. But in a short time, he began to give himself airs; and to think himself the most knowing dog in the pack, though in his puppyhood still. When the rest were running,

he would stand still—when they were standing, he would squat down—if he felt the huntsman's whip, he would growl; and in short, though the only one that did not perform his duty, complained of the hardships he underwent, in being controuled; and making a party with the other puppies in the kennel, had nearly risen, and worried the whole pack. For a short space, nothing but confusion reigned—and sport was at an end. To have reduced a puppy to his former rank, would have been nothing—for he would have been a puppy still: it was therefore determined that he should be tied up, and that no dog should associate with him, till he had made his peace with the huntsman. This he was soon glad to do, as his daily fare depended on his submission; and as he found that his obstinacy and ill-humour could hurt none but himself.

MORAL.

It is the duty of youth to listen to the admonitions, and to follow the example, of the aged and the wise. But proud and conceited, they frequently wish to lead, before they have learned to obey; and if their heedless career were not checked, they would often rush on the precipice, though they might be safe and honoured on the plain.

FEELING.

THE CHARACTER OF MISER.

“IT is not so much what we suffer, as the reflection on what we have lost, that gives a poignancy to the pains of sensibility. The mind of the unfortunate is continually recurring to objects which are now no more; objects on which it had placed its fondest attachment, and which it considered as the sources of its highest gratifications. While the void which these leave is felt in the heart, all the comforts we have left present themselves in vain. In spite of reason and religion, we indulge the regret which we know is past relief; and that thought, though it ought to render us resigned, only aggravates our woe. What hope tells us may admit of alleviation, is endued with some patience; but when nothing but despair, fixed and unalterable, meets our view, the heart then yields itself up to the horrors of its fate, and derives its only consolation from the prospect of being reduced to that state where feeling is suspended, and reflection

lost. Against this weakness it is in vain to argue. We all set a value, either real or ideal, on every thing we love; and when we are deprived of any of our long-indulged delights, it is not the indifference with which the unimpassioned might support our lot, or the unfeeling might disregard it; it is not its worth in the estimation of others, but the price we have ourselves affixed to it, that racks the soul on its loss.

“ Since then uncertainty attends all we can look on with the eye of pleasure, or what is worse, we find the certainty of disappointment in our hopes of their enjoyment, can the heart of sensibility ever know peace—can the delusion of bliss amuse its sensations?”

In this manner MISER used to vent the emotions of his perturbed heart. It was broken with distress: its last hold was gone. MISER had felt the stings of ingratitude—he had never received the consolations of duty, much as they were deserved—and he had lost the only joy on which he hoped to have pillowed his age. His best actions had generally been misrepresented, his words perverted, and his conduct and views belied.

It was known he was a man of feeling; and the world was determined that he should have exercise
for

for his talent. But amidst its malignity his heart never harboured a thought of revenge: he pitied rather than blamed—and though the warmth of sensibility might sometimes draw from him a harsh expression, its remembrance passed as rapidly as the shadow, while the substance of goodness remained in his heart.

He possessed wit and learning—too much indeed! for they exposed him to envy, while his native modesty prevented him from turning them to his own advantage. But his wit never wounded the deserving, nor played with the unfortunate; nor was his learning employed to flatter vice, or to sanction folly. Warm to those whose hearts beat in unison with his own, he was the most faithful of friends; and as for enmity, though he felt it often without cause, he never returned it. His constant study was to triumph over those who had injured him, by laying them under obligations. He used to say, that it was too much trouble for a *wise* man to regard the silly malice of silly people; and unworthy a *good* man to retaliate.

But with all those amiable qualities, both fortune and nature had conspired to render him unhappy. His delicacy of sentiment was not adapted to the rude blasts which continually as-

failed

failed him. Torn by excess of sensibility, his frame soon yielded to the shock. Those who were bound to alleviate his ills, were the first to occasion them. He could strive in some measure with the world, because he knew that opposition was to be expected from it,—but against domestic ingratitude he had no antidote—its poison penetrated to his vitals; and he fell a victim to its effects.

REFLECTION.

To feel is an honour to human nature. Sensibility is the offspring of a noble and cultivated mind: it is the source of the most refined pleasures; the impression that heaven has stamped on its peculiar favourites; but how many pangs does it cost the unfortunate; and how many thorns does it plant in the way of the forlorn! To a certain degree our feelings should be indulged; but their motions should be regulated, and their excesses carefully restrained, or they will operate to the injury both of health and happiness.

THE GRATEFUL SCHOLARS.

DUTY to parents and gratitude to preceptors are virtues which no one was ever deficient in, who prospered and was happy. Yet we daily see children indifferent to their parents peace; and neglectful of those who have laboured to instruct them.

But can the most ignorant suppose, that the small pittance which a master receives for his faithful attention to form the youthful mind is a compensation for his care? And does not this second parent, if he has done his duty, deserve some return from the soil he has cultivated?

I will suppose that want of reflection more than want of gratitude often occasions the neglect of tutors, which no benevolent heart could think of being guilty of without a blush. Selfish as the world is, there are principles of goodness in the human soul, that only want to be awakened to display their amiable sensibilities. The simple narrative I have to record is not the fiction

of

of imagination. May it teach others to know what they ought to imitate or avoid!

During a long and active life, SAVILE had trained up numbers in the precepts of virtue and good learning. He had exhausted, without enriching himself; and on the verge of the grave, he scarcely knew where to find a refuge from the storm.

Necessity—and how bitter the necessity must be, every cultivated taste may judge! drove him to apply for relief to those who had once been under his protection—had eat at his table, and slept under his roof, during that happy period when hope is young, and the days are unclouded with reflection.—Some had forgot his person—others had forgot themselves. Notwithstanding the philanthropy of SAVILE's heart, he began to believe the old adage, “that services done to the young and the old are equally usefess, as the one forget them, and the other live not long enough to repay them.” His delicacy would not suffer him to make many trials of such ingratitude. He was ready to sink under his misfortunes. Chance, however, directed him to two brothers, who in consequence of his care in their early youth, and their own diligent exertions in maturer years, had obtained a competence in
foreign

foreign lands, and were returned to spend it with honour in their own. These, instead of turning their backs on his distress, invited him in the most cordial manner to spend the remainder of his days with them. It would have shewn pride rather than humility in his situation not to have accepted such a disinterested offer. His days indeed were few, after he found this asylum; but they were closed in comfort; and his former pupils, having long lost their own, bewailed this second father with tears of grateful remembrance, and inscribed their sorrows on his tomb.

LAWS AND PUNISHMENTS.

A HUMANE and sensible child, about twelve years of age, had accidentally seen a miserable wretch undergo the punishment of whipping at a cart's tail. He burst into tears; and in that state came running to his father, and asked him who had a right to use the poor man so?

“ My dear,” said the father, “ I admire your sensibility—even crimes should not render us unfeeling for those who suffer. You must know,” continued he, “ that in every civilized country, there are LAWS; and the original intention of these was to guard the weak from the aggressions of the strong—to protect the property of individuals—to support the interests of the community for the sake of each member of it—and to make justice not only a principle of the heart, but a tie which even the abandoned could scarcely violate with impunity.

“ In some countries, it is true, Laws are perverted from their original institutions—they indeed punish the poor, but cannot reach the great.

In

In this happy island, however, in which it was your good fortune to be born, impartial justice and equal rights are your native inheritance. No one can unjustly defraud you with safety of what property is your's. All ranks are held together by a social chain, the lowest links of which are of as strong, though not so costly, metal as the highest; and the real value of each is appreciated by its utility.

“ But perhaps you do not immediately comprehend the precise meaning of all this. As you advance in years, it shall be my care (if Providence allows me the opportunity) to inspire you with veneration for the form of government and the laws under which you live.

“ The wretched being whose punishment excited your pity, from a depravity of heart—perhaps from some temptation he could not at the moment resist—for God only knows the real motives of actions, and we ought to judge charitably! has offended against the laws of his country—was proved guilty—and has received a milder sentence than rigorous justice might have demanded. He indeed suffers; but the public is benefited.

“ Were there no restraints on the passions, the vices, and the general conduct of mankind, no one
could

could be safe in person or property. The Laws impose those restraints: they leave us, in this kingdom at least, to enjoy ourselves, our possessions, and every pleasure which trenches not on the privileges, possessions, and pleasures of others; but to the ill-disposed they hold out the dread of punishment; and thus make negative virtue productive of public good. I do not mean to say, that when people are only good from necessity or fear, they possess equal merit with those who act from principle; but yet the community is preserved in safety and security, as long as either law or the stronger sense of duty operates on human conduct.

“ Be it your study, then, to regard the Laws, not as capable of hurting you, but of doing you good. Venerate them because they are founded in wisdom, sanctioned by the experience of ages, and productive of happiness; and think not, even if they could be eluded or violated with impunity, that you could either be safe or happy.

“ But above all, learn to act on higher principles than those of restraint, and to respect yourself. No vigilance of magistrates, no salutary provisions of human laws, can at all times and on all occasions guard against the evasions of the artful, or the force of the abandoned. The
ties

ties that the best human obligations impose, to be always effectual, must be strengthened by the sense of duty. If this is felt, conscience supplies the defects of legal institutions; and men who listen to its sacred dictates, and act according to its unperverted suggestions, are virtuous because they are wise, and are happy, because they deserve to be so.

ENIGMA I.

“**D**ID you not promise, papa,” said Amelia, “that you would sometimes entertain us with an enigma to try our ingenuity? I warrant you I can find out one as soon as my brothers. Now try us—do—and I will attend to any other study you recommend to-morrow.”

“Well, Amelia, I will not be worse than my word with you. Enigmas have their use. They exercise the judgment—they give habits of reflection—they teach the art of thinking closely—of separating particular attributes from general definitions; and sometimes they impress a little moral on the heart.

“They have the merit, besides, of being very ancient. The scriptures record several; and we have reason to suppose, that they were not quite neglected among the most polished heathen nations of antiquity.

“Now take the following; and see if you can discover the mysterious word.”

With numerous brothers at a birth,
 My parent sends me forth ;
 And when I first appear on earth,
 I bear a doubtful worth.

For should the public eye disdain
 To view me with regard ;—
 To boast my merit would be vain—
 In vain to hope reward.

I'm doom'd to combat every woe ;
 With dulness to contend ;
 From prejudice to lure the foe,
 From flattery the friend.

The cutting taunt, the galling sneer,
 —The poison'd tongue I feel ;
 And early I have cause to fear
 The wounds, time cannot heal.

Yet should I gain the triumph fair,
 And once the foe defy—
 Th' assailants yield in black despair—
 My fame can never die.

Then down the stream of time I glide ;
 Delight, instruct, improve ;
 For solitude a charm provide,
 Or soothe disastrous love ;

Each various science give to shine,
 Each lovely landscape shew:
 Direct to PALLAS' hallow'd shrine,
 And warm with virtue's glow.

For had I never seen the light,
 In vain had MARO sung,
 And every muse of fancy bright
 The lyre of FLACCUS strung.

In vain had PLATO fought the shade,—
 His wisdom had been lost;
 Ev'n TULLY'S powers, without my aid,
 Were now an empty boast.

“ Well! this is very pretty. I have it”—
 cried Amelia. “ It is LETTERS.”—“ No,”
 said one of her brothers, “ that word does not
 apply to every part of the description.”—“ You
 speak justly,” observed the father. “ Come,
 try again, Amelia. What do a number of
 letters make?”—“ A BOOK—a BOOK,” said
 Amelia with exultation!—“ You are very right,
 I meant a Book; and as you have so soon dis-
 covered this riddle, you shall be indulged with
 more on some future occasion.”

ADVENTURES OF A FAMILY BIBLE.

RELATED BY ITSELF.

PART I.

VARIOUS have been the adventures of beings and things, not more important than myself, which have been obtruded on the public; and therefore I hope my story will be heard with patience: it shall be as concise as possible—embellishment would ill become me.

I was produced to light in the reign of James I. and being a new translation of an excellent original work, which without boasting I may say is of divine authority, I was soon received into a worthy family, consisting of a venerable couple, and two sons and a daughter. The old people used to make their children read me every Sunday, and at other times, when they could find leisure. Their own eyes began to fail them; but they constantly listened to me, and commented to their family on my beauties, and enforced the observance of my unerring precepts.

In this society I was much valued. I was handsomely bound, and ornamented with silver clasps. The names and ages of the young people were inscribed in my front: I was indeed the depository of the family secrets; and when the father died, he left me to his only daughter.

She had then reached the twentieth year of her age. For some time after the loss of her parent, she referred to me for consolation; but, alas! impressions of sorrow are soon effaced from the youthful heart. Her's gave place to a new favorite. An officer in the army paid his addresses to her: they were soon married; and though I was not discarded from the house, for more than twelve years my clasps were scarcely opened.

The war breaking out between Charles and his parliament, the husband of my owner was called on duty. He fought for his King, and fell at the battle of Edge-Hill. My mistress was inconsolable for his loss; and began to think of me. Once more I assisted in drying her tears. I told her they would meet again. This hope was balm to her wounded spirit—She kissed me with rapture; and during the remainder of her life took me for her instructor and guide.

It

It happened, that in the succeeding interval of confusion, the property of my first possessor's family came into dispute. The register of a birth was wanting to complete the title; and in the reign of Charles II. I was fortunately thought of as being likely to afford some family records.—I was brought into a court of justice, where I am seldom quoted, though often kissed. My evidence was admitted—and I felt happy in being instrumental in serving the descendants of my first master.

For some time after I knew not what became of me. I was so little used that I fell into a trance: when I recovered, I found myself in the hands of a puritan; from whom I learned, that none of my brethren had been much in vogue for many years; that *something* called HUDIBRAS had been more esteemed; and my present master talked of nothing but the profanation that had been offered me, and the indignities I had undergone. He, indeed, did not give me leave to sleep; I was constantly on his table; and being a preacher, he took me every Sunday up into the pulpit with him, and beat me with violence against the cushion. At this period, I certainly received a great share of external homage; but from some things I observed

in private, I had reason to conclude that my advice was much more talked of than valued—for I am of no sect; but the friend, the comforter of all.

Had not my frame been strong, the puritan would have, perhaps, been my last master; but I stood his rough usage without much injury; and as I knew he did not mean to hurt me, I neither murmured nor complained. Many have been killed with kindness; but it is so pleasant a kind of death, that few would refuse it.

Here I must pause for breath; and if you wish to hear me, I will resume my story.

ADVENTURES OF A FAMILY BIBLE.

PART II.

AT the decease of the puritan, I was put up to sale in a lot with *Thomas Aquinas*, and some manuscripts against Popery. A Jesuit casting his eye on my companions wished to be the purchaser, that he might have an opportunity of destroying the *impious* and *heretical* writings that opposed the holy See. The poor manuscripts had no quarter—they were immediately committed to the flames; and English being little short of heresy, in my new master's opinion, I believe I was saved rather out of regard to my binding than my contents. *Thomas Aquinas*, however, was treated with great distinction; and for the first time I found, that the works of man were more valued than those of his Maker. I had some hopes that I might have been able to infuse a spark of Christian charity into the Jesuit's heart; but the authority of the church, in his sight, was more imperative than that on

which it is pretended to be founded. I was at best neglected, till a young fellow who occasionally used to dispute with my owner against Religion in general, taking a fancy to my exterior, and understanding no language save that in which I was printed, received me as a present—probably in the hopes that I might have a chance of converting him to Christianity—and then the Jesuit might with more facility give him *his* impression of it.

Alas! in the hands of this new and reprobate master, I experienced not only neglect but insult. I was never opened, but to be turned into ridicule among his free-thinking companions; but as free-thinking generally leads to free-action,—drunkenness, and every species of debauchery, soon set me free from the tyranny of this impious possessor—He early fell a martyr to his irregularities; and in his last moments seemed to wish to shew me some marks of his contrition; but found time too short to be satisfied of my celestial comforts.

His mother was a worthy old woman; and as I had belonged to a favourite, though an ungracious son, she was vastly fond of me, as a reliet: but I must do her the justice to say, that she lived according to my rules; and left the world
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in peace; firmly relying on the prospects which I held out in another state.

From this old lady, I passed into the hands of her waiting-maid, with a strict injunction to attend to me, and to be a good girl. For some weeks I was not a little caressed: wherever love or marriage was mentioned, I was sure to be read; and I was indeed consulted as an oracle in all that relates to what this world calls pleasures. It was soon found, however, that I gave no sanction to the irregular fallies of the heart, to a perverse disposition, or a deceitful conduct; and therefore I soon ceased to please. The last and lowest vice that can degrade woman—a propensity to tippling, in a short space made it convenient for Abigail to pawn me. I was wrapped up in a petticoat; and, together, we were received as pledges for a guinea. A commentator on the scriptures, many months after, passing the shop where I lay unredeemed, turned his attention towards me: I appeared of a size fit for his purpose, and was bought a great bargain.

None of those who had hitherto used me had thought of foiling me; but I was now filled with marginal notes and explanations. My light was frequently turned into darkness; and those expressions which the most ignorant might have

understood, were lost in a cloud of erudition, and tortured into meanings which even the wisest could not have comprehended. How ridiculous is the pride of human learning when applied to biblical illustration! Can it be supposed that my divine Author would have left any doubt or difficulty in his own injunctions; or given a chance to none but the learned to understand what he has commanded all to practise?

During some years it was the chief pursuit of this learned gentleman to study me, and confound my meaning; or what was worse, to wrest it to his own pre-conceived opinions. He was, however, conscientious in what he did: he was blinded by his own imaginary sagacity—and as a monument of his labours, bequeathed me, at his death, to the college library to which he had formerly belonged.

I was admitted here with great formality—was deposited in a fine latticed case, among many of my brethren; and for some time was occasionally consulted: but novelty wearing off, and my commentator's hand, by the lapse of years, and the different form of writing, becoming too cramp to be easily made out—for the last hundred years I have seldom been opened. The dust, indeed, is annually brushed off: at the visitation
of

of the library, I am sometimes reported as full of old-fashioned comments; but few have the curiosity to examine them.

From this asylum I have neither wish or hope of being liberated: I trust I have already done my duty, and have made some persons better and wiser in affairs of everlasting importance—and if my history should fail to amuse or instruct, I shall feel neither mortification or anger.

The prejudices of men it was never my intention to gratify, nor to flatter their passions; but happy are they, who entering into my benevolent views, lay hold on my eternal rewards.

THE ADVANTAGES OF ARITHMETIC.

HOW much may be said on a single subject— and how often are the most useful things overlooked, merely because they are thought to be sufficiently obvious! Of all the sciences that engage the study of man, none is so valuable as Arithmetic, or the science of numbers: this is indeed sufficiently cultivated by those whose intended sphere of life is supposed to require an accurate and ready knowledge of its principles— but what is that situation, in which it is not absolutely necessary to be acquainted with its practical uses?

It has been observed, and I believe with great truth, that no one was ever undone who kept an exact account of his income and his expenditure. Unforeseen and unavoidable calamities may, indeed, surprize the most vigilant, and overset the most regular; but few are the persons who fail in life from such imperious causes, compared to the vast numbers of those, who may date their misfortunes from negligence in adjusting their
 accounts;

accounts; and who are ruined before they perceive that they are in danger.

Let me, therefore, recommend it to you, my dear little readers, as you value peace of mind, independence, and fortune, to acquire an early facility in numbers, and a fixed habit of rendering them subservient to those purposes, which will secure you from the imposition of the cunning, or from the delusion of spending more than your circumstances will allow.

Whatever your income may be, apportion it, with scrupulous exactitude, to your weekly, monthly, or yearly expenses. It is impossible to live in society, according to one uniformly invariable tenor; but the extravagance of one day should be compensated by the œconomy of the next; and nothing short of absolute necessity should induce you to interfere with the general arrangements, which a prudent regard to your circumstances impose.

It is almost impossible for any thinking mind to run the heedless career of constant dissipation, who, by referring to his pocket-book, should his rank require no other books to be kept, sees on one side of a weekly page, his income or allowance, which he is to husband; and on the opposite, his disposal of it. Keeping such a state-

ment is not only a guard against profusion; but also a security against imposition. What has been once paid may be easily authenticated; and what has been improvident may be remedied in future.

All the attention and the knowledge that this will require, is so trifling, that no persons but the most illiterate and the most indolent can offer any excuse for their neglect. Indolence, indeed, is no excuse for any omission of duty to ourselves or society; and the very lowest classes of mankind, whose misfortune it may be to be debarred from any opportunities of improvement in learning, seldom can acquire so much credit as will injure others, or have so much to waste as may affect themselves. No situation, however, not even the lowest, but will find a comfort and a benefit in apportioning its pittance to its expenditure; and thus learning to find resources in honest industry, frugality, and prudence: but it is chiefly on those who are removed from real want, on those who are rich, or relatively so, that I wish to impress the observance of regular accounts. The father of a family, if he is negligent in this respect, is unworthy of the station he fills—the mistress of a house, who pays no regard to domestic expenditure, is entailing want on the children

children the caresses, and can never be the object of love or esteem.

The name of book-keeping, as this will be called, may possibly frighten the gay and the young. It may be supposed, that it requires deep attention, and previous knowledge: but on what does it hinge? on the four simple rules of arithmetic — ADDITION, SUBTRACTION, MULTIPLICATION, and DIVISION. The RULE of THREE or PROPORTION is also of very considerable use; but it is only a particular application of the rules already enumerated; and its principles may be acquired in a moment.

Can any one then be justified, when his credit begins to fail, and the clamours of those he has injured surround him, by alledging, that he did not know he had exceeded his income? Should even want stare him in his face, where is his apology? He sees from what has been said, how easily he might have known what was his interest and his duty to know; and if he has failed through inattention, he neither deserves the pity of his friends, nor can he enjoy the conscious reflection of having done what he ought.

It is a Dutch maxim, and a good one, “that the man who has spent his whole income, has that year lived in vain;” but the man who has
lived

lived beyond his income, has not only been useless but criminal—he has involved himself in difficulties, and without circumspection, he must defraud the public. By some attention to numbers alone, can he learn in time how the case stands: I will therefore venture to affirm, that though all other sciences may be in some measure useful or ornamental, an acquaintance with **ARITHMETIC** is an indispensable obligation.

THE OCEAN AND THE RIVERS.

A FABLE.

THE RIVERS having long paid their voluntary tribute to the OCEAN, were at length spirited up to opposition by some stagnant pools, which being formed into canals, had found their way to the grand reservoir of waters.

These upstart gentlemen, with a characteristic pride, began to exclaim, "What, shall we who have been collected with so much care, and conducted hither with so much expense and art, lose our freshness in the briny wave? Were we rivers of magnitude, like the Danube, the Nile, the Ganges, and the Plata, we would soon teach the ocean to be a little more reasonable and polite; and instead of converting every thing to its own filthy purposes without acknowledgment, we would make it know to whom it is indebted for its consequence: for our parts we are ashamed of such tameness. Does not the ocean deprive

us of our sweetness and purity, and yet monopolize the gratitude of surrounding nations, which is due to us alone? If it will not allow us to assert our natural rights in the scale of social union, we are determined immediately to withdraw our support from the voracious abyss that swallows us up without mercy and without thanks."

From this mean source, the murmurs of discontent arose. These collected puddles had influence enough to spread disaffection among the noble streams. Some of the latter hoped to usurp the dominion of the whole, and therefore sided in the quarrel. Each had his private views in what he did, or wished to do. Committees were formed—resolutions were passed, and deputations appointed. Memorials, remonstrances, and all the artillery of political manœuvres were determined to be played off against the venerable head.

The ocean heard of these meditated attacks; but heard them unmoved. It knew the general good, even the order of nature had sanctioned, and would maintain its supremacy; and on this account it did not fear the blind malice of impotent opposition.

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When deputations, however, arrived from the principal rivers to state grievances, and to demand redress, they were respectfully received. The firmness that will not yield to idle murmurs of discontent, and the pride that despises them, are very different qualities.

Having patiently listened to futile and unmeaning complaints, the mighty chief thus tried to silence them: "Gentlemen," said the ocean, "after having so long enjoyed the uninterrupted liberty of falling into my bosom, where by my chemical power I preserve you from corruption, and render you not only harmless, but useful in promoting the intercourse of nations—it is with surprize I hear your claims. Were I to refuse taking you under my protection, what would be the consequence?—You must, in that case, overflow your banks, and deluge the countries you now beautify and delight. Your streams would run counter one to the other—you would become tainted—and mankind would be destroyed by your unbridled violence, or your pestilential effluvia."

"What is mankind to us!" exclaimed a little scanty stream. "Hold," replies the ocean. "It is useless I see to waste words. If argument and mildness cannot bring you to reason, force,

force, however unpleasant to me, must. Till you agree to flow in your accustomed channels, I will cut off every secret communication that supplies your springs, and thus feeds your pride. Know, you are entirely in my power: the favours I receive from you are amply and gratefully repaid. From me at first you come; and to me you must again return."

THE TUTOR TO HIS PUPILS.

THE subsequent poetical *morceau* was found in the port folio of an eminent instructor of youth: it is short, and therefore its moral is the more striking. The young may possibly doubt the justice of a maxim, which fascinating hope is fond of veiling from their eyes. Experience, however, will prove it true.

To you whose days in easy circles flow,
 Nor anxious cares, nor guilty passions know,
 Whose ductile souls are studious to improve,
 And blend fair learning with your tutor's love,
 The MUSE devotes her moralizing strain,
 And speaks this long-tried truth—"that LIFE is vain:"
 That half our years are sunk in sorrow's shade;
 That scarce we blossom—ere we're doom'd to fade;
 That VIRTUE sole illumines our darksome road,
 And guides thro' danger to the throne of God.

MAY.—A RHAPSODY.

HAIL, parent of vegetative beauty! propitious mother of love, all hail! From sereneſt ſkies, born on the wings of the gentle zephyrs, deſcend to earth, and diſſuſe thy benignant influence over animate and inanimate nature. At thy approach, the loves and the graces quit their brumal retreats, and, freſh with immortal youth and beauty, diſplay their captivating charms to admiring mortals. The ſays and fairies nimbly trip the green in nocturnal ſport, under thy radiant empire; and ſometimes deign to cheer the human heart with celeftial melody.

Kind reſtorer of nature, in what adequate terms ſhall I addreſs thee! Shall I call thee the faireſt of months that rule the circling year; or will the name of lovely Maia ſound moſt delightful in thy ears? Burſting from the boſom of the earth, flowers of a thouſand dyes open their buds to do thee homage, and to ſtrew the ground on which thou treadeſt. The trees protrude their leaves; the bloſſoms, rich in ſnowy white, welcome

come thy vivifying reign; and nature, which lately appeared dormant and dead, wakes from its trance with renovated charms, and displays all its energy in thy honour.

To thee the plummy tenants of the grove pour out their sweetest descant; and in choral harmony, led by the trilling Philomel, sing the wonders of thy creative power, and the felicities of thy delightful sway. Love resounds through the forests; and the sound of joy vibrates on every gale; while, to the enraptured eye, the immortal powers, presiding over bliss, are seen hovering in the air with placid wing; and seeming to participate of the delights thy bounteous influence imparts.

The wild beasts of the desert lift up their eyes, and see the profusion of thy sweets, O May! they listen—and the charms of music soften their native ferocity; and sensations of pleasure shed new mildness on their aspects.

Parent of all that is lovely—of all that is endearing! Thy divinity is felt in every breast; and every tongue is vocal in thy praise. The young feel their joys sublimed under thy genial sway: the old are invited to retaste the feast, at which they revelled before. Under thy influence, beauty shines with more exalted tints; love binds
with

with more welcome chains; and even the woelorn heart beats with the sensations of delight. The bosom that now glows in thy praise, owes all its raptures to thee. While my heart exults at the prospect of thy charms, it gains a temporary relaxation from misery—Well, then, may my voice be raised in thy honour. Thy balm is the opiate of my tortured soul.

Once more on thee I call, O Maia! pour thy gentle spirit on every breast, bind discord in thy flowery chains, and melt the obdurate mind. Raise the empire of love on the only solid basis of friendship; and teach mankind to be happy by becoming benevolent and kind.

Alas! man alone of all created things is rebellious against thee. Thy smiles cannot always win him to complacency, nor meliorate his soul. He indulges those passions which thy mild power disclaims; he shuts his bosom against those emotions thou art best pleased to impress. The malignant passions of revenge, envy, and uncharitableness, are not less ungrateful to thee, than it would be to see the frosts of winter ravishing thy flowers, and despoiling their gayest charms.

When will man awake to a sense of his own felicity! When will he learn to be virtuous and happy! To him who harbours malice, or prides himself

himself in enmity, thy visits, lovely May, are a curse; and he only gathers the thorns which lurk under thy sweetest flowers.

Thee, again, I invoke for protection and joy. Warm my breast with social love, pure as the gales that fan the bosom of the new-clad earth; bend every discordant passion to thy will; and teach me to smile at pain and grief. Bless my heart with mutual affection, my eyes with the presence of love; so shall thy divinity as oft as it revisits the earth, receive my hymns of congratulation; so shall thy sway be extended over less lovely days; and the circling months that fill the varied year imbibe a portion of thy ethereal essence!

PERSEVERANCE.

IT cannot be too frequently inculcated on youth, that persevering diligence is the only method they can take, and all that is wanted, to become eminent in learning and successful in life. Genius is that rare quality which few possess, and fewer apply to any useful purpose. It can, indeed, enable a man to attain the summit of literature with little effort; but its motions are always desultory and irregular; and therefore it is rather to be admired than envied. Those who have been distinguished for their superior mental capacity in general, have also been most remarkable for their misfortunes and their follies. This, it must be allowed, is not the inevitable fate of genius; but it is certainly a natural consequence.

The man who can intuitively comprehend the whole extent of human knowledge, who can fathom the depths of science with a glance, is cast in a mould that renders him unfit to herd with ordinary beings, and join in the routine of common employment. His flights are too bold to be

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under the guidance of prudence. He soars, and likewise sinks beyond the bounds of sense; and is more frequently the object of pity than of love and veneration.

Far be it from me, however, to repress those noble sallies of the soul that raise the man above the mortal. I would only wish to see superior talents directed to views worthy of them—to views that would render them estimable to the public, and productive of individual happiness. Yet the history of the world presents more proofs of failure from original capacity than the want of it—more instances of splendid misery than of real felicity as its concomitants. Hence, were it more generally the lot of man, I know not if it ought to be considered as a greater blessing or a curse.

Perseverance, however, is a sure and safe principle of action. It makes its way through surrounding obstacles without incurring envy or risque; because application is here indispensable; and every person is ready to acknowledge, that toil ought to be rewarded; and to confess that it is his own fault if he does not attain the same distinctions that await its efforts. Besides, the noblest discoveries, the most praise-worthy performances, and the most useful attainments, have

owed their origin to a mediocrity of capacity, diligently cultivated. And as public and private happiness is a laudable stimulus to endeavour well, that cannot be better secured than by pursuing meritorious ends by unwearied exertion.

When difficulties obstruct the progress of the young and unexperienced in their studies or other pursuits, they are apt to despond, and to think them insuperable; but they ought to reflect, that industry and application will make that appear easy to-morrow, which was so difficult to-day—that he who is soon discouraged, neither deserves or is likely to obtain success—and finally, that few things are unattainable by those, who to a common capacity join INDEFATIGABLE PERSEVERANCE.

THE
SILLY QUESTION DEFENDED.

AN observant boy, passing along a street, saw a sign hanging before an inn, on which was painted ENTERTAINMENT FOR MAN AND HORSE. What amusement, thinks he, can be exhibited here—how are *horses* to be *entertained*? The idea of play was inseparable from the association he formed. He could not rest, however, till he had put the question about the entertainment of horses; and when he had obtained an explanation, he could not conceive, how one word, as it appeared to him, should be used in such opposite acceptations.

You will probably smile, my young readers, at this; and think the boy was very silly. I tell you he was not: his curiosity was a laudable one; his observation on what struck his senses, shewed that he possessed an ambition to know more; and

how was he, in such a case, to receive information, but by asking for it?

A proper acquaintance with things casually obtained, is long in acquiring. Thousands overlook objects which every day fall in their way; and, perhaps, to the end of their lives, are ignorant of the properties of many articles, and the meaning of many terms in common use.

To ask questions, provided they are not impertinent ones, argues a thirst for knowledge, and is one of the readiest means of laying in a stock of correct ideas.

Never, then, be ashamed to ask, what is proper to be asked; nor to say, what ought to be said. Ignorance is no disgrace, till the means of obtaining information have been neglected; and early youth, having every thing to learn, can never be reflected on, unless it suffers the season and the opportunity to pass unregarded.

When in company with your parents and tutors, apply to them respectfully when you are at a loss: they will love and admire you for the anxiety you display of becoming wiser. But in wishing to become wiser, study also to become better. All your acquirements without goodness will be of no avail. Try to employ what-

ever learning you possess to some beneficial purpose—to serve yourselves or others.

Utility and ornament ought to be the end of all study, as they are the only valuable fruits of all knowledge.

ARISTARCHUS:

OR

THE CRITIC.

*I*F this essay ridicule false pretensions to criticism, let it not be perverted to an attempt to lessen the well-earned fame of competent judges of literary merit. Among the young in particular, a propensity to criticise words, or to condemn in the gross what they do not understand, is too perceptible—for such only the following was written.

To the honour of the present age be it known, that criticism, which was anciently professed by few, because it was supposed to require depth of erudition, a refined taste, and penetration of judgment, is now like medicine, in the hands of numerous practitioners. The difficulties attending its original practice are now indeed obviated by an entire change of objects. Formerly the art was used to display beauties, and modestly to propose amendments, where the judgment had

fail'd,

failed, or the genius had deviated from the laws of taste; but at present, faults only are sought after, as hogs delight in filth—beauties are passed over with an envious eye; and a piece which affords no room for rancorous criticism, is deemed unworthy of notice.

When the modern critic discovers a poor unfortunate *word*, unprotected by great alliances, and unwarranted by authority, he hunts it down without mercy, though it sometimes cost him a long chase before the death. But he is as cautious of attacking *sentences*, as the coward would be of opposing a phalanx of robbers, or the general of risking a battle with inferior numbers. *Punctuation*, however, is the strong-hold of piddling critics of modern days. A man of superior genius is not always careful to walk in measure, nor to adjust his steps to the rules of a dancing-master; neither is he studious, in the ardour of composition, to place Mr. *Comma*, where Mr. *Comma* ought to be placed; nor Mr. *Colon* where the laws of precedence allow him to rank. But oversights of this kind are frequently of the most serious consequence to an unfortunate author; he is as much censured for his inattention to the afore-said gentlemen, as if he had offended against

good manners—neglected the established rules of society, and acted like a Hottentot.

Nor must we forget, that transposition is a rich field for critical acumen. As it depends entirely on the taste, and taste is often capricious; a clause of a sentence, like some tables for artificial versifying, may be transposed as many ways as it contains words; and yet all be right. But it is not sufficient that the sense be entire: if it does not please the critic's ear, which is often as incapable of distinguishing a melodious cadence, as a fow is of playing on a violin, it must be put into the bed of Procrustes, and amputated or extended, according to the precise idea of the literary tyrant.

Thus it will appear, that a tolerable knowledge of words, of punctuation, transposition, and cadence, is sufficient to qualify a man, in this age, to set up for a rectifier of taste, a guide to the ignorant, and a light to the blind. To judge of spirit and propriety in the gross, is neither the *forte* or the aim of our present directors. They seldom deal in wholesale; but keep a retail shop for the accommodation of the poor, from which they vend their commodities by the ounce or pennyweight. Hence the market is overstocked:

we have more critics than authors; more authors than readers; and more readers than comprehend what they are reading.

Of all the numerous critics, however, who now buz like wasps about the ears of authors, the rise of none seems more extraordinary than that of ARISTARCHUS. This gentleman, who has stabbed many a better writer than himself, was the son of an Irish weaver, born in the wilds of Connaught, and habituated to his native brogue till he was nearly thirty years of age. About that period of his eventful life, a scarcity of potatoes and employment happening about the same time, he came over to England; and as England is open to all the world, Aristarchus, soon after his arrival in London, had the good fortune, by dint of assurance and the appearance of strength, to get himself appointed porter to a bookseller. In this situation, he might be truly called a man of *letters*, since he often carried on his head, though not in it, the works of the most celebrated authors of the age. He now sometimes ventured to look at a title-page, and many critics go no farther: the title-page tempted him to read the address to the public; and thinking that his *address* was as bold and as plausible

as any, he was instigated to go a little farther, and to judge of propriety by self-taught rules; for the name of the critical Aristotle had never reached his ears. Being often entrusted with corrected proofs to carry to the press, he had an opportunity of seeing the whole arcana, as he thought, of the critic's art. Points, words, transpositions, all appeared there, marshalled according to typographical order. The soul of Aristarchus was warmed with emulation. He studied first proofs with the same delight that the curious study first impressions; and though often in the true Paddean stile, he put the cart before the horse, and corrected the author, where the author was not wrong; yet by this habit of making marks, he contracted a rooted aversion to a copy, however perfect, passing without his annotations.

Having now gained some confidence in his own strength, and being regarded by the trade as a bit of a judge, he set up at once for a corrector of taste, and a censor of literature. His decisions were published with all the insolence of ignorance; and as it would have been vain and even ignominious to reply to his strictures, he long reigned supreme in his

line of criticism; which was wholly confined to single words, points, and transpositions; to the substitution of barbarous brogue and unnatural cadence for sterling English, and pleasing harmony.

THE CONTRAST:

HECATISSA AND AMANDA.

CHARACTERS are a kind of mirrors, in which the mental beauties or defects may be advantageously viewed. But the misfortune is, that the worst deformity of the mind, though a thousand times more disgusting than that of the person, does not strike the party with the same consciousness of defect as a single pimple on the face. What is not immediately visible, or best known to oneself, some are weak enough to imagine may be concealed from others. A Hecatissa has more pride than an Amanda; and notwithstanding the contrast, will still think herself the best entitled to regard.

HECATISSA is not ordinary; and she thinks herself handsome. Vanity and obstinacy have been the grand source of her errors and her misfortunes. Nature gave her a very limited degree of understanding; and education was not called in till too late to improve it. By early indulgence

dulgence she became obstinate and perverse; and her passions being as strong as her reason was weak, her first attachments were low—her mind became debased by the company with which she associated, and thus stamped her character for ever.

She had several admirers at a distance; but acquaintance always dissipated the delusion of her appearance. A temper, naturally violent and unamiable, was inflamed by repeated desertion; and when she found that she could not secure lovers, she determined to be no longer lovely. Jealous, suspicious, and distant, she now views her sincerest friends and most faithful advisers with marked aversion; and frequently treats them with insult. Judging from the depravity of her own heart, she sees, or thinks she sees, a selfish design in the monitions of friendship, and the offers of generosity; and is never so well pleased, as when the low insinuations of interested flattery are directed to the abuse of her own connections, or to confirm the vicious habits and to sanction the inveterate prejudices in which she has indulged.

The ties of blood and the calls of duty are alike ineffectual to restrain her malevolence, or to awaken her feelings. Her feelings indeed are only

only for herself; though affectation and artifice are used to cover the insensibility of her heart. To strangers she can still occasionally wear the mask of affability and good-humour; but a few visits always tears it aside, and the native deformity of her mind appears in its most hideous aspect. Yet never will she confess, or think herself wrong. In her own estimation, she alone acts right; and whoever will not allow this, is immediately branded as an enemy. Indeed she has the vanity to think that mankind are linked in enmity against her, as if she were an object of some consequence in the world's eye; but few regard the ill opinion of Hecatissa; and as for her good opinion, it cannot be won without forfeiting one's own.

Such are the fatal effects of obstinacy grafted on ignorance—of an ill-temper under the influence of a beggarly pride.

AMANDA is rather comely than beautiful. Her looks are the invariable index of her mind: they express mildness and serenity, mixed with the most amiable sensibility.

Tutored in the school of parental authority wisely exerted, she early knew how to bend to circumstances, and patiently to submit to controul. If her study to oblige others, rather than

to please herself, did not appear to be a native impulse of her heart, her behaviour might be ascribed to the effects of education. Instruction, indeed, confirmed the original lovely bias of the mind: it called the latent principles of goodness into action—it improved her taste, and extended her knowledge; but it planted neither—they were the denizens of her breast from her birth.

The best qualities of the heart, however, rather fix friends than gain them. Intimacy alone can appreciate the value of mental charms: the attractions of the person may allure at first sight. Amanda was less anxious to win admirers than to preserve friends. She possessed an easy indifference to neglect or to flattery. If the former at any time was shewn by those unacquainted with her worth, she felt no resentment; if the incense of the latter was offered up to her, it did not intoxicate her senses.

Fearful of offence, she never made an enemy, except among the worthless—studious to please, she never lost a friend among the good. Loved by her connections, with a tenderness as warmly returned; endeared to her intimates by a thousand lovely qualities, and respected by all, whose respect is worth a care, what can human nature wish for more?

Is not Amanda happy, or rather does she not deserve to be so? Yes! that humility which represses sanguine hopes, that equability of temper which common incidents cannot ruffle, that benignity of mind which inspires candour and confidence, give her the best chance and the highest title to the enjoyment of felicity; and who will not join in the wish, that such lovely virtues may never lose their reward!

REFLECTION:

A good temper, joined to a mild disposition, is the only charm that can bind the willing heart—without this, even virtue is unamiable, and beauty disgusting.

Beauty, though we all approve,
Commands our wonder more than love;
While the agreeable strikes sure,
And gives those wounds we cannot cure.

GEOGRAPHY.

IF to enlighten and to enlarge the human mind, to remove the shades of ignorance, and to open fresh avenues of knowledge, be the chief ends of science; none, in my opinion, embraces a wider circle, and offers a more extensive combination of those desirable objects than Geography.

Even its fundamental principles are of the greatest utility in the daily avocations of life. To be well acquainted with the general divisions of land and water, the subdivisions of empires, kingdoms and states, the names of places, and their respective situations, is a branch of knowledge which it is impossible to want without the self-conviction of the grossest ignorance and inattention. But this is one of the least important provinces of Geography. Our acquisitions so far are solely those of memory: the judgment lies dormant, and fancy slumbers.

But when from an acquaintance with the names and terms of the art, we rise to its sublime
contem-

contemplations; when we consider the earth as peopled with various nations; and acquire an insight into their manners, religion, government, and pursuits, then Geography assumes a most attractive form, and fills the mind with ideas worthy of itself.

If we regard this science only as an useful auxiliary to trade, it is no insignificant acquisition. To be well acquainted with the natural and artificial productions of countries, the manufactures, exports and imports, is an important consideration. But the student must not stop here: he must enlarge his conceptions by comparative researches into men and manners: he must trace the origin and influence of laws, the effects of civilization and modes of life through all their obliquities and variety of shades; and while he indulges in those wide speculations, he may from what is good deduce maxims to regulate his own conduct or to enlighten others—from what is bad, he may learn to avoid the errors that human frailty, aided by prejudice, has so abundantly disseminated over the globe—and pity where he cannot admire.

The Hottentot and the Tartar, in the dawn of reason, with barely the features of men, and still remote from civilization and refinement,

will

will afford reflections on what human nature is, devoid of learning and the arts. The absurd theology of barbarous nations, where the fantastic figure of Numbo Jumbo, a snake or an insect, is the object of divine adoration, will display the sublimity of that religion, which is founded on a sense of infinite perfection and almighty power, and refers all to a superintending Providence. The savage institutions of many kingdoms, where man is degraded to the slave, and cruel caprice rather than legitimate authority is the fluctuating rule of action, will teach the value of government founded in law, and supported by social order.

If prejudice has taken hold on the heart,—and where is that heart in which it is totally unknown! it cannot be better eradicated, than by viewing nations under the influence of customs and laws different from our own; yet, perhaps, on inquiry, best adapted to situation, climate, and native predilections.

To confine all excellence to the country in which we were born—to deny merit to all those who do not think and act exactly in the same train as we do, is the defect of a narrow soul; but to love our own country best, and to study to promote its interests, and extend the honour of its

its name, is compatible with the finest feelings, and the most christian Charity. It ennobles us as men and citizens.

In all those points of view, philosophic Geography, to use a new epithet, if duly attended to, will serve for an instructor and guide. In short, it is the science of life and manners, of laws and government; and is as useful to the man, as it is ornamental to the scholar.

NEWSPAPERS.

WOULD parents and tutors be careful to put a well-conducted newspaper in the way of ingenuous youth, they would find it lead to great and rapid improvements in the science of life and manners, with the least possible trouble to themselves. Novelty has sufficient attractions for the young; and such a literary desert might be made a matter of favour, which would give a higher relish to its enjoyment.

The subsequent essay is intended to encourage this mode of promoting juvenile proficiency; and to stimulate the managers of such publications to render them meet for the eye of unsuspecting innocence.

Among the various causes that have contributed to the general diffusion of knowledge in the present age, nothing seems to have been of more importance than the circulation of so many different newspapers. A superficial observer will wonder at this opinion. When he considers what slender abilities are employed in the compilation

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pilation of some, what prejudice is displayed in the conduct of others, and what factious principles are disseminated through this medium, he will, probably, be surpris'd that newspapers should come in for such distinguished applause.

But where is the good that may not be perverted to evil? the blessing that may not be abused? Excess of liberty degenerates into licentiousness—and too great indulgence in the pleasures of the table may prove as fatal as swallowing the most deleterious poisons.

It is well known, that within a few years, papers have been multiplied to an amazing degree; and their characters for learning and elegant composition keep pace with their numbers. Competition begets exertion; and those who hope that their writings shall be read and their labours patronized, study to adorn them with all the charms of polished diction, and the attractive graces of novelty.

The information that newspapers formerly conveyed was trivial; and the circulation was proportionally confined.* The learned, the rich,

* As an object of finance, newspapers at this period are of considerable value. They yield not less than 200,000*l.* annually to the revenue.

or the idle alone, thought of encouraging them, about half a century ago; now all ranks and descriptions of men, read, study, and endeavour to comprehend the intelligence they convey, and too often adopt the principles they recommend without examination; and act on them as if they were sanctioned by irrefragable authority. This, no doubt, is an unfortunate circumstance; but it is in some measure remedied by the contrary opinions of contending journalists; and truth and just sentiment may generally be found, by comparing different statements, and keeping the middle course between both extremes.

It is dangerous for those only who read but one paper, that one paper the vehicle of false principles and delusive reasoning; or where original prejudice gives a wrong bias to the mind; and thus converts even salutary caution to criminal intemperance.

On the other hand, a paper conducted on proper religious and political principles, is calculated to do infinite service, among those more especially, who are incapable of thinking for themselves, and who by habit acquire the sentiments that perpetually meet their eyes, and amuse the vacant hours. And in the country, particularly,
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how many thousands receive what they read in a periodical publication as oracular decisions; and to whom a knowledge of social or moral duty could not otherwise be communicated, as they neglect the established means of instruction.

Hence the importance of journals that preserve these grand objects in view—to illuminate and reform. And from the same consideration may be seen the infamy and guilt of those, who poison the public mind—weaken the faith of revelation—unhinge the ties of moral order, and disseminate opinions subversive of the well-being of civilized society. Could the authors of such publications, whether issuing regularly or occasionally from the press, sit down and consider with a calm attention, what possible ill effects may result from their want of integrity or duty as men and citizens, they would shudder at the reflection.

The solitary vices of men may affect a few; but who can estimate the mischief of public ill example, or atone for its wide-spread effects!

But on the principles of newspapers, perhaps, enough has been said. Their general direction

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is good; and it is to be hoped that much more service is done by the aggregate mass, than evil is occasioned by particular parts.

All—even the worst—in other points of view, tend to convey instruction, and to generalize knowledge. By giving intelligence from every quarter of the globe, they excite inquiries; by displaying the good and bad qualities of other nations, they remove ill-founded prejudices, or confirm deserved aversion. They communicate beneficial discoveries, which would otherwise be lost; they record transactions which engage admiration, or rivet disgust; they warn by example, and instruct by censure. They diffuse taste; they correct prevailing absurdities. They awe the proudest into the conviction of keeping some terms with morality and public opinion. They deter the flagitious from crime, lest they should be held up to the public detestation: and, in fine, they watch over individual and public liberty, which can never be violated with impunity, while the press remains pure and free.

Thus, to the philosophic eye, the diurnal labours of characters undignified by literature, appear capable of more beneficial consequences

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than the abilities of a PLATO, a SOCRATES, or a JOHNSON. May such feel the value of the rank they hold; and never more disgrace it by propagating vice or wilful error, by giving a sanction to the worthless, or by weakening the bands that keep mankind in peace and happiness!

JUVENILE AMUSEMENTS.

A CAREFUL master, on being informed that an unfortunate accident had befallen a young gentleman, at one of the public schools, by an arrow shot into his eye at play, summoned his pupils together, and, after expatiating on this sad misfortune, addressed them in the following terms:

“ Young gentlemen, the love of play is natural to you—it is suited to your years, and salutary to your health; far be it from me, then, to abridge you of pastimes properly selected, and seasonably used. It is my wish to regulate your pleasures, not to restrain them. Whatever is likely to be attended with danger, ceases to be an amusement. Did I not caution you on this head, you might, in case of misfortune, have reason to reflect on me. Think on the melancholy accident I have mentioned, and be warned:

Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

All kinds of play, likewise, where too violent exercise is required, where you risque the extremes of heat and cold, should be avoided, as inimical to health. How often is misery entailed on age by a single imprudence in youth! Violent exercise cannot be called pastime. Whenever we labour, it should be to forward some useful end; to do good to ourselves, or to benefit others.

“When DANGER and EXCESS are guarded against, the field is open to you; and the ingenuity of youth, in so many preceding ages, has invented numerous sports, to exercise without fatigue, and to amuse without endangering. Chuse which you will, under the above restrictions—vary them as often as you please—for variety is a source of pleasure—from me you shall have no obstruction. To see you happy shall be my delight—but to see you safe, is my duty.

“There are, however, occasionally, many hours, after you have obtained a passport to play, by punctually performing your tasks, in which several kinds of relaxation will be agreeable to an ingenious youth, which cannot be collectively pursued. That pastime, in which numbers are concerned, and which may be denominated corporeal,

corporeal, should, at intervals, give way to intellectual pleasures, which are only to be found in solitary study, or in select society.

Bad weather will give a charm to reading books of entertainment and instruction. This taste, indeed, ought to be early cultivated; as it forms the principal enjoyment of the lonely man through life, and is the only solace of decrepid age.

“ A turn for drawing, painting, or music, is likewise deserving encouragement in youth. It often keeps them from idle or vicious pursuits, and fills up the blanks of life with elegant entertainment. Let me, therefore, recommend some attention to those studies, not as tasks prescribed, but as pleasing amusements.

“ In very early youth, active pleasures, and those which are wholly corporeal, are not to be blamed: they strengthen the constitution, and fit it for the discharge of manly employments. But when the judgment makes some advances to maturity, the mind and the body should divide the leisure hour; and pleasure and improvement go hand in hand.”

The pupils listened to their master with becoming attention; and ever after were extremely orderly even in play. They shunned danger—

they avoided excess, and not a few of them, from this benevolent and judicious recommendation, preferred mental improvement to desultory play, even when the choice was free.

Salutary advice, when dexterously applied, makes a deep and lasting impresson on youth. The mind, while ductile, may be moulded to any shape: but let habits once gain an ascendancy by indulgence, even reason itself will be found inefficient to remove them.

THE SLAVE OF OPINION.

HAPPINESS is not too prodigally distributed among men; yet how much more general are its gifts than we are taught to believe, or are willing to enjoy. Would we be guided by the genuine unbiaſſed dictates of the heart, and treat the opinion of others with indifference, it would be much leſs difficult to obtain felicity, nor would its poſſeſſion be ſo precarious. Carried away, however, by a conformity to miſtaken maxims of human action, we forfeit our own peace; and ſeem more ſolicitous to be miſerable, that others may not think us ſo, than to be happy, and to feel our enjoyments.

FLEXOSUS, after receiving a finiſhed education, came into the poſſeſſion of a very moderate eſtate at the age of twenty-four. He had early been taught to ſacrifice all to appearances, and to act in conformity to the ſilly rules which fashion impoſes on her votaries. His good ſenſe told him he might have reputably and pleaſantly

increased his scanty income by following a profession or a trade. But he was born a gentleman; and what would the world think of his demeaning himself by pursuing the road to gain? He gave up an idea so derogatory to his dignity; and to shew that he was a gentleman launched out into expenses beyond his finances—kept horses and dogs—became a keen sportsman, and a hard drinker; though he had no relish for the turbulent sports of the field, and was naturally averse to every species of intemperance. But he conceived he must act like other young men of his age, or what would the world think?

He fell violently in love with a young lady of the most amiable disposition, and the most accomplished manners; but destitute of that grand recommendation—a fortune. Passion for a long time blinded him to this deficiency. Affection became mutual and sincere. The match at last was talked of among his friends; and the opinion of the world was against its propriety—for what is the most exalted merit without a fortune in its estimation! He listened to its sage and selfish principles—he felt, indeed, a fortune would be very useful—but at the same time he was conscious, that his passion was too strongly rooted to
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be overcome without a struggle. Had he consulted his own feelings in this affair, he knew that he could have been happier with Aspasia in a cot, than with any other woman in a palace. But he was born the slave of opinion—and, hard as the conflict was, he determined to take his leave of her, rather than oppose the sentiments of others, who had no interest in his choice.

Finding that he could not be happy in his own way, he formed the resolution never to marry. Here again his determination was combated. A young gentleman of his figure was entitled to a wealthy bride. He was given to understand, that his affairs would be ruined, and his reputation sink, if he did not provide himself with a help-mate to manage his domestic concerns. As he had already sacrificed so much to opinion, he listened again to the world's suggestions! An old virgin, without a virtue to adorn her mind, or a charm to beautify her face, was singled out for him by his officious friends, because she had the sterling merit of a large independent fortune. It was roundly insinuated to him, that now was his time to become rich and respectable. Happiness was never thought of: it is commonly deemed a chimera. He was induced to visit this antiquated

maiden—he paid his addresses with coolness—they were returned with affected warmth. He would have rather courted than married; but it was whispered, if he did not strike while the iron was hot, he might lose his chance; and the world would call him a fool. That was too much to bear. He married—obtained a fortune, and the character of being a prudent man—but he forfeited his happiness for ever.

His lady, regarding him as younger than herself, instead of considering that this naturally imposed on her the necessity of greater condescension, thought it gave her a title to exercise controul; and she gloried in its use. If he was cheerful, she was jealous and reserved; if distressed, she would hum a tune, to shew her contempt. She had just sense enough to discover that she had not pretensions to engage his affections, and she was wicked enough not to study to deserve them.

FLEXOSUS became negligent of himself, and indifferent about his fate; yet, though home grew every day more intolerable to him, what could he do? The opinion of the world, which he had paid so dearly for obtaining, he was unwilling to lose. He thought, indeed, of a separation, which

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in fact had long taken place in heart between both; but how was it to be carried into effect? He was weak enough to wish to please every body; and he knew that when any two people quarrel, the most worthless is always favoured by the crowd. This deterred him, for he was the dupe of opinion still; but had not death very opportunely carried off the cause of his misery, it was probable he might for once have had resolution to determine for himself.

Here again we find FLEXOSUS at liberty. He had gained experience—dear-bought experience. What effect had it on his conduct! The lady for whom his heart first knew the tenderness of love, and whom he had inspired with a mutual passion, was still unmarried. She knew not how to practise the casuistry, that promises duty without affection. Her principles had kept her single.

In decent time he began to think of renewing his acquaintance with this amiable woman. He hoped she might still be brought to pardon his weak compliance with the advice which occasioned his dereliction of her. But how was he to avow his sentiments? He did not, indeed, want a fortune so much as formerly; but the maxim is—one fortune ought to gain another.

This mercenary logic was constantly dinned in his ears. To prove a fool at forty, would be inexcuseable—in early youth, some allowance is to be made for the force of passion. Alas! he found that the world would not allow him this plea, at the season when its maxims did not forbid; and how was he to obtain its sanction when years had rendered him mature? The thought distracted him: he discovered the impossibility of being happy in reality, and of being thought so: he dashed the cup of felicity from his lips, at the moment he might have tasted of its sweets. When we lose the hope of being happy, we begin to deserve to be miserable. FLEXOSUS now gave himself up to the destructive vice of intoxication. The ravages of an hereditary gout were accelerated by intemperance; and he soon fell a martyr to disease.

Such is the short history of a man, whom nature formed for happiness, had he not renounced her smiles. And few are there, who have gained any experience in life, but will find some parallel between FLEXOSUS and themselves. How many thousands, in all ages, have sacrificed the tranquil joys of life to empty sound; and have suffered themselves to be diverted from bliss, when it courted their stay.

The opinion of the world, is, indeed, worth securing, when it can be done with a due regard to justice and ourselves; but when it runs counter to the unalterable bias of the mind, and substitutes chimeras instead of rational enjoyments, a wise man will learn to despise it, and dare to be happy in its spite.

BIOGRAPHY.

TO contemplate the lives of eminent persons, impartially delineated by the hand of a master, is not only a pleasing but a profitable study. By it we become acquainted with the illustrious names of antiquity, and may fancy ourselves admitted into their venerable society. We may thus accompany a SOLON and a LYCURGUS, in their legislative labours; hear a PLATO and a SOCRATES philosophize, and a HOMER and a VIRGIL sing. Or, descending to more modern times, and exulting in those who have been the honour of our own country, and of human nature, we may associate with a BACON and a LOCKE, a NEWTON, a MILTON and a POPE.

From the amiable or elevated character, as it falls under our review, we may catch the love of virtue, or the glow of emulation; from the sanguinary tyrant and the worthless minion, we may learn to set a due value on those qualities which conciliate esteem, and to detest the pests of society,

ciety, and the enemies of mankind, however exalted their rank.

Biography is farther valuable; because it cannot fail having some effect on the most unprincipled. The thought of being handed down to posterity in colours of infamy, must frequently check the vicious machination, and stay the atrocious deed. A love of fame is implanted in our nature for the wisest and noblest ends. Few possess that magnanimity which can render them indifferent to applause, or are so sunk in crimes as to treat reputation with contempt.

When the good are loaded with obloquy, or have their views and conduct misinterpreted, they look forward to the impartial tribunal of time, and feel that they may safely abide its award. But the ignominy that attends the abandoned through life, is preserved in the historic page; and callous must that heart be to generous emotions, that will not revolt at the idea of merited and eternal infamy.

The praise paid to desert is a great spur to human action. In recording the lives of those who have benefited or enlightened mankind, commendation should be paid with no niggardly hand. The flowers we strew on the grave of merit, will prove the most grateful incense to
living

living worth. How often has the sight of a monument in Westminster Abbey inspired the martial enthusiasm, the zeal of patriotism, or the emulation of genius! There are generous passions in the soul of man that only want to be roused into action. Even a well written amiable life has prompted numbers to live well.

Need I, therefore, recommend an attention to biography! From Plutarch's Lives, to the pocket Biographical Dictionary, I think all writings of this kind are highly valuable, as setting examples to imitate, or erecting beacons to avoid.

THE MARVELLOUS.

A FRAGMENT.

YOUNG persons in general are highly delighted with romantic descriptions and wonderful adventures. When these set probability at defiance, they are certainly harmless; and may be entertaining. I have selected a specimen from a work of this kind: if it please, I may, perhaps, furnish more.

“As my travels are unquestionably a series of wonders, the reader will not be surpris'd to hear, that I met with a plum-pudding-tree, within twenty paces of the shore; and had I been able to procure a buttock of beef, I might at last have dined in a very substantial and satisfactory stile. The beautiful tree, which produces the plum-pudding fruit, rises only to the height of twenty feet; the leaves are shaped like those of a cabbage, but a great deal larger; the branches which
spread

spread in all directions from the stem, bend in the middle, and almost touch the ground with their extremities; and on almost every twig hangs a plum-pudding, which seems to be formed by the concoction of various juices exuding from every part of the tree. Strange as it may appear, this food when analyzed, exactly resembled that which English hospitality serves up at sabbatical dinners, except that it was far more delicious and nutritive.

“ With this new acquisition, I was delighted above measure; and could I have transported myself into England with a good stock of these plants, and been successful in their cultivation, I should have thought myself the happiest of men, and in the fairest way of making a fortune; since I have always observed, that he who gratifies the appetite, will ever be more honoured and encouraged, than he who rectifies the will, and improves the mind.

“ Having replenished the stomach, I set out on adventures, determined, if possible, to discover some human creatures with whom I might associate, however barbarous their manners, and repelling their features. As I proceeded from the shore, serpents began to hiss, and monkeys to chatter

chatter round me; but neither intimidated by past dangers, nor too apprehensive of future ones, I boldly pushed on, in expectation of seeing the abodes of men, which from the number of paths to be traced, I concluded were at no great distance.

“ At last, the wished-for prospect, as I imagined, opened to my sight. I beheld a vast number of conical structures, covering the whole extent of a spacious plain; and to them I advanced with alacrity, hoping to be able, by my address, to secure a favourable reception, or at least to escape punishment for my intrusion. When I had reached the first building, I was surprised to find, that its entrance was no larger than would admit a cat. I immediately concluded I was got among the Lilliputians; and this lessening my fear, though it did not much increase my pleasure, I knocked at the door without hesitation. A confused murmur issued from within; but nothing like the voice of man saluted my ears. I knocked again; the murmur increased; and almost in an instant, an army of that species of ants called *termites*, poured out with the most malignant aspects, and seemed advancing to attack me. I started back with consternation; and

and fled to the next building:—its inhabitants were of the same species, and were likewise alarmed. Legions of these insects, as large as rabbits, advanced to the spot where I stood; the whole ground was darkened with their numbers; and had I not made the utmost speed to escape, by plunging into an adjoining river, and swimming across, I am certain I should have been devoured by those determined and dangerous animals.

Frustrated in my expectation of finding human society, and concluding that none could exist in such a vicinity, I travelled forward for some days, allowing only a proper time for rest and food, without meeting with any signs of humanity—the tracks I had formerly observed, appearing now to be those of the *termites*, and not of men. On the sixth day of my peregrination, I ascended a lofty hill, shaded with the most beautiful evergreens, whose branches were loaded with a profusion of fruits, delicious as the fabled ambrosia. At small intervals ran rivulets, rich as nectar, which, uniting their streams at the bottom of the hill, formed a spacious lake that shone with the lustre of diamonds, reflected in the solar ray. My eyes were dazzled by the brilliancy of the prospect;

prospect; my senses were ravished; and I should have conjectured this could be no other than the terrestrial paradise, had I not always read that it was situated in another quarter of the globe.

I continued to solace myself with the divine repasts this hill supplied, till I was quite satiated with enjoyment. My recollection began to be lost. I sat down with silent acquiescence in my solitary fate; or rather, I forgot that I was a mortal, and that all pleasure was very imperfect without the charms of friendship and society.

“ This agreeable delirium gradually increased, owing I suppose to the nature of my food, till at last I lost myself, and had neither perception of pleasure or pain. How long I continued in this state of apathy is unknown: but after an indefinite space, I felt reason rushing to the citadel she had deserted. I lifted up my eyes, and beheld myself seated on a barren rock, amid a thirsty plain. The agreeable illusion I had formerly enjoyed was totally dissipated: instead of nectar and ambrosia, I could not discover a wild berry to eat, or water to drink. Feeble and dejected, I set out again in hopes of meeting with some good to atone for my late disappointment. I crossed rivers, and traversed vallies. Wild beasts
howled

howled around me; and nature seemed to put on her most frightful aspect to deter me from proceeding.

“ The scene again changed. The earth became clothed with fertility; and I entered a country cultivated with the utmost care. Now I made myself certain of human society. At a distance I discovered something like a city; but so enormous were the buildings, that they appeared like castles rather than private habitations.

At this sight, I summoned up all my resolution; practised new modes of address, and looks of submission, to conciliate the affection of the beings I was about to visit. As I approached the city, I found it walled, and fortified with uncommon strength. A gate appeared at one end, and to it I advanced, and knocked for admission. A voice terrible as the roaring of a lion answered; and the doors flying open in an instant, I beheld two porters, of the most gigantic stature, each having two heads. I now repented of my temerity; but repentance was too late. One of the porters took me up between his finger and his thumb; and examining my conformation, seemed to present me to his companion with a
grin

grin of self-congratulation. The other appeared to point out my defect in having only one head; and holding me out on the palm of his hand, spoke in a language I did not understand, though I conjectured he was inquiring whence I came, and how I happened to be so diminutive and deformed."

ENIGMA II.

NOW I will entertain you with an enigma.
 But mind—whoever solves it first, shall
 have the privilege of asking for another, on some
 future opportunity. I expect you will all be
 attentive, that you may deserve this indulgence.

Each lovely virtue in its turn,
 Embronzed vice has dar'd to spurn;
 The dearest ties that bind the heart,
 Affection's glow and friendship's part,
 And honour's law, and justice rule,
 Have prov'd the butts of ridicule.

But me no tongue dar'd e'er defame,
 No slander stain my spotless name,
 For those who most my claims neglect,
 In others treat me with respect.

Where love the virtues to reside,
 There I exist in conscious pride;
 With generous passions closely bound,
 A lustre I diffuse around;

And

And when the heart obeys my call,
Deserv'd esteem it gains from all.

By me the poor may ease the debts
Which liberal charity begets;
By me beneficence repay,
And prove a right to favour's ray.

To Heav'n from all I'm justly due,
But pride, the claim will scarce allow;
And pride to man full oft denies
My incense and my sacrifice:
Yet favours granted—mercy shewn,
From God or man, I love to own.

Harry hemmed and hawed—he felt the force of the word, but could not express it. Is it *goodness*? said *Will*.—No; exclaimed his brother *Jack*. Is it *thankfulness*? said *George*. You have nearly guessed it—can you find a word synonymous, or bearing the same meaning? No; said all—but in an instant GRATITUDE occurred, and it solved the difficulty.

B O T A N Y.

WALKING along the banks of a river, where the meandering stream in some places had a motion scarcely perceptible, a bed of white water lilies, the *nymphaea alba*, reared their beautiful heads to meet the sun. My little companion was struck with this novel sight. “What fine flower is this?” said he.—I acquainted him with its name, and explained its habitudes, as well as I could reduce them to his understanding.

A little farther, we observed that most elegant aquatic, the water gladiole, the *butomus* of Linnaeus. He was quite in raptures with its beautiful appearance; and nothing would satisfy him but to have one of its stalks. “This is still prettier than the water lily,” said he.—It is, my dear, a very handsome plant; but how many beautiful plants constantly meet your eye, and solicit your attention; and yet, because they are common, you take no notice of them. “Well,” observed he, “I shall be pleased to notice them,
and

and to know all their names. Are they of any use?"—Yes, their uses in medicine, food, the arts and manufactures, are numerous and important; and you cannot pursue a more delightful study than to become acquainted with them. This science is termed Botany. It may, as an elegant author observes, be stiled the art of making a walk agreeable; for every step presents a new page, every field a new chapter, and every change of soil a new book. The neglected down, the cultivated plain, the flowery meadow, the tinkling rill, the shady wood, and even the impassable morasses, afford elegant or curious specimens of plants, which may either amuse or instruct.

In a pursuit so innocent, and at the same time so useful, I shall be happy to direct you. But Botany is not the acquisition of a day, nor can a proper knowledge of it be acquired in the school or the closet. It has this advantage over most studies, that in prosecuting your researches, you unite health with pleasure; and when tired with more important sedentary engagements, you may launch out into the field or the garden, and there revel in all the luxuries of vegetable nature.

I can only explain to you the general outlines of this science, one of the most fashionable, and

I will venture to say one of the most rational amusements of the present times. The great father of Botany was Linnæus, a very learned and persevering Swede, who flourished in this age. This illustrious student of nature reduced the immense mass of vegetation to scientific rules; and rendered that easy and pleasant which before him was the avocation of a long life assiduously employed. To effect this desirable end, he distributed all vegetables into twenty-four classes—these classes he divided into orders—the orders he subdivided into genera, and the genera into species.

I shall now give you the names of the classes; and if you will commit them to memory, the next walk we take, I shall explain their significations, and illustrate them by such specimens as we find in our way.

The twenty-four vegetable classes of Linnæus.

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| I. | Monandria. |
| II. | Diandria. |
| III. | Triandria. |
| IV. | Tetrandria. |
| V. | Pentandria. |
| VI. | Hexandria. |
| VII. | Heptandria. |
| VIII. | Octandria. |
| IX. | Enneandria. |
| X. | Decandria. |
| XI. | Dodecandria. |
| XII. | Icofandria. |
| XIII. | Polyandria. |
| XIV. | Didynamia. |
| XV. | Tetradynamia. |
| XVI. | Monadelphia. |
| XVII. | Diadelphia. |
| XVIII. | Polyadelphia. |
| XIX. | Syngenesia. |
| XX. | Gynandria. |
| XXI. | Monoecia. |
| XXII. | Dioccia. |
| XXIII. | Polygamia. |
| XXIV. | Cryptogamia. |

These names, at first, may seem uncouth; but you know Greek enough to perceive that they are all taken from that language; and they are the most expressive that can possibly be invented. The terms are derived from the parts of fructification, which must be next explained.

Some of the successors of Linnæus have distributed the classes Gynandria, Monoecia, Dioecia, and Polygamia among the rest. They pretend to say, that this simplifies the study. Were this arrangement universally adopted, it might be so; but in my opinion, some confusion is introduced, by the lovers of the science taking different sides in the question.

Now, what do you think of Botany? "I admire it very much, and wish to understand it."—I am glad of it; and as oral instruction would be too tedious, I shall call in the aid of books, that you may study at your leisure, and that you may only have occasion to apply to me, when you are at a loss to comprehend them.

INDEPENDENCE.

ENDEAVOUR to secure a moderate independence, because it is the preservative and the guardian of virtue. I am far from recommending solely an attention to the acquirement of property: the independence of principle is of more value; and if joined with a moderate share of the former, it will procure generous effects which the mere possession of money can never do.

The man who is actuated by this principle, will never stoop to meanness: he knows his own worth; he bounds his desires by his allotments; and will neither bend to the froward, nor prostitute the dignity of human nature by tame or base compliances.

Examine mankind—observe the immense numbers who cringe for that bread their own industry and œconomy might obtain for them—who earn a precarious subsistence, scorned by their superiors whom they flatter, and scarcely envied by their inferiors whom they foolishly deride. If

this contemplation does not affect you—if the misery of servility does not rouse you to seek resources in yourself, I know no ignominy that could disgrace you—I know no vice that could sink you lower in the scale of human estimation.

It is of less consequence than is generally supposed, what quantum of fortune is our's. To make it suffice, is the grand art of living; and the smaller it is, the more merit belongs to those who can make it satisfy their wants. No person who is loaded with debts, or whose extravagance impels him to exceed his income, whatever nominal property he may have, can be called independent. He is the slave of his creditors, the dupe of the designing, and his liberty may possibly be at the mercy of those on whom he looks down with an affected contempt. The virtue of such men may be undermined by the slightest temptations; and their freedom depends on the caprice of others. But they who aspire to a virtuous independence of character, suited to their circumstances, and adapted to their condition, can never feel the want of that splendor they do not covet, or be reduced to that subjection, both of body and mind, which is equally inimical to happiness and to merit.

ORMAH.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

LET pride be humbled in the dust! let the arm of Omnipotence be universally acknowledged to over-rule the actions of men! and let every murmur at the dispensations of Providence, be silenced at the reflection of their justice!

ORMAH, the son of Coulor, the sovereign of nations, was very early one of the most accomplished young men of the east: he was born to the expectation of wealth, and the exercise of power; but his heart was soon elated with the consciousness of rank, and the pageantry of shew; and he forgot that authority is no longer desirable than while it is obeyed through love; and that no state is less enviable than that which excites at once fear and contempt.

No sooner was he seated on the throne of his paternal dominions, than he assumed an air very

different from that which is the result of true dignity. His commands were delivered in menaces, rather than in words; his edicts were thundered with the awe of irrevocable severity; and every appearance he made in public was only a prelude to violence, rapine, and murder.

Restrained by no ideas of justice, and controuled by no advice, he sought for gratification only from the display of arbitrary power; and dreaded nothing so much as the imputation of pusillanimity and irresolution. The prime vizier was disgraced and banished for daring to open his lips in defence of an innocent person, whom Ormah had condemned to death, without offering even a shadow of reason for the severity of such a decree; and every good, and every conscientious man, under his government, either deplored in private the misery of his situation, or met inevitable fate in daring to oppose it. Such was the unhappy disposition of the sovereign whom Providence had placed at the head of millions of subjects, that in a few years after his assuming the reins of government, he had not a man in his dominions, whose heart was warm in his interest through love, or attached to his person through gratitude. His palace was only filled with the abandoned ministers of his vengeance, and the
abject

abject vassals of his power. He beheld with horror the desertion of his court; and uttered menaces of revenge, and denunciations of the severest wrath, at being prevented from the exercise of his former power; and, as sovereign sway was, in his estimation, of no value, without being displayed in acts of tyranny and despotism, he issued an order for every minister under his government to attend his person on an appointed day, on pain of the utmost severity that offended majesty could inflict. The orders at first were heard with terror; and irresolution seized on every dependent on the throne. In a short time the consternation which they had occasioned sunk into settled deliberation; and as the transition from fear to hate is only a natural consequence, a conspiracy was formed against the Sultan Ormah, and resistance to his commands resolved on by the unanimous concurrence of thousands, whom only the fame of his cruelty had yet reached. To strengthen their hands, and ensure success to their undertakings, they applied to a neighbouring prince to espouse their cause, and to lead them on to deliverance or death.

Between regal powers, jealousy and secret hate generally subsist: an occasion to weaken or to ensnare one another will always be eagerly

sought; and honour, which ought to be more sacred, and more binding in the higher ranks of life, will be often sacrificed to party revenge, personal pique, or selfish and interested views. His neighbour, Abdallah, thought this a valuable opportunity of aggrandizing his power, and extending his dominions. He embraced, with eagerness, the execution of the plan which was offered to him; and before Ormah could be apprized of the revolt of his subjects, he had marched an army of a hundred thousand men into the heart of his kingdom. The servile attendants on the person of Ormah dreaded to inform him of an event so fatal to his authority, and so dangerous to his person; and although rumours were spread abroad over all the imperial city and palace, that a conspiracy was formed, and ripe for execution, they tried to amuse him with a belief that these reports were groundless, and that they were well assured he might expect to see his officers appear on the day appointed for their attendance, to court his smiles, and acknowledge an implicit obedience to his will.

Mankind are easily induced to believe what they wish. The weary traveller of the desert thinks, at the utmost extent of vision, he can discover the rising grove, or the winding stream:

he proceeds on his journey, and is disappointed; yet hope again relieves him, and amuses him with surer belief. Such was the mind of Ormah: he could not shut his ears against the voice of truth, and the warnings of approaching danger; but he endeavoured to suppress their operations by indulging the delusions of hope; and rested his confidence, when he could no longer exert his power, on those whom he only regarded as the slaves of his will; and who, in their turns, despised him, as the object of their terror.

Abdallah, by hasty marches, in a few days reached the capital; and Ormah, in confusion and despair, the very next morning on which he expected to receive the homage of his subjects, and the adulation of his court, saw it completely invested. A heart conscious of its own demerits, on such an occasion, must suffer every pang. Bravery never associates with cruelty: nor can resolution be united to tyrannic oppression.

Ormah neither tried to divert the storm by activity, nor to combat it with composure. He neither expostulated with his attendants, who were about to desert him, for their deceit; nor did he consult with them how to act: he was distracted, and unresolved. He knew that his commands would carry no weight with them; that

that it was in vain to attempt to arm men who owed him neither allegiance nor regard. He ran raving round the palace; and bewailed his fate, with expressions which denoted the most abject debasement of mind; at last he resolved to change his dress, and to attempt his escape. Without making a single person privy to his design, he sallied out of his palace in the habit of a peasant; and by the insignificance of his appearance, attracted no notice, and underwent no examination from the soldiers of his enemy, through whose ranks he was obliged to pass.

Without any particular road in view, he travelled on with the utmost speed, till darkness and fatigue obliged him to look about for a place to rest in. As fearful of seeing the face of a subject, as of an enemy, he studiously avoided their dwellings; and subsisted on the spontaneous produce of the earth, which luxury had before taught him to despise, but were now rendered delicious by necessity. To exceed the bounds of his own dominions was his only fixed object.

For many days he allowed himself but a short time to rest; till at length, certain that he must have far exceeded the limits of the kingdoms he had once ruled, and at the same time being exhausted (with unremitting fatigue, he made up to

a cave

a cave which he saw on the side of a verdant hill, over which he was travelling. He found it by nature formed as a convenient retreat to conceal misery and fallen power; and there he determined to take up his abode. The herbs and the roots which the vicinity of the cave afforded, supplied him with food; and a crystal spring at a small distance slaked his thirst.

In such a situation the passions of malevolence could not be exercised, nor the heart elated with pageantry and grandeur. The mind of Ormah retired within itself; he saw its deformity, and blushed; he thought of the power he had lost, and acknowledged the justice of the Eternal. He beheld, in its proper light, the nature of that authority he had been born to, and with the deepest humility confessed the unworthy use he had made of it; and though he knew it was now too late either to prove the sincerity of his reformation, or atone for the tyranny of his oppression, he resolved, by a life of austerity, and the service of Alla, to shew his contrition, and to regain the favour of Heaven.

For several years he continued in the practice of every religious duty, and the mortification of every lust. The rising sun heard his supplications
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to the Prophet; and the twinkling stars at night bore witness to his contrition.

One morning, as he arose unusually early, and was offering up his adorations with all the fervour of penitential devotion, on a sudden, an old man, of a most venerable appearance, whose silver beard descended far on his breast, stood before the astonished Ormah, and thus addressed him:

“ Son of the dust! though born to the sovereignty of nations, the Prophet has seen your contrition, and has accepted your prayers. You have found the fallacy of the maxims by which you formerly ruled, and experience will teach you wisdom. Your neighbour Abdallah, after usurping your government, and committing a series of cruelties, in which he but too nearly resembled yourself, is now removed to the banks of the eternal stream; and the chiefs of your dominions are earnest in their inquiries after you, that the crown may not descend to the family of the usurper, but still remain in the regal line of your ancestors. I will conduct you this instant to your palace, and replace you on the throne.”

Before the confounded Ormah could make any reply, he found himself seated on a sofa, in the

midst of his palace, and surrounded by his nobles, whom his venerable companion thus addressed, "Behold, in your sovereign Ormah, a memorable instance of the justice of the Eternal, and of the omnipotence of his power. He has been tried and approved by the immortal Alla, and will be no longer your tyrant, but your father." Then, turning to Ormah—"Remember," said he, "and let it be engraved upon the crown of every monarch upon earth, THAT GOVERNMENT IS ONLY A POWER DELEGATED FOR THE HAPPINESS OF MANKIND; and, to that end, must be conducted by wisdom, justice, and mercy."

With these words he disappeared, and left Ormah and his nobles in mutual wonder and awe. He was immediately acknowledged by all his subjects; and, at their earnest request, took upon him the exercise of power, and the reins of government: and, by a faithful observance of the maxims of his venerable instructor, endeared himself not only to his own subjects, but to those of kingdoms very remote.

Yet amidst the applause he received, and continued to deserve, he scrupled not to acknowledge, that his hours of solitude and humiliation were the most glorious parts of his life; since in
them

them he had learned to know himself, and to be serviceable to mankind.

After many happy years, he died universally lamented and respected; his body was embalmed, and placed in the tomb of his ancestors; and the name of Ormah is still famous in the East; and never mentioned but with respect, veneration, and regret.

RAISING AND DISAPPOINTING
EXPECTATIONS.

TO raise expectations and to dash them, after the mind has been long habituated to indulge on the pleasing dream, is a refinement of malice that would do honour to the ingenuity of demons. From such a nefarious practice the generous would shrink with horror, the honest revolt with disdain; and none but the unfeeling and the unprincipled could think of it without the self-consciousness of a turpitude too base to be named.

To do all the good in your power is only performing a duty. When a favour is conferred on a deserving object, you most particularly oblige yourself. To be satisfied with the poor, the negative merit of doing neither good nor harm, may save you from detestation, though it cannot procure esteem; but should you encourage false hopes, and practise on the unsuspecting to deceive, you do an injury for which you can
never

never atone; and if you have any conscience you wound it to the core.

The courtier's promise, the lover's vow, and fashion's smile, are proverbial for their insincerity; but the frequency and justice of this remark can never lessen the infamy of those who deserve it; for till right and wrong are lost in undistinguishable confusion, truth will still be the ornament of human nature—and falsehood its disgrace.

But it is not only by words and smiles that a person may deceive. Hope may be wafted on a breath—it may be founded on a look—it may be sanctioned by minute regards which it would argue insensibility rather than vanity not to understand and apply. A number of slender circumstances combining to favour the delusion of expectation, so natural to the human breast, may amount to absolute demonstration; and mean is the subterfuge of a cautious suppression of words, or of freedom from the legal forms of agreement.

However fashionable insincerity may be, still pride yourself on adhering to the golden maxims of truth. This conduct will secure your own peace of mind, it will promote the happiness of your connections, and render you estimable and esteemed.

esteemed. The smoothness of hypocrisy, and the gloss of artifice, may obtain you the character of being a man of the world; but they will debar you from ever reaching the character of being a good man.

Be scrupulously attached to your word—this is no more than common justice; be also careful not to excite hopes which you either cannot or mean not to gratify. Whether this is done by direct profession, or indirect innuendo, the guilt and the misery are the same. Numbers, whose unsuspecting innocence have rendered them credulous, and whom it is the greater villainy to deceive, have forfeited every sublunary joy by an insinuation from the artful, or a promise from the unprincipled. The virtuous mind is averse to suspicion; it is only a long habitude with vice, and a conscious sense of moral depravity, that teaches the low caution of distrust, and the vigilance of jealousy.

In the soft intercourse of hearts which cannot exist without a virtuous confidence, how base is it to dissemble! In such a case as this, to plant the tender shoots of hope, and not to nourish them, or to pluck them up again, is to tear the faithful heart, whose fibres cling round them,
and

and to cloud the eye that beams, perhaps, with the pure splendours of a generous love.

But cases might be multiplied without end, where deception is frequently fatal—and surely it is always criminal. Be extremely cautious, then, of inspiring hope; but when once you have encouraged its delightful visions in others, if possible, never frustrate its reasonable expectations. Remember, that truth and sincerity are virtues which will dignify the lowest station; while no splendour of birth, no accumulation of honours or wealth, can compensate for their want. These, indeed, will render the deficiency more conspicuous and deplorable; for greatness should always be united to superior goodness.

HEALTH.

H E A L T H.

Guard the dear boon—for know, that rosy health,
Exceeds of either IND the treasur'd wealth.

THOUGH an attention to the art of regaining lost health is properly the province of the physician, no one ever preserved it long, or enjoyed it entirely, who did not pay some regard to its safety himself. But the greatest sublunary bliss is often treated with indifference while present—and when once gone, no care, no entreaty can always recal it.

The young, born on the wings of ardent hope, and eager in the pursuit of pleasure, often draw so largely on the fund of health, that they become bankrupts before they reach the noon of life; and thus entail misery on a vast number of days, by the imprudent expenditure of a few hours. But can such complain that nature is unkind, when the fault resides in themselves?

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There are, indeed, some constitutions so extremely delicate, some habits so excessively irritable, that it is almost impossible to pass through the changes of seasons, and to fill up any place in society, without feeling the frame affected, or the mind unhinged, however carefully the one may be guarded by temperance, and the other by reason. Such persons are much to be pitied, because they are born to be unhappy; and inhuman must that heart be, that will not endeavour to alleviate those ills which defy cure, and can only be palliated by the attentions of friendship, and soothed by the tenderness of love. But delicacy of constitution, and excessive sensibility of mind, may, with proper precautions at an early age, be meliorated, though they cannot be wholly overcome. The body may be strengthened by moderate and regular exercise, and by a prompt attention to those minute springs that actuate the human machine. The mind also may be diverted from brooding on ills, by indulging in harmless gaiety and cheerful society. This, indeed, will not lessen its susceptibility, but it will render its sensations more diversified. Of this the valetudinary may be assured, that whatever increases the vigour of the frame, gives also a tension to
the

the mental powers; for matter and mind, by the laws of their inseparable union, act reciprocally on each other.

But it is to the young I address myself. Ye who now feast on the blissful fruition of health, who are just entering on the exercise of all your faculties, fresh and unimpaired, and promise yourselves years of enjoyment, pause for a moment, before you determine on your course of life, and reflect, that ye may not be deceived! In every thing avoid excess; and let temperance be your constant guest. View with horror the mad jollity of intoxication—appreciate the dignity of man; and never sink to the nature of the beast. Value health as the first good; and never wantonly forfeit it by the momentary pleasure, nor think that when once lost, it may be recovered with ease.

See that fallow complexion, that death-like eye, that faltering step, in the very opening of manhood. Know, that wretched being was too eager to enjoy; and surfeited at the feast which might have satisfied for years. He rises from the table with regret—he repents of his folly—but repentance is vain—he still envies though he cannot enjoy—and with the natural love of life, is mixed the hope and the fear of death. His course

is not naturally run; but he is suddenly arrested in his career. He looks forward to the goal he might have reached—and sinks into the arms of despair.

Observe that cripple, tottering on crutches; with scarcely a foot he dares to print on the ground. His features are contorted with pain—the gout preys on his joints—the stone racks his loins. At intervals of ease he affects jocularity—the next moment he writhes with agony; yet he was once the pride of festivity, and the president of mirth. “He lingered long at the wine,” he kept the table in a roar. He broke a jest as often as he emptied a glass. He toasted his friends till he could not distinguish them from his foes. His constitution gave him repeated admonitions that it could not bear him through, if he did not desist. It was strong, but it would not submit to be abused—it would be a servant, but not a slave. It argued and warned in vain; and being now broken by intemperance, reproaches him for his imprudence, and shrinks even from frugal enjoyments. He has doomed the remainder of his life to misery—and, perhaps, left hereditary disease as the unalienable portion of his posterity.

Such

Such views “feelingly convince us what we are.” Are you startled at the picture—does your bosom beat for happiness—has old age and comfort charms? learn to avoid excess—and early limit the delusions of joy.

The *mens sana in corpore sano* is all that a wise man should really covet of temporal goods, or can always enjoy. This cannot be bought with wealth, nor will it listen to the solicitations of pomp. In this respect, Providence has been impartially just. All ranks are alike qualified for the fruition of health—and none can be happy without it. What is indispensably necessary to the well-being of all, is equally distributed among all creation's sons.

POETRY—A REFUGE FROM PAIN.

IN a world where pain is unavoidable, and much misery is intermixed with a small share of fugitive pleasure, to be able to bear the ills of life with composure shews some fortitude, to find alleviations under their pressure, some wisdom.

From the sweets of learning in general many seek a refuge from oppressive calamity; but the delights of poetry are more peculiarly estimable for this purpose. These, by creating visions of bliss, sooth distress; or by giving a softened tone to the heart, obtund the force of adventitious ills.

The author of the following SONNET to PAIN has gratefully acknowledged the favours of the muses, as far as they have befriended him. Their most benignant smiles are seldom accompanied with temporal advantages—but if they can scatter a few flowers over the thorny path of life, their acquaintance is worth cultivating, and mankind will be bettered by their influence.

SONNET TO PAIN.

FOR countless days, and many a wakeful night,
Thy form, O Pain! has fill'd my weary eyes:
Doom'd to distress, and bent beneath thy might,
Thine is the tribute of incessant sighs.
And can the muse thy scorpion-stings entwine
With verse, that loves to flaunt on pleasure's shrine!
Yes! from the muse this votive strain receive,—
Alone the muse has taught my soul to bear;
She from thy rage can win the short reprieve,—
She from my cheek can wipe the trickling tear.
And when thy rankling tooth assails my frame,
Thy pangs more piercing rend my feeble mind,
Deep though the sense of ills and wrongs inflame,
The muse sheds balm, and gives a woe refin'd.

TOM RESTLESS.

A STORY.

“**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 the trouble to enter into competition with them. At play-learning—every pursuit he engaged

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 as he had a heart of benevolence and not of stone, the taskmaster 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 bid adieu to these islands without regret. He had a pleasant voyage—returned full of information, and had obtained

tained 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 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 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

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.

From 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 just revolted. Capt. 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 Capt. Restless, and he returned in an India 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 deter-

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 set down as a country gentleman, till he had visited the continent. He soon reached Paris—here he began to display his usual activity; 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 Bastille. After a close confinement of five years, he was liberated—but the hardships he had undergone

dergone 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.

Néver, 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 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.

MORAL

MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

IT is much to be lamented, that while languages are taught with the utmost grammatical accuracy, and the sciences capable of demonstration are precisely defined and inculcated, the noblest of all sciences,—the knowledge of ourselves and our duties, is left to be picked up by chance, is liable to be distorted by prejudice, and sullied by falsehood.

Lectures on Moral Philosophy are less frequent, even where some attention is paid to this important subject, than on any other branch of human learning. From what does this baneful defect arise? Is it presumed, that men are born perfect in morals, or that the school of the world will sufficiently teach them? Or is the study considered as laying primitive restraints on human action, and therefore incompatible with that liberty of choice which some so fervently wish to encourage?

The neglect, I am sure, will be allowed, though the cause of it may be hypothetical or unknown.

unknown. And the melancholy effects of this oversight in education are perceptible in the conduct of almost every person with whom we are conversant. In consequence of the want of instruction in this most valuable part of learning, young persons launch into the world without principles to restrain or experience to guide them. They are the slaves of passions, whose tendency they have not learned to consider; they are the dupes of prejudice which pervert natural reason, and dishonour human sagacity. Whereas, did they start with some certain rules of action, though they might not always avail to keep them right, they would inform them when they were wrong. Reflection would, by degrees, give just principles an habitual influence; and men would, in consequence, become more virtuous and more wise.

We have several recent very valuable publications on the subject of moral and political duties. These cannot well be separated; for man has a private and a public station to fill—he must perform his part in the circle of his own immediate connections, and likewise regard himself as a member of the community. But none of these works have been introduced into schools, where alone they could have their full and desired effect.

By

By those, indeed, who are more advanced in years, they are rather studied than acted on; and are more valued as elegant speculations than as practical lessons of conduct.

I have pointed out an omission in the common modes of education. May those whose business it is, become sensible of their duty to supply it!

TRANSMIGRATIONS OF AN EASTERN
PRINCE.

BEING a warm admirer of the metempsychosical doctrine of Pythagoras, I was one evening amusing myself with reading the adventures of a flea; and, while my passions were much agitated with the recital, my meditations were disturbed by the discordant strains of two noisy cats, who had chosen a situation near my study, for the scene of their nocturnal amusement.

Vexed at this unseasonable and ungrateful interruption, I rung my bell, and ordered a servant to remove those teasing animals. He obeyed me in an instant; and, with a heart glowing with every tender and humane sensation, I soon committed myself to the arms of Morpheus.

I had not, however, long enjoyed my slumbers, before Fancy began to exert her mimic power, and to present her train of varied illusions.

Things past, present, and future, crowded into my imagination at once, and I was perplexed
with

with a multiplicity of objects; when, methought, a young man of extraordinary beauty entered the room, and waving his hand, demanded my attention.

I am well acquainted, said he, with the philanthropy of your disposition, and I am convinced it will afford you the highest satisfaction, to find you have unknowingly contributed to my felicity. The sense of gratitude, which must ever fill my bosom, at present impels me to relate the adventures in which I have been engaged: to you, they will no doubt appear very extraordinary; and happy, indeed, shall I esteem myself, if the only return I am able to make you should prove any way acceptable.

Know, then, that the first time I assumed the human form, and consequently the æra from which I must date my faculty of recollection, was about half a century ago. I was born the heir-apparent of the Rajah of Cananore; and brought up with a tenderness and care to which my expectations entitled me. My early years were spent in acquiring the literature of the east, and in hearing precepts of wisdom and virtue from the best and most enlightened men in my father's court. My youth was chiefly spent in the gratification of those passions to which the
customs

customs of that country do not deem it criminal to yield. I was indulged with the most expensive amusements, and was taught to demand them as my due; youth and beauty voluntarily surrendered themselves into my arms; and my wishes, however extravagant, were generally complied with, the instant they were known. In this round of irrational pleasures, I forgot the maxims which had been early taught me; I disregarded the counsels of age, and the dictates of prudence; and attached myself to the juvenile and gay, whose pursuits, and whose pleasures, were similar to my own; and with the contamination of whose vices my soul became every day more base and enfeebled.

But repetition soon renders a life of this sort irksome; and, indeed, every pleasure which has not its source in the mind, infallibly palls on the sense. I was not long permitted to indulge in these vicious excesses; the cup had hardly become yapid, when it was at once dashed from my lips.

The English, who had already possessed themselves of some of the most fertile provinces of Indostan, having heard of the riches of my father's dominions, wanted no other occasion to commence war against him. The most respectful
repre-

representations of his pacific disposition, and the innocence of his conduct, with respect to them, were of no avail: they were bent on war, and I, as heir-apparent, was called to the command of my father's troops, that I might fight for the protection of those dominions over which I was born to reign.

We met our enemies with a numerous army; but neither our skill nor our courage were by any means equal to theirs: their immoderate thirst of gold made them despise every danger which opposed its acquisition; while we, who were at once enervated with plenty, and wholly untrained to arms, were routed in the very first onset. I was myself wounded, and taken prisoner; and though I was amused by the most flattering promises, and treated with the utmost attention, that I might be induced to make discoveries respecting my paternal wealth, death closed my eyes on the third day after the defeat—and I immediately found myself transformed into an APE, and ranging the forests of Madagascar. In this state of savage solitude, I had time to reflect on the follies of my former conduct, and was unable to deny that my low rank in creation had been well deserved by the turpitude of my past offences. I avoided, as much as possible,

possible, the society of those animals whose form I was doomed to bear; and, retreating from the thick impervious woods, where prudence had taught my companions to remain, I roved in search of some human habitation; under the foolish idea of making my condition known, and of exciting commiseration for my fate.

I soon discovered the abodes of men: but, alas! I still found myself at a loss for the means of making my sad story known; and while I remained in this state of hesitation, doubt and despair, the trumpets began to sound, the hunters appeared, and I fled for the preservation of life; since, wretched as it was, I had not sufficient resolution to make a voluntary surrender of it, lest I should be consigned to a still more miserable future existence.

Some of the train, however, having noticed the course I took, soon made it known to the rest; and the King of Madagascar, with his whole court, now pursued me with the most determined perseverance. Unacquainted with the stratagems of the species for eluding my un pitying pursuers, I set up a hideous cry, as I fled: my voice led the hunters to their prey; and, in a few minutes, I was surrounded by men and dogs, with whose united force I maintained an unequal
combat

combat for some minutes, when the spear of a grandee pierced my heart, and gave me a new existence.

My soul was now infused into a SLOTH, and I opened my eyes in another quarter of the globe. Under this form, my miseries were undecipherable; every effort was attended with excruciating pain; and I often envied the lot of my former companions, whose society I had till then despised, and whose lives I had regarded as the summit of infelicity. Odious in my form, and incapable of an extensive sphere of action, I spent three years under this melancholy transformation; till at length, having ascended a tree, and consumed all the verdure within my reach; to save the trouble of making a wearisome descent; I collected myself into as narrow a compass as possible; and dropping from a branch to the ground, unfortunately fell on a rattle-snake, who stung me with a fury which the hurt it had received naturally prompted; and in a few hours, I was liberated from this most horrible of lives.

My next transformation was into an inhabitant of the sky. I was clothed with the plumage of the ALBATROSS, and endowed with all the instincts natural to that remarkable race. I was
now

now a denizen of the purer air, and thought my sufferings were drawing near to a conclusion. I congratulated myself on being emancipated from the bodies of an ape and a sloth; and formed such ideas of bliss, in my new state, as I was very eager to realize. Accordingly, I joined my feathered companions, and soared into the immense regions of ether. Here, it is true, I was free from danger, and from fear; but the calls of nature demanded gratifications which were with difficulty satisfied. Continually hovering on the wing, in search of prey, I became emaciated with fatigue and expectation; and, being regarded as one of the most formidable enemies of the winged tribe, our society was shunned with the most careful circumspection, and our very sight dreaded as the certain messengers of death.

I soon became weary of a life of such incessant hunger and fatigue, and almost wished to reanimate even the inactive body of the sloth. Sleeping, one day, on the bosom of the air, and lowering too near the watery element, I became entangled in the shrouds of a ship, which was navigating the great South Sea; and, being instantly secured by the watchful mariners, was closely confined, as an object of considerable
curi-

curiosity in natural history. During the voyage, I was treated with every indulgence, and seemed happy in the exchange I had made; but no sooner had the ship arrived in England, to which country she belonged, than I was consigned to the founder of a celebrated museum in London; and, either from the change of climate, or the effects of food to which I had been unaccustomed, I soon paid the debt of nature; and my soul was sent to animate the body of a RACE-HORSE.

I was now treated with a respect almost bordering on adoration; I had servants to attend me, with provisions in abundance; and, under this form, might have been perfectly happy, had not the recollection of my original state rendered me dissatisfied with every condition inferior to that which I once possessed. I had now reached my third year, and every assiduity was doubled to render my situation more agreeable; but, alas! little did I then know for what purpose. I was, however, soon brought under the menage; and in being broke, as my owner called it, suffered pains inexpressible. No sooner was my education completed, than I was entered to run at Newmarket; and the most extravagant sums were betted on my success. I entered the lists with ardour, lest I should suffer for my ill-success;

acclamations attended my course; and every face was filled with admiration at my fleetness. I won the prize; but, in straining against my formidable opponent, I burst a principal blood vessel, and fell down at the post in the moment of victory.

My next rank in the scale of existence, was that of a CAT; and it was my lot to fall under the protection of a lady of quality in this neighbourhood, remarkable for her attachment to the feline race. Here I enjoyed every pleasure which the choicest viands and attendance could bestow; and rose higher in my mistress's regard than most of her own species; but I was confined to her room, and restraint is always irksome. I found means, however, this evening, to escape from my prison; and tempted by the charms of your tabby, was induced to linger beyond the hours of prudence. The servant whom you commissioned to remove me, executed his order with effect: he presently caught me in the dark; and, seeing I was a stranger, had a mind to an experiment, by wrenching my jaws open, and pouring a glass of brandy down my throat. He had heard that this operation was fatal to our race, and the event has proved that he was not mistaken. I died in a few minutes, in agonies not

to be expressed; and, with ineffable pleasure, found myself once more endued with the human form.

Such have been my adventures; and I entreat you to lay them before the public. If humanity can touch the breasts of your countrymen, if feeling be not totally extinct, they will perhaps commiserate my misfortunes, and learn to prevent evils similar to those which their cruelty has doomed me to experience.

I was about to congratulate my agreeable intruder on his elevation to his former rank; and, in fancy, eagerly seized his hand. The effort I made was too violent for the silken bands of sleep; I opened my eyes, and the vision was no more.

ON FORMING CONNECTIONS.

MAN is born a social being; and he must do violence to his nature, before he can shake off those ties that link him to his kind. But universal philanthropy, lovely as it is, must be founded on partial and particular attachments to operate with due force. The heart that is not warmed by individual love, and select friendship, is incapable of expanding to great and exalted sentiments: it may feign, but it cannot feel the generous glow of affection, the ardour of patriotism, or the throb of benevolence.

Private attachments being then the foundation of happiness or misery, the criterion of worth, and the source of all that is valuable or dreadful in life, can too much care be employed in forming them, in extracting their sweets, and avoiding their pains?

Few are the pleasures that we can sincerely and honourably enjoy, without the participation of others; but on the other hand, solitary misery

is not worth a care, compared to that which the mind feels when it is unfortunate, through the want of love or duty in those on whom it has reposed its confidence; or when its distresses involve the objects of its fondest regard.

A man may bear the stings of ingratitude, or the infliction of wrong, from such as he has never loved; he may wrap himself up in the self-consciousness of rectitude, and despise the opinion he never courted; but if the friend on whom he has relied is treacherous; if the bosom on which he has leaned is false, or regardless of his peace, humanity can meet with no severer trial; and such piercing woe can scarcely admit of alleviation.

To be cautious in forming friendships is only common prudence; to be firm in maintaining them when once formed, is a duty in which you cannot be deficient without suffering as much as you can inflict. Sudden attachments are always indiscreet, and often fatal. Try those in whom you wish to repose trust with the nicest regard to their zeal, and not their specious qualities. Found every affection of the mind on principle. Let not beauty pass for merit—the affected smile of complacency for good humour, nor levity for wit. Never give way to injurious opinions

against any one without the fullest conviction that they are deserved; but, above all, take care never to form too partial an opinion, till you have had an opportunity of ascertaining its propriety.

Young persons are apt to imagine, that the convivial companion, whose professions of regard rise with the absence of his reason, is firmly to be relied on—and that the partner in folly will be the consoler of distress. Delusive expectation! True friendship must be grafted on virtuous pursuits, and cemented by rational endearments. A similarity in vicious taste will form no lasting tie; it cannot bear the test of reflection. Thought will teach you to despise, or make you despised, if your union is that of infamy; on the contrary, a congenial disposition for what is laudable, will reciprocally endear. Such a friendship will gain stability from the storm, and the gales of adversity will root it the deeper. Without a friend, indeed, it is impossible to know happiness; but how much misery has arisen from the prostitution of this sacred name!

There are, however, ties still dearer than friendship, and of more important operation on our lives. Love, that cordial drop of bliss, that sovereign balm for woe, as it is of the first consequence

sequence to our enjoyments, so it is frequently the origin of our deepest distress. If this is not founded on reason, it is a flame that consumes; if it is placed on an unworthy object, and this discovery made too late, the heart can never more know peace. Every hour increases the torments of reflection; and hope, that soothes the severest ills, is here turned into despair; for strong must that mind be that can reconcile itself to the greatest of all human disappointments, or unfeeling must it be to disregard them!

In the tender connections, mind must assimilate to mind, to give a reasonable prospect of felicity; and after they are irrevocably fixed, the wish to oblige should anticipate the request; views, interests, pursuits—all should be mutual, and spring from a sense of duty prompted by a principle of love; else that state which may be productive of the purest pleasures and the highest satisfactions, will be converted to a bane and a curse. Here, negative happiness cannot exist in cultivated and feeling minds:—the brutal or the insensate may repose in the shade of indifference; but in proportion as the soul is formed for enjoyment, it will be awake to all the misery of its fate; and every neglect of the duty it has a right to expect, every perverse word, every action of

stubborn contempt, will leave an impression indelible and agonizing. Even the fullen look will dim the eye of love; and the frown sink into the heart of sensibility.

In a friend, virtue is an indispensable qualification; but in love, virtue must be adorned by an amiable disposition and a good temper, or it can never deserve or ensure regard. The qualities that most endear are frequently the least dazzling; the smile of good humour is more impressivè than the force of wit.

May these desultory hints have some weight with those who are about to enter on the stage of life, and have not yet made a fatal step. They flow from a heart-felt conviction of their truth; and from an ardent wish that they may be useful.

POPULARITY.

TO endeavour to deserve the favourable opinion of the public is a noble ambition; but to court it by mean compliances and pitiful lures is dishonourable to the man, and shews a want of true greatness of soul. The huzzas of a mob and the acclamations of the ignorant are not worthy the desire of the wise, and are beneath the acceptance of the good.

The most vicious characters, indeed, are generally the greatest favourites with the herd of mankind. A plausible manner, a low condescension, an action of disgrace, suited to the tastes intended to be pleased, will gain more applause from the crowd than a long life dedicated to virtue, and spent in silent benevolence.

Rank, talents, and learning, when they sink beneath their level on purpose to gain popularity, will seldom be disappointed of their aim; but they will have little reason to be proud of their acquisition. The conscious dignity of

worth must be lost before such a poor ambition can actuate the mind; and even allowing that the enjoyment of popular applause is gratifying for the moment, how little is it to be depended on! So sudden, among the bulk of mankind, is the transition from one extreme to another, that the clap of approbation and the hiss of contempt are only distinguished by slight shades; and he who is weak enough to exult on hearing the former, may in a very short time be mortified with the sound of the latter.

Strange infatuation! to pursue a phantom so fugitive, a bliss so uncertain as the acclamations of the people! Yet how many are there who sacrifice health, fortune, and friends, to this fancied good; who prefer being flattered by fools to the approbation of the wise; and who risque every thing that is valuable in life, or excellent in morals, rather than not gain the praise of the worthless, which they are sensible they ought to despise.

Every person at first setting out should study to acquire and display a firmness of character, which will neither bend to undeserved censure, nor be elated with the voice of applause: he ought neither to seek nor to shew popularity; but, acting on proper principles, to
leave

leave to fortune the event. Without this firmness, man becomes the shuttlecock of opinion—he is bandied about in sport—he shifts with every gale that moves the ocean of life, and never reaches the haven of peace.

STENOGRAPHY.

“ **W**HAT curious letters you are making, and how fast you write !” said Henry to his father.

The father always was of opinion that incidental explanations of what attracted the notice of children, was the most effectual method of impressing knowledge. He never had seen, and therefore could not allow the utility or advantage of formal lectures; but when the advice or instruction rose as it were out of the subject before their eyes, he never failed to embrace the opportunity, and to say what he wished should be remembered.

“ Henry,” observed he, “ I am writing shorthand, or as it is frequently called Stenography, which means the same thing. It is a very ancient and useful art; but we are indebted to modern times for all the perfection to which it has been brought. I learned it early, and have practised according to various systems, with different degrees

degrees of success; but for some years I have confined myself to one, which either my partiality or my reason may have taught me to consider as the best, the easiest it certainly is. "Here is the book," shewing him Mavor's Universal Stenography, "from which these characters are formed. I shall be happy to teach you the method; or when you are old enough you may learn it yourself without my assistance.

"Stenography, in its most extended use, is to take down from the mouth of a speaker the words as fast as they can be properly expressed. This degree of perfection in the art is only to be acquired by long practice and diligent application; and unless when it is intended for a profession, an inferior share of adroitness may suffice. To be able to copy with expedition, any inscription or piece of writing for which we have not leisure to employ long-hand—to keep memoranda and accounts, in a character not generally legible, and to note down the heads of lectures, sermons, or harangues, is as much as most have occasion to accomplish.

"And should you have the *misfortune* to be an author, from necessity or from choice, you may save much time, by composing at first in Stenography; and this, likewise, will prevent the
visions

visions of fancy from being lost by the irretention of memory.

“I have been composing what you now see. The ideas frequently rise quicker than I could express them in the common way. This art relieves the recollective powers at once; and if at any time a happy conception glides across the horizon of the mind, it must be embodied in an instant; or, like a meteor, it would disappear.

“These are the principal advantages of Stenography: if you think them worth a care, they may easily be made your own.”

THE CARTER AND THE TWO HORSES.

A FABLE.

A FARMER hired a carter, and gave him the charge of two horses, which we shall name **SURLY** and **SOFTLY**, recommending an attention to feed and dress them well. This trust the carter undertook, and endeavoured to acquit himself with impartiality between the two beasts; but he soon found that **SURLY** was restive and ill-tempered. If he went to feed him, he was in danger of being bitten; or if he used the curry-comb, he was never safe from being kicked. Sometimes he would neither submit to be led nor driven; if he was wished to go one way, he directly went the other; and, in short, rendered himself so disagreeable by his untractable behaviour, that the carter began to neglect him, and to abridge him of his daily fare and dressing.

SOFTLY,

SOFTLY, on the contrary, was mild and manageable. He turned with a word—he went without the whip—and never attempted to shew any will of his own. He seemed thankful when fed, and was pleased to be curried. The carter of course paid particular attention to his favourite steed, and loved to see him look well.

SURLY, finding himself neglected, complained to his master, that the servant did not do his duty by him; that he was neither fed nor dressed as he ought; and that he was determined not to submit any longer to such gross partiality in favour of SOFTLY.

The farmer summoned the carter to a hearing. The servant owned that it was impossible to do his duty by SURLY—he explained the different tempers of the two horses, and their manner of behaviour, which the master indeed well knew; but he was willing to appear impartial. When he had heard the whole case, he passed this just sentence on SURLY.

“ You ridiculous animal, to talk of duty when you do nothing to deserve love, how can you expect to be treated like SOFTLY? Your whole study seems to be to give the carter uneasiness and trouble; and he wisely leaves you to yourself, that want may bring you to reason. I command

mand him to persevere in this treatment, till you submit; for know that affection cannot be forced by any claims of duty, nor attention secured but by gratitude.

MORAL.

The least deserving are generally the most tenacious of their supposed rights and privileges; but what is not prompted by love, will seldom be paid on the weaker principle of duty.

PREJUDICE.

THE CHARACTER OF MELVILLE.

NOTHING is more common or more disgraceful to human nature than PREJUDICE. It is frequently, however, the deathful draught bestowed on genius, the livid plant that shades the brows of merit, and corrodes its heart. Vice and ignorance alone escape its prison; but it will suffer few to burst through the shade, who possess no other recommendations than worth and learning. On those qualities it fixes with more than mortal enmity; and sooner than relinquish its hold, will torture ingenuity and sacrifice truth to deal the lethal blow.

MELVILLE was born with few advantages from fortune, but many from nature; and cultivation was not wanting to render the soil as fertile as it was good. The colour of his destiny was early perceptible. At school he united diligence to capacity; and bore away the prize from

all his fellows; but as his modesty was still greater than his abilities, those whom he outstripped in the literary race, felt themselves safe in depreciating what they could not equal. And because he never wished to assume the least superiority over the most ignorant, prejudice was unwilling to allow that he possessed the merit for which he would not contend.

It is generally found, that the most superficial are the most self-conceited and presuming. MELVILLE saw this, and blushed; not for himself but them. As he was obliged to be the architect of his own fortune, he had early to combat with a world for which his disposition was not fitted. He could not cringe—he could not flatter. He could feel obligation better than he could express it; but his natural reserve was often ascribed to pride; and his want of words was set down for a want of gratitude.

MELVILLE, however, was fortunate enough to obtain a few friends, who saw his native worth through the external veil that concealed it from vulgar eyes; and whom the voice of prejudice could not detach from his interest. They knew his modesty; and did not wait for solicitation to serve him; and they were well repaid for their generous exertions in his favour,

by

by the attachment of a heart that would have bled to prove its gratitude.

But as he could not court the world, nor comply with its foolish or wicked customs, it still held him at bay; and if it could not deny the praise of desert, it tarnished the laurels he ought to have worn, or intercepted the rewards that were his due.

Prejudice, with distorted optics, surveyed his every action and expression. What he said, and what he did not say—what he did, and what he did not do, were equally perverted and misrepresented. Such are the effects of this malignant pest, that they blast the best deeds, obscure the fairest fame, and sully the purest intentions. MELVILLE felt this with patient submission; and his silence and his submission were attributed to the conviction of guilt.

An amiable diffidence, that checks a reply to impertinence, or prevents the quickness of retort, leads the ungenerous to trespass, because they are not afraid of opposition: but to wound the unresisting, is the grossest cowardice; and to attack the peaceable, favours of brutality. Delicacy of sentiment shrinks from the slightest touch; and is unwilling to inflict on others, what it feels hard to bear itself. MELVILLE acted on this
princi-

principle; but his fear of giving offence, his unwillingness to proceed to extremities, gained the imputation of timidity at best, and often gave an encouragement to insult. Few were at the trouble to estimate his good qualities; and as he was little solicitous to set them off to advantage himself, it was by the generality considered that he possessed none. But his mind was too great to stoop to the mean artifices that gain popular applause. He saw the delusive principles of human action, and bewailed them; he was an enemy to no one—he was a well-wisher to all; yet to the last moment of his life he lay under the influence of prejudice, which he either could not, or would not remove. His heart was softened by distress—with a calm indifference he looked beyond the present scene; and soared where impartial justice will be tempered with the sweetness of mercy.

REFLECTION.

Wherever PREJUDICE exists, there generosity of sentiment is a stranger, justice is despised, and the heart is dark and gloomy, as the
4 passions

passions that inspire it. In the objects, however, most marked by prejudice, there merit may generally be found: it is the shade that attends the sun-shine of worth, and it is often the only return for desert.

PATIENCE.

P A T I E N C E.

LIFE is so chequered with good and evil, and the situations into which we may be thrown are so perfectly unknown to us, that it is necessary we should possess ourselves of as many virtues as possible, to enable us to bear every change of scene, and every reverse of fortune. Patience is one of the most valuable qualities to which we can aspire. It cannot, indeed, remove calamity; but by teaching us to endure it, the load is lessened, and the triumph of enmity is defeated.

Now, why this preamble? Do you think I wish to make you little philosophers, or to darken the prospects of youthful hope? No! I mean only to introduce an enigmatic description of PATIENCE, which, as you have not yet had much occasion to practise, and I pray you never may! you are less likely to discover without a clue.

If you are pleas'd with the verses, I am gratified.

WHILE Fortune, with bewitching smiles,
Her lavish favours pours;
While friendship wins, and love beguiles,
And pleasure gilds the hours:

While blest HYGEIA's rosy hue
Illumes the joyous face;
And every scene that meets the view,
Is harmony and grace;

How little is my value priz'd!
My name is scarcely known,—
My useles merit sinks, despis'd,
The happy me disown!

But should life's storms collect and fall,
Misfortune rear her crest,
Sickness invade, and years appal,
And doubt distract the breast;

Then all my virtues will appear,
And all my beauties shine,
And blest the heart that feels me near,
And owns my aid divine.

By me the martyr gains his crown,—
The wretch escapes despair:
I vanquish fate's severest frown,
Or teach the soul to bear.

IBRAHIM AND ADALAIDE.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

NO rank can be happy without the consolations of love. If the heart is unblest, the man must be miserable.

IBRAHIM, Caliph of Damascus, was juvenile and handsome. He was invested with authority; and his power was applied to communicate happiness, and alleviate distress. He was the idol of his people, and the admiration of surrounding nations. But he had not as yet tasted of that felicity which he conferred; and the joy that brightened every eye at his approach, could not dissipate a settled gloom which pressed on the springs of life, and had obtained him the appellation of *The Grave*.

With the anxious eye of dutiful regard, his attendants had long endeavoured to develop the mystery that gave a pensive aspect to the face of majesty; but their researches had always termi-

nated in uncertain conjectures and ineffectual reflections, since future observations had constantly convinced them that the judgment they had formed was fallacious.

HAMED was the principal officer of the court; and while his wisdom, his integrity, and his years, procured him universal esteem, those valuable qualities by no means escaped the attention of Ibrahim the Grave, who cultivated his friendship with the most assiduous care, and sunk the monarch in the man and the companion, whenever Hamed attended on his royal person.

The youngest daughter of Hamed, the lovely Adalaide, as far transcended the roses of Damascus, in the bloom of her complexion, and the diamonds of Golconda in the brilliancy of her eyes; as the saffron tinge of the morning exceeds the most perfect imitation of art, or the lucid brightness of the stars that glitter in the celestial canopy, the feeble glare of light that illumines the tomb of the Prophet. And as virtue and innocence had ever been her guides, and her father's wisdom had been transfused into her soul, with the additional charm that delicacy of taste throws over other female perfections, she was the universal object of attraction, and concentrated the regards of the gay, the splendid, and the
young,

young, who fluttered round the throne of Damascus. But her heart would own no partial affection: the moment that was to decide her destiny was not yet arrived.

Ibrahim and Adalaide, in their infant years, had been inseparable companions. The same sun had gilded their natal day; the same lessons of sage advice had been dictated to each, and imbibed with mutual delight: and if Adalaide was celebrated for every accomplishment which adorns the sex, Ibrahim was no less famous for every virtue that is worthy of a prince. At that early period, they had been remarked for the fondness of their attachment. The fairest flowers in the gardens of the palace were culled by his hands; and formed into a chaplet for her hair; the most exquisite fruits that the benignity of the climate or the assiduity of art could produce, constantly bespread her little table; and a thousand minute circumstances constantly occurred to indicate the prince's affection for his lovely companion, before either ambition or art had taken possession of their minds, or the simplicity of native innocence had learned reserve from the knowledge of vice.

The necessary restraints and prudent circumspection which maturer years necessarily exact from the virtuous of the tender sex, the death of

the Caliph Solyman, and Ibrahim's assumption of the reins of government, had dissolved this intimacy which childhood only sanctioned, and which the voice of the public might have censured, if prolonged under the empire of reason. Several years had elapsed, in which they had scarcely seen each other; yet fame had not been silent in recording their mutual virtues, and the friendship grafted on early youth had blossomed in secret, and interwoven itself with their maturer age.

The throne of Damascus was now established in the most perfect security, by the wisdom of the monarch and the integrity of his servants. The streams of justice flowed with untainted purity; the voice of joy resounded in every street; and the benedictions of a grateful people ascended the heavens, when they contemplated the felicity of their government.

Ibrahim alone was deaf to the sounds of gladness: neither the gems that sparkled in the diadem he wore, nor the felicitations of a nation he had rendered happy, could brighten his features into joy, or clothe his lips with a smile.

The venerable Hamed began to be alarmed for the sovereign he loved; and was one day about to hint his apprehensions, when Ibrahim,
beck-

beckoning to him with his hand, bad him attend in the royal gardens.

Being seated under a pavilion, perfumed by the furrounding odoriferous blossoms, and cooled by the dewy dash of a neighbouring cascade, Ibrahim commanded his minister to listen, and to regard with the eye of a parent a monarch whom he had always treated as a son.

“ Hamed,” proceeded he, “ I am sensible of your zeal for my happiness, and of your anxiety to discover the cause of my too apparent dejection, and of the alacrity you have displayed to dispel it by the wisdom of age. I am convinced of your unshaken loyalty, and unbiassed integrity; and can now without hesitation inform you, that my felicity has ever depended on an alliance with your many virtues. The impression which the lovely Adalaide made on this heart, before it was susceptible of aught but innocence, is as indelible as the seal of Mahomet, or the gratitude of virtue. Look not amazed;” added he, “ I have been prudent, till restraint is no longer necessary. Under your auspices, I see my dominions flourish, and my subjects happy; and having first consulted their interest, as becomes a sovereign, shall I be censured for making my own happiness the secondary object? The

little disparity of rank, which pride only will register, and folly alone can reproach, sinks into its original non-entity at the powerful voice of love. My choice was unalterably fixed before reason could foresee or ambition anticipate the inconvenience of rank; and I trust your approbation will complete the felicity of my life, and the glory of my reign."

"Beloved sovereign," replied the astonished Hamed, "you confound me with the honour intended to be conferred on my family; but neither the partiality of a father, nor the splendor of a throne, must influence my judgment, or draw me from my duty and approved allegiance—Adalaide esteems you as her sovereign; her father loves you as his son, and honours you as his king; but neither of them can consent to taint the blood of royalty, or to sink you in the estimation of public opinion. The fairest princesses of the East court your alliance, whose rank may add dignity to your throne; and shall the humble offspring of Hamed be preferred to the progeny of kings and of heroes! Reflect, my prince, on your own quality; regard the united wishes of your people, and chuse a consort worthy of the exalted line from which you are sprung."

Having

Having said this, he arose; and left the Caliph Ibrahim absorbed in the contemplation of his own misery: and fixed in a settled look, expressive of the suspension of thought. At length, starting from his trance, he exclaims—"Am I then invested with the dignity of a king, and with power to confer bliss, which yet I am not worthy to taste? It cannot be! This heart moves not in unison with the pomp of majesty, and the sounds of ambition. Dominion is no longer amiable in my eyes, than while I can at once confer and receive happiness. Royalty is incapable of extinguishing the feelings of the soul, the transports of love, and the stings of inquietude. And has eternal Providence only elevated my head to render me more eminently miserable? This surely is not compatible with its mercy or its justice! But I will not arraign its inscrutable decisions: to be humble is to be happy; and this is still within my own power!"

With this, Ibrahim hastily arose; and wandering without any determined view, he inadvertently passed through a door, which Hamed had by accident left open, and which separated his gardens from those of the palace. As he advanced, without regarding any single object, and pondering on the misery of grandeur, he was

suddenly startled by a loud shriek from the lovely Adalaide, who was terrified at the Caliph's unexpected approach, and the visible agitation of his mind. "Dearest Adalaide," exclaimed he, hastening towards her, and receiving her in his arms, "fear not the presence of the purest love, and be not alarmed at the voice of Ibrahim. Is the felicity of our infantine days already forgotten; and shall reason disdain to own the sensations of delight which innocence taught us mutually to feel? If my remembrance be erased from your breast, Ibrahim has nothing to hope; if he is still regarded by Adalaide, there is nothing that can occasion him a fear. Your father, to whom I have unbosomed myself, has urged me to repress the honest feelings of a genuine affection; and will you too join to deprive that heart of its last consolation, which has only supported the cares of state, and borne the trappings of royalty, that it might the better intitle itself to your regard?"

"Sovereign," replied the lovely daughter of Hamed, trembling with fear, "our childish attachments should, if possible, be forgotten! My heart is averse to the gilded pageantry of state, and my humble birth precludes me from aspiring to royal regard. Though young, I have been
accus-

accustomed to think; and though Ibrahim in a lower station would command the inviolable affection of Adalaide, as a king he is too exalted to be loved. I have always considered elevated rank as strewing the path of life with splendid misery; and am instructed to believe, that the virtues and the joys flourish most at a distance from the breath of adulation, and the pageantry of a throne. Forgive the freedom of Adalaide; and be as blest as your transcendent virtues merit, or your fondest hopes can wish!"

"Divine Adalaide," replied the Caliph, "the justness of your sentiments, and their congeniality with my own, only serve to inflame my love. The splendors of royalty have no charms for me, if they impede the current of bliss; and every station with Adalaide is superior to the throne of Damascus. I have for some time secretly resolved to resign the sceptre in favour of my brother Alfaron, after having now sufficiently proved that the happiness of my subjects lay nearest my heart; and to retire to a private station, where love might illumine my future hours, and the charms of Adalaide furnish that bliss which a crown can never bestow. You have confessed, angelic Adalaide! that my rank is the sole obstacle to your affection—Behold, then, in

Ibrahim, your equal and your lover; and believe me, the sacrifice of royalty to your regard will never prompt a single sigh!"

"Generous Caliph," returned Adalaide—her full heart would not permit her to articulate another word; and she fainted in the arms of Ibrahim. While the Caliph was exerting every expedient to restore her, Hamed precipitately entered the garden; and with inexpressible astonishment and concern, beheld the situation of his daughter. Adalaide being recovered by their mutual endeavours, Ibrahim communicated to Hamed the whole that had passed, not concealing his resolution to abdicate the throne; and added, that it would be in vain to attempt by the eloquence of wisdom, any alteration in his views, which he declared were determined and inflexible. Hamed bowed with dutiful submission to what he saw it was impossible to prevent: and in a few days, Ibrahim resigned the badges of power, and his minister Hamed, to his brother Alfaron; that he might enjoy uninterrupted the more tranquil empire of love. This secession was at first heard with consternation and dismay; but reason and gratitude soon resuming their place in his people's hearts, his nuptials were celebrated with the strongest demonstrations of ardent attachment,

ment, and not a tongue dared to withhold the effusions of praise.

Ibrahim retired with his adored Adalaide to a delightful retreat on the banks of the Uber, and long enjoyed that happiness which the sceptered monarch seldom feels; and to the last hour of recorded life, never heaved a sigh for the pageantry he had left behind. After spending many happy years, with a numerous and virtuous family, they both slept in peace; and Alfaron being gathered to the dust of his fathers without issue, the eldest son of Ibrahim and Adalaide was called to the throne, who swayed the sceptre with a moderation which, while it recalled the memory of his father, endeared his own name to a grateful posterity.

VEGETABLES AN ELABORATORY OF AIR,

THE PUPIL AND HIS TUTOR.

P. **P**RAY, Sir, favour me with one of these beautiful roses. I love to smell to them—they are so sweet.

T. Roses are certainly very delicious to the smell; but the sweetest flowers, you must know, are not the most useful. Had we no other vegetables but roses, the air would soon be unfit for respiration, and animals would die.

P. You surprise me, Sir; will you have the goodness to give me some account of the air, and what effect vegetables have in it?

T. With all my heart; but I must not enter into deep disquisitions on this subject, or you will not understand me.

I shall premise, that atmospheric air, or the common air we breathe, proves, on analysis, to be an intimate combination of the aërial fluids,

fluids, which have obtained the names of—

1. MEPHITIC, corrupted, a phlogistic air;
2. VITAL, dephlogisticated, or pure air; and
3. FIXED air.*

The first, singly, extinguishes flame, and would soon destroy life; without the second, animals could not breathe, nor a candle burn; the third amounts to no more than a sixteenth part of the other two, is specifically heavier, and when separated from the mephitic and vital airs, not only extinguishes flame, but instantly destroys life.

In the common process of respiration, and in the act of combustion, much vital air is necessarily consumed; and as mephitic or corrupted air is three times as much in quantity as both of the others, and that, as well as fixed air, improper for the purposes of life: without a constant renovation of the vital or dephlogisticated air, neither animal life could be supported, nor fire kept alive.

P. Very well, Sir, I shall remember the three kinds of air; and that the first and the last, either singly or conjointly, are improper for respiration. Will you now tell me how the se-

* Called also—1. *Azotic*, 2. *Vital*, and 3. *Carbonic*, airs.

cond is renewed, of which you say there is a constant consumption?

QUEST. In this process, you must know, that plants are of the utmost utility. They absorb the corrupted air, and return pure or vital air; and this most copiously in the day-time, and in the sunshine. From this circumstance, the nocturnal air is generally less salubrious than the diurnal. All vegetables, however, are not equally bountiful of vital air. Aquatics, and trees that love the streams, such as willows, are most productive. This is a wise provision of Providence—that in situations where the air is naturally most vitiated, those plants best qualified to correct it, should chuse their residence.

Sweet-smelling flowers, such as your favourite roses, always exhale a bad air, which, however, is different from their perfume; and were you to be shut up with a quantity of them in a close room, or with odorous flowers or fruits, the air would soon become mortal.

But the ill effects of one plant are corrected by the beneficial influence of others; and the corrupted air which animals exhale is as favourable to their vegetation, as the vital air they give out in the room of it, is to life. Hence we may perceive the œconomy of human nature; and

and from what human sagacity has been able to investigate, conclude that nothing was made in vain.

P. But do all parts of vegetables supply this vital or pure air?

T. No. The leaves have the principal share in this elaboration, and next to them, the roots and the branches. But I have told you that sunshine and light are indispensable to extract this necessary fluid. In the night-time, plants give out more poisonous than pure air; but this is infinitely counterbalanced by the benefits they afford in the day. It is more than in the proportion of 1,000 to 1.

P. If the leaves have so much more virtue than the other parts of plants, how are we supplied with a sufficient quantity of vital air in winter, when they are mostly stripped of them?

T. This is a very pertinent question. The autumnal months, when the leaves are falling, and in a putrid state, and the vernal months before they fully expand, are generally the most unwholesome, provided the weather is mild. During winter, however, animal respiration is less vitiated on account of the cold, and consequently, a less supply of pure air suffices; and
plants,

plants, though they vary in the quantity of air they afford, never differ in the quality.

In warm climates, the vegetables are ever-green, or animal existence would suffer. In very cold climates, where plants are few, their use is less required.

Throughout all nature, in every climate, the blessings diffused are apportioned to the wants to be supplied. How ought we, then, to adore that Power, who with so much wisdom has fitted every agent to its use; and every creature to its enjoyments!

CRUELTY

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

———The poor Beetle on which we tread,
 In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great,
 As when a giant dies. SHAK.

A YOUNGSTER, whose name we shall conceal, because it is not for his credit it should be known, was amusing himself with a beetle stuck on a pin, and seemed vastly delighted with the gyrations it made, occasioned by the torture it felt.

HARLEY saw this with emotion; for he would not wantonly have injured the most contemptible animal that breathes—he rebuked the unfeeling youth in the following terms; and the impression the lecture made was never effaced from his mind:

“ I am deeply concerned,” said he, “ to observe any one whom I so tenderly love, fond of cruel sport. Do you think that the poor beetle you are thus agonizing is incapable of sensation—
and

and if you are sensible that it feels pain, as well as you, how can you make its torture your amusement? Animals, it is true, were formed for the use of man; but reason and humanity forbid us to abuse them. Every creature, not immediately noxious to our kind, ought to be cherished, or at least not injured. The heart of sensibility bleeds for misery wherever it is seen. No amusement can be rational, that is founded on another's pain.

I know you take delight in bird's-nesting; I wish to discourage this pursuit too. Consider how little you gain, and how much distress you occasion to some of the most beautiful and lovely of creation's tribes. You destroy the eggs from which the fond bird hoped to rear an offspring; or, what is still more cruel, you rob her of her young when maternal care and affection are at the highest pitch. Could you possibly conceive what the parent bird must suffer from this deprivation, you would be ashamed of your insensibility. The nightingale, robbed of her tender young, is said to sing most sweetly; but it is the plaintive voice of lacerated nature, not the note of joy. It should be heard as the scream of distress; and if you are the cause of it, you ought to apply it to yourself.

Even

Even the meanest insects receive an existence from the author of Being, and why should you abridge their span. They have their little sphere of bliss allotted them; they have purposes which they are destined to fulfil; and when those are accomplished, they die. Thus it is with you! You have, indeed, a more extensive range of action, more various and important duties to discharge, and well will it be for you, if you discharge them aright. But think not because you have reason and superiority given you, that irrational animals are beneath your regard. In proportion as you enjoy the benefits they are adapted to confer, you should be careful to treat them with tenderness and humanity: it is the only return you can make. Remember every thing that has life is doomed to suffer and to feel; though its expression of pain may not be capable of being conveyed to your ears.

To the most worthless reptile, to the most noxious animal, some pity is due. If its life is dangerous to you, it may be destroyed without blame; but let it be done without cruelty. To torture is unmanly—to tyrannize where there can be no resistance is the extreme of baseness.

I never knew an amiable person, who did not feel an attachment for animals. A boy who is
not

not fond of his bird, his rabbit, his dog, or his horse, or whatever other creature he takes under his protection, will never have a good heart, and will always be wanting in affection to his own kind. But he, who, after admonition, plays with misery or sports with life, must have a disposition and a heart I should blush to own: he is neither qualified to be happy himself, nor will ever make others so.

DESULTORY THOUGHTS ON EDUCATION.

'Tis Education forms the tender mind,
For as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.

DRYDEN.

ON the subject of Education, we are all right in theory, though too often wrong in practice. It is universally allowed to be of the last importance, as well to our temporal as our eternal happiness; yet such is the absurd infatuation of mankind in general, that though their judgments cannot deceive them, their conduct is frequently diametrically opposite. And they who weary Heaven with prayers for the welfare of their offspring, seldom use the means to obtain the completion of their vows.

I have lived long enough to see children become fathers, and I have constantly had occasion to lament the shameful inattention of parents to the permanent interests of their posterity. A smattering of languages, a graceful bow, and a forward

forward manner, are deemed sufficient qualifications in youth; and when a boy has attained to these, he is held to have completed his most essential school-acquirements; his genius is then thought too brilliant to brook restraint; and he is turned loose into the world, unprincipled in morals, ignorant of religion, and a stranger to his duty as a man and a citizen.

With respect to the other sex, having acquired the art of dressing, a little music, dancing, needle-work, and the science of making themselves ridiculous by writing, with probably the addition of an hundred common-place phrases in bad French, they are reckoned quite accomplished, and are immediately exhibited on the public stage of life; where, as their minds are void of all useful knowledge, and their ears open to the grossest adulation, the first unprincipled flatterer that assails them with dexterity, finds the overthrow of such defenceless honour no difficult task.

That this picture of the youth of both sexes is not overcharged, few will have the temerity to deny; and yet no one chuses to censure or reform his own conduct. A weak partiality carries the parental heart beyond the bounds of rational circumspection. The future happiness

pineness of his offspring is often sacrificed to the foolish gratification of the present hour; and the errors of childhood, unchecked in their birth, are suffered to become habits of the soul. The resolution, indeed, of correcting, what even the blindness of partiality cannot overlook, may be sincere; but it is deferred till some remoter period, from an idea equally false and fatal, that the propensities of infancy may be easily turned into a proper channel, when reason becomes strong enough to see the propriety of admonition. But let it be remembered, that errors early sown, "grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength;" and that it is as difficult to divert the early bias of the mind, as to direct a river an ascending course.

Let those, therefore, who are intrusted with the precarious blessing of children, learn to reflect on the importance of their charge, and how much it will depend on their own exertions, whether they will prove a comfort or a curse. Let them consider every slight deviation from rectitude, and every relaxation of the ties of propriety, prudence, and honour, if not early restrained, as laying the foundation of future misery to themselves and their posterity.

Habits

Habits are easily contracted, but hard to be eradicated; and principles early imbibed are much more likely to be permanent than those which are taken up, even under the empire of reason. The human mind is capable of receiving any impression; and the first seldom fails to be perceptible through life, whatever succeeding ones, passion or reflection may endeavour to superinduce.

Let every parent lay his hand on his heart, and seriously put these questions to himself—
“ Have I instructed my family, by precept and example, to the best of my power? Have I carefully instilled into their minds, the principles of divine revelation? Have I enforced the necessity of moral rectitude? Have I represented virtue in all its native lustre; and have I warned from the contact of vice, by a display of its fatal tendency?

He, and he only, who can with a safe conscience affirmatively answer these interrogations, may be fairly pronounced an affectionate and a dutiful father.

But, alas! such knowledge is seldom considered as a branch of human learning; and such notions are become antiquated, or thought un-

necessary. Superficial acquirements take the precedence of essential endowments. Youth are furnished with words independent of ideas; a few mechanical accomplishments of the body are esteemed more important than the melioration of the heart; and the soul is left to form itself. If it contracts habits, they are those of chance; and neither parents nor preceptors think themselves bound to attend to such unfashionable duties. Away with such gross misconceptions! They are fatal to the best interests of humanity, inimical to the cause of virtue, and the empire of happiness; and to them may be justly ascribed a large aggregate of the woes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind.

The useful should never be sacrificed to the ornamental; the real to the specious. The qualities of the mind are infinitely more consequential than those of the body; and henceforth, let no one be regarded as an indulgent parent or a good tutor, who forgets that religion, virtue, and benevolence, are in reality the most decorous, as well as the most beneficial branches of human acquirements.

CIVILITY AND POLITENESS.

TWO boys had been paying a visit in the family of a friend of their father. When they returned home, the one was charmed with every thing he had met with during his absence; the other expressed himself happy at getting away.

“How is this, my children?” said the father. “I have no doubt you were both treated with equal attention, and impartial regard. One seems happy in the reception he experienced; the other rejoices that he is escaped from his visit.”

A pause ensued—no answer was returned.—“I see,” continued he, addressing himself to the eldest, “how it is. HARRY is pleased, because he studied to be pleasing; while you, I fear, have been negligent in your manners, and inattentive to the little arts that conciliate love; and therefore you have not met with that satisfaction which must ever be mutual and reciprocal.

“A com-

“ A complaisant behaviour, and a constant desire of obliging, attracts the regard, and rivets the affections of mankind beyond all the talents and advantages that can be put in competition with them. Without those amiable qualities, learning becomes pedantry, beauty is disgusting, and superiority favours of pride.

“ I am very far, however, from recommending an attention to superficial qualifications alone: I wish you to possess elegance of mind as well as of manners, and real worth with acquired graces. Believe me, their union will be irresistible; whereas, without merit of a higher rank, intimate acquaintance will soon dissolve the charms of manners however specious, of externals however captivating.

“ The unseemly shell sometimes contains a pearl; the rough coat of the pine conceals a delicious fruit; and the brightest virtues are not unfrequently veiled under an unpromising outside, and an awkward address. In this case, it requires some penetration to discover the latent worth; and few will be at the trouble to put due estimate on those qualities which a person is negligent in setting off to advantage himself. Hence the value of polished manners becomes apparent: they give a new lustre to great abi-

lities or good qualities ; and though they cannot supply their place when wanting, they will often conceal the deficiency from vulgar eyes. Besides, civility is one of the chief arts of strewing the rugged path of life with flowers. The attentions it pays are returned with interest ; and life is sweetened by its smiles.

“ In every situation into which you may be thrown, where neither religion nor morals forbid, study rather to please others than to gratify yourself. Thus others will endeavour to make themselves acceptable to you ; a soft charm will be diffused over your social intercourse ; and you will return from every fresh scene, every new adventure, with the impressions of HARRY, satisfied, because you have been solicitous to give satisfaction.”

FRUGALITY.

THE CHARACTER OF SIMPLEX.

SIMPLEX, when he entered at school, had no more than two-pence a week allowed him by his parents, while many of his age had six-pence, and some even more. His parents were not affluent; but they were indulgent—and had they thought it for his good, they would have abridged themselves of some pleasures, to add to his. Their opinion was, that gratifying unnecessary desires only increases their importunity; and that he who does not learn early to husband a little, will never be a good manager with a great deal. They anxiously endeavoured to impress on his mind, that the fewer personal wants he had, the happier and richer he would be; and that it is more meritorious to be satisfied with moderate indulgences, than to wish to enjoy, and to be able to command many.

At first, SIMPLEX felt himself somewhat mortified, when his school-fellows could purchase

more expensive playthings, and riot on more tarts and fruit than his finances would allow; but he soon overcame this, and was frequently able to lend an halfpenny out of his slender stock, and sometimes to give one in charity, when his richer associates, from their extravagance, could do neither.

His wants thus bounded, and his character thus formed, quickly gave him ideas of comfort and self-congratulation which others were deprived of; and when it was found, that his allowance could be increased with safety, it was gradually done, till it amounted to a shilling a week.

In the first year after he had been indulged with this capital sum, as he then thought it, he surpris'd his parents by displaying a silver watch on his return at one of the vacations. He explained his expenditures; and he produced a minute account as a voucher of his prudence and œconomy. The page in which the sums total were cast up I have faithfully copied, as an incitement and an example to others. In my estimation, it is more valuable than many long treatises on management and frugality: it illustrates an useful art; and displays some traits of character, which older people may be proud to imitate.

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MEMOIRS OF A CORNISH CURATE.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

TO pourtray one's own life with impartiality, and to lay open with candour the movements of the heart; to dare to confess its foibles, and by the test of justice to try its merits, is, perhaps, as difficult a task as can well be conceived: but, actuated by a regard for the happiness of those who have not yet determined on their future course of life, and hoping that my story may serve either to direct or to deter, I venture to lay it before the public.

I was born in a distant country, in a remote corner of the kingdom. My parents were above indigence, and their honour above imputation. A family pride, which had been handed down through a succession of generations, prevented them from stooping to the drudgery of trade; while their hereditary estate, being insufficient to secure a genteel independence to themselves, was

of

of course too limited to enable them to provide for the contingency of a numerous offspring.

I was the third son, and of course had but little to expect. My father early intended me for the church; and I was placed under an approved master, at a celebrated grammar-school. My diligence, let me say it, since I can without vanity make the assertion, soon procured me the good-will of my master; and the meekness of my disposition, the favour of my school-fellows, of whom I was in a few years considered as the head, and on every public occasion selected by my master, to prove his own diligence, by the display of my acquisitions. In seven years, I finished my career of classical education, and left the good old gentleman with tears of filial affection, who heightened my feelings by the sympathetic regard which was conspicuous in his own looks.

And here I cannot forbear fondly indulging my fancy, with a retrospective view of those happy days, those years of unmingled felicity, when care has not planted her sting in the human breast, or thought launched out into scenes of future action, where misery so often dashes the cup of life with her bitter draughts:

There are, I believe, but few persons, however happy they may have been in their progress through life, who have not made the same reflection, and recurred with pleasure to those cloudless hours, when the task, or the dread of correction, were the worst ills that could befall them; when the joys of the heart were pure and unalloyed, the tear soon forgot, and the mind unagitated and clear. If the fortunate have made these reflections, well may I, who have journeyed on in one dreary road, since I first entered the path of life; and scarcely have known those intervals of bliss, which the mendicant himself is not forbidden to taste.

From the grammar-school I was removed to the university of Oxford, and entered on the foundation of Exeter-College. The same diligent application which had marked my former studies, soon rendered me conspicuous in the university; and I was complimented on every occasion as a youth of no common genius and unwearied assiduity. My heart began to be elated with the applauses which were so lavishly bestowed on me. I was animated to yet farther exertions of application; and, in four years, took my bachelor's degree, with an eclat which has seldom

feldom distinguished a lefs diligent fcholar. I was now become the object of univerfal admiration in the univerfity; my future greatnefs was prognoflicated in the moft flattering terms, as one who would be an honour to literature, and a luminary in the church; but thofe compliments, however soothing to the youthful bofom, only operated to diftrefs me. The lefs affiduous could not endure me to bear away the palm of genius on every public occafion; and the proud, the honoured, and the great, began to affect a fupercilious contempt in my prefence, which I am confident was neither fanctioned by their fituations, nor deferved by my conduct.

The charms of fciencce, and the maxims of philofophy, could neither infpire me with fortitude, nor lull my fenfibility. Too partial, perhaps, to my own merit, I was impatient of the flighteft appearance of difrefpect; and my feelings were, about this time, put to a moft fevere trial, by the death of my father, after fo fhort an illnefs that I was prevented from receiving his laft benediction. This calamity more deeply affected me than all my fubfequent misfortunes; it was the firft I ever fuffered, and the keen edge of delicate fenfibility had not yet been blunted by a frequent repetition of misery. I refigned my-

self into the arms of melancholy; and secluding myself from the impertinent or affected condolers of my loss, indulged that exquisite kind of sorrow which shuns the obtrusion of the world.

By my father's will I found myself intitled to five hundred pounds, which was all I had to combat the world with, and to establish myself in life; but, had I been rendered by my patrimony, what the prudent call perfectly easy, my grief would not have been less sincere, nor my feelings less acute.

As my finances would no longer decently support me at college, and my affliction for the loss of a beloved parent stifled every throb of ambition, and forbade me to launch into a more active course of life, I embraced the first opportunity of an ordination, at once to seclude myself from secular employments, and to gratify my sedentary and studious disposition.

To engage in the most sacred of all offices without a more laudable view, may be excused in the eyes of an unthinking world, but must certainly render a man highly culpable in the sight of Heaven; and though I am not conscious of ever disgracing my profession, except my poverty and misfortunes may be thought to have degraded it, I have often reflected with
shame,

shame, that I was not influenced by worthier motives.

Having assumed the sacred habit, I set out for my native place, with a pain and reluctance I had never before experienced. I reflected, that I was now not only bidding adieu for ever to the seats of the muses, and leaving behind me some valuable friends, to whom I was attached by a similarity of studies; but had likewise the melancholy consideration to support, that I had no longer a father to receive me in his longing arms, or a faithful friend to guard me from the deceptions of the world. At the sight of my native mansion, the tears gushed involuntarily from my eyes. I was overcome with contending passions; and could scarcely support myself in the room where my relations were ready to receive me, before I fell listless on the floor, and enjoyed a temporary suspension of thought, and a consequent relaxation from pain.

On recovering, I found the whole family anxiously attentive to my welfare; and my mother, from her apprehensions for me, was in a state little better than that from which I was restored. She, however, soon regained strength to bless God that I was safe, and that she had lived to see me in holy orders.

Regardless

Regardless of securing any little advantage that might have accrued to me from my acceptance of a curacy, I continued some time with my mother and elder brother, prosecuting my theological studies with much application, and only allowing proper intervals for exercise, or company. Time, the grand restorer, assisted by those doctrines of Christianity which are peculiarly comforting to the afflicted, brought me by degrees to a necessary composure of mind. I gradually regained my wonted serenity: and was ardently looking forward to my future destination; when a fresh accident plunged me into the depths of misery, and not only taught me to despair of finding friendship in a heart where the maxims of virtue are not inherent, but convinced me that the ties of blood may be burst asunder at the instigations of passion, and a brother with less reluctance sacrificed, than a sensual appetite abandoned.

To alleviate the grief occasioned by a beloved partner's loss, my mother had requested the company of a young lady named Olivia, the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman. She had often visited in our family; and, being nearly of my age, was my constant companion in every childish pursuit: but, as the impression on the breast of fancy is evanescent as the morning dew, or the bloom:

bloom of the rose, her remembrance had been almost effaced from my mind; and during the time which we had recently spent together, I had not felt a single emotion in her favour, nor treated her with more attention, than the fair, the lovely, and the young, have always a right to expect from the manly and polished heart.

It being now the vernal season, I happened, one fine serene evening, to rove, with a book in my hand, to a considerable distance from home; till finding the shades of night suddenly surrounding me, I hastened to return. My nearest way was through tangled woods, and unfrequented paths, and to this I gave the preference; but before I had proceeded far, a female voice resounded from a neighbouring copse. Shrieks, entreaties, and prayers, which became more languid as I approached, seemed to be poured out in vain; and the voice died away in broken murmurs. With all the expedition that humanity could inspire, I flew towards the place; but judge my surprise and sensations, when I beheld Olivia struggling in my brother's arms, and seemingly overcome by her exertions. At the sight of such an unwelcome intruder, my brother seemed confounded with shame: he instantly forsook his lovely prize; and, with eyes darting indignation,

tion, quitted the spot without uttering a single word.

Wounded to the soul with his baseness, and melted by the piteous situation of the lovely object, who lay stretched on the earth in a state of insensibility, I was scarcely master of myself. However, I soon summoned a sufficient degree of reason to attempt her revival; and I had the happiness to find, that my exertions were not in vain. As she opened her fine blue eyes, and looked me full in the face, I felt an emotion which I had never before experienced. She started back at the sight of such an unexpected deliverer; and, notwithstanding my utmost endeavours, relapsed into the same melancholy state. At length, I again found means to restore her; when, bursting into a flood of tears—"Eugenius," says she, "may every blessing attend your life! May Heaven shower its choicest favours on your head! and may some lovely and fortunate fair reward your virtue for preserving mine!"—"My dearest Olivia, exclaimed I, with all the enthusiasm of love; the hand of Heaven seems conspicuous in this deliverance; and if I may presume to express the wish that lies nearest my heart—may the same power make me the everlasting guardian of that virtue which I have

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so miraculously been enabled to save!"—"My deliverer," sweetly returned the ingenuous fair, "is entitled to every acknowledgment I can make; conduct me to my father, and lodge under his sheltering roof, the child who is at his disposal." With this requisition I immediately complied; and as we agreed that it would be prudent to conceal the rude assault of my brother, which the malevolent world might have represented as more fatal than it really was, we resolved to ascribe the lateness of our arrival to the fineness of the evening, and the charms of the season, which had tempted us to linger beyond our intended time.

The apology was easily admitted, and, as I was invited to stay, I eagerly embraced the offer, as well to pass more time in the company of Olivia, as to recover sufficiently from my perturbation of mind, before I met a guilty brother's eye.

Next morning I took leave of Olivia and her father; and during my walk felt a dejection of spirits and heaviness of heart, which could not have been exceeded, if I had been the perpetrator of villainy, not the protector of innocence. The mind seems often prophetic of its own fate, and intuitively to foresee the storm that futurity is about to disclose. I approached my brother with
looks

looks of pity rather than indignation. Before I could utter a single word, unlocking his bureau—"Receive," says he, "your patrimony, and immediately quit the house. I disclaim for a brother, the wretch who can frustrate my wishes merely to gratify his own, and this under the more detestable mask of sentimental hypocrisy!" Stung to the soul, I replied, "The Power who sees the rectitude of my views, and by my means has defeated the villainy of your's, will abundantly provide for me! I renounce an alliance with your ignominy, with the same pleasure as you disclaim me for a brother: but let me caution you to beware, lest your passions precipitate you into irretrievable ruin!" With these words, I rushed into my mother's apartment; and, falling on my knees, besought her benediction, before the opportunity was for ever closed. Too well acquainted with what had passed, she bathed my face with her tears; and bewailing her hapless situation, encouraged me to hope for a speedy reconciliation, bidding me rely on her unalterable love.

Alas! she lived but a very short time to realize her wishes; for, within three weeks, she fell a martyr to her grief, occasioned by the brutal insolence

solence of my brother, in consequence of her partiality to me.

An outcast from my family, and equally disqualified by the delicacy of my feelings, and the narrowness of my circumstances, from elbowing my way in the world, I scarcely knew which way to direct my steps. Love, however, which can illumine the darkest hours of life, prompted my return to Olivia, that I might tell her how much my misfortunes attached her to my heart. I revealed to the dear charmer my true situation, and concluded by asking her advice respecting my future conduct. She immediately referred me to her father's superior experience; and I accordingly communicated to him, my fixed resolution of engaging in a cure, without assigning the most distant reason for quitting my brother's house. In consequence of this communication, I had in a few days the happiness to be informed, that an old gentleman, the rector of R——, a village about three miles distant, was in immediate want of a clerical assistant.

To him I presently applied, and without hesitation, closed with his offer of allowing me twenty pounds a year; but as this sum would barely find me in board, my patrimony began rapidly to decrease.

Olivia,

Olivia, I need scarcely say, in the meantime, engaged all my thoughts. Our love was mutual and sincere; and interest, that powerful incentive to modern contracts, was entirely overlooked by both; as her fortune was still inferior to my own. In a few months she consented to be irrevocably mine; and I then thought my felicity beyond the reach of fate. From this pleasing delusion, however, I had the misfortune soon to be awakened; for finding my income very inadequate to my expenses, I began to shudder at the thoughts of involving a beloved wife in want and misery. These gloomy presages were too soon realized, by the death of my aged patron; an event which wholly deprived me of employment. This stroke was followed by the birth of a son; which, though it ought to have taught me œconomy, and stimulated my exertions, only tended to lull my cares, and deaden my sense of want.

After vainly endeavouring to obtain another curacy, and being disappointed in my expectations of a small living, by the machinations of my now-abandoned brother, Olivia's father was attacked by a paralytic stroke, which compelled him to resign the care of his church to me. The whole amount of his living did not exceed four-score pounds a year; and consequently little could
be

be allowed for the maintenance of a curate. My Olivia was again pregnant; when I found, that exclusive of some trifling articles of furniture and books, I had scarcely one hundred pounds left: and, to add to my distress, a second paralytic stroke, and soon after a third, deprived me of a valuable friend, whose effects, when disposed of, and his debts discharged, produced only about threescore pounds for his daughter's portion.

Being now destitute of every friend, my brother remaining irreconcilably inveterate, and a native bashfulness of disposition, for which the world is not always candid enough to make proper allowances, having prevented me from extending my connections, or securing a powerful friend, I was in such a distressful situation, that my mind began to sink beneath its burthen, and to become weary of struggling with fate.

The prospect, however, again brightened; and I obtained a very desirable curacy of thirty pounds a year, by the interest of a young baronet, who had accidentally seen Olivia and her two infant children, and expressed the warmest desire to serve us. As a present proof of his friendship, he applied to the rector of his parish, of which he was himself patron, to accept my services in the room of a young man, whom an unfortunate
and

and ill-requited attachment had just hurried to an untimely grave.

To D—— I immediately removed with my dearest Olivia, whose kind sollicitude for me was the only consolation of my life; and who, far from blaming me for that anxiety which continually clouded my aspect, kindly sympathised in my griefs, and endeavoured by the most endearing fondness to reconcile me to life. Sir Thomas S—, by whose interposition I had obtained my present establishment, likewise contributed all in his power to render my situation easy; continually loading the children with presents, and offering me the loan of any sum I might have occasion for. Of this last offer, I too imprudently and fatally availed myself, by borrowing two hundred pounds. To corroborate our good opinion of his generosity, he bad me make myself perfectly easy in my situation; for, on the present incumbent's death, the living should instantly be mine. I thanked him with an ardour that mocked the expressions of form. But, alas! I had to deal with a man of the world; and found too soon, that I had nothing to hope, and that I poured forth my gratitude, where my execrations only were due.

This

This unprincipled young man was our constant visitor, and encouraged our extravagance, merely that he might have an opportunity of supplying our wants. My Olivia was charmed with his condescension; and, as virtue cannot readily suspect that artifice which it never practised, she congratulated me—she congratulated herself and children—on the advantages we were likely to derive from a friendship, which neither of us could suppose to be interested. The contrary, however, soon appeared! Olivia, whose beauty was rather improved than diminished, was invited to celebrate with me a Christmas festival at Sir Thomas's. A blameable politeness to my supposed friend, easily induced me to drink more plentifully of the wine, with which his board was profusely covered, than my constitution would bear; and as I soon felt its effects, I was conveyed to bed in a state of ebriety and stupefaction. On Olivia, he likewise had the same shameful design; but, guarded by the laws of delicate propriety, she resisted his most earnest solicitations. However, as he attached himself entirely to her, his parasites and dependants, who saw plainly that he had views upon her virtue, retired one after another, leaving Olivia and him alone together. Immediately on this, he
shut

shut the door, and beseeching her attention for a few minutes, to an affair which nearly concerned his happiness, he began to insult her with the most violent protestations of love, and swore, that if she would not return his passion he should never see another happy hour; adding, that she might command his fortune and his life, and that what he had already conferred, was only a prelude to what he meant to do.

Awakened from her dream of happiness, she sprung up, and, animated with that courage which indignant virtue will ever feel, when it comes in contact with vice, she dared him again to wound her ears with his unhallowed vows; protesting that his conduct should be made known to an injured husband, who would make him severely repent of his temerity. With all the insolence of conscious superiority, he then opened the door, and with a smile of contempt informed her, that since she refused his friendship, his fortune, and his love, she should feel the effects of his resentment. These threats, it is evident, the base villain must have prepared to put in execution previous to his diabolical invitation: for, before I descended next morning to breakfast, I was arrested at his suit on my note for two hundred pounds, which I had pressed him to accept on his

his

his lending me that sum; and as it was not in my power to satisfy one half of the demand, I was hurried away to prison.

My prospects were now entirely blasted. Want, ignominy, and disgrace, presented themselves to my view in their most hideous aspects; and I could have laid down my life without a sigh, had not a faithful and affectionate wife, with two infant children, bound me to them with ties of indissoluble regard. My confinement, I was truly sensible, could only add to their misery, yet the most unfortunate cannot without reluctance let go those attachments which are so firmly rooted in the soul, or bid farewell to mortality with a stoical apathy.

But, O God! my heart bleeds afresh at the recollection of the scene I am now going to describe—My Olivia, unable to support her separation from me, requested leave to make my room her habitation. The fatal request was granted:—for a few days, I was surrounded by my wife and children, they cheered the prison gloom—But, can I proceed—I was soon deprived of these comforts for ever! In three short weeks after my commitment, they were carried off by an epidemical fever; and these eyes, which never beheld the misery of a stranger without bestowing

the alms of pity's tear, were doomed to behold a wife and two innocents press the same untimely bier.

The pathos of language is too weak to express my sensations; I became delirious, and my own hands had nearly perpetrated a deed, which my soul abhors—for now I had no more to lose! And, gracious Heaven! if at that trying juncture, I arraigned thy justice, forgive me! for affliction laid its iron hand too heavy upon me. By degrees I fell into a settled despondency; and, since I entered this miserable room, four years have rolled away their melancholy hours, in which I have hardly beheld the face of a friend, or been soothed by the voice of a relation. The intrigues of my unnatural brother, who leagued with Sir Thomas on account of his cruelty to me, have prevented me from obtaining my release; and seem to have shut the gates of mercy on my fate. My only expectation of deliverance is by the hand of death, for whose speedy approach my prayers are continually offered up. When that happy period arrives, my soul shall soar above its enemies; and leaving resentment entirely behind, shall taste that fruition for which my misfortunes here will give it the higher relish.

From

From my melancholy tale, which I have ardently desired to publish before its authenticity could be disputed, let the sons of pleasure learn to reflect, while they roll in the abundance of riches, and enjoy the completion of every wish, that there are many wretches, like me, whom their licentiousness ruins, and whom their benevolence might save! let those whom the charms of science allure to ascend the summit of fame, timely consider, that learning is not always the path to preferment, and that silent merit may sink unnoticed to the grave! From my fate, too, some defects in our boasted establishments may, perhaps, be traced; and the great be brought to allow, that due regard ought to be paid to the virtuous and the modest in every sphere of life, and that the road to honours and emoluments should not always be so commonly through the gate of superior address and unblushing assurance.

HISTORY.

PERHAPS no branch of literature has been cultivated with more assiduity in the present age than History; and in no province have the writers of our nation gained more deserved applause than in this. We are now furnished with a luxuriant crop of publications on the subject of general as well as national history: from the extended detail to the minute abridgment, all tastes are consulted, and all conditions accommodated.

Hence retrospective knowledge has been rapidly diffused; and an acquaintance with historical evidence is no longer confined to the learned, but may be found among the lowest ranks of the people. The cobbler will now descant on events in days of yore, regulate the balance of power, and lay down the principles of liberty; at the same time that he is ignorant of what is passing at the next door, has no power to adjust but to keep his share of custom from being

carried to the next stall, and feels the only liberty he enjoys is to work or starve.

History is certainly adapted to enlighten the mind as well as to entertain the fancy; but as it is now composed, the number of those who read it and apply it to useful purposes, is not great. To extract its beneficial essence, requires some judgment. It has been called, if I mistake not, the science of instructing by examples. I would beg leave to dissent from this definition; and describe it as the science that warns by contraries.

For what does History in general present to a contemplative mind!—A disgusting detail of follies and of crimes; of the insolence of power, and the degradation and misery of our kind. It records wars that have swept the earth with the scourge of desolation; it harasses our feelings with massacres at which humanity turns pale; it tortures our minds with the recitals of inquisitions and persecutions, for no crime but worshipping God according to the dictates of one's own conscience; it displays elevated rank and power too commonly disgraced by atrocities that freeze us with horror, or by wanton and capricious follies, that sicken and disgust.

Who are the most prominent portraits on the canvas of History?—The blood-stained tyrant,

the factious partisan, and the most abandoned enemies of virtue and of man. Can such characters instruct by example? Unless to avoid their errors and their crimes, it had been better if their fame had perished with them.

History, however, too often throws a false gloss over names that deserve nothing but our execration; and thus it poisons the unreflecting, while they suppose themselves reaping instruction or enjoying amusement. The hero is represented in the most brilliant colours that language can bestow: the destroyer of thousands has a distinguished niche in the temple of historic fame; while he who has spent his life in humanizing and illuminating mankind, in diffusing the blessings of peace, and of society, is seldom honoured with a line to preserve his name.

The maxim of *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* is often fatal to the best interests of the living. I could wish to see the *illustrious* enemies of human nature painted in their true colours, and in tints that could not allure. I would brand them as criminals to warn others; while none but the real benefactors of their kind should be held up to admiration or honour.

I wish to recommend a new mode of writing history. Were it composed on moral and philosophical

sophical principles instead of political, as it now is, what an entertaining and instructive science it would be! Were the actions of the principal performers on the stage of life brought to the test of reason, nature, religion, and truth, we should then be able to form a due estimate of characters: but till something of this kind is accomplished, History ought to be read with caution; and youth should be well guarded by instruction from bestowing applause, where they ought to detest and despise

EVASION ALLIED TO FALSEHOOD.

A HEEDLESS youth at play had the ill-luck to break two or three panes in the window of a poor widow's cottage, who having pretty well ascertained the offender, came in the most civil manner to his father, to complain of the injury she had received.

Conscious of having done wrong, but unwilling to own it, the culprit tried to brave the accusation, and demanded proof of the charge. He had indeed been at play, he said, near the spot; but so had others; and he thought it hard, that he should be blamed on suspicion, and alone made responsible for the damage.

“ Young man,” replied the father, “ your evasions convict you; and I am ashamed of your meanness, in attempting to elude what you cannot have the assurance to deny. The damage you have done may have happened from accident; it may have arisen from indiscretion without any malevolent intention, but by attempting
to

to disown it, you make that criminal, which of itself might have deserved indulgence.

“ Had you confessed your inadvertent trespass on this poor woman, I should have readily recompensed her for the injury; but as the case stands, I insist on your satisfying her out of your own allowance.

“ Though I cannot suspect you of the gross infamy of a direct falsehood, it being so much beneath your character and situation, in point of moral turpitude you approach very near to this shocking vice. Not to confess, is to deny—no disguise of words, no paltry subterfuge, can exonerate you from the guilt, though they may save you from the absolute imputation of a lie.

“ Whenever you have the misfortune to err, or to injure, shew contrition for your offence by a candid confession; and offer all the reparation in your power, with full purpose of future amendment; so will you be pitied, if you cannot be excused; and resentment for the wrong you have done, will speedily die away.”

The youth hung his head in silent conviction of his error; and was ever after distinguished for a generous scorn of evasion or falsehood, which gained him that lasting respect which a strict regard to veracity so richly deserves.

GAME OF TWENTY.

TUTOR AND PUPIL.

A LONG winter evening requires varied amusement to make it pass agreeably. Whatever improves the mind or humanizes the heart, should form the basis of juvenile engagements; but the modes by which instruction may be conveyed under the guise of entertainment, are not a few. Ingenuity should employ them all, that satiety may not induce languor, nor the natural bent for pleasure be too strongly curbed by the formality of didactic rules.

To think with precision is one grand step towards thinking justly. I will teach you the outlines of an amusing art, which you may fill up by practice, and vary with occasion. It is the art of telling what another thinks on, by appropriate questions and answers.

T. Fix your thoughts on something familiar by use. We should always proceed by degrees from what is simple, to what is more difficult.

P. I

P. I have fixed, Sir.

Q. 1. Is it animal, vegetable, or mineral; or in other words, to which of the three kingdoms of nature does it belong?

A. It is animal and vegetable, I believe.

T. You must be certain—If you do not answer with strict propriety, it will be impossible for me to discover your meaning.

P. It must be what I say.

Q. 2. Is it in a natural or artificial state?

A. Artificial.

Q. 3. Is it employed for use or ornament?

A. Use, chiefly.

Q. 4. Is it a part of dress or food?

A. Neither.

Q. 5. Is it used in domestic œconomy or in the arts?

A. In domestic œconomy.

Q. 6. Is it an article employed most by night or by day?

A. By night.

T. Oh! It is animal and vegetable—of consequence in some artificial state, is employed for use, and in domestic œconomy, by night. This surely must be a CANDLE.

P. Indeed it was a candle I thought of. How clever this is!

T. The art is curious enough, if ingeniously handled; but no set rules can teach you. Good sense and attention will be the best guides. A few general questions are always necessary to begin with; but it depends on one's own judgment afterwards to put them in such a manner as may make each answer tend to illustrate what is required.

You must understand, however, that if you do not discover in twenty questions what is thought on, you lose the game. Hence it has been called the **GAME OF TWENTY**. I have known some few persons, who were such perfect adepts in the art, that the most abstruse word, single idea, or even historical fact that we could conceive, would have been solved by them, far within the limited interrogations. This proficiency, indeed, requires great strength of memory, a mind well-stored with knowledge, and corrected by taste; but much humbler attainments will enable you to amuse and be amused.

MODESTY AND CONTENTMENT,

EXEMPLIFIED IN THE

HISTORY OF A COUNTRY APOTHECARY.

IT is too frequently the practice of moralists to depict human life in gloomy lights and unfavourable colours; to depress the aspirings of hope, which it should be their study to raise and exhilarate; and to add to the pressure of real calamities, by an enumeration of adscititious ills, which only exist in the apprehensions of the short-sighted misanthrope, or the disappointed sybarite. It must, therefore, administer the highest satisfaction to every generous mind, to see the unfortunate blest with content, and the humble happy; neither railing at the injustice of mankind, nor arraiging the impartiality of Providence.

This train of reflection originated from a late accidental interview with an old school-fellow,
whose

whose amiable life and manners illustrates my remarks, and sanctions my partiality for his character.

Being called into the West of England by business which admitted no delay, I set out on horseback without the attendance of a servant, which I never deemed conducive to pleasure, though in some circumstances it may be useful; and as events fell out, would have been agreeable to myself. When about ten miles from the place of my destination, my horse took fright; I was violently thrown on the ground, and for a short space had neither sense nor motion. As I began to recover my recollection, I found myself considerably bruised, and scarcely able to move. I was, therefore, obliged to continue on the spot for several hours, supporting myself with the hopes, that some person might cross the waste on which I lay, and assist me to the nearest house. At last, a shepherd providentially approached the spot; and informing me that the town of B—— was but a short mile off, humanely replaced me on my horse, and conducted me to the best inn the place afforded.

The landlord being called, I inquired what medical assistance the town could supply. “We have a vastly clever apothecary, Sir; and with
your

your permission, I'll send for Mr. Drench directly: I have no doubt that he will give you perfect satisfaction." A messenger was accordingly dispatched for this gentleman; but he soon returned with a visage expressive of disappointment: the apothecary was gone out of town to dine with a party of friends, and would not return before night.—“ Good heavens,” exclaimed I, “ can a person whose profession requires constant and uniform vigilance, the utmost sobriety, and the coolest judgment, indulge himself in voluptuousness for so many hours? Have you no friend to the sick poor, no man who acts in a subordinate station, who could free me from a few ounces of blood, and spread a plaster for my bruises?” —“ O, yes, we have such a person as you mention: a man reckoned a great scholar too by some people—but in all my life I never saw such a shy, silly creature! Why, he makes apologies at drinking a single glass of wine; nor did I ever see him in the company of any of our great folks. His business lies only among the lowest class; but if you please, Sir, we will call him, he is seldom out of the way.” —“ Send for him directly—my present situation seems to require dispatch: and perhaps his abilities may be sufficient to give me ease.”

In a few minutes, a thin pale figure entered, whose dress and looks neither bespoke the proud nor the successful practitioner. Untainted with the stale address, and the long affected face of his brotherhood, and without any of their officious bustle, he approached me with a look ineffably grateful to a stranger; kindly inquired my complaints, expressed his concern for the misfortunes of travellers, and modestly declared his hopes, that he should be able to relieve me, and restore me in a short time to my family and friends. He performed the office of phlebotomy with abundant ease and dexterity; examined the state of my bruises, which he pronounced not dangerous; and administering some medicines, left me, with an assurance of calling again in an hour to see how I did. "But," added he, "I was stopped in my way here to visit a dying man, whose physical guide has forsaken him for a dinner with the squire; and I hold myself bound to exert my poor abilities to assist all who apply to me, whether poor or rich, whether friends or foes."

This declaration gave me a more exalted opinion of my attendant, than if he had boasted his reception among the great, expatiated on the number of his cures, and displayed the diamond

on his finger. At the stated time he returned: and as I found myself considerably easier, and, besides, was desirous of some rational company, I requested the favour of his conversation for the evening, or, at least such a portion of it, as might be conveniently spared from professional avocations. A look of complacency granted my request, before his lips could perform their office. He attentively surveyed me, as if trying to recognize the face of an old acquaintance under the veil of years; and at last, with a half stifled sigh, exclaimed,—“ I find you know me not—but I am much altered; and how can you be supposed to recollect your once loved MONTFORD under this disguise, and in this situation?”—“ Good God! can the once honoured MONTFORD, the companion of my youth, be transformed into the little apothecary of a country town? and am I fortunate enough to meet with a friend, where I expected only a mercenary assistant!”—“ Patience! and I will indulge you with a recital of my fortunes. You are no stranger to the deceitful prospects of my birth; you know the manner of my education; but, from the time that our union was dissolved at school, my history, I am well aware, is a secret to my STANLEY.

“ When

“ When I was sixteen years of age, I lost my father : my mother had been called from this world to a better, before my infantine simplicity could be sensible of her departure. My estates were consigned to guardians ; and their own necessities soon prompted them to make free with my possessions. They were naturally well inclined, and had they been fortunate, perhaps would have acted with integrity : but they were exposed to temptations which they had not sufficient fortitude to resist ; and thus betrayed that trust, the preservation of which, should have been held more sacred than the fulfilling of personal and private engagements. They had received a commission which could not be recalled. My father reposed in the fullest confidence, that he had secured the happiness of an only and beloved son, by placing him under such guardians with the most unlimited power. What criminality then was attached to their want of faith, and their breach of a dying man’s requests ! But why this retrospect ! I soon found that the prospects which my birth gave me liberty to indulge, were vanished for ever ; that, instead of being the munificent patron of indigent merit, and the friend of the unfortunate, I was to learn the sufferance of upstart pride, submission to those
who

who were once my inferiors, and all that train of humble virtues, which, though less calculated for the elevated, are indispensably necessary for the lowly. Having never wanted in the idea of affluence, from a view of personal gratifications, and feeling little reluctance in being debarred from fashionable indulgencies, and removed from the contamination of fashionable vices; I set about acquiring those notions which reason and prudence taught me, were adapted to the humble sphere in which I was destined to move: and with sincerity can aver, that the loss of fortune affected me less, than many incidents which have since overtaken me in the walk of life.

“ My guardians (if the world will allow them the appellation) with the small remains of my fortune, saved from their general wreck, put me apprentice to an apothecary in London; and with him I served seven years, as happily as I could possibly desire. I will not attempt to delineate the character of this worthy man, whom I revered as a father, and loved as a friend. He is now beyond the reach of my censure or applause; his good deeds have attended him to a happier state; and his foibles were so few, that it was impossible they should

should impede his passage thither. Unbounded charity and beneficence, a feeling soul in tune with distress, and a promptitude to relieve it, were only a few of his distinguishing perfections. From him I imbibed principles, which I should never have acquired with so much relish in the enjoyment of hereditary fortune; and I bless God, that though my opportunity of doing good is but circumscribed, my inclination for it is not cold; and I reflect with conscious pleasure, that remuneration will not be apportioned to actions only, but to intentions also.

“ Unable to force my way to attention, and better qualified to feel than to express my sense of kindness; after my master's death, which happened before I had been two years released from my apprenticeship, I found the greatest difficulty in obtaining employment in the humble capacity of journeyman. One master apothecary disliked my address; another advised me to shave my head, and equip myself in a physical peruke; and a third recommended the study of Chesterfield, whose aphorisms, he said, were of more consequence to the faculty than those of Hippocrates. Sometimes I had the misfortune to disoblige a patient by contradicting a favourite humour, the indulgence of which I knew
would

would be injurious, if not fatal; and frequently my master was dissatisfied, because, as he termed it, I did not throw in medicines enough, when there was a sufficient opening. You will allow, my dear STANLEY!—forgive the freedom of the address—you will allow, there is a principle called conscience; and that when a man acts contrary to its decisions, he looks in vain for felicity. Directed by this potent rule, I endeavoured to do justice to all mankind; to square my actions by the unerring criterion of self-collocation in similar circumstances. I neither tampered with the constitution of patients to drain their purses; nor would allow them to rush to an untimely grave, when convinced, that restrictions were necessary to be laid, and their practice enforced. These qualities, though they did not procure me credit with the great, have tended to alleviate the ills to which I have been exposed; and in a profession like mine, where the smallest deviations from rectitude of intention in action may possibly prove fatal to a fellow-creature, it is surely some consolation to be able to ponder without self-accusation.

“ Finding it impossible to establish myself on the busy stage of life, I retired from the capital; and

and about fifteen years ago, took up my residence here. I soon became acquainted with a young woman, who like myself had been born to better fortune, but like me, had been disappointed. A similarity of situations, as well as a congeniality of dispositions, engaged us to each other by the strongest ties of mutual affection. She soon became my wife; and, if I have ever felt any unhappiness in her presence, since she vowed to be mine, it was only when she repined at my hard fortune, and reluctantly resigned herself to the dispensations of Providence.

“ My children are numerous and healthy: they are neither pampered with delicacies, nor spoiled by indulgence. Our situation will not admit of the one, and I hope we are too wise to comply with the other.

“ From my appearance, I presume it will be needless to add, that much success has never been my lot. The weaknesses I have already enumerated, and which are too dear to be resigned, have kept me from being considered as the first man in my profession, even in this poor place. But if I have never been a favourite among the rich, or patronized by the great, I have had many friends among the poor; and to them I have reciprocally proved myself a friend.

“ I hope

“ I hope it will not be deemed ostentatious to insinuate, that I am conscious of having sometimes administered ease to the afflicted, of having soothed the rage of disease, and given a respite to the flitting soul. Though my employers, in general, are little able to grant pecuniary compensation, I feel myself happy in their confidence; and I would not forego the pleasure of assisting the poorest person in distress, for the honour of waiting on grandeur in its happiest hours.”

Here my friend paused—I embraced him with tears of joy. “ MONTFORD, you are too good for this world—your value is hid like that of a diamond in the mine—your principles do honour to human nature; but might you not be more extremely useful to the community, were you inspired with a little additional self-consequence; which, however strange it may appear, is always repaid with the confidence of mankind!”

“ *Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret.* I have acted conformable to my disposition; I have made my election, and am content. I feel more internal peace than I could have gained by the adoption of your maxims; and what has a wise man to look for here of more genuine value.”—“ But you have ties, MONTFORD, which justify

justify more vigorous exertions—a family looks up to you for support, and can you overlook their advantage?” A tear was ready to fall, but he checked it with manly fortitude. “You weaken my resolution, STANLEY; you awaken my tenderest sensations; but I cannot be more happy than in the consciousness of rectitude; nor did any one ever attempt to alter the course of his nature with effect.”

“MONTFORD, I have been what the world calls more fortunate; I have an ample income, without any incumbrance. I have neither wife nor children.—Will you permit me to adopt some of your little ones? I shall love them for your sake; nor can I more advantageously dispose of some superfluous thousands than in cherishing a virtuous family, as I am sure my MONTFORD’S must be.”

He would have made acknowledgments; but his words were lost in the utterance. He wept like a child—I could only hear—“This is too much! but you will meet with a reward.”

In a few days I was perfectly restored by the skill and attention of MONTFORD. I pressed him to accompany me, and participate of my fortune; but he delicately declined the acceptance of my offers. “There are some here who
might

might miss me, poor as I am. I receive with gratitude your proffered kindness to my children—but for myself, I am happy, and what has my STANLEY more to confer?”

Such is the true history of a man, who possesses qualities that would have adorned the highest station; but has too much honesty to gain homage from the vain, and too much humility to attract the notice of the great.

M

NEGRO

NEGRO SLAVERY,

AN APOSTROPHE.

WHAT must the feelings of that man be, who can engage in a traffic, at once repugnant to the calls of humanity, and the precepts of religion—the barbarous traffic in human blood! Who can tear the simple negro from his country, his attachments, and his bliss—who can load him with irons, to secure that dependance which his free-born spirit disdains—and who, instead of soothing the anguish of keen sensibility, enforces his obedience with menaces and whips!

Ye harmless natives of Africa, what have ye done, to deserve being marked out, as the victims of European, I dare not say Christian avarice? Ye whom Providence has separated from us by oceans and continents, why should you be dragged from your native wilds, to smart under the lash of those to whom ye owe no allegiance, and to fatten with your blood, a soil from which

ye reap no increase! Is it that luxury may riot on the sweat of your brow, that inhumanity may wallow in affluence earned by your stripes; or is it, great and eternal God! to fill up the measure of our crimes, that thou permittest this flagrant violation of thy laws?

Alas! commerce, the nurse of the blackest enormities, the frequent source of war and devastation, is your bane, and may be our ruin. Our forefathers were once as simple and as ignorant as you; but they loved their country, they staid at home; while we, their offspring, disgrace it, wherever we extend our intercourse. In vain shall we tell you of a pure religion, of a future judgment, of an impartial retribution. Those with whom you are unfortunately connected prove too sensibly by their conduct, that their belief has no influence on their practice. In vain shall we tell you, that misery is the growth of every climate, and that you are no more wretched in a foreign land than you would be in your own. Nature and reason abjure the flimsy pretext. In your breasts the love of your country flows as warm as in our's; and who was ever brought to regard eternal banishment, as an agreeable alternative for any thing less than death! Besides, our avarice is the grand original

source of all your ills. We excite the sordid passions of robbery and gain in the bosoms of your chiefs; and then direct them as engines to produce our own interest, and your ruin! Aggravated infamy! unparalleled barbarity! To spread devastation, and to exult in its progress—to sow the seeds of guilt, and to reap with joy the full harvest of our iniquity.

To you, my countrymen, permit me now to appeal. Renowned for all the arts that can embellish life, for all the powers that can render friendship valuable, or enmity dreadful; blessed, in general, with hearts to feel for distress, and with hands ready to relieve it,—why, when thus happy, thus great, and thus amiable, will you suffer the national glory to be tarnished, by the inhuman avarice of a worthless few!

Thank God! the liberal spirit of humanity is gone abroad; and a virtuous indignation is roused against those who disgrace the British name. But though the cause is one of the noblest in which generous and enlightened minds can embark, though Heaven unquestionably views your exertions with complacency, it is necessary, that zeal should be tempered with moderation, lest clemency rashly extended, should defeat its own purpose.

In the constitution of things in this world, it is impossible to separate the evil entirely from the good; and when we are plunged deeply into error, it is not in our power, by one single effort, to recover. The immediate and absolute emancipation of your slaves is only the scheme of the visionary enthusiast; it would be attended with more dreadful effects than it is calculated to relieve. To stop the progress of the evil—to allow the unfortunate beings now under the whip of their task-masters, all the privileges of human creatures,—all the indulgencies that religion and justice demand, would at once conduce to your interest, your happiness, and your credit.

But if interest, if happiness, if credit are of no estimation in your eyes, think on future consequences; think on the precepts of religion; think on the hopes of immortality!

SUSPICION.

THE FATE OF HILARUS.

A SUSPICIOUS mind is always base and corrupt. Its vigilance is in proportion to the depravity from which it proceeds. The candid, the charitable, and the upright, seldom have the least tincture of this mean passion; but on the contrary despise it, as equally troublesome to their repose, and derogatory to their character. And with just reason they may; for what prompts suspicion? A consciousness that were we in the situation of the person we suspect, we should be guilty of all we impute to him; that we should indulge in the vices, or give way to the temptations which are thrown in his way by accident or choice.

This is no very honourable acknowledgment; but it is evidently made, when a person doubts the purity of others motives or actions, or ques-
tions

tions their integrity, without the clearest conviction.

The misfortune, however, is, that the evil is not confined to the wretched breast that breeds it. Were it to revert on itself, few would pity it; and its exercise would be more venial: but suspicion not only injures, but frequently ruins the character, on which it is fixed, however unjustly—and what is still worse, it has often been known to drive those who were really virtuous, to become all that has been insinuated against them by designing malice, or prying jealousy.

When men lose the rewards which they feel to be their due merit, they too frequently lose the desire of persevering in virtuous conduct. The duty that survives the hope of success is seldom performed with energy, or regarded as coercive. It requires a magnanimity more than common, to do well, and to suffer ill—to deserve praise, and yet incur the imputation of blame.

When suspicions, which no circumspection can remove, sully the untainted character, in spite of better reason, it naturally yields to its fate; and soon, either becomes tinged with the hue in which it has been so uncharitably dipped, or lost in the apathy of indifference.

HILARUS was a sprightly, ingenuous youth; the idol of his mother, and the admiration of all. His dispositions were generous and bland; humanity glistened in his eye, and good nature rested in his heart. In him, if possible, the latter quality was carried to a faulty extreme. He was fond of innocent amusement, for it was suited to his age; and he loved cheerful society, because all his associates loved him. Thus all went on in its natural and proper course; he was happy, and he wished to make others so, till his mother's weakness, and, according to the principles we have laid down, her wickedness too, conspired to upset the fabric of her fondest hopes, and made her, what she deserved to be—miserable.

HILARUS had no bad propensities to restrain; he might have some indiscretions; but you saw his heart at once: it was too honest to disguise.

His mother, whenever he was absent from her sight, began to receive him on his return, with a harsh lecture on prudence, though he had never been known nor suspected to swerve from its dictates. She insinuated injurious opinions against his companions; and recommended mortifications neither natural nor reasonable. Her maternal fondness might render her vigilant to
 check

check the appearance of real errors or crimes—her duty bound her to this; but her indiscreet suspicions and cautions gave HILARUS the very first idea of their existence in the world.

He was conscious he had done no wrong—his companions, as far as he knew, had the same clear mind; he did not like to be curbed without cause; and he felt a generous indignation against those who could propagate reports to the injury of the friends he esteemed. With modesty and affection—for he was dutiful as he was good—he represented to his mother his earnest sollicitude to oblige, and his desire to avoid deserved blame; but his soul was too noble not to spurn at suspicion: he wished it might be dropped for ever.

His amusements, however, harmless as they were, and even praise-worthy, felt a chill from what had passed: he enjoyed himself less than usual; he became reserved, without a temper for reserve; he studied to please, but with the study, he lost the natural expression of pleasure.

This apparent change confirmed his mother in her suspicions: when jealous doubts have once got possession of the mind, even contraries serve for confirmations of truth. She now proceeded farther to torture herself and him; she made inquiries of low and unprincipled persons into

every part of her son's conduct and connections, on purpose to discover flaws. Her disposition was soon found out, and her humour was flattered: she heard as many hints and innuendoes as satisfied her, she ought to be unhappy; but proofs, or even the semblance of truth, were entirely disregarded.

The attentions she had hitherto shewn to HILARUS'S credit and happiness, were now changed to tears and remonstrances; his home became a prison; and his best beloved friends were coolly treated, or grossly insulted. He tried a thousand times to break through his mother's delusions and prejudices—alas! in vain. His attempts frustrated the intended effect. Absurdity is not to be reasoned with. “He did not love her, or he would give her more of his company—he would leave *this* acquaintance, or form one with *that*.” He loved his mother as he ought, but she little tried to render her society agreeable, and therefore it could not be expected a young man would exclusively confine himself to it. Besides, he knew not what it was to possess a heart capable of the baseness of treacherously sacrificing any of his friends to unfounded suspicions. He remonstrated against the cruelty and injustice of his mother's notions
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of him and them. He humbly requested to know on what authorities the partial charges were founded. They were only vague surmises, heedless words, or harmless sallies of youth; situations, circumstances, and misrepresentations, without meaning, and therefore incapable of proof; yet these embittered his life; and as he found, after reiterated attempts, that he could not enjoy his rational pursuits without disobliging, by degrees he gave up the desire of obliging. He resigned himself to intemperance and excess of every kind to drown reflection, more than to indulge appetite. He became hardened by the strokes of censure; and, in short, learned from the suspicions he had unjustly suffered, to incur the guilt of every vice with which he had been falsely taxed; and which, had he been left to himself, he would have utterly abhorred, and blushed even to think of.

The mother of HILARUS saw this with anguish, but still ignorantly and wickedly ascribed his perverseness to natural depravity, instead of assigning it to the true cause. She even prided herself on her prudent advice, and that she had foretold what would happen. Her prophecies, indeed, followed like cause and effect.—

His friends who were capable of forming just and impartial sentiments, lamented the fatal suspicions and impolitic restraints, that had robbed them and society of a person born to be one of their brightest ornaments.

The distracted parent too, at last, saw and confessed her error; but it was now too late. Reformation is no easy task, when habits are once confirmed; and the despair of gaining credit for amendment, when innocence could not secure from blame, rendered HILARUS at last perfectly indifferent to censure or applause.

The mother and the child were equally wretched. But had the former been half as virtuous in heart as the latter was inclined to be, or had she possessed prudence enough to conceal her temper, both might have passed their lives in comfort, and affection, and duty might have soled their breasts.

REFLECTION.

All ages, and particularly youth, should be treated with a generous confidence, and allured to right by making a regard to their happiness the apparent motive of every restraint, which prudence or duty may wish to impose. Who-

ever is not made happy in his domestic and private intercourse will soon cease to be inspired with the emulation of desert; and suspicions, however justly indulged, should ever be hinted with the most delicate address. But for these neglects, HILARUS would have been virtuous and happy!

SONNET,

S O N N E T,

TO TIME.

AS o'er thy course I cast reflected eye,
 And measure back thy flight in pensive thought,
 Fond mem'ry dwells on hours of ecstasy,
 But sickens at whole years with anguish fraught.
 So in the sky some lucid spots appear,
 While dark and dismal looks the general sphere:
 Hast thou, O Time! within thy future womb
 No more of bliss than yet my soul has known?
 Borne on thy wings, have I no joys to come,
 And must misfortune mark me for her own?
 Then speed thy leaden flight, nor let thy stay
 Prolong to distant years my sense of woe!
 Short be my span, till in eternal day
 I lose remembrance of thy lapse below.

HISTORY OF EGENUS.

IT is frequently found, that weak minds on original meanness engraft only pride; and that unexpected success to such characters is often more detrimental than the heaviest pressure of calamity.

EGENUS was born of parents who had struggled hard with adversity, and who had felt the pinching hand of poverty through every stage of their existence; but whose honesty remained without the imputation of blame; and like the sun, bursting through involving clouds, appeared brighter from the contrast of the surrounding gloom. They both paid the great debt of nature before their only son had reached his tenth year, leaving him no other inheritance than their benediction. The integrity, however, of his deceased parents, recommended him to the attention of some friends, who raised a small fund for the purpose of putting the orphan to school, and for supplying other requisite expenses,

penfes, till he fhould arrive at an age capable of providing for himfelf.

Being of an active difpofition, and deprived of thofe imprudent indulgencies which the children of opulence often experience to their lofs, he foon made a confiderable progrefs in learning; and at the age of fourteen was efteemed fully qualified to be placed as an apprentice in fome genteel employment. His patrons finding him to be a spirited enterprifing lad, of a good address, recommended him to a merchant in town; very properly judging, that in a merchant's compting-houfe, diligence and probity will in general meet with adequate encouragement.

During the four firft years of his fervitude, EGENUS behaved with fuch dutiful fubmiffion and attention, as conciliated the regard of his mafter, and the good-will of all with whom he was connected. As he advanced to manhood, he unfortunately began to relax in diligence and integrity; but made up for it, in the eyes of the world at leaft, by redoubled officioufnefs and the moft fpecious appearances.

Thofe who have themfelves uniformly purfued the paths of rectitude, are the leaft capable of detecting artifice and infincerity. EGENUS found means to wind himfelf more clofely round
his

his master's heart by a fiew of regard, the more he wanted the reality; and at the expiration of his term, was admitted into a share of the trade, as a reward for his apparent integrity, assiduity, and ability.

On this unexpected elevation, EGENUS felt all those concomitant passions which agitate a little mind where vanity is predominant; but as a man never wholly throws off shame, nor becomes callous to the stings of conscience, till a long habitude in vice has rendered him thoroughly abandoned, he still adhered to his native hypocrisy and dissimulation in public; and never gave scope to his propensities, unless when thrown off his guard by mingling with the votaries of unrestrained mirth; or when wine, in which he seldom indulged to excess, had heated his imagination, and induced oblivion of caution. His expenses, however, from the gratification of various passions, considerably exceeded his income; though he still appeared a pattern of œconomy to all his connections; and in a short time, his real character would have been disclosed, had not another turn of undeserved fortune raised him still higher in the scale of wordly estimation.

His

His partner being a plodding man, who had acquired his whole fortune by honest industry and unimpeached integrity, had never entered into the marriage state; nor indeed, had he ever kept up any particular intercourse or correspondence with his relations; but having several nieces in the country, who might reasonably expect to participate in his acquisitions, when death should deprive him of the power of enjoying them, he had determined to give one of those females an invitation to town, purposely that it might produce an attachment between her and his favourite EGENUS; and should this design be fairly accomplished, to leave them in the entire possession of the business; and retire into his native country, with such pecuniary supplies as might be well spared, without prejudice to the credit and successful prosecution of the trade; there to enjoy that relaxation from business and content of mind, which a life of probity had well qualified and entitled him to taste.

The old gentleman's niece soon arrived, happy to obey a summons, from which she hoped to derive both pleasure and advantage; nor was it long before EGENUS, who easily ingratiated himself with the fair stranger, obtained her hand, with
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the entire approbation of the uncle, and a formal surrender of the whole business.

Elevated to a pitch of affluence and credit, beyond what his most sanguine hopes had taught him to expect, and free from the controul of a partner, EGENUS no longer thought himself obliged to restrain his real propensities. He began to give full licence to the dictates of a weak head and a depraved heart; fell into every fashionable excess; dissolved the ties of honour; violated the sincerity of friendship; and by appearing to the world in a new character, soon forfeited that esteem which his plausibility had formerly procured him.

As extravagance is inventive in resources, to finish his character for dissipation, he became a gamester and a dabbler in the funds; and as he had neither practice to secure him from the deceptions of the gaming-table, nor information to guide him in the Alley, one loss and disgrace followed another in quick succession; till, in three years after he possessed the sole direction of the concern, his creditors became importunate, his finances were exhausted; and a commission of bankruptcy being taken out, the neat dividend from his effects amounted to no more than six shillings in the pound.

Awakened

Awakened now to a real sense of his condition, and stung with remorse, shame, and vexation, EGENUS determined to support appearances by any possible means; and having in vain attempted to raise money by honourable modes, he ventured to commit a capital forgery, which being soon detected, he was taken into custody before he could secure his intended retreat to America.

In this melancholy situation, when reflection came too late, and when even repentance could not save, he was visited by his wife, accompanied by his former worthy master; and, if any thing could have added to the distraction of his mind, the sight of those two persons, whom he had so grossly injured and deceived, must have done it. In them, however, pity overcame every spark of resentment; and all their interest was exerted to save him from an ignominious death.

Their exertions were in vain: he was convicted on the clearest evidence, and soon after suffered the punishment due to the violators of public faith and private security.

Such was the wretched catastrophe of EGENUS! May his fate deter others from pursuing similar steps; and teach the humble to reflect,
that

that those are not always the happiest who have been accidentally raised to riches and honour; but that he, who, content with his condition, confines his expences within his income, however limited it may be, enjoys more real felicity, more permanent satisfaction, than can ever fall to the lot of the upstart in power, or the beggar in affluence.

LETTER

LETTER.

TO

W. J. J. H. F. G. F. M.

DEAREST CHILDREN,

REAL affection extends its views beyond the grave; its bounds are only those of eternity itself.

If such is my regard for you, time and reflection alone can enable you to determine. Sure I am, that I have never sacrificed the happiness of the future, to the weak indulgence of the present. My own feelings have often been severely wounded, when the imperious calls of duty forced me to consult your permanent welfare, at the expense of that fondness which is so delightful to a parent in his children.

Mine has been a difficult task; but I have not swerved from my best attentions to you. Necessity as well as choice made me your preceptor; and I have found it no easy matter to blend the

I

character

character of father and master; for parental affection often inclines to spare the momentary pain, while magisterial duty sees it necessary, to operate some future good.

It has, however, been my sole object to make you happy, and my delight to observe you so; but I have judged for you, when I was sensible you could not judge for yourselves; and I have certainly much less studied what would please for the moment, than what would profit you for ever.

Duly appreciating my conduct and motives, when you arrive at maturer years, will, I trust, convince you, that my ambition was to be your FRIEND. This is a title dearer to me than father. I have endeavoured to instil useful learning and generous principles into your tender minds; and I can already reflect with pleasure, that the soil has not been cultivated quite in vain, and that the fruit begins to appear. May it ripen to the perfection I desire!

My only consolation is derived from this expectation. I have supported various distresses from various causes, animated by the hope alone of being beneficial to you. Whether I shall live to see my fondest wishes realized, and my labours repaid in your welfare; or whether I shall even
be

be able to discharge the final part of my office as your tutor, your tender age and my situation render precarious and uncertain. To Providence I resign myself without a wish, except what centers in you!

I was anxious, however, to leave you some public pledge of my affectionate solicitude, whatever might be the event. It is the part of prudent resignation to provide for any contingency.

The foregoing pages, which were chiefly written to entertain or instruct you, will display some traits of character which I wish you to imitate, and will point out some defects which I wish you to avoid. They recommend studies conducive to your advantage or improvement: they attempt sometimes to interest the heart, and sometimes to amuse the fancy. What is addressed to the heart, has flowed from mine: to feel with excess, is in me rather a distemper than a study.

Should life and opportunity permit, it is not improbable but I may add to these literary trifles: in the mean while I conclude with the wish and advice conveyed in the subsequent verses,—

Your most affectionate

FATHER.

IN

IN peaceful arts, O! may the youth I love,
 Spend the long tenor of their happy days;
 And smit with SCIENCE, seek the silent grove,
 Or court the MUSES in immortal lays!

Adown the stream of time glide gently on,
 Nor listen to ambition's sounding voice;
 Nor prostrate reason from her mental throne,
 And drown her whispers in tumultuous joys.

Or if by fate, or choice, to business led,
 And doom'd to move in trade's contracted sphere,
 With steady steps the paths of honour tread,
 And fame and riches shall attend you here.

Or beats your breast to view each foreign land,
 And spread the sail of commerce o'er the main;
 Where happy climes, and temp'rate seasons bland,
 With native plenty deck the untill'd plain—

Go! and attend to virtue's sacred call;
 Through boundless space the Deity presides;
 And neither cares distress, nor fears appal,
 The hallow'd breast that conscious virtue guides.

But shun, O shun! the crimson'd blush of shame,
 And baneful pleasure's soft bewitching lure;
 With fervent zeal preserve untainted fame,
 Of Heav'n the favour, and the conscience pure.

With noble soul disdain the partial view,
 The social ties that link mankind revere :
 To love, to honour, and to friendship true,
 Their holy dictates hold for ever dear.

With pity's drop bedew affliction's smart,
 With lenient hand the pangs of misery heal ;
 To mild benevolence resign your heart,
 And learn the sacred luxury—to feel.

For know, unfriended, many a virtue weeps,
 In deep sequester'd solitude forlorn :
 And many an eye unceasing vigils keeps,
 Whose cherish'd brightness might eclipse the morn.

These all have claims upon the favour'd few,
 Whom fortune visits with a partial ray ;
 These all in grief's expressive language sue,—
 O! hear their plaints, and wipe their tears away.

So shall your hearts the sacred pleasures taste,
 That flow from charity's expanded reign :
 And gentlest transports settle in your breast,
 To blunt the sense of sublunary pain.

So shall your days through varied life be bless'd,
 And smiling peace your guiltless steps surround ;
 The soul repose in present good possess'd,
 And, time no more, with boundless joy be crown'd.

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