





Here is a Horse and harness too, Which ev'ry little boy may win. If they will strive to learn their books, And afterwards prove here it men.



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THE

HISTORY

OF

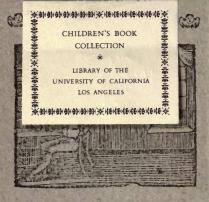
Mr. Sylvanus Ashfield,

who was born

in the County of DURHAM.

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Lendon:
Printed in the Year, 1796.



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THE STORY OF

M. Sylvanus Ashfield.

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**AR. Sylvanus Ashfield was born Min in the county of Durham; at the age of twenty-one he became possessed an easy fortune, and thought immediately of settling in the world. He married a lady of equal rank and fortune with himself, by whom he was blessed with three children; he was extreemly fond of his little offspring, and whenever they were assembled around his knees, he thought himself happier than a king. He had a good

library, and when he was not with his wife and children, his time was spent in study. Tho' he had a general taste for all forts of books, his inclination chiefly directed him to the poets, and particularly those of the dramatic kind. He had a strong passion for Shakespear's tragedies; he read them over and over without ceasing; and, fometimes, he thought how happy the people in Lon-DON must be, who had opportunities of going to the play-houses, where there these excellent pieces were exhibited. This notion, which occurred frequently to his mind, grew up to a most violent desire. He might indeed have taken a journey to London, as no body could have hindered him; but whenever he confidered the matter feriously, reason opposed so absurd an excursion; and he was conscious, that all his friends would blame him for taking a journey of 200 miles, merely for the take of secing a play. He continued two wholeyears in this distracted condition, and became melancholy and pensive,

Just at this time, however, he received a letter from town, with an account that an aunt of his was dead, who had appointed him her fole executor. It was therefore become absolutely necessary that he should go up to London, to tettle her affairs. All his friends were surprised at the joy he expressed on hearing this news, as he always had been esteemed a disinterested person.

He was really uneasy that they began to think him coverous, but he could not bring himself to declare the true cause of his suissaction. A French authorobserves very judiciously, that we are more jealous of the opinion others formes our understanding, than we are with respect to what they think of our morals; and we chuse rether to be thought immoral than ridiculous, or of a weak capacity: at least then he acted upon his principle.

Heimmediately ordered his horse out,



and leftall the world at liberty to think as they pleafed, as his whole care was in hastening every thing for his departure. He scarce allowed Mrs. Ashfield time to put up a few shirts in a cloakbag; and tho' he had the tenderest love for his family, the tears they shed when he rode off, were by him totally disregarded; his mind was wholly agitated by the pleasures he hoped to find in

feeing a play. He rode on very quick scarce allowing himself time for refreshment. When he alighted at the Inn, the first question he asked was, 'at what o'clock they opened the playhouse.' and he was answered, about five. As the time drew nearer his impatience increased. When he came to the play-house door, it was exactly four o'clock. He was enraged at the porter, and believed he delayed opening the door for the purpose. However it was fet open at last, and in our hero rushed. He surveyed with eagerness the place he had so long and so often wished to see; and at last seated > himself. Mean while the company crowded in, and feemed to share with him in impatience: some by bawling,

others by thumping their sticks upon the floor, and fome by whiftling. At last the long wish'd-formoment comes, the curtain is drawn up, and, -What do you think?-A man of enormous bulk comes in, and feats himfelf just before our hero, and almost obstructed a fight of the stage. This inconvenionce, however, he remedied by leaning on one fide, till his back was almost broken. The actors at last's ppeared, and for a time he seemed to have lost his faculties.

He only came to himfelf again at the close of the hift act. He then began to confider the pleasure he had received by this novelty: it was really great, but far from answering his expectations.

This disappointment occasioned a disgust; however, he was still determined to examine the play, and to-remark its defects; so, that at last, he found fault with the author, the players, the decolations, and even thought that every particular fell short of that perfection to which it might have been carried, to make the whole complete.

The farce, which was a pentomime, was still more disagreeable, being in itself extremely indecent and inmoral. The exhibition was at last was at an end, and he returned to the inn very pensive and discontented. While he was in this melancholy mood, he made the following pertinent reflections:

-lay cafe, faid he to himself, is very

common. A young lady at fourteen or fifteen, hears of what I may call the GRAND PLAY, Or, COMEDY OF THE World; she longs to be seen at this publicfpectacle, and endeavours to haften the long-defired hour; at length the appears at affemblies. What forecast, what care is had to be in a proper place to fee and be feen in a manner the most likely to footh and flatter her vanity! But when she fancies she has fucceeded, and that she is fixed to content, in comes a taller person, that is, a lady of greater beauty, a finer shape, more wit, and possessed of talents which the wants: The feizes and fixes the eve of every one in the company, and eclipfes the young perfon that thought herfelf so happy, and who, in order to

eatch a fide glance, and have share in the admiration of the spectators, is forced to be on the rack, and in the most uneasy posture, where this dangerous rival shines with superior endowments. Though the constraint is greatly troublesome, she keeps up her heart, and bears her present situation, with the prospect of the pleasure she hopes to find in this meeting. How great is her furprise, and how affecting her concern to fee, that the pleafure does not answer her expectation! she is frustrated, the does not meet with half, no, not a quarter of the fatisfaction, the proposed to herself; she grieves, she begins to loath the world, that requires so much, and returns so little; but this difgust too often fails

of bringing a love retreat, and ends in being out of temper with the faults of the play, and the performers; that is, the in idents of life: the perfidioulness of indifferent persons, and the ingratitude of those who were thought friends. One is deceived on all fides, obliged to take a fhare in the trouble of this person, and to suffer the unjust proceedings of that other; this is not all; this Comedy, or Universal Pantomime, which is not very entertaining, is very feandalous; what is heard and what is feen, disposes generally to evil. Who has the holy fear of the Lord, dreads-being fullied with this filth; he must be ever on his guard, always refilting, and engaged in an endless firuggie. Here the eyes and the cars must be constantly shut; the tongue must be almost under a perpetual restraint. What a pity! in fine, the play draws to an end, night, that is old age, comes on. What remains, but very little pleasure, great uneafiness, unprostable desires and to menting remortess. Happy those, who, like myself disgusted with the first representation, take a handsome resolution and follow my example,



