

Gordon Bremer.





# Juvenile Pieces ;

CONTAINING,

THE STUDENT'S DREAM,  
THE VISION OF FEMALE EX-  
CELLENCE,  
THE PAINTER'S PANEGYRIST,

AND AN EVENING'S MEDITA-  
TION, ON THE EXTENT  
AND USES OF OUR PRESENT  
KNOWLEDGE.

ACCOMPANIED

WITH AN EXTRACT FROM

## MASON'S ELEGY

To a young Nobleman leaving the Univerfity;

AND

## COTTON'S FIRE-SIDE.

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“ All my ambition is, I own,  
“ To profit and to please unknown ;  
“ Like freams fupplied from fprings below,  
“ Which fcatrer bleffings as they flow.”

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L O N D O N :

SOLD BY L. WAYLAND, N<sup>o</sup> 2, MIDDLE-ROW, HOLBORN ;  
H. D. SYMONDS, N<sup>o</sup> 20, PATERNOSTER-ROW ;  
W. STUART, OPPOSITE YORK HOUSE, PICCADILLY ;  
AND COTTLE, HIGH-STREET, BRISTOL.

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M. DCC. XCIII.

Juvenile Fiction

CONTENTS

THE STORY OF THE BROTHERS KRAMER, AND AN INTERESTING NARRATIVE OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE KING OF SWEDEN, AND AN ACCOUNT OF THE REIGN OF CHARLES THE TENTH, AND THE HISTORY OF THE SWEDISH NATION, FROM THE DEATH OF CHARLES THE TENTH, TO THE PRESENT TIME.

BY MRS. MARY

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

MARSHALL

AND

THE

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LONDON

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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*WITH* diffidence the Author submits this little volume to the public eye. The composing of it has beguiled several of his leisure hours. Should its contents contribute in any degree to the promotion of knowledge, virtue, and piety, especially among the youth of both sexes (for whom the work is more particularly designed) it will afford him ample satisfaction.

The two poetical productions are inserted on account of their intrinsic value, and as containing sentiments similar to those prose pieces to which they are annexed. It is also probable that they will be new to the majority of younger readers.

The Author feels himself much indebted to the numerous and respectable Subscribers, who have kindly countenanced this publication. With most of them he has the pleasure of being acquainted. And has therefore only to add, that having been already favoured with many proofs of their candor, he has not the ingratitude to question its liberal exercise upon the present necessary occasion.

Kingsland,  
April 19, 1793.





THE

*STUDENT'S DREAM.*



THE  
*STUDENT'S DREAM.*

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Sapere aude ;

Incipe. Vivendi recte, qui prorogat horam,  
Rusticus expectat, dum defluat amnis, at ille  
Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

HOR.

Begin---be bold---and venture to be wise ;  
He who defers this work, from day to day,  
Does on a river's bank expecting stay,  
Till the whole stream, which stopp'd him, should be gone,  
That runs, and as it runs, for ever, will run on.

COWLEY.

Steriles transmifimus annos,  
Hæc Ævi, mihi prima dies---hæc limina vitæ.

STAT.

Our barren years are past ;  
Be this of life, the first---of sloth, the last.

ELPHIN.

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**B**EING returned home after an attendance at College, and having bidden a final adieu to an academic life, I examined into the improvement which I had derived from a course of liberal education. When I found the

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improvement inadequate to the advantages enjoyed, I was disquieted by the reflection. I was also at a loss how to conduct future studies with success. Thus circumstanced, a restlessness of disposition embittered my existence, and threw a melancholy hue over every object around me. At intervals, I would even withdraw into the secluded parts of a neighbouring grove, that I might give the fuller vent to my grief. A few evenings ago, impressed more than usual with the above considerations, I dreamt the following DREAM.

I thought I was reclining on a sofa, by the fire-side, in my own chamber, perusing Young's Night Thoughts, and ruminating on this curious passage,

Time in advance, behind him hides his wings,  
And seems to creep, decrepid with his age.  
Behold him when pass by—what then is seen,  
But his broad pinions, swifter than the winds?

The justice of my favourite poet's observation struck my attention, and induced me

to a serious review of life. The retrospect, as may be supposed, was attended with a strange mixture of sensations; some of the painful and others of the pleasing cast. It however occasioned an involuntary sigh; and clasping together my hands, I exclaimed—  
“ Apprized as I am now of the value of  
“ time, how carefully would I improve op-  
“ portunities afforded me for instruction!”

At this instant I was surprized by a gentle knock at my chamber door. Upon opening it, in came a VENERABLE GENTLEMAN; of whom it might be said, age had stilled his passions but not obscured his reason. His figure commanded reverence. His raised forehead was furrowed by years, and besprinkled with hoary hairs. His vestments were elegantly simple, and his mind-illumined features were enlivened by parental tenderness. On his brow sat the gentleness of humanity, and the expressions which dropped from his lips were like apples of gold in pictures of silver. I presented him

with a chair, and he sat down beside me. He apologized for the abruptness of his visit, bespoke my attention by placing his hand on my knee; and looking me full in the face, addressed me in these paternal accents.

“ YOUNG FRIEND, why so distress your-  
“ self with what cannot be recalled? I have  
“ eyed you in the haunts of solitude, with  
“ slow step and downcast countenance, la-  
“ menting the loss of time, and the misim-  
“ provement of talents. I have heard you  
“ pouring forth piteous complaints, and  
“ wished often to soothe the anguish of your  
“ perturbed mind. To repent of indiscre-  
“ tion, and to evidence the sincerity of that  
“ repentance by redoubling future diligence,  
“ would better become you. Away with  
“ fruitless sighs, and unavailing wishes. A  
“ friend (whose name it concerns you not  
“ to know) related to me your situation, and  
“ my sympathy is awakened. I shall endea-  
“ vour to suggest consolatory hints; and, if

“ agreeable, put in your possession a few  
“ obvious rules, to which you must inflexi-  
“ bly adhere.

“ That you are sensible of slender attain-  
“ ments, is auspicious. Consciousness of  
“ ignorance, is the first step to solid improve-  
“ ment. It is the most powerful corrective  
“ of indolence. It is the sharpest spur to  
“ industry. Many would have arrived to  
“ eminence in learning, had they not ima-  
“ gined they had already attained it. To  
“ perceive your docile disposition gives me  
“ pleasure. The glebe admits not the grain  
“ into its bosom with advantage, till pre-  
“ viously laid open by the plough. And the  
“ mind is never thoroughly fitted to imbibe  
“ the dictates of wisdom, till it has passed  
“ through the progressive stages of painful  
“ conviction. But perhaps imagination,  
“ enemy-like, exaggerates defects. The  
“ imperfections of humanity can well dis-  
“ pense with the distorting influence of false  
“ mediums. For years you have given ap-

“ plication; and this continued application,  
“ though small, must have furnished you  
“ with more knowledge than you imagine.

“ Drawing also near manhood, you enter  
“ with additional spirit on the prosecution  
“ of knowledge. Thirst after improvement  
“ increases daily, and along with it indigna-  
“ tion at knowing so little. Hence a por-  
“ tion of that inquietude which ruffles your  
“ brow, and disturbs the calm of your feli-  
“ city. So true are the words of the wisest  
“ of men.—*He that increaseth knowledge, in-  
“ creaseth sorrow.*”

Here the OLD GENTLEMAN paused. His unassuming demeanour won upon me; and his observations insinuated themselves into my heart. With lenient hand he had poured into my wounded spirit the balm of consolation. Gleams of joy broke in upon me, and I was pleased with the kind assiduities of this acceptable though unexpected visitor. I now begged him to become my



instructor, and furnish me with the rules he had kindly promised. His philanthropic soul complied immediately with my request; and he thus seriously resumed the interesting subject.

“ The success, YOUNG FRIEND, which  
“ has crowned my attempts to serve you,  
“ invites me to proceed, and emboldens me  
“ to undertake the task you require. Thrice  
“ happy shall I be, if, as an instructor, I sug-  
“ gest what tends to regulate future studies,  
“ and guides you through the intricate wind-  
“ ings of human life. Near seventy years  
“ of my pilgrimage are already gone, and,  
“ like my forefathers, I am but a sojourner  
“ in this land of shadows. The remnant of  
“ my days I devote to the rising generation.  
“ The inexperience and rashness of youth,  
“ call loudly for the guidance of age. Peri-  
“ lous is the voyage of life. Many pre-  
“ cious cargoes are lost in the tempestuous  
“ passage. Several individuals have I seen,  
“ even in my time, embarking with the flat-

“tering prospect of gaining the desired  
“haven. But alas! the surly winds arose—  
“the unmerciful tempest howled—the face  
“of heaven grew black and lowering—and  
“the devouring waves swallowed up their  
“little vessel. It sunk, and, ah! it rose no  
“more! In most cases the want of an intel-  
“ligent and experienced pilot, occasions  
“the dreadful catastrophe.

“The trickling tear, and the heaving sigh,  
“recall not past circumstances. Regret,  
“therefore, should have a favourable influ-  
“ence over the future, regulating conduct  
“and preventing additional sorrow. In  
“your present situation, you need minute  
“directions. Are you not destitute of a  
“tutor's advice? Do you not resemble a  
“child bereaved of its parent? Strictly  
“speaking, you are a literary orphan. As  
“you have also bade farewell to the whole-  
“some restraints of college discipline, I shall  
“remind you of things seemingly trivial,  
“yet essential to future prosperity. At

“ Alma Mater you commenced an acquaint-  
“ ance with the elements of science. See  
“ that the foundation was well laid; and hav-  
“ ing secured this preliminary, sedulously  
“ erect the superstructure. To suppose that  
“ the termination of a college course should  
“ be also the termination of study, is a com-  
“ mon and pernicious mistake. What more  
“ absurd? The occupation of tradesmen  
“ and of scholars differs materially from each  
“ other. A trade is learnt by a few years  
“ application: the acquisition of litera-  
“ ture is the employ of life. On the time  
“ to come, YOUNG FRIEND, much if not  
“ more stress, is to be laid, than upon that  
“ already gone. Summon up your resolu-  
“ tion. Let HOPE, the elevator of the hu-  
“ man heart, and the enameller of human  
“ life, impel to vigorous exertions. Pro-  
“ gressive study affords the more exalted  
“ pleasures as you proceed. And, indeed,  
“ you have already been conducted to that  
“ hill-side, well described to be ‘steep at first  
“ ascent, else so smooth, so green, so full of

‘ goodly prospects, and melodious sounds  
‘ on every side, that the harp of Orpheus  
‘ was not more charming.’

Just as my AGED INSTRUCTOR uttered these words, I thought he drew from his pocket a scroll of paper closely written. “ This scroll,” says he, holding it forward in his right hand, “ contains the plain regulations I promised you. They were drawn up years ago, for pupils under my care, and I have illustrated them with what has occurred in the course of my reading. Should their obviousness require an apology, you have it in this ancient adage, “ What is not sufficiently attended to, cannot be too frequently repeated.” He then proceeded to unfold the scroll, and read me the subsequent rules, with a sweetness of accent, and a certain modulation of voice, which I shall not easily forget.

“ First. Avoid night studies : they are the  
“ bane of health, and gradually ruin the

“ most robust constitution. Soon enter your  
“ bed at night, and leave it soon in the  
“ morning. The faculty extol early rising  
“ as a powerful specific against disease. In  
“ the morning the air is most salubrious ;  
“ the mind best fitted for instruction ; and  
“ the spirits cheered, beholding the sun start-  
“ ing from the east, and gilding every open-  
“ ing prospect. To the preservation of  
“ health pay scrupulous attention. Tempe-  
“ rance and exercise are the best physicians.  
“ The antients observed, the immediate  
“ agency of heaven inflicted acute diseases,  
“ but those of the chronic kind were of our  
“ own formation. Nor are the moderns  
“ less explicit on the subject. Addison,  
“ when he beheld a fashionable table in all  
“ its magnificence, fancied he saw gout and  
“ dropsies, fevers and lethargies, with other  
“ innumerable distempers, lying in ambus-  
“ cade among the dishes. And Sir William  
“ Temple used to say, The first glass for my-  
“ self—the second for my friends—the third  
“ for good-humour—and the fourth for

“ mine enemies. Like the wedded pair,  
“ the mind and the body are mutually af-  
“ fected. Corporeal pain distracts the atten-  
“ tion, and disables the intellectual faculty  
“ for vigorous exertion. Your meat and  
“ your drink, your company and your  
“ amusements, should be answerable to the  
“ calls of nature, and subservient to the wel-  
“ fare of the animal economy.

“ Secondly. Time must be properly oc-  
“ cupied. To some particular employ, ap-  
“ propriate every hour. Never appear as if  
“ you knew not how to dispose of yourself.  
“ Of the utmost importance is a judicious  
“ distribution of the day. Anarchy accom-  
“ panies the want of arrangement. The fine  
“ arts may employ spare hours. Waste not  
“ even the particles of time, for, like parti-  
“ cles of gold, they possess their separate  
“ value. The learned Erasmus, when on  
“ horseback, travelling into Italy, wrote the  
“ celebrated treatise, entitled The Praise of  
“ Folly.

“ Thirdly. Having obtained a knowledge  
“ of the sciences, and carefully consulted your  
“ genius, apply to that branch of literature  
“ for which you experience the greatest pre-  
“ delection. Some are fond of the lan-  
“ guages, and Belles Lettres ; others of ma-  
“ thematical and astronomical speculations ;  
“ some of natural and others of moral phi-  
“ losophy. Examine the bent of your mind.  
“ It is of moment to ascertain the intellec-  
“ tual current. Prosecute with ardour  
“ whatever you pursue, and be your specu-  
“ lations subservient to the practical pur-  
“ poses of life. They who boast of an uni-  
“ versal genius, are sometimes superficial,  
“ never arrive at much eminence, and do  
“ little good to the community at large.

“ Fourthly. In your studies there should  
“ be an intermixture. Works of reasoning  
“ and of imagination—of judgment and of  
“ fancy, associate together. Like the sea-  
“ sons of the year, they afford agreeable va-  
“ riety. Severe and continued application

“ tries the most gigantic intellect. The  
“ faculties of the mind, however, should not  
“ be suffered to remain dormant, for they  
“ gain vigour and maturity by exercise.  
“ Prejudices of every kind throw aside:  
“ they grievously warp the understanding,  
“ and sorely bias the judgment. Proteus-  
“ like error assumes multifarious forms; and  
“ it is the scholar's province to strip away  
“ its disguise. Bacon terms enquiry after  
“ truth, the wooing of it; knowledge of  
“ truth, the presence of it; and the influ-  
“ ential belief of truth, the enjoyment of it.  
“ Credulity is a yawning gulph, which swal-  
“ lows every thing thrown into it. A judi-  
“ cious friend should recommend the books  
“ you read. The sages of antiquity deemed  
“ a *great book—a great evil*. Regard the  
“ quality rather than the quantity of what  
“ you peruse. It has been ingeniously ob-  
“ served, Were quantity alone the estimate  
“ of improvement, the subscribers to a circu-  
“ lating library should be as wise as Socrates,  
“ and as accomplished as Julius Cæsar.



“ Fifthly. Persevere in a regular plan of  
“ study, once carefully laid down. Break  
“ not in upon its sacred confines, pursue it  
“ with becoming energy, and your stores of  
“ knowledge insensibly increase. Perseve-  
“ rance is the parent of wonders. Such  
“ its influence, that it has been said, He  
“ who walks with vigour three hours a day,  
“ passes in seven years a space equal to the  
“ circumference of the globe. Without  
“ labour, nothing excellent is given the chil-  
“ dren of Adam. An inordinate love of  
“ novelty, and a desultoriness of genius, are  
“ inimical to sound improvement. The  
“ poets, orators, and historians of former  
“ ages, were enamoured of close study, and  
“ inured to profound investigations. Homer  
“ and Thucydides—Plato and Aristotle—Li-  
“ vy and Cicero—Virgil and Horace—to-  
“ gether with Bacon, Milton, Locke, and  
“ Newton, the four pillars which are said to  
“ support the monument of British genius—  
“ were all severely studious, and adhered  
“ with incredible steadiness to the pursuit

“ of knowledge. When the Romans took  
“ Syracuse, Archimedes was so deeply en-  
“ gaged solving a problem, that he was igno-  
“ rant of the enemy being in possession of  
“ the town; and a foldier, not knowing who  
“ he was, killed him, because he refused to  
“ follow him. Though I recommend not  
“ an abstraction which endangers life, yet  
“ regular and incessant application is neces-  
“ sary to high literary attainments. And  
“ refusing to tread in the footsteps of your  
“ predecessors in literature, would it not be  
“ arrogance to imagine you ever will arrive  
“ at their celebrity? An emperor once asked  
“ an ancient philosopher to instill into his  
“ mind the principles of astronomy, without  
“ his undergoing the fatigue of study. The  
“ philosopher honestly replied, There was no  
“ *imperial* way to astronomy.

“ Sixthly. Cultivate a cheerfulness of dis-  
“ position. Discontent and ill-nature are  
“ enemies to the Muses. Be willing to  
“ please, and easy to be pleased. Avoid

“ dwelling long on the dark-side of human  
“ life. To peruse writers who delight in  
“ exhibiting such a representation, enfee-  
“ bles the spirit, fours the temper, and be-  
“ clouds the soul. To the vices of mankind  
“ oppose their virtues; and with the calami-  
“ ties to which we are exposed, contrast the  
“ many blessings we enjoy. A writer who  
“ portrays only the dark side of human  
“ life has, with great propriety, been com-  
“ pared to a ‘ painter who collects in his  
‘ piece objects of a black hue only—who  
‘ presents you with a black man, a black  
‘ horse, a black dog, &c. &c. and tells you  
‘ that his is a picture of nature, and that na-  
‘ ture is black. ’Tis true, you would reply,  
‘ the objects you exhibit do exist in nature,  
‘ but they form a very small part of her  
‘ works. You say that nature is black, and  
‘ to prove it, you have collected on your  
‘ canvass all the animals of this hue that  
‘ exist. But you have forgot to paint the  
‘ green earth, the blue sky, the white man;  
‘ and objects of all those various hues with

“ which creation abounds, and of which black  
“ is a very inconsiderable part.’—This is a  
“ just illustration, and should be revolved  
“ in your mind when you are prone to me-  
“ lancholy dejection. The temperate enjoy-  
“ ment of social pleasures also generates and  
“ promotes the cheerful spirit I recommend.  
“ Be only cautious with whom you associate,  
“ and particularly what you communicate.  
“ For report, like a snow-ball, increases its  
“ bulk as it rolls along. Perpetual study  
“ evaporates the animal spirits, and oppresses  
“ the nerves. Excessive application gives  
“ birth to strange consequences. One learned  
“ man supposed the Divine Being had de-  
“ prived him of his rational soul, when at the  
“ time he wrote a masterly treatise against  
“ infidelity, and expressed this whim in his  
“ dedication to the Queen of Great Britain.  
“ Another learned gentleman, imagined the  
“ earth was a living animal—the flux and  
“ reflux of the sea, the effect of its respira-  
“ tion—men and other creatures, insects  
“ which fed upon it—bushes and trees, the

“ bristles on his back—and the water of seas  
“ and rivers, a liquid which circulated in his  
“ veins. To prevent these effects, and others  
“ equally romantic, form to yourself a con-  
“ versive circle of friends, who, mingling to-  
“ gether instruction and amusement, happily  
“ relieve the toil of the closet. Nor by any  
“ means shun the company of good-tem-  
“ pered and virtuous females. Over the  
“ student's mind their manners shed a felici-  
“ tating influence. The elegant endear-  
“ ments of female friendship, soften the  
“ heart—meliorate the disposition—annihilate  
“ eccentricities, and produce on the  
“ whole of life the most amiable effects.  
“ Nor can it excite wonder. For it is con-  
“ genial to the heart of man to be affected  
“ by female excellence.

“ Seventhly, and lastly, Accompany exer-  
“ tions for the attainment of knowledge, and  
“ endeavours to arrive at eminence, with  
“ prayer to the FATHER of SPIRITS, for  
“ his concurrence and blessing. To the

“ mind he has immediate access, and to those  
“ who ask sincerely he vouchsafes the pro-  
“ mised assistance. Be your thoughts,  
“ words, and actions, tinged with humi-  
“ lity, modesty, and candour. To the ap-  
“ pearance of youth, the garb of humility  
“ adds comeliness; and on the youthful  
“ countenance the blush of modesty is  
“ doubly graceful. Dogmatism in youth  
“ is intolerable; and illiberality indicates a  
“ weak head or a bad heart. Above all,  
“ avoid scepticism and levity. They are un-  
“ miably at every period of life, much more  
“ so at your tender years; when not harden-  
“ ed in the ways of vice, you are in a high  
“ degree susceptible of devout emotions to-  
“ wards the Author of your being. The  
“ CHRISTIAN RELIGION originates in  
“ love, and is worthy your first regard. With  
“ its evidences, as taught in the scriptures,  
“ thoroughly acquaint yourself. Then will  
“ your faith remain unshaken by the abuse  
“ of Bolingbroke—the sneer of Voltaire—  
“ the subtlety of Hume, or by any of the

“ oblique and invidious arts employed by  
“ the adversaries of revelation, to under-  
“ mine its truth, or lessen its importance.  
“ Perplex not your mind, with the distortions  
“ of metaphysical creeds—the absurdities of  
“ corrupted formularies—the encumbrances  
“ of superstition—and the unmeaning fallies  
“ of enthusiasm. You are only required to  
“ believe and practise the Christianity laid  
“ down in the New Testament. This alone,  
“ without human additions, rectifies the dis-  
“ orders of our nature, and subserves the  
“ purposes of godliness. Whatever difficul-  
“ ties attend its sublime doctrines (for diffi-  
“ culties attend every thing here below) we  
“ must admire its practical tendency—cor-  
“ recting the irregularities of our lives—giv-  
“ ing birth to our dearest hopes—and vigour  
“ to our aspirations after an happy immor-  
“ tality. Hence a dying nobleman, of emi-  
“ nent talents, wrote thus to his son:—‘ Re-  
“ ligion will instruct you, how to act usefully  
“ and happily in this present scene—to leave

‘ it with composure, and be associated, in a  
‘ future and better state, to the best moralists  
‘ and philosophers that ever lived—to the  
‘ wisest men, and greatest benefactors of  
‘ mankind—to confessors and martyrs for  
‘ truth and righteousness—to prophets and  
‘ apostles—to cherubim and seraphim—to  
‘ JESUS, the mediator of the new covenant;  
‘ and to GOD, the judge of all, who is before  
‘ all, above all, and in us all.’ Flee then the  
‘ petulance of infidelity—the thoughtless-  
‘ ness of dissipation, and the impudence of  
‘ conscious but unrelenting guilt. Stem the  
‘ torrent of vice. Dread the tyranny of  
‘ passion. Court the sobriety of wisdom.  
‘ Rank not amongst those of whom it has  
‘ been said, They make provision for this  
‘ life, as though it were never to have an  
‘ end; and for the other life, as though it  
‘ were never to have a beginning. What-  
‘ ever be the occupation of future life, act  
‘ as a MAN, and as a CHRISTIAN. Enter-  
‘ ing the church—unite example with pre-



“ cept, for the suppression of immorality ;  
“ and discharge with apostolic zeal the duties  
“ of the pastoral office. Engaging in the  
“ law—lift up your voice against injustice,  
“ and vindicate the cause of the oppressed.  
“ Applying to physic—by the skill of pre-  
“ scription, and the aid of sympathy, banish  
“ from the sufferer’s chamber pale and de-  
“ sponding sickness. If a merchant—pro-  
“ mote honestly and vigorously the interests  
“ of commerce, and the conveniences of  
“ trade. Thus in the spheres you move,  
“ you prove a friend to individuals—a blef-  
“ sing to society—and an ornament to human  
“ nature. This conduct, in the mean time,  
“ pours into your parents hearts streams of  
“ joy. For if parents be delighted with the  
“ smiles of infancy—the prattlings of inno-  
“ cent childhood—the gradual dawn and im-  
“ provement of reason in aspiring youth—  
“ how will their aged bosoms swell with sa-  
“ tisfaction, when they behold these same  
“ children treading the stage of life with

“ honour and applause; and exerting them-  
 “ selves strenuously to augment the stock of  
 “ public happiness!

‘ Man, like the generous vine, supported lives,  
 ‘ The *strength* he gains is from th’ *embrace* he gives:  
 ‘ On their own axis as the planets run,  
 ‘ Yet make at once their circle round the sun:  
 ‘ So two consistent motions act the soul,  
 “ And one regards *itself*, and one the *whole*.”

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I thought my VENERABLE INSTRUCTOR now rose from his chair, presented me with the scroll on which the regulations were written, and requested my acceptance of it. “ YOUNG FRIEND,” said he, in solemn accents, which still vibrate on my ear,  
 “ *Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, DO IT*  
 “ WITH THY MIGHT—for *there is no work,*  
 “ *nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in*  
 “ *the grave, whither thou goest.*” The tear started into my eye, and my soul was borne

down with the weight of the admonition. The Old Gentleman paused — bowed — and was about to retire. In the transports of gratitude I caught his hand — thanked him for the instructions, and assured him they should not be unregarded. I then begged him to continue with me a few moments longer; and struggling to detain him, I AWOKE, and lo! it was a DREAM.

AN  
E X T R A C T

FROM

M A S O N ' s E L E G Y

*To a Young Nobleman leaving the University.*

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I.

**E**RE yet, ingenuous YOUTH, thy steps retire  
From Cam's smooth margin, and the peaceful  
vale,  
Where science call'd thee to her studious quire,  
And met thee musing in her cloisters pale;

II.

O let thy friend (and may he boast the name!)  
Breathe from his artless reed one parting lay:  
A lay like this thy early virtues claim,  
And this let voluntary friendship pay.

## III.

Yet know, the time arrives, the dang'rous time,  
When all those virtues op'ning now so fair,  
Transplanted to the world's tempestuous clime,  
Must learn each passion's boist'rous breath to  
bear.

## IV.

There, if ambition, pestilent and pale,  
Or luxury, should taint their vernal glow;  
If cold self-interest, with her chilling gale,  
Should blast th' unfolding blossoms ere they  
blow;

## V.

If mimic hues, by art or fashion spread,  
Their genuine simple colouring should supply;  
O may with them these laureate honours fade,  
And with them (if it can) my friendship die!

## VI.

Go then, my friend, nor let thy candid breast  
Condemn me, if I check the plausive string;  
Go to the wayward world; complete the rest;  
Be what the purest muse would wish to sing.

## VII.

Be still thyself: that open path of truth,  
 Which led thee here, let manhood firm pursue ;  
 Retain the sweet simplicity of youth,  
 And all thy virtue dictates—DARE TO DO.

## VIII.

So round thy brow when age's honours spread,  
 When death's cold hand unstrings thy Mason's  
 lyre,  
 When the green turf lies lightly on his head,  
 Thy worth shall some superior bard inspire.

## IX.

He, to the amplest bounds of time's domain  
 On rapture's plume shall give thy name to fly ;  
 For trust, with rev'rence trust, this Sabine strain,  
 The muse forbids—THE VIRTUOUS MAN TO  
 DIE.

THE  
VISION  
OF  
*FEMALE EXCELLENCE.*





THE  
VISION  
OF  
*FEMALE EXCELLENCE.*

---

BEAUTY in vain her sparkling eyes may roll:  
Charms strike the sight--but MERIT wins the soul.

POPE.

Say, MAN---what more delights thee than the FAIR?  
We rule the noisy world--but they rule us;  
Then teach them how to guide, and hold the rein, with judgment.  
Their applause may once again restore the quiet reign of virtue,  
Love, and peace, and yet bring back the blush of  
Folly, and the shame of vice.

VILLAGE CURATE.

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**I**N the month of May, when nature puts on her gayest robes, I passed a few weeks at a friend's country-house. As its distance from town was inconsiderable, I walked

thither, and fauntering along amused myself with the picturesque scenes presented to my view. Quitting the confined metropolis, I, with agile foot, tripped over the dewy mead, and my heart thrilled with the liveliest sensations of joy ;

“ Nor palace, theatre, nor proud exchange,  
“ Here lift their heads, but fir-trees, beech, and pine,  
“ O’er verdant valleys, and on pleasant hills,  
“ Lift up the thoughtful mind from earth to heaven.”

My friend had relinquished the engagements of commercial life, and wished the residue of his days to steal away amid the sweets of pastoral rusticity. His villa was remarked for neat simplicity. The garden was portioned out with taste, and the statues and obelisks caught the eye at each opening avenue, and produced a fine effect on the spectator’s imagination. From the centre of this inclosure rose an elevated mound of earth. Its form reminded me of the tapering cone. The summit affords a diversified prospect of the surrounding country. Upon

the side of the hillock was a cave similar to Trophonius's of old, but decorated by a fanciful arrangement of curiosities, taken from the fossil and vegetable kingdoms. A group of trees concealed the entrance into this hermitage; and its interior parts inspired the frequenter with the soothing melancholy of solitude.

The Proprietor of this little spot was blessed with two amiable daughters. To perceive the young ladies vying with each other in expressions of filial affection, smoothing the brow of declining years, and diminishing the burden accumulated by the decrepitude of age, might gratify the benevolence of an angel. To *their* lot had fallen no uncommon share of that frail article beauty; but their tempers were mild—their dispositions sweet—and their minds improved by a suitable education. When at leisure we rambled through the garden, or diverted ourselves with the music of the harpsichord; for the elder sister played with superior skill on that deli-

cate instrument. Every morning we hailed the rising sun, and our spirits were exhilarated, contemplating the beauties of nature. The cuckoo entertained us with his reiterated note, expressive of Spring's return; and our ears were ravished with the carolling of birds warbling their sprightliest strains.

The song of joy, and the laugh of mirth, were heard among us, and in innocent conviviality glided away the appropriated time of visiting. The period of departure surprized me by its sudden arrival, and I bade the happy family adieu, not without the tenderest sentiments of regret.

Returning homewards, the amiable sisters recurred to my mind, and their private and social virtues pressed forcibly on my heart. Fatigued near the end of my journey, I threw myself on a bank, over whose verdant surface lay scattered the primrose and the violet, intermingled with other sweet-smelling flowers, whose odoriferous fragrance deli-

ciouſly regaled the ſenſes. The evening was calm and ſerene, the declining ſun ſinking below the weſtern horizon, and the ſky lightly tinged with the luxuriancy of variegated colours. Huſhed and ſilent were all things around me,

“ Save where the beetle wheel’d his droning flight,  
“ And drowſy tinklings lull’d the diſtant folds.”

Thus ſituated, I indulged a meditative humour, and leaning penſively on my arm, I exclaimed in a faint tone of voice: “ *Who can eſtimate female worth? who can be indifferent to the charms of female excellence?*” Uttering this ſoliloquy, I fell into a deep ſlumber, and the following imaginary train of circumſtances roſe inſtantly to view.

Before me, I beheld an extended plain. Upon this plain ſtood a ſtately throne of curious workmanſhip. Before the throne was gathered a large concourſe of females. The whitenefs of their garments rivalled the new-fallen ſnow, and their ſpirited coun-

tenances betokened an anxiety, derived from the eagerness of curiosity. Numerous and respectable were the spectators of this extraordinary scene. When I enquired who the individuals were, that composed the assembly, and why met together, it was replied—  
“ Upon yonder plain, Sir, are assembled the  
“ FAIR SEX, from the middle and higher  
“ walks of life. The throne is to be filled by  
“ the GODDESS of FEMALE EXCELLENCE.  
“ We await her descent. She will address  
“ her youthful auditors, and furnish them  
“ with directions for the regulation of their  
“ future lives.”

A secret satisfaction stole across my soul, in being present on the interesting occasion. But scarcely was the information communicated, when the acclamations of the multitude announced the appearance of the GODDESS. Rapid and magnificent was her descent from the sky. Her presence flung a vivid effulgence over every adjacent object. Tall and graceful was her person. Simple,

yet elegant, her habiliments. In her countenance was blended the bloom of youth, with the sedateness of maturer years.

“ Grace was in all her steps—Heaven in her eye ;  
“ In every gesture, dignity and love.”

The celestial visitant seated herself upon the throne. A silence, not unlike the universal stillness of a summer's noon, pervaded the assembly. Every eye fixed itself on the GODDESS. Every bosom glowed with fervid expectation. She arose with a majestic air, and thus addressed the attentive audience:

—“ DAUGHTERS of men, this day ye are  
“ assembled for an important purpose. I  
“ shall impart sentiments, with which you  
“ should be intimately acquainted. I have  
“ your dearest interests at heart. I breathe  
“ the warmest wishes for your present and  
“ future felicity.

“ The Creator, in the plenitude of his benevolence, made WOMAN an help-meet

“ to MAN. You are, therefore, possessed of  
“ a similar form, endowed with an intelli-  
“ gent soul, and furnished with passions and  
“ dispositions, necessary to accomplish the  
“ purposes of your existence. Upon most of  
“ your sex, Nature bestows the graceful form  
“ —the well-proportioned feature—the en-  
“ gaging mien—and the delicate complexion.  
“ These exterior charms, though fascinating,  
“ and though many plume themselves upon  
“ them, are of little worth, unaccompanied  
“ with the more permanent accomplishments  
“ of the mind. To these I call your attention.  
“ May their enumeration kindle a spirit of  
“ emulation. For nobler ends were you  
“ designed, than to flutter about, like gaudy  
“ and insignificant insects, enamoured of out-  
“ ward show. You are capable of elevated  
“ attainments. Seek them with assiduity.  
“ Cultivate them with enthusiasm.

“ Attend carefully to the improvement of  
“ the mind. This is of primary importance,  
“ I do not mean you should be versed in the



“ profound parts of literature. I do not re-  
“ quire you to be skilful linguists, acute phi-  
“ losophers, or expert mathematicians. The  
“ abstruse sciences are unconnected with do-  
“ mestic life. But, why not rendered com-  
“ panions for the more discerning of the  
“ other sex? From the too common neglect  
“ of intellectual accomplishments flows the  
“ false and illiberal suggestion, that your un-  
“ derstanding is weak, and therefore incapable  
“ of any considerable culture. But are not  
“ the distinguished female writers numerous?  
“ Do they not rank high in the annals of  
“ literary fame? It may be granted, your  
“ minds are formed for relishing works of  
“ imagination, rather than for commenting  
“ on the productions of a Newton. This  
“ concession, in its utmost extent, declares  
“ only, that the delicacy of your frame,  
“ joined to exquisite sensibility, mark you  
“ out for the cultivation of one branch of  
“ knowledge, in preference to another.  
“ The wisdom of Providence is conspicuous  
“ in the appointment. You are the better

“ capacitated for the less active, though not  
“ less useful sphere, in which you move.  
“ By reading and meditation improve the fa-  
“ culties of the mind. Biography, voyages,  
“ travels, and poetry, selected with judg-  
“ ment, repay amply the time consumed  
“ upon them. Romances peruse with cau-  
“ tion. Most of them inflame the juvenile  
“ imagination, irritate the fancy, and exhi-  
“ biting fallacious views of life, cruelly tor-  
“ ture the female heart. The instructive  
“ page, both of sacred and profane history,  
“ should ever lie open before you. The rise,  
“ progress, and fall of kingdoms and of indi-  
“ viduals, teach admirable lessons, and pour  
“ upon you that knowledge of human nature,  
“ of which none should be destitute, who pre-  
“ tend to any degree of refinement. Geogra-  
“ phy, and chronology, the favourite hand-  
“ maids of history, enable you to perceive fully  
“ the beauty and propriety of the historic  
“ tale. Astronomy is worthy attention. The  
“ perspicuity, with which its first principles  
“ are laid down, facilitates their attainment.

“ Delightful is it, to trace the signatures of  
“ wisdom and goodness every where impres-  
“ sed on creation, and to know something  
“ of the general laws by which your days and  
“ your nights, your summers and your  
“ winters, roll round with such astonishing  
“ regularity. Nor be unconvertant with  
“ periodical essays. They prove an inex-  
“ haustible fund of rational entertainment  
“ and instruction. Music, painting, and oc-  
“ casional visits may occupy vacant hours.  
“ The informed mind hath been likened to a  
“ piece of polished marble, which exhibits  
“ to the eye, in all their perfection, those  
“ beautiful spots and veins which, on its  
“ ruder surface but faintly appeared.

“ The cultivation of a good temper merits  
“ particular attention. It inclines you to be  
“ satisfied with the lot assigned by Provi-  
“ dence, to forgive the injuries of enemies,  
“ and to be unoffended with the foibles of  
“ friends. It is the basis of human bliss.  
“ The infirmities of mankind call for its per-

“petual exercise. With the wisdom of the  
“serpent, mingle the gentleness of the dove.  
“And may the genius of discord never hover  
“over your habitations. Is not domestic fe-  
“licity, of sublunary enjoyments the most  
“dear, marred by the obliquities of an irri-  
“table temper?

“To the nicer sensibilities of the heart be  
“not inattentive. Graceful is the garb of  
“humanity. Generous is the heart, dilated  
“by the milk of human kindness. To melt  
“at another’s woe, and to commiserate the  
“unfortunate, are congenial to the female  
“mind. Unsusceptible of humane sensa-  
“tions, a deep shade is flung over your best  
“qualities. To raise the dejected—to ad-  
“minister the cup of cold water—and to vi-  
“sit the fatherless and the widow, are your  
“almost exclusive province. Sympathy  
“avails, when boasted medicine proves in-  
“efficacious. Withhold not what is in the  
“power of all to give. Spare no exertion  
“to alleviate human woe.

“ In your friendships be firm. In your  
“ attachments be decidedly fixed. Coquet-  
“ tish frivolity disgraces those who dare in-  
“ dulse it. Give no room for the imputa-  
“ tion. Having just reason to think favour-  
“ ably of an individual, let not idle report,  
“ fordid interest, or volatile caprice, enfeeble  
“ your predilection. Believe not all you  
“ hear. The breath of Calumny sullies the  
“ most uncontaminated reputation. Rashly  
“ disapprove of none. The human character  
“ is complicated. Latent are the excellen-  
“ cies of many. Long acquaintance and  
“ close scrutiny bring them fully to view. Is  
“ not the fickle mind, like the restless ocean,  
“ a stranger to tranquillity and peace ?

“ Let modesty preside over every depart-  
“ ment of conduct. The reign of modesty, is  
“ the reign of simplicity and innocence. She  
“ is the queen of virtues. She is the pa-  
“ troness of every thing excellent and praise-  
“ worthy. With incredible charms she de-  
“ corates female beauty. Divested of her

“ enchanting influence, the sweetest com-  
“ plexion is unattractive, and the finest fea-  
“ tures have but a slender power to engage.  
“ Modesty is a thin transparent veil, which  
“ shews with superior lustre the graces it  
“ would seem to cover, as a new blown rose  
“ is more beautiful, when its leaves are a  
“ *little* folded, than when its glories are *fully*  
“ displayed.’

“ Be virtuous and religious. Ah! of  
“ what avail was the consummate beauty of  
“ Helen and of Cleopatra, of Rosamond and  
“ of Shore? Un-enamelled by the excellence  
“ of moral goodness, it entangled them in  
“ fatal snares, and pierced them through  
“ with excruciating sorrows. But virtue  
“ alone, though valuable, is insufficient.  
“ Devoid of religion, the female character  
“ is incomplete. The goodly train of cha-  
“ rities, unoriginating in a rational and fer-  
“ vent piety, are precariously founded.  
“ Mere unassisted virtue is of too delicate a  
“ texture, to suffer long the rude blasts of

“ this inhospitable clime. It droops its  
“ head, and dies away, like the lilly, nipped  
“ by the frozen gale. As religion confers  
“ upon virtue strength and permanency—  
“ believe firmly its truths, imbibe its spirit,  
“ obey its precepts, imitate the example of its  
“ immaculate Author, and aspire to the tran-  
“ scendant honours of a blissful immortality.

“ Such are the prominent features of FE-  
“ MALE EXCELLENCE—but here, regard  
“ for your best interests forbids me to close.  
“ Is not even that flower-garden, the hue  
“ and fragrance of whose productions most  
“ powerfully hit the senses, injured by the  
“ nauseous weed? To the female character  
“ also adhere blemishes, which tarnish its  
“ beauty, and obscure its glory. Over  
“ these, charity refuses to fling her veil. To  
“ specify them, is painful. Excuse me. All  
“ I utter, is dictated by a concern for your  
“ truest welfare.

“ Watch against the intrusion of pride,

“ affectation, and extravagance. Pride ren-  
“ ders you disgusting, affectation ridiculous,  
“ and extravagance hateful. No esteem is  
“ conciliated by the haughty look, the fro-  
“ ward gait, or the forbidding mien. De-  
“ traction indicates unamiableness of spirit,  
“ and is incompatible with the dignity of the  
“ sex. Never countenance the obsequious  
“ flatterer. His design is evil. His incense  
“ is pestilential. The gilded, but empoi-  
“ soned pill of adulation is administered  
“ with deplorable success. Thus, the inno-  
“ cence and reputation of the modest, but  
“ too credulous virgin, are sacrificed often at  
“ the shrine of unhallowed passion. But of  
“ all the infelicities of life, is not *his* the  
“ greatest, who enlarges the catalogue of  
“ female woes? Be not the votaries of pre-  
“ posterous fashion. This pernicious turn  
“ of mind generates embarrassments, sorely  
“ felt, deeply regretted, yet not easily ob-  
“ viated. To the manners of the country  
“ where you reside, a temperate regard is  
“ due, dictated by good sense and strict pro-



“ priety. Represents the rage for popular  
“ amusements, which characterizes the pre-  
“ sent age. Do they not often encroach on  
“ the time claimed by domestic affairs? Are  
“ they not accompanied with enormous ex-  
“ pence? Have they not sometimes annihi-  
“ lated sobriety of mind, and banished regu-  
“ larity of conduct, the leading excellencies  
“ of moral character?

“ Upon the eye of the impassioned ad-  
“ mirer, the ray of female excellence plays  
“ with distinguished brilliancy. Direct into  
“ an useful channel, whatever ascendancy  
“ you obtain. In some cases your influence  
“ may be almost authoritative. Abuse not  
“ the entrusted prerogative. Eve abused it,  
“ when she plucked the forbidden fruit, and  
“ gave it to Adam. Helen abused it, when  
“ she occasioned the Trojan war, which last-  
“ ed ten long years. Cleopatra abused it, when  
“ she accelerated the ruin of Anthony, in  
“ the height and splendour of his military

“ career. Awed by these examples, let your  
“ jurisdiction over the other sex be mild and  
“ beneficial. Then, you humanize the fero-  
“ cious, disarm the evil-mindedness of pas-  
“ sion, and check the folly of dissipated ex-  
“ travagance.

“ In fine, you possess the momentous  
“ trust of training up the rising generation.  
“ Under your immediate inspection, the in-  
“ dividuals of the human race pass the im-  
“ portant years of infancy and childhood;  
“ important, not indeed in themselves, but  
“ on account of their connection with sub-  
“ sequent life. When their memories are  
“ retentive, and their minds docile, teach  
“ them the inestimable lessons of wisdom,  
“ virtue, and religion :

“ Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,  
“ To teach the young idea how to shoot,  
“ To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,  
“ To breathe th'enlivening spirit, and to fix  
“ The generous purpose in the glowing breast.”

“ May HE, who in the beginning em-  
“ powered *Woman* to captivate, and gave  
“ *Man* the susceptibility of impressi<sup>o</sup>n, guide  
“ you through the mazes, and support you  
“ under the perplexities of this transitory  
“ existence. To the graceful form—the  
“ well-regulated feature—the engaging mien  
“ —and the delicate complexion, may there  
“ be added, the improved mind—the mild  
“ disposition—and the obliging temper. May  
“ you be distinguished for intelligence, mo-  
“ desty, sensibility, virtue, and religion. May  
“ every avenue to your heart be guarded  
“ against the wiles of the insidious adulator,  
“ and the less disguised insinuations of the  
“ vicious and unprincipled rake. May the  
“ fond hopes of your parents be realized.  
“ May your partners in life equal your  
“ wishes. May your children rise up to call  
“ you blessed.—Quitting this troubled the-  
“ atre, may you be admitted into the ABODES  
“ OF BLISS, and clothed in the ROBES OF  
“ IMMORTAL BEAUTY!” — Here the

GODDESS ceased. The exultations of the assembly roused me from my slumbers; and the VISIONARY scene vanished in the twinkling of an eye! Finding the evening far advanced, and the dews of night fast falling, I sprang from the bank on which I had reclined, and hastened homewards, pleased with my RURAL EXCURSION.

THE  
FIRE-SIDE.

BY DR. COTTON.

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I.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,  
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,  
    In folly's maze advance ;  
Though singularity and pride  
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,  
    Nor join the giddy dance.

II.

From the gay world we'll oft retire  
To our own family and fire,  
    E 2

Where love our hours employs:  
No noisy neighbours enter here,  
No intermeddling stranger near  
To spoil our heart-felt joys.

## III.

If solid happiness we prize,  
Within our breast this jewel lies;  
And they are fools who roam:  
The world has nothing to bestow,  
From our own selves our joys must flow,  
And that dear hut, our home.

## IV.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,  
When with impatient wing she left  
That safe retreat the ark;  
Giving her vain excursion o'er,  
The disappointed bird once more  
Explor'd the sacred bark.

## V.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs,  
We, who improve his golden hours,  
    By sweet experience know,  
That marriage, rightly understood,  
Gives to the tender and the good  
    A paradise below.

## VI.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring  
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a spring  
    Whence pleasures ever rise:  
We'll form their minds, with studious care,  
To all that's manly, good, and fair,  
    And train them for the skies.

## VII.

While they our wisest hours engage,  
They'll joy our youth, support our age,  
    And crown our hoary hairs:  
They'll grow in virtue every day,  
And thus our fondest loves repay,  
    And recompense our cares.

## VIII.

No borrow'd joys! they're all our own,  
While to the world we live unknown,  
Or by the world forgot.  
Monarchs! we envy not your state,  
We look with pity on the great,  
And bless our humbler lot.

## IX.

Our portion is not large indeed,  
But then, how little do we need!  
For nature's calls are few:  
In this the art of living lies,  
To want no more than may suffice,  
And make that little do.

## X.

We'll therefore relish with content  
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,  
Nor aim beyond our pow'r;  
For if our stock be very small,  
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,  
Nor lose the present hour.



## XI.

To be resign'd, when ills betide,  
Patient, when favours are deny'd,  
    And pleas'd with favours giv'n,  
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,  
This is that incense of the heart  
    Whose fragrance smells to heav'n.

## XII.

We'll ask no long protracted treat  
(Since winter life is feldom sweet);  
    But when our feast is o'er,  
Grateful from table we'll arise,  
Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,  
    The relics of our store.

## XIII.

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go,  
Its checker'd paths of joy and woe  
    With cautious steps we'll tread;  
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,  
Without a trouble or a fear,  
    And mingle with the dead:

## XIV.

While Conscience, like a faithful friend,  
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,  
    And cheer our dying breath:  
Shall, when all other comforts cease,  
Like a kind angel whisper peace,  
    And smooth the bed of death.

T H E

*P A I N T E R ' s*

P A N E G Y R I S T .



THE  
P A I N T E R ' S  
P A N E G Y R I S T .

---

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----- I admire,  
None more admirèd, the Painter's magic skill,  
Who shews me that which I shall never see ;  
Conveys a distant country into mine ;  
And throws Italian light on British walls.

COWPER.

Blest be the pencil! which from death can save  
The semblance of the virtuous, wise, and brave ;  
That youth and emulation still may gaze  
On those inspiring forms of ancient days,  
And, from the force of bright example bold,  
Rival their worth, "and be what they behold."

HAYLEY.

Animum pictura pascit inani.

VIRGIL.

He, with the unsubstantial picture feeds his mind.

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A Few years ago I visited London, and resided, during my stay, in a relative's house. A gentleman lived in the family, of whom I had frequently heard, and for whose charac-

ter, though I had never seen him, I conceived an high esteem. I was introduced to him, on my arrival in town, and experienced great pleasure and satisfaction in his company. He was a solitary widower, and spoke often of his wife and children, in a strain characteristic of conjugal and paternal tenderness.

A liberal education had enriched his understanding with the treasures of knowledge; and his manners were delicately polished by an intimacy with the polite world. Providence favoured him with an income exceeding competency, and he occasionally distributed, among the industrious poor of the neighbourhood, a certain quantity of food and raiment. Every Sabbath saw him present at divine worship; and he paid strict regard to the doctrines and precepts of the Christian Religion. The summer months were passed in the vicinity of London, where he amused himself by surveying the beauties of nature, and tracing the wisdom and good-

ness of the Creator, displayed in the structure of this material system. In the winter he returned to town, but gave little countenance to those public diversions, with which, at that season of the year, the metropolis abounds. Having an elegant library of favourite authors, he beguiled the tediousness of a winter's evening, by the perusal of the instructive volume. He likewise attended a select circle of friends, who met once a week for mutual improvement.

One trait in this gentleman's character, even a stranger on a slight interview might discover. The love of PAINTING was his darling passion; and its ascendancy over him sensibly affected his conduct. It was not unlike Aaron's rod, which swallowed up those of the magicians. I have observed him using many little innocent arts to make the nature and utility of PAINTING the leading topic of conversation. Whenever he succeeded, his countenance was illumined with gleams of joy.

As I am sketching the outlines of this benevolent character—justice requires me to observe, that none were more disposed to patronize the young and unassisted. Many were sheltered beneath his fostering wing, and his ears were never shut to the lamentations of distressed merit. He frequently expressed regret, that no institution was formed adequate to the relief of INDIGENT GENIUS. With what honest indignation did I hear him recount the miseries of Dryden, Otway, Savage, and Chatterton! One day in particular, he pathetically described to me Chatterton's career; and thus concluded the melancholy tale:

“ Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb  
The steep where fame's proud temple shines afar?  
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime,  
Has felt the influence of malignant star,  
And wag'd with fortune an eternal war;  
Check'd by the scoff of pride—by envy's frown,  
And poverty's unconquerable bar?  
In life's low vale remote has pin'd alone,  
Then dropp'd into the grave, unpitied and unknown.”

During my residence in town, I told the



connoisseur, that paintings gave me exquisite pleasure, and that with the most agreeable emotions I had surveyed the annual exhibition at Somerset-House. He enquired instantly whether I practised myself, and expressed a wish of seeing my juvenile productions. "I feel," said I, "a predilection for  
" the art—devote much of my time to the  
" study of it, and with my parents consent  
" shall embrace that line of profession."

The information pleased him, and he again repeated his desire of seeing some of my sketches. I had but few with me, and those I put into his hands. When he returned them, he with much candour observed—  
" They possess considerable merit — and  
" though not void of blemishes, yet these  
" blemishes the improvement of your pre-  
" sent good taste will effectually correct."

The day previous to my departure from the metropolis, just after breakfast, he took me aside into his apartment. Having shut

the door, he furnished me with a seat, and thus addressed me:

“ The choice of an employment, my  
“ friend, involves your future felicity. Many,  
“ destitute of an intelligent adviser, engage in  
“ occupations for which they are by no  
“ means fitted. I much approve of the  
“ choice you have already made. You are  
“ blessed with a genius for PAINTING. Che-  
“ rish that genius with sedulous care. For  
“ want of the soul's being moulded by the  
“ hand of nature for this noble art, how few  
“ of its *amateurs* attain to eminence! In re-  
“ warding merit the present age is not back-  
“ ward; and the reign of George the Third  
“ is conspicuous for its attention to the fine  
“ arts. You will require the tuition of an  
“ accomplished master. Should your parents  
“ refuse to advance a competent premium, I  
“ will afford every necessary aid. Nothing  
“ on my part shall be omitted, to ensure you  
“ celebrity in your profession, and to render  
“ you an useful member of society. Be am-

“ bitious of rising above the common herd  
 “ of mankind—of attracting the notice of a  
 “ generous public—and of having your name  
 “ transmitted with honour to an impartial  
 “ posterity :

‘ For who would sink in dull oblivion’s stream ?

‘ Who would not live in songs of distant days ?”

The Connoisseur (scarcely giving me time to thank him for the generous proposal) now took up his golden-headed cane, which lay across the table, and pointing to the several parts of the room, described the ornaments, with which it was splendidly decorated. On the mantle-piece, stood the busts of RAPHAEL, TITIAN, and GUIDO. Having mentioned the persons they represented, he specified the place of their birth—the times in which they flourished—and the *chef-d’ouvres*, which had immortalized their names. On this last topic, he eloquently expatiated. He not only extolled those masters of the pencil, but reprobating the critics, who had asserted their famous

pieces to be defective—he almost averred they were faultless. Demosthenes declaimed not more vehemently against the ambition of the Macedonian monarch, than this good man did, at (what he termed) the *insolence* of criticism. The Encomiast then pointed to a single bust, which graced an elegant pedestal elevated a foot above the rest. “This,” says he, “is the bust of SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.” He favoured me with a brief account of that eminent artist; and wound up the whole with an apostrophe in his praise.

We next surveyed the different pictures, with which the apartment was embellished. They were so numerous, as to occupy almost the whole wainscot; and so arranged, as to have a surprizing effect on the beholder's imagination when he first entered the room. To whatever part the eye glanced, you perceived a groupe of portraits, landscapes or historic pieces. On each of these the Panegyrist minutely descanted. “See,” exclaimed he, with a glow on his visage, and a

sprightliness in his eye, “how boldly are  
“they sketched!—how vivid the colours!—  
“how delicate the finishing!”

I was, however, astonished that one picture passed unnoticed, which struck me, beyond any of the rest, and seemed full as worthy of praise as those, upon which he had liberally bestowed his encomiums. It represented a young woman, about thirty years of age, seated in an elbow chair. Graceful was her appearance—neat her attire—sprightly and intelligent her countenance. Her features were wonderfully engaging. I think I never beheld a face so thoroughly expressive of female loveliness. The moment I saw her, she reminded me of the beautiful rose, in all its glory. In her arms she held a sweet infant, on whom she smiled with maternal fondness; and on her knee leaned a lovely boy, apparently near four or five years old. The little boy was drawn in the pleasing attitude of looking up into his mother’s face with an interesting earnestness,

and his innocent features glowed with the warmth of filial affection. I interrupted the connoisseur, by begging him to explain this delightful picture, and assign his reason for passing it over in silence. I immediately perceived, the question agitated his mind, and the tear stole into his eye. "Alas!" said he in a faltering voice, "it is the dear wife of  
" my youth, and two sweet children—now  
" — no — more." The three last words were scarcely articulated. He sat down and wept bitterly. That they were to him *no more*, pierced his tender heart. I approached him, and taking him by the hand, said, "My dear sir, abandon not yourself to  
" immoderate grief. These misfortunes  
" are incident to frail mortality. Our best  
" tears are due to departed worth, and may  
" be shed frequently, o'er the tomb of the  
" deceased. Sorrow not, as those void of  
" hope. Though to you, they return not—  
" yet the Christian religion assures you, that  
" you shall again meet each other—*never*  
" *more to be separated.*" These consolatory

hints, though imperfect, proved a cordial to revive his drooping spirit. He gradually recovered. Wishing not to open wounds, which seemed far from being closed by the lenient hand of time, I enquired no further into particulars.—Poor man! I was not surprized at thy amiable sensibility:

—————“ Busy meddling memory  
 “ In barbarous succession muster’d up  
 “ The past endearments of thy softer hours,  
 “ Tenacious of its theme.”

My friend, having thus surveyed his apartment, rose, and went to his bureau. He brought me a PAPER, folded like a letter, and carefully sealed. “To-morrow,” said he, “you leave us. This manuscript contains one of my juvenile essays; and was read in a society where each member in his turn produced an essay on some favorite theme. Accept it, as a token of my affection for you; and when arrived in the country, peruse candidly its contents.”

As I was thanking him for his kindness, the dinner-bell rang, and released us from our temporary, though not unpleasing confinement. The next day I bade him a final adieu. Stepping into the carriage, I heard somebody calling me by name, and turning round, I observed the GENEROUS CONNOISSEUR at his window. As the carriage drove off, he waved gently his hand; and I distinctly heard him say, "Farewell, young friend—God blefs you!"

In the evening I arrived at my father's house, and luxuriously partook of the dear charities of social life. Being the summer time, I the ensuing day rose with the dawn; and that I might examine the paper put into my possession, I retired to a neighbouring bower. It was a lovely morning, and the objects around me inspired me with new delight. Escaped from the tumultuous bustle of a city-life, I marked the beauties of creation with additional pleasure. The sun was



beginning to peep above the horizon, and his presence gladdened the face of nature.

“ Fair morn--her rosy steps in th' eastern clime  
 “ Advancing--sow'd the earth with orient pearl.”

The birds in the branches, hopping from spray to spray, were saluting the return of day. The golden grain was waving by the gentle pressure of the gale; whilst the playful cattle, and the sportive lambkins, heightened the gaiety of the landscape. Nature throughout seemed revived; and the creation, as in gratitude to its beneficent Author, was offering up its incense to the great Father of all. Images of benevolence crowded on my delighted imagination; and flinging my eye around, I with rapture exclaimed,

“ These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
 “ Almighty! thine this universal frame,  
 “ Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!  
 “ Unspeakable, who sitt'st above the heav'ns,  
 “ To us invisible, or dimly seen  
 “ In these thy lowest works; yet *these* declare  
 “ Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.”

The sequestered bower, towards which I was tending with hasty step, lay at the foot of an adjacent hill. Near it ran a rivulet whose waters were clear as crystal; and whose purlings sweetened the tranquillity of solitude. Thither I often withdraw for the indulgence of meditation.

I soon reached the hallowed spot. Around the bower the wild honeysuckle and the fragrant jessamine, with many spontaneous productions of nature, wound themselves in graceful evolutions. Their thick foliage, admitting only the glimmering rays of the sun, chased away the glare of open day, and the light fell on my eye with a softened effulgence. Seating myself down, I drew from my pocket the benevolent PANEGYRIST'S juvenile essay. Having broken the seal and unfolded the manuscript, I with avidity proceeded to examine the contents, and read as follows:—

## ON THE UTILITY OF PAINTINGS.

MUSIC, POETRY, and PAINTING, are held in high estimation by those who make pretensions to an improved mind, and a refined taste. This esteem is founded on the exquisite gratification they afford, and on the useful purposes to which they are appropriated. To analyze the merits of these sister arts, and to estimate their comparative empire over the human mind, is not my present intention. I confine myself solely to the nature and effects of PAINTING, and shall briefly enumerate a few of the valuable ends it is adapted to answer.

Simple and expressive are the means employed by the PAINTER, to gratify the imagination, and to agitate the soul. Their simplicity arises from their address to the eye. Their expressiveness flows from the use of natural signs, intelligible to the meanest and most illiterate spectator. PAINTING,

therefore, has been termed poetry and eloquence in mechanifm. The artift brings nature to view—exhibits the objects before your eyes—and bids the moft delicate feelings move by the fenfible representation of his pencil. Hence the antients highly extol this imitative art. Paintings, fays Aristotle, are as capable of making the vicious reflect within themfelves, as the fineft precepts of morality. The eye, Horace obferves, is a faithful fervant to the heart. And Quintilian declares a picture to be a filent and uniform addrefs, penetrating fo deeply into our affections, that it feems to exceed the powers of eloquence. The walls of Claudius Pulcher's theatre had delineated upon them a roof covered with tiles, and being finished in a mafterly manner, the rooks, birds of no fmall fagacity, imagined it real, and attempted often to alight upon it. By fteps alfo, in a perpective of Dante's, a dog, violently purfued, was fo deceived, that expecting to find a free paffage, he made up to them in full fpeed, and dafhed out his brains.

Have you not heard of the shipwrecked Romans, who, to excite charity, had their misfortunes delineated on tablets? If in such cases Painting generates forcible emotions, who can remain unmoved by the masterly design of a Raphael—the luxurious tints of a Titian—and the graceful simplicity of a Guido!

The productions of the pencil may be distributed into Historic Pieces—Landscapes—Caricatures—and Portraits.

1st. HISTORIC PIECES. History furnishes the artist with ample scope for the exercise of his genius, and he selects the subjects best adapted for his purpose. The deeds, which signalize individuals and nations, are recorded in the historic page, for the admiration of succeeding generations. Flagrant violations of justice also, are there held forward, stigmatized with deserved infamy. The historian's narrative impresses the reader, with the excellence of virtue, and the deformity of vice. In a similar manner, the

PAINTER fixes on some striking story, and exerts his art in its embellishment. By the expression thrown into the countenance, and by the attitudes of the principal figures—adorned with beauty, grace, and dignity; or shaded with deformity and horror—he conveys an idea of their respective characters. And according to the nature of the character, is the kind of useful emotion excited in the contemplator's breast.

In sacred history, the Crucifixion, Resurrection, and Ascension of the Messiah, afford the amplest range to the genius of the artist. Rubens immortalized himself by the representation of the Crucifixion, that melancholy and interesting scene. The cartoons of Raphael are well known, and their merit justly appreciated. The delineation of the most remarkable facts in holy writ might prove extremely useful to mankind. The attention of the multitude, would be excited—their curiosity awakened—and it might induce them to peruse the sacred narrative.

By a method of this kind, the celebrated Doddridge, even in early childhood, became acquainted with the inspired history, and always retained a forcible remembrance of it. From the exhibition of facts, in profane history, the most valuable lessons may be derived. Nor are the least, of these useful facts, the interview of Alexander and his physician—the parting of Hector and Andromache—the return of Regulus to Carthage—the tragical death of Socrates—and the dragging of Hector's body around the walls of Troy. The emotions raised by these, and other such representations, are powerful; and powerful emotions may be made to operate successfully in the support of virtue, and for the extirpation of vice. Did not Alexander, the conqueror of the world, tremble and grow pale, when he contemplated the picture of the unfortunate Palamedes? Did not Portia, who with unusual equanimity bid farewell to Brutus, burst into tears, when, a few hours after, she beheld the final interview of Hector and

Andromache? From these painful scenes, I turn to those of a brilliant and enlivening cast.—Let me

2dly, survey the PICTURESQUE LANDSCAPE. Here we meet with a variety, the limits of which are not ascertainable. With pleasure we behold the varied appearances of nature. Whether spring arrays herself in her spotted robe; or summer scorches with his sultry heats; or autumn pours forth her exuberant stores; or winter sends us to our habitations—still are we admirers of nature, and disposed,

—————“ To mark the mighty hand,  
 “ That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;  
 “ Works in the secret deep; shoots steaming thence  
 “ The fair profusion that o’erspreads the spring;  
 “ Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;  
 “ Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;  
 “ And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,  
 “ With transport touches all the springs of life.”

To realize these checquered and romantic scenes, is the province of the Landscape Painter. Hence Painting is the fascinating



region of enchantment. The pencil is a magic wand. It calls up to view the most extensive and variegated scenery. Perceive you not delineated, on yonder canvas, the craggy cliff—the huge precipice—the stupendous rock—the barren heath—the lofty mountain—the wide ocean, and the spacious firmament? When these sublime objects fatigue your eye—mark those of a beautiful kind. See you not, on yon other canvas, the extended mead—the tufted forest—the playful herd—and the frisking lambkins? See you not the plodding husbandman—the rustic swain—the ruddy milkmaid—and think you almost hear the whistling plough-boy? Nay, the still lake and the meandering river—the flowing rivulet and the falling cataract—the crowded city and the solitary desert—the plain conventicle and the pompous cathedral—the magnificent palace—the solemn temple—and the lowly cottage—*all* may be delineated on canvas, in a manner exquisitely adapted to charm the eye—to feast the senses—to ravish and delight the soul!

3dly. The CARICATURE next claims our attention. Over the human mind, wit, humour, and ridicule maintain authoritative influence. The ludicrous images, which flit before the fancy—aided by eccentric combinations, awaken the risible powers, and throw the soul into tumults of laughter. Who can refrain from experiencing risible emotions, when he beholds a lively representation of Don Quixote and Sancho Pança—Hudibras and his Ralpho—merry old Falstaff—gabbling Mrs. Quickly, and other grotesque figures found in the vast variety of human character? To lash the vices, and expose the follies of mankind, is the professed end of this species of painting. An object worthy its attention! Like comedy it may degenerate, and become subservient to licentiousness and profligacy. Yet the shafts of ridicule, judiciously aimed, like a well-directed artillery, do much execution. With what becoming severity does the bold Caricature lay open to public censure, the intrigue of subtle politicians—the chicanery of corrupted

courts—and the flattery of cringing parasites! Hence satirical prints, under temperate regulations, check the dissoluteness of the great. Hogarth's Harlot's and Rake's Progress have contributed to reform the different classes in society. An ingenious Essayist doubts much whether the sermons of a Tillotson ever dissuaded so efficaciously from lust, cruelty, and intemperance, as the prints of an Hogarth.

4thly. Consider the value of a good PORTRAIT. We view it with the glow of admiration. How many mansions are decorated with the portrait of the beloved sovereign—the pious divine—the sage philosopher—and the skilful physician? How many with the brave warrior—the impartial judge—the generous philanthropist—the consummate statesman, and the warm-hearted patriot? Almost every cottage contains a picture of the dear relative and the faithful friend. Nor can it excite surprize. In the well-executed Portrait, the soul sits on the countenance, holding converse

with the attentive beholder. I once saw a miniature of Oliver Cromwell. In his furious though intelligent countenance was depicted that heroic turbulence of soul, which threw kingdoms into agitation, and scattered clouds of darkness over our political hemisphere. The originals, alas! like autumnal leaves, quickly perish. A Portrait is the best mean devised by the ingenuity of art, to substantiate the fleeting form—to perpetuate the momentary existence. It is thine, O PAINTING! to preserve the form, which lies mouldering in the tomb—to rescue in a measure, from the jaws of death, the prey he is wont greedily to devour—to fling a ray of light on the house of mourning—mitigating the calamity of the afflicted survivor.

Nor is this the only important end, which Portrait-painting subserves. It teaches beneficial lessons. It calls to mind the example of great men, when they are fled beyond the reach of observation. As the absence of the sun, is supplied by artificial lights, so well-

finished Portraits compensate the loss sustained, by the removal of the excellent originals. An Athenian courtesan, in the midst of a riotous banquet, accidentally cast her eye on a philosopher's Portrait hung opposite to her seat. The happy character of temperance depicted in the philosopher's countenance, contrasted with her own unworthiness, struck her so forcibly, that she instantly quitted the room, and became an example for virtue, as she had before been of shameless debauchery. Boleslaus also, king of Poland, carried a picture of his father about his neck, set in gold. When going to speak or do any thing of importance, he took into his hand this pleasing monitor, and kissing it, said, "Dear father—may I never do any thing unworthy of thy name!"

And is not the impassioned lover indebted to Portrait-painting? I suppose him about to be torn from the object of his affections. Bedewed with tears, I see him retire, to conjecture what is the best substitute for her

presence. At this moment in steps a poet, with lines descriptive of his Maria. On the poet's departure, appears a musician, with Maria's favorite air. And on the musician's retiring, comes up a Painter, and puts into the lover's possession a miniature of the beloved damsel. He gazes at it in silent admiration—presses it to his bosom—and taking the painter by the hand, thanks him for the best gift which human art could bestow :

“ Bleft be the pencil ! whose enchantment gives  
 “ To wounded love the food on which he lives.  
 “ Rich in this gift, tho' cruel ocean bear  
 “ The youth to exile from his faithful fair,  
 “ He in fond dreams hangs o'er her glowing cheek,  
 “ *Still owns her present, and still hears her speak.*”

—Beside the above different kinds of PAINTING, it may not be improper, before I conclude, to notice a class of drawings appropriated to the *illustration of science*. Their utility is obvious. The natural philosopher delineates his apparatus, and marks the progressive stages of its improvement, either in

former times, or through the exercise of his own ingenuity. The anatomist sketches the various parts of the human frame, and catches with accuracy those appearances which speedily vanish, through a tendency to putrefaction.—The architect pours his plans, previous to the execution of his designs.—The antiquarian copies figures from ancient fragments, and thus often obtains an explication.—And the natural historian exhibits the whole range of nature,

“ The brute, the fish, the fowl, the insect,  
 “ Plant, and flower—every particle,  
 “ Alive or dead, from the cloud-covered mountain’s  
 “ Highest peak, down to the center.”

On the whole what advantages flow from the right use of the pencil!—How just is the observation of an ingenious writer:

“ The art of PAINTING is one of those  
 “ innocent and delightful means of pleasure,  
 “ which Providence has kindly offered to  
 “ brighten the prospects of life. Under due

“ restriction, and with proper direction, it  
“ may be rendered something more than an  
“ elegant mode of pleasing the eye and the  
“ imagination;—

“ IT MAY BECOME A VERY POWER-  
FUL AUXILIARY TO VIRTUE.”



A N  
*EVENING'S*  
MEDITATION  
ON THE  
*EXTENT AND USES*  
OF OUR  
PRESENT KNOWLEDGE.



AN  
EVENING'S  
MEDITATION, &c.

---

ISAAC went out into the field to *meditate* at *even-tide*.

MOSES.

If I am right, thy grace impart  
Still in the right to stay ;  
If I am wrong, Oh teach my heart  
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,  
Or impious discontent,  
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,  
Or aught thy goodness lent.

POPE.

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**K**NOWLEDGE is of the utmost importance. Great pains are taken to acquire it, and specific rules laid down for its application to the purposes of life. Yet, alas! to what strange

ends is it sometimes perverted. Instead of inspiring a manly dignity, modest carriage, and conciliating deportment, it has been seen to produce the opposite effects, and then fails not to raise in the beholder afflictive sensations. Follies vary with the complexional character of the individual; and the reprehension due to them should be apportioned to their evil tendency.

I was led into these reflections by the behaviour of an acquaintance who had just finished his education. He was intended for the church, and devoted himself chiefly to theological studies. Though endowed with no contemptible understanding, and though possessed of considerable literature, yet the strength of his passions, and a hastiness of temper, threw him frequently into fits of intemperate zeal. Imagining himself infallibly secure of truth, he expected none would dare question the propriety and justness of his dogmas. This exorbitant claim on the assent of mankind was not so speedily granted as his

vanity induced him to expect. Denied, as he thought, the tribute due to his superior sagacity and uncommon attainments, he reprobated the perverseness (as he deemed it) of those with whom he associated, and vented his spleen in sarcastic observations on human nature. One day when he visited me, we after dinner conversed together on various subjects; and in the course of friendly debate, did not leave untouched those topics of religious enquiry, which have so grievously divided the christian world. I expostulated with him on the absurdity of demanding an universal coincidence of sentiment. But the expostulation was of small avail. I pitied his dogmatism—perceived that he had not attended to the scantiness of human knowledge, and had forgotten that the true philosopher was invariably distinguished by a modest and unassuming diffidence.

The evening he left me I took a solitary walk. The setting sun, with his lengthened shadows, together with the solemn close of

day, composed my mind, and tranquillized my spirits. Walking pensively onwards, I without restraint, yielded myself up to a train of reflections, and indulged the following  
MEDITATION.

“ —Why is not the MAN of LEARNING  
“ (thought I) uniformly characterized by the  
“ modesty of his opinions, and the lowliness  
“ of his deportment? *We know in part. We*  
“ *see through a glass darkly.* In some re-  
“ spects our knowledge resembles the sepul-  
“ chral lamp, whose rays are feeble, and  
“ whose light is a refined kind of darkness.

“ The nature, the attributes, the works,  
“ and the dispensations of the LIVING GOD,  
“ how far surpassing my comprehension!  
“ That there should be a being who possesses  
“ existence without commencement, presence  
“ without locality, and activity without mo-  
“ tion, is inexplicably mysterious. Yet sur-  
“ veying the present scene of things, I am  
“ led necessarily to such a conclusion. In

“ the investigation of all subjects, we attend  
“ to the obvious doctrine of causes and  
“ effects. But contemplating Deity we are  
“ bewildered in mazes of difficulty. The  
“ spirituality of his nature baffles our com-  
“ prehension. His attributes also are accom-  
“ panied with perplexities which no human  
“ understanding can unravel. To each of  
“ the natural and moral perfections of the  
“ Godhead something incomprehensible is  
“ annexed. Almighty power, unfearchable  
“ wisdom, and universal presence, exceed  
“ our loftiest conceptions. They distend  
“ the mind with holy astonishment and

“ Imagination’s utmost stretch in wonder dies away.’

“ And are not the WORKS of the Creator  
“ perpetually opening to the enquiring mind  
“ certain properties which before lay conceal-  
“ ed? The nature, number, and extent of the  
“ Planetary System astonish beyond measure.  
“ In this corner of the universe we can only  
“ glance at those worlds upon worlds, and

“ those systems upon systems, which are  
“ scattered throughout infinite space. Even  
“ the animal, vegetable, and fossil kingdoms,  
“ continue to disclose regions which have  
“ never yet been inspected by the hallowed  
“ eye of philosophy. Astronomy and natural  
“ history, admirable mediums by which our  
“ knowledge of creation is enlarged, fail in  
“ a variety of instances. The astronomer  
“ often lifts his telescope in vain. And the  
“ natural historian, having uselessly fatigued  
“ his eye, frequently lays aside his micro-  
“ scope. At times both are absorbed in the  
“ reflection—how little do we know! How  
“ much remains yet to be known!

“ A similar obscurity beclouds the DIS-  
“ PENSATIONS of Heaven. Mists hang  
“ over them which the radiance of a future  
“ state alone can effectually dissipate. That  
“ there is a secret and invisible energy ope-  
“ rating on human affairs, is evinced from  
“ various particulars. But why we come  
“ into being at *this* period of time more



“ than at any other we know not. Why  
 “ life is embittered with this and that painful  
 “ event we cannot ascertain. Why persons  
 “ whom we deem useless remain long in life,  
 “ and why others whom we imagine useful  
 “ are soon and suddenly taken away—God  
 “ only knows. The adversity of the righ-  
 “ teous and the prosperity of the wicked are  
 “ in some instances inexplicable. To solve  
 “ these difficulties, wise men have had re-  
 “ course to the supposition that *this* life is  
 “ part of a grand whole. It resembles,  
 “ say they, a chain—the beginning and end  
 “ of which escape our observation.

‘ Deep in unfathomable mines,  
 ‘ With never failing skill,  
 ‘ God treasures up his vast designs  
 ‘ And works his sovereign will!’

“ The CHRISTIAN REVELATION,  
 “ *which is a light unto our feet and a lamp*  
 “ *unto our paths*, is far from being fully un-  
 “ folded. The jarring sentiments prevalent in  
 “ the religious world flow, in a measure, from  
 “ the prejudices and passions of mankind. It

“ must however be acknowledged, that our  
“ information respecting several subjects is  
“ very limited. The most interesting  
“ objects of revelation are so far made  
“ known as is necessary for our welfare.  
“ With the light obtained the pious are satis-  
“ fied. But the inquisitive find little to gra-  
“ tify idle curiosity. Almost every article  
“ of the inspired volume has been represent-  
“ ed in various ways. Controversies are  
“ agitated about modes of expression. Whe-  
“ ther there are such and such objects is not  
“ questioned — but in what light they are to  
“ be viewed is often the subject of dispute.  
“ This arises from partial knowledge.  
“ Should a natural object be placed at a con-  
“ siderable distance, or contemplated through  
“ an indistinct medium, diversity of opinion  
“ respecting size, colour, and position, neces-  
“ sarily ensues. And if partial acquaintance  
“ with natural objects occasions various  
“ opinions, why is it irrational to imagine that  
“ a similar partial acquaintance with religi-  
“ ous subjects gives rise to a similar diversity

“ of sentiment? What difficulties attend  
 “ our first Parents’ transgression—the nature  
 “ and uses of some parts of the Jewish  
 “ economy—the time, manner, and many  
 “ circumstances accompanying the promulga-  
 “ tion of the *glorious Gospel of the Blessed*  
 “ *God!* Why, it has been asked, is not this  
 “ GOSPEL extended to all the nations of  
 “ the globe?—and where it is already known,  
 “ why meets it with so indifferent a recep-  
 “ tion? Even the person, doctrines, precepts,  
 “ example, and sacrifice of the Messiah will  
 “ receive additional lustre from the disco-  
 “ veries of futurity:

‘ When God’s own hand shall lift the curtain high,  
 ‘ And all earth’s wonders open to my eye.’

“ But I come home to MYSELF. Am  
 “ I not *fearfully and wonderfully made?*  
 “ Man is composed of soul and body. The  
 “ one allies him to heaven. The other con-  
 “ nects him with the dust whence he came,  
 “ and whither he speedily returns. Our  
 “ frame is a delicate piece of mechanism.  
 “ Concerning its nature, form, and construc-

“ tion, what curious disquisitions have been  
“ written! Questions of the most intricate  
“ nature have been started—How does the  
“ brain secrete the animal spirits? How are  
“ the lungs empowered to perform the func-  
“ tion of respiration? How is the heart  
“ enabled to circulate the blood? To the  
“ primary cause of these wonderful phæno-  
“ mena we are strangers. The laws also  
“ which regulate the several parts of this  
“ body are not thoroughly known. Hence  
“ with frequent uncertainty the physician  
“ feels the throbbing pulse—the anatomist  
“ with partial success lays open the breathless  
“ corpse—and the chymist tortures every  
“ substance in nature, that he may disco-  
“ ver its medical virtues, and check the ra-  
“ vages of disease.

“ Nor is our knowledge of the body only,  
“ partial—the MIND is still more withdrawn  
“ from view. The nature of the human  
“ faculties, and their subtle mode of opera-  
“ tion, are involved in much obscurity. On  
“ many occasions the association of our

“ ideas is unaccountable. How the under-  
 “ standing perceives—the imagination de-  
 “ vifes—the memory retains, and the will  
 “ inclines to action, are beyond the ken of  
 “ our observation. Why certain things cause  
 “ that agitation of mind we term passion—  
 “ and what in some cases are the springs of  
 “ action, who can tell? We bow in silence,  
 “ wonder and adore. The acuteness of a  
 “ Locke—the penetration of a Boyle, and the  
 “ sagacity of a Newton, are here at a stand.  
 “ They retire with reverence. They confess  
 “ the mysteriousness of the subject. With  
 “ an inspired Apostle they exclaim—‘*We*  
 “ *know in part.*’

“ If present objects are thus encumbered  
 “ with difficulties, what perplexities must  
 “ accompany those enveloped in the dark-  
 “ ness of FUTURITY? How we shall exist  
 “ in the world to come without our bodies,  
 “ or how with them in the morning of the  
 “ resurrection, we know not. Where the  
 “ places of rewards and punishment are situ-

“ ated in the universe of God, we are igno-  
 “ rant. With the nature also of these  
 “ rewards and punishments we are not fully  
 “ acquainted. What is seen on the verge  
 “ of the horizon is faintly perceived: tho’  
 “ when we approach the object of vision,  
 “ the faintness disappears, the specific form is  
 “ ascertained, and the mind embraces it with  
 “ vigor and alacrity. But the veil drawn  
 “ over a future state is impenetrable. We  
 “ cannot descry its precise nature. We  
 “ cannot enumerate its characteristic pro-  
 “ perties\*.

“ But it is not the scantiness alone of  
 “ human knowledge that afflicts the specula-  
 “ tive mind. Our information is attained  
 “ with much toil. When attained who is  
 “ absolutely certain he possesses truth un-  
 “ adulterated with error? Is knowledge

\* See Butler’s Analogy, especially the edition by  
 the late Bishop of Gloucester—Law’s Theory of Re-  
 ligion—The fourth Sermon of Blair, 1st vol.—and  
 the Vision of Mirza, by Addison, Spectator, vol. ii.  
 No. 159.

“ gained by observation? Observation is  
“ made by the senses, and the senses frequent-  
“ ly deceive us. Is it acquired by testimony?  
“ Testimony is not always satisfactory. The  
“ persons may be prejudiced—their infor-  
“ mation partial, and their mode of commu-  
“ nication defective.—Confined also are the  
“ objects of knowledge. Many subjects are  
“ not yet brought forward to notice. The  
“ arts and sciences now known, were un-  
“ known to the first ages. And things un-  
“ known to us will be known by our chil-  
“ dren’s children. Endless are the works of  
“ creation! Astonishingly complicate the  
“ scheme of redemption! Our minds are now  
“ cooped up; they are compressed within a  
“ narrow compass. Like a young eagle, we  
“ soar not very high, and are obliged soon to  
“ descend jaded with fatigue. How transient  
“ also is our knowledge in point of duration.  
“ Indisposition sorely affects the human  
“ faculties. Deplorable have been its ravages.  
“ Did not disease reduce Swift to idiotism?  
“ Did not age bring back the profound

“ Newton to a second childhood?—Over  
“ these lamentable instances of human im-  
“ becillity I drop a tear, and proceed to ask  
“ myself what are—

“ The USES to be made of these difficul-  
“ ties attending *present knowledge*? It be-  
“ hoves me to call them to mind, and pay  
“ them the attention they merit.

“ Am I impatient because the limits of  
“ human knowledge are not more extend-  
“ ed? No. I am content that I have been  
“ brought into being. I rest satisfied, that  
“ the nature of my faculties is so exalted—  
“ their number so great, and the ends to  
“ which they may be applied so numerous  
“ and important. The eye has its boundary,  
“ beyond which it cannot see. The ear has  
“ its distance, beyond which it cannot hear.  
“ Why should not the eye of the mind be  
“ similarly circumscribed? Is it unjust to  
“ lament that the senses of seeing and hear-  
“ ing extend no farther? With the same



“ injustice may we repine, because at present  
“ we know not more of the objects subjected  
“ to our review. Every thing in nature is  
“ progressive. Why then should the radiance  
“ of futurity be poured upon us all at once?  
“ Has the traveller a right to complain  
“ because he enjoys not the prospect from  
“ yonder hill, without first painfully ascend-  
“ ing that hill? And what should I think of  
“ the husbandman, who, having ploughed the  
“ soil and scattered the grain, expects the sun  
“ to burst all at once on his fields, instan-  
“ taneously ripening his corn and filling his  
“ barns with plenty?

“ Let me however remember, the little  
“ which may be known is of an interesting  
“ kind, and becomes (through the blessing  
“ of God) conducive to present and future  
“ felicity. Though the eye penetrates not  
“ beyond a certain boundary, nor the ear  
“ recognizes sounds beyond a certain distance  
“ —yet how valuable are these two senses  
“ within their prescribed range! The eye

“ascertains the magnitude, form, colour, and  
“position of various terrestrial objects. It is  
“the source of exquisite pleasure, and enables  
“us to ward off perils to which the want of  
“sight unavoidably exposes. By means of  
“the ear we are thrilled with harmonious  
“sounds, and brought acquainted with the  
“human voice—we communicate to each  
“other our ideas—till joy circulates from  
“heart to heart, and the raptures of social  
“converse are heightened almost to angelic  
“extacy. Why should not our limited  
“knowledge be equally useful? We know  
“there is a God—a Saviour—a Providence  
“—a Resurrection—a Judgment—and a  
“Future State. On *these* truths my soul  
“would rest as the pillar on its base.

“To remind me, for instance, of the use-  
“ful knowledge communicated respecting a  
“Providence, I consider what my situation  
“would be, destitute of the information.  
“Without a belief in and a reliance on the  
“all-sustaining and all-conducting providence  
“of our Great Creator, our state is deplorable.

‘ Let us suppose that in a morning when we  
‘ awake we should find ourselves sailing  
‘ along, with all our nearest relations and  
‘ dearest friends, in a wide, unconstant, and  
‘ seemingly boundless ocean. The storms  
‘ and tempests are gathering around us, hover-  
‘ ing over and very soon to break upon us.  
‘ We are utterly incapable ourselves to steer  
‘ our vessel to any safe harbour, and without  
‘ any hope of assistance either from men or  
‘ invisible powers. We could expect no  
‘ relief, but must be in perpetual dread of  
‘ being tossed up and down at the pleasure of  
‘ winds and waves, till we should be starved  
‘ to death, or until our vessel split on some  
‘ unseen rock, and we sink to the bottom.  
‘ Would not our case be extremely lament-  
‘ able? Yet this is but a faint image of our  
‘ state here in this world, without an assured  
‘ trust in the wisdom and goodness of an in-  
‘ visible and an Almighty Friend, who will  
‘ lead us safely through this dangerous life,  
‘ and land us at last on some peaceful shore \*.

\* Leechman.

“ From this admirable illustration I easily  
“ imagine the utility of the knowledge grant-  
“ ed respecting the *other* important subjects.  
“ May my faith in these truths be steady.  
“ May my hope of the blessings they hold  
“ forth be vigorous. May their influence  
“ on my temper and life be operative. And  
“ may the joy flowing from them be pure  
“ and exalted.

“ The subjects of religious enquiry are not  
“ unlike the surface of this earth, parts of  
“ which are habitable and parts uninhabitable.  
“ With the former we are acquainted, and  
“ they afford instruction and entertainment.  
“ We know their figure, extent, population,  
“ manners, customs, and government. Re-  
“ fusing to content ourselves with this know-  
“ ledge, should we penetrate into the unin-  
“ habitable regions, we meet with sandy  
“ deserts, howling wastes, and inhospitable  
“ climes. Such the man, who not satisfying  
“ himself with the belief of a God—a Mes-  
“ siah—a Providence—a Resurrection—and

“ a Future State of retribution, intemperately  
“ pushes his inquiries into subjects beyond  
“ human research. Forfaking these cardinal  
“ truths, on which the bliss of man turns as  
“ on golden hinges, and attempting to descry  
“ what is unrevealed—we become involved  
“ in scepticism, or harassed by the uncer-  
“ tainties of conjecture.

“ This interesting knowledge, however,  
“ demands industry and application. An  
“ enlightened understanding is nothing more  
“ than a mind stored with just ideas—gather-  
“ ed as the bee gathers his honey ranging  
“ from flower to flower. A large variety  
“ of these ideas constitute proper views of a  
“ subject. These proper views are withheld  
“ from the prejudiced and the indolent.  
“ Prejudice eclipses the understanding. In-  
“ dolence benumbs the faculties. And when  
“ both hold their empire over an individual,  
“ that individual is a prey to error, folly,  
“ and enthusiasm. How difficult to think

“ aright on important subjects ! The acqui-  
“ sition of our ideas calls for diligence—  
“ the arrangement of them for care—and  
“ the decision upon them judgment. With-  
“ out these exertions can I be in possession  
“ of TRUTH? Can I expect to be guided  
“ and governed by her sacred influence ?

“ Impressed with the circumscribed extent  
“ of present knowledge, I would cherish  
“ a meek and humble spirit. Humility is  
“ the ornament of angels. Pride is the vice  
“ of devils. It is of high utility to entertain  
“ a just opinion of ourselves. And what  
“ tends more to generate and nourish this  
“ divine temper, than a reiterated view of  
“ our slender attainments ? ‘ The shadow of  
“ knowledge (says one) passeth over the mind  
“ of man as a dream ; he seeth as in the dark ;  
“ he reasoneth, and is deceived.’ To be  
“ sensible that we know nothing yet as we  
“ ought to know, is the root whence hu-  
“ mility will spring.

“ Candid also would I be towards those  
“ dissenting from me. Difference of opi-  
“ nion is frequently the necessary con-  
“ comitant of partial knowledge. But it  
“ furnishes the good man with an oppor-  
“ tunity for displaying the meekness of his  
“ temper. That we should be harsh in our  
“ judgments of others is astonishing. Have  
“ they not an equal claim with us to *judge*  
“ *even of themselves what is right?* Has not  
“ every man within his bosom a stronger  
“ motive to induce him to think rightly, than  
“ I can suggest to him? Are we not *all*  
“ amenable to the same solemn and im-  
“ partial tribunal? Amidst such manifold  
“ difficulties, why prone to censure? The  
“ more scanty our knowledge, and the more  
“ arduous its attainment—the greater is the  
“ probability of erring. But the greater the  
“ probability of erring, the ampler necessity  
“ for tenderness towards those whom we  
“ think mistaken\*.

\* See the Bishop of Landaff's excellent Preface to Theological Tracts, and the 3d of Stennett's judicious Discourses on Personal Religion, vol. I.

“ The spirit of Catholicism is the spirit of  
“ Christianity. ‘ When we observe others  
‘ differing from us in opinion about lesser  
‘ points, or even as it appears to us erring  
‘ from the truth in more important matters,  
‘ it ought immediately to occur to us that we  
‘ are all in a state of much darkness, and  
‘ *equally* liable to mistakes and errors. This  
‘ one thought, revolved in the mind with due  
‘ attention, can scarce fail to soften our  
‘ hearts, and move us rather with pity than  
‘ passion and bitterness. Real love and  
‘ affectionate sympathy, and just views of  
‘ human nature, lead us to reflect on all that  
‘ vast variety of circumstances which may  
‘ prevail on honest and worthy minds to  
‘ embrace opinions widely different from  
‘ those we have espoused. It will conse-  
‘ quently inspire us with an abhorrence of  
‘ the unchristian practice of representing  
‘ their mistakes and designs as worse than  
‘ they really are, and of judging harshly  
‘ about their state in another world, and desir-  
‘ ing or endeavouring to expose them to ill  
‘ usage in this. In one word, we should



‘ make the largest allowances for the infir-  
‘ mities of mankind—judge charitably of the  
‘ honesty and sincerity of their hearts and  
‘ intentions—and be more forward to pro-  
‘ claim their virtues than their mistakes and  
‘ failings\*.’

“ Environed with difficulties, I dart my  
“ eye forward to yon blissful region—where  
“ knowledge is pure in its nature, universal  
“ in its extent, and uninterrupted in its dura-  
“ tion. The pilgrim anticipates the termina-  
“ tion of his pilgrimage. The mariner  
“ imagines himself riding into the desired  
“ haven. The pupil seats himself in ima-  
“ gination on the summit of the hill of  
“ science, rapturously surveying and re-sur-  
“ veying the goodly prospect. What forbids  
“ *my* indulging a similar anticipation of  
“ ETERNAL DAY? Then will my faculties  
“ be ennobled—my perceptions steady—and  
“ my judgments just. Here, objects are either

\* Leechman.

“ too large to be admitted by the mental eye,  
“ or not encircled with a light sufficiently  
“ brilliant to render them visible. Beyond  
“ the tomb my powers are sublimated, and  
“ objects so exhibited, that I shall obtain a  
“ more distinct and consequently a more  
“ complete conception of them. Were I to  
“ visit yonder eminence at the break of day,  
“ how confused would surrounding objects  
“ appear! But let me wait patiently till the  
“ sun has arisen, and poured a flood of light  
“ o’er the landscape—lo! the hill and the  
“ vale—the river and the lake—the pasture  
“ and the heath are seen with their respec-  
“ tive beauties. So also will the difficulties  
“ of speculation and of practice continue to  
“ adhere, and adhere only to this preliminary  
“ state. Exhilarating thought! they cease to-  
“ gether. The best and the wisest of men deem  
“ *this* life the infancy of our existence. It may  
“ be likened to a shell, speedily to be burst  
“ asunder—to a scroll partially unrolled,  
“ the beauty and propriety of whose contents  
“ therefore are not yet ascertainable—to a

“ winter, when the wind blows keenly, the  
“ storm rages furiously, and the inclemen-  
“ cies of season are severely felt—But, hark!  
“ a voice more melodious than that of angels  
“ steals on my enraptured ear;—what joyous  
“ intelligence!

---

‘ YE GOOD DISTREST!  
‘ YE NOBLE FEW! who now unbending stand  
‘ Beneath life’s preffure—yet BEAR UP A WHILE;  
‘ And what your bounded view, which only saw  
‘ A *little* part, deem’d evil—IS NO MORE.  
‘ The storms of WINTRY time will quickly pass,  
‘ And one UNBOUNDED SPRING encircle all!’

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Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning.

LUKE.

It is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing.

PAUL.

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*N. B. As few copies of the above Address, if any, remain unfold, the propriety of a cheap edition, with some additions, has been lately suggested to the Author. He will therefore gratefully receive hints for the improvement of the second edition, as he wishes to render the Address as useful as possible.*

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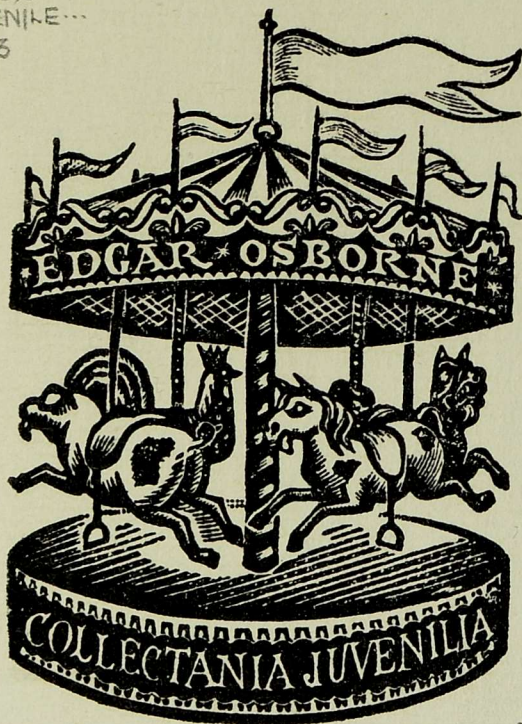
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Wingham, Mr. Hackney  
(2 cop.)  
Waterfield, Mrs.  
Woodrow, Miss  
Woodrow, Miss M.  
Woodrow, Mr. G.  
Woodrow, Mr. J.  
Webb, Mr. H.  
Winter, Mr.  
Wheatly, Mr.  
Wood, Mr. E.  
Wooldridge, Miss, Chichester  
Walters, Miss S.  
Watkins, Mr. R. Bristol  
Woodhouse, Mr. J. Do.  
Weatherly, Miss, Hackney  
Wood, Mr. J.  
Wood, Mr. G.  
Wood, Mr. W.  
Webb, Mr. T. L.





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EVANS, JOHN  
JUVENILE...  
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