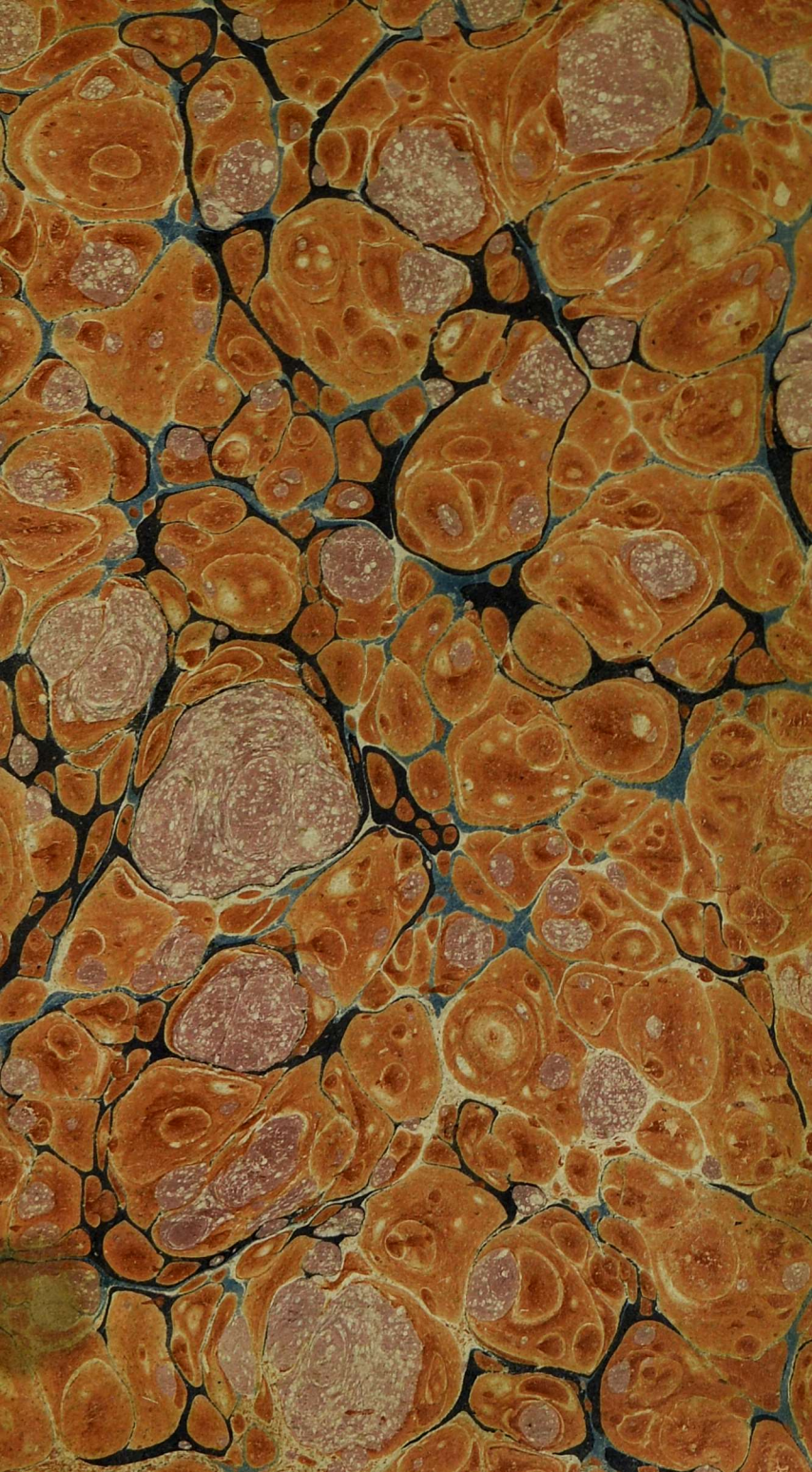
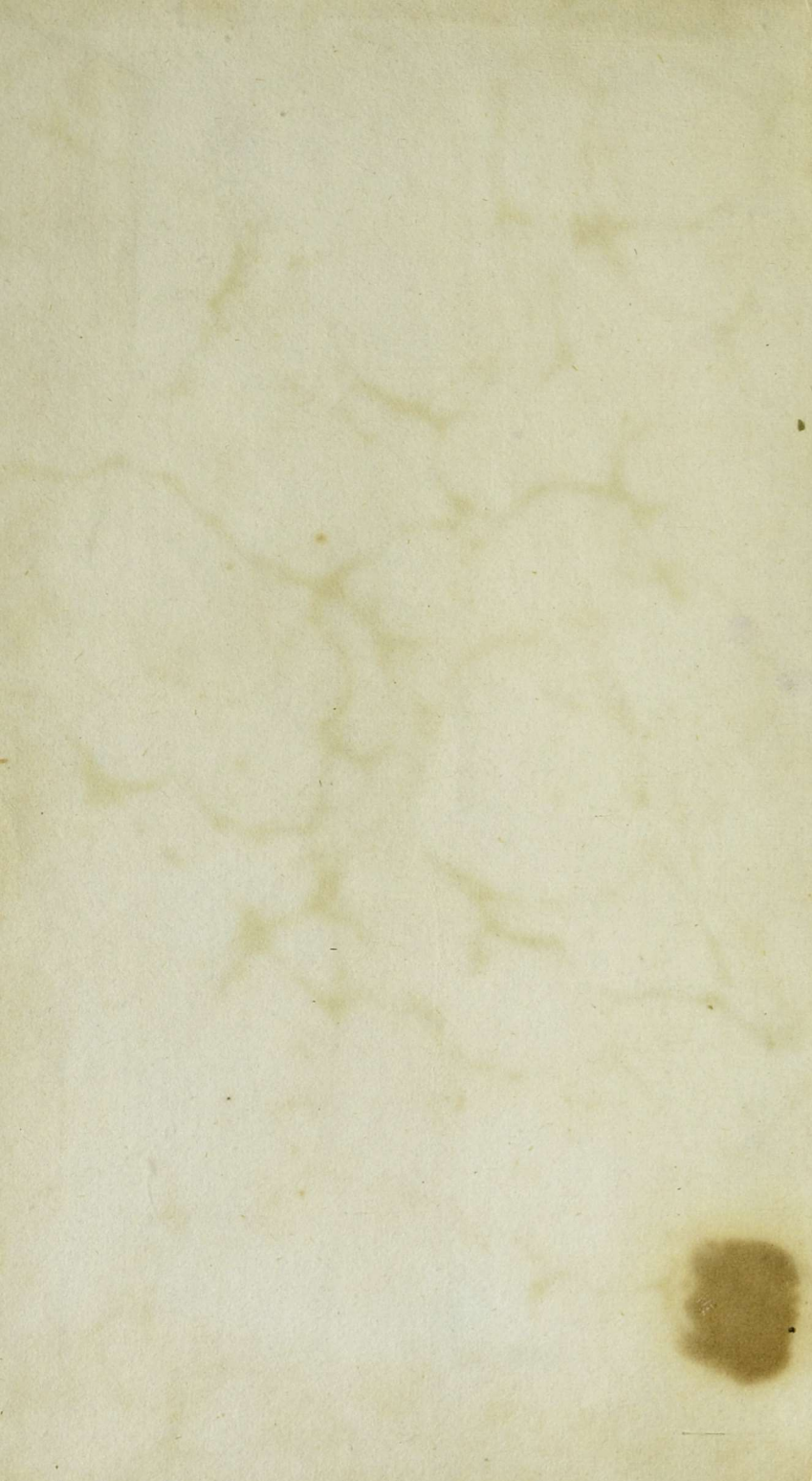


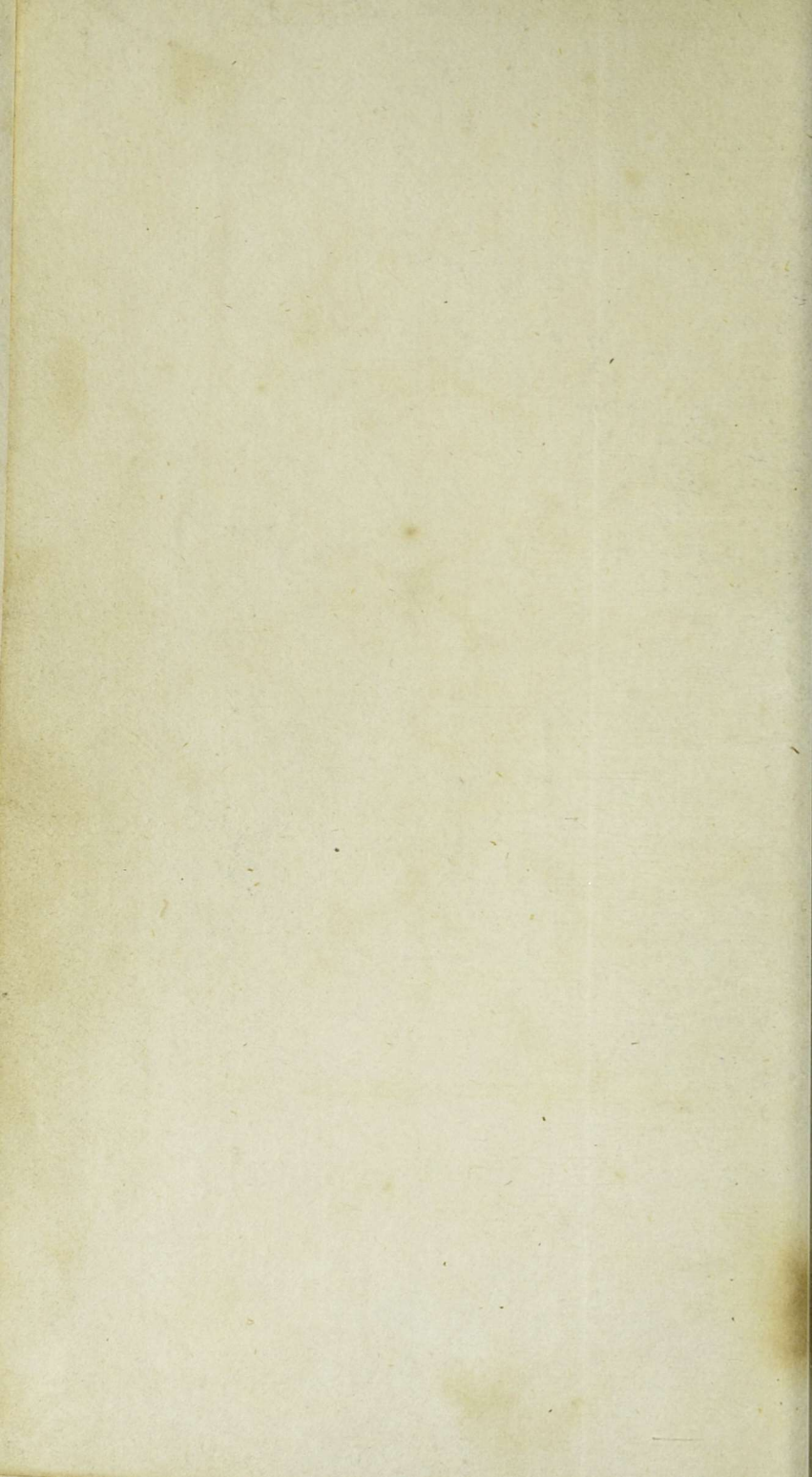


1965

Eric S. Quayle
Greensleeves
Sutton
Coldfield







A

FATHER'S GIFT

TO HIS

CHILDREN:

CONSISTING OF

ORIGINAL ESSAYS,

TALES, FABLES, REFLECTIONS, &c.

Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.

Hor.

BY WILLIAM MAVOR, LL. D.

Vicar of HURLEY, BERKS, and Chaplain to the EARL of MOIRA.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

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1805.

FATHERS' GIFT

TO HIS

CHILDREN

BY

GEORGE W. B. BAKER

OF THE

NEW YORK

BY WILLIAM BAKER

OF THE

LONDON

PRINTED FOR W. BAKER

21, FLEET STREET

LONDON

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE COUNTESS OF MOIRA,

THIS MISCELLANY,

THE OFFSPRING OF A FATHER'S SOLICITUDE

FOR HIS

CHILDREN,

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

HER LADYSHIP'S

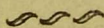
MOST DEVOTED,

AND VERY HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

Woodstock, Nov. 30, 1804.

ADVERTISEMENT.



IT was the remark of an acute and intelligent friend, “ that if an author of any talents were to produce only one book, on a subject which allowed scope to the display of sentiment and feeling, that book must possess peculiar claims to public attention; as he would infallibly infuse into it the leading principles of his heart, and thus furnish a chart of his own mind and character.”

Of the truth of this position I am fully sensible, as far as these volumes are concerned, though the observation I have quoted, was not meant to apply to them. The object I had in view, naturally excited my tenderest sensibility; and I wrote with that

warmth of conviction which a parent alone can feel, when the happiness of his children is the aim of his labours. How far I may have contributed to the satisfaction of other parents, can only be ascertained from the liberal demand for a work which was sent into the world, . anonymously, and with few extrinsic recommendations; and how far I may have succeeded in being useful to those in whose welfare I am so deeply interested, and what returns of filial duty I may ultimately experience from them, for the anxious care and attention I have ever shewn for their welfare and improvement, remains to be proved, by their conduct in more advanced age, should it be my lot to witness it. But as I am conscious of the strongest claims to their gratitude, so I am not without hopes, that I shall find my best reward, in seeing them good and

happy. Alas! in putting this work a second time to the press, I have to lament that "one is not." This object of my fondest affection and highest expectations was called from this world to a better, at a time when his worth and his talents were rapidly developing themselves; and in his loss, I felt a thousand deaths. But it is the will of God, and I submit. Little, however, did I once imagine, that I should have so long survived him, or that I should ever have had this opportunity, of recording my grief and my love. But one of the subsequent volumes, which were published separately, having been long out of print, and still enquired for, and a large impression of the second, almost entirely disposed of, I was induced to revise the whole, and to add several relative pieces, which had been gradually accumu-

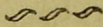
lating, since the first appearance of my plan.

To give the work, indeed, as much variety and interest as possible, was not only promoting my own views in its original composition, but also discharging a just debt to a generous public; for whose patronage I have every reason to be grateful, and of whose approbation I can never cease to be solicitous. Few have written more than I have done, for the use of young persons; or, let me thankfully add, with more uniform encouragement; and I desire no other epitaph to mark my grave, than—*Here lies,*
“THE CHILDREN’S FRIEND*.”

* A title conferred on the Author, by some respectable critics.

PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION.



THE following work originated from a desire of impressing on the minds of the author's own children, some useful lessons in the science of life and manners; and to vary the plan, he has thought fit to interperse a few short remarks on those studies, which are best calculated to enlighten, instruct, and amuse. He is far, however, from supposing that he has exhausted his subject, or that he has embraced all the important objects he had in view; but, for what he has done, he flatters himself he shall escape blame, if he is not found entitled to praise. He feels that his motives in this publication were good, however deficient the execution may be; and if he is fortunate enough to inspire one generous passion where it was wanting before, to extirpate one false prejudice where it had been indulged, or to increase the fund of

useful learning, and of innocent amusement, in the slightest degree, he will have the pleasure of reflecting, that his labours have not been wholly in vain.

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

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

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

A

FATHER'S GIFT,
TO HIS CHILDREN.

BOOKS.

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

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

invention, the art of Printing, places the moderns in a most enviable situation, compared with the ancients; and nothing but gross inattention or criminal indifference can now palliate ignorance, or preclude knowledge. How thankful ought we to be for the superior privileges to which we were born; and how eagerly ought youth to cultivate a taste for literature, which will fill up the blanks of life with amusement, occupy the interstices of enjoyment, and lead to that improvement of the soul, which we have reason to suppose will increase the happiness of eternity!

THE CHARITABLE BOY; OR, THE EFFECTS
OF GOOD EXAMPLE.

A POOR old man was begging along the street. His figure was that of Misery personified—his long beard swept his breast—he was lame and decrepid; but still his eyes bespoke the spirit that had once animated his frame; and his tattered dress of red, patched with every colour of the rainbow, shewed that he had formerly been a soldier. “For God’s sake, relieve the poor

maimed veteran!" were all the words he used. Real distress is never clamorous; its silence is most eloquent and impressive.

A number of disorderly boys followed him, rather out of curiosity than pity; one only had the charity to relieve him. JACK HEARTLY had but a single penny, and he gave it to the soldier. "My blessing attend you, young master," said he. HEARTLY felt the glow of benevolence on his cheek, and was proud to be distinguished from the rest. He looked round with the consciousness of self-approbation: his companions blushed that they had been so unfeeling—and to compensate for their indifference, all who had it in their power, united to contribute their mite.

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

PROVIDENCE.

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

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

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

MODERN OPINIONS ON THE SUBSTANCE OF THE SUN.

THAT glorious luminary which gives light and heat to creation, since the beginning of time, has been either the object of religious veneration, or of wonder and delight to the sons of men. The ignorant savage frequently worships the sun as the God of this lower world; the astronomer, from a contemplation of its effects, rises to the source of All; the great mass of mankind, however, whether Christians, Jews, Mahometans, or Pagans, enjoy his splendour and his warmth, without troubling themselves about the substance of which he is composed.

The rustic, when he saw an astronomer leveling his telescope to the moon, happy in his own ignorance, justly observed, "that whatever might be seen or said of that planet by the learned, they must ever be as far distant from it as he was." Yet let not this be construed as tending to ridicule philosophical inquiries. When pursued under the guidance of good sense and good principles, they cannot fail to render men more enlightened and devout. But the discordant hypotheses which astronomers form on subjects beyond the reach of human intelligence, ought to teach modesty in argument, and diffidence in assertion.

The sun was long supposed to be an immense globe of fire; but Herschel, who has paid great attention to his spots, considers that luminary as similar to the planets, and not a flaming orb. He calculates some of its mountains to be two hundred leagues in height. According to this astronomer, the atmosphere of the sun is composed of different elastic fluids, some of which are luminous or phosphoric, others simply transparent. The former give the sun the appearance of a mass of light or fire; while the latter being only transparent, suffer his body to be seen—hence the maculæ or spots. This able astrono-

mer, whom royal munificence has naturalized in Britain, farther conceives the sun to be inhabited, as there is reason, from analogy, to suppose all the planets are.

On the other hand, Lalande, the astronomer of France, thinks that the sun is really a solid mass; but that his surface and part of his body are composed of an inflammable fluid, which, by any movement, leaves uncovered sometimes a portion of his body or his mountains; and that these constitute his spots. While professor Wilson considers the spots of this luminary as eruptions or volcanos.

All these opinions are ingenious; but who shall decide on their truth, or which ought to be adopted in preference to the rest?

THE PEEVISH CHILD.

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

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

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

The mother could scarcely refrain from censuring the prudence that prevented her favourite from being scalded. "Her child, indeed, should have her own way, when it was proper."

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

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

THE FROG AND THE SNAIL.

A FABLE.

THE constant drop will wear the stone:—
The slow but sure in time get on.

One morning when the vernal flowers
Open'd their cups to drink the showers,
Ere sluggard man had left his bed,
Or 'danger'd reptiles by his tread,
A brisk young frog, intent to stray,
Along a garden took his way,
And as he bounded full of glee,
A creeping snail he chanc'd to see.
" You lazy animal," he cried,
" Emblem of bloated stately pride,
" That scarce can crawl or move along,
" For fear of jostling in the throng,
" When do you fancy, at this pace,
" You'll reach the object of your chase.
" No doubt yon lettuce tempts your view,
" Or yon ripe plum of glossy blue;
" But ere you come within their sphere,
" The keen-eyed gard'ner will be here;
" While I upon yon flowery bank,

“ With early dew so fresh and dank,
 “ Shall soon be lodg’d, and find my prey
 “ Sufficient for the longest day.”
 “ Softly but slowly,” said the snail,
 “ Not speed but diligence prevail.”
 The frog leap’d on—bade snail good morrow,
 And deem’d its life a scene of sorrow.
 Diverted from the intended route,
 Now here, now there, he hopp’d in doubt.
 “ That bed will copious stores supply,
 This bank I find too hot, too dry;
 Again I’ll shift; for, free to change,
 O’er all the garden soon I’ll range;
 And when I quite can suit my taste,
 Then is the time to feed and rest.”
 Thus hast’ning with unsteady aim,
 From bad to worse, in quest of game,
 Again he cross’d the steady snail,
 Just as it gain’d the propping rail
 On which the downy plum repos’d,—
 The object which its journey clos’d.
 “ Ah, friend !” in turn the snail exclaim’d,
 “ What’s this I see ! the bank you nam’d
 “ Is still unreached—though slow my pace,
 “ I’ve beat you hollow in the race.
 “ You hopping, vain, unsettled thing,
 “ Lo, what avails your length of spring?—

“ Had you like me pursued the line,
 “ Unchanging from your first design,
 “ Ere now you might have gained a cover;
 “ And fed as I now do in clover.”

MORAL.

The desultory miss their mark,—
 The steady find it in the dark.
 To perseverance all submit,
 And dullness wins the prize from wit.

 THE YOUNG HOUND.

A FABLE.

A STAUNCH and well-trained pack of hounds, having lost several of the old ones rather suddenly, by a distemper, was obliged to be completed out of the young dogs in the kennel, as is the usual practice; and for young dogs, they hunted amazingly well—because they were tractable, and minded their elders. It happened, however, that one was imprudently admitted which was a mere puppy, while much better dogs were set aside. The reason given for this partiality was, that his father had been distin-

guished for a good nose, and had long been a leader in the pack; and it was supposed that the youngster would not prove of a bastard breed. At first, he was proud of being taken into the field; seldom opened; but wagged his tail, and went on in the ranks; or if he was distanced, it was not noticed. But in a short time, he began to give himself airs; and to think himself the most knowing dog in the pack, though in his puppyhood still. When the rest were running, he would stand still—when they were standing, he would squat down—if he felt the huntsman's whip, he would growl; and in short, though the only one that did not perform his duty, complained of the hardships he underwent, in being controuled; and making a party with the other puppies in the kennel, had nearly risen, and worried the whole pack. For a short space, nothing but confusion reigned—and sport was at an end. To have reduced a puppy to his former rank, would have been nothing—for he would have been a puppy still: it was therefore determined that he should be tied up, and that no dog should associate with him, till he had made his peace with the huntsman. This he was soon glad to do, as his daily fare depended on his submission; and as he found that his obstinacy and

ill-humour could eventually hurt none but himself.

MORAL.

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

FEELING.

THE CHARACTER OF INFELIX.

“IT is not so much what we suffer, as the reflection on what we have lost, that gives a poignancy to the heart of sensibility. The mind of the unfortunate is continually recurring to objects which are now no more; objects on which it had placed its fondest attachment, and which it considered as the sources of its highest gratifications. While the void which these leave is

felt in the heart, all the comforts we have left present themselves in vain. In spite of reason and religion, we indulge the regret which we know is past relief; and that reflection, though it ought to render us resigned, only aggravates our woe. What hope tells us may admit of alleviation, is endured with some degree of patience; but when nothing but despair, fixed and unalterable, meets our view, the heart then yields itself up to the horrors of its fate, and derives its only consolation from the prospect of being reduced to that state where feeling is suspended, and reflection lost. Against this weakness it is in vain to argue. We all set a value, either real or ideal, on every thing we love; and when we are deprived of any of our long-indulged delights, it is not the indifference with which the unimpassioned might support our lot, or the unfeeling might disregard it; it is not its worth in the estimation of others, but the price we have ourselves affixed to it, that racks the soul on its loss.

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

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

It was known he was a man of feeling; and the world was determined that he should have full exercise for this quality. But amidst its malignity, his heart never harboured a thought of revenge: he pitied rather than blamed—and though the warmth of sensibility might sometimes draw from him a harsh expression, its remembrance passed as rapidly as the shadow, while the substance of goodness remained in his heart.

He possessed wit and learning—too much indeed! for they exposed him to envy and detraction, while his native modesty prevented him from turning them to his own advantage. But his wit never wounded the deserving, nor played with the unfortunate; nor was his learning employed to flatter vice, or to sanction folly. Warm to those whose hearts beat in unison with

his own, he was the most faithful of friends; and as for enmity, though he felt it often without cause, he never returned it. His constant study was to triumph over those who had injured him, by laying them under obligations. He used to say, that it was too much trouble for a *wise* man to regard the silly malice of silly people; and unworthy a *good* man to retaliate.

But with all these amiable qualities, both fortune and nature had conspired to render him unhappy. His delicacy of sentiment was ill adapted to the rude blasts which continually assailed him. Torn by excess of sensibility, his frame soon yielded to the shock. Those who were bound to alleviate his ills, were the primary cause of them. He could strive in some measure with the world, because he knew that opposition was to be expected from it—but against domestic ingratitude he had no antidote—its poison penetrated his vitals; and he fell a victim to its effects.

REFLECTION.

To feel is an honour to human nature. Sensibility is the offspring of a noble and cultivated mind: it is the source of the most refined pleasures—the impression that heaven has stamped

on its peculiar favourites; yet how many pangs does it cost the unfortunate; and how many thorns does it plant in the way of the forlorn! To a certain degree our feelings should be indulged; but their emotions should be regulated, and their excesses carefully restrained, else they will operate to the injury, both of health and happiness.

SAVILLE; OR, THE GRATEFUL SCHOLARS.

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

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

I will charitably suppose that want of reflection rather than want of gratitude, often occasions the neglect of tutors, which no benevolent heart could think of being guilty of, without the blush of shame. Selfish as the world is, there are innate principles of goodness in the human soul, that only want to be awakened, to display their amiable sensibilities. The simple narrative I have to record is not the fiction of imagination. May it teach others to know what they ought to imitate or avoid!

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

Necessity—and how bitter that necessity must have been, every delicate mind may judge!—drove him to apply for relief to those who had once been under his protection—had eaten at his table, and slept under his roof, during that happy period when hope is young, and the days are unclouded with care.—Some had forgotten his person—others had forgotten themselves. Notwithstanding the philanthropy of SAVILLE'S heart, he began to believe the old adage, “that services

done to the young and the old are equally useless, as the one forget them, and the other live not long enough to repay them." His delicacy would not suffer him to make many trials of such ingratitude. He was ready to sink under his misfortunes. Chance, however, directed him to two brothers, who in consequence of his care in their early youth, and their own diligent exertions in maturer years, had obtained a competence in foreign lands, and were returned to spend it with honour in their own. These, instead of turning their backs on his distress, invited him in the most cordial manner, to pass the remainder of his days with them. It would have shewn pride rather than humility, in his situation, not to have accepted such a disinterested offer. His days indeed were few, after he found this asylum; but they were closed in comfort; and his former pupils, having long lost their own, bewailed this second father with tears of grateful remembrance, and inscribed their sorrows on his tomb.

The following Sonnet to an aged preceptor, exhibits an amiable feature in the human heart, and therefore merits a place on this occasion.

Friend of my youth, informer of my mind,
Whose guardian care my heedless steps reclaim'd,
Taught them the bow'rs of Literature to find,
And show'd where Honour's hallow'd temple flam'd;
O let my verse, though humble, greet thine ear:
The heart's pure incense to the good is dear!

And well my heart, with warm affection fir'd,
To thee its homage, gratefully, may pay;
By thee with love of virtuous lore inspir'd,
It pants to follow, where thou led'st the way.

All that I know, or glean'd from saint or sage,—
The taste to feel their beauties and admire,
Flow'd from thy toils; and may thy honour'd age
Be blest with peace, nor feel one void desire.

LAW AND PUNISHMENT.

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

“ My dear,” said the father, “ I admire your sensibility—even crimes should not render us un-

feeling for those who suffer. But you must know," continued he, "that in every civilized country, there are LAWS; and the original intention of these was to guard the weak from the aggressions of the strong—to protect the property of individuals—to support the interests of the community, for the sake of each of its component members,—and to make justice not only a principle of the heart, but a tie which even the abandoned must not hope to violate with impunity.

"In some countries, it is true, Laws are perverted from their original institution—they indeed punish the poor, but cannot reach the great. In this happy island, however, in which it was your good fortune to be born, impartial justice and equal rights are your native inheritance. No one, without incurring danger, can unjustly defraud you of what property is your's. All ranks are held together by a social chain, the lowest links of which are of as strong, though not of so costly metal as the highest; and the real value of each is appreciated by its utility.

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

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

“ Were there no restraints on the passions, the vices, and the general conduct of mankind, no one could be safe in person or property. The Laws impose those restraints; they leave us, in this kingdom at least, to enjoy ourselves, our possessions, and every pleasure which trenches not on the privileges, possessions, and pleasures of others; but to the ill-disposed they hold out the dread of punishment; and thus make even negative virtue productive of public good. I do not mean to say, that when people are only good from necessity or fear, they possess equal merit with those who act from principle; but yet the community is preserved in safety and security, as long as, either law, or the stronger sense of duty, operates on human conduct.

“ Be it your study, then, to regard the Laws,

not as capable of hurting you, but of doing you good. Venerate them because they are founded in wisdom, sanctioned by the experience of ages, and productive of public good; and think not, even if they could be eluded or violated with impunity, that you could either be safe or happy.

“ But above all, learn to act on higher principles than those of restraint, and to respect yourself. No vigilance of magistrates, no salutary provision of human laws, can at all times and on all occasions guard against the evasions of the artful, or the force of the abandoned. The bonds which the most perfect human institutions impose, to be at all times effectual, must be strengthened by the sense of duty. If this be felt, conscience supplies the defects of legal provisions; and men who listen to its sacred dictates, and act according to its unperverted suggestions, are virtuous because they are wise, and become happy, because they deserve to be so.

ENIGMA I.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE SAGACITY OF THE ELEPHANT.

NUMEROUS facts have been recorded of the half-reasoning powers of the elephant, particularly in its native regions; and though there is no doubt that a state of servitude and a removal to an ungenial clime are unfavourable for a display of its instincts and its energies, the following recent instance of its sagacity deserves to be recorded.

A sentinel belonging to the menagerie at Paris, anxious to discharge his duty, was extremely vigilant, every time he mounted guard near the elephants, to prevent the spectators from supplying them with casual food. This conduct was not much calculated to procure him the friendship of those sensible animals. The female in particular beheld him with a very jealous eye, and had several times endeavoured to correct his officious interference, by besprinkling him with water from her trunk.

One day, when a great number of people were collected to view those noble quadrupeds, the opportunity seemed convenient for receiving, un-

noticed, a small piece of bread; but the rigorous sentinel happened then to be on duty. The female, however, placed herself before him, watched all his gestures, and the moment he opened his mouth to give the usual admonitions to the spectators, discharged a stream of water full in his face. A general laugh ensued; and the sentinel having wiped himself, stood a little on one side, and continued his vigilance. Soon after, he had occasion to repeat his charge to the company, not to give anything to the elephants; but no sooner had he uttered the words, than the female laid hold of his musket, twirled it round her trunk, trod it under foot, and did not restore it, till she had twisted it into the form of a cork-screw.

Whether this put a stop to his officiousness we are not informed; but it probably taught him more caution in coming within the reach of an animal, whose natural appetites he was disposed to controul.

MEMORY.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A LITTLE BOY AND
HIS FATHER.

Boy. DEAR PAPA, I cannot learn the task my master set me; yet it is never out of my mind, night nor day. You see I have had the book in my hand at all proper times, ever since my return from school, and yet I cannot repeat more than a few lines, perfectly.

Father. Never fear, but you will be able to accomplish it, if you set about it with a willing mind, and in a judicious manner.

Boy. Indeed I am very willing to oblige my master; his kindness to me deserves it: but I find it impossible to commit so many lines to memory. If you will tell me how I can do it, I will most readily follow your directions.

Father. I am happy to find you of this disposition. With pleasure I have observed your attention, and in due time should have assisted you; had you not of your own accord mentioned your difficulties.

Boy. Well, Papa, how am I to overcome them?

Father. In one word, by perseverance, judiciously applied. You will recollect that when the letters of the alphabet were first pointed out to you, it was some time before you could distinguish them, and call them by their proper names. By degrees you mastered this. Next, when they were arranged in words, you found the same difficulty in reading; but by practice and my assistance, from short words you got on to long ones; and in due course you were able, instead of regarding it as a task you were to perform, to take up a book for the pleasure it gave you.

Boy. All this I remember, and I am indebted to you for taking so much pains to lead me on, step by step, till reading became one of the greatest delights I could enjoy. But is memory to be acquired by toil and perseverance?

Father. Most assuredly. Memory is extremely artificial. There are some, indeed, who naturally possess it in a greater degree than others; but by practice any one may improve it—by neglect, the best memory may be impaired.

Boy. You astonish me. I have heard my

master say such a one had no memory—such a one had a good memory.

Father. This might be very true, comparatively speaking. Some have, as I have already told you, a much greater facility of learning any thing by heart than others; but no one is quite destitute of memory, who is not destitute of reason; and it is often seen that they who remember quickest, forget the soonest; whereas, what is slowly gained, is retained long.

Boy. Then, Papa, I am sure I shall not speedily forget my task, if I could once acquire it; for I find I am not quick in learning to repeat it.

Father. Mind me. You say you can repeat a few lines perfectly. Let this convince you, that you will with diligence gradually learn the whole. Con over, and repeat to yourself, four or six lines more. When you retain them, repeat the preceding, and as it were, add them to your stock. Then set about another select number; and when you have fixed them in your memory, go over the whole again that you have learned, in order to fix their connection in your mind. Proceed thus, till you come to the end of your task, and I can answer for your success.

Boy. Thank you Papa. I thought that reading the whole, over and over, was the best way to learn it.

Father. By no means. Whoever attempts too much at once will never execute any thing. But by attending to one object at a time, and by persevering industry, you see what wonders are accomplished. The author composes word by word, the printer letter by letter; the mason lays a stone at a time, but by degrees books are written and printed, houses and palaces rise.

Boy. I will carefully attend to your advice, and hope by degrees to find my memory improve.

Father. Be satisfied you will. By practice, united to industry, every thing is rendered easy. The next task that is set you, will be easier than the present; the third than the second; and thus you will go on, until what at present appears a difficulty, will be converted to an agreeable recreation. You will be pleased with your increasing powers of memory; and every new accession you make to its stores, will be a fund to draw upon for the remainder of your life.

ADVENTURES OF A FAMILY BIBLE.

RELATED BY ITSELF.

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

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

In this society I was much valued. I was handsomely bound, and ornamented with silver

clasps. The names and ages of the young people were inscribed in my front: I was indeed the depository of the family secrets and connections; and when the father died, he left me to his only daughter.

She had then reached the twentieth year of her age. For some time after the loss of her parent, she was inconsolable, and referred to me for advice; but, impressions of sorrow are soon effaced from the youthful breast by a natural elasticity. Her heart speedily admitted a new favourite. An officer in the army paid his addresses to her: they were soon married; and though I was not discarded from the house, for more than twelve years, my clasps were scarcely opened.

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

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

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

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

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

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

might have been able to infuse a spark of Christian charity into the Jesuit's heart; but the authority of the church, in his sight, was more imperative than that on which it is pretended to be founded. I was at best neglected, till a young fellow who occasionally used to dispute with my owner against Religion in general, taking a fancy to my exterior, and understanding no language save that in which I was printed, received me as a present—probably in the hopes that I might have a chance of converting him to Christianity—and then the Jesuit might, with more facility, give him *his own* impression of it.

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

His mother was a worthy old woman; and as I had belonged to a favourite, though an ungra-

cious son, she highly valued me, as a relict; but I must do her the justice to say, that she lived according to my rules, and left the world in peace; firmly relying on the prospects which I held out in another and a better state.

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

None of those who had hitherto used me, had thought of soiling me; but I was now filled with

marginal notes and explanations. My light was frequently turned into darkness; and those expressions which the most ignorant might have understood, were lost in a cloud of erudition, and tortured into meanings, which common sense would never have conceived. How ridiculous is the pride of human learning, when applied to support particular tenets by scriptural annotations! Can it be supposed that my divine Author would have left any doubt or difficulty in his own injunctions; or given a chance to none but the learned to understand, what he has commanded all to practise?

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

Here I was admitted with great formality—deposited in a fine latticed case, among many of my brethren; and for some time was occasionally consulted: but novelty wearing off, and my commentator's hand, by the lapse of

years, and the different form of writing, becoming too cramp to be easily made out—for the last hundred years I have seldom been opened. The dust, indeed, is annually brushed off; and at the visitation of the library, I am sometimes reported as full of old-fashioned comments; but few have the curiosity to examine them.

From this asylum I have neither wish nor hope of being liberated: I trust I have already done my duty, and made several persons better and wiser, in affairs of everlasting importance.—If my history therefore should fail to amuse, it may possibly instruct; and this is all the distinction I crave.

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

THE ADVANTAGES OF ARITHMETIC.

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

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

who are ruined before they perceive that they are in danger.

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

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

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

ing such a statement is not only a guard against profusion; but also a security against imposition. Thus what has been once paid may be easily authenticated; and what has been improvidently spent may be remedied in future.

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

pays no regard to domestic expenditure, is entailing want on the children she caresses, and can never be the object of love or esteem.

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

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

It is a Dutch maxim, and a good one, “that

the man who has spent his whole income, has that year lived in vain;" but the man who has lived beyond his income, has not only been useless but criminal—he has involved himself in difficulties; and without circumspection, he must defraud the public. By a due attention to numbers alone, can he learn in time how the case stands, and avoid the precipice: I will therefore venture to affirm, that though all other sciences may be in some measure either useful or ornamental, an acquaintance with ARITHMETIC is an indispensable obligation we owe to ourselves, our families, and society.

WILLIAM MELVILLE; OR, THE AMIABLE
BOY.

IN some dispositions there is an inherent amiability, not the effect of education, but the gift of nature. In others, discipline and attentive cultivation so totally obliterate every unlovely quality, that it is difficult to say, whether art or nature has been most propitious. Of the former stamp was the subject of the following little history; and happy was it for himself, his

parents, and his tutors, that he was born with so few evil propensities to correct, and that the soil was so well suited, for the reception of what education alone can give.

William Melville was the eldest son of a man who had struggled hard with the world, but in every situation supported an honest independent character. As he had much leisure and some learning, it was his pleasure to give his children the first rudiments of education, and to train them up in those habits which were likely to facilitate the business of the master, whenever they were put to school. He taught them, without the least harshness, the necessity of obedience; he early made them sensible, that civility and respect were the most effectual means to render themselves beloved; and that he who is indulged in foibles, however innocent, before he has gained the use of his reasoning faculties, will most probably give occasion for correction to break him of real faults, as he advances to maturer years.

His eldest son, to whose history we shall confine ourselves on the present occasion, only required to have the right way pointed out to him, in order to his pursuing it. Indeed his temper was so mild, and his attachment to his parents so sin-

cere, that nothing gave him so much pain as to offend, or so much satisfaction as to please. Nor did he carry those principles into action only where he owed duty : they were so natural to him, that without entering into improper familiarity with the domestics of his father's family, he was entirely beloved by them all. He was never the cause of their being blamed, nor did he ever ask them to do him any favour, which could be inconsistent with their duty. When a child, they respected his presence; and would have been ashamed to say or do any thing before him, which they imagined was unbecoming or wrong.

It was a maxim with his father to fix the principles of his children, by furnishing an opportunity for their exertion. In order to teach him kindness to animals, he made him a present of a little dog and a goldfinch. The former he made his constant companion in his walks; the latter was duly fed and attended to, and his song well repaid the trouble. That charity might not be a feeling of the mind alone, he had a weekly trifle allotted for the display of his benevolence. He was taught too, to discriminate objects as far as possible; but it is not to be supposed a little boy could always exercise his judgment

aright in this respect. The most clamorous sometimes extorted his bounty; while it frequently happened, that he had nothing left but his tear or his pity, for the silent objects of misery. By degrees, however, he acquired some knowledge in distinguishing between real and fictitious claims to charity; and as his powers of bestowing were very limited, he began to lay out his little pittance with a more guarded attention to the wants he wished to relieve.

In order that he might know the value of money (as necessary a science as can be learned!) his father laid out some trifling presents that had been occasionally made him, in the purchase of a few improveable articles, the profits of which he was to receive.

But he was obliged to keep an exact account of every farthing expended or received, which at once perfected him in the science of numbers, and gave him an idea of managing his little property to the best advantage. Before he was twelve years of age, he could strike the balance of profit or loss with unerring certainty; and this regularity to which he had been accustomed in pecuniary matters, was carried into all his pursuits, whether of study or pleasure.

The task prescribed was always finished in time, that it might not interfere with other engagements. He was always active, but never appeared in hurry or confusion. He followed method, yet was never formal. Indeed, to an indifferent spectator he would have seemed idle, as he generally had so much leisure from study; but this was in consequence of superior diligence and assiduity till his business was completed, and a love of regularity, for the sake of the praise it gained him, and the pleasure it gave.

Thus instituted, he was removed to a public school when about thirteen years of age, and placed on the foundation. Habituated to the most tender treatment, and full of filial and fraternal affection, it is natural to suppose he did not leave his home, without a few silent tears. It argues insensibility rather than courage, to shew indifference on such an occasion. But though young Melville's heart was full, and his eyes overflowed, not a word escaped his lips that was unworthy of the most dignified resolution. He had been duly instructed in his duty to his family and himself. He had been made acquainted with the motives which dictated this separation; and saw his own good was connected with the prospect before him. He was

not launched without principles, and they served as a guide to direct him.

In a few days, he found himself quite naturalized in his new situation. His companions soon discovered the unassuming modesty of his deportment, and his inoffensive manners; and it was their pleasure to communicate to him what information was necessary for a stranger to know. They soothed his apprehensions, and fortified his resolution. They took an interest in his welfare, because he seemed to place a generous reliance on their assistance; and his masters, speedily discerning how anxious he was to merit their good opinion, were neither strict to mark his involuntary lapses, nor severe to punish them.

Before he had been six months at this seminary, he was the universal favourite. Both his masters and all the deserving among his school-fellows were his friends; yet this excited neither envy nor opposition from the rude and ill-disposed. He used no specious arts to conciliate favour or affection; and each saw and confessed that it was his own fault, if he was not as well beloved as William Melville.

At this school was the eldest son of a nobleman, who, though born to the highest expecta-

tions, did not forget that, the more distinguished his rank, the more requisite it was to adorn it by learning and virtue. Between him and Melville an intimacy took place, which gradually ripened into the sincerest friendship. Their hearts seemed to beat in unison. Nature had cast them in the same mould, though fortune had destined them to very different spheres of action. Melville rejoiced in the happier prospects of his friend, without drawing idle and envious comparisons. He knew that all could not fill the first characters in the drama of life, or the business of the world would soon stand still. He studied to qualify himself to rise; but he placed his hopes of success on his own merits, rather than on the assistance of others.

His friend, however, was too warm in his attachment not to mention him in the most honourable terms to the peer. An invitation to spend a vacation at his seat was the consequence.

The parents of his friend were so much pleased with his behaviour, that they gave their son credit for his taste and discernment, in selecting such an amiable associate. This laid the foundation of Melville's fortune. As he possessed none of those showy qualities which could impose on a first acquaintance, but those substan-

tial virtues, which, the more they are developed, the better they are loved, when the young nobleman was removed to the university, the father of Melville was solicited to permit his son to accompany him.

He hesitated not to comply, without any stipulation or question, though the expence was an object, to a person of his very limited income, of deep and serious consideration; but he disdained to sink himself or his child by a hint of this kind, as he was sensible his situation was well known; and that it is the highest gratification to the truly noble, to confer a favour, without the painful homage of solicitation. He had no reason to repent of his conduct. Means were found, without alarming the delicacy of either father or son, to make them both easy and comfortable in this respect. The friends and companions of the school were still more strongly so that of the college; and young Melville having established his reputation for learning, probity, and the most prudent and praise-worthy conduct, was engaged, at an ample allowance, as travelling tutor, or rather companion, to his noble associate. They visited almost every country of Europe with improved

delight in each other's society; and when the young nobleman returned, and was called to fill a public station, for which his abilities, his virtues, and his rank well qualified him; Melville, who had entered into holy orders, was presented to the living of the parish in which the country mansion stood, and which had some years been held for him, without his knowledge.

In this situation, he endeared himself still more to the family and to mankind, by his correct and meritorious behaviour; and his noble friend, whenever it was in his power to retire for a short space from the service of his country, sought consolation in his society, and advice and assistance from his long-tried wisdom and attachment. He might have risen higher in the church, had he wished it; but he was wholly destitute of ambition, and would not listen to any overtures of advancement. He had gained a competence, and he asked no more.

May every youth who copies the example of Melville, and adopts his principles, be equally fortunate in a patron! And should it never be his happy lot to secure such a warm and generous protector, or to exhibit his virtues in a sphere where they can be known and adequately

rewarded, the still voice of approving conscience will whisper resignation and content, and heaven will be his recompence at last.

THE OCEAN AND THE RIVERS.

A FABLE.

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

These upstart gentlemen, with a characteristic pride, began to exclaim, "What! shall we who have been collected with so much care, and conducted hither with so much expence and art, lose our freshness in the briny wave? Were we rivers of magnitude, like the Danube, the Nile, the Ganges, and the Plata, we would soon teach the ocean to be a little more reasonable and polite; and instead of converting every thing to its own filthy purposes without acknowledgment, we would make it know to whom it is indebted for the consequence it assumes. For our parts

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

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

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

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

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

"What is mankind to us!" exclaimed a little scanty stream. "Hold," replies the ocean. "It is useless I see to waste words. If argu-

ment and mildness cannot bring you to reason, force, however unpleasant to me, must. Till you agree to flow in your accustomed channels, I will cut off every secret communication that supplies your springs, and thus feeds your pride. Know, you are entirely in my power: the favours I receive from you, are amply and gratefully repaid. From me at first you come; and to me you must again return."

THE TUTOR TO HIS PUPILS.

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

To you whose days in easy circles flow,
 Nor anxious cares, nor guilty passions know;
 Whose ductile souls are studious to improve,
 And blend fair learning with your tutor's love,
 The MUSE devotes her moralizing strain,
 And speaks this long-tried truth—"that LIFE is vain:"

That half our years are sunk in sorrow's shade;
That scarce we blossom—ere we're doom'd to fade;
That VIRTUE sole illumes our darksome road,
And guides thro' danger to the throne of God.

MAY.—A RHAPSODY.

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

Kind restorer of nature, in what adequate terms shall I address thee! Shall I call thee the fairest of months that rule the circling year; or will the name of lovely Maia sound most delightful in thy ears? Bursting from the bosom of the earth, flowers of a thousand dyes open their buds to do thee homage, and spread a variegated

carpet for thy feet. The trees protrude their leaves; the blossoms, rich in snowy white, welcome thy vivifying reign; and nature, which lately appeared dormant and dead, wakes from its trance with renovated charms, and displays all its energies in thy honour.

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

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

Parent of all that is lovely—of all that is endearing. Thy divinity is felt in every breast; and every tongue is vocal in thy praise. The young feel their joys sublimed under thy genial

sway: the old are invited to retaste the feast, at which they revelled before. Under thy influence, beauty shines with more exalted tints; love binds with more welcome chains; and even the woe-lorn heart beats with the transient throbs of delight. The bosom that now glows in thy praise, owes all its raptures to thee. While this heart exults at the prospect of thy charms, it gains a temporary relaxation from misery—Well, then, may my voice be raised in thy honour! Thy balm is the opiate of my tortured soul.

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

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

ravaging thy flowers, and despoiling their richest sweets.

When will man awake to a sense of his own felicity! When will he learn to be virtuous and happy! To him who harbours malice, or prides himself in enmity, thy visits, lovely May, are a source of pain; and he only gathers the thorns which lurk under thy fairest flowers.

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

PERSEVERANCE.

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

The man who can intuitively comprehend the whole extent of human knowledge, who can fathom the depths of science with a glance, is cast in a mould that renders him unfit to herd with

ordinary beings, and join in the routine of common avocations. His flights are too bold to be under the guidance of prudence. He soars, and likewise sinks beyond the bounds of sober sense; and is more frequently the object of pity than of love and veneration.

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

Perseverance, however, is a sure and safe principle of action. It makes its way through surrounding obstacles without incurring envy or risque; because application is here indispensable; and every person is ready to acknowledge, that toil ought to be rewarded; and to confess that it is his own fault, if he does not attain the same

distinctions which await its efforts. Besides, the noblest discoveries, the most praise-worthy performances, and the most useful attainments, have commonly originated from a mediocrity of capacity, diligently cultivated. And as the acquisition of public respect and private happiness is the strongest stimulus to laudable endeavours, these cannot be better secured, than by pursuing with unwearied zeal the steady path of duty.

When difficulties obstruct the progress of the young and unexperienced, in their studies or other pursuits, they are too apt to despond, and to think them insuperable; but they ought to reflect, that industry and application will make that appear easy to-morrow, which was so difficult to-day—that he who is soon discouraged, neither deserves nor is likely to ensure success—and finally, that few things are unattainable by those, who to a common capacity join **INDEFATIGABLE PERSEVERANCE.**

PREVAILING AMUSEMENTS INDICATIVE OF
NATIONAL CHARACTER: WITH JAVA-
NESE ANECDOTES.

THE amusements of nations and individuals are generally the best index to their characters, and show their progress in refinement, or their mersion in barbarity. Among all uncivilized people there has ever been a strange and unaccountable partiality for ferocious exhibitions and cruel combats between men and men, between men and beasts, or between one savage animal and another. The ancient Romans, even in the height of their glory and civilization, were attached to shows of gladiators, and to conflicts of wild beasts; a sufficient indication of their martial spirit, and their want of a generous sensibility. To this very day, the Spaniards delight in bull feasts, in which the assailants are exposed to such imminence of danger, that it might be supposed none but the most brutal minds could bear to witness the scene. In regard to that nation, however, there is something anomalous in the predilection they enter-

tain for such pastimes. They certainly are not eminent for courage, nor are the modern Spaniards of a disposition remarkably cruel; we must therefore suppose that the circumstance we have noticed, originates from their political institutions, their former intercourse with the Moors, and the slow advances they have made in learning and science. In our own country, cock-fighting, and bear and bull-baiting, were formerly favourite though disgraceful diversions; and pugilism still finds so many patrons and admirers, as almost to bring a stigma on our national taste and manners. The good sense, however, the delicacy and refinement of by far the greater part of our countrymen, aided by the authority of the laws, are soon likely to put an end to combats only fit for savages to behold; and our public manners are certainly as free from any considerable imputation of a tendency to cruelty as those of most nations on the face of the globe.

Indeed throughout the greater part of Europe, a pure religion and the influence of knowledge have given a soft colouring to amusements in general; and it is only among barbarous and remote nations, that a partiality for spectacles of cruelty remains.

In some of the oriental regions, the princes

and grandees still amuse the langour of tasteless or sensual enjoyment by the most barbarous exhibitions, which are conducted with a magnificence worthy of sublimer pursuits. According to Stavorinus, in his voyages to the East Indies, combats between wild beasts is the favourite amusement of the Javanese emperors. We extract the following passage from that entertaining publication. It is, no doubt, indefensible, on any good principle, to receive pleasure from setting one irrational animal upon another; but when even the criminal of our own species is wantonly exposed to the jaws of the tiger, in order to amuse brutal spectators, it argues such a degree of moral depravity, such a destitution of fellow-feeling, as must make us ashamed, that any person bearing "the human form divine," should be guilty of it, or receive gratification from a display so repugnant to humanity. "When a tiger," says this voyager, "and a buffalo are to fight together for the amusement of the court, they are both brought upon the field of combat in large cages. The field is surrounded by a body of Javanese, four deep, with levelled pikes, in order that if the creatures endeavour to break through, they may be killed immediately; this, however, is not so easily

effected; for many of these poor wretches are torn in pieces, or dreadfully wounded by the enraged animals.

“ When every thing is in readiness, the cage of the buffalo is first opened at the top, and his back is rubbed with certain leaves, which possess the singular quality of occasioning an intolerable degree of pain, and which, from the use they are applied to, have been called buffalo-leaves by our people. The door of the cage is then opened, and the animal leaps out, raging with pain, and roaring most dreadfully.

“ The cage of the tiger is then likewise opened, and fire is thrown into it, to make the beast quit it, which he does generally running backwards out of it.

“ As soon as the tiger perceives the buffalo, he springs upon him; while his huge opponent stands expecting him, with his horns upon the ground, to catch him upon them, and throw him in the air. If the buffalo succeed in this, and the tiger recover from his fall, he generally loses every wish of renewing the combat: and if the tiger avoid this first attempt of the buffalo, he springs upon the latter, and seizing him in the neck, or other parts, tears his flesh from his bones: in most cases, however, the buffalo is victorious.

“ The Javanese who must perform the dangerous office of making these animals quit their cages, may not, when they have done, notwithstanding they are in great danger of being torn in pieces by the enraged beasts, leave the open space, before they have saluted the emperor several times, and his majesty has given them a signal to depart: they then retire slowly, for they are not permitted to walk fast, to the circle, and mix with the rest of their countrymen.

“ The emperors likewise sometimes make criminals condemned to death, fight with tigers. In such cases, the man is rubbed with *borri*, or tumeric, and has a yellow piece of cloth put round him; a *keris* is then given to him, and he is conducted to the field of combat.

“ The tiger, which has for a long time been kept fasting, falls upon the man with the greatest fury, and generally strikes him down at once with his paw; but if he be fortunate enough to avoid this, and to wound the animal, so that it quits him, the emperor then commands him to attack the tiger, and the man is then generally the victim; and even if he ultimately succeed in killing his ferocious antagonist, he is still subjected to the punishment of death.

“ An officer in our company's service, who

had long been stationed at the courts of the Javanese emperors, related to me, that he was once witness to a most extraordinary occurrence of this kind, namely, that a Javanese who had been condemned to be torn in pieces by tigers, and, for that purpose, had been thrown down from the top, into a large cage, in which several tigers were confined, fortunately fell exactly upon the largest and fiercest of them, across whose back he sat astride, without the animal doing him any harm, and even, on the contrary, appearing intimidated; while the others also, awed by the unusual posture and appearance which he made, dared not attempt to destroy him. He could not, however, avoid the punishment of death, to which he had been condemned, for the emperor commanded him to be shot dead in the cage."

Take these instances of wanton cruelty, out of numbers that might be produced, and bless that kind providence which ordered your lot in happier regions!

THE SILLY QUESTION DEFENDED.

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

You will probably smile, my young readers, at this; and think the boy was very silly. I tell you he was not: his curiosity was a laudable one; his observation on what struck his senses, shewed that he possessed an ambition to know more; and how was he, in such a case, to receive information but by asking for it?

A proper acquaintance with things, when only casually obtained, is long in acquiring. Thou-

sands overlook objects which every day fall in their way; and, perhaps, to the end of their lives, are ignorant of the properties of many articles, and the meaning of many terms, in common use.

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

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

When in company with your parents and tutors, apply to them respectfully, when you are at a loss: they will love and admire you for the anxiety you display of becoming wiser. But in wishing to become wiser, study also to become better. All your acquirements, without goodness, will be of no avail. Try to employ whatever learning you possess to some beneficial purpose—to be a guide to yourself, or to enlighten others.

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

ARISTARCHUS; OR, THE CRITIC.*

TO the honour of the present age be it known, that criticism, which was anciently possessed by few, because it was supposed to require depth of erudition, a refined taste, and a penetrating judgment, is now like medicine, in the hands of numerous practitioners. The difficulties attending its original practice are now indeed obviated, by an entire change of objects. Formerly the art was used to display beauties, and modestly to propose amendments, where judgment had failed, or genius had deviated from the laws of taste; but at present, faults only are sought after, as hogs delight in filth—beauties

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

are passed over with an envious eye; and a piece which affords no room for caustic criticism, or witty remark, is deemed unworthy of notice.

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

Nor must we forget, that transposition is a

rich field for critical acumen. As this depends entirely on the taste, and taste is often capricious, a clause of a sentence, like some tables for artificial versifying, may be transposed as many ways as it contains words; and yet all be right. But it is not sufficient that the sense be clear and entire: if it does not please the critic's ear, which is often as incapable of distinguishing a melodious cadence, as a sow is of playing on a violin, it must be put into the bed of Procrustes, and amputated or extended, according to the precise idea of the literary tyrant.

Thus it will appear, that a tolerable knowledge of words, of punctuation, transposition, and cadence, is sufficient to qualify a man, in this age, to set up for a director of the public taste, a guide to the ignorant, and a light to the blind. To judge of spirit and propriety in the gross, is neither the *forte* nor the aim of our present critics. They seldom deal in wholesale; but keep a kind of retail shop, from which they vend their commodities, by the ounce or pennyweight. Hence the market is overstocked: we have more critics than authors; more authors than readers; and more readers than comprehend the meaning of what they read.

Of all the numerous critics, however, who

now buz like wasps about the ears of authors, the rise of none seems more extraordinary than that of ARISTARCHUS. This gentleman, who has stabbed many a better writer than himself, was the son of an Irish weaver, born in the wilds of Connaught, and habituated to his native brogue, till he was nearly thirty years of age. About that period of his eventful life, a scarcity of potatoes and employment happening about the same time, he came over to England; and as England is open to all the world, Aristarchus, soon after his arrival in London, had the good fortune, by dint of assurance and an appearance of strength, to get himself appointed porter to a bookseller. In this situation, he might be truly called a man of *letters*, since he often carried *on* his head, though not *in* it, the works of the most celebrated authors of the age. He now sometimes ventured to look at a title-page, and many critics go no farther: the title-page tempted him to read the address to the public, and thinking that his *address* was as bold and as plausible as that of any, he was instigated to go a little farther, and began to judge of propriety by self-taught rules: for the name of the critical Aristotle had never reached his ears. Being often entrusted with corrected proofs to carry to the

press, he had an opportunity of seeing the whole arcana, as he thought, of the critic's art. Points, words, transpositions, all appeared there, marshalled according to typographical order. The soul of Aristarchus was warmed with emulation. He studied first proofs, with the same delight that the curious collect first impressions; and though often in the true Paddean stile, he put the cart before the horse, and corrected the author, where the author was not wrong; yet by this habit of blotting, he contracted a rooted aversion to any copy, however perfect, passing without his alterations and remarks.

Having now gained some confidence in his own strength, and being regarded by the trade as a bit of a judge, he set up at once for a director of taste, and a censor of literature. His decisions were published with all the insolence of ignorance; and as it would have been vain and even ignominious to reply to his strictures, he has long reigned supreme in his line of criticism; which is wholly confined to single words, points, and transpositions; to the substitution of barbarous brogue and unnatural cadence, for sterling English, and pleasing harmony.

THE CONTRAST:

HECATISSA AND AMANDA.

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

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

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

She had several admirers at a distance; but acquaintance always dissipated the delusion of her appearance. A temper, naturally violent and unamiable, was inflamed by repeated desertion; and when she found that she was incapable of securing lovers, she determined to be no longer lovely. Jealous, suspicious, and distant, she now views her sincerest friends and most faithful advisers with marked aversion; and frequently treats them with insult. Judging from the depravity of her own heart, she sees, or thinks she sees, a selfish design in the motions of friendship, and the offers of generosity; and is never so well pleased, as when the low insinuations of interested flattery are directed to the abuse of her own connections, or to confirm the vicious habits, and to sanction the inveterate prejudices in which she delights to indulge.

The ties of blood and the calls of duty are alike ineffectual to restrain her malevolence, or to awaken her feelings. Her feelings indeed are only for herself; though affectation and artifice

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

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

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

Tutored in the school of parental authority, wisely exerted, she early knew how to bend to circumstances, and patiently to submit to controul. If her study to oblige others, rather than to please herself, did not appear to be a native

impulse of her heart, her behaviour might be ascribed to the effects of education. Instruction, indeed, confirmed the original lovely bias of the mind: it called the latent principles of goodness into action—it improved her taste, and extended her knowledge; but it planted neither—they were the denizens of her breast from her birth.

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

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

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

REFLECTION.

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

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

GEOGRAPHY.

IF to enlighten and to expand the human mind, to remove the shades of ignorance, and to open fresh avenues of knowledge, be the chief ends of science; no branch of it, in my opinion, embraces a wider circle, and offers a more extensive combination of those desirable objects than Geography.

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

But, when from an acquaintance with the names and terms of the art, we rise to the sublime contemplations it invites; when we consider the

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

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

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

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

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

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

of its name, is compatible with the finest feelings, and the most christian Charity. It ennobles us as men and citizens; and is one of the most essential public duties.

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

NEWSPAPERS.

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

The subsequent essay is intended to encourage this mode of promoting juvenile proficiency;

and to stimulate the managers of such publications, to render them meet for the eye of unsuspecting innocence.

Among the various causes that have contributed to the general diffusion of knowledge in the present age, nothing seems to have been of more importance than the circulation of so many different newspapers. A superficial observer will perhaps smile at this opinion. When he considers what slender abilities are generally employed in the compilation of some, what prejudice is displayed in the conduct of others, and what factious principles are disseminated through this medium, he will, probably, be surprised that a newspaper, howsoever well it may be conducted, should come in for such distinguished applause.

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

It is well known, that within these few years, diurnal publications have been multiplied to an amazing degree; and their characters for taste in arrangement and elegance in composition, in

some measure, keep pace with their numbers. Competition begets exertion; and those who hope that their writings shall be read and their labours patronized, study to adorn them with all the charms of polished diction, and the attractive graces of novelty.

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

It is dangerous for those only, who read but one paper, and that paper is made the vehicle

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

of false principles and delusive reasoning; or where original prejudice gives a wrong bias to the mind; and thus converts even salutary caution to criminal intemperance.

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

Hence the importance of journals that preserve these grand objects in view—to illuminate, and to reform. And, from the same consideration may be seen the infamy and guilt of those, who poison the public mind—weaken the faith of revelation—unhinge the ties of moral order, and disseminate opinions subversive of the well-being of civilized society. Could the authors of such publications, whether issuing regularly or occasionally from the press, sit down and

consider with a calm attention, what possible ill effects may result from their want of integrity or duty as men and citizens, they would shudder at the reflection.

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

But on the tendency of newspapers, perhaps, enough has been said. Their general direction, it is to be hoped is good; and that much more service is done by the aggregate mass, than evil is occasioned by particular parts.

All—even the worst—in other points of view, tend to convey instruction, and to generalize knowledge. By giving intelligence from every quarter of the globe, they excite enquiries; by displaying the good and bad qualities of other nations, they remove ill-founded prejudices, or confirm deserved aversion. They communicate beneficial discoveries, which would otherwise be lost; they record transactions which engage admiration, or rivet disgust; they warn by example, and instruct by censure. They diffuse taste; they correct prevailing absurdities. They awe the proudest into the conviction of keeping some terms, with morality and public opinion.

They deter the flagitious from crime, lest they should be held up to the public detestation: and, in fine, they watch over individual and public liberty, which can never be violated with impunity, while the press remains pure and free.

Thus to the philosophic eye, the diurnal labours of characters, undignified by literature, appear capable of producing more extensively beneficial consequences than the abilities of a PLATO, a SOCRATES, or a JOHNSON. May such feel the value of the rank they hold; and never more disgrace it, by propagating vice or wilful error, by lending their sanction to the worthless, or by weakening the bands that preserve mankind in harmony and happiness!

JUVENILE AMUSEMENTS.

“ A SOUND mind in a sound body,” is a short but just definition of the grand objects, which education should embrace. To accomplish this, is to lay the foundation of all private happiness and public utility. The improvement of the mind is of little consequence, if the strength and health of the body be neglected: and on the other hand, mere animal powers without mental cultivation is the attribute of a beast rather than a man.

How much human misery, however, has arisen from a want of due attention to combine early learning and exercise, in such proportions, as might be likely to promote the most important interests of mankind! How many constitutions have been ruined by this fatal neglect! Notwithstanding all our boasted improvements in knowledge and progress in wisdom, the business of education is still too generally conducted on wrong principles. Because mind is universally allowed to be superior to body, little or no attention is paid at schools to the welfare of

the latter, unless when immediately diseased. Restraints and inflictions are practised at a period much too early: the natural activity of children is checked, even when their pursuits are the most innocent; and the salutary cheerfulness of childish play is deemed inconsistent with the fastidious correctness of modern manners.

It will probably be urged, however, that the young are sufficiently prone to pursue amusement, even at the expence of the most valuable acquisitions. It may be so in general; but unless where there is a disposition to total indolence—an aversion to all mental and corporeal exertions, the parent or the tutor may easily regulate the predominant propensity, and turn it to advantage. The excess of volatility in youth is less to be blamed, than that injudicious treatment, which would impose a dull formality on all its motions. In order to avoid misconception, all I contend for is this: that while sound learning is taught with unwearied assiduity, proper intervals should not only be allowed for play; but its nature should also be regulated, according to the season of the year, and the age and constitution of the pupil.

To recommend, therefore, one diversion in

preference to another would be absurd, because no general rule can apply to all cases. All may be salutary in their turns; and the most innocent might become dangerous when injudiciously pursued, or improperly commenced. The selection ought always to depend on the judgment of the tutor, and the peculiar bias of the scholar.

I cannot, however, forbear throwing my sentiments on this subject into the form of an incident, to strengthen what I have already advanced, and to shew how a vacant hour may be eligibly employed. Happy shall I be to find that I am in the smallest degree instrumental in drawing the attention of the instructors of youth, to a much neglected branch of their duty.

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

“ Young gentlemen, the love of play is natural to you—it is suited to your years, and salutary to your health; far be it from me, then, to abridge you of pastimes properly selected,

and seasonably used. It is my wish to regulate your pleasures, not to restrain them. Whatever is likely to be attended with danger, ceases to be an amusement. Did I not caution you on this head, you might, in case of misfortune, have reason to reflect on me. Think on the melancholy accident I have mentioned, and be warned :

FELIX QUEM FACIUNT ALIENA PERICULA CAUTUM.

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

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

shall be my delight—but to see you safe, is my duty.

“ There are, however, occasionally, many hours, after you have obtained a passport to play, by punctually performing your tasks, in which several kinds of relaxation will be agreeable to an ingenious youth, which cannot be collectively pursued. That pastime in which numbers are concerned, and which may be denominated corporeal, should, at intervals, give way to intellectual pleasures; and these are only to be found in solitary study, or in select society.

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

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

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

The pupils listened to their master with becoming attention; and ever after, were extremely orderly in their pastimes. They shunned danger—they avoided excess; and not a few of them, from this benevolent and judicious recommendation, preferred mental improvement to desultory play, even when the choice was free.

To conclude: from an union of gymnastics, or in other words, of health of body, with the improvement of the mind, the happiest consequences would result, both to individuals and nations. Take the subsequent parallel between the qualities of body and mind, and the manner in which they reciprocally act on each other, from the philanthropic and sensible Salzmann, whose work on the recreations of youth deserves to be read, by every parent and every instructor.

CORPOREAL.

INTELLECTUAL.

Health of body - - -	Serenity of mind.
Hardiness - - -	Manliness of sentiment.
Strength and address -	Presence of mind and courage.
Activity of body - - -	Activity of mind.
Excellence of form - -	Mental beauty.
Acuteness of the senses -	Strength of understanding.

THE SLAVE OF OPINION.

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

FLEXOSUS, after receiving a finished education, came into the possession of a very moderate estate, at the age of twenty-four. He had early been taught to sacrifice all to appearances, and to act in conformity to the silly rules, which fashion imposes on her votaries. His good sense told him he might have reputably and pleasantly increased his scanty income, by following a profession, or a trade. But he was born a gentleman; and what would the world think of his demeaning himself, by pursuing the road to gain by a particular vocation? He therefore gave up an idea so derogatory to his dignity; and to shew that he was a gentleman, launched out into expences beyond his finances—kept horses and dogs—became a keen sportsman, and a hard drinker; though he had no relish for the turbulent sports of the field, and was naturally averse to every species of intemperance. But he conceived he must act like other young men of his age, or what would the world think?

He fell violently in love with a young lady of the most amiable disposition, and the most accomplished manners; but destitute of that grand recommendation—a fortune. Passion for a long time blinded him to this deficiency. Affection became mutual and sincere. The match at last

was talked of among his friends; and the opinion of the world was against its propriety—for what is the most exalted merit without a fortune, in its estimation! He listened to its sage and selfish principles—he felt, indeed, a fortune would be very useful—but at the same time he was conscious, that his passion was too deeply rooted, to be overcome without a struggle. Had he consulted his own feelings in this affair, they would have told him, that he could have been happier with Aspasia in a cot, than with any other woman in a palace. But he was born the slave of opinion—and, hard as the conflict was, he determined to take his leave of her, rather than oppose the sentiments of others, who had no interest in his choice.

Finding that he could not be happy in his own way, he formed the resolution never to marry. Here again his determination was combated. A young gentleman of his figure and education was entitled to a wealthy bride. He was given to understand, that his affairs would be ruined, and his reputation sink, if he did not provide himself with a help-mate, to manage his domestic concerns. As he had already sacrificed so much to opinion, he listened again to the world's suggestions! An old virgin, without a virtue to

adorn her mind, or a charm to beautify her face, was singled out for him by his officious friends; because she had the sterling merit of a large independent fortune. It was roundly insinuated to him, that now was his time to become rich and respectable. Happiness is seldom thought of in matrimonial connections: it is commonly deemed a chimera! He was induced to visit this antiquated maiden—he paid his addresses with coolness—they were returned with affected warmth. He would have rather courted than married; but it was whispered, if he did not strike while the iron was hot, he might lose his chance; and the world would call him a fool. That was too much to bear. He married—obtained a fortune, and the character of being a prudent man—but he forfeited his happiness for ever.

His lady, regarding him as younger than herself, instead of considering that this naturally imposed on her the necessity of greater condescension, thought it gave her a title to urge advice, and to exercise controul; and she gloried in its use. If he was cheerful, she was jealous and reserved; if distressed, she would hum a tune, to shew her contempt. She had just sense enough to discover, that she had no pretensions

to engage his affections, and she was wicked enough not to study to deserve them.

FLEXOSUS became negligent of himself, and indifferent about his fate; yet, though home grew every day more intolerable to him, what could he do? The opinion of the world, which he had paid so dearly for obtaining, he was unwilling to lose. He thought, indeed, of a separation, which in fact had long taken place in heart between both; but how was it to be carried into effect? He was weak enough to wish to please every body; and he knew, that when any two people quarrel, the most worthless is generally favoured by the crowd. This deterred him, for he was the dupe of opinion still; but had not death very opportunely carried off the cause of his misery, it was probable he might for once have had resolution to determine for himself.

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

In decent time, he began to think of renewing his acquaintance with this amiable woman. He hoped she might still be brought to pardon his weak compliance with the advice, which occasioned his dereliction of her. But how was he to avow his sentiments? He did not, indeed, want a fortune so much as formerly; but the maxim is—one fortune ought to gain another. This mercenary logic was constantly dinned in his ears. To prove a fool at forty, would be inexcusable—in early youth, some allowance is to be made for the force of passion. Alas! he found that the world would not allow him this plea, at the season when its current maxims did not forbid; and how was he to obtain its sanction, when years had rendered him mature? The thought distracted him: he discovered the impossibility of being happy in reality, and of being thought so too; and he dashed the cup of felicity from his lips, at the moment he might have tasted of its sweets. When we lose the hope of being happy, we begin to deserve to be miserable. FLEXOSUS now gave himself up to the destructive vice of intoxication. The ravages of an hereditary gout were accelerated by intemperance; and he soon fell a martyr to disease.

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

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

BIOGRAPHY.

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

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

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

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

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

The praise paid to desert is a great spur to laudable action. In recording the lives of those who have benefited or enlightened mankind, commendation should be interwoven in the texture, with no niggardly hand. The flowers we

strew on the grave of merit, will prove the most grateful incense to living worth. How often has the sight of a monument in Westminster Abbey inspired the martial enthusiasm, the zeal of patriotism, or the emulation of genius! There are generous passions in the soul of man that only want a breath to wake them into action. Even a well-written amiable life has prompted numbers to live well*.

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

* See the preface to the BRITISH NEPOS, in which this essay is expanded and applied.

THE MARVELLOUS.

A FRAGMENT.

YOUNG persons in general are highly delighted with romantic descriptions and wonderful adventures. When these set probability at defiance, and therefore cannot mislead, they are certainly harmless; and may be entertaining. I have selected a specimen; from an original work of this kind, intended to ridicule a romantic taste, and a credulous disposition.

“ After plying in this manner two days and as many nights without any sustenance, I found myself exhausted with lassitude and hunger; and would gladly have resigned a life, which in my apprehension, seemed devoted only to encounter fresh scenes of misery. Sleep, however, at last overpowered me; and what occurred during its fascinating captivity, I am unable to relate; but after an unknown interval had elapsed, I once more opened my eyes, and to my unspeakable satisfaction perceived that my boat was stranded on a pleasant shore. The sun shone in his meridian glory, the birds re-

peated their mellifluous strains, from the branches of the most beautiful trees I had ever beheld; when I began to look about me for something to eat, as well to recruit my exhausted strength, as to allay the cravings of hunger.

“ As my travels are unquestionably a series of wonders, the reader will not be surprised to hear, that I met with a plumb-pudding tree, within twenty-paces of the shore; and had I been able to procure a buttock of beef, I might have feasted in a very substantial and satisfactory stile. The beautiful tree, which produces the plumb-pudding fruit, rises only to the height of twenty feet; the leaves are shaped like those of a cabbage, but a great deal larger; the branches which spread in all directions from the stem, bend in the middle, and almost touch the ground with their extremities; and on almost every twig hangs a plumb-pudding, which seems to be formed by the concoction of various juices, exuding from every part of the tree. Strange as it may appear, this food when analyzed, exactly resembled that which English hospitality serves up at sabbatical dinners, except that it was far more delicious and nutritive.

“ With this new acquisition, I was delighted above measure; and could I have transported

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

“ Having replenished the stomach, I set out on adventures, determined, if possible, to discover some human creatures with whom I might associate, however barbarous their manners, and repelling their features. As I proceeded from the shore, serpents began to hiss, and monkeys to chatter round me; but neither intimidated by past dangers, nor inordinately apprehensive of future ones, I boldly pushed on, in expectation of seeing the abodes of men; which from the number of paths to be traced, I concluded were at no great distance.

“ At last, the wished-for prospect, as I imagined, opened to my sight. I beheld a vast number of conical structures, covering the whole extent of a spacious plain; and to them I advanced with alacrity, hoping to be able, by my address, to secure a favourable reception, or at least to escape punishment for my intrusion,

When I had reached the first building, I was surprised to find, that its entrance was no larger than would admit a cat. I immediately concluded I was got among the Lilliputians; and this lessening my fear, though it did not much increase my pleasure, I knocked at the door without hesitation. A confused murmur issued from within; but nothing like the human voice saluted my ears. I knocked again; the murmur increased; and almost in an instant, an army of that species of ants called *termites*, poured out with the most malignant aspects, and seemed advancing to attack me. I started back with consternation, and fled to the next building:—its inhabitants were of the same species, and were likewise alarmed. Legions of these insects, as large as rabbits, advanced to the spot where I stood; the whole ground was darkened with their numbers; and had I not made the utmost speed to escape, by plunging into an adjoining river, and swimming across, I am certain I should have been devoured, by those determined and dangerous animals.

Frustrated in my expectation of finding the society of men, and concluding that none could exist in such a vicinity, I travelled forward for some days, allowing only a proper time for rest

and food, without meeting with any signs of humanity—the tracks I had formerly observed, appearing now to be solely those of the *termites*. On the sixth day of my peregrination, I ascended a lofty hill, shaded with the most beautiful evergreens, whose branches were loaded with a profusion of fruits, delicious as the fabled ambrosia. At small intervals ran rivulets, rich as nectar, which, uniting their streams at the bottom of the hill, formed a spacious lake that shone with the lustre of diamonds, reflected in the solar ray. My eyes were dazzled by the brilliancy of the prospect; my senses were ravished; and I vainly said to myself, this can be no other than the terrestrial paradise.

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

“This agreeable delirium gradually increased, owing I suppose to the nature of my food, till at last I sunk into a swoon, and had neither perception of pleasure nor pain. How long I continued in this state of apathy is unknown: but

after an indefinite space, I felt reason rushing to the citadel she had deserted. I lifted up my eyes, and beheld myself seated on a barren rock, amid a thirsty plain. The agreeable illusion I had formerly enjoyed was totally dissipated: instead of nectar and ambrosia, I could not discover even a wild berry to eat, or water to drink. Feeble and dejected, I set out again in hopes of meeting with some good to atone for my late disappointment. I crossed rivers, and traversed vallies. Wild beasts howled around me; and nature seemed to put on her most frightful aspect, in order to deter me from advancing.

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

“At this sight, I summoned up all my resolution; practised new modes of address, and looks of submission, to conciliate the affection of the beings I was about to visit. As I approached the city, I found it walled, and fortified with uncommon strength. A gate appeared at one

end, and to it I advanced, and knocked for admission. A voice, terrible as the roaring of a lion, answered; and the doors flying open in an instant, I beheld two porters, of the most gigantic stature, each having two heads. I now repented of my temerity; but repentance was too late. One of the porters took me up between his finger and his thumb; and examining my conformation, seemed to present me to his companion with a grin of self-congratulation. The other appeared to point out my defect in having only one head; and holding me out on the palm of his hand, spoke in a language I did not understand, though I conjectured he was inquiring whence I came, and how I happened to be so diminutive and deformed."

* * * * *

ENIGMA II.

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

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

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

Where love the virtues to reside;
There I exist in conscious pride;
With generous passions closely bound,
A lustre I diffuse around;
And when the heart obeys my call,
Deserv'd esteem it gains from all

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

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

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

BOTANY.

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

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

arts and manufactures, are numerous and important; and you cannot pursue a more delightful study than to become acquainted with them. This science is termed BOTANY. It may, as an elegant author observes, be stiled the art of making a walk agreeable: for every step presents a new page, every field a new chapter, and every change of soil a new book. The neglected down, the cultivated plain, the flowery meadow, the tinkling rill, the rapid stream, the shady wood, the craggy shore, and even the impassable morass, each affords elegant or curious specimens of plants, which may either amuse or instruct.

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

I can only explain to you the general outlines of this science, one of the most fashionable, and I will venture to say one of the most rational amusements of the present times. The great

father of Botany was Linnæus, a very learned and persevering Swede, who flourished in the present age. This illustrious student of nature reduced the immense mass of vegetation to scientific rules; and rendered that acquisition easy and pleasant, which, before his time, was the avocation of a long life, assiduously employed. To effect this desirable end, he distributed all vegetables into twenty-four classes—these classes he divided into orders—the orders he subdivided into genera, and the genera into species and varieties.

I shall now give you the outlines of his arrangement, which you ought to commit to memory, before you advance a step farther.

OUTLINES OF LINNÆUS'S SYSTEM OF VEGETABLES.

EXAMPLES.

EXPLANATIONS.

CLASSES.

1	Monandria.	One stamen	-	Marestail.
2	Diandria.	Two stamens	-	Speedwell.
3	Triandria.	Three stamens	-	Grasses.
4	Tetrandria.	Four stamens	(All of the same length)	Teasel.
5	Pentandria.	Five stamens	(Anthers not united)	Honeysuckle.
6	Hexandria.	Six stamens	(All of the same length)	Hyacinth.
7	Heptandria.	Seven stamens	-	Wintergreen.
8	Octandria.	Eight stamens	-	Mezereon.
9	Enneandria.	Nine stamens	-	Gladiale.
10	Decandria.	Ten stamens	(Threads not united)	Pink.
11	Dodecandria.	Twelve stamens, or more	(Fixed to the receptacle)	Houseleek.
12	Icosandria.	Twenty stamens	(Fixed upon the calyx or corolla)	Strawberry.
13	Polyandria.	Many stamens	(Fixed to the receptacle)	Poppy.
14	Didynamia.	Four stamens, two longer, one pistil.	Flowers ringent	Foxglove.
15	Tetradynamia.	Six stamens, four longer, one pistil.	Flowers cruciform	Stock Gilliflower.
16	Monadelphia.	Threads united at bottom, but separate at top	-	Rose Mallow.
17	Diadelphia.	Threads in two sets. Flowers butterfly-shaped	-	Everlasting Pea.
18	Polyadelphia.	Threads in many sets; in three or more sets	-	St. John's Wort.
19	Syngenesia.	Anthers united. Five stamens. One pistil.	Flowers compound	Dandelion.
20	Gynandria.	Stamens upon the pistil	-	Orchis.
21	Monœcia.	Stamens and pistils, in separate flowers, upon the same plant	-	Cucumber.
22	Dicœcia.	Stamens and pistils distinct, upon different plants	-	Hop.
23	Polygamia.	Various situations, stamens only, pistils only, or perfect flowers	-	Ash.
24	Cryptogamia.	Flowers inconspicuous	-	Ferns, mosses, liverwort, mushrooms.

Palma.

TABLE OF THE ORDERS.

I. MONANDRIA.

- 1 Monogynia
- 2 Digynia

II. DIANDRIA.

- 1 Monogynia
- 2 Digynia
- 3 Trigynia

III. TRIANDRIA.

- 1 Monogynia
- 2 Digynia
- 3 Trigynia

IV. TETRANDRIA.

- 1 Monogynia
- 2 Digynia
- 3 Tetragynia

V. PENTANDRIA.

- 1 Monogynia
- 2 Digynia
- 3 Trigynia
- 4 Tetragynia

5 Pentagynia

6 Polygynia

VI. HEXANDRIA.

1 Monogynia

2 Digynia

3 Trigynia

4 Tetragynia

5 Polygynia

VII. HEPTANDRIA.

1 Monogynia

2 Digynia

3 Tetragynia

4 Heptagynia

VIII. OCTANDRIA.

1 Monogynia

2 Digynia

3 Trigynia

4 Tetragynia

IX. ENNEANDRIA.

1 Monogynia

2 Trigynia

3 Hexagynia

X. DECANDRIA.

- 1 Monogynia
- 2 Digynia
- 3 Trigynia
- 4 Pentagynia
- 5 Decagynia

XI. DODECANDRIA.

- 1 Monogynia
- 2 Digynia
- 3 Trigynia
- 4 Pentagynia
- 5 Dodecagynia

XII. ICOSANDRIA.

- 1 Monogynia
- 2 Digynia
- 3 Trigynia
- 4 Pentagynia
- 5 Polygynia

XIII. POLYANDRIA.

- 1 Monogynia
- 2 Digynia
- 3 Trigynia
- 4 Tetragynia
- 5 Pentagynia
- 6 Hexagynia
- 7 Polygynia

XIV. DIDYNAMIA.

- 1 Gymnospermia
- 2 Angiospermia

XV. TETRADYNAMIA.

- 1 Siliculosa
- 2 Siliquosa

XVI. MONADELPHIA.

- 1 Triandria
- 2 Pentandria
- 3 Octandria
- 4 Enneandria
- 5 Decandria
- 6 Endecandria
- 7 Dodecandria
- 8 Polyandria

XVII. DIADELPHIA.

- 1 Pentandria
- 2 Hexandria
- 3 Octandria
- 4 Decandria

XVIII. POLYADELPHIA.

- 1 Pentandria
- 2 Dodecandria
- 3 Icosandria
- 4 Polyandria

XIX. SYNGENESIA.

- 1 Polygamia æqualis
- 2 Polygamia superflua
- 3 Polygamia frustranea
- 4 Polygamia necessaria
- 5 Polygamia segregata
- 6 Monogamia

XX. GYNANDRIA.

- 1 Diandria
- 2 Triandria
- 3 Tetrandria
- 4 Pentandria
- 5 Hexandria
- 6 Octandria
- 7 Decandria
- 8 Dodecandria
- 9 Polyandria

XXI. MONŒCIA.

- 1 Monandria
- 2 Diandria
- 3 Triandria
- 4 Tetrandria
- 5 Pentandria
- 6 Hexandria
- 7 Heptandria
- 8 Polyandria
- 9 Monadelphia
- 10 Syngenesia
- 11 Gynandria

XXII. DIŒCIA.

- 1 Monandria

- 2 Diandria
- 3 Triandria
- 4 Tetrandria
- 5 Pentandria
- 6 Hexandria
- 7 Octandria
- 8 Enneandria
- 9 Decandria
- 10 Dodecandria
- 11 Polyandria
- 12 Monadelphia
- 13 Syngenesia
- 14 Gynandria

XXIII. POLYCAMIA.

- 1 Monœcia
- 2 Diœcia
- 3 Triœcia

XXIV. CRYPTOGAMIA.

- 1 Filices
- 2 Musci
- 3 Algæ
- 4 Fungi

—
Palmæ.

These terms, at first, may seem uncouth; but you are sufficiently acquainted with Greek, to perceive, that they are all derived from that language; and they are the most expressive that can possibly be invented.

The classes are all artificial, and depend on the number, proportion, connection, and situation of the stamina.

The first THIRTEEN classes are formed from the *number* of the stamina.

The FOURTEENTH and FIFTEENTH are founded on the *proportion* of the stamina.

The next FIVE classes are established on the *connection* of the stamina.

From the TWENTIETH to the TWENTY-THIRD inclusive, the classes are formed from the *situation* of the stamina.

The TWENTY-FOURTH, or cryptogamia class, consists of such plants as have the parts of fructification either invisible, or difficult to be accurately observed, including ferns, mosses, mushrooms, lichens, &c.

The PALMÆ are not strictly reducible to either class.

The ORDERS are much less simple than the classes. These, however, are in general de-

duced from the *number* or *differences* of the pistillum, or *female* part of fructification.

The **GENERA** agree in the general *characters* of fructification.

The **SPECIES** differ in *proportion* and *figure*, &c. and **VARIETIES** in *colour*, *size*, or some *accidental circumstance*.

It should be observed, that some of the successors of Linnæus have distributed the classes Gynandria, Monœcia, Diœcia, and Polygamia among the rest, with a view of simplifying the study. Were this arrangement universally adopted, it might be advantageous; but in my opinion, some confusion is introduced, by the lovers of the science taking different sides in the question.

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

RECOLLECTIONS.

THE heart of elegance and sensibility is continually taking a retrospect on pleasures which are no more. The more cultivated the taste, the more humanized the mind, the more painful will be the reflection on joys which are for ever sunk in night; and whose image rises only to tantalize and torment.

It is wrong perhaps to encourage this mental tenderness, this vivid sense of delights which we know are not to be recalled; yet, in the soothing recollections of past felicity, there is a charm to the generous and enlightened soul, which it would not relinquish for the highest gratifications of vulgar minds. The verses which suggested these preliminary reflections, paint the feelings of an elegant mind with such fidelity and impressiveness, that I cannot refrain from giving them a place in this miscellany. They boast something more than poetic ornament: the sentiments must be felt, and cannot fail to refine.

“ I cannot but remember such things were,
And were most precious to me.” SHAKESPEARE.

SCENES of my youth ! ye once were dear,

Though sadly I your charms survey ;

I once was wont to linger here,

From early dawn to closing day.

Scenes of my youth ! pale sorrow flings

A shade o'er all your beauties now,

And robs the moments of their wings,

That scatter pleasure as they flow.

While still, to heighten every care,

Reflection tells me—SUCH THINGS WERE.

'Twas here a tender father strove

To keep my happiness in view,

I smil'd beneath a mother's love,

That soft compassion ever knew.

In them the virtues all combin'd,

On them I could with faith rely,

To them my heart and soul were join'd,

By mild affection's primal tie ;

Who smile in heav'n, exempt from care,

Whilst I remember—SUCH THINGS WERE.

'Twas here, where calm and tranquil rest

O'er pays the peasant for his toil,

That first in blessing I was blest

With glowing friendship's open smile.

My friend, far distant doom'd to roam,

Now braves the fury of the seas ;

He fled his peaceful, happy home,

His little fortune to encrease ;

While bleeds afresh the wound of care,

When I remember—SUCH THINGS WERE.

'Twas here, e'en in this bloomy grove
I fondly gaz'd on Laura's charms,
Who blushing own'd a mutual love,
And sigh'd responsive in my arms.
Though hard the soul-conflicting strife,
Yet fate, the cruel tyrant, bore
Far from my sight the charm of life,
The lovely maid whom I adore :
'Twould ease my soul of all my care,
Could I forget that—SUCH THINGS WERE.

Here first I saw the morn appear
Of guiltless pleasure's shining day :
I met the dazzling brightness here,
Here mark'd the soft declining ray.
Behold the skies, whose streaming light
Gave splendor to the parting sun,
Now lost in sorrow's sable night,
And all their mingled glories gone !
Till death, in pity, end my care,
I must remember—SUCH THINGS WERE.

INDEPENDENCE.

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

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

Examine mankind—observe the immense numbers who cringe for that bread which their own industry and œconomy might obtain for them—who earn a precarious subsistence, scorned by their superiors whom they flatter, and scarcely envied by their inferiors whom they foolishly deride. If this contemplation does not affect

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

It is of less consequence, indeed, than is generally supposed, what *quantum* of fortune is our's. To make it suffice, is the grand art of living; and the smaller it is, the more merit belongs to those who can husband it so as to satisfy their wants. No person who is loaded with debts, or whose extravagance impels him to exceed his income, whatever nominal property he may have, can be called independent. He is the slave of his creditors, the dupe of the designing; and his liberty may possibly be at the mercy of those on whom he looks down with an affected contempt. The virtue of such men may be undermined by the slightest temptations; and their freedom depends on the caprice of others. But they who aspire to a virtuous independence of character, suited to their circumstances, and adapted to their condition, can never feel the want of that splendor which they do not covet, nor be reduced to that subjection, both of body and mind, which is equally inimical to happiness and to credit.

O R M A H.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

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

ORMAH, the son of Coulor, the sovereign of nations, in the early bloom of youth, was one of the most accomplished princes of the east: he was born to the enjoyment of pleasure, and the exercise of power; but his heart was soon corrupted by the consciousness of rank, and the servility of adulation: and he forgot that authority is no longer desirable, than while it is obeyed through love; and that no state is less enviable, than that which excites at once fear and contempt.

No sooner was he seated on the throne of his paternal dominions, than he assumed an air very different from that which is the result of true dignity. His commands were delivered in me-

naces, rather than in words; his edicts were thundered with the awe of irrevocable severity; and every appearance he made in public, was only a prelude to violence, rapine, and murder.

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

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

Between regal powers, jealousy and secret hate generally subsist; an occasion to weaken or to ensnare one another will always be eagerly sought; and honour, which ought to be more

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

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

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

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

Ormah neither tried to divert the storm by activity, nor to combat it with political address. He neither expostulated with his attendants, who were about to desert him, for their deceit; nor did he consult with them how to act; in a

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

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

hope, but from his own people he had every thing to fear.

For many days he allowed himself but a short time to rest; till at length, certain that he must have far exceeded the limits of the kingdoms he had once ruled, and at the same time being exhausted with unremitted fatigue, he made up to a cave which he saw on the side of a verdant hill, which he was then traversing. He found it by nature formed as a convenient retreat to conceal misery and fallen power; and there he determined to take up his abode. The herbs and the roots which the vicinity of the cave afforded, supplied him with food; and a crystal spring at a small distance, slaked his thirst.

In such a situation, the passions of malevolence could not be exercised, nor the heart be inflated with pageantry and grandeur. The mind of Ormah retired within itself; he saw its deformity, and blushed; he contemplated the state to which he was reduced, and acknowledged the justice of the Eternal. He beheld, in its proper light, the nature of that authority to which he had been born, and with the deepest humility confessed the unworthy use to which it had been applied; and though he knew it was now

too late either to prove the sincerity of his reformation, or atone for the tyranny of his oppression, he resolved, by a life of austerity, and the service of Alla, to shew his contrition, and to regain the favour of Heaven.

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

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

“ Son of the dust! though born to the sovereignty of nations, the Prophet has seen your contrition, and has accepted your prayers. You have found the fallacy of the maxims by which you formerly ruled; and experience will teach you wisdom. Your neighbour Abdallah, after usurping your government, and committing a series of cruelties, in which he but too nearly resembled yourself, is now removed to the banks of the eternal stream; and the chiefs of your do-

minions are earnest in their inquiries after you, that the crown may not descend to the family of the usurper, but still remain in the regal line of your ancestors. I will conduct you this instant to your palace, and replace you on the throne.”

Before the confounded Ormah could make any reply, he found himself seated on a sofa, in the midst of his palace, and surrounded by his nobles: whom his venerable companion thus addressed, “Behold in your sovereign Ormah, a memorable instance of the justice of the Eternal, and of the omnipotence of his decrees. He has been tried and approved by the immortal Alla, and will be no longer your tyrant, but your father.” Then, turning to Ormah—“Remember.” said he, “and let it be engraved upon the crown of every monarch upon earth, THAT GOVERNMENT IS ONLY A POWER DELEGATED BY THE SUPREME FOR THE HAPPINESS OF MANKIND; and, to that end, must be conducted by wisdom, justice, and mercy.”

With these words he disappeared, and left Ormah and his nobles in mutual wonder and awe. He was immediately acknowledged by all his subjects; and, at their earnest request, resumed the exercise of power, and the reins of government: and, by a faithful observance of

the maxims of his venerable instructor, endeared himself not only to his own subjects, but to those of kingdoms very remote.

Yet amidst the applause he received, and continued to deserve, he scrupled not to acknowledge, that his hours of solitude and humiliation were the most glorious parts of his life; since in them he had learned to know himself, and to be serviceable to mankind.

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

RAISING AND DISAPPOINTING EXPECTA-
TIONS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

beams, perhaps, with the pure splendors of a generous love.

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

HEALTH.

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

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

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

There are, indeed, some constitutions so extremely delicate, some habits so excessively irritable, that it is almost impossible to pass through

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

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

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

goal he might have reached—and sinks into the arms of despair.

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

“ Such views ‘ feelingly convince us what we are.’ Are you startled at the picture—does your bosom beat for happiness—has old age and

comfort charms? learn to avoid excess—and early limit the delusions of joy.

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

POETRY—A REFUGE FROM PAIN.

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

From the sweets of learning, in general, many seek a refuge from oppressive calamity; but the fascinations of poetry are more peculiarly estimable for this purpose. These, by creating

visions of bliss, sooth distress; or by giving a softened tone to the heart, obtund the force of adventitious ills.

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

SONNET to PAIN.

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

TOM RESTLESS.

A STORY.

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

TOM RESTLESS was one of the cleverest boys at the school where he was instituted. He outstripped his companions, whenever he gave himself the trouble to enter into competition with them. At play-learning—every pursuit in which he engaged, he carried away the palm of

superiority: but all his motions were irregular; and long-continued application to any kind of business was his aversion and contempt.

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

Why, thought our hero, should he be longer confined to ledgers and waste-books? Here he had nothing more to learn. His solicitations to be permitted to take a trading voyage for the benefit of his employer, overcame both the merchant and his own relations. He was soon equipped, and set sail for the West Indies, in raptures at the idea of seeing the world. A storm which he had to encounter before clearing the channel, gave Tom no very favourable opinion of the felicity of a sailor's life—but the storm vanished, and with it, his sense of danger and uneasiness. The remainder of the voyage was barren of occurrences. He landed in due time on the island of Jamaica, to which the

vessel was bound; and in consequence of his eagerness to visit the new scenes which presented themselves, his hurry, and his neglect of proper precautions, he soon fell sick of the endemial fever of the West Indies; and with difficulty escaped the grave. Our adventurer now began to reflect on his imprudence; regretted his having left the counting-house to encounter useless dangers; and began to form resolutions of checking his natural propensity for change. The vow formed in illness and under restraint, is seldom observed, when health and liberty return. Tom felt all the vagaries of his natural disposition as soon as he recovered. He made himself speedily acquainted with the management of sugar plantations, and with the West India trade in general. But as he possessed a heart of melting benevolence, the taskmaster met with his unqualified detestation—the situation of the slave awakened his most generous feelings.

He soon became disgusted with a traffic, in which blood was shed without pity, and whips were the reward of toil. He saw the ship freighted with pleasure, and bade adieu to these islands without regret. He had a pleasant voyage—returned full of information, and had ob-

tained the credit of prudent and dexterous conduct; but he was sick of what he had seen; and for once, goodness of principle united with versatility of disposition, at least to make him relinquish this branch of commerce. But there were numerous other avenues to wealth in the mercantile profession! True—had not Tom been tired of the whole, he might have selected parts, that would have suited almost any taste, and gratified the principles of any mind.

For some time, however, he had set his heart on being a soldier. When his connections found that his resolution in this respect could not be shaken, they procured a liberation from his original engagements, and purchased a pair of colours for him. He joined his regiment, which was quartered in the country—strutted in a laced coat and cockade; and thought himself the happiest fellow alive. So he was for a few weeks—but here he found that he had little to learn, and less to practise; and his mind revolted at the idea of quiet. Tom was ever impatient of inactivity—he found it necessary to be doing something, though soon tired of every thing; and in conformity to this principle, he exchanged into a regiment, just about to sail for the East Indies.

A new scene, and a new quarter of the globe, again pleased and attracted his fancy. He anticipated the greatest felicity in prospect from this new change; but fortune determined otherwise. The ship in which he had embarked, was wrecked on the Maldivia Islands. He singly preserved life by swimming; but could save few of those accommodations that render it delightful. As he hated idleness as much as he disliked any constant employ, he set about providing the means of subsistence with all possible diligence—ingratiated himself with the natives, and became a mighty favourite with their chief. Had not the thought of being cut off from polished society disturbed him, he might have been happy still. For a short space, he did not form any particular plan for effecting his deliverance. He, indeed, kept a good look-out for any ship that might pass; but such a chance was rare. At last he bethought himself of attempting something. He persuaded the Maldivians, that he could teach them to build ships. The bait took—in a few weeks the first vessel was constructed; she was strong, but of rude formation; and all were eager to see her launched, and to try her on the waves. Tom selected the best mariners, as well as those whom he thought most friendly, to

have the honour of this experiment. He had fortunately saved a compass, and some other necessaries from the wreck; and had privately laid in a small stock of provisions. The vessel sailed to a miracle—all were delighted with this nautic excursion; and by degrees they lost sight of land. Now was the critical moment! His associates wished to return; he distributed some liquors among them, and made a feint to tack about; but the wind being pretty high and blowing off the shore, this could not be effected. He veered on another tack with no better success, as he wished it to be believed. At length no person, except himself, knew the direction of the shore they had left.

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

From thence our hero undertook a long journey to Fort St. George, where he was soon replaced in his rank; and sent with a detachment

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

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

He had no sooner arrived in China, than he wished to survey the country; but he had nearly forfeited his life by the attempt. A country not to be seen, had no charms for Capt. Restless, and he returned in an India ship which was sailing for Europe, as wise as he went; but with a very unfavourable opinion of Chinese hospitality, though he ought to have done justice to its po-

licy. On reaching the Cape of Good Hope, he determined to proceed no farther, till he had visited the Hottentots; and ascertained some facts in their natural history.

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

It might have been supposed his adventures would now have terminated, and that he would have been happy in the enjoyment of that quiet, which fortune allowed him to possess. No such thing:—he had never made the tour of Europe; and he was determined not to sit down as a country gentleman, till he had visited the continent. He soon reached Paris—here he began to display his usual activity; he could neither be idle nor usefully employed. He began with uttering some speculative opinions, by the adoption of which, he conceived that the French government might be vastly improved, and the country made one of the most desirable in the world. For these, he was speedily rewarded with a lodging in the Bastille. After a close

confinement of five years, he was liberated—but the hardships he had undergone, ruined his health—and he died at Paris, in a few weeks after he had recovered his liberty, and just before the demolition of the Bastille.

REFLECTION.

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

Never, on slight grounds, relinquish the station in which you are first placed. If you once deviate from the track intended for you, it is no easy matter to recover it. It is therefore wise to oppose the first irregular sallies of the mind. The road of life will be easy, when once you have obtained a mastery over yourself.

MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

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

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

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

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

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

By those, indeed, who are more advanced in years, they are rather studied than acted on; and are more valued as elegant speculations, than as practical lessons of conduct. Is not this unhappily the case in regard to religion also?

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

Arts, sciences, and languages, unless an acquaintance with them tends to make us better men, are of little comparative value, when put in the scale with sound principles, whether religious, moral, or political.

TRANSMIGRATIONS OF AN EASTERN
PRINCE.

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

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

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

Things past, present, and future, crowded into my imagination at once, and I was perplexed with a multiplicity of objects; when, methought, a young man of extraordinary beauty entered the room, and waving his hand, demanded my attention.

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

“ Know, then, that the first time I assumed

the human form, and consequently the æra from which I must date my faculty of recollection, was about half a century ago. I was born the heir-apparent of the Rajah of Cananore; and brought up with a tenderness and care, to which my expectations entitled me. My early years were spent in acquiring the literature of the east, and in hearing precepts of wisdom and virtue, from the best and most enlightened men in my father's court. My youth was chiefly passed in the gratification of those passions, to which the customs of that country do not deem it criminal to yield. I was indulged with the most expensive amusements, and was taught to demand them as my due. Youth and beauty voluntarily surrendered themselves into my arms; and my wishes, however extravagant, were generally complied with, the instant they were known. In this round of irrational pleasures, I forgot the maxims which had been early taught me; I disregarded the counsels of age, and the dictates of prudence; and attached myself to the juvenile and gay, whose pursuits, and whose pleasures, were similar to my own; and with the contamination of whose vices, my soul became every day more base and enfeebled.

“ But vapid repetition soon renders a life of

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

“ The English, who had already possessed themselves of some of the most fertile provinces of Indostan, having heard of the riches of my father’s dominions, wanted no other occasion to commence war against him. The most respectful representations of his pacific disposition, and the innocence of his conduct, with respect to them, were of no avail: they were bent on war, and I, as heir-apparent, was called to the command of my father’s troops, that I might fight for the protection of those dominions, over which I was born to reign.

“ We met our enemies with a numerous army; but neither our skill nor our courage were by any means equal to theirs: their immoderate thirst of gold made them despise every danger which opposed its acquisition; while we, who were at once enervated with plenty, and wholly untrained to arms, were routed in the very first onset. I was myself wounded, and taken prisoner; and though I was amused by the most

flattering promises, and treated with a marked attention, that I might be induced to make discoveries respecting my paternal wealth, death closed my eyes, on the third day after the defeat—and I immediately found myself transformed into an APE, and ranging the forests of Madagascar. In this state of savage solitude, I had time to reflect on the follies of my former conduct, and was unable to deny that my present low rank in creation had been well deserved, by the turpitude of my past offences. I avoided, as much as possible, the society of those animals whose form I was doomed to bear; and retreating from the thick impervious woods, where prudent instinct had taught my companions to remain, I roved in search of some human habitation; under the foolish idea of making my condition known, and of exciting commiseration for my fate.

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

should be consigned to a still more miserable future existence.

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

“ My soul was now infused into a SLOTH, and I opened my eyes in another quarter of the globe. Under this form, my miseries were undescribable; every effort was attended with excruciating pain; and I often envied the lot of my former companions, whose society I had till then despised, and whose lives I had regarded as the summit of infelicity. Odious in my form, and incapable of an extensive sphere of action, I spent three years under this melancholy transformation; till at length, having ascended a tree, and consumed all the verdure within my

reach; in order to save the trouble of making a wearisome descent, I collected myself into as narrow a compass as possible; and dropping from a branch to the ground, fortunately fell on a rattle-snake, which stung me with a fury that the hurt it had received naturally prompted; and in a few hours, I was liberated from this most horrible of lives.

“ My next transformation was into an inhabitant of the sky. I was clothed with the plumage of the ALBATROSS, and endowed with all the instincts natural to that remarkable race of birds. I was now a denizen of the purer air, and thought my sufferings were drawing near to a conclusion. I congratulated myself on being emancipated from the bodies of an ape and a sloth; and formed such ideas of bliss, in my new state, as I was very eager to realize. Accordingly, I joined my feathered companions, and soared into the immense regions of ether. Here, it is true, I was free from danger, and from fear; but the calls of nature demanded gratifications, which were with difficulty satisfied. Continually hovering on the wing, in search of prey, I became emaciated with fatigue and expectation; and, being regarded as one of the most formidable enemies

of the winged tribe, our society was shunned with the most careful circumspection, and our very sight dreaded as the certain messengers of death.

“ I soon became weary of a life of such incessant hunger and fatigue, and almost wished to reanimate the inactive body of the sloth. Sleeping, one day, on the bosom of the air, and lowering too near the watery element, I became entangled in the shrouds of a ship, which was navigating the great South Sea; and, being instantly secured by the watchful mariners, was closely confined, as an object of considerable curiosity in natural history. During the voyage, I was treated with every indulgence, and seemed happy in the exchange I had made; but no sooner had the ship arrived in England, to which country she belonged, than I was consigned to the founder of a celebrated museum in London; and, either from the change of climate, or the effects of food to which I had been unaccustomed, I soon paid the debt of nature; and my soul was sent to animate the body of a RACE-HORSE.

“ I was now treated with a respect almost bordering on adoration; I had servants to attend me, with provisions in abundance; and, under this form, might have been perfectly happy, had

not the recollection of my original state rendered me dissatisfied with every condition, inferior to that which I once possessed. I had now reached my third year, and every assiduity was doubled to render my situation more agreeable; but, alas! little did I then know for what purpose. I was, however, soon brought under the menage; and in being broke, as my owner called it, suffered pains inexpressible. No sooner was my education completed, than I was entered to run at Newmarket; and the most extravagant sums were betted on my success. I entered the lists with ardour, lest I should suffer for my ill-success; acclamations attended my course; and every face was filled with admiration at my fleetness. I won the prize; but, in straining against my formidable opponent, I burst a principal blood-vessel, and fell down at the post, in the moment of victory.

“ My next rank in the scale of existence, was that of a CAT; and it was my lot to fall under the protection of a lady of quality in this neighbourhood, remarkable for her attachment to the feline race. Here I enjoyed every pleasure which the choicest viands and attendance could bestow, and rose higher in my mistress's regard than most of her own species; but I was con-

fined to her room, and restraint is always irksome. I found means, however, this evening, to escape from my prison; and tempted by the charms of your tabby, was induced to linger beyond the hours of prudence. The servant whom you commissioned to remove me, executed his order with effect: he presently caught me in the dark; and, seeing I was a stranger, had a mind to make an experiment, by wrenching my jaws open, and pouring a glass of brandy down my throat. He had heard that this operation was fatal to our race, and the event has proved that he was not mistaken. I died in a few minutes, in agonies not to be expressed; and, with ineffable pleasure, found myself once more endued with the human form.

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

I was about to congratulate my agreeable intruder on his elevation to his former rank; and, in fancy, eagerly seized his hand. The effort I

made was too violent for the silken bands of sleep; I opened my eyes, and the vision was no more.

ON FORMING CONNECTIONS.

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

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

Few are the pleasures that we can sincerely and honourably enjoy, without the participation

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

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

To be cautious in forming friendships is only common prudence; to be firm in maintaining them when once formed, is a duty in which you cannot be deficient, without suffering as much as you can inflict. Sudden attachments are always indiscreet, and often fatal. Try those in whom you wish to repose trust with the nicest regard to their real, and not their specious qualities. Found every affection of the mind on principle. Let not beauty pass for merit—the affected smile of complacency for good humour, nor levity for

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

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

There are, however, ties still dearer than friendship, and of more important operation on

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

In the tender connections, mind must assimilate to mind, to give a reasonable prospect of felicity; and after they are irrevocably fixed, the wish to oblige should anticipate the request; views, interests, pursuits—all should be mutual, and spring from a sense of duty, prompted by a principle of love; else that state which may be productive of the purest pleasures and the highest satisfactions, will be converted to a bane and a curse. Here, negative happiness cannot exist, as far as regards cultivated and feeling minds:—the brutal or the insensate may repose in the shade of indifference; but in proportion as the

soul is formed for enjoyment, it will be awake to all the misery of its fate; and every neglect of the duty it has a right to expect, every perverse word, every action of stubborn contempt, will leave an impression indelible and agonizing. Even the sullen look will dim the eye of love; and the frown sink into the heart of sensibility.

In a friend, virtue is an indispensable qualification; but in love, virtue must be adorned by an amiable disposition and a good temper, or it can neither deserve nor ensure regard. The qualities that most endear are frequently the least dazzling; the smile of good humour is more impressive than the force of wit.

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

POPULARITY.

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

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

Rank, talents, and learning, when they sink beneath their level, on purpose to gain popularity, will seldom be disappointed of their aim; but they will have little reason to be proud of their acquisition. The conscious dignity of worth must be lost, before such a pitiful ambi-

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

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

Every person at first setting out should study to acquire and display a firmness of character, which will neither bend to undeserved censure, nor be elated with the voice of unmeaning applause: he ought neither to seek nor to shun popularity; but, acting on proper principles, to leave to fortune the event. Without this firm-

ness, man becomes the shuttlecock of opinion—he is bandied about in sport—he shifts with every gale that moves the ocean of life, and never reaches the haven of peace.

STENOGRAPHY.

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

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

“Henry,” observed he, “I am writing shorthand, or as it is frequently called, Stenography, which means the same thing. It is a very ancient and useful art; but we are indebted to modern times for all the perfection to which it

has been brought. I learned it early, and have practised according to various systems, with different degrees of success; but for some years I have confined myself to one, which either my partiality or my reason has taught me to consider as the best; very easy it certainly is. I shall be happy to teach you the method; or when you are old enough, you may learn it yourself without my assistance.

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

“ And should you have the *misfortune* to be an author, from necessity or from choice, you may save much time, by composing at first in Steno-

graphy; and this, likewise, will prevent the visions of fancy from being lost by the irretention of memory.

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

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

THE CARTER AND THE TWO HORSES.

A FABLE.

A FARMER hired a carter, and gave him the charge of two horses, which we shall distinguish by the names of **SURLY** and **SOFTLY**, recommending an attention to feed and dress them well. This trust the carter undertook, and endeavoured to acquit himself with impartiality between the two beasts; but he soon found that **SURLY** was restive and ill-tempered. If he

went to feed him, he was in danger of being bitten; or if he used the curry-comb, he was never safe from being kicked. Sometimes he would neither submit to be led nor driven; if he was wished to go one way, he directly went the other; and, in short, rendered himself so disagreeable by his untractable behaviour, that the carter began to neglect him, and to abridge him of his daily fare and dressing.

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

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

The farmer summoned the carter to a hearing. The servant owned that it was impossible to do his duty by SURLY—he explained the different tempers of the two horses, and their manner of behaviour, which the master indeed well knew;

but he was willing to appear impartial. When he had heard the whole case, he passed this just sentence on SURLY.

“ You ridiculous animal, to talk of duty when you do nothing to deserve love, how can you expect to be treated like SOFTLY? Your whole study seems to be to give the carter uneasiness and trouble; and he wisely leaves you to yourself, that want may bring you to reason. I command him to persevere in this treatment, till you submit; for know that affection cannot be forced by any claims of duty, nor attention secured but by a sense of deserving it.

MORAL.

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

PREJUDICE.

THE CHARACTER OF MELVILLE.

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

MELVILLE was born with few advantages from fortune, but many from nature; and cultivation was not wanting to render the soil as fertile as it was good. The colour of his destiny was early perceptible. At school he united diligence to capacity; and bore away the prize from all his fellows; but as his modesty was still greater than his abilities, those whom he out-

stripped in the literary race, felt themselves safe in depreciating what they could not equal. And because he never wished to assume the least superiority over the most ignorant, prejudice was unwilling to allow that he possessed the merit, for which he would not contend.

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

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

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

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

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

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

REFLECTION.

Wherever PREJUDICE exists, there generosity of sentiment is a stranger, justice is despised, and the heart is dark and gloomy, as the passions that inspire it. In the objects, however, most marked by prejudice, real merit may generally be found: it is the shade that attends the sunshine of worth, and it is often the only return for desert.

THE HYDROSTATICAL LAMP.

PROFESSOR WILSON of Glasgow, in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, gives a very entertaining account of this lamp, which may easily be made and tried. As an exercise for juvenile ingenuity, and to draw the attention to the phenomena of nature, we abridge his description, and the principles on which the appearances are solved.

The hydrostatical lamp consists of a small circular piece of common writing paper, about three-eighths of an inch in diameter, having about a quarter of an inch of soft cotton thread, standing up through a puncture in the middle, by way of a wick.

This being placed on the surface of pure salad oil, contained in a bason or flat glass vessel, is no sooner lighted, than it immediately sails forward in some direction, till it meets the side of the vessel, and afterwards takes a circular course; always bearing up towards the sides of the vessel; and thus performs a number of revolutions.

Mr. Wilson supposes, that these motions arise from the flame which broods over a small portion of the oil, and is only separated from it by the thickness of the paper. The oil, in consequence of being violently heated, must increase in volume, and, on account of the decrease of its specific gravity, must be pressed upwards by a force sufficient to raise part of it above the general level.

But this portion of oil, in its endeavours to ascend, meets with a resistance from the weight of the incumbent lamp, which will determine it, in seeking a vent, to slide from under the lamp in a thin superficial stream. The reaction of this stream of rarefied oil, thus issuing most rapidly and copiously from a particular side of the base of the lamp, must impel the lamp in a contrary direction, and occasion its gyrations.

PATIENCE.

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

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

If you are pleased with the verses, I am gratified.

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

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

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

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

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

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

IBRAHIM AND ADALAIDE.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

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

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

With the anxious eye of dutiful regard, his attendants had long endeavoured to develope the mystery that gave a pensive aspect to the face of majesty; but their researches had always terminated in uncertain conjectures and ineffectual reflections; since future observations had con-

stantly convinced them, that the judgment they had formed was fallacious.

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

The youngest daughter of Hamed, the lovely Adalaide, as far transcended the roses of Damascus, in the bloom of her complexion, and the diamonds of Golconda in the brilliancy of her eyes, as the saffron tinge of the morning exceeds the most perfect imitation of art; or the lucid brightness of the stars that glitter in the celestial canopy, the feeble glare of light that illumines the tomb of the Prophet. And as virtue and innocence had ever been her guides, and her father's wisdom had been transfused into her soul, with the additional charm that delicacy of taste throws over other female perfections, she was the universal object of attraction, and centered the regards of the gay, the splendid, and the young, who fluttered round the throne of Damascus. But her heart would own no partial

affection: the moment that was to decide her destiny was not yet arrived.

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

The delicate restraints and prudent circumspection which maturer years necessarily exact from the virtuous of the tender sex, the death of the Caliph Solyman, and Ibrahim's assumption

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

wishes of your people, and chuse a consort worthy of the exalted line from which you are sprung."

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

With this, Ibrahim hastily arose; and wandering without any determinate view, he inadvertently passed through a door, which Hamed

had by accident left open, and which separated his gardens from those of the palace. As he advanced, without regarding any single object, and pondering on the misery of grandeur, he was suddenly startled by a loud shriek from the lovely Adalaide, who was terrified at the Caliph's unexpected approach, and the visible agitation of his mind. "Dearest Adalaide," exclaimed he, hastening towards her, and receiving her in his arms, "fear not the presence of the purest love, and be not alarmed at the voice of Ibrahim. Is the felicity of our infantine days already forgotten; and shall reason disdain to own the sensations of delight, which innocence taught us mutually to feel? If my remembrance be erased from your breast, Ibrahim has nothing to hope; if he is still regarded by Adalaide, there is nothing that can occasion him a fear. Your father, to whom I have unbosomed myself, has urged me to repress the honest feelings of a genuine affection; and will you too join to deprive that heart of its last consolation, which has only supported the cares of state, and borne the trappings of royalty, that it might the better intitle itself to your regard?"

"Sovereign," replied the lovely daughter of Hamed, trembling with fear, "our childish at-

tachments should, if possible, be forgotten! My heart is averse to the gilded pageantry of state, and my humble birth precludes me from aspiring to royal regard. Though young, I have been accustomed to think; and though Ibrahim in a lower station would command the inviolable affection of Adalaide, as a king he is too exalted to be loved. I have always considered elevated rank as strewing the path of life with splendid misery; and am instructed to believe, that the virtues and the joys flourish most at a distance from the breath of adulation, and the pageantry of a throne. Forgive the freedom of Adalaide; and be as blest as your transcendent virtues merit, or your fondest hopes can wish!"

"Divine Adalaide," replied the Caliph, "the justness of your sentiments, and their congeniality with my own, only serve to inflame my love. The splendors of royalty have no charms for me, if they impede the current of bliss; and any station with Adalaide is superior to the throne of Damascus, deprived of her smiles. I have for some time secretly resolved to resign the sceptre in favour of my brother Alfaron, after having now sufficiently proved that the happiness of my subjects lay nearest my heart; and to retire to a private station, where love

might illumine my future hours, and the charms of Adalaide furnish that bliss which a crown can never bestow. You have confessed, angelic Adalaide! that my rank is the sole obstacle to your affection—Behold, then, in Ibrahim, your equal and your lover; and believe me, the sacrifice of royalty to your regard will never prompt a single sigh!”

“Generous Caliph,” returned Adalaide—her full heart would not permit her to articulate another word; and she fainted in the arms of Ibrahim. While the Caliph was exerting every expedient to restore her, Hamed precipitately entered the garden; and with inexpressible astonishment and concern, beheld the situation of his daughter. Adalaide being recovered by their mutual endeavours, Ibrahim communicated to Hamed the whole that had passed, not concealing his resolution to abdicate the throne; and added, that it would be in vain to attempt by the eloquence of wisdom, any alteration in his views, which were determined and inflexible. Hamed bowed with dutiful submission to what he saw it was impossible to prevent: and in a few days, Ibrahim resigned the badges of power, and his minister Hamed, to his brother Allaron; that he might enjoy, uninterrupted, the more

tranquil empire of love. This secession was at first heard with consternation and dismay; but reason and gratitude soon resuming their place in his people's hearts, his nuptials were celebrated with the strongest demonstrations of ardent attachment, and not a tongue dared to withhold the effusions of praise.

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

VEGETABLES AN ELABORATORY OF AIR.

THE PUPIL AND HIS TUTOR.

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

T. Roses are certainly very delightful to the smell; but the sweetest flowers, you must know, are seldom the most useful. Had we no other vegetables except roses, the air would soon be unfit for respiration, and animals would die.

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

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

I shall premise, that atmospheric air, or the common air we breathe, proves, on analysis, to be an intimate combination of the aërial fluids, which have obtained the names of—1. MEPHITIC, corrupted, a phlogistic air; 2. VITAL,

dephlogisticated, or pure air; and 3. FIXED air*.

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

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

P. Very well, Sir, I shall remember the three kinds of air; and that the first and the last, either singly or conjointly, are improper for respiration. Will you now be pleased to inform me how the second is renewed, of which you say there is a constant consumption?

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

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

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

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

to investigate, conclude that nothing was made in vain.

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

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

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

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

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

In warm climates, the vegetables are ever-green, or animal existence would suffer to a greater degree, than is actually the case. In very cold climates, where plants are few, their use in consequence, is less required.

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

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

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

HARLEY saw this with emotion; for he would not wantonly have injured the most contemptible animal that breathes—he rebuked the unfeeling

youth in the following terms; and the impression which the lecture made was never after effaced from his mind :

“ I am deeply concerned,” said he, “ to observe any one whom I so tenderly love, fond of cruel sport. Do you think that the poor beetle which you are thus agonizing, is incapable of sensation—and if you are aware that it feels pain, as well as you, how can you receive amusement from its torture? Animals, it is true, were formed for the use of man; but reason and humanity forbid us to abuse them. Every creature, not immediately noxious to our kind, ought to be cherished, or at least not injured. The heart of sensibility bleeds for misery wherever it is seen. No amusement can be rational, that is founded on another’s pain.

I know you take delight in bird’s-nesting; I wish to discourage this pursuit too. Consider how little you gain, and how much distress you occasion to some of the most beautiful and lovely of creation’s tribes. You destroy the eggs from which the fond bird hoped to rear an offspring; or, what is still more cruel, you rob her of her young when maternal care and affection are at the highest pitch. Could you possibly conceive what the parent bird must suffer from this depri-

vation, you would be ashamed of your insensibility. The nightingale, robbed of her tender young, is said to sing most sweetly; but it is the plaintive voice of lacerated nature, not the note of joy. It should be heard as the scream of distress; and if you are the cause of it, you ought to apply it to yourself.

“ O then, ye friends of love, and love-taught song,
Spare the soft tribes! this barbarous art forbear!
If on your bosom innocence can win,
Music engage, or piety persuade.”

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

only return you can make. Remember every thing that has life is doomed to suffer and to feel; though its expression of pain may not be capable of being conveyed to your ears.

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

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

DESULTORY THOUGHTS ON EDUCATION.

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

I have lived long enough to see children become fathers; and I have constantly had occasion to lament the shameful inattention of parents, to the permanent interests of their posterity. A smattering of languages, a graceful bow, and a pleasing manner, are deemed sufficient qualifications in youth; and when a boy has attained to these, he is held to have completed his most essential school-acquirements; his genius is then thought too brilliant to brook restraint; and he is turned loose into the world, unprincipled in

morals, ignorant of religion, and a stranger to his duty, both as a man and a citizen.

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

“ Bred only, and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetite,”

they rather invite than awe the dissolute.

That this picture of the youth of both sexes is not overcharged, few will have the temerity to deny; and yet no one chuses to censure or reform his own conduct. A weak partiality carries the parental heart beyond the bounds of rational circumspection. The future happiness of his offspring is often sacrificed to the foolish gratification of the present hour; and the errors of childhood, unchecked in their birth, are

suffered to become habits of the soul. The resolution, indeed, of correcting, what even the blindness of partiality cannot overlook, may be sincere; but it is deferred till some remoter period, from an idea equally false and fatal, that the propensities of infancy may be easily turned into a proper channel, when reason becomes strong enough to feel the force, and see the propriety of admonition. But let it be remembered, that errors early sown, “grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength;” and that it is as difficult to divert the early bias of the mind, as to direct the headlong river an ascending course.

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

Habits are easily contracted, but hard to be eradicated; and principles early imbibed are much more likely to be permanent than those

which are late taken up, though under the boasted empire of reason. The human mind is capable of receiving any impression; and the first seldom fails to be perceptible through life, whatever succeeding ones, passion or reflection may endeavour to superinduce.

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

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

But, alas! such knowledge is seldom considered as a branch of human learning; for such notions are become antiquated, or thought unnecessary. Superficial acquirements usurp the place of essential endowments. Youth is furnished with words independent of ideas; a few mechanical accomplishments of the body are

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

The useful should never be sacrificed to the ornamental, nor the real to the specious. The qualities of the mind are of infinitely greater consequence than those of the body; and henceforth, let no one be regarded as an affectionate parent, or a faithful tutor, who forgets that religion, virtue, and benevolence, are in reality the most decorous, as well as the most beneficial branches of human acquirement.

CIVILITY AND POLITENESS.

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

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

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

“A complaisant behaviour, and a constant desire of obliging, attracts the regard, and

rivets the affections of mankind, beyond all the talents and advantages that can be put in competition with them. Without those amiable qualities, learning becomes pedantry, beauty is disgusting, and superiority savours of pride.

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

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

conceal the deficiency from vulgar eyes. Besides, civility is one of the chief arts of strewing the rugged path of life with flowers. The attentions it pays are returned with interest; and life is sweetened by its smiles.

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

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF DR. RICHARD
BUSBY, MASTER OF WESTMINSTER
SCHOOL.

IT has been said by a wise and elegant ancient writer; “ that to instruct youth well, is to perform the most essential service to the state.” The truth of this maxim has never been disputed. The learned and faithful guides of our early days are entitled to no small degree of consideration

in a public view, nor will any one pretend to say, that they are undeserving of an adequate public reward; but if the former is paid them by a discerning few, the latter, alas! has seldom fallen to their lot. There are thousands of melancholy instances, where a person, after devoting those years which are most valuable in the life of man to the education of the rising generation, has been overlooked in the distribution of favours and preferment; while the pert, the idle, the ignorant, and the intriguing, have reaped those emoluments, without merit, and almost without effort, which ought to have been exclusively bestowed on genius, diligence, and worth.

In a miscellany intended for the instruction and amusement of youth, it cannot be improper to give the leading traits in the life of a man who was a pattern of faithful assiduity in the discharge of his duty as a master; and it may serve to stimulate laudable exertion in this very useful and honourable line of employment, to reflect that he was at once respected and remunerated for his toils. May such success be more frequent; and the reflections on neglect, which truth at present warrants, be considered by posterity as either obsolete or unjust!

Richard Busby was descended from a genteel family, and first saw the light on the 22nd of September, 1606. His birth-place was Lutton, in Lincolnshire; but it appears that his family was generally resident in Westminster. What indications he gave of genius or industry in his boyish days are now unknown. He was entered a king's scholar of Westminster school at the usual age, and passed through the several classes with applause. There cannot be a doubt entertained but that he was a most excellent classical scholar, and on this, every other branch of education has generally been known to hinge. We will not indeed pretend to say, but that genius and industry may sometimes outstrip the regular forms of institution, and overcome original neglect; but this is rather to be hoped for than expected. To be well grounded in school learning, is the safest and readiest road to eminence and distinction, in every science and in every sphere of action.

From Westminster he was removed to Christchurch, Oxford, where he soon made himself conspicuous by his powers of elocution, and gained no small applause for his abilities as an actor, in a play performed by the students of that society before the royal family in 1636.

Having taken his degree of master in arts, after some inferior pieces of preferment, he was admitted to the prebend and rectory of Cudworth, in the church of Wells, in 1639. During the civil wars he lost the emoluments annexed to this appointment; but continued to retain his studentship at Oxford, and other preferments.

On December 13th, 1640, he was chosen master of Westminster school; and never was more judgment displayed in the appointment. By the most laborious diligence, the most consummate skill, and unwearied perseverance, he proved how worthy he was of this important office. In the long period of fifty-five years, during which, he presided over this excellent seminary; he reared such a number of eminent men of two generations, as no person besides had ever the honour of enumerating among his pupils.

But before we characterize him as an instructor of youth, let us trace his preferments, which were the legitimate fruits of his meritorious labours. At the coronation of Charles II. he had the honour of carrying the ampulla, or vessel containing the consecrated oil, and that prince conferred on him a prebend of Westminster; and very soon after he was appointed

treasurer and canon residentiary of Wells. These were the highest dignities he ever possessed; and indeed the direction of his talents, and the honourable competence they procured, rendered more unnecessary, as far as comfort and independence were concerned. His ambition was directed in another channel—to be the first school-master in England; and to see the youths he had bred, filling the most important stations in church and state with credit to themselves, which, of consequence, reflected lustre on him.

After attaining to great longevity, free from the infirmities of advanced age, and blessed with uninterrupted health, which may partly be ascribed to uniform temperance, and partly to strength of constitution, he departed this life, April 6th, 1695, in his eighty-ninth year, and was buried in Westminster-abbey, where an elegant monument is erected to his memory, with an appropriate Latin inscription.

As the conductor of a classical seminary, no person ever gained higher or more deserved reputation than Busby. He seemed born for this arduous profession, and to place his sole pleasure in his duty. Vigilant and sagacious, he was remarkably quick in discovering the

latent spark of genius, and the bent of his pupils' minds; and no less industrious in directing them to the best and most advantageous ends. He was a father to the deserving; and extending his concern beyond the partial attachment created at school, he not only trained up youth for important stations, but with affectionate zeal recommended them to the attention of the world, that their talents might not be lost. Those who had been under his tuition came forth at once accomplished scholars and eloquent speakers. He instilled into their tender minds the best principles, and sent them abroad as champions of church and state. The reputation into which he raised the seminary over which he so long presided, has not yet spent its force, and we trust the effects of it will be perpetual. He first waked an emulation to excel: his successors have constantly been obliged to keep in their eye this great archetype; and the scholars can scarcely forget what eminent men have issued from this establishment, whose steps it is their glory to follow.

Impartiality, however, obliges us to admit, that Busby was not wholly free from defects in his magisterial capacity. Though sufficiently kind to the ingenious and deserving, he was inflexibly

severe, not only to voluntary lapses or foibles, but to ignorance and want of capacity. It is said he never had but one boy under his care, who escaped a flagellation from his hands. If this be a fact, it shows how much better effects the former rigid discipline produced than the present indiscriminate lenity. Yet surely moderation ought to be used; and we will venture to assert, that more have been confirmed block-heads or vicious characters, by the too liberal application of the rod, than ever were improved, or reclaimed by it. We are wholly the creatures of habit; and he who when a child has been accustomed to flogging for every trifling omission or offence, will, in time, learn to disregard it; and, what is still worse, will lose that honourable sense of shame, which is the best preservative of virtue.

So remarkably tenacious was Busby, however, of his pedagogical authority, that the following laughable anecdote has been preserved of the extreme to which he carried it. Charles the II. who respected him, having looked into the school, during the hours of business, found the master engaged in his vocation with his hat on, as was usual in those days. With all the stiffness of a primitive quaker, he kept the covering on

his head, during his majesty's stay; and after attending him to the door, apologized for the apparent want of respect, by observing, "that if his scholars thought there was a greater man in the world than himself, they would not obey him."

Having considered him as a master, we now advert to his character as a man. During his long and useful life, he accumulated great riches, and he spent them in the most laudable manner. He devoted a considerable part to the encouragement of genius and piety, to the relief of the poor, and to the repair of churches. He was charitable and benevolent in his lifetime, and his posthumous benefactions show how eager he was to serve the less fortunate of the clerical profession, to the end of time. He vested a considerable estate in Buckinghamshire in the hands of trustees, for annual allowances to such clergymen as should not have an income of fifty pounds per annum, for reading a certain number of lectures on the church catechism in their respective cures; and in order to make this charity more extensively beneficial, he ordered the appointment to be annual. Such were the life and character of Dr. Richard Busby; a man who will be remembered as long

as learning has a patron, or education a professor.

FRUGALITY.

THE CHARACTER OF SIMPLEX.

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

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

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

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

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

CASH, Dr.

CASH, Cr.

To one year's allowance, *£. s. d.* 2 12 0

	<i>£.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
By a Bible - - - - -	0	4	0
By a Robinson Crusoe - - - - -	0	2	6
By expenses at a philosophical lecture	0	1	6
By shews of wild beasts at fairs - -	0	1	6
By charity to old soldiers and disabled sailors - - - - -	0	4	6
By subscription to set up a poor fruit woman - - - - -	0	2	6
By present to a man who had lost his cow - - - - -	0	2	6
By servants for many favours - - -	0	3	6
By sundry playthings - - - - -	0	5	0
By fruits, tarts, &c. - - - - -	0	3	6
By a silver watch - - - - -	1	1	0

£. 2 12 0

£. 2 12 0

FRUGALITY.

23

MEMOIRS OF A CORNISH CURATE.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

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

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

enable them to provide, for the contingency of a numerous offspring.

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

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

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

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

was now become the object of universal admiration in the university; my future greatness was prognosticated in the most flattering terms, as one who would be an honour to literature, and a luminary in the church; but those compliments, however soothing to the youthful bosom, only operated to distress me. The less assiduous could not endure me to bear away the palm of genius, on every public occasion; and the proud, the honoured, and the great, began to affect a supercilious contempt in my presence, which I am confident was neither sanctioned by their situations, nor deserved by my general conduct.

The charms of science, and the maxims of philosophy, could neither inspire me with fortitude, nor lull my sensibility. Too partial, perhaps, to my own merit, I was impatient of the slightest appearance of disrespect; and my feelings were, about this time, put to a most severe trial, by the death of my father, after so short an illness, that I was prevented from receiving his last benediction. This calamity more deeply affected me than all my subsequent misfortunes: it was the first I ever suffered, and the keen edge of delicate sensibility had not yet been blunted, by a frequent repetition of misery. I resigned

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

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

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

To engage in the most sacred of all offices, without a more laudable view, may perhaps be excused in the eyes of an unthinking world; but must certainly render a man highly culpable in the sight of Heaven; and though I am not conscious of ever disgracing my profession, except my poverty and misfortunes should be imputed

as crimes, I have often reflected with shame, that I was not influenced by worthier motives.

Having assumed the sacred habit, I set out for my native place, with a pain and reluctance I had never before experienced. I reflected, that I was now, not only bidding adieu for ever to the seats of the muses, and leaving behind me some valuable acquaintances, to whom I was attached by a similarity of taste; but had likewise the melancholy consideration to support, that I had no longer a father to receive me in his longing arms, nor a faithful friend to guard me from the deceptions of the world. At the sight of my native mansion, the tears gushed involuntarily from my eyes. I was overcome with contending passions; and could scarcely support myself into the room where my relations were ready to receive me, before I fell lifeless on the floor, and enjoyed a temporary suspension of thought, and a consequent relaxation from anguish.

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

to bless God that I was safe, and that she had lived to see me in Holy Orders.

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

To alleviate the grief occasioned by a beloved partner's loss, my mother had requested the company of a young lady named Olivia, the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman. She

had often visited in our family; and, being nearly of my own age, was my constant companion in every childish pursuit: but, as the impression on the breast of infancy is evanescent as the morning dew, or the bloom of the rose, her remembrance had been almost effaced from my mind; and during the time which we had recently spent together, I had not felt a single emotion in her favour, nor treated her with more attention, than the fair, the lovely, and the young, have always a right to expect from the manly and the cultivated mind.

It being now the vernal season, I happened, one fine serene evening, to rove, with a book in my hand, to a considerable distance from home; till finding the shades of night suddenly surrounding me, I hastened to return. My nearest way was through tangled woods, and unfrequented paths, and to this I gave the preference; but before I had proceeded far, a female voice resounded from a neighbouring copse. Shrieks, entreaties, and prayers, which became more languid as I approached, seemed to be poured out in vain; and the voice died away in broken murmurs. With all the expedition that humanity could inspire, I flew towards the place; but judge my surprise and sensations, when I

beheld Olivia, struggling in my brother's arms, and seemingly overcome by her exertions! At the sight of such an unwelcome intruder, my brother seemed confounded with shame: he instantly forsook his lovely prize; and, with eyes darting indignation, quitted the spot, without uttering a single word.

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

claimed I, with all the enthusiasm of love; “the hand of Heaven seems conspicuous in this deliverance; and if I may presume to express the wish that lies nearest my heart—may the same power make me the everlasting guardian of that virtue, which I have so providentially been enabled to save!”—“My deliverer,” sweetly returned the ingenuous fair, “is entitled to every acknowledgment I can make; conduct me to my father, and lodge under his sheltering roof, the child who is at his disposal.” With this requisition I immediately complied; and as we agreed that it would be prudent to conceal the rude assault of my brother, which the malevolent world might have represented as more serious than it really was, we resolved to ascribe the lateness of our arrival to the fineness of the evening, and the charms of the season, which had tempted us to linger beyond our intended time.

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

Next morning I took leave of Olivia and her

father; and during my walk, felt a dejection of mind, and a heaviness of heart, which could not have been exceeded, had I been the perpetrator of villainy, instead of the protector of innocence. The mind seems often prophetic of its own fate, and intuitively to foresee the storm that futurity is about to disclose. I approached my brother with looks of pity rather than indignation; but before I could utter a single word, unlocking his bureau—"Receive," says he, "your patrimony, and immediately quit the house. I disclaim for a brother, the wretch who can frustrate my wishes, merely to gratify his own, under the still more detestable mask of sentimental hypocrisy!" Stung to the soul, I replied, "The Power who sees the rectitude of my views, and by my means has defeated the villainy of your's, will abundantly provide for me! I renounce an alliance with your ignominy, with the same pleasure as you disclaim me for a brother: but let me caution you to beware, lest your passions precipitate you into irretrievable ruin!" With these words, I rushed into my mother's apartment; and, falling on my knees, besought her benediction, before the opportunity was for ever closed. Too well acquainted with what had passed, she bathed my face with

her tears; and bewailing her hapless situation, encouraged me to hope for a speedy reconciliation, bidding me rely on her unalterable love.

Alas! she lived but a very short time to realize her wishes; for, within three weeks, she fell a martyr to her grief, occasioned by the brutal insolence of my brother, in consequence of her partiality for me.

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

village about three miles distant, was in instant want of a clerical assistant.

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

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

After vainly endeavouring to obtain another curacy, and being disappointed in my expectations of a small living, by the machinations of my brother, who was now become abandoned, both in principles and conduct, Olivia's father was attacked by a paralytic stroke, which compelled him to resign the care of his church to me. The whole amount of his living did not exceed four-score pounds a year; and consequently little could be allowed for the maintenance of a curate. My Olivia was again pregnant; when I found, that exclusive of some trifling articles of furniture and books, I had scarcely one hundred pounds left: and, to add to my distress, a second paralytic stroke, and soon after that a third, deprived me of a valuable friend, whose effects, when disposed of, and his debts discharged, produced only about three-score pounds, for his daughter's portion.

Being now destitute of every friend, my brother remaining irreconcilably inveterate, and a native bashfulness of disposition, for which the world is not always candid enough to make proper allowances, having prevented me from extending my connections, or securing a powerful patron, I was in such a distressed situation, that

my mind began to sink beneath its burthen, and to become weary of struggling with fate.

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

To D—— I immediately removed with my dearest Olivia, whose kind solicitude for me was the only consolation of my life; and who, far from blaming me for that anxiety which continually clouded my aspect, kindly sympathised in my griefs, and endeavoured by the most endearing fondness to reconcile me to life. Sir Thomas S——, by whose interposition I had obtained my present establishment, likewise contributed all in his power to render my situation easy; continually loading the children with presents, and offering me the loan of any sum, for which I might have occasion. Of this last

offer, I imprudently and fatally availed myself, by borrowing two hundred pounds. To corroborate our good opinion of his generosity, however, he bade me make myself perfectly easy in my situation; for, on the present incumbent's death, the living should instantly be mine. I thanked him with an ardour that mocked the expressions of form. But, alas! I had to deal with a man of the world; and found too soon, that I had nothing to hope, and that I had poured forth my gratitude, where my execrations only were due.

This unprincipled young man was our constant visitor, and encouraged our extravagance, merely that he might have an opportunity of supplying our wants. My Olivia was charmed with his condescension; and, as virtue cannot readily suspect that artifice which it never practised, she congratulated me—she congratulated herself and children—on the advantages we were likely to derive from a friendship, which neither of us could suppose to be interested, or base. The contrary, however, soon appeared! Olivia, whose beauty was rather improved than diminished, was invited to celebrate with me a Christmas festival at Sir Thomas's. A blameable politeness to my supposed friend, easily

induced me to drink more plentifully of the wine, with which his board was profusely covered, than my constitution and habits would bear; and as I soon felt its effects, I was conveyed to bed, in a state of ebriety and stupefaction. On Olivia, he likewise had the same shameful design; but, guarded by the laws of delicate propriety, she resisted his most earnest solicitations. However, as he attached himself entirely to her, his parasites and dependants, who saw plainly that he had views upon her virtue, retired one after another, leaving Olivia and him together. Immediately on this, he shut the door; and beseeching her attention for a few minutes, to an affair which nearly concerned his happiness, he began to insult her with the most violent protestations of love, and swore, that if she would not return his passion he should never see another happy hour; adding, that she might command his fortune and his life, and that what he had already conferred, was only a prelude to what he meant to do.

Awakened from her dream of happiness, she sprung up, and, animated with that courage which indignant virtue will ever feel, when it comes in contract with vice, she dared him again to wound her ears with his unhallowed vows;

protesting that his conduct should be made known to an injured husband, who would make him severely repent of his temerity. With all the insolence of conscious superiority, he then opened the door, and with a smile of contempt, informed her, that since she refused his friendship, his fortune, and his love, she should feel the effects of his resentment. These threats, it is evident, the base villain must have prepared to put in execution, previous to his diabolical invitation: for, before I descended next morning to breakfast, I was arrested at his suit on my note for two hundred pounds, which I had pressed him to accept on his lending me that sum; and as it was not in my power to satisfy one half of the demand, I was hurried away to prison.

My prospects were now entirely blasted. Want, ignominy, and disgrace, presented themselves to my view in their most hideous aspects; and I could have laid down my life without a sigh, had not a faithful and affectionate wife, with two infant children, bound me to them with ties of indissoluble regard. My confinement, I was deeply sensible, could only encrease their misery, without a probability of future relief; yet the most unfortunate cannot without reluctance let go those attachments which are

so firmly rooted in the soul, or bid farewell to mortality with a stoical apathy.

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

The pathos of language is too weak to express my sensations: I became delirious, and my own hands had nearly perpetrated a deed, which my soul abhors—for now I had no more to lose! And, gracious Heaven! if at that trying juncture, I arraigned thy justice, forgive me! for affliction laid its iron hand too heavy upon me. By degrees I fell into a settled despondency; and, since I entered this miserable room, four years have rolled away their melancholy hours, in

which I have hardly beheld the face of a friend, or been soothed by the voice of a relation. The intrigues of my unnatural brother, who leagued with Sir Thomas, on account of his cruelty to me, have prevented me from obtaining my release; and seem to have shut the gates of mercy on my fate. My only expectation of deliverance is by the hand of death, for whose speedy approach, my prayers are continually offered up. When that happy period arrives, my soul shall soar above its enemies; and leaving resentment entirely behind, shall taste that fruition, for which my misfortunes here, will give it the higher relish.

From my melancholy tale, however, which I have ardently desired to publish before its authenticity could be disputed, let the sons of wealth and pleasure learn to reflect, while they enjoy the completion of their every wish, that there are many wretches, like me, whom their licentiousness ruins, and whom their benevolence might save! let those whom the charms of science allure to seek the heights of fame, timely consider, that learning is seldom the path to preferment, and that silent merit may sink unnoticed in the grave! From my fate, too, some defects in the best establishments may, perhaps,

be traced; and the depositaries of preferment and promotion be brought to allow, that due regard ought to be paid to the virtuous and the modest in every sphere of life; and that the road to honours and emoluments should not be so commonly as it is, through the gate of superior address and unblushing assurance.

HISTORY.

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

Hence retrospective knowledge has been rapidly diffused; and an acquaintance with historical evidence is no longer confined to the learned, but may be found among the lowest ranks of the people. The cobbler will now des-

cant on events in days of yore, regulate the balance of power, and lay down the principles of liberty; at the same time that he is ignorant of what is passing at the next door, has no power to adjust, but to keep his share of custom from being carried to the next stall, and feels the only liberty he enjoys, is to work or starve.

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

For what does History in general present to a contemplative mind!—A disgusting detail of follies and of crimes; of the insolence of power, and the degradation and misery of our kind. It records wars that have swept the earth with the scourge of desolation; it harasses our feelings with massacres, at which humanity turns pale; it tortures our minds with the recitals of inquisitions and persecutions, for no other crime but worshipping God, according to the dictates of

one's own conscience; it displays elevated rank and power, too frequently disgraced by atrocities that freeze us with horror, or by wanton and capricious follies, that sicken and disgust.

Who are the most prominent portraits on the canvas of History?—The blood-stained tyrant, the factious partisan, and the most abandoned enemies of virtue and of man. Can such characters instruct by example? Unless to avoid their errors and their crimes, it had been better if their fame had perished with them.

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

The maxim of *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* is often fatal to the best interests of the living. I could wish to see the *illustrious* enemies of human nature, painted in their true colours, and in tints that

could not allure. I would brand them as criminals, in order to warn others; while none but the real benefactors of their kind should be held up to admiration, or honoured with applause.

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

After all, under the guidance of sound judgment and the dictates of virtue, History is unquestionably a very necessary as well as ornamental branch of knowledge; and if we must not ever expect to see it treated in the manner I recommend, we may at least render it innoxious, even in its present form, by the counter-acting agency of religion and morals.

EVASION ALLIED TO FALSHOOD.

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

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

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

which of itself might have deserved indulgence, as originating from inadvertence.

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

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

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

The youth hung his head in silent conviction of his error; and was ever after distinguished for a generous scorn of evasion or falshood,

which gained him that lasting respect which a strict regard to veracity so richly deserves, and so certainly acquires.

GAME OF TWENTY.

TUTOR AND PUPIL.

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

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

T. Fix your thoughts on something familiar by use. We should always proceed by degrees

from what is simple, to what is more difficult.

P. I have fixed, Sir.

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

A. It is animal and vegetable, I believe.

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

P. It must be what I say.

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

A. Artificial.

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

A. Use, chiefly.

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

A. Neither.

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

A. In domestic œconomy.

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

A. By night.

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

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

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

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

Take an example of another kind, in confirmation of the preceding remark.

Q. THINK of some great man we have read of, and I will tell you who he is, in ten questions.

A. I have thought.

Q. Did he live before our Saviour?

A. Yes.

Q. Was he a Grecian?

A. No.

Q. A Roman?

A. Yes.

Q. Was he a warrior, a statesman, or a literary character?

A. I shall call him a statesman.

Q. Did he live before Carthage was destroyed?

A. I don't this instant recollect.—Oh—I remember now—It was after that event.

Q. Did he study to correct morals, particularly?

A. Not particularly.—You are thinking of Cato the censor?

Q. I own it—but don't you change?

A. Do you doubt my truth?

Q. Was he eloquent?

A. Yes.

Q. He spoke against Cataline; did he not?

A. I see you have it.

Q. It was Cicero.

A. Right.—You have performed your promise.

MODESTY AND CONTENTMENT,
 EXEMPLIFIED IN THE
 HISTORY OF A COUNTRY APOTHECARY.

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

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

whose amiable life and manners illustrate my remarks, and sanction my partiality for his character.

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

The landlord being called, I enquired what medical assistance the town could supply. "We

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

perhaps his abilities may be sufficient to give me ease."

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

This declaration gave me a more exalted opinion of my attendant, than if he had boasted

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

union was dissolved at school, my history, I am well aware, is a secret to my STANLEY.

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

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

“ My guardians (if the world will allow them the appellation) with the small remains of my fortune, saved from their general wreck, put me apprentice to an apothecary in London; and with him I served seven years, as happily as I could possibly desire. I will not attempt to delineate the character of this worthy man, whom I revered as a father, and loved as a friend. He is now beyond the reach of my censure or

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

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

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

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

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

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

have had many friends among the poor; and to them I have reciprocally proved myself a friend.

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

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

“ *Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret.* I have acted conformably to my disposition; I have made my election, and am content. I feel more internal peace, than I could have gained by the adoption of your maxims; and what has a

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

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

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

In a few days I was perfectly restored, by the skill and attention of MONTFORD. I pressed him to accompany me, and participate of my

fortune; but he delicately declined the acceptance of my offers. "There are some here who might miss me, poor as I am. I receive with gratitude your proffered kindness to my children—but for myself, I am happy, and what has my STANLEY more to confer?"

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

NEGRO SLAVERY.*

AN APOSTROPHE.

WHAT must the feelings of that man be, who can engage in a traffic, at once repugnant to the calls of humanity, and the precepts of religion—the barbarous traffic in human blood! Who can tear the simple negro from his country,

* The author enters into no arguments, respecting the *policy* or the *justice* of slavery. His simple effusions of the heart on this subject, will never be seen by those whom he pities, and will be disregarded by those whom he censures.

his attachments, and his bliss—who can load him with irons, to secure that dependance which his free-born spirit disdains—and who, instead of soothing the anguish of keen sensibility, enforces his obedience with menaces and whips!

Ye harmless natives of Africa, what have ye done, to deserve being marked out, as the victims of European, I dare not say Christian avarice? Ye whom Providence has separated from us by oceans and continents, why should you be dragged from your native woods, to smart under the lash of those to whom ye owe no allegiance, and to fatten with your blood, a soil from which ye reap no increase! Is it that luxury may riot on the sweat of your brow, that inhumanity may wallow in affluence, earned by your stripes; or is it, great and eternal God! to fill up the measure of our crimes, that thou permittest this flagrant violation of thy laws?

Alas! commerce, the nurse of the blackest enormities, the frequent source of war and devastation, is your bane, and may eventually be our ruin. Our forefathers were once as simple and as ignorant as you; but they loved their country, they staid at home; while we, their offspring, disgrace it, wherever we extend our intercourse. In vain shall we tell you of a pure

religion, of a future judgment, of an impartial retribution. Those with whom you are unfortunately connected, prove too sensibly by their conduct, that their belief has no influence on their practice. In vain shall we tell you, that misery is the growth of every climate, and that you are no more wretched in a foreign land, than you would be in your own. Nature and reason abjure the flimsy pretext. In your breasts the love of your country flows as warm as in our's; and who was ever brought to regard eternal banishment, as an agreeable alternative for any thing less than death! Besides, our avarice is the grand original source of all your ills. We excite the sordid passions of robbery and gain in the bosoms of your chiefs; and then direct them as engines to produce our own interest, and your ruin! Aggravated infamy! unparalleled barbarity! To spread devastation, and to exult in its progress—to sow the seeds of guilt, and to reap with joy the full harvest of our iniquity!

To you, my countrymen, permit me now to appeal. Renowned for all the arts that can embellish life, for all the powers that can render friendship valuable, or enmity dreadful; blessed, in general, with hearts to feel for distress, and with hands ready to relieve it,—why, when thus

happy, thus great, and thus amiable, will you suffer the national glory to be tarnished, by the inhuman avarice of a worthless few!

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

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

duce to your interest, your happiness, and your credit.

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

SUSPICION.

THE FATE OF HILARUS.

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

This is no very honourable acknowledgment; but it is evidently made, when a person doubts the purity of others motives or actions, or questions their integrity, without the clearest conviction.

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

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

When suspicions, which no circumspection can remove, sully the untainted character, in spite of better reason, it naturally yields to its fate; and soon, either becomes tinged with

the hue in which it has been so uncharitably dipped, or lost in the apathy of indifference.

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

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

His mother, whenever he was absent from her sight, began to receive him on his return, with a harsh lecture on prudence, though he had never been known nor suspected to swerve from its dictates. She insinuated injurious opinions against his companions; and recommended mor-

tifications, neither natural nor reasonable. Her maternal fondness might render her vigilant to check the appearance of real errors or crimes—her duty bound her to this; but her indiscreet suspicions and cautions gave HILARUS the very first idea of their existence in the world.

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

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

This apparent change confirmed his mother in her suspicions. When jealous doubts have once

got possession of the mind, even contraries serve for confirmations of truth. She now proceeded farther to torture herself and him; she made inquiries of low and unprincipled persons, into every part of her son's conduct and connections, on purpose to discover flaws. Her disposition was soon seen, and her humour was flattered: she heard as many hints and inuendoes as satisfied her, she ought to be unhappy; but as for proofs, or even the semblance of probability, they were entirely disregarded.

The attentions she had hitherto shewn to HILARUS's credit and happiness, were now changed to tears and remonstrances; his home became a prison; and his best beloved friends were either coolly treated, or grossly insulted. He tried a thousand times to break through his mother's delusions and prejudices—alas! in vain. His attempts frustrated the intended effect. Absurdity is not to be reasoned with. “He did not love her, or he would give her more of his company—he would leave *this* acquaintance, or form one with *that*.” He loved his mother as he ought, but she little tried to render her society agreeable; and therefore it could not be expected a young man would exclusively confine himself to it. Besides, he knew not what it

was to possess a heart capable of the baseness of treacherously sacrificing any of his friends to unfounded suspicions. He remonstrated against the cruelty and injustice of his mother's notions, both of him and them. He humbly requested to know on what authorities the partial charges were founded. They were only vague surmises, heedless words, or harmless sallies of youth; situations, circumstances, and misrepresentations, without meaning, and therefore incapable of proof; yet these embittered his life; and as he found, after reiterated attempts, that he could not enjoy his rational pursuits without disobliging, by degrees he gave up the desire of obliging. He resigned himself to intemperance and excess of every kind, in order to drown reflection, more than to indulge appetite. He became hardened by the strokes of censure; and, in short, learned from the suspicions he had unjustly suffered, to incur the guilt of every vice with which he had been falsely taxed; and which, had he been left to himself, he would have utterly abhorred, and blushed even to think of.

The mother of HILARUS saw this with anguish, but still ignorantly and wickedly ascribed his perverseness to natural depravity, instead of

assigning it to the true cause. She even prided herself on her prudent advice, and that she had foretold what would happen. Her presages, indeed, followed like cause and effect.—His friends who were capable of forming just and impartial sentiments, lamented the fatal suspicions and impolitic restraints, that had robbed them and society, of a person born to be one of their brightest ornaments.

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

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

REFLECTION.

All ages, and particularly youth, should be treated with a generous confidence, and allured

to right, by making a regard to their happiness the apparent motive of every restraint, which prudence or duty may wish to impose. Whoever is not made happy in his domestic and private intercourse, will soon cease to be inspired with the emulation of desert; and suspicions, however justly indulged, should ever be hinted with the most delicate address. But for these neglects, HILARUS would have been virtuous and happy!

SONNET,

TO TIME.

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

The author is tempted to subjoin the follow-

ing beautiful lines, which were addressed to him, on reading the above SONNET, by an amiable and accomplished Lady, of whose friendship he is justly proud.

Ah! why, my friend, with such keen sense of woe,
Does thy sweet muse attune her plaintive lyre?

Why bid to grief her dulcet numbers flow,
And quench in sorrow's fount her sacred fire?

Alas! I fear, in thy too feeling mind,
Pale melancholy holds her morbid reign;
She round thy lyre her lurid wreath entwin'd,
And bade it breathe so sadly sweet a strain.

Ah! break, my friend, her soul-subduing power;
Nor let her poison ev'ry rising joy;
With anguish she will mark each gloomy hour,
And all thy native energies destroy.

To her dark spells oppose the steady light,
That glows around RELIGION's angel form;
Let mild PHILOSOPHY her beams unite—
Their rays will dissipate each mental storm.

O! think not that for misery thou wast born,
Nor wish to hasten TIME's impetuous flight;
Time yet may bring thee many a cloudless morn,
And many an evening wing'd with calm delight.

Science for thee shall spread her ample page;
Learning her varied stores for thee unfold;
Sweet Poesy thy lighter hours engage,
And sportive Fancy revel uncontrol'd.

What, though the vulgar and illib'ral mind
 Despise that excellence it can't attain;
 Yet 'midst the generous few, by taste refin'd,
 Thy merit a distinguish'd place shall gain.

Ah! waste not then in vain regret those hours,
 Which rightly us'd, will earn thee lasting fame;
 With energy exert thy various powers,
 And TIME shall spread new glories round thy name.

ASPASIA.

TWELVE GOLDEN RULES OF PRUDENT ECONOMY, NECESSARY TO BE STUDIED BY THE YOUNG, THAT THEY MAY PRACTISE THEM WHEN THEY BECOME OLD.

I. WHENEVER you feel yourself disposed to go to the tavern, club, or any place of public or private entertainment, stay at home; and put down under this head, what you reasonably suppose it would have cost you, had you indulged your taste for dissipation or pleasure.

II. When business can be as well dispatched by a letter as by a journey, calculate the difference in the expence, and consider it as clear gain.

III. If under the necessity of taking a journey, compare the expence of going on foot, on horseback, or in a carriage; and whatever you save by altering your usual mode of travelling, is unquestionably so much put into your pocket.

IV. When invited to make one on a party of pleasure, in the vicinity, or to take a distant excursion, not only estimate the money it will cause you to expend, but how much you may save or earn by declining the allurements. Enter this on the credit side of your accounts.

V. When you see any fruit, tarts, trinkets, or toys, which tempt you to draw your purse, but which you can do very well without, pull out as much money as the present object of temptation would cost, and set it apart as so much gained.

VI. If you have more servants, horses, dogs, or carriages, than are necessary, or suitable to your fortune and rank in life, retrench till you barely consult convenience; and in many cases the balance in your favour will be very considerable.

VII. When you ask a party of friends to dinner (for without some society life is insupportable), make out a bill of fare, equally remote from extravagance and meanness; and instead of pressing bumpers, have the good manners and

good sense to let each drink as he likes; by which means your stock of wine will last the longer, and you will save yourself and company a head-ache, or a debauch; besides no inconsiderable charges it would cost you to obtain this poor gratification. N. B. This rule is to be applied to all superfluous domestic expences.

VIII. If you have a taste for showy or useless improvements, to indulge yourself, you may make or get an estimate made of what they would cost; but put the money by, for some more urgent occasion.

IX. When you see your neighbour or equal changing his furniture, or new hanging his rooms, because the fashion has changed, do not be fool enough to copy him; but think how much he spends idly, and estimate what you save wisely.

X. Never lay out your money in dress before it is wanted, on the score of comfort and decency; nor fancy that you gain consequence, in proportion to the expensiveness of your apparel. Only women and beaux value finery; and all the world knows they are laughed at for their extravagance.

XI. Should indolence endeavour to arrest you, rouse yourself manfully; and if you know any honest means of employing a few leisure hours

to advantage, reckon how much you gain by opposing a favourite inclination.

XII. And to conclude: if you have any private expences which may be retrenched, convert them to the service of the poor, or the benefit of your family, if you have one. Thus you will frequently save your pocket, your credit, and your constitution, three things on which a wise and good man still fixes some value, notwithstanding the vicious refinements of the age.

These rules, duly observed, *mutatis mutandis*, according to age, circumstances, and situation, will tend to make men rich and respectable, enable them to do good, and promote long life and happiness.

THE DEAD BLACKBIRD.

I AM charmed, my dear boy, at the sensibility you display for the loss of your bird. Never be ashamed to shed the tear of pity—it is brighter than a gem; and will endear you to every friend of humanity.

I participate in your feelings—I enter into your emotions; and that you may have some

memorial of your lamented favourite, I have tried to express them for you in verse. I think there is a sympathy of mind between us—a congeniality of disposition and sentiment, no less binding than the ties of parent and child; and I wish to live in your thoughts, by as many tender recollections as possible.

Perhaps at the painful moment of separation between you and me—when I too shall cease to breathe or to sing—you may recal this little scene of sorrow; and the concern you now shew is an earnest, I hope, of that filial regard you will then pay to me, though I may be insensible of it.

S O N N E T

ON A

Young Blackbird, that died at Christmas.

'TIS done—sweet bird! with fond assiduous care,
 From callow state I rear'd thee, pleas'd to see
 Thy beak turn yellow*, and thy plumage wear
 The ebon tint* that promis'd minstrelsy.
 By slow degrees thy twittering voice was heard,
 Sweet prelude of thy song, my lov'd, my hop'd reward.

* Signs of a male, to which sex, the song in birds is generally confined.

As flew the months that still the tuneful throat,
 ANTICIPATION dream'd of pleasures near;
 With vernal suns, it bade thy mellow note
 Thrill on my ravish'd and expectant ear.
 But death has chas'd those visions, once so bright—
 No strain of thine shall wake the vernal morn;
 Yet oft affection, with a sad delight,
 Shall list in thee, thy fellows on the thorn.

LETTER

TO

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

DEAREST CHILDREN,

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

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

Mine has been a difficult task; but I have not

swerved from my best attentions to you. Necessity as well as choice made me your preceptor; and I have found it no easy matter to blend the character of father and master; for parental affection often inclines to spare the momentary pain, while magisterial duty sees it necessary, to operate some future good.

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

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

My only consolation is derived from this expectation. I have supported various distress from various causes, animated by the hope alone

of being beneficial to you. Whether I shall live to see my fondest wishes realized, and my labours repaid in your welfare; or whether I shall even be able to discharge the final part of my office as your tutor, your tender age and my situation render precarious and uncertain. To Providence I resign myself without a wish, except what centres in you!

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

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

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

Your most affectionate

FATHER.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

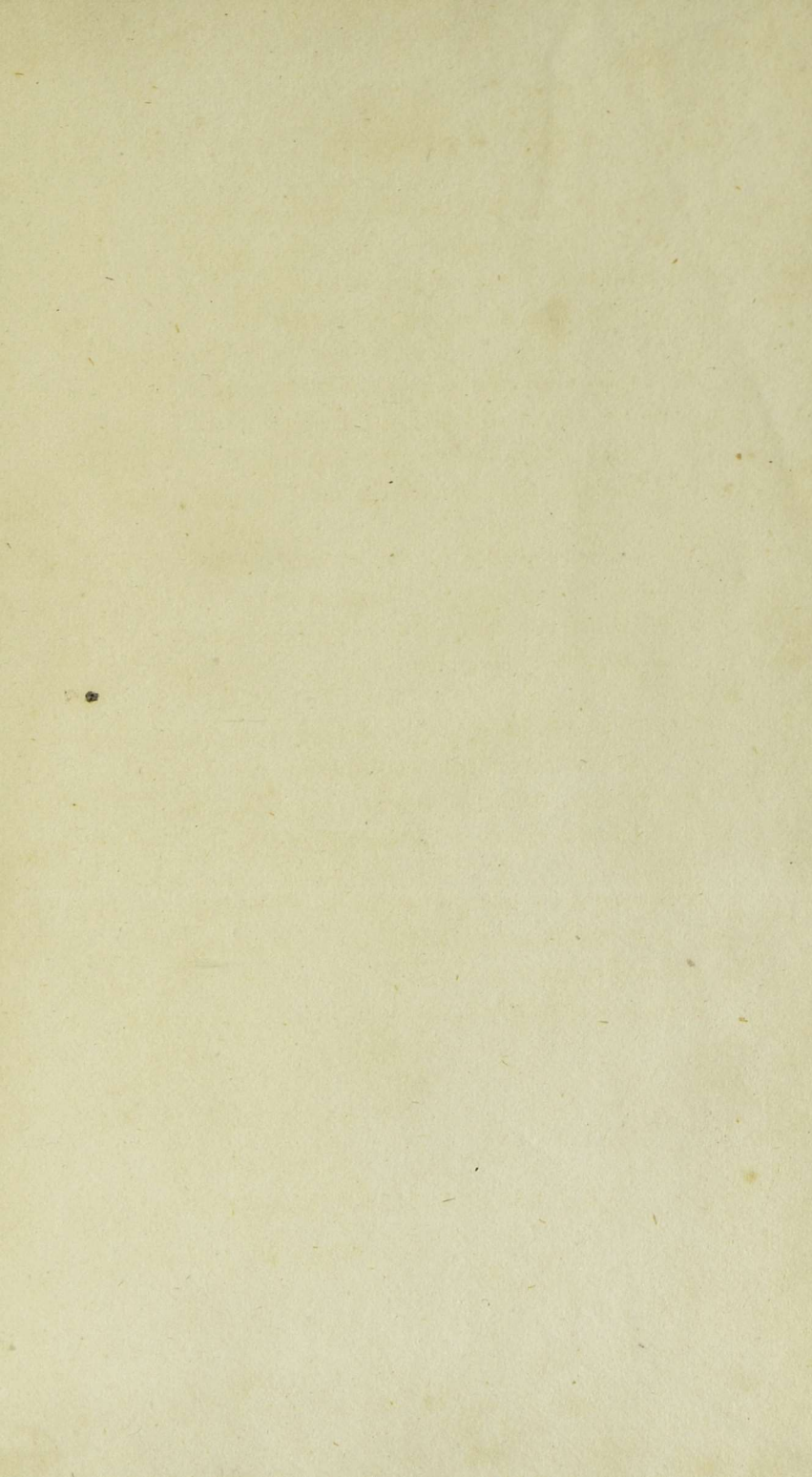
With pity's drop bedew affliction's smart,
With lenient hand the pangs of misery heal;
To mild benevolence resign your heart,
And learn the sacred luxury—to feel.

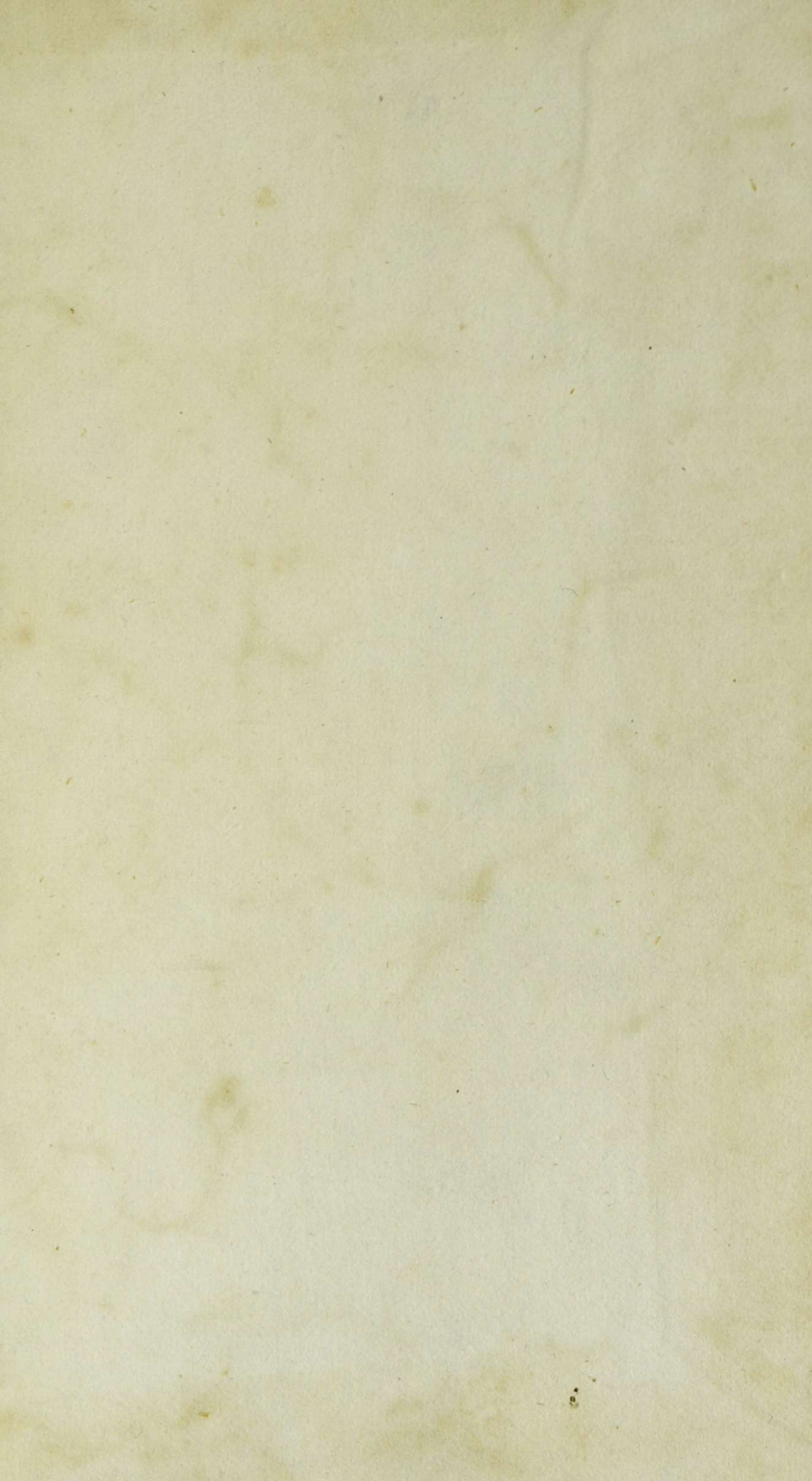
For know, unfriended, many a virtue weeps,
In deep sequester'd solitude forlorn :
And many an eye unceasing vigils keeps,
Whose cherish'd brightness might eclipse the morn.

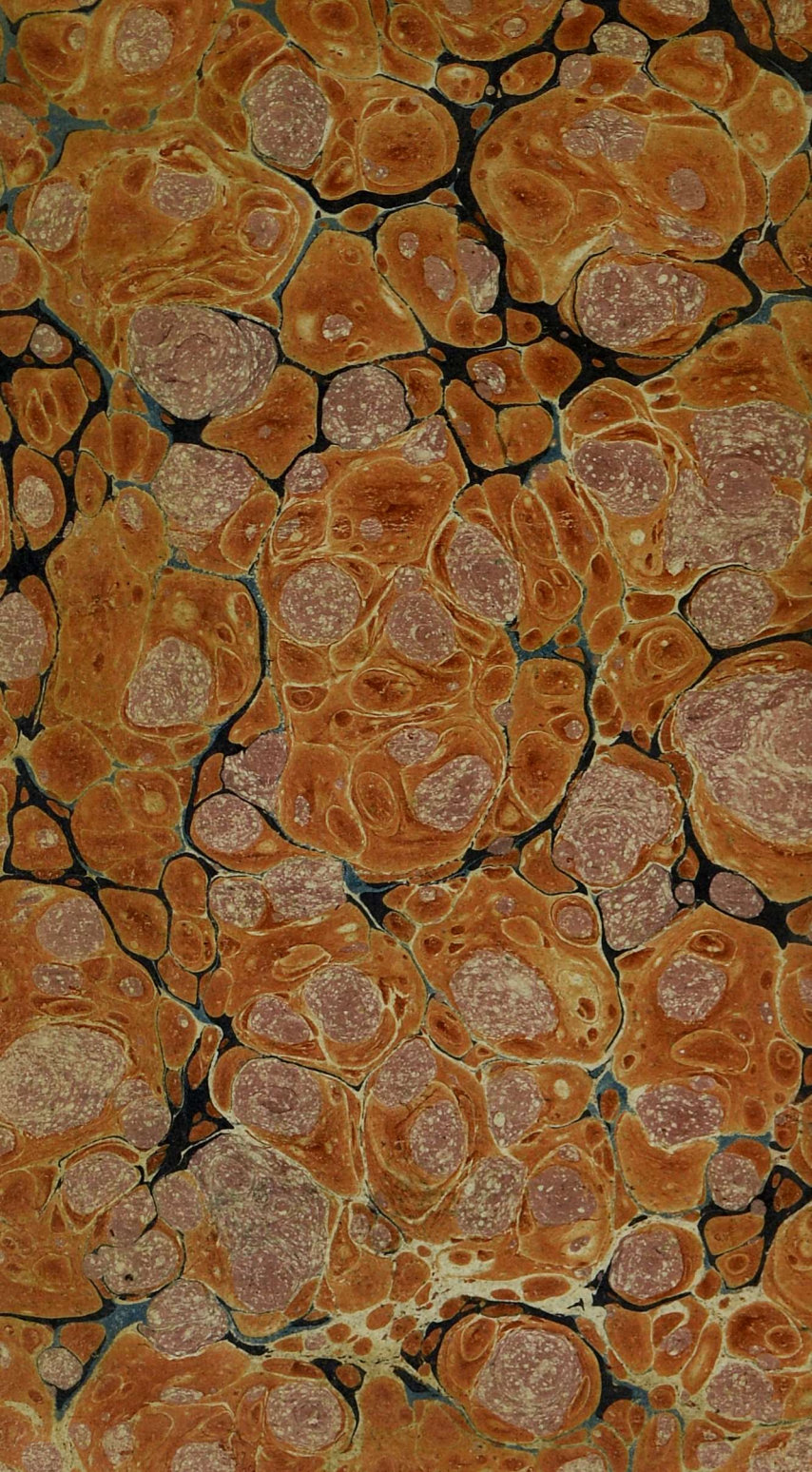
These all have claims upon the favour'd few,
Whom fortune visits with a partial ray ;
These all in grief's expressive language sue,—
O! hear their plaints, and wipe their tears away.

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

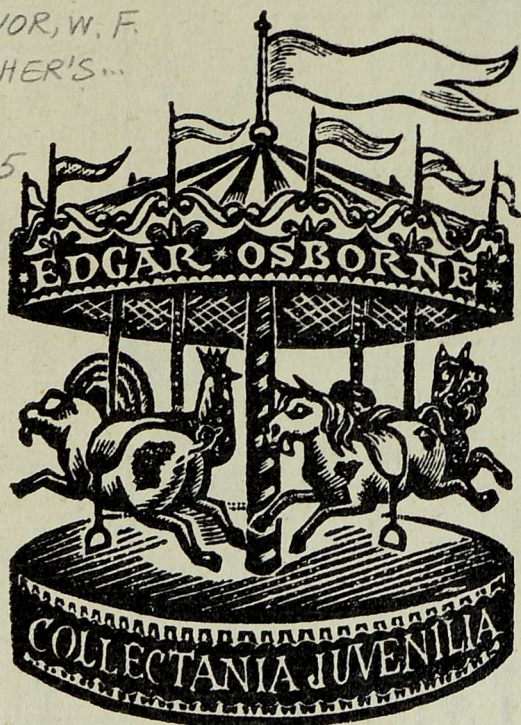
So shall your days through varied life be bless'd,
And smiling peace your guiltless steps surround ;
The soul repose in present good possess'd,
And, time no more, with boundless joy be crown'd.







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