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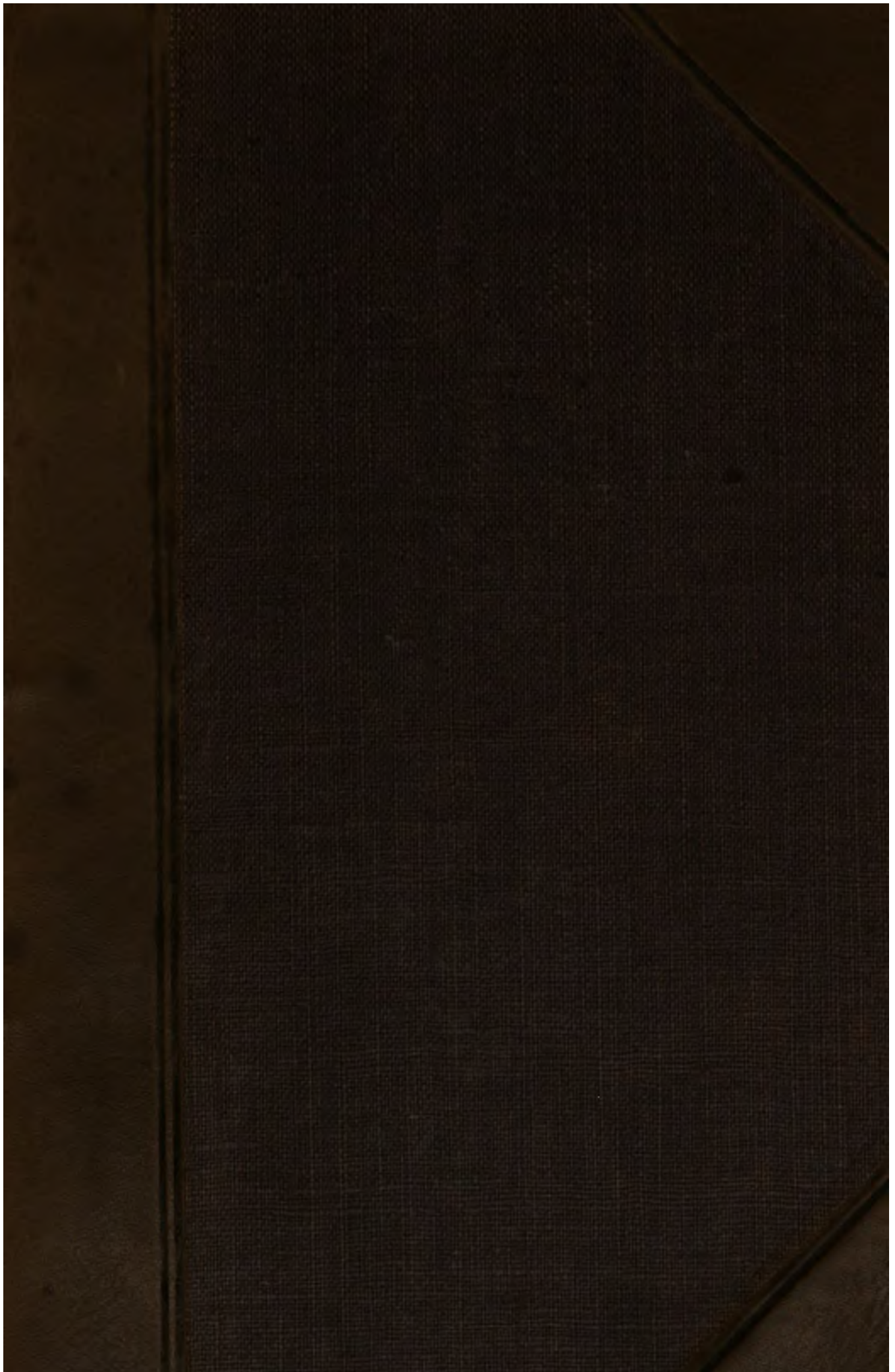
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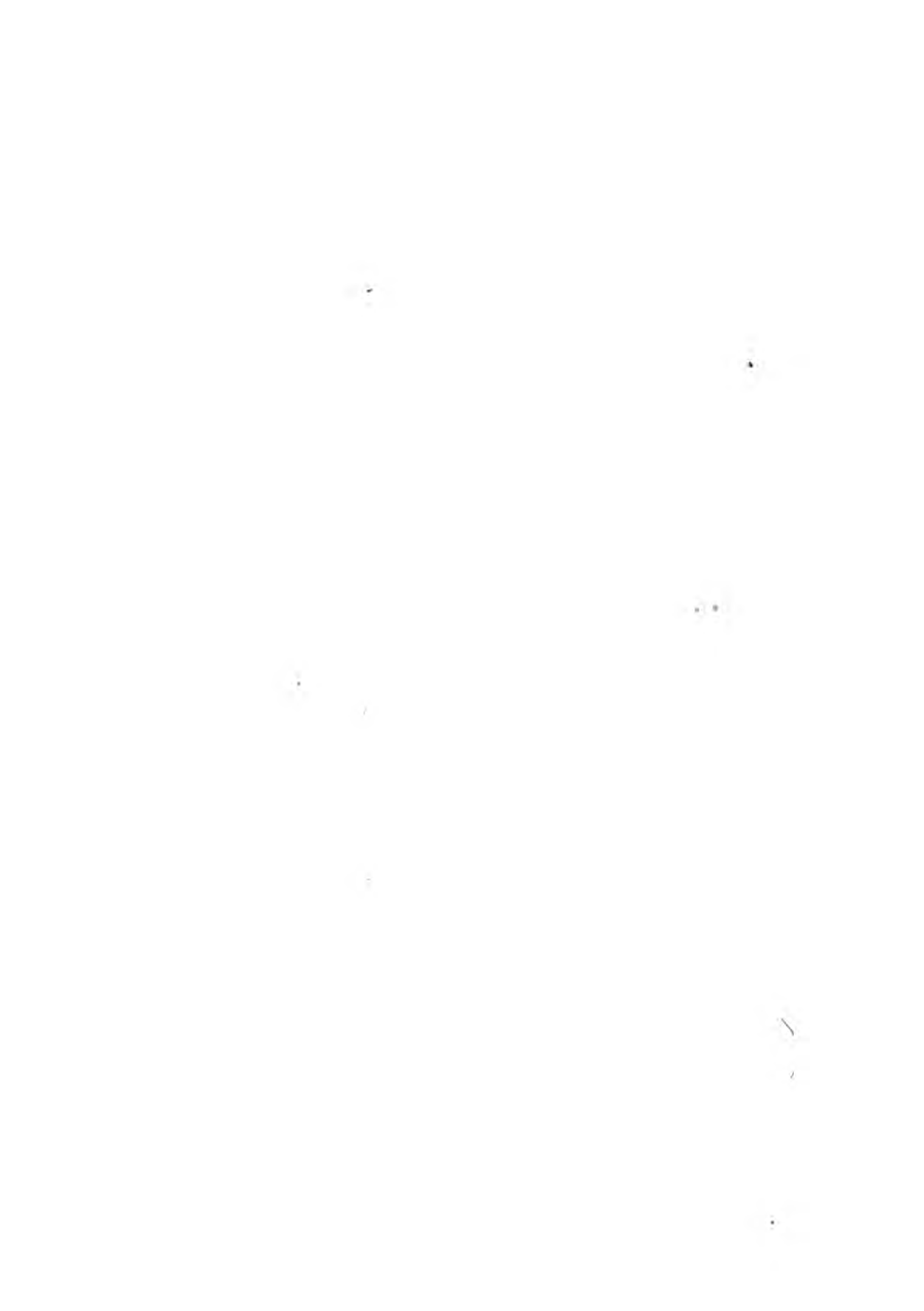


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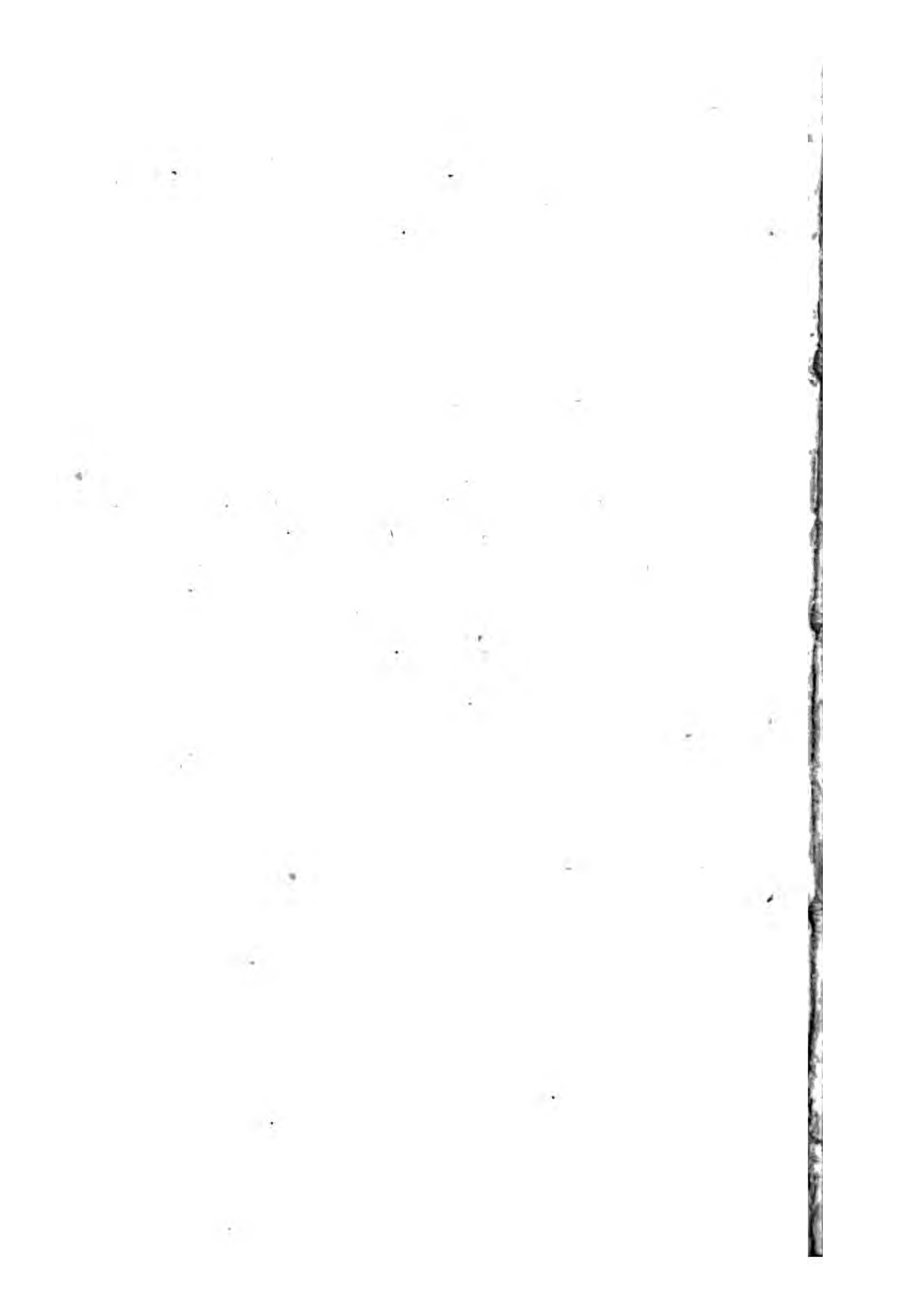
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THE PEDLAR.

BY

C. I. PITT.

(PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.)



THE
PEDLAR.

*A Miscellany; in
Prose and Verse,*

BY

C. I. PITT.

AUTHOR of the AGE a SATIRE, &c.

DEDICATED TO JOHN BULL.



J. K. Porter, del.

Rothwell, sculp.

Published as the Act directs, Jan^y 1796.

I've toys for the Young, and the Old;
As well for the grave as the gay;
I've a pipe, and I pipe like — but hold —
I hope, Sirs, the piper you'll pay.

L O N D O N.

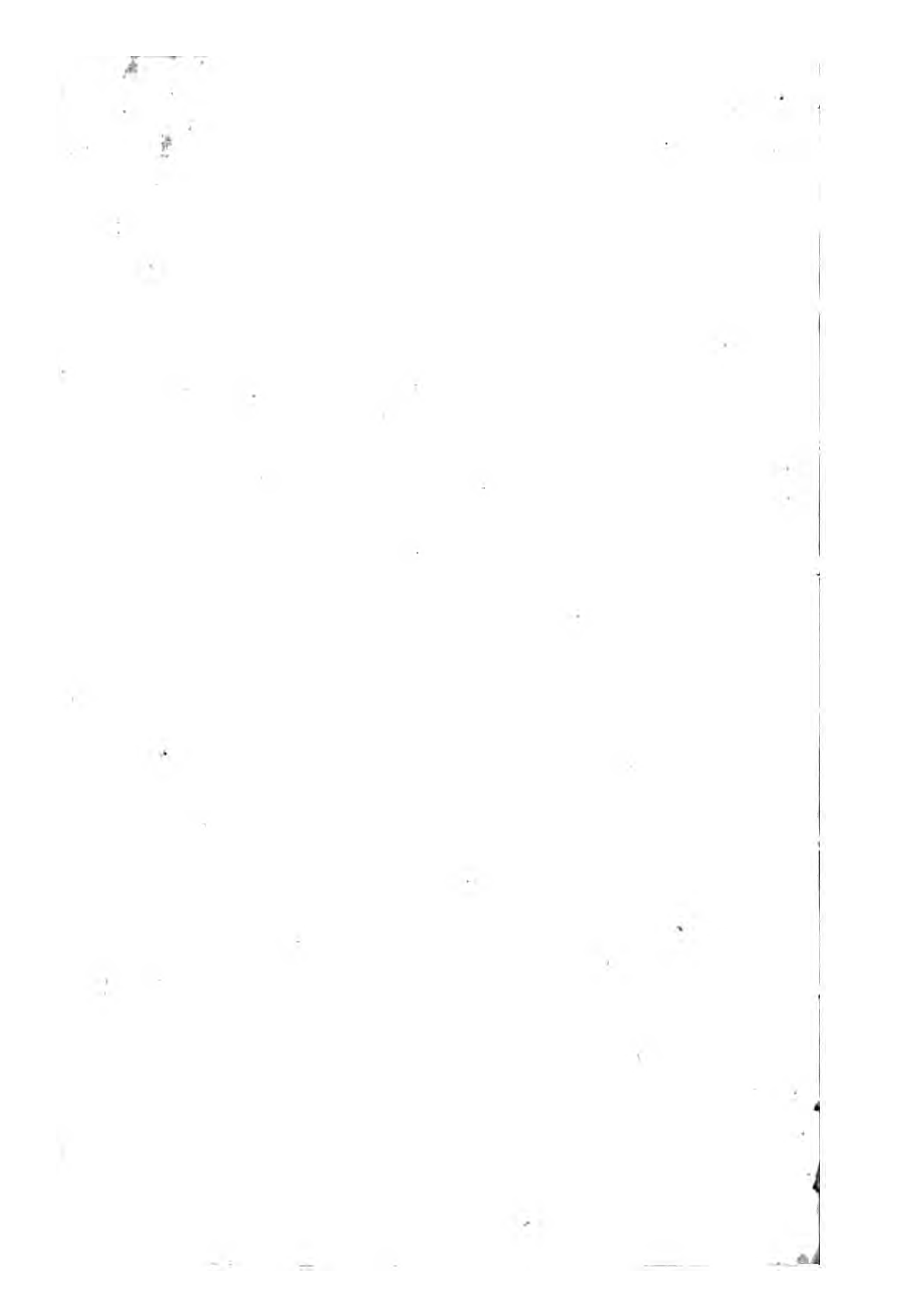
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DEDICATION.

TO THE RENOWNED

SIR JOHN BULL.

GREAT SIR!

SO fam'd for being able
To keep a *corporation table* ;
To which—and gueſts, I trow, you've *satis*—
You welcome every comer *gratis* :
Where each, at pleaſure too, when done,
May pocket plate, knife, fork, and ſpoon ;
And take the table-cloth between 'em,
Which you divide, from ſtrife to ſcreen 'em.
Indeed, 'tis ſaid, ſhould any ask—
With you denial's ſuch a taſk—
Your coat or wig not long they'd lack,
Or e'en the ſhirt from off your back !
To you my ſervices I proffer,
And hope you'll not reſuſe the offer :
Indeed, while you ſupport a warren
Of fools, and knaves, and cowards, *foreign* ;
Who, though they ſwear by ev'ry church
To aid, ſtill leave you in the lurch ;
And, could they paſs your guardian moat,
Would rob your houſe, and cut your throat ;

A

You

You might just deign to notice—"Whom?"
 A native—fool, perhaps—at home.
 But just 'tis, ere I farther move,
 My claim to patronage I prove.
 A PEDLAR I—but, mark, no Jew—
 E've conscience, and my wares are new;
 And, though they mayn't as primely shew
 As those of CUMBERLAND and Co.
 I warrant they'll as well go down,
 As half that swarm this cozen'd town.
 Besides, Sir JOHN, a pipe I play;
 And, if you chuse to dance the hay,
 Will soon strike up a roundelay.
 From this I look to profit well;
 For every where the good folks tell,
 Where'er you visit, all so spruce,
 If Host a Ball should introduce,
 You are the man, by wine made riper,
 To pay—and pretty well—the piper!

}

INTRODUCTION.

A PEDLAR I am, from PARNASSUS I came,
Like Grub Street, a place of perpetual fame;
But to Grub Street ten thousand go strutting, I ween,
For one who the sacred Parnassus has seen.
Perhaps you'll conclude this to be my own case;
But I've brought, as my passport, a plan of the place*.
Though some folks suppose there's good reason to doubt
If the *real Parnassus* we yet have found out;
In spite of the airs of some high-mettled Bards,
Who fancy the Devil himself's in the cards,
And determine the place in Utopia outright,
If they have not discover'd it's genuine scite:
But let better Geographers settle for me,
Whether ancient and modern Parnassus agree.
From *modern*, I own, a poor Pedlar, came I;
Lo! my wares I'll expose—Lads and Lasses, come, buy!
The contents of my box to run over might bore you;
So I'll spread them around for inspection before you.

* See the Table of Contents for the Poem entitled PARNASSUS.

I may, surely, with reason, hope some tastes to suit,
And I'll strive with my pipe to amuse you to boot.
I was taught, at the place whence I came, by a wight,
Whose names were so various, I ne'er knew the right;
They implied all degrees between Genius and Goose;
From Modesty chaste, to Impertinence loose.
However, I took all the lessons he gave,
As usual, adapted to Gay and to Grave.
At Concerts I've join'd, without any mishaps,
And Solos perform'd amid hisses and claps:
But you of my merits will presently judge;
And, I'm certain, applause, if deserv'd, will not grudge;
But, if failing to please, take my wish in good part,
And I still shall retire with content at my heart.

THE PEDLAR.

PARNASSUS.

PARNASSUS high, there is—nor tell I tales—
A mountain, high as any in North Wales :
Where standing, in climes foreign or our own,
Is known to Poets, and to them alone ;
Nor will be other, while old Time shall pace on,
For ev'ry Poet is a sworn Free-mason.
On this high mountain the Nine Muses dwell,
Twin sisters all, as gossip Fame can tell.
Here are, besides ten thousand pretty things,
A magick Fountain, and a Horse with Wings.
Whene'er the waters of this stream are quaff'd,
Knowledge is giv'n, proportion'd to the draught ;
Who mounts this Horse, o'er all the world may fly,
Soar to the stars, and all pursuit defy.
This mountain's top, in breadth some dozen miles,
Presents a scene, where Nature ever smiles.
There barebon'd Winter never yet was seen ;
The lawns and meadows wear unfading green :
Spring's milder sun there always sheds his beams ;
Silken their verdure, chrystal are their streams.

Silks, satins, velvets, muslins, and so forth,
 Compose the flow'rs: the fruits boast greater worth;
 Jewels are they, most exquisite and rare,
 And ivory boughs the precious burdens bear.
 There birds of silver, and refulgent gold,
 Enamell'd o'er, most beauteous to behold,
 Sing on a model novel quite, nor plann'd ill,
 As Arne's fine airs, or chorusses from Handel!
 Divinest odours the rapt senses greet,
 Spice-crown'd Arabia breathes not half so sweet:
 None here want food, so Lent eternal keep;
 Night comes not here, and no one wants to sleep.

Thence Poets spring; and thence those scenes they draw,
 Those *tissue* scenes, which no man ever saw:
 Where Celia sleeps upon the *downy* grass;
 And makes the *silv'ry* stream her dressing glass;
 Where *amorous* sunbeams paint her with the rose,
 And *love-sick* Zephyrs fan her to repose!

Thence Poets spring; no wonder, then, their knowledge
 Exceeds the myteries of either college;
 No wonder, then, the Poet, in his flight,
 So often soars beyond all mortal sight.

Thence are the flow'rs that form his boasted wreath;
 Those *lawny* flow'rs, that wither with a breath;
 Thence the rare fruits, with which his way is strew'd,
 Pleasant for sight, but worthless all for food!
 And thence, though Poets sing such strains divine,
 Rarely their strains procure them means to dine.

Ah! rarely Poets may refreshment take,
 And sleep will still the hungry soul forsake.
 Ye ardent youths, who hourly sigh for fame,
 Ah! covet not the Bard's too envied name:
 Few are his joys, unnumber'd are his woes;
 And these substantial, but ideal those.
 His pleasures few, and they but gay deceits;
 He starves, poor devil! amid fancied sweets.

THE
WOOD NYMPH AND THE FAUN.
AN IDYL.

IN THE MANNER OF GESNER.

TWAS a sultry summer's day, when a Wood-nymph, wearied with the chase, evaded her companions; and, withdrawing into a grove, lay down to sleep, with her bow and quiver by her side. She had not lain long, before a young Faun came tripping by. "Ho! ho!" cried he, "what a charming Nymph is here! how inviting! and asleep too! Now will I steal a sweet kiss. But, hold! I shall awake her. No, I'll hide her bow and quiver, and watch among the bushes till she wakes, and then—But, hiss! I shall be discovered." So saying, he gathered them up, and hid himself among the bushes.

The Nymph waked, and looked around her—"My bow and quiver are gone!" she exclaimed: "never shall I get others like them. Alas! alas!" Then, hiding her face in her hands, she wept.

The Faun ran to her. "Pretty Nymph, I have seen thy bow, and know where thy quiver is hid. Oh! 'tis the prettiest quiver!"—"Give me my bow!" cried the Nymph, "and my pretty quiver, wicked Faun! you have stolen them away."

"Nay," said the Faun, "don't be cross, and I'll shew thee thy quiver and bow."

"Shew me them, quickly," replied the Nymph.

"Yes, but first," answered the Faun, "thou must go to my neat little grot; and——"

"I go to thy grot?" cried the beautiful maid.

"Why not?" returned the ivy-crowned chaunter of Bacchus. "Thou shalt drink from my pretty brown jug; and I'll lull thee to sleep with my flute. No Faun can surpass me in song; and I'll sing of thy beauty, sweet Nymph! Thine eyes will I compare to the contents of my jug, whose sparkling bewitches the soul; thy fanciful ringlets of hair, to the wantonly curling tendrils that play

play on the shining forehead of the youthful Bacchus; thy mouth—but to so lovely a mouth Apollo himself would barely do justice—”

“ Cease thy trifling,” interrupted the frowning Nymph; “ and restore to me what thou hast stolen.”

“ Nay, angry fair,” rejoined the Faun, “ but first to my grot thou must go!” And he seized her round the waist.

She screamed! and they were instantly surrounded by a troop of buskined Nymphs; their long bows in their hands, and their silver quivers suspended by golden cords at their backs. “ Wretch!” cried they, with one voice; and instantly an arrow was fixed in every bow.

“ Ah! must I die!” cried the Faun: “ stay till I sing my death-song, and I will tell of the bow and arrows I stole.”

“ Where are they?” eagerly interrupted the Nymph who had slept.

“ Among the brushwood, behind the bushes that skirt yonder green alley.”

She flew, and returned with them in her hand.

“ We will hear your death-song,” said the buskined train; “ but first we will bind you.” Then, tying him to a tree, they assembled around, while thus the unfortunate Faun—

“ Alas, thou must die, hapless Faun! Ah! Pity regards not thy youth! What grot was so pretty as mine? What Faun half so merry as I? At the door of my sweet little grot, how oft have I played on my flute; while Echo, still pleas'd, told the tale, and the Nymphs all came tripping to hear! Each peeped from behind some green bush; but the Shepherds all flocked round my door, and led up a dance on the turf. When they were tired, I brought out my overflowing jug—“ Come, drink, my lads!” I cried: they drank, and I filled it again and again.—But I must die! I shall fill my jug no more; no more shall I play on my flute; my sweet, pretty grot I shall never see again! Bury me, O ye Fauns, in my grot, with my flute and my jug by my side; and plant a young vine o'er my grave!

“ There

There many a swain shall, haply, stop and say—
 “ Here lies the Faun, so sweetly wont to play ;
 Whose wine we quaff’d ; but all those joys are o’er,
 His jug, his flute, and, ah !—himself’s no more !”

“ Alas ! hapless Faun ! thou must die ! but why at
 thy destiny grieve ? Thy brother Fauns will envy thee so
 sweet a death. To die by those fair hands ; to be sur-
 rounded by such graceful forms, and gazed on by such
 bright eyes, makes death a blessing. Cease to repine,
 foolish Faun ! Ah ! rather rejoice at thy fate—twine my
 brow, ye kind Fauns, when I’m dead, with tendrils cut
 fresh from the vine. Ah ! bury me then in my grot, and
 roses strew over my grave.

There shall each passing Sylvan turn to say—
 “ Here lies the Faun so sweetly wont to play ;
 Echo, who lov’d his tuneful pipe so well,
 His fate shall proudly thro’ the woodlands tell :
 Sweet was his death ; for, ah ! by Nymphs he died,
 The boast of beauty, and the forest’s pride !”

He ceased !—when the Nymphs, partly moved to pity
 by his complaint, and partly flattered out of their resent-
 ment, throwing down their arrows, unbound him ; and
 nimbly away ran the Faun to his grot.

There, on that flute, the pride of hill and dale,
 He told of rapture such a thrilling tale,
 That ev’ry Sylvan thought ’twas Pan who play’d,
 And flock’d to meet him, joyous, thro’ the glade ;
 While Echo, quite transported at the lay,
 Retir’d, with murmurs, when he ceas’d to play.



INFANCY.

A SONNET.

O INFANCY ! thou envy of the crowd !
 For thou feel’st not the tauntings of the proud ;
 Exempted art from all the hopes and fears,
 Whence lean Solicitude but smiles in tears.

Secure

Secure from all Temptation's magick snares ;
 Rapt in unconsciousness, thou can'st not sin :
 While all around thee, groaning with their cares,
 Despairing droop, thou smil'st—at peace within.

Yet I but pity thy imbecile reign ;
 Unconscious life is but a dream of death :
 Bethrew the dastard who can covet breath,
 To wear his spirit in a passive chain !

Sprung from a God, with energy be mine
 Of bounteous zeal to prove my source divine !



THE BOY AND THE BAKER.

A MODERN PINDARIC.

ONCE, when Monopoly had made
 As bad as now the *eating trade*,
 A Boy went to a Baker's shop,
 His gnawing appetite to stop :
 A loaf for *two-pence* there demanded,
 And down a *tiny* loaf was handed.
 The Boy survey'd it round and round,
 With many a shrug, and look profound :
 At length—"Why, Master," said the wight,
 "This loaf is very, very *light*!"

The Baker, his complaint to parry,
 Replied, with look most archly dry,
 While quirk conceit *sat* squinting on his eye—
 "Light, Boy? then you've the *legs* to carry!"

The Boy grinn'd plaudits to his joke,
 And on the counter laid down rhino,
 With mien, that plainly all but spoke—
 "With you I'll soon be *even*, I know."

Then

Then took his loaf, and went his way ;
 But soon the Baker bawl'd him back—
 “ You've laid down but *three half-pence*, Jack!
 And *two-pence* was the loaf's amount.
 How's this, you cheating rascal, *bey?*”—
 “ Sir,” says the Boy, “ you've *less to count!*”

Thus modern wits against each other fight,
 In point *deficient*, and in substance *light* ;
 But so *profuse* and *pond'rous* are their stores,
 To *count* or *carry*, strength and patience bores!



THE
 GOVERNMENT OF THE IMAGINATION.
 AN ALLEGORY.

True to the Seed the proper Flow'ret blows ;
 Plant not the Poppy, and expect the Rose.

THERE is nothing, perhaps, more essentially necessary to promote a regular course of virtue, though few things are less attended to, than a due œconomy of the Imagination. The mariner, who would reach the destined port, must pay strict attention to the helm; which, once abandoned to the mercy of the waves, he must necessarily expect to be driven along by the impulse of the stream, dashed on the rocks, or foundered on the sands.

As beings depending on the practice of virtue for happiness, it is our duty to regulate our thoughts with the utmost circumspection; suppressing all that may appear in the smallest degree inimical to purity, and confining the excursive speculations of fancy within the bounds of moderation. While we preserve this necessary guard, our actions will rarely prove grossly evil; for he who is timorous of thinking weakly, will seldom have the temerity to act viciously.

It is a forcible argument in favour of this temperament of the mind, that it proves an excellent preventive against
 many

many evils and disappointments in life, the origin of which is more properly ascribable to an irregular imagination than to any other cause whatever. The folly of indulging what is termed Castle-Building, has been incessantly exposed: it is the hereditary disease of Hope, our inseparable and flattering companion; and, having once taken root in our mental soil, is scarcely ever entirely eradicated. The only success, therefore, that probability can ensure to those who make it's reprobation their employ, is the practicability of regulating it's progress: and, perhaps, Reason will not admit of more; as, in a certain degree, when directed towards objects and ends that have innocence for their sanction, it may not be totally reprehensible; for the mind being a volatile spirit, incessantly employed, and the frailty of nature not allowing it to be always engaged in the contemplation of piety, or the researches of wisdom; during the seasons of it's inappetency towards seriousness, this entertainment will be found the best substitute, as possessing a capability of lifting it above grovelling views, and frequently inspiring it with laudable desires.

In the Golden Age, *Imagination*, the offspring of the gods, chose her dwelling among men. She had been educated by *Wisdom*; her companions were *Purity* and *Truth*; and her engaging manner so charmed all the world, that, next to the worship of the Supreme Power, she was the chief object of adoration, and ruled implicitly over the earth. She possessed the faculty of transporting her followers wherever she pleased, and exalting them to any situation: she attended them through the spring bedecked meads of primitive friendship, and conducted them to the amaranthine bowers of cœlestial love; but, in all her excursions, her two companions were continually at her side. She frequently elevated men to the synod of Heaven; instructed them in new mediums of adoration towards their original source, and continually urged them to the practice of what she taught. In short, her whole time and power were employed in making men good and happy; and directing them to the most consummate enjoyment of the exuberant bounties of an indulgent and watchful Providence.

When

When the Golden Age departed, and men became corrupt, she still continued among them, and endeavoured to allure them back to those virtuous pursuits they had almost universally forsaken. Her efforts, however, proved generally inefficacious, through the intrigues of a Phantom, who now first made her appearance. She was the daughter of *Folly*; her instructor was *Error*; and she, also, had obtained the name of *Imagination*: but I shall take the liberty to term her *Fancy*; an appellation which may convey a better idea of levity, her ruling disposition.

The discourses of *Fancy* were always recommended by some promised good; they abounded with artificial graces; were addressed solely to the passions; and, by an insinuating charm of delicate flattery which imperceptibly ran through them, never failed making a permanent impression on the minds and hearts of her deluded auditors.

By presenting every thing in an improper light, she so blended *Virtue* and *Vice*, that mankind were infatuated with the novelty of the system; and, as they found themselves capable of containing the *acmè* of excellence it required, without the mortification of restraint, were readily made converts to it's principles, and afterwards bigots to it's practice.

Fancy had several daughters, the children of *Indolence*, *Enthusiasm*, *Discontent*, *Scepticism*, and *Pride*. These seduced men to bowers most inviting to the senses, and lulled them into the profoundest security on the downy lap of enfeebling pleasures; led them through woods and wilds, over lawns and meads, to shades and grots, by purling rills, and musical cascades; where the free, great, and daring hand of *Romance*, had habited *Nature* in the garish vestments of art, and exposed her to the caprice of *Folly*, and the pity of *Reason*; where shepherds, sighing to the wanton breeze, piped off with amorous lays the useless hour, or irritated time with puerile complaints; where peerless princesses rode forth in all the pride of virtue, and tyranny of beauty, amid ranks of adoring knights, whom *Folly* taught the roundelay of love, each scarcely deigning to notice her devoted slave, till he had destroyed one of the horrick monsters borne by *Credulity* to *Imposition*; and made all other knights tremble at his name; when sallied forth the harnessed chief, in mad defiance of

all the collected storms of angry heaven, at war with ease, infatuated by chimæras, and braving destruction, for the mighty recompence of smiles: conveyed them where, with undulating dance, the graceful Naiades tripped over floors of gold; or where, majestick, in their coral groves, the Neriades dressed their tresses with the pearl; where plastick Nature, in her rich recess, composed the ductile ore, and beauteous gem; traced too her every plan, and taught the wondrous science of her law.

But the effect, through the devices of their conductors, was still either an insatiable desire after what the eye had contemplated, or an imperious inflation on account of the stores the mind had injudiciously heaped together; thus all the gifts bestowed, or prospects presented, by *Fancy* and her offspring, proved every way pernicious, and totally diverted men from the few principles of virtue remaining among them.

Imagination had also attended her votaries through nearly the same routine of enjoyments; but, while she exhibited their charms, divested them of the power to usurp the government of Reason, by the assistance of *Truth, Purity, Gratitude, and Benevolence*; which last had joined her at the departure of the Golden Age. Her opponents, in the mean time, were aided by *Error, Incontinence, Sophistry, and Self-Love*. Unfortunately, however, she discovered that the allurements of her enemies had drawn most of her followers away: therefore, after reiterated offers of her advice and benefits, which were uniformly disregarded; and, having wearied herself ineffectually for their advantage, hurt by their neglect, and scandalized by their perverseness, she retired, at length, to the Temple of *Wisdom*, in the regions of *Virtue*; determined to be conversed with only through the desire of *Truth*, the sanction of *Purity*, and the recommendation of *Benevolence*.

COLIN;

COLIN; OR, HOPELESS LOVE.
AN ECLOGUE.

THE fresh'ning dew yet whiten'd o'er the blade,
Nor long the nightbird his retreat had made;
Oft wont, ere dawn, to tread the silent green,
With wayward step, and with dejected mien,
His flock before him restless Colin drove,
And, deeply sighing, sung of hopeless love—
“ Ah, woe is me! ill-fated was the day
When love first led my heedless heart astray!

Ere that sad hour, how blithely time danc'd by!
My mind unclouded, and my spirits high!
Whistling I went, as forth my flock I led,
Tun'd my soft pipe, or caroll'd as they fed;
And, when at eve I'd penn'd them in the fold,
Sought the gay green, where, mingling, young and old
Strike up the dance, and healthful sports pursue,
Till warn'd of parting by the thick'ning dew:
Then home I hied me; and, my heart at ease,
Light flew my slumbers as the summer breeze—
Ah, woe is me! ill-fated was the day
When love first led my heedless heart astray!

Now, when by grief tir'd out, my eyes I close,
My active mind still robs me of repose:
Cold Anna's form officious dreams display;
Again I woo, again she turns away!
“ Ah, stay!” I cry—she triumphs in my grief:
Anguish awakes me—but, to no relief;
For though unreal the sad scene I find,
True is the woe, and rooted in my mind.
Thus sleep I dread, but only wake to weep,
Exclaim at Fate, and chide the hours that creep;
Of rest impatient, ere the ling'ring dawn,
Flee my loath'd bed, and seek the vacant lawn;
While my flock's plaintive bleat, and dog's shrill bark,
Wind o'er the hills, and wake the early lark.
Ah, woe is me! ill-fated was the day
When love first led my heedless heart astray!

Fair were my flocks, bear witness every swain,
 At once the pride, and envy, of the plain;
 No more the envy of the plain they move—
 Ill fare the flock whose shepherd pines with love!
 'Snow white, and smooth, their fleeces once appear'd;
 Now torn by brambles, and with ooze belinear'd;
 For half the day, of them regardless, I,
 Wrapt in delusive thought, supinely lie;
 At random, then, they wander as they please,
 While prowling robbers many a victim seize;
 And, ere three months have seen my soul thus cross'd,
 Three fruitless ewes, and nine young lambs, I've lost.
 Ah, woe is me! ill-fated was the day
 When love first led my heedless heart astray!

Of all the passions which the mind e'er nurs'd,
 Love most deludes us, and torments the worst:
 But shall a face my ev'ry bliss destroy?
 Must I be wretched, because Anna's coy?
 As lovely nymphs, and far more kind, remain;
 Then why, for her, thus waste my soul in vain?
 Enough, disdainful beauty! have I borne
 Of cold caprice, and agonizing scorn;
 I'll bear no more!—Ah! oft that vow I make,
 One glance from thee that boastful vow can break!
 Ye swains, by love yet unsubdu'd, beware;
 Nor madly trifle with the gilded snare:
 If caught, no art your freedom can restore,
 For ev'ry struggle but enthrals you more!
 All other ills some peaceful respite find,
 But hopeless love for ever racks the mind!
 Ah, woe is me! ill-fated was the day
 When love first led my heedless heart astray!"



ALL IS VANITY.

A TALE.

“**A**LL is vanity!” exclaimed a venerable man, whose cheeks were furrowed more by grief than age, as he reclined against a tombstone, in the church-yard of
 one

one of our principal bathing towns. The situation was interesting! The church on a hill; the night hazy; though the moon reflected sufficient light to give him a general view of the prospect around; the sea, at a distance, on his right-hand, neither tempestuous nor calm, washed the beach with it's waves. He had long listened to it's murmuring, his eye fixed stedfastly on the sculptured memento of mortality which supported him; there was a congeniality between it's disordered state, and that of his own bosom, which forcibly struck him; and, amid the reflections it occasioned, surveying first the town before him, and then the race ground on his left-hand—where, so recently, he had witnessed the exertions of Industry in the one, and the extravagances of Fashion at the other—his eye insensibly reverting to the tombstone, he instinctively expressed himself—“All is vanity!”

The night rather clearing, induced him to walk farther; he crossed the spot where the encampment had been. War, and it's inseparable horrors—the death of the brave, the distraction of the widow, the helplessness of the orphan, the desolation of towns, and the destruction of empires—afforded him ample scope for rumination; till, unconscious of his way, he entered another church-yard, about a mile from that he had left. The church was ancient; and, though service was regularly performed there, in ruins. Alas! to what purposes may not the most estimable things be degraded! one part of the sacred building had been converted into a fannery for the camp; but, ere this, the sons of Labour had abandoned it. All was silent! It was a scene to be contemplated only with horror; except by those whom Religion had fortified against superstitious prejudice, or Inquietude alienated from habits of cheerfulness. The walls of the church-yard were low, mouldering, and in many places surmounted by the weeds that grew up against them; the graves, unornamented by the tablets of sepulchral information, were only to be discriminated by the verdant hillocks which the humble sexton had elevated with decent pride.

He looked around him, with a sort of gloomy serenity, for some time; when an object lying on one of the graves attracted his earnest notice. He approached it, and started, on removing a coarse but clean covering, at beholding

a child about four years of age fast asleep. In an instant, his sight was arrested by an emaciated female, whose wild looks sufficiently indicated the disorder of her mind; and who, springing from behind the church, ran swiftly to him, and dropping on her knees, in a piercing tone of voice, cried—"O, don't take him from me!" Then, overcome by agitation, immediately fainted. The voice was not unknown to him: stooping to assist her, the moon suddenly shining with unusual lustre on her face—"Good God!" exclaimed he, "my daughter!"

At this instant, a poor man and woman, attracted by the cries of the child, who had awakened in a fright, came up. "Here she is!" cried the man; and the woman snatched the child up into her arms.

"What know ye of this young woman?" eagerly enquired the almost petrified father.

"She lived with us," replied the man, "about three months: her husband, who was a soldier, died of a fever in camp, and lies buried in that grave; his death turned her brain, and she often used to say—" *She would put her child to bed with his father.*" Here the unhappy lunatic sighed; opened her eyes; and, fixing them stedfastly on her supporter, in a moment of recollection, screamed—"My father! pray, pray, forgive me!" Then, uttering a few incoherent words, she again died away—to revive no more!

He knelt over her for some minutes, in a state of stupefaction, which was succeeded by violent transports of grief; the extreme of which subsiding, he thus, in a broken voice, addressed the honest pair, who stood motionless with astonishment—"Well may you wonder at the spectacle before you! In me you behold the most wretched of parents; and, in her, an only child, destroyed by my barbarity. My life has been a general scene of misfortunes; but this girl was always a comfort in the midst of affliction. About five years ago, she contracted an intimacy with a young man, of whom I had received a most *depraved*, but I have since learned *unjust*, character; and, in contradiction to mine and her mother's express commands, was privately married to him. When she came to ask my blessing, in a paroxysm of grief, rage, and dis-
appointment,

appointment, I shut my door in her face, and have never since seen or heard of her, till this awful moment!"—Here he was interrupted by a flood of tears.

He continued—"Where she went to, God only knows. Her mother broke her heart within a year after; and I have ever since wandered about, a striking example of parental brutality; reserved by Providence to witness the dreadful effect of my injustice, and pay the last sorrowful tribute to it's innocent victim." His voice was here lost in sobs.

The good couple sympathized with him; while their moistened cheeks evinced the sincerity of their hearts. The miserable sire pressed the child to his bosom—"Heaven, my little innocent," said he, "has deprived thee of thy mother: I will endeavour to supply the loss; and, by my attention to thee, expiate my cruelty to her."

The husband then beckoned his wife; and, raising the corpse in their arms, they retired from the grave, with a melancholy pace. The repentant mourner followed, weeping over his grandson; and now and then interrupting the awful silence, by emphatically exclaiming—"Vanity! vanity! all is vanity!"



THOUGHTS

ON THE DISCOURAGEMENT OF GENIUS.

THE discouragement of Genius has long been the hackneyed topick of general remark; to the detriment of Literature, the reproach of Reason, and the scandal of Humanity; as it seems peculiarly hard and unaccountable, that those who contribute chiefly to the means of delight and improvement to mankind, should find their labours alone productive of the frowns of Ingratitude: and there is little doubt to be entertained, but that the imperious dogmas of contracted Prejudice have deterred many whom the early emanations of strong natural endowments have palpably distinguished as eligible candidates for the laurels

laurels of immortal Fame, from asserting their pretensions; and induced them to conceal their talents in a napkin, through the exaggerated predictions of an injudicious prudence, and the inglorious apprehensions of a puerile despair. In justice to society at large, and for the benefit of those individually concerned, it were, perhaps, highly necessary to enquire into the merits of an observation, so universally propagated, and implicitly believed: and though the attempt of invalidating any general opinion, authorized by long establishment, and the corroboration of apparently incontrovertible evidence, may carry with it a strong presumption of effrontery and conceit; yet, when reason gives the smallest sanction to the surmise of doubt, it is both folly and injustice to depress the spirit of candid enquiry, through a superstitious veneration for the features of antiquity, or a servile acquiescence in the tyranny of custom.

The idea of the *discouragement of genius* arises principally, I imagine, from the remarkable indigence of authors in general; which, on examination, I am inclined to believe, will be found, for the most part, to originate in causes perfectly remote. On tracing the biography of literature, we shall discover many examples of men of the first repute continually struggling with distress, and frequently dying in extreme indigence; yet we shall likewise find, that the majority of those very men were universally caressed while living, and their memories, after death, immortalized by the honourable testimonies of an enthusiastick fame. It remains, then, to enquire into the cause of those difficulties; and they will not, perhaps, turn out so hard to be otherwise accounted for, as we might at first imagine.

A delicate sensibility, a jealous independence of spirit, and an active liberality of sentiment, are the almost unexceptionable concomitants of an enlightened mind; and a strongly marked excentricity of character, is generally the decisive criterion of an uncommon genius. From these stamina, together with that total inattention to indispensable œconomy, conspicuous in the annals of some; and that egregious credulity equally so in those of others; may, I conceive, be deduced the complicated miscarriages which have so often involved the fortunes of many, whose pages, superior to criticism, have long defied the insidious encroachments

encroachments of Time; insensibly secure our approbation, command our feelings, and improve our affections.

The chords of a heart, attuned to the sublimest sympathies, will naturally vibrate to the slightest touch of sorrow; and there are never wanting objects of commiseration to operate on such. Thus, through the bias of extreme susceptibility, so great an influence is obtained, as to render an act of relief necessary, in order to obviate the poignancy of the impression. Hence many are seduced into the inconsiderate measure of bestowing that which their own exigencies absolutely require, before reflection represents to them the nature of the action, as to propriety, whether of the reason on the one hand, or charity on the other. Nevertheless, in spite of the various pecuniary straits accruing from this or any other cause, the man possessed of a delicate and capacious mind, sensible of his intellectual superiority; ashamed to give the ignorant and insolent occasion to triumph, by a confession of his weakness; and disdainful to subject himself to the apprehension of studied neglect or contumelious reproach, through the consciousness of obligation, will rather submit to the esurine power of accumulating embarrassment, than betray his folly, by an appearance of decreasing fortune; till, hourly beset by the grating importunities of clamorous creditors, and want staring him in the face, he either flies to hide his disgrace in some obscure corner, a melancholy prey to disgust and famine; or oppressed to an extreme by the idea of his inability to discharge the claims of justice, and retrieve his honour, incapable either of resistance or flight, gives way to despondency, and sinks under the overwhelming ruin!

Men of strong genius, principally, if not generally, have strong passions; and hence, too, the gratification of the predominant affection frequently absorbs the mind so much, that every thing is sacrificed to it; especially where the enthusiasm of the imagination is not tempered by the active energy of Virtue: whence arises the glaring occasion of neglect towards themselves, and of scandal against literature from the multitude; who, taught to look up to them as teachers, and of course standards of rectitude, on discovering they are equally weak with themselves, must naturally turn away disgusted, and treat with contempt

tempt the means whereby they propose the attainment of that excellence, which their own examples seem to convey a strong presumption can exist alone in idea.

In support of the foregoing observations, many indubitable testimonies might be produced; but, to enter into so thorough an investigation, would too far exceed the contracted limits of a summary essay: yet it will not, perhaps, be deemed superfluous, in adverting to a deplorable circumstance yet fresh in the minds of many, and which has served greatly to promote the acknowledgment of the object of our present animadversion; I mean, the untimely fate of that uncommon instance of promising genius, and self-devoted victim, *Chatterton!* In contemplating, however, this extraordinary character, and the circumstances of his case—though, with regard to the former, we shall find much to pity, still we shall discover something to condemn; and, in relation to the latter, there will, I am persuaded, appear sufficient cause for the exculpation of society at large from the strong imputations of unjust neglect, and barbarous desertion. It may be recollected, that Chatterton was so little known, that when Fame first introduced his name and elogium to the world, she faltered during the recital, to heave a sigh to his memory, and drop a tear over his end! Nor was it likely he should be otherwise: born in obscurity; far from the metropolis, the nursery of genius; and connected only with a few individuals, who wanted either the ability to discern his merit, or to foster it by the influence of patronage; he had scarcely any other prospect, at his outset, in the language of the elegantly pathetick Gray, than—

“ To waste *his* sweetness in the desert air!”

Nor was that prospect improved when he entered London; a mere boy, without friends, money, or recommendation; with a volume of poems, *professedly* not his own, and composed in a dialect too obsolete for general conception. These poems were retailed to the world through the channel of a common Magazine, and under the fictitious signature of the Priest Rowley; who was advertised as living at so great a period as three centuries back: and the venders of them, conversant, probably, only with the *traffick* of literature, conceiving they were what he represented

sent them, and uncertain what reception they would experience from their readers, might think a trifling reward sufficient for the communication of a speculative adventure; while the publick read them with a tacit approbation of their merit, but little concerned about an author whom they supposed had long been relieved from the effect of human solitudes. But as the sun, though fogs obscure it's rising, soon dissipates every intervening shade; so the brilliant emanations of sterling genius rarely submit long to concealment. The poems of Rowley, at length, attracted the earnest attention of the discerning; and an enquiry after the author was the natural consequence: the annals of ancient literature, however, could afford no satisfactory information; and a minute critique evinced that the pretended manuscript of ages was of modern date. Curiosity was now impatient for the knowledge of the real fabricator of so wonderful a performance; and conjecture reasonably imputed the charge to the affected editor, Chatterton: the suspicion was confirmed; search was made for him, in order to reward such merit as it deserved; and that search was interrupted by the confounding intelligence that he was—no more! Never, perhaps, was there a mind more actuated by the rigid spirit of independence, than that of this Parnassian prodigy; hence it was he chose, rather than confess his embarrassment, to ruminate in the chamber of want, over the gloomy prospects of misery, till disgust and horror, supplanting reason, precipitated him into the gulph of suicide; at an age when many of the most eminent examples of brilliant talents have disclosed little more than the mere dawning of excellence, and in the moment when Fame was preparing to transport him to the temple of Munificence!

Such are the principle features of an event, which will long be justly a subject of the sincerest regret; but which, I presume, can never reasonably justify the imputation thence incurred by society. Yet, let it not be inferred from this exculpatory effort, that I would seek to add to the severity of Chatterton's fate, by ungenerous reflections on his memory—No! I disclaim an act, the bare idea of which excites in my mind the most acute sensations of indignant horror. I have, for a moment, removed the veil which Charity had drawn over his despair; but, surely,
humanity

humanity itself will justify a deed prompted by necessity, for the advancement of universal equity.

Another source whence we imbibe the prejudice in question, is the rejection of the many who, either inflated by conceit, or misled by enthusiasm, without the attributes of genius, lay claim to it's rewards. True genius is not more valuable than rare; and, in most instances, possesses a diffidence that frequently retards it's progress in no small degree, by interpreting the slights of ignorance into the tacit condemnation of delicacy; and from the fate of corrected temerity, appropriating to itself fears equally groundless and humiliating: thence it's bold flights are repressed, it's energy relaxes, and it's sublime effusions, rarely inspired by hope, are frequently allowed to evaporate unknown.

But he who suffers his mind to be thus affected, should recollect, that all extremes are equally reprehensible; that every natural edifice can only by regular gradations be brought to perfection; that temporal avocations are always liable to delay; and that, in every state short of absolute certainty, success will not always be proportionate to the endeavour, and rarely to the hope. From patient perseverance much is to be expected, and from timid irresolution every thing is to be feared: to effect enterprizes evidently beyond our strength, is absurd; but to fail, merely through the want of exertion, is inglorious. Any thing, to be publicly protected, must necessarily be first publicly known; thence the efforts of genius must be assisted by those of industry, and the hope of approbation by the means to deserve it: and though the power of interest, the bias of popularity, the caprice of fashion, or the impulse of momentary infatuation, may awhile support the flimsy productions of false merit; like the vagrant feather floating on the breeze, or the tamely-tinted flower forced into being through the unnatural medium of a hot-house, they shall soon return to their primitive nothingness; as, of their emblems, the one falls again to the ground when the breeze subsides; and the other withers away, before the curiosity that raised it is completely gratified; while the strong emanations of genius, like the towering column, and the spreading oak, the gradual performances of nature and science, will stand conspicuous objects

jects of admiration and benefit to the world, when many seasons shall have revolved, and many generations have passed away.

The belief of this accusation is also strengthened by the too sanguine expectation of many possessed of genius, as to the returns both of emolument and honour: but, perhaps, this is only the case with those gifted with only a partial distribution of this inestimable quality; who, like birds newly fledged, can attempt no flight of consequence, without having continual recourse to intervening objects of support, in order to recruit their strength. But such should reflect, that the laws of justice require no more than "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth;" in consequence, if they are capable of presenting but a trifling portion of original matter, it were unreasonable to expect a large reversion, either of praise or profit: and, relative to the latter, authors, doubtless, as well as the rest of mankind, form their estimate, more on the lucre of superfluous gratifications, than reasonable necessity; but they would do well to consider, that the harmony of the establishments of Nature depends on an invariable exactitude of constitutional œconomy; the spirit of which pervades every branch of society; hence the general calculations of distribution, rejecting the accumulated claims of chimerical speculation; will, of necessity be proportioned only to the equitable exigencies of temperance.

I have thus, as far as brevity permits, endeavoured, I hope not in vain, by pointing out the fallacy of a remark which I conceive highly detrimental, to divert it's pernicious influence: for, as the most inconsiderable talents are given with a reference to universal benefit, and as so much is to be expected from those calculated to improve both the mind and the heart; it is, of course, incumbent on the possessors of them to devote as much time as reason will allow in directing them to that end. It is, in the mean time, the duty and interest of all, indiscriminately, to oppose, so far as they are able, every obstruction that presents itself; and, perhaps, it were not unnecessary to conclude, with recommending the children of Genius to rescue their hopes from the pangs of disappointment, by placing little dependence, for substantial emolument, on the fruits of their lucubrations, till the thorough investigation of

Candour, and the indubitable testimony of Time, shall have decided on the legality of their pretensions; nor ever to expect, that a possession of the most brilliant talents can justify flagitious irregularity; or that society is obligated, on any pretence whatever, to relieve the endless deficiencies of premeditated extravagance, or to comply with the inordinate demands of unprincipled desire; as also that he who toils merely for the indulgence of unwarrantable passions, defeats, in the end, his own views: for, as by every new indulgence they obtain fresh influence over him, debilitating his understanding, they renders him proportionately less capable to provide for it's wants; while he, whose desires are moderate, finds his ability increased by his temperance, and secures to himself a flattering prospect of pleasure and independence.

WAR AND PEACE.

A VISION.

BRITANNIA's sorrows, and the curse of War,
 What time faint Toil supinely turns from Care,
 Involv'd my senses, and my soul oppress'd,
 Till brooding thought deceiv'd me into rest.

No more the downy couch I listless press;
 Night's shades retire, and Nature shifts her dress:
 I tread the greenward, and my wond'ring eyes
 Behold, sublime, prophetick scenes arise!
 And, O! would Genius but my soul inspire
 Such scenes to picture with a BURNLEY's fire;
 Enraptur'd Taste would ev'ry line regard,
 And wond'ring Fame immortalize the Bard!

Near, on my right, a pleasing Cottage stood,
 The door invested by a cackling brood;
 There the brisk swarm the social compact made,
 There sparrows nestled, and there lambkins play'd:
 All well within, the smoaking chimney shew'd;
 Without, the ground with full-ear'd sheaves was strew'd.

Far, to the left, huge moated walls appear'd,
 Above their heads unwieldy turrets rear'd;
 Thence, thund'ring peals, and cries of horror came,
 And from all sides burst out th' involving flame;

The

The ruin'd ramparts to the base gave way,
 And all behind in desolation lay;
 Shed, store, and palace, found one general doom,
 And form'd, for thousands, one o'erwhelming tomb!

Lo! on a sudden, from the reeking pile,
 WAR'S GENIUS rose, and view'd it with a smile;
 Then, as if some new harvest he beheld,
 Down from the height his brazen car impell'd.
 Now, from the cot, as near the chariot drove,
 A Female came, whose look commanded love;
 She saw the Power, and trembled at his course,
 And tried by art to mitigate his force:
 In sweetest accents - "Stop, great Chief!" she cried,
 "And lay thy banners for awhile aside.

Hard are the toils the Hero undergoes,
 And well he earns the moment of repose;
 That moment waits thee—here let gen'rous cheer
 Confirm thy might, and bless thy bold career."

He heard, and stopp'd; for Beauty's power prevails,
 When prayers miscarry, and when int'rest fails.

"What brilliant Goddess thus my Itay invites,
 And kindly tempts from labour with delights?"—

"Alas! no Goddess bids thy labours cease;
 CONTENT'S my mother, and my name is PEACE.

But tho' an humble female asks thy stay,
 Ah! turn not, WAR, indignantly away;
 My cot but meanly may to thee appear,
 Yet know each Pleasure loves to solace here:

Hale Hospitality the feast provides,
 Free Plenty caters, and gay Mirth presides.
 Then, Chief, alight; nor fear Reproach shall say—
 "See, how with Sloth he wastes th' inglorious day!"

Pleasure disdains the Coward and the Slave;
 And came from Heav'n, to recompence the Brave."

The soften'd Genius, rising from his seat,
 Threw down his pond'rous gauntlet at her feet—
 "Thy gentle challenge I accept," he cried;
 And stepp'd down stately from the chariot's side;
 Then loos'd his mail, the ample casque unbound,
 And cast his harness thund'ring to the ground—
 "To-night, sweet maid! thy proffer'd joys I share"—
 "Nor with the morn depart," rejoins the fair.

" Why so impatient for th' exhausting fray,
 When heaps of laurels strew thy glorious way?
 What wouldst thou more? Enough thou hast subdu'd;
 The Brave, for justice, seek the field, not blood!
 Wealth wouldst thou seek? He makes this cot his home;
 If Freedom, farther 'twere in vain to roam;
 If Honour, here too Honour shalt thou find;
 Mercy is here, and Honour's still behind.
 Thy steeds unbind then, and thy toils disown,
 Nor hence depart till many a day has flown!
 Surely the maid her earnest pray'r shall gain,
 Whom greatest Kings have woo'd, and woo'd in vain;
 Whom none e'er slighted, but the Gods decreed
 A tenfold vengeance on the impious deed."

She said; in rapt attention as he stood,
 His eye confess'd his spirit half subdu'd.
 With gentlest violence, from his yielding hand,
 She took the flaming, but inverted, brand,
 And dash'd it out—the charm of Vengeance broke;
 His fierceness vanish'd, and he mildly spoke—

" To thee, lov'd maid, I all my soul resign:
 I bow, thy slave; be all thy wishes mine!
 No scene but this has longer charms for me;
 For Pleasure dwells, and only dwells, with thee.

" BRITAIN!——I cried. The accents died away:
 That instant, lo! stretch'd on the couch I lay.
 But, with returning force, the words proceed—
 " BRITAIN! be thine, the blest, propitious meed!"



INVOCATION

TO THE SPIRIT OF CHATTERTON.

SPIRIT of Rashness! whose immortal name
 Strikes on the ear with charming force of woe,
 Whose Spartan mind disdain'd complaint as shame,
 On whom no hope could kindly balm bestow!

Ah!

Ah! deem me guiltless of the wish to hold,
 To rude reflection, and unhallow'd gaze,
 The awful memory of the dead, enroll'd
 Victims of will, ere Fate's award of days!

If to enquire shall not to thee appear
 The officious workings of an unblest'd zeal;
 Where'er thou art, my Invocation hear,
 And, if permitted, what I ask reveal!

O, say—whose genius, like the summer sun,
 From which at dawn unheeded blessings flow,
 Burst nobly forth, ere manhood's dawn begun,
 To shine unnotic'd, and unfelt to glow—

Say, with despair, from night stol'n grave yawn'd up,
 What horrid hag, with pestilential breath,
 Combin'd to drug thee such a damning cup,
 And harrow Nature with thy tale of death?

Was it or squallid Want, who, loath'd by all,
 Like treason-tainted rogue, or plague-struck loon,
 Skulks by the lonely tomb, or mould'ring wall,
 Mouthing her witcheries to the blinking moon?

Or Calumny, from whose dread, subtle, spell,
 Nor moated tower, nor holy shrine defend:
 Who blights the prospect where the happy dwell,
 Confounds the noble, and the poor man's friend?

Or empty Arrogance, from Riches sprung,
 Who all save that uncleanly Mammon scorns;
 'Treads down the suppliant, mocks the salt'ring tongue,
 And plants the pallet of the wretch with thorns?

Say, did not Love too deeply pierce thine heart?
 Haply, Caprice might barb the shaft he drew:
 Didst thou not strive to wrench away the dart;
 And, in the struggle, wrench thine heart-strings too?

Was't bold Integrity, untaught to cow'r,
 And bow the knee before the lords of pride;
 Who urg'd thee on, disdainful of their pow'r,
 Beyond their reach to take so large a stride?

Ah, kindly say ; for, lo ! the hasty throng
 Have stain'd thy tomb with Pride's ungracious name ?
 Inform the Muse, and let her happy song
 Declare the tidings, and retrieve thy fame.

Once more ! nor longer will I mar thy rest ;
 Once more—I falter as the words proceed—
 Say, may I hail thee partner of the blest,
 Or perish all who self-devoted bleed ?—

A hollow accent smote my wondring ear ;
 With dread I listen'd, trembling I relate.
 “ O, thou, permitted from the dead to hear,
 Presumptuous, pry not in the will of Fate.

“ Why Death I sought, for thee no good contains ;
 Go, thou, and wisely profit by my shame :
 Tho' all of obloquy my mem'ry stains,
 Beyond the grave none hear the voice of fame.

“ Whate'er my meed, Omnipotence is just ;
 In ev'ry ill be resignation thine :
 Great is his mercy ; yet, O son of dust !
 Tempt not his vengeance, by a deed like mine !”



AFFECTATION.

AN ALLEGORY.

AFTER retiring from a very disagreeable instance of that disgusting absurdity, **AFFECTATION**, I fell into a profound reverie on it's nature and origin ; revolving in my mind various methods which I thought might be efficaciously practised in reforming many of it's abettors, whom I divided into two classes ; viz. the *moderate*, or such as were but slightly disordered, of course easily reclaimed ; and the *hopeful*, or such as were far gone, but whose recovery was practicable from the sense of shame not being entirely banished.

While indulging myself with these speculations, I insensibly arrived at a large plain, in the midst of which stood

flood a temple so brilliantly magnificent, that for some time I could not support the sight without embarrassment: an immense number of people, of all ages and descriptions, were flocking to it, with whom I mingled; when a grave personage, who called himself *Discerument*, informed me, that it was the *Temple of Excellence*, and that the multitude were repairing thither to pay their homage to the celestial power.

On our arrival at the gate, we were met by a beautiful female, habited in a plain vest: her countenance was remarkably serene; and her demeanor, with the property of commanding, united such engaging graces as prepossessed every one in her favour. *Reason*—for that was her name—presented a mirror to every one's face as they approached, in order to examine the sincerity of their professions, and discover the real nature of their inclinations; when such as were confused by the efflux of light that proceeded from it, were deemed not sufficiently pure, and consequently were refused admittance.

I was expressing my apprehensions for the fate of those unfortunate numbers; when a nymph, whose eyes incessantly rolled about, and were prying into every thing, invited me to follow and observe them. Her solicitations were seconded by another, of a most alluring form and manner: so that, fearing no danger from two such apparently inoffensive creatures, I consented to accompany them, contrary to the entreaties of my first companion; who, however, at parting, gave me a magnifying-glass of extraordinary virtue, through which she desired me to view the several objects I should meet with.

My fair guides conducted me down a deep descent on the left-side of the temple; and I observed, that the captivating power of her who accosted me last, intigated several of those who had already entered, and from whence they beheld her through an opening on that side of the building, to forsake it and follow her.

At the bottom of the hill we entered a labyrinth, so artfully contrived, that we could not find our way out. While exerting ourselves to that purpose, we were addressed by another female of very gaudy appearance; who informed us that the maze was her's, and offered her services in extricating us. We readily acceded to her proposal; and

and she led us into a large garden, laid out in a strangely inconsistent manner.

I now, for the first time, applied to my glass; and discovered that our guide, though to the naked eye she appeared an extraordinary beauty, squinted immoderately, and was in every respect extremely deformed. I observed, too, that she voraciously devoured what the rest thought delicious fruits; but which, to me, seemed poisonous weeds. By these circumstances, I concluded her to be *False Taste*. She was continually distributing her noxious viands among the company, encouraging them to follow her example: but, apprehending some baneful consequences from them, I dropped my share secretly to the ground; and thereby escaped an unaccountable species of madness, or intoxication, which seized at those who had eaten, and impelled them into numberless extravagances, the more or less licentious, in proportion to the quantity each had consumed. I now surveyed my two companions through my optical informer; the first of whom, I found, was *Curiosity*; and the other, who appeared a dangerous, yet beautiful serpent, *Seduction*. I immediately turned from her with horror; but could not rid myself of *Curiosity*, who seemed determined not to leave me.

I observed, that during the intervals of the excesses which I have noticed as the effects of the poisonous herbs, an extreme despondency and solicitude were visible in every countenance; which I imagined to be occasioned by a general wish of returning to the *Temple of Excellence*, as *False Taste*, having tried in vain totally to divert it, offered to conduct them there. They joyfully consented, and again approached the labyrinth: but, instead of returning by the way we entered, I found she pursued a different direction; till, at length, we emerged into a plain, in appearance like the former, and in the midst of it stood a temple which, to every eye but mine, seemed that they hoped to arrive at. Its external splendor, however, was derived from numerous small mirrors, which were diversified all over it, and so placed as to reflect on each other; and which, at the sun's rising, produced at first an intolerable glare, but lost that effect as we approached nearer.

Entering

Entering with the rest, I beheld a female enthroned, amidst a captivating appearance of grandeur and magnificence; but the throne was covered only with gilt paper, and foils of various colours, artfully disposed. The dress of the personage it supported was of the same complexion, a compound of tinsel and false jewels: her face was painted to an extreme; and her hair disposed in ringlets, intermixed with artificial flowers and pearls, a wreath of which served her for a tiara. In short, every thing was unnatural; from which circumstance, and the studied demeanor of it's mistress, I became convinced it was the residence of **AFFECTATION**. All her attendants wore the garbs and appearance of those belonging to *Excellence*; but I could plainly perceive in each the real character. It was *Sophistry* who presented, at the door, what was thought the mirror of *Reason*; the libidinous leer of *Hypocrisy*, betrayed itself from under the arrogated veil of extreme *Sanctity*; the self-applauding smile of *Ostentation*, appeared in the pretended benevolency of aspect peculiar to *Generosity*; and the consequential air of pedantick *Dulness*, was conspicuous in the apparent reserve of *Wisdom*: in a word, the leading features of every desirable qualification were adopted by the opposite detestable ones.

The whole assembly were now preparing to pay their adoration to the false deity, when a violent blast from a trumpet assailed our ears; the greatest consternation took place; the queen and her establishment trembled; and, with the temple, in a few moments disappeared; leaving the deluded votaries exposed on the plain, which now presented a miserably barren appearance.

I soon learned, that the cause of this circumstance announced the arrival of *Reason* and *Truth*; who were dispatched from the *Temple of Excellence*, to retrieve every one who should be found to possess the smallest veneration for that exalted being: they were attended by a numerous train, two or three of whom I shall describe, having occasion to mention them hereafter. The first was a grotesque figure, like a satyr, called *Ridicule*: he had a whip, with which he scourged all given to his charge, till they were delivered by *Shame*, a female with a long veil; from whom they were seized by *Conviction*, who darted a sting into the breast, occasioning the sufferers a most acute pain, which

which was relieved by a sedate matron, called *Repentance*; and the objects of her care were conducted to *Clemency*, the most beautiful female I ever beheld, whose province it was to introduce them to *Excellence*.

A herald now summoned the multitude before the throne of *Reason* and *Truth*. *Reason* presented another mirror to each, individually, in which all were to behold themselves; and were they appeared with the countenances of such different species of the brute creation as the disposition in each might most resemble.

Some, on thus beholding themselves, blushed wonderfully, and were perfectly abashed: these, I concluded, were *moderates*. They were delivered to *Shame*, first; and, in due course, to *Clemency*. Others, whom I found were *hopefuls*, seemed scarcely at all affected: but, as the smallest blush entitled them to pardon, they were first given to *Ridicule*; and, in the proper routine, to *Clemency*. Some of these, however, surveyed their altered countenances a considerable time, before the faintest glow could be perceived on their cheeks: these were consigned over to a supercilious being, called *Contempt*; who, clapping a fool's cap and bells on their heads, drove them about, through the laughter and derisions of the whole company, till *Shame* thought proper to take cognizance of them.

There were, however, a great number of *incurables*; consisting of those who were allured from the temple by *Seduction*: these had devoured so many of the weeds given them by *False Taste*, and were grown so extremely gross, as to be enamoured of their beastly appearance in the mirror. *Truth* immediately touched them with her wand; and they were, in consequence, metamorphosed into the various creatures who represented them: thus, false *Lovers* took the forms of *goats* and *hyænas*; false *Heroes*, *hares*; false *Orators*, *asses*, dinning the whole place with their brayings; and false *Criticks*, *owls*, disturbing society with their senseless hootings in the dark, yet utterly incapable of bearing the smallest degree of refulgence. Those who affected *disinterestedness* and *independence*, were turned into *spaniels*; *religious Hypocrites*, into *wolves*; false *Patriots*, into *crocodiles*; and false *Wits*, into *monkies*: till the plain presented a scene at once horrid, ludicrous, and deplorable.

At

At length, it came to my turn; but the figure I cut in the mirror, from having sinned with open eyes, confounded me so much, that I swooned away, and the vision vanished!



FANATICISM AND INFIDELITY;

OR,

THE PSEUDO-REFORMERS.

FANATICISM and **INFIDELITY**—this bred at court, and that in a cloister—set out together on a no less charitable expedition than to reform the world: the one thinking that mankind defrauded themselves of happiness, by a ridiculous attachment to unreasonable scrupulosity; and the other, that they endangered their salvation by a too familiar compact with licentiousness.

Their manner of travelling was as opposite as their characters. **FANATICISM**, barefooted, and with scarcely a coat to his back; trusting to charity for support, trudged heavily on; groaning all the way, and offering up expiatory ejaculations to Heaven: while **INFIDELITY**, supplied with a good round sum, and mounted on an easy pad, that his companion might the better keep pace with him, amused himself with a brandy bottle, or singing licentious ballads; and, whenever they stopped to dine, the zealot made so long a grace, that, before he sat down to his crust and water, his rival had dismissed the dessert, and began his bottle.

On their arrival at any town, they immediately repaired to the market, or some other conspicuous place; and each mounting on some elevated spot, at proper distances, began their harangues; while the mob flocked tumultuously around, gaping with the most anxious curiosity. The text of **FANATICISM** was from Saint Paul—“*Now the end of these things is death!*” That of **INFIDELITY**, from Anacreon—“*Laugh and grow fat!*” The discourse of the first abounded so much with the most rigorous injunctions

tions to the observance of self-denial, abstinence, and mortification, that it was relished only by such of his auditors as disappointment had rendered splenetick; impotence chaste; age imbecile; or disease abstemious: and he thundered away so tremendously, with hell, damnation, and the unpardonable sin, that the greater part were terrified almost out of their wits; thinking—ignorant of its nature—that they had undoubtedly committed the latter, and were consequently, without hope of redemption, consigned to the former. Concluding, therefore, all attempts at repentance in vain, they went over to the opposition; or, in other words, joined the congregation of INFIDELITY; who told them, that his fellow-traveller was a poor unhappy lunatick discarded from Bedlam, as incurable; which assertion the very doctrine he held forth would sufficiently corroborate. He maintained that all restraint was unnatural, and that what was unnatural must necessarily be unjust; that the present we were certain of, but the future we knew nothing about; “that a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush;” and, consequently, that wisdom directed us to the enjoyment of that which was in our power. He concluded with inviting them to the next tavern; where they stupified themselves with drinking, “*Success to the New Light;*” and, as their pastor generally slipped silyly away, after picking their pockets, they were mostly, for the lack of reckoning, placed in the stocks, or other “*durance vile,*” huzzaing for the freedom of Nature!

During the intervals between their stated seasons of preaching, FANATICISM would either sit, literally, in sackcloth and ashes; or walk to and fro in the town, reprehending the smallest appearance of merriment: while INFIDELITY drank, gamed, wenched, and committed numberless excesses; all of which he reconciled, on the principles of *Nature* and *Reason*; the former, he observed, having given us appetites, the latter required them to be gratified. He seduced his friend's wife, and dispatched the husband in a duel for questioning his honour. At length, being apprehended for a highway robbery, he defended himself with the old argument, the *Laws of Nature and Reason*: as by those, he contended, we were all on a state of equality; so, by these, the necessities of

one should be supplied from the superfluities of another; and, when a rich man would not voluntarily do justice, force was allowable to compel him. It was argued in reply, that he was tried neither by the law of Nature, nor of Reason, but by the law of the land. This observation, however, was violently reprobated, as it seemed to imply, that the law of the land was neither natural nor reasonable. A large labyrinth of controversy now ensued; which served only to convince the hearers, that much might be said to little purpose; that a multiplicity of illustrations have often the property of confounding the more; and that law is like nothing else but itself. It being, nevertheless, finally determined, on the principles of universal equity, that if property was left unprotected from the depredations of the idle and profligate, industry would be discouraged, confidence destroyed, and society abolished; the perpetrator of deeds calculated so essentially to injure the social compact should consequently be extirpated for the benefit of the community at large; INFIDELITY was condemned to an ignominious death, as a warning to others: a sentence which he only anticipated, by shooting himself in prison. Nor was the end of his companion, though more pitiable, less dreadful; he was found hanging in his chamber, a miserable martyr to that unwarrantable despondency which he had always practised as well as taught.

Thus our two pseudo-reformers terminated their labours; leaving the world, so far as their influence extended, much worse than they found it.

Happily, however, they were succeeded by a divine Female, whose principles differed from both; and who convinced mankind, by their respective fates, how little their doctrines were to be relied on for the attainment of substantial felicity. This Female was cheerful without levity, and serious without being sad. She tolerated every innocent enjoyment, and forbade nothing but excess. She proved, from Nature and Reason, that all things had their origin in a Supreme Being, who was, consequently, entitled to their homage; that he was to be considered as a wise and affectionate Father, who exacted not the service of a slave, but the duty of a child; more ready to pardon than to punish: who, at once strictly benevolent and just,

never corrected, but for salutary purposes ; and, equally averse to aulterity and licentiousness, preferred the sweet incense of mercy to the pedantick pageantry of sacrifice.

The dignity of her mien, and divinity of her precepts, soon attracted the serious attention of the multitude. A few, who had actually been in the daily habits of conversing with her, proclaimed her to be RELIGION ; of whom all had heard, and most of them, though strangers to her person, affected to venerate and follow. Her presence, however, produced a great revolution in the manners of men : the votaries of INFIDELITY grew ashamed of their excesses, and those of FANATICISM were happy in an opportunity of emancipating themselves from the tyranny of superstition. Numbers daily flocked to her for consolation ; she received them with benevolence, and introduced them to VIRTUE, the priests of HAPPINESS ; who conducted them to the temple of that Power, under whose influence every human being is so ardently solicitous to live.



HOPE.

A SONNET A-LA-MODE.

SWEET sympathizer of the sick'ning soul !
HOPE ! heav'nly harbinger of halcyon health !
 Fair ey'd inflator ! critical controul !
 Implicit idol of or woe or wealth !

Essence of all the entity divine
 Of buovant emprize ! Impulse sweet, remote,
 Of pious breathing ! in thy beams benign,
 The more than many wavy phantoms float !

Effulgent radiance ! my susceptible sight,
 With more than rapt solicitude of zeal,
 Pursues the sweepy circuit of thy light,
 Till not one nerve it's transport can conceal ;

Till all thy rays concentrate in my breast,
 In all the exquisite annoy of rest !

THE MILITARY MENDICANT; OR, BENEVOLENCE REPAID.

—“ I Wish thee success,” said a clergyman, putting something into an old soldier’s hand—
 “ Adieu!”—“ Heaven return it thee!” exclaimed the soldier, with a look that spoke more to the heart than all the expressions of gratitude that ever were uttered. His wife curtsied. “ God bless you both!” said the good divine, and rode on. The veteran fixed his eyes on him in silence, till he turned out of sight. “ What is it?” enquired the soldier’s wife. “ A guinea!” replied the soldier, wrapping it up carefully in a paper, and putting it into a greasy vellum pocket-book, the repository of his humble treasures. It had been his companion in all adventures, from childhood—and a faithful one. He esteemed it as a friend; and, unlike modern friends, it kept every secret with which it was entrusted inviolate. It contained—the pride of his heart—a memorial, in his own handwriting, of all the battles he had fought, and the wounds he had received; up to that day on which the ruthless ball tore away the very arm which had so often wielded the instruments of vengeance against the enemies of his country from his scarred body. Here the heroick narrative was deficient; but the remaining stump vouched for him—how much more impressively! Through this misfortune he obtained his discharge; that, too, was preserved, a companion to his memorial; to which was affixed, signed by all his officers, a testimony of his *honourable* conduct. It was the consciousness of having merited this that transfused a gleam of happiness over all his despondencies: over these faithful memorials he frequently shed a tear, which sweetened the hour of distress, and bestowed a consolation only to be imbibed by minds attuned to the delicate harmony of Sensibility at the refined touch of Virtue.

Grant, Almighty Disposer of events! that *my* heart may ever be awake to the still voice of honour; that the season of calamity may not be rendered more irksome by the inquietudes of conscience!

“ A guinea!” said the soldier. “ A guinea! God bless him for it!” uttered his wife. “ Amen!” rejoined the soldier. Would to Heaven that so hearty an *Amen* closed the prayers of the whole world!

“ There are *some* good people left in the world,” observed his wife. “ Heaven forbid there should not!” answered the husband—and on they jogged, till an humble house of entertainment presented to them a welcome sight. They approached it joyfully; and turned in, to satisfy their moderate wants, and rest their wearied limbs.

The weather was cold; but they placed themselves, modestly, at a distance from the fire, though it was not quite taken up. A piper lad kindly offered his seat; the veteran thankfully declined it; but was drawing nearer, when the landlord entered, and muttered something about *vagrants* and *passes*.

The soldier heard, but noticed it not: he knew the power of money, and accompanied his enquiry for refreshment, with a wish to have change for a guinea. The word *guinea* operated as a magick charm: a clean cloth was instantly spread; a steak put on the fire; and the landlord insisted that the chimney-corner should be resigned for his military guest, who begged no one might be disturbed for him. The landlord was positive; forced both him and his wife on to the bench; swore every one ought to have a proper respect for the *King's cloth*; drank both *that* and his *Majesty*, out of a brimmer which was just brought for the soldier; and assured the company, that he had once carried arms himself; but, having an opportunity to settle, he thought it best to sleep in a whole skin, and so *brought* his discharge.

This was all just—for any thing the company knew to the contrary: certain it was, that he had been a private in a marching regiment; but, respecting the manner in which he left it, he had made a little mistake—perhaps, his memory was bad—perhaps, he wished to keep his own secret—or, perhaps, had told this story so often, that he himself began to be persuaded of its verity. Reader, he was *drummed* out! “ For what?” askest thou. Peace, untoward spirit of Curiosity! seek not to bring to light the misdeeds of thy brother, which Time has kindly left
in

in oblivion!—Alas! I am guiltier than thyself. I set thee an example. How frail is man! how vain his reasoning!

The two travellers began their little repast. The landlord joined them. The soldier smiled him a cheerful welcome. The mug was twice filled; and the table soon cleared. They all gathered close around the fire; and the soldier related the adventure of the clergyman and the *guinea*.

The landlord “*dare said*,” beside that guinea, the parson had not above another in the world. “Gemmen,” for they were all strangers, “it is the curate of our parish, and a more *worthier* soul never lived! He has a wife and four children; and has but fifty pound a year to maintain them, though the rectorship is worth five times as much. But the old rector died yesterday; and so the curate came here to hire one of my horses—I keeps two, gemmen—to go to the Squire’s to beg for the living; and he has all the parish’s good words and prayers with him.”—“Heaven grant he may succeed!” emphatically interrupted the soldier. “So says I!” rejoined the host; accompanying the hearty affirmation with as hearty a tug at the soldier’s ale—“But, nevertheless, gemmen, I fears as how he wo’n’t; for his honour the Squire, though they says something as how the estate i’n’t rightfully his—but I wouldn’t have it known I spoke of it—I scorns to meddle with other folks affairs—besides, he might take away my licence, and times are hard—but Mr. Martin, a gentleman in the neighbourhood, knows all about it. And so, as I was a saying, gemmen, the Squire has often’s the time been heard to say that he would sell the *parsonation*; and I am sure Dr. Kind can’t buy it: for, as I said, he is but poor—and that was the reason that I wouldn’t take any thing of him for the lent of my horse—and he had the best too—though he does n’t buy two noggins of ale of me in a month. But then, to be sure, he is parson of the parish, and does n’t get drunk. Here’s his health, gemmen!” seizing a pot that stood next him, and calling his wife to replenish the soldier’s, which was empty.

When the ale was drawn, the soldier produced his guinea for change. Scorum, and his rib, having both rummaged their pockets for the amount, found they were

seven shillings deficient. "What the devil hast done with all thy silver?" cried Scorum. "Why, my dear," replied she, meekly, "didn't I give it to Dr. Kind out of the half-guinea for the hire of the horse?" This rather confused our *disinterested* host: but, not being easily put out of countenance, and thinking silence best, he took no other notice of the circumstance, than to bid her go and get change; winking to her very significantly, at the same time. The company had sat for some time, enjoying themselves in silence, here and there interrupted by atrite observation, when the piper offered to play them a tune. A dance was accordingly proposed: but objected to, at first, by mine host, who observed, "as how it spoiled good company." However, finding it necessary to conform to the humour of his customers, he determined to lose nothing by the temporary suspension from drinking; and, having emptied the only mug that had liquor in it, ordered his wife—who now returned with "She couldn't get change, though she had been at a dozen places!"—to fill all again, and stood up with the rest. The piper began; and at it they went, if not with skill, at least with glee.

How fragile is the tenure of joy! The piper had scarcely thrice repeated his strain, when in came the landlady, and informed her spouse, that Mr Martin was come for his horse, which they had lent the Doctor in the morning. She was followed by the gentleman. *Scorum* was again confused; and stammered out, that as how it had wanted shoeing, and so he had sent it to town. But Mr. Martin, who had overheard all the wife had said, taxed the delinquent with his guilt. He now begged ten thousand pardons; and while the owner assured him, that had he lent it to any one else, he would never have excused him, the divine entered. The landlord swore for joy, and ran out to receive the horse; and the Doctor Mr. Martin shook hands, and were retiring into the parlour, when the former espied the objects of his benevolence; and, apologizing to his friend, requested their company also. Thinking it their duty not to refuse, they modestly obeyed; and, a chearful bowl being instantly filled, they all sat down to enjoy it.

The

The soldier was agitated concerning the success of his benefactor: it was not busy solicitude, but the anxiety of gratitude. The Doctor was silent on the subject; and the soldier, persuaded of his success by the uniform cheerfulness of his manners, set his own heart at rest.

Distress generally excites *curiosity*—seldom any thing farther. The appearance of the veteran excited that of Martin: but he was a humane man; and it was a laudable motive that induced him to hint, in a delicate manner, a desire of being acquainted with his history. The soldier readily gratified him.

His name, he said, was Roach; his father bore arms. He was born at Carrickfergus, in Ireland; and, when but two years old, his father being ordered abroad, his mother took him with her to follow the fortunes of her husband. At fourteen, he lost his mother; and, at sixteen, his father. He fought by his side; saw him fall; and had the pleasure of revenging him on the man who slew him. His life had been literally a continual warfare—but he had been raised only to a halbert.

Mr. Martin expressed surprize—merit is ever modest. “I deserved no more,” was the reply. He proceeded—

He had been thrice imprisoned in France, once in Spain, and once in Holland. “But I trusted in God!” said the hero. “And he delivered thee,” returned the divine.—During an interval between the two last imprisonments he had suffered, for the second time since he was two years of age, he saw England. He then married; and his wife had been his constant companion in all his succeeding troubles. At fifty, he lost his arm in the lamentable war that separated England and America: at Bunker’s Hill he received the fatal shot; and, with the united testimony of all his officers concerning his fidelity and bravery, was sent to finish his days in the mother country. He applied for the pension. Merit is not always successful: he was modest; and had not a friend at court. He applied in vain!

His wife had a relation in Wales, a creditable, though not a rich, farmer: to him they went, and lived with him, labouring for their maintenance, four years. He then died; and, being ignorant of any other relations, left them his all. They were industrious, they were frugal: but

but prosperity is not always the reward of industry, and the frugal are sometimes sparing in vain. The hand of Providence seemed against them; but the ways of Heaven are inscrutable! Their cattle died; their crops failed! Their all was nearly gone; when the honest pair called their creditors together, and surrendered to them the little that remained; and, taking an affectionate farewell of their neighbours, who all pitied, but were too poor materially to assist them, set off for London, to sue once more for the pension; fearing, at the same time, that they had deferred the application too long.

They had travelled four days cheerfully; when they lost the purse which held the pittance they had to support them on their journey! But they were resigned: they had begged through the fifth; and, on the sixth, they were met by the charitable curate. Here the narrator repeated his thanks; and the clergyman insisted they were not due, having done nothing more than his duty.

Mr. Martin, apologizing, enquired of the soldier where his father fell? "At Dettingen!" He had no relation living? None, that he knew of. Had he once a brother, christened Leonard, after his father; who, when he went abroad, was left with an aunt at Carrickfergus, and was then five years old. He addressed to him an account of his father's fate; but did not himself see Ireland till six years afterwards. He then heard that his aunt was dead; but, from all the enquiries he could make, had never been able to learn what became of his brother, or whether he received the letter concerning his father. "He did!" interrupted Martin. The clergyman, the soldier, and his wife, all fixed their eyes on him. "Heavens! is he alive?" eagerly exclaimed the serjeant. "No!" deeply sighed Mr. Martin. "He was my intimate friend. About six months after the receipt of your letter, he quitted Ireland; and, in the service of a foreign merchant, thrice travelled over the continent of Europe. His fidelity and zeal so attached him to his employer, who now settled in England, that he entertained him no longer as a servant, but made him his companion and confidant; and, dying about eight years since, bequeathed him an estate in this county, amounting to eight hundred per annum, together with the presentation of the parish living."

Here

Here the clergyman seemed rather discomposed. The soldier observed it. Mr. Martin went on—

“About this time, I became acquainted with your brother. He imparted to me every circumstance of his life. I assisted him in perpetual enquiries after you, but in vain; and accidentally discovering a cousin of your aunt’s, out of gratitude to her, at his death, about four years since, excepting a legacy of two hundred pounds a year to me, he made him his sole heir: with a proviso, that if ever you could be found, the whole estate was to be your own, on condition of your allowing him two hundred pounds per annum. Nothing, then, remains, Sir, but to make the requisite proofs before the proper persons, which we will do without delay. Indeed, the strong resemblance you bear to your brother, is testimony enough for me; but there are others to be satisfied.”

“Praised be Heaven!” exclaimed the good Doctor. The soldier’s wife was transported—she wept for joy.

The soldier bore his good fortune with admirable serenity. “I should have received more pleasure from this news,” said he, “had not my cousin forestalled me in the wish of my heart, and prevented me from expressing my gratitude to that generous gentleman, in a proper manner, by giving him the living.”—“Give you the living, Dr. Kind?” exclaimed Mr. Martin. “He had bargained for it with Dr. Double.”—“He has not broken the contract, I can assure you,” replied Dr. Kind. “Is it not yours, then?” hastily cried the soldier. “But it shall—it shall be!” And he took several turns, or rather quick marches, across the room. His heart was full—a tear relieved him.

In a few weeks his register from Ireland, and every necessary voucher for his identity, were procured. He asserted his claim; every one was satisfied with it’s equity, except his cousin; he took possession: solicited Mr. Martin, in vain, to accept a reward for his exertions; and, in presenting the rectory to the benevolent doctor, experienced the sublimest gratification of a noble heart, from the consciousness of having, by promoting the independence of Virtue, discharged the obligation of Gratitude.

MELANCHOLY.

MELANCHOLY.

AMID the calm, sequester'd shade,
 Sad Melancholy wanders still;
 Or, pensive, droops the cheerless maid
 Beside the silver, purling rill:

Where Silence holds her placid sway,
 Scarce interrupted by the stream;
 Or e'en the sigh, that heaves it's way
 From nurs'd Affliction's troubled dream:

Where fall'n the sculptor's pride is seen,
 The moss-rob'd pillar's worn remains;
 And mould'ring Grandeur's sullen mien
 Derides the skilful artist's pains:

Where, emblematick, falls the bough
 Of drooping Sorrow's favour'd tree;
 And warm Devotion breathes her vow,
 Beneath the veil of secrecy:

Where Pity weeps o'er Folly's train,
 And Mirth forgets his mad career:
 Where Love dares venture to complain,
 And Superstition bows to Fear:

Where rarely on the verdant way
 The footstep's form appears impress'd;
 There, whither oft I've wish'd to stray,
 Where none my musings might molest!

In pensive thought's abstracted guise,
 To brood o'er Disappointment's reign;
 Hope's pleasing wish to realize,
 In Fancy's light, ideal train!

For Melancholy's mournful reign,
 And Sensibility's soft pow'r,
 Produce a pleasure, oft, from pain,
 And milder make the plaintive hour.

THE OLD MAIDS ORDEAL.

A VISION.

AN *Old Maid*, if I may be permitted to use the comparison, without incurring the imputation of disrespect for the fair-sex, which I totally disavow, seems to be considered as the *Owl* of human nature; for, as the whole feathered tribe seize joyfully every opportunity to torment that unhappy bird, though the favourite of wisdom; so have the rest of the human race conceived a strange antipathy against the *Old Maid*; whom they consider as fair game, and are continually attacking with the weapons both of ridicule and mischief. Like the *Owl*, she is a solitary animal; and many of her species are accused of preying, in secret, on the reputations even of the innocent; as the type which I have selected for her destroys, in the dark, not only mice, her natural food, but very frequently the inoffensive inhabitants of the dove cote.

However, most popular prejudices are absurd; and not one of the least so, is that entertained against this not over-
 numerous class of females. For why, I think it necessary to ask, in a land of liberty, and especially that of conscience, should not a woman, when a man insists upon it as his privilege, be suffered to follow the bias of her own inclination, in a point on which her terrestrial happiness principally depends, without being liable either to the odium of guilt, or the sarcasms of folly? In an age when matrimony is so far degraded, as in many cases to be, according to a celebrated writer, no other than *legal prostitution*; and, in most, whether through masculine tyranny, or feminine ambition, I shall not attempt to decide, a state of incessant repining and contention: I think it ought not to be a matter of so much wonder, that a woman should chuse rather to retain her liberty, than submit to wear the yoke with heaviness and discord; particularly, as a breach of the *Hymeneal* vow, on the *male* side, is looked on with such perfect indifference, that even a brace of mistresses are as fashionable appendages

dages to a modern married man of rank, as trinkets for a fop, or ruffles for a dancing-master.

But, allowing wedlock to be that state of ineffable bliss, the description of which we have all seen so often attempted in vain; and which it undoubtedly might be, when founded on esteem, prudence, and piety, and *then only*; I cannot but conceive, that those who exclude themselves from it, are sufficiently punished by foregoing the treasure they disclaim; without being continually subject to opprobrious reflection, and unmanly insult. Celibacy may, in many cases, be a folly; but, perhaps, in very few a crime.

There are some Old Maids, I am ready to allow, properly objects of censure; but most of them, I am convinced, are real subjects for pity, and some worthy of respectful veneration. When a woman loses all her admirers, or, which is worse, never attracts any, through malignancy of heart, or instability of disposition, one naturally feels little concern for her: but as females are not allowed, consistent with our ideas of decorum, to chuse for themselves; and must therefore wait with patience till a man shall offer whom they can love, and which to many may never happen; they are often necessitated to take involuntary refuge in celibacy, rather than connect themselves without a prospect of felicity: and such are, indisputably, entitled to the kindest offices of condolence.

The most refined, yet smallest class of Old Maids, are those, independent of the tenet supported by many of the fathers, "that the order of nature and the institutions of Providence render it incumbent on all to marry"—the validity of which need not here be examined—who abstract themselves freely from the speculations of matrimony, in order to employ their time, uncontrouled, in conciliating the jealousies, sympathizing with the sorrows, and relieving the distresses, of their fellow-creatures, in proportion to their ability; and, in the language of Scripture, like the wise virgins, "in preparing their lamps against the wedding supper of the Lamb." Perhaps, in strict propriety, these, and these only, should be called *virgins*; for, as the merit of any action is to be deduced from the will, those who continue single through accident, disappointment,

disappointment, or necessity, surely forfeit all pretensions to the title, as wanting the chief requisite, inclination.

Revolving the foregoing observations in my mind, I was insensibly transported to the regions of Fancy; and found myself in a crowded court of justice, convened, as I understood, for the trial of such females, above twenty-one years of age, as had departed this life in the same *maiden* state they had entered it. They were arraigned, at the instance of *Hymen*; who, displeased at losing so many votaries, took this method of procuring satisfaction from those who could not produce sufficient reasons for their conduct. *Chastity* presided, robed in white; and, in order to dispense with witnesses, pleadings, and many other formalities, *Conscience*, with a wand, which had the property of exacting the truth, touched the lips of each delinquent as she approached the bar; and, thus constrained, each told her story without prevarication.

To minute the event of every trial would be frivolous; many were sentenced to the company of apes, parrots, lap-dogs, and squirrels; or to provide warm corners for incorrigible bachelors; some to form amaranthine wreaths for worthy matrons; and some were allowed to return to that insipid tranquillity in which they had passed their lives.

I shall, however, mention a few particulars, for the satisfaction of the curious, and the contemplation of those individually concerned.

The first who presented herself at the bar, had long exceeded her climacterick. She had been beautiful when young, and possessed many suitors, all of whom she lost, through haughtiness; however, when her charms were in the wane, and she found herself deserted; repenting her folly, she employed every art to recal those who had forsaken her, but in vain; and, as she could never be persuaded she was growing old, practised at fifty-six all the airs of sixteen; till death, in pity, relieved her from a state of anxiety and despair. She was condemned to wander behind the *Lovers Paradise*; to be witness to bliss she had foolishly forfeited, and which she could now never taste.

The next was a lady who had been both agreeable and rich, but who confessed that she had never but two offers

in her life; both of which she refused—the one was from a professed rake; and the other, from a man whose anxious devotion was attracted by her wealth. Chastity, commending her discretion and spirit, consigned her to the keeper of the *Virgins Elysum*.

She was succeeded by two, successively: the one, a lady of *Quality*; and the other, of *Quantity*. They had both rejected all their lovers; the one, because she had never met with any of *equal rank* with herself; and the other, in consequence of experiencing the same thing relative to *fortune*. They were laughed at by the whole court; and Hymen observed, with indignation, that to such notions were owing the many miserable unions which had given occasion for reflections on his profession. They were sent to the *Paradise of Fools*; with orders for their crimes to be written indelibly on their foreheads, whence it was supposed they would become eternal objects of ridicule, even to that inconsistent assembly.

A lady, with an air of bewitching good-nature, now came forward. She was born rich; and had chosen a single life, in order to dispose of her fortune in portioning several poor, but worthy couples: she had, through a long life, the unspeakable pleasure of contemplating the scenes of happiness she had given rise to, and now claimed the reward of her unparalleled disinterestedness. Hymen, notwithstanding she had added so many to the number of his adherents, regretted the loss of her; observing, “that she must, as a wife, have reflected such an honour on wedlock, as to have retrieved, probably, all the reputation he had lost.” Chastity, however, thinking her a proper companion for herself, entreated her, before she entered Elysum, to join her on the bench, and assist in trying the remaining causes.

The next was a female, who candidly declared, that she never had an honourable offer in her life. “Poor thing!” unanimously and emphatically exclaimed all the ladies below the bar. Hymen admitted the cogency of her plea; and the judge translated her to Elysum, to make amends for her disappointment.

Another now stepped up, who was born remarkably beautiful, and had broken the hearts of a score or more lovers; encouraging their addresses till she had enslaved
their

their souls, and then dismissing them to enjoy the triumph of their despair. On being asked her reasons for such inhuman conduct, she very boldly replied, to revenge the wrongs of her sex—"Bravo!" re-echoed through the court. But, silence being called, the Amazon was sentenced to be turned loose into the *Grove for desponding Lovers*, who had fallen victims to the passion, where her cruelties would be sufficiently retaliated on herself.

After her removal, came a culprit who, having promised herself in marriage to a creditable young man, who was very fond of her, rescinded her agreement in favour of a fortune-hunter who made proposals to her, but who, before the day fixed for their nuptials, ran away with a distinguished heiress. She now endeavoured to regain her old lover; but, finding all her efforts vain, exerted every artifice to injure him in the esteem of a worthy young lady whose affections he had gained, and whom he in fact married. To her extreme mortification, they enjoyed enviable happiness; which she, however, incessantly tried to interrupt: and, at last, died in consequence of a cold caught by walking in a heavy shower, from a visit she had been paying for the purpose of spreading a report to their disadvantage. She was remanded back to earth—it being first ordained, that no one should in future believe what she said—there to continue a farther witness of their conjugal bliss, which was thought the greatest punishment possible to be inflicted on her.

Her room was supplied by a most notorious offender; who, being both too ugly, and too wicked, to attract notice, determined to revenge the flights of the men, on the unmarried members of her own sex. In consequence, through the mediums of treachery and defamation, she broke many matches which were on the point of being concluded; and poisoned the happiness of many couples, whose union she had vainly endeavoured to prevent. The whole court was loud in its exclamations against her; and she was doomed to be chained to a rock, in the *Old Maid's Tartarus*, and to undergo a *Promothean* punishment; with this difference, that the part to be devoured was her *tongue*.

This culprit gave way to a blushing maid of twenty-two, whose features I immediately recognized. She had

been addressed by a young man on whom she doated; but her confidential friend seduced him from her. They were privately married, and the first intelligence was exultingly conveyed to her by the abandoned object of treachery. The shock proved too great for the delicacy of her constitution; she fell a martyr to despondency; and, only two days before, I had followed her to the grave. On her being asked to give an account of herself, she burst into tears: when, leaving the crowd, and stepping up to the bar, I began to relate her story; but was presently interrupted, and interrogated as to my business there? I stood confounded; and Hymen, eyeing me keenly, and declaring that I was a *Batchelor*, the place began to be up in arms, and the whole body of females were proceeding to vent their indignation upon me; when their clamours at once put an end to their rage, and my fears, by awak-
ing me.



THE OLD OAK.

MARK, on yon hill, a venerable Oak
 Obnoxious stand to each tempestuous stroke:
 Around it's trunk, with many a chasm defac'd,
 Skirted with moss, by turning ivy brac'd,
 The flocks stand thick, for shelter, or for shade;
 Alike the birds the spreading boughs invade.
 I've seen, at eve, when Care relax'd his frown,
 Turn'd from his forge and threw his hammer down,
 A rustick Sage beneath it's covert stand;
 By hinds surrounded in a list'ning band;
 While he recounted to their wond'ring ears,
 It's height, girth, history, and length of years.
 Two generations had already past,
 The third, grown hoary, now approach'd it's last;
 The fourth was rising; since the manor's lord,
 Plac'd it a sapling in the parted fward.
 Long was he childless; but, his name to spare,
 And 'twas illustrious, Heav'n had sent an heir:
 The joyous parent, on the hill's broad head,
 In ample heaps the festive honours spread;

AH

All comers welcom'd ; and unbounded mirth
 Proclaim'd his transport, and the bantling's birth!
 Then, as a long memorial of th' event,
 The tree was planted; while the air was rent
 With bacchant wishes for the Planter's peace,
 The Child's prosperity, and Oak's increase.
 He, from his grandfire, heard the whole detail;
 Who, then a tripling, quaff'd his honour's ale.

He told, too, smiling, how it came to prove,
 The standing chronicle of rural love;
 How, on it's bark, the amorous swain engrav'd,
 The magick name which all his soul enslav'd!
 Some traces mark'd by Time not quite subdu'd:
 And, pleas'd, he prais'd the wooers and the woo'd:
 Told, in what numbers these could hearts inflame;
 How those were victors at the village game.
 But now, alas! how ruthless Time destroys!
 Gone were the partners of his early joys.

One trace he view'd, and stifled half a sigh;
 I saw him turn, a gushing tear to dry;
 Himself had form'd it, in a generous hour,
 When sleek fac'd Hope arm'd Love's delusive power.
 Bright were the damsel's charms, her manners sweet;
 Her tongue persuasion, but her soul deceit.
 His hopes she flatter'd, and his gifts receiv'd;
 Frequent his gifts, for much the youth believ'd;
 But much he gave, and much believ'd in vain;
 Her hand she yielded to a richer swain.
 Drooping he went; but time and youth combin'd
 Repair'd his spirits, and confirm'd his mind.

But no vain beauty now his breast could move;
 He shunn'd the sex, and steel'd his soul to love.
 Thus all his hopes one artful woman cross'd;
 Through one base woman, all his youth was lost.
 No nuptial comfort sooth'd his anxious breast;
 No parent's joy his yearning soul express'd;
 Cheerless, he wander'd through life's dull decline;
 And mourn'd "himself the last of all his line."
 Well sung the Bard—"O, be the Jilt accur'd!
 Of all the vicious, surely, she's the worst!"

THE COURT OF HYMEN.

A VISION.

MARRIAGE, the most salutary compact of society, like all other beneficent designs, is by its present arrangements so far perverted from original purity, as to become the dread of many, the scorn of more, and the jest of most: but, as it is well known that this state, under the auspices of Reason and Virtue, is capable of producing the most exalted pleasures, whenever it presents us with instances of inquietude, we may naturally conclude that its ordinances have been violated; and to depreciate the spirit of any institution, for the irregularities of some of its members, is certainly unjust.

Being translated to the Temple of Hymen, I heard Fame proclaiming—on account of the many aspersions of cruelty and tyranny that power had long laboured under, such of his votaries as thought themselves aggrieved, were invited to repair to his tribunal with their complaints, that the nature of their several cases might be considered, and relief extended where deemed necessary. The court filled in an instant, each couple contending for the first audience, and it was a long time before order could be established; but being at last effected, a gay pair—mere girl and boy—presented themselves at the bar, from whence complainants were allowed to plead. It turned out to be a Gretna Green match: they had been wedded but six months, and despised each other as heartily as they had before admired.

Hymen informed them, that they were wrong in accusing him as the author of the misery they had brought on themselves. He observed, that in no state would they find happiness unconnected with virtue: that matrimony was designed for the benefit of mankind; consequently its basis was founded by Justice, whose œconomy they had infringed in the very circumstance of their union, as obedience to parents was one of the most positive articles of her supreme law. Parents, he confessed, were sometimes
unreasonable

unreasonable in their commands; but *green youth* was seldom capable of judging for itself—of which *they* were a striking instance—consequently, in most cases criminal to dispute mandates in tendency beyond it's capacity; and, even in cases where it had power of deciding, remonstrance was to be used, not rebellion. Had they not been so hasty, they might, by proper reflection, have discovered the causes of parental interdiction, otherwise than by the bondage of experience. “ Besides,” he continued, “ marriage, unconnected with love, from the common nature of things, could never prove grateful; and Love, though fervent, was not impetuous: and, whatever mankind might conceive relative to his being blind, wanton, and weak; he was, on the contrary, sharp-sighted, strongly affected towards Virtue, and always listened to the voice of Discretion.” They had mistaken, for this benevolent passion, an intemperate being, called *Infatuation*; who had converted the roseate cestus with which Hymen presented them into a yoke, which they must submit to bear with patience; as it would ill become him, as a minister of justice, though sometimes ordained by the fates an agent of vengeance on the impious, to bestow that indulgence to disappointed Guilt, meant only for the relief of deluded Virtue. Assuring them, therefore, that Prudence would suggest many methods of alleviation, he dismissed them, perfectly dissatisfied with his lecture.

The next pair who came forward to reproach Hymen, equally in effect criminated each other. Avarice was imputed as the cause of disagreement on the part of the gentleman, and prodigality on that of the lady. The object of the former, in marrying, was to augment his fortune; and that of the latter, to enable her to support an *equipage*, which was made one of the principal features of the marriage treaty; on condition, however, that Madam should dispense with the article of *pin-money*. To make up this loss, she had recourse to gaming; and the husband, in consequence, had so many *debts of honour* to discharge, that he positively refused to stand to his agreement. Hymen ridiculed them for supposing bliss could possibly attend an union cemented on so sordid a principle: but, that they might have no farther pretext to charge him with injustice, he offered to dissolve their bonds; provided the
 husband

husband would agree to return the wife's dower, or that she would be content that he should keep it wholly. To this neither would assent; and they both retired, as little pleased as the preceding couple.

The succeeding cause was nearly of the same nature. *Fortune* was the lure on one side, and *Title* on the other. The decision corresponded with that already given.

A very modish pair now, on being interrogated, **Why** did they marry? replied—"For a whim!" Hymen remarked, as they were such humourists, should he divide them, they might take a new whim to be joined again; and as he, possibly, might not then be in the humour to indulge them, he thought, to save them from future inconvenience, it would be best to leave them as they were. The gentleman told him, that he was a queer fellow; and retired, picking his teeth; while the lady followed him, humming an opera tune.

A feeble old man, and a sprightly young girl, were next in rotation. Without being heard, they were told, that they deserved every thing they might have to complain of; as they had, by uniting, committed treason against nature. They were accordingly dismissed with contempt.

The next husband taxed his wife with adultery, which she defended on the score of ill-usage. It turned out, however, that this spark kept a brace of mistresses. Hymen sternly demanded of him how he dared to appear there with such a charge, considering the predicament in which he stood; declaring that, in most cases where women were accused of infidelity, it originated from men's setting them the example. Informing the wife, however, that her husband's defection was no palliation of her crime, he ordered them from the place, amid the hootings of the whole assembly.

The following couple disliked each other even on the day of marriage; but had attended the altar, at the commands of their respective parents, and their aversion had been daily increasing. The judge highly commended their filial obedience, and confessed it deserved a better reward than incessant discord: but observed, at the same time, that they had not given the matter a fair trial; that they had met with prejudice, which instead of endeavouring to surmount, they appeared to have embraced every opportunity
to

to fortify. He differed, he said, from the received *prudential* opinion—"Marry first, and love will come after;" but advised them, for the reasons he had given, to attempt a courteous mode of behaviour towards each other, which time might ripen into affection. If, after repeated trials, however, they should find the exertion still painful, on being again applied to, he promised to take proper steps for their deliverance. They made their obeisance, and withdrew, seemingly very well satisfied.

The merits of the next cause, were those of two-thirds of modern unions. The complainants had been united, after a very short courtship, in consequence of the gentleman's having said a great many fine things to the lady; and treated her to all places of fashionable resort, merely because she dressed the smartest of his female acquaintance, and understood *common sense* as little as himself. Hymen directed them to observe the same methods to secure each others affection as they had taken to gain it; and ordered them to make room for a husband accusing his wife of *democracy*, who recriminated on him with the charge of *aristocracy*. Hymen observed, smiling, that a man would naturally be a matrimonial aristocrate, under the idea of his being lord and master; and a woman the contrary, from her antipathy to having a superior. But, he told them, to obtain pleasure, they should follow the advice of the philosopher; who, being applied to for his opinion on a similar subject, presented the querists with the representation of two oxen ploughing, with a reference to the words—"Draw equal."

A modest young woman, and a ferocious looking man, were next. By repeated professions of love, and extreme appearances of tenderness, the woman, who possessed a trifling fortune, had been induced to give her hand to a villain, whose hypocrisy originated in the contemplation of her dower; which having squandered, he not only continually abused, but beat, and many ways inhumanly treated her. They were immediately separated: she was delivered to Peace, who restored the faded rose of her cheek; and he to Infamy, who branded him on the forehead, and then drove him out of the temple.

A wife, who accused her husband, as it is commonly expressed, of wearing the *petticoats*; and a husband, who
taxed

taxed his wife with the same thing relative to the *breeches*; now took up the attention of the court. They were soon, however, dismissed: the man being told that, if he gave up the *insignia* of mastership, he had no one but himself to blame; and the woman, that she ought, at least, to be contented with the power of governing, a privilege most of her sex would be transported with.

Their room was supplied by the very couple who, as is well known, quarrelled concerning the *bag*, on application for the memorable *Dunmow Fitch of Bacon*; the loss of which had been a bone of contention ever since: but another, which Hymen bestowed on them, set every thing to rights; and they trudged away very lovingly together.

A procession of cottagers, preceded by a pipe and tabor, and decked with garlands, now arrested the general attention. An old couple, apparently about sixty, were introduced; who, approaching the throne of Hymen, told him they had been wedded forty years; that day was the anniversary of their union; and that, to prove how happy content and good-humour had made them all that time, they were come to renew their vows. Hymen, with a look of most gracious approbation, placed an amaranthine wreath on each of their heads; and the ceremony began with an offering of incense so fragrant, that it's poignancy deprived me of sensation. After a momentary suspension of ideas, I found myself in my chamber; and a waggish acquaintance by my bed-side, in the act of awakening me by the application of a bottle of salts to my nose.



SPLEEN. A SONNET.

CURSE on thee, Spleen! or liberate my soul,
 Or I must call on Madness for relief:
 Madness is bliss, compar'd with thy controul
 Of nerveless yearnings, and lean, tearless Grief!

For

For Madneſs ſometimes will give ear to Mirth ;
 Yes, I have ſeen him ſooth'd into a ſmile :
 But thou, O Locuſt ! of the ſicklieſt birth,
 Gangren'ſt all humours with thy vapoury bile !

Not even Love—and Madneſs fits by Love,
 And hears his tale, and ſighs, and oft will weep :
 While thou, worſt horror of the wrath of Jove !
 Would'ſt daſh him headlong from the wildeſt ſteep !

I can no more.—Heav'n ſave me ! left deſpair
 Drive my poor ſtruggling ſoul to tax thy care !



PHŒBE SMITH.

A MORAL TALE.

SWEET as the voice of the ſyren is the language of ſenſibility ; ſoft as the aſpect of nature, when the genius of ſtorms meditates, in ſilence, a tumultuous deſcent : but oft, like the prelufive calm, it contains the ſeeds of miſchief ; and, like the harmony of the ſyren, ſhould be heard with diſtruſt. As the delightful beverage of the vineyard, it attunes the heart to the moſt generous and ſalutary affections : but, with that, ſteals inſenſibly on the imagination ; and, unleſs tempered by the according hand of Diſcretion, debaſes where it ſhould refine, and enervates where it ſhould confirm.

Senſibility, though undoubtedly propitious to virtue, like all excellences, has it's counterfeit ; and, when carried to an extreme, degenerates into vice. The ſpirit of Nature rejoices in equanimity ; and prefers for her reſidence the bowers of ſpring.

Phœbe Smith was the only, and darling, child of Captain Smith ; a military gentleman, who, having devoted the flower of his days to the honourable ſervice of his country, retired at fifty-fix, crowned with the well-earned laurel, to a ſmall family eſtate in Flintſhire. His avocations were ſuch as will naturally ſuggeſt themſelves to be moſt eligible to a liberal and poliſhed mind. An union
of

of thirty years had improved, rather than impaired, the affection of an amiable wife; and the dutiful demeanour of his daughter, founded on principle, was confirmed by parental tenderness. So entire a confidence, indeed, subsisted between the members of this little family, that they might truly be said to experience that summit of terrestrial joy, domestick felicity. A chief trait in the character of Phoebe was an ingenuous benevolence of heart; which, through judging of others by herself, induced her generally to attribute more sincerity to mankind than common experience will authorize. She also possessed a delicate sensibility; which, by an immediate attachment to what is called Sentimental Literature, became so exquisitely refined, that her affections grew too chimerical to satisfy, and her solitudes almost too poignant to support.

Her father witnessed this perversion of her mind with no little anxiety; but, in his attempts to reclaim her, averse to harshness, only took the mild methods of remonstrance and reasoning. "My dear Phoebe," would he say, "Sensibility is the offspring of Humanity; and, consequently, ought to be cherished: but let us be careful that the methods we take to improve, do not corrupt it. Too much indulgence is as detrimental as total neglect. Whenever we refine our ideas and affections to such a degree that the former cannot be reduced to practice, and the latter revolts at co-operating with the claims of society, there is great reason to suspect that we have transgressed the ordinances of Nature; for virtue disclaims useless speculation, and society can only be benefitted by alacrity and perseverance. I am afraid, that the world has more to dread, on the score of degeneracy, from those who stile themselves Sentimental Writers, than we are apt to conceive. The genuine effusions of honest sensibility, are of service to morality; but if we allow ourselves to be affected by the quaint bombast of a distempered fancy, or the querulous detail of a dissatisfied mind; we shall, in all probability, imbibe the enthusiasm of the one, and the peevishness of the other. When the mind possesses strength to discriminate, and coolness to examine, little danger need be apprehended; but as the credulous impetuosity of youth often produces improper confidences, and fatal decisions; and as we are always liable to be misled, through
the

the arts of the designing, and the specious arguments of infatuated error; it is certainly most adviseable, in such cases, to consult experience for information, before we form conclusions, or meditate pursuits.

“Do not imagine that I would curtail your pleasures, I only wish to direct them to a proper channel; and I think it my duty to warn you against the inconveniences you are likely to suffer from an intemperate passion for a species of writing, generally captivating, but rarely natural; consequently, calculated chiefly to affect our happiness by vitiating our morals.”

Phœbe was nineteen, when Ensign Medhurst, son to an old schoolfellow of the Captain's, came down to pass a few weeks with our little family. He was a young man possessed of many accomplishments, but destitute of principle. He had never seen Phœbe before; and had not been long acquainted with her, before he resolved to repay the hospitality of the father by the ruin of the daughter. Active observation soon informed him of her ruling passion; and, by flattering this, he promised himself the attainment of his wish. Every one much conversant with sentimental novels, will readily conceive the methods which he took; and, from the same intelligence, will probably anticipate the catastrophe! His design accomplished, Medhurst, on a preconcerted scheme, took his leave at the villa sooner than was expected; but succeeded in consoling the heart-breaking Phœbe, by assuring her, that the moment he had settled the business which unexpectedly called him away, he would assuredly return, and ask her hand of her father, being certain, as he said, of obtaining that of his own.

Three months, however, passed without her seeing him; it is true, that he had twice written to her, from motives of policy, and this kept hope alive in her breast; nor was it till the expiration of that period, when she heard of his being married in London, that her eyes were completely open to his villiany, and her own shame. These circumstances operated so severely on her mind, as to throw her into a most violent fever; out of which she arose, after more than two months, an emaciated object of lunacy!

It was now, from her emphatick incoherencies, that the doating parents first gathered the occasion of their
F daughter's

daughter's malady, and a knowledge of the wretch who had betrayed her. To attempt at describing the father's agonies, would be affectation; for the mother's, suffice it to say, that she fell an immediate victim to them!

But for the interference of an intimate friend of the Captain, he had set off immediately to London, to have sacrificed Medhurst to the manes of his wife, and an expiatory offering for the indiscretion of his child. This gentleman represented, that he was altogether unworthy of death inflicted by the hand of a man of honour; recommended him, for his child's sake, not to risk his own life; and assured him, that he would exert himself to the utmost, in bringing that villain to as condign a punishment as the law would allow.

The wretched parent seemed satisfied with these assurances, and endeavoured to appear composed; but his flattering appearance was like that of Etna, whose sides are covered with verdure, while fires prey on it's entrails.

He had fully determined, in his own mind, to avenge his wrongs more effectually than the law would admit: for this purpose, unknown to his friend, he sent a pressing invitation to old Medhurst and his son, which he begged they would comply with as soon as possible. Frank, who had every thing to dread, made every excuse he reasonably could; but as his father was very partial to the Captain, he insisted on his compliance, and they set off together.

On their arrival, they were shewn into the parlour; where the Captain sat, with his friend, who was surprized at their unexpected appearance. Mr. Medhurst, after the first salutation, which he thought rather cool, enquired for Mrs. Smith, and Phœbe, and the reason why the family were in mourning. The Captain, with a deep sigh, answered, that his wife was no more; and intreated their company, with that of his friend, to visit Phœbe, whom they would find in the garden.

She was now in so deplorable a state, as scarcely to remember the features of any one; and, when they discovered her, she was sitting in the very bower where she had first listened to her betrayer. Frank trembled at the approach, and shrunk back behind his father. She did not perceive them till they were close to the entrance.—
 “Hush!” she cried, “you've frightened him away; and
 he

he was saying the sweetest things! he knelt there; and when he said *he loved me*, oh! how the tears ran down his cheeks—and my heart so fluttered—yes, he talked so charmingly—but, there, I've a sad memory."—Then raking up the remains of a rose, the leaves of which she had scattered on the ground, and looking wistfully on her father—"This was a pretty rose once!"—So striking an emblem of herself, heightened by the unconscious manner in which she uttered it, operated with full force on the parent. He hid his face for a moment; and then, recollecting himself, re-assumed his previous sternness. At this moment, Frank, by altering his position, caught the eye of the afflicted girl; she surveyed him some time, with a sort of confused terror; then, rising from her seat, left the bower, and walked precipitately to the house. Their eyes followed till they lost sight of her, when the Captain thus addressed them—"The entertainment I have provided for you is a melancholy one, but necessity demands it; the fate of that unhappy girl was the death of her mother!"—Here he drew his hand across his eyes—"and her misery was occasioned by a wretch who, while he eat at my table, planned the ruin of my child." Then, turning to Frank—"Do I speak falsely?" Hardened as he was in vice, the contemptible culprit hung his head, incapable either of denying the accusation, or of offering the smallest excuse, while his father stood confounded with wonder and horror. But the silence of a few moments was interrupted by the Captain; who, drawing a case of pistols from his pocket, presented one to young Medhurst. "There, Sir, Would to God you had dealt as justly with me!" The father and the friend interfered in vain: the Captain was determined, they measured paces, and the seducer fell. It were needless to dwell on the ensuing scene. Mr. Medhurst applied to the bar of criminal jurisdiction for redress. The Captain resigned himself with cheerfulness; and, being found guilty of murder, heard with great firmness, sentence of death passed on him.

The very peculiar circumstances of his case, however, together with the recollection of his professional services, procured him the Royal mercy. But, though restored to society, he was not so to himself. He buried Phœbe soon after; sold his estate; and, retiring to one of the most re-

mote parts of England, dedicated the short remainder of his life to brooding solitude, and hopeless sorrow.



DEATH AND THE DOCTOR; OR, "LIVE AND LET LIVE."

SAYS Death to the Doctor, and shew'd him his dart—
"I've got you at last, friend! This, this to your heart!
No more shall you cheat me——" "Cheat you, friend!
which way?"—

"By saving whole thousands design'd for my prey."—

"Me deprive you of thousands?" replied Galen's son;

"I swear, Sir, I never depriv'd you of one.

While patients can see, 'tis my int'rest to save 'em;

But, you well know, at last, I take care you shall have 'em.

Then withdraw your curs'd dart; reconsider the case;

Let justice, at least, if not friendship, take place:

Don't envy me grass, while you riot in clover;

But, "Live, and let live, brother, all the world over."



ESSAY,

ACCOUNTING FOR

OUR DISPOSITIONS AND CHARACTERS,

FROM

CORRESPONDING QUALITIES IN MINERAL NATURE.

AMUSING myself, lately, with Ovid's fiction of the renovation of mankind, after the flood, by Deucalion and Pyrrha; it occurred to me, that the allegory might be extended much farther, and not unprofitably; by accounting for every different species of men, from the suppositions of their being the productions of such stones, or mineral substances, as may seem most analagous to their respective natures.

To

To effect a proper assimilation of this idea, it must be granted, that the agents of the miracle are enabled, by the superior Power, to command proportionate quantities of all the various minerals, fossils, calculous concretions, ores, gems, and petrified substances, either concealed in the bowels of the earth, or deposited in the profound beds of the sea.

We may, then, without the smallest embarrassment, proceed to affirm, that wherever a piece of *marble*, or *alabaster*, was thrown, there arose a being, whether male or female, of a fair and specious external; hard-hearted, and insensible to every tender impression: while soft *chalky substances* necessarily produced characters easily moulded into any form; yielding, alike, to the chaste designs of Wisdom, or the wild caprice of Folly. From the *copper ore* may be derived those of a corroding nature: the envious, the malevolent, all retailers of slander, and other pernicious underminers of our felicity. From *iron*, the intrepid and hardy; as, warriors, and persons remarkably tenacious of their rights, and averse to flexibility; to familiarize and refine whom, requires the united efforts of enduring time and persevering labour, similar to what is necessary to produce, from this metal, its elastick and polished offspring, *steel*. From *lead* we may expect the saturnine and gross; the bigotted devotee, the servile groveller, and the phlegmatick boor.

Gold and *silver*, it may be presumed, gave birth to poets, historians, artists, and all other descriptions of exalted characters; whose labours, the effect of genius, are of sterling value; possessing the power to enrich, refine, and improve mankind. At the first view, I was tempted to deduce the origin of the miser from the same source; but it soon occurred, that his origin might more reasonably be imputed to that species of *coal* frequently found encrusted with a semblance of these valuable metals, acquired by means with which the wisest characters are wholly unacquainted: and this semblance still more forcibly strikes us, when we reflect that, from this mineral, like the character alluded to, there is no advantage derivable till it's dissolution.

In the mariner, we may trace a similitude to the *coral*; authorized by the uncommon firmness of both, and their thriving best in their native element.

The various descriptions of gems, and precious stones, afford numerous examples to illustrate our theory.

The transparency of the *chrystal* bears an apt resemblance to openness and candour of sentiment; the delicate violet of the *amethyst*, presents an agreeable feature of unaffected modesty, generally inherent in a character of real merit; the *sapphire's* blue, an idea of that heavenly serenity of mind accompanying a course of virtue; the bright green of the *emerald*, a lively temper, connected with solidity of mind; the rich yellow of the *topaz*, the mellow or social disposition uncorrupted by excess; and the glowing red of the *ruby*, zeal for religion, finely tempered by the according power of reason.

The *pearl* sheds the precious seeds of those amiable and silent virtues, which exist rarely but in private life; and which are only preserved by avoiding a too familiar intercourse with the world, their purity being easily sullied: such as adorn the chaste virgin, the faithful wife, the tender mother, and the amiable friend.

The *diamond* is justly allowed pre-eminence, as well for brilliancy of appearance, as solidity of worth; we must, therefore, necessarily attach to it that character, the innate splendour and value of which reflects brightness on the most distinguished appointment; whose worth is incapable of material diminution, from the humblest situation; and whose firmness, calculated to bear even the severest ardour of persecution with the most admirable fortitude, emulates the diamond, that endures, unimpaired in value, the most extreme heat of fire.

But, lest the diamond should seem to present us with too perfect a character for the sphere of morality, it may be requisite to examine it's weak side. Like the most superlative characters in life, it has it's flaws; and there is a possibility of debasing it so far, as to render it absolutely worthless. If thrown into cold water immediately on being extracted from a fierce fire, in which it has laid till thoroughly heated; it is said to separate into thin pieces, resembling talc, and to be equally deficient in transparency: just as the most virtuous man, after nobly undergoing the most violent persecution, may be so far seduced by the flattery of the world, of which water, as the emblem of deceit, is here to be considered the type, as to be subjugated

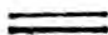
jugated by degeneracy; and have his genuine glory and merit entirely obliterated.

There are many other mineral productions equally susceptible of application; but, having already procured sufficient to convey a general idea, I shall conclude my metaphor, by averring the wit to have originally sprung from *quicksilver*; the critick from the *touchstone*, on which the qualities of metals are tried; and the good divine from the *magnet*, or *loadstone*, as still leading to the grand point, by it's irresistible power of attraction. Beauty may, perhaps, profess itself an emanation; and, if it be that *real* beauty, which arises from virtue and genuine modesty; combined with an easy and affable carriage; the claim must not be disavowed: but if merely that which is composed of a fine form, polished skin, white teeth, and regular features, unaided by mental graces; I boldly affirm such meretricious charmers; with the whole swarm of false wits, beaux, coquettes, and other trifling and indescribable human insects; to be generated from counterfeit gems, variegated shells and pebbles; together with the extensive collection of strange and unaccountable petrefactions, aberrations and monstrosities of nature, so frequently met with by every curious researcher. I must not, however, unite with the cruelty and injustice of the world, by neglecting that respectable and select class of society, the Old Maids—who are so indeed—and whom I feel inclined to derive from that rare and very curious natural production, the *asbestos*: which, though of a texture delicate in the extreme, remains unconsumed amidst the fiercest fire; yet, does not appear in the smallest degree useful to society; more, perhaps, from man's want of penetration to discover and apply it's valuable qualities, than from any inherent defect of it's own.

An instructive moral may be deduced from this allegory. Had the world been actually re-peopled in the manner related by Ovid, and the consequences proved such as I have just represented, there would then have been some degree of consistency in one man's conceiving himself naturally superior to another; and, consequently, some excuse for pride. The offspring of a jewel might reasonably have concluded himself of more consequence than any metallick production whatever; and the several branches of the various

rious metals, and other natural productions of the earth, have valued themselves in proportion to the purity of their parental qualities; or the degrees of estimation imputed to them as more or less beneficial to mankind.

But as all were, in reality, originally formed from the same substance, mere earth; how ludicrous is it for any individual to appear inflated with ideas of conscious self-importance, and absurdly imagine themselves something superior to the general standard of mortality! The most minute and insignificant object in creation has a purpose assigned it, and an effect to accomplish; and, undoubtedly, every human being has some peculiar advantage, or qualification, by which he may render himself useful to society. He, therefore, that improves the talent given; and, exercising it for general benefit, renders to the community the duty that he owes it from the nature of a social compact, is, in the eye of reason, on an equal footing with it's worthiest members: for true greatness is not implicated in any particularity of station; but consists in the manner of discharging the delegated trust, and in the degree contributed towards the publick welfare. None, in fact, can justly be denominated mean, but the churlish, the sensual, and the slothful.



CHARITY.

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

IN Virtue's plain, where many a stream doth glide,
 Full richly fed, from Pleasure, fountain fair!
 Doth ev'ry spring of happiness abide;
 And many a fane it's head exalteth there,
 Where virtues dwell; of Virtue children all,
 And as the parent we the offspring call.

There doth Contentment greet the wand'ring eye;
 Unspotted Chastity, of modest mien;
 And sober Temp'rance; meek Humility;
 And many mo, whose titles fair, I ween,
 And goodly deeds, in Virtue's page, with care,
 For imitation, all enrolled are.

But,

But, chief of all, there dwelleth *Charity*;
 Withouten whom none *Virtue's* presence find;
 Who else attempt them *Self-security*
 Still intercepteth; he a power unkind!
 And near the fane he skulks to seize on all
 Who turn a deafen'd ear when *Charity* doth call.

And woe betide all whom he seizeth on!
 From *Virtue's* plain he them conveyeth far;
 Before their eyes impervious mits are thrown;
 And haughty pride conducteth them to where,
Destruction hight, a horrid pit there been;
 And down they fall, and never mo are seen!

In other's good doth *Charity* rejoice;
 Supporting hapless offspring not her own;
 Prompt at the call of *Misery's* falt'ring voice;
 And ever trying to allay the moan
 Of guilty breast; by ev'ry soothing art,
 Infilling hope to heal the broken heart.

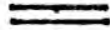
If *Envy* ever, with base *Scandal* join'd,
 Doth try her gen'rous actions to bewray,
 She smileth pardon; conscious that her mind
 To deeds unseemly never did give way;
 And then in tender pity doth she sigh,
 That such there are who deal thus spitefully.

If, by a pow'r superior e'er oppress'd,
 Her deadliest foe in thraldom chance to fall,
 Again doth pity actuate her breast,
 And his unkindness she forgetteth all;
 His sad condition causeth her much pain,
 Nor doth she rest till she his freedom gain.

If when she, forc'd, contendeth with a foe—
 And foes, Heaven knoweth, she hath not a few—
 She him o'ercome, and all his arts o'erthrow,
 Her 'vantage ne'er to farthest doth pursue;
 But kindly spareth; holding it to be
 A crime to crush a fallen enemy.

Ah!

Ah! may ne Self-security my way
 With mists too surely fatal e'er obscure;
 But gentle Charity my bosom sway;
 That I in Virtue's palace may secure
 A fair reception; and avoid the fate
 Which all her foes doth, certes, aye, await!



ALI AND ORASMIN; OR, THE EFFECTS OF ENVY.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

WHEN Muley Mustapha swayed the Ottoman Empire, lived Ali and Orasmin, sons of two most eminent Lords in the court of Amurath his father: they were born on the same day; had been companions from infancy; contemplated together the stupendous beauties of Nature; scrutinized the complicated labyrinths of Knowledge; cultivated the heroick discipline of War; and courted the irrefragable Graces calculated to meliorate the ruggedness of the soldier, and familiarize the pedantick stiffness of the scholar; polish the invaluable precepts of Wisdom, and make even Virtue's self more divine. It was determined at their births, by the Genii of Excellence, that Ali should surpass Orasmin in beauty of person, strength of body, and vigour of mind; and, though the latter apparently possessed all the candour and generosity of the former, he was in reality subtle and selfish; jealous of merit, and impatient of superiority: yet the sacred zone of friendship was mutually exchanged between them, and they were the sole confidants of each other.

A soil so ungrateful as the breast of Orasmin was little propitious to the seeds of amity; especially as increasing maturity confirmed proportionately the unkind bias of nature. In all their emulatory exercises, the breath of victory was the boon of Ali, who wore it with the most conciliating demeanour: but nothing could reconcile Orasmin to repeated disappointment; continual defeat increased his chagrin; his friendship daily subsided; he had
 recourse

recourse to stratagem for triumph, but the result was ever accumulated mortification; till, at length, envy took possession of his breast, and was by a most important occurrence sublimed into a desire of revenge.

Of Amine, the beautiful and virtuous daughter of the Vizier Omar, they were both enamoured; and both sought her affections, though unknown to each other: but the talisman of Fortune was in the hand of Ali; and, by consent of the vizier, the *cadi* drew up the contract of union between them. Orasmin attended the celebration of his friend's nuptials; but, while he prayed aloud that Alla might shower down innumerable blessings on his head, he cursed him in his heart, and from that moment meditated his destruction. But his resentment he veiled under the garb of extreme solicitude; and, while on his lips dwelt the mellifluous accents of disinterested profession, the deadly gall of hatred rankled in his soul. Lo! to the eye, how beautiful appears the serpent of the desert; yet in his mouth is inserted a barbed sting, and under his tongue is collected the dark beverage of death!

Orasmin, now stedfast in his hate, waited with the utmost anxiety for a favourable moment to effect his monstrous purposes on his rival, as the tawny lion of Africa watches an opportunity to spring on his prey: but the hopes of the envious were vain; the conduct of Ali put Scandal to shame, and bade defiance to the machinations of Malice.

The pure bliss which the new-married couple enjoyed, was in the fulness of time heightened extremely by the birth of a son: but it is written in the ample book of Nature—"That the fairest blossom shall be blighted, and the green leaf shall not last for ever;" and, in the unutterable volume of Destiny, that—"The aspect of human happiness is deceitful as the complexion of the sky; and that the exquisite season of enjoyment flees away on the light pinions of impatience." The son of Amine was stolen from his nurse; and the house of Ali, from being the mansion of supreme felicity, became, on a sudden, the dwelling of anguish, and the haunt of despair.

An hundred moons had revolved, and Ali and Amine heard not of their first-born; neither did the all-wise Alla think fit to supply his place by another. At length, Ali
was

was dispatched on an expedition against the enemies of the faithful; and Orasmin had the mortification to serve under him, as second in command. He resolved to thwart him all he could insidiously: and, by a well-concerted stratagem, and most consummate address, made so grand a diversion in favour of the foe, that the Mussulmen were not only defeated; but, apparently to the whole army, through the imbecility of the commander in chief, who narrowly escaped being made prisoner.

The sagacious Ali, however, though he little suspected the treachery of Orasmin, knew well where the blame lay; yet, rather than his friend should suffer, nobly chose to keep silence, and himself bear the whole weight of the Sultan's displeasure. The perfidious Orasmin, internally rejoicing at the effect of his art, with the greatest pleasure received the news, that the generous Ali was banished his sovereign's presence, and had retired to hide his shame far from the royal city. Time, however, and the interest of Omar, once more restored Ali to Mustapha's favour: he was entrusted, in a full divan, with an embassy to the Christian states; and returned, after having concluded his mission in the most honourable manner. But it should seem that the Genii of Prosperity had resigned his destiny to the Spirits of Malediction; the sublime satisfaction he received from the approving smiles of his royal master, were blasted by the intelligence that Amine, the wife of his bosom, was no more! At his departure, she had retired to a house which he possessed by the sea-shore; and it was her custom every evening to ramble among the rocks, as if to look for his return, from one of these excursions she never returned; and her attendants concluded that she must have been drowned. Ali was distracted at the information, and flew from society to bury his grief in sympathizing solitude. In the mean time, partly through sorrowing for his daughter, and partly through the dilapidations of time, the venerable Omar resigned his seat of mortality; and Orasmin, by mere intrigue, obtained the post of temporary Vizier; as Mustapha had proclaimed, that no one should be confirmed in it, but he who should perform an action worthy of such a reward.

Orasmin, however, through the most refined artifice, had almost induced the Sultan to perpetuate his claim to the viziership;

viziership; when Nadar Ismoul, with a formidable army, approached, with all the insolence of a rebel, within two day's march of the royal capital. The voice of rebellion pierced the recesses of grief; and Ali, roused from his desponding lethargy by the imminent danger of his country, hastened to court; and, throwing himself at the Sultan's feet, entreated leave to march against Nadar, and retrieve his former dishonour. Muley readily complied; and Ali took the field with a less, but a much better disciplined army than that of Nadar: victory strode before him; the deluded forces of the traitor threw down their arms, but it was the will of Alla that their leader should escape.

The acclamations of thousands proclaimed the honourable return of Ali; and Orasmin, making a virtue of necessity, was the first to declare him worthy of the viziership. He at first hesitated to accept it, for the memory of Amine had estranged his heart from society; but, reflecting that man was not made for himself, and that he who slights the power of doing good, is an enemy to human nature, he received it at the hands of his gracious sovereign with the most zealous and heart-felt professions of gratitude. The torments of Orasmin increased daily; and, though he observed the most marked attention to his rival outwardly, the dark projects of revenge continually absorbed his mind. An orphan, who from earliest infancy had been under his protection, loved, and was beloved by his daughter: he had long noticed it, but concealed that knowledge. One day, when the lovers were enjoying, as they thought, the blisses of security, he surprized them, and with a stern frown bade Ibrahim follow him. They entered a private apartment; when Orasmin, seating himself, thus addressed the youth, who stood trembling before him—"Ibrahim, when the Angel of Death deprived thee of thy parents, and the Angel of Adversity destroyed the fortunes of thine house, thou wast insensible of thy loss. Thy father had been my most intimate friend, and I took thee under my protection. I have been to thee as a father, and thou hast been profuse in professions of gratitude; but it is by deeds alone that we can judge of the sincerity of the heart, and Orasmin now finds it necessary to put thy gratitude to trial." Then, giving him a letter, bade him read it;

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which

which the terrified Ibrahim immediately opening, found to contain these words—

“ Ali Mahomet, to his esteemed friend, Nadar Ismoul; greeting, health and happiness ! To the tyrant Mustapha despair and death ! The plan of thy defeat was well managed ; the credulous Muley is completely deceived, and has made me Vizier : he little dreams that he has put himself into the power of his most implacable enemy. I dispatch this by a trusty messenger ; by whom, from time to time, I shall communicate to thee what steps thou art to take. At present, keep still where thou art ; and I hope soon to call thee from thy hiding-place ; to share with me the empire of the usurping Othmans. Thine, in all the ardour of sincerity,

“ ALI MAHOMET.”

“ Among the talents thou possessest,” continued Orasmin, “ thou hast that of imitating, beyond the possibility of detection, the most difficult hand-writing ; transcribe, then, that letter in the characters of Ali our vizier, specimens of which I shall give thee ; and, if thou succeedest to my wish, the hand of my daughter Almeria, whom thou lovest, shall be thine.” The agitation of surprize which possessed the youthful Ibrahim, left him not words to reply : he stammered a few incoherent words ; when Orasmin, drawing his scymitar, cried—“ I am not to be trifled with ! to the task this moment ; or, by the head of Mahomet, thou shalt follow the shade of thy father ! But, I again repeat it, if thou pleasest me, Almeria shall be thine to-morrow.”

Flattered by the hopes of possessing Almeria, but more through fear at the threats of Orasmin, Ibrahim sat down, without a thought of the consequences which might ensue, to imitate the treasonous scroll. The monster who compelled him to the action, was delighted with his performance : and calling for sherbet, he drank, telling Ibrahim to pledge him ; then, bidding him good night with a sarcastical smile, and securing the door when he went, left him in a most painful reverie.

Repairing to the walls of the seraglio, he entered by a private passage, through which the Emperor always passed when wont to survey the royal city in disguise ; and which by having been vizier, he was well acquainted with : and having, while in office, procured false keys to the various doors,

doors, he easily found admission to the secret audience-chamber, where none but the vizier can enter on pain of death without permission of the Sultan; and, there leaving the letter, he returned to his house, exulting in the hope that Multapha would discover it, when he retired there alone, as was his custom every night, to inspect such dispatches as the vizier in the day prepared for his approbation: trusting the success of his plan on the extreme credulity and impetuosity of that monarch, which hurried him into actions that provided him the most severe repentance for his moments of reflection.

The event justified his most sanguine expectations; and, before the first watch of the night was passed, a hasty messenger summoned him to a secret audience in the palace. The Sultan presented him with the letter; he read it, and appeared petrified with astonishment; compared the writing with some of Ali's he had purposely brought with him, to satisfy himself of it's identity; then, bemoaning the defalcation of his friend, in accents of the most artfully counterfeited grief, and after an apparent struggle between duty and friendship—"Glory," said he, "to God and his prophet! Long life to the Commander of the Faithful! and destruction to his enemies! The profound duty every Mussulman owes to the vicegerent of Alla, obliges me to dispense with the scruples of an ill-placed friendship; and declare, that the conduct of Ali has long appeared to me as involved in the veil of mystery: the plausible manner in which he has ever demeaned himself, I have discovered, beyond a doubt, has been only a lure for popularity; too ardent a love for which is a certain criterion of unwarrantable ambition.

"I once had the mortification to witness the shameful defeat of the Ottoman arms, under his command; I had then many reasons to suspect treachery: but the implicit confidence I, with the empire at large, put in him, made me discredit my own senses; and it was the same infatuation which induced me to be the foremost in declaring him the most eligible for the viziership, when returned from meeting the rebel Ismoul. Yet, when I reflect, in sober reason, on the nature of that action, and behold the insurgents, though greatly superior in force, throwing down their arms almost without the shadow of resistance; and

their leader suffered to escape; it impresses me as a strong confirmation of the authenticity of this newly-discovered instrument of treason."—"Thou art right, Orasmin," interrupted the enraged Mustapha: "convey him instantly to a dungeon; and to-morrow's sun shall behold inflicted on him the reward of his treachery!"—"Will it please the gracious emblem of Alla," replied Orasmin, "to listen a moment longer, without anger, to his slave; while he offers, as Alla himself can witness, the counsel only dictated by that unshaken attachment ever evinced by his house to the renowned family of the Othmans?"—"Speak on, and fear not," returned Mustapha. Orasmin proceeded—"Thou knowest well, O glory of thy race! that Ali is the idol of the deluded multitude; and, should they behold him going forth to execution, what desperate steps may not their blind attachment induce them to take for his preservation? And a commotion once begun, as we know not how far the treason has spread, may encourage hundreds of accomplices in the guilt to come forward; and, led by Nadar, who doubtless is at hand, induce the populace to join the compact of treason, release Ali, and shake, perhaps, even the foundation of the Ottoman throne? Let policy, then, bid Justice strike this night; so, the root of the confederacy being cut away, the branches shall necessarily wither; and, when to-morrow's sun shall expose the traitor's head, branded with his crime, to the trembling people, thy subjects shall be more firmly fixed in their obedience—taught by the awful lesson, that the most exalted enemies of Mustapha are the fated victims of destruction!" He ceased. "By Mahomet! I swear," rejoins the Sultan, "thy reasons are just! See him instantly dispatched! Be this," presenting his ring, "thy warrant. Be gone!" Orasmin wanted not urging: he seized Ali; but appeared not before him, till he beheld him extended on the floor of a loathsome dungeon, secured by the ponderous manacles of injustice. On entering, having ordered the guard to withdraw—"Mahomet," said he, "is it my noble friend Ali I am commissioned to guard? Can any wretch have accused thee of a crime meriting such dishonour! thou, whose name scandal had not even dared to prophane? Alas! my friend! where will Oppression finish his career!"—"I know not, my dear Orasmin!" replied
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the injured Ali, half raising himself, "my crime, nor mine accuser: innocence, however, is my support; and, while thou art my gaoler, I shall find pleasure even in a prison!"—"Generous, noble Ali!" rejoined the brute, "what is it I do not feel for thee! Yet it were unkind to keep thee in suspense. Know, then, that the abandoned wretch, who was the occasion of the foul disgrace thou endurest, is no other than thy dear, thy beloved friend, Orasmin!"—"Orasmin! Orasmin!" with an accent of doubting horror, enquired the victim. "Yes!" returned the fiend, "*thy* Orasmin!" Ali sunk down senseless. On his recovering, Orasmin continued—"From the hour that early youth submitted me to the scourgings of a pedagogue, thou hast been my rival, and the name of Orasmin has shrunk before that of Ali. Thinkest thou, that I could have a spirit, and bear it? No! the childish weaknesses of friendship I soon got rid of; and, from the moment thou deprivedst me of all hope of possessing the forceress Amine, I determined on a revenge—not a common revenge; that was always at hand—I waited with all the patience of deliberate malignance, for a revenge worthy my hatred; and I have obtained it! I have accused thee of treason; and, behold, this ring is my warrant for thy private murder! Murder! I say; for—O it delights my soul to pronounce it—thou art innocent!"—"And must I die innocent?" exclaimed the devoted Ali. "Yet thy will, O Alla! be done. What more have I to wish for on earth? I have lost my friend, my wife, and my child!"—"Friend," interrupted Orasmin, "thou never hadst! Thy wife and child—But, hold!—I came to torment, not to satisfy thee!"—"Oh! Orasmin, what a conflict hast thou raised in my bosom! My wife and child! knowest thou any thing of them?" Orasmin smiled contemptuously, "Speak, only say if thou knowest ought of them!"—"I will say nothing," replied he; "uncertainty will increase thy pangs. Prepare for death!—Slaves!" The door of the dungeon burst open, and presented to their view Mustapha, Ibrahim, and Amine! "Secure that fiend!" cried the Sultan; and instantly Orasmin was loaded with chains. Ali and Amine were lying senseless in each other's arms; Orasmin assumed a desperate sullenness; the Sultan and Ibrahim surveyed the whole in silence. "Alla!

Alla! Alla!" repeated the reviving Ali; "thou art merciful! thou art merciful!"—"My dear lord," interrupted Amine, "dreary have been the hours since we parted! O hear my justification! While walking by the sea-side, a band of men, masked, beset me; and, forcing me on a horse, carried me, blindfolded, I knew not where; for, when suffered to remove the bandage, I was alone in a mean, gloomy apartment, the door of which was secured. There have I remained, in vain lamenting my fate; ignorant of my oppressor; and seeing no one except a slave, who put my food through a lattice daily, but never spoke; till this night I heard the voice of Orasmin in a tone of threatening. I listened; and discovered, that he was compelling that generous youth, Ibrahim, to write a treasonous letter in characters like yours. When I found Orasmin was gone, I entreated the youth to liberate me: instantly he opened a door into my apartment, so artfully contrived, that I had never before observed it. I told him who I was, and begged him again to deliver me. He was shocked; confirmed what I had over-heard, and promised to protect me. He discovered, with indignation, that he himself was also prisoner. After a long deliberation, and many fruitless attempts to force the door, at the peril of our lives, we escaped by a window into the garden. Here we had fresh difficulties to encounter, and the fourth watch passed before we were quite at liberty.

"We soon learned that you was imprisoned. Flying to the palace, our gracious Sultan admitted us to an audience, when we convinced him of the villainy of thy false friend."—"And, behold me," interrupted the Sultan, "ready to do thee justice, Ali; and inflict on that wretch the punishment which he had prepared for thee! for, by Alla's self I swear, this night is his last!"—"My fate is just!" said Orasmin, in a tone of penitence. "But, before I die, let me make what reparation is in my power to the man I have injured. Behold, Ali, in Ibrahim, I restore thee thy long-lost son!" Extreme was the astonishment of all; and the rapture of Ali and Amine induced them to kneel for a pardon for the culprit. "Ask not a pardon," said Orasmin, "which must soon be repented! I stole thy child solely for the purposes of revenge; though fortune, never till now, gave me an opportunity of making use of him equal to my wishes;
and,

and, to make him the source of his father's death, was a stroke worthy the noblest policy of vengeance. Thou hast escaped me; but, to give him thus kindly, were an inequality of soul, poor indeed! No; I have pangs for thee yet in store, the thought of which makes the contemplation of death and tortures pleasant to me. I only revealed him to thee to make thee feel the curses of lasting separation. The mother once disdained the offer I made of my hand; it was my intention, therefore, to have kept her ignorant of her persecutor, languishing till grief and despair removed her from my reach: but the boy had answered the end I designed him for: I wanted him no more; and, at liberty, he might have betrayed me. For security, I gave him poison in sherbet; and thought, even had he got free, so strong it was, that it would have worked faster than his conscience!"—"The vengeance be on thine own head!" cried Ibrahim; "for it was thyself who drank the poison. I saw thee drop something in the draught intended for me; and, unseen by thee, changed the cups."

"I feel it! I feel it!" exclaimed the frantick Orasmin. "Curse on thee, Mahomet! thou hast frustrated all!"—"Hence with him!" said Mustapha; and then led Ali, Amine, and Ibrahim, out of the prison. By permission of the Sultan, Ibrahim was united to Almeria; and the participation of her husband's honours, who was restored to his viziership, amply recompensed Amine for all her sorrows.

An exemplary instance of gratitude towards Alla and the Sultan—towards the latter, by faithful counsel, and steady attachment to his interest; and, towards the former, by an uniform course of piety, and a conscientious dispensation of justice and benevolence to his fellow subjects—Ali lived long, beloved, and happy. As it is written in the sacred tablets of Truth—"The righteous shall dwell in the tents of gladness, and the merciful in the gardens of peace: while the wicked shall be covered with shame; and the envious man shall be consumed in the fire which he kindleth for his neighbour."

THE

DEPARTURE OF THE YEAR.

— **W**HITHER so fast?—to woo thy longer stay,
 Impatient Year! the warmest pray'rs we'll try:
 Vain are our wishes, and in vain we pray—
 Unkindly, Time! ah, why so bent to fly?

Quick, bring the flute, and breathe a melting air,
 Lull the fleet greybeard with the charm divine:
 Alas, how callous! he betrays no care,
 Nor will one moment to the strain incline!

Strike up the pipe, the tabor, and the dance;
 We'll lure him back with sprightliness and joy!—
 See, see! he faster flies, nor deigns a glance;
 But mocks our hope, and pities our employ!

“Let the churl go!” cries Folly, with a stare;
 “Blame not, but rather urge him on, his flight:
 Time, when he's tardy, saddles us with care,
 And Care destroys life's principle, delight.”—

Delight?—I wrong thee, or thou mean'st, Excess;
 There all thy hope, thy dearest joy, is plac'd!—
 Go, vacant dolt!—be frank, for once confess,
 That horrors haunt thee, and that fevers waste.

Delight's the genuine temper of the soul,
 That Honour fashions, and Temptation proves;
 How unlike thine, that stoops to the controul
 Of sensual Meanness, and the bondage loves!

Know, that the Year, whose flight thou hold'st in scorn,
 Gone to the records of eternal fate,
 Swells those memorials for the last, dread, morn,
 With all that honour'd or disgrac'd it's date,

Could'st thou behold the tale of Infamy,
 Gone from thy mind, but branding there thy name;
 Thou'd'st seek to hide thee—from thyself, to fly—
 Lost as thou art, to honour, and to shame!

To

To thee is giv'n to greet the rising year ;
 Haply, not thine to witness it's decay :
 At Heav'n's just bar, ere that, thou may'st appear,
 The dreadful forfeit of thy crimes to pay.

Then seize the moment in the power of Hope ;
 Lo ! the destroying angel's on his course :—
 Halten, ere Justice take her awful scope,
 And, by Repentance, deprecate her force !



THE VISION OF HASSAN.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

HASSAN, the merchant, having, through the favour of Alla, and an unexampled industry, accumulated an immense fortune, in the prime of life, declined the fatigues of commerce for the luxury of splendor, and the enjoyment of ease.

His palace seemed the seat of enchantment ; his haram was filled with the choicest beauties, and his banquets were worthy a potentate. The sounds of musick and dancing were continually heard in his hall ; all who came were welcome ; and the residence of Hassan was signalized by the appellation of the *Mansion of Hospitality*. Every one bowed as he passed ; his name was celebrated in songs ; and the prayers of the poor were continually offered up for his welfare. Every thing about him wore the appearance of felicity ; his superiors courted him ; his equals flattered and envied him ; and his inferiors sought his patronage, in preference to that of princes. All were astonished at his magnificence, and all united in pronouncing him *happy*.

But Hassan was an instance, that the estimates of mortals are generally erroneous. On a sudden, an extreme languor possessed him. He found not pleasure among his women ; retired from the banquet disgusted ; and heard the voice of adulation unmoved. Musick could no longer lull him to repose ; he was absent by day, and restless by night. In vain he affected the alacrity of chearfulness ; for his

his countenance displayed the settled gloom of melancholy and dissatisfaction.

In this disposition of mind, reclined on his sofa, he was ruminating on the uncertainty and subtlety of happiness; when he was alarmed by a violent clap of thunder, and in a moment a supernatural Form stood before him.

“Hassan,” said the Spirit, in an encouraging tone, “attend! I am the Genius of Instruction; the bountiful and omniscient Alla has seen thy dissatisfaction, and has permitted me to direct thee in thy search after happiness. Mark well what is before thee!”

A plain, bordered on each side by a thick wood, and enchantingly diversified with fruit-trees and flowers, was extended to his view; so large, that a temple at the farther end was scarcely discernible, to which a numerous quantity of children, who instantly made their appearance, were directed by a venerable personage; and warned against turning out of the path, or stopping by the way, excepting to refresh themselves with the fruits or flowers growing immediately on its borders; which they were allowed to do, as the journey was long and also fatiguing, in consequence of bogs and brambles frequently obstructing the way.

The majority, however, instead of attending to the injunction, dispersed at random over the plain, amusing themselves with juvenile sports; some too gathered nosegays, while others culled the most beautiful flowers to ornament their hair; and some greedily devoured the various fruits, while others filled their pockets with them. Many, nevertheless, seemed to obey the command given them. But the greater part of these were seduced from the path, at various stages of the journey: some, to go over to former companions; others, attracted by the luxuriant appearance of some particular species of fruit, or the variegated tints of a glaring flower; and few, indeed, were they who reached the temple. These had scarcely entered, when from the two woods rushed out a large troop of beasts of prey, while the air darkened with innumerable descending vultures and every other description of carnivorous birds. They immediately attacked the juvenile multitude; who, defenceless as they all were, fled every way to avoid them. A few took refuge in a miserable hovel,

hovel, on the right side of the plain; and many sought the woods, whither they were instantly pursued. Of those who could not escape, some were left dead on the plain; others shockingly mangled, on whom the birds and smaller beasts began immediately to glut their carnivorous appetites, while the larger beasts dragged their unfortunate victims into the woods, to devour them, at leisure, in their dens.

“What means,” exclaimed the astonished Hassan, “the scene before me?”—“What thou hast seen,” replied the Genius, “is a picture of human life; the plain is the world, and the children are its inhabitants. The temple, to which they were directed by the sage, Wisdom, is that of Virtue, the only residence of Happiness; and the Hovel, from whence there is a subterraneous passage into the temple, the abode of Repentance. Happiness is the universal hope of mankind; yet, like the little children who disobeyed the command given them, they perversely seek it in the rounds of folly, and the gratification of sense; thence the various cares and diseases, represented by the birds and beasts of prey; which render life a burden to some, destroy it in others, and impel many to wander in the horrid woods of madness and despair. Such has been thy pursuit after happiness. Thine industry was prompted by the hope of gain, and the desire of riches, for the purposes of sensuality; vanity has made thee profuse, and thou hast extended thy patronage to obtain the despicable incense of servile adulation. The countenance of princes, and the homage of the herd, at first inflated thy little mind; and novelty made thee experience a deceitful satisfaction. But the charm is removed! thy senses are palled with excess; adulation is become familiar; and thou hast reaped nothing from the company of the great, but the envy of those with whom it was thy interest to have preserved a confidence. Thou hast flatterers without friends, and plenty without enjoyment; hence melancholy lours on thy countenance, and discontent preys on thy heart. Know, then, whatever is undertaken, without a view of promoting the interests of virtue, must necessarily end in disappointment and chagrin. Such is the moral to be drawn from the scene thou hast contemplated. Be wise, observe it, and be happy.”

Here the Genius withdrew, in a blaze of effulgence; and
the

the sun-beams, at that moment playing on the eyes of Hafsan, awaked him from his profitable vision.

He prostrated himself in grateful adoration before the indulgent Alla; conformed his life to the precepts of the Genius; and enjoyed, to a good age, the felicity which he had been told it would produce, and which will seldom or never fail to result from an uniform adherence to similar pursuits.



EASTER ANTHEM.

WHEN Israel's Psalmist felt the fire
That Israel's God was wont inspire
Within his duteous breast,
The royal lyrist tun'd his lays,
And in the noblest themes of praise,
His gratitude express'd.

Israel in bondage, first, with grief,
He sung, and hopeless of relief;
But quickly chang'd the strain:
And, as he sung, the God ador'd;
For, lo! he sung, a land restor'd
To liberty again!

But, when he sung the boon divine,
"The throne secur'd to Judah's line,"
How on the strain he hung!
Till rapture swell'd his bosom high,
While gratitude suffus'd his eye,
And check'd his falt'ring tongue.

Such joy no selfish motive mov'd
In him, whom God so much approv'd;
For well he understood—
From Judah's race, with time's increase,
AN HEIR should rise—that **PRINCE** of **PEACE!**
Who bought us with his blood.

If

If David could such joy display,
 Reflecting on that glorious day
 He vainly wish'd to know;
 Bless'd with that day's all-saving sight,
 From us what accents of delight,
 What ceaseless strains should flow!

Oh! catch the lyre, and wake the string;
 A bounteous God, with David, sing,
 To death, for us, a prey:
 And every voice in concert rise,
 With grateful rapture rend the skies,
 Nor let the theme decay!



HAPPINESS

DEPENDENT ON CHEARFULNESS.

YE Spirits of Pity! turn hither your steps. Oh, balm-crowned Charity! attended by insinuating Persuasion, infuse the chearing oil of hope into the bitter cup which a mistaken being has mingled for himself.

He has distilled wormwood for his beverage: Reason offered a sweeter draught; but, with disdain, he dashed it down! Oh, teach him a brighter arbitrament!

Rugged and dumose are the paths of life; rendered so by the unkindly hand of Injustice: but why make them worse by our own narrow conceptions? Would our souls but admit as enlarged a view of the beneficent Source of love as all nature continually displays for our observation, where would be our sighs? Where that forbidding gloom, which seems to say—"Hence! every thing on which the smile of Peace is delineated; my dark soul has not room for such guests—I want ye not. Horror is my companion, and Misery the darling of my heart!" Alas! unhappy man, arise; forsake thy deadly slumber, and enjoy what Heaven has set before thee. Beshrew! or rather repentance to, the unfeeling breast of him who would deride thy sorrows! It were ill done to depress the already cowed

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spirit;

spirit; to fire upon the sinking bark. I see thine eye raised with a look of humblest remonstrance, but more efficacious than the severest reply. Our heavenly Master would not "break a bruised reed," why then should we?

Behold, my brother! all nature wears the smile of gladness: the birds carelessly chirp away the hours; they anticipate not the devaluations of the murderous fowler. The herds and flocks contentedly graze on the hills, or frolick over the plains; all happy, though destined all to bleed. The flowery orders contribute their share towards the delightful prospect; vie with each other in displaying the most luxuriant beauties, and unite in delectably perfuming the circumambient air. The meanest herb, and most minute blade of grass, glow with freshness and animation. It is the still voice of Gratitude, and the Almighty Creator regards them—will he not then regard thee? He supports the sparrow, will he not then support thee? "Thou art of more worth than many sparrows." Yes, my friend, he has spread this scene for thy use: he is ever endeavouring to make thee happy; and is now at hand to raise thy desponding heart, if thou wilt but request it of him. Ah! thine eye brightens; that tear pleads for thee more than the most studied form of words: it has soothed thy soul; thy brow is placid. Resign thy melancholy weeds, and put on the decent garment of cheerfulness. Courage! the rose blossoms among thorns, and the berry grows amid brambles. Sweet, without occasional bitter, would pall; trial enhances the value of ease, and affliction determines the existence of bliss.

The warmest thanks of mankind are due to those who, to divert us from chagrin, are always turning the bright side of every prospect towards us; and endeavouring to substitute the dimple of Cheerfulness for the wrinkle of Care.

If such have not the good wishes of those they thus benefit, they have a better reward—that innate sunshine which virtuous hope ever inspires.

Cheerfulness is the balsam of life. Woe to the hypocrite, and understanding to the enthusiast, who would deprive us of it's comforts! Mankind in general, however, bring it no small discredit, by confounding it with Levity; but though, on a superficial view, the latter may seem to possess

possess something like a resemblance to the former, on an unprejudiced examination, we shall find that they are both as opposite in characteristick as in effect; for the one is as baneful as the other is salutary.

Levity is the child of Indiscretion, and the mother of Disappointment: her eye sparkles with intoxication, and the glow of her countenance is the dishonest flush of excess; the smile of Delight softens not her cheek, but the loud laugh of Inanity frequently distorts her features. She dresses herself in the garish ornaments of Art; her temperature is unequal as the complexion of April; and, though she is always foremost in the dance, her heart generally heaves with the sigh of regret. A stranger to reflection, she studies not consequences; she substitutes whim for taste, and profusion for liberality; her song has no moral, and her hope is unknown even to herself.

How delightfully contrasted a subject is Chearfulness! the daughter of Reason, the companion of Virtue, and the parent of Hope. Her eyes are beautiful as the tints of the morning: the soft Smiles are proud to steal kisses from her downy cheek; and the Loves mistake her lips for the roses of Hybla. Her mien possesses all the graces of the spring; and the theme of her song is the harvest of Peace. Her cloathing is modest as the verdant mantle of Nature, woven by the dewy-fingered daughters of May: the Hours are ever gradually employed in weaving fresh chaplets for her brow, and in strewing her way with the most delightful offerings of Flora. Health is at her right-hand, Economy on her left, and the Pleasures support her train.

Know, ye seekers of Happiness, that the inestimable jewel is wholly in the possession of Chearfulness, who received it from Virtue. Know, also, that her counterfeit, Levity, is ever lying in wait to deceive you; but it requires not the acute eye of profound Sagacity to detect the impostor. The frippery of the children of Folly shrinks from the investigation of Reason; and the touchstone of Common Sense will quickly distinguish between the varnished baseness of specious Deceit, and the sterling purity of unassuming Integrity.

ELLEN;

OR, THE FAIR INSANE.

“ GENTLE stranger! hast thou, pray,
 Seen my Bertram in thy way?
 Past the hour he mark'd to meet—
 Seldom Love has tardy feet.

“ Would, O would the youth were here!
 Yet 'twill wrong his faith, to fear;
 O, he's true; vain fears, be gone!
 Bertram will be here anon.

“ Then we'll trip to yonder to grove—
 There he told me first his love;
 And, when there, with kisses sweet,
 He'll the charming tale repeat!

“ Fifty ways his fondness shew;
 Braid my locks, and bind my brow:
 Cull me flow'rs, or blythely play
 Many a pretty roundelay.

“ See this chaplet! this he wove—
 Ah! how long delays my love!
 Know'st thou, stranger, where he strays?
 Can't thou tell me why he stays?

“ He comes not—ah! I wish in vain—
 Stranger, he'll not come again!
 Dead, and gone, my Bertram's laid,
 Where Ellen, too, must rest her head!—

“ Red, last night, the moon appear'd;
 Twice the nightbird's scream I heard;
 Thro' the grove, the nightingale
 Told a sad, sad, piteous tale!

“ Yes—I saw my true love there!
 With no flow'rs he deck'd my hair—
 Wherefore could his fondness fail?—
 Told me not one tender tale.

“ He

“ He ne'er gave me kisses sweet,
Nor e'en found kind word to greet!
But he wistful look'd, and wan;
Beckon'd me, and quick was gone!—

“ Mark! the wreath he made is dead,
Ev'ry flow'ret hangs it's head:
But, tho' dead, to me 'tis dear——
Stranger, tell me, why that tear?

“ Is thy true love lost, like mine?
Come, I'll mingle tears with thine--
Ah! no—with grief, this long, long day,
Stranger, I've wept them all away!

“ Have my sorrows giv'n thee pain?—
Soon 'twill all be well again!
Spring reblooms, tho' winter blight;
Day succeeds the longest night.

“ Pitiest thou my hapless lot?——
Pity now availeth not!
Envy's arts possess'd the youth,
Ellen had betray'd his truth.

“ Oh, I saw the deadly cup;
Why would Bertram drink all up?
None to leave me, was unkind—
Yet, I will not stay behind.

“ If thou chance my knell to hear,
Stranger, kindly place my bier
Where my love——I faint—I'm spent—
Oh!—my heart——indeed, 'tis rent!

“ ——Hift!—heard'st thou my love cry, “ Come?”
Yes! 'tis he, he calls me home!
“ Haste!” he says—“ I come,” she cried;
Then, wildly gazing, Ellen died!

MISCELLANEOUS REMARKS, ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

THE majority of those numerous literary trifles, aptly termed *Fragments*, are, like the generality of *broken pieces*, remarkable only for their disjointed appearance, and jagged extremities. Fragments, in general, give one room to suppose that the writer could not produce a whole. Fifty can make a graceful bow, to one who can walk a tolerable minuet. A good fragment leaves the same impression on our minds as we should experience on finding a portion of any limb modelled by the chisel of Praxiteles—we long to see the whole figure.

It may be hence argued in favour of fragments, that as a single limb, produced by such an artist, is infinitely more estimable than a whole groupe of figures manufactured by a clumsy, unnatural workman; so an excellent fragment surpasses in worth volumes of the insipid trash, which, to the disgrace of the present age, over-runs the press, and debases literature.

There is but one pure religion, but many different persuasions; and every one, thinking his own right, despises that of his neighbour. The same may be said of taste.

Between professional atheists, and practical religionists, there exists, perhaps, little difference in numerical proportion.

Wit is to Wisdom as the Aurora Borealis to the Sun; the former may amuse us for a moment, but the latter lights us on our way.

How insignificant a thing of itself is a wafer! yet, when appropriated to the use it was designed for, it is frequently the guardian of our most important secrets. The clergyman, as an individual endued with the same frailties as ourselves, we pity—view him as the priest, and we look up to him as our guide to salvation.

Hope, in many cases, acts like the evil spirit; presenting us with alluring prospects till the moment of trial, and then deserting us when we most want support.

Few people profess a contempt for riches; and of those who do, but a very small part know the nature of their professions;

professions: how very inconsiderable is the number of those who really despise them!

There is generally more affectation than sincerity in repeated declarations of contempt; we rarely think what we really despise worthy notice at all.

The famous declaration of Monsieur St. Evremond—"that the last sighs of a handsome woman are more for the loss of beauty than life," appears to me to contain more quaintness than truth; perhaps, more ill-nature than either.

Between a mere man of learning, and a man of sense, there exists, probably, this difference—the former may be esteemed as a porter laden with gold; the latter, as the proprietor of the burden.

Prosperity tries our strength much better than adversity: we faint sooner with heat than cold.

Affability from a superior generally inspires us with the same kind of confidence as that produced by wine; an excess, in either case, makes us forget ourselves.

Old proverbs, like old gold, may be clumsily manufactured; nevertheless, they are sterling.

Honour is the road to Fame; Religion, to Heaven.

How strangely situation alters the consequence of any thing!

The blue ribband round Cowslip the dairy-maid's cap is scarcely taken notice of; put it round his Grace of _____'s shoulders, and it will be the envy of half the kingdom.

The wise man's motto is—" *Multum in parvo*;" the fool's *vice versa*.

An immoderate thirst for praise, is a strong indication of a weak man; yet a total insensibility of it, is no proof of a wise one.

The love of fame seems inherent with man; it is necessary to excite emulation, without which the world would stagnate. By collision of the flint and steel, we produce fire.

Our disappointments are generally proportionate to our hopes. Prudence directs us, therefore, to circumscribe the latter, if we would avoid the former.

The world confounds the ideas of Dignity and Pride;
the

the first is the characteristick of Wisdom, the last of Ignorance.

The rose is a pretty emblem of Virtue: it flourishes in every soil, rich and poor; giving additional graces to the fertility of the one, and largely detracting from the sterility of the other. So Virtue not only increases the brilliancy of the informed mind, but likewise gives a dignity to the most uncultivated, that Learning, with all her boast, could never yet bestow. The rose is striking without gaudiness, and delicate without tameness; as Virtue is humble without meanness, and noble without ostentation. Though the smell of this flower is not esteemed so exquisitely poignant as that of many others; yet, while they soon pall, we return to the fragrance of the rose with increasing delight; and that fragrance charms us long after the frail tints of beauty are gone. So the reputation of Virtue exceeds that of the most refined accomplishments, and exists long after death, for the benefit of surviving generations.

Indolence, to a man's constitution, is as fire put under water—it both enervates and inflames.

It were ridiculous to expect the female world to assume the solemnity of philosophers; it would be putting—if I may use the expression—the social compact into mourning. Women were designed by Nature to be lively, but not trifling: there is a great deal of difference between a bird and a butterfly.

It is a very trite, but a very true observation, that the sublimest specimens of composition are to be found in the Bible; a strong corroboration of its Divine origin. Reflecting on the very short time that our excellences remain on the memory of man, and *vice versa*, an eminent writer, whose name does not immediately occur to me, remarks—“that mankind engrave our vices on brass, but our virtues they write on the sand of the sea-shore.” David says—“My bad deeds have men cut in the rock, but my good ones they write in the water.” How obvious the superiority!

Trifling subjects, written in a pompous diction, give me the idea of the mock parade of a puppet show.

A professed antiquarian may be stiled, though quaintly,
the

the Evil Conscience of Time; as continually reminding him of things which he would fain forget.



SOPHY LEFEVRE;

OR, THE POOR BLIND GIRL.

“PITY a poor blind girl!” expressed in one of those tones of pathetick appeal, to which the miser, muttering a grudge as he throws it, disburses his hoarded farthing, were the words which arrested the hasty course of the young Harry Noble, towards the compting-house of his father, a merchant of family, in whom the authority of the parent was blended with the confidence of a friend; for he had the highest sense of his son’s merit; and that son, his only child, amply justified the opinion entertained of him.

The feelings of our youth, susceptible of the most refined impressions of humanity, were so poignantly affected by the abrupt address, that he stood for some minutes in mute contemplation of the object who uttered it. She was sitting on the step of a shop door; and, though in rags and barefooted, presented a figure uncommonly interesting. Her proportions seemed perfectly delicate: her long auburn hair, spreading over her shoulders, helped in some measure to veil that bosom, which a small slip of dirty cotton but ill concealed; her eyes were closed, as if in gentle sleep; and, though her cheek was pallid through want, her features were of that kind which immediately engage concern.

While he surveyed her, she was unfeelingly reprehended for sitting on her hard seat, by a coxcomb of a shopman, in Morocco slippers; who *purtested nobody couldn’t pass* for her. “Empty fool! he could not have heard her appeal,” cried Harry to himself; and, darting a look of warmest indignation at the fop, followed the meek petitioner; who, having begged pardon in the most submissive manner for her crime, went a few paces farther;

ther; and, leaning her back against a water-trunk, exclaimed, with a deep sigh—"God help me!"

"God help thee, indeed!" cried Harry, putting a few shillings into her hand: it was all he could find about him. Elevated at her good fortune—"Whoever you are," she cried, "God in heaven"—her voice faltered a moment—"blefs——" She burst into tears. It was too much for Harry: he caught her hand, in the impulse of sublime benevolence—"Come with me, my poor, good girl!" And, insensible to the ridicule of those who observed the scene, led the unresisting mourner into a court, in an adjoining street, where the family nurse lived; and, entreating the good woman to provide her with some of her daughter's cloaths, said he would call again in two hours; and then proceeded on his business.

His wishes were commands with all who knew him; and, on his return, he beheld, with pleasure, the object of his compassion, the picture of a Sleeping Grace, attired by the hand of homely neatness. The manner and language in which she expressed her gratitude, evinced an education and capacity of the superior kind, and excited a curiosity in Henry relative to the events of her life; which, being delicately imparted to her, she cheerfully consented to gratify.

"The circumstances I am going to relate," said she, "may appear a little strange; they are nevertheless true. I am but seventeen: my father, a West India planter, I barely remember; he died rich, and left me 5000*l.* under the joint guardianship of my mother, and a gentleman named Gray, who had long been intimately connected with the family.

"I felt not the loss of a father: my mother doated on me, and spared neither pains nor expence in my education; instructing me herself in all the sublime duties of Christianity, and continually enforcing her precepts by practice.

"Her exertions for my improvement were always warmly seconded by Mr. Gray; who, by his particular attention to us both, gained so far on the affections of my mother, that, at the age of thirteen, I ceased to be fatherless. My dear mother survived her marriage but three months,

months. You may naturally suppose, I suffered enough from such a misfortune; but time, youth, and the remarkable kindness of my father-in-law, reconciled me to myself; and, for nearly two years longer, I lived without a wish to form any other connections. Here my miseries began. My father, by his extravagant way of living, and an unfortunate attachment to gaming, had so far involved his own fortune, that, to repair it, he embarked mine in a speculative adventure, with a set of designing men, who held out a prospect of advantage too alluring to withstand. You may easily imagine how it turned out: he was compleatly duped; and, in the frenzy of despair, shot himself. I was on a visit at his cousin's, when the information was brought me; and, after I had recovered the shock such intelligence gave me, was informed that, in future, I was to look up to that cousin for protection. This was readily promised me; but I found the behaviour of the family strangely altered. I was poor, and no longer entitled to respect. I had made a considerable progress in every branch of learning I had entered on; sufficient, indeed, to teach others tolerably well; and Mr. Ironside made me a companion to his three daughters, who were all nearly my own age, with strict injunctions to give them all the information I could. But my pupils, thinking me no better than a servant, paid little attention to my instructions; and their parents continually throwing out hints about poverty, dependence, fine education without fortunes, and many others of the same kind, easily conceived, the servants were encouraged to treat me with contempt; the least familiarity in me was accounted insolence; and the occasional fits of melancholy such treatment produced, drew upon me the imputations of being sulky and ungrateful.

“ In this situation, scarcely a day passing without new mortifications, I continued a year; when I received an insult from Mr. Ironside, which terminated my dependence. He had often taken liberties with me I could scarcely brook, but that my necessity obliged me to submit with patience: and one night, when his wife and daughters were on a visit, he entered my chamber, where I was reading; and, without ceremony, told me he had long loved me: as a proof, he had kept me a year, when
but

but for him I must have starved; told me, I should never want while I was a good girl; and concluded in terms I blush to think of! and added, he hoped I would not be ungrateful. Fortunately, he had not fastened the door; for he was proceeding to rudeness. Breaking from him, I flew down stairs; and, by running into the street, escaped him. I stood for a moment considering what to do; and, at last, determined to go to the family laundress that night, who had always professed great fondness for me. I told her my situation frankly, and asked her what I should do; for I was resolved never to go back to that hated house. The idea of wanting her friendship was not proof against: she talked a great deal of imprudence in young women, to which I listened in tears; and, reflecting in the usual manner of ignorant people on *poor gentry*, said, she did want a girl to look after her three children, and if I liked to stay for my *wittles*, till I could better myself, *I mout*. What to do I knew not. I was too inexperienced, and too young, to go out into the world. I accepted her offer; and for six months led a life to which the one I had left was pleasure. My time—for I eat not the bread of idleness—was unremittingly divided between lugging about three heavy children; standing at the wash-tub; carrying large loads of linen to families who employed her; and running half a dozen times a day to the pawnbroker's.

“ My constitution now began to sink under such fatigue, and I fell into a violent fever, out of which I recovered in about a month; but, on a renewal of my slavery, symptoms of a relapse appearing, my mistress, declaring she could not afford to keep sick people, desired me to look out for a lodging for myself, till I got better. I had three guineas in my pocket when I left Mr. Ironside's; and had secretly preserved them hitherto against any emergency which might happen. Accordingly, I took a little room at a chandler's shop, and in two months perfectly recovered my strength; but my money and cloaths were entirely gone, and I had a settled weakness in my eyes, which remained from my first fever. I now made several applications for places, but could get none: “ I was too young ” — “ Looked too sickly ” — “ Was too meanly dressed; ” and fifty exceptions of the same nature. I even applied

applied again to my old mistress the laundress; but, repeating her aversion to decayed gentry, she refused me as well as the rest. My eyes, by continually walking about with bad shoes, grew daily worse. I had lived five weeks upon credit with my landlady, and she was continually dunning me for her money; and, at last, went so far as to recommend me to prostitution: which piece of insolence occasioning me to answer her much more sharply than prudence would have dictated, in a rage, she pushed me out into the street, at eleven o'clock at night, in a violent shower of rain, and swore I should never enter her doors again.

“ I crawled up a court; but, being found by the watchman, was dragged to the watch-house as a disorderly person; put in the black hole; and next morning, on being taken before the magistrate, was sent, because I had no money, with half a dozen street-walkers, to Bridewell.

“ In this wretched place I staid but a week, my eyes now growing very dim; and, on being liberated, I applied to the officers of several parishes for relief, but in vain. “ I did not belong to them ”—“ Was an impostor, ” or—“ Youngenough to work, ” were still the replies; and, at last, I determined to apply even to Mr. Ironside. I knocked at the door, but was driven away; and, strolling into an adjoining field, sat down in a damp hovel, and abandoned myself to all the agonies of despair.

“ I thought my sufferings unjust, and murmured against Providence; but I recollected not that, when in affluence, I had forgot my departed mother's favourite precept—“ Let not prosperity deceive you. ” For the whirl of dissipation I had lived in, after her death, made me lose sight of myself; and that, I now conceive, was the occasion of my punishment.

“ In this state of mind, scarcely able to see, and without food, I sat—if I may use the expression—till I swooned into sleep. How long I lay there, I do not know. I dreamed I was restored to all my former splendour:—but, good Heaven! never shall I forget the emotions I felt when I waked to utter darkness. I screamed with horror; fell on my knees; prayed for mercy; wished for death; and, had not a violent flood of tears relieved me,

God only knows whether I could long have supported the desperate conflict of my mind. I sat crying and sobbing for about three hours, insensible of the craving of hunger, and parching of thirst; when a female voice roused me to recollection, by enquiring what was the matter with me. I said I was blind, and had no home. "Come with me, child," said the enquirer; and, taking my hand, led me away.

"In about half an hour we entered a house; and, going up three pair of stairs, I understood from my companion, who was an old woman, that it was her lodging, and might be mine, if I would help to earn the rent. I promised to do any work I was capable of: she told me, I need not work; she would put me in an easier method, by which I might get a great deal of money, and make it comfortable for us both. This was, to ask alms in the street every day; and, having no alternative, I consented.

"In the morning she took me to some well-frequented street; and, putting me in such a situation as I could be left in with safety—having generally bread enough with me for two scanty meals, and some small-beer in a tin bottle—did not return for me till dusk.

"In this manner I have passed the last six weeks; miserably enough, God knows! Sometimes I got three or four shillings a day; at others, not above one shilling; and, sometimes, nothing at all. The old woman always used to increase or lessen my daily allowance in proportion to my gains; and, when I came home with little or nothing, used to abuse me very much indeed.

"I had been particularly unfortunate this last week; and, having yesterday lost the tin bottle, she swore this morning if I did not produce her something at night, she would leave me to shift again for myself.

"I was extremely terrified; for, bad as my situation was, it was heaven, to the idea of being turned again into the street, incapable of helping myself. And this occasioned my great joy, Sir, at receiving your bounty, for I had not a farthing; neither have I eaten any thing till this generous woman gave it me."

Here she concluded her story. Harry then told her he would procure some means of provision for her; and, desiring the nurse to let her have every thing necessary at
his

his charge, left the house: and, it being near dark, returned to the spot where he first saw her, and watched for the coming of the old woman.

He did not wait long; for, seeing one walking about, who by her manners he concluded was the right, he taxed her with his suspicions: her confusion betrayed her; and he threatened to charge a constable with her, unless she confessed all she knew concerning Sophy, promising a reward if she told truth. She gave him a similar account of finding Miss Lefevre in the field to that he had previously heard; and mentioned many sad circumstances of her life, gathered from her own mouth, which perfectly agreed with the relation just gone over. Harry, satisfied of the girl's veracity, gave the old woman a crown; and, hastening home, imparted the whole to his worthy father: soliciting, at the same time, his patronage for the subject of his story.

Mr. Noble heard him with great satisfaction; and promised, if the report of Mrs. Jones, after a week or two of trial, should be favourable to the girl, he would take her into his own family. This eventually proved the case; and an eminent oculist, being consulted about her eyes, gave it as his opinion, that a film only was grown over them, which might be removed by couching.

He succeeded in the trial, and the lovely girl once more beheld the light; but was ordered to wear a fillet over her eyes for a few days, and to be admitted to the full use of them only by degrees.

The day the shade was entirely removed, Harry, who had left town previous to the operation, returned. When Sophy heard his voice in the hall, she trembled. The idea of beholding a youth, in whose praise every one was zealous; and who had translated her from the most abject penury to plenty, and been the means of her recovering sight; raised in her emotions which she scarcely knew how to conceal: but, when he opened the parlour-door, where, besides herself, were Mr. Noble, with two female relations, and presented a figure replete with every manly grace, she surveyed him with a degree of admiration too palpable not to be noticed. Having paid respects to his father and cousins, in a most insinuating manner, he congratulated her on the restoration of sight; paid a hand-

some compliments to her figure, which a fashionable undress set off to the greatest advantage; and, with a becoming familiarity, begged the honour of a salute.

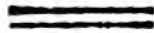
The moment his lips touched her's, all consciousness forsook her, and she sunk in his arms. Harry was quite disconcerted, and his heart gave him an intimation to which he was before a stranger. Mr. Noble looked serious: Sophy recovered; and, apologizing in the best manner she was able for being so overcome, in the utmost confusion, begged permission to retire. From that moment Harry and Sophy grew uneasy when separated; but studied their utmost to hide it from every one else, and from each other; for neither dared examine their hearts on the nature of their solicitude.

Every interview now improved the attachment on both sides; and one afternoon, when they were alone, Harry reading some miscellaneous poems to her, on mentioning the title of Cibber's Blind Boy, from a sympathizing recollection their eyes met, both half suffused with tears. Sophy blushed, and hung down her head. Harry, in the moment of passion, threw the book on the floor, himself at her feet, and poured out his soul in professions of the most ardent love. Sophy heard him with distress; for honour forbade her to encourage sentiments her heart could not but approve. In language, artless as affecting, she entreated him to leave her, lest observation should subject her to the anger of his father; represented to him the difference of their situations; and remarked, that on cool recollection, he himself would have but a mean opinion of her, should she, as a reward for his generosity, endeavour to seduce his affection. He persisted, however, in his solicitations: she arose to retire; he held her forcibly, still kneeling, and begged her not to consign him to despair. She burst into tears; conjured him to let her go; and, having released her hand from his, was retreating to the door, when that of an anti-chamber opened, and presented Mr. Noble to their view. Sophy was almost petrified; but Harry, summoning a manly confidence, addressed his father nearly as follows—

“ In what you have witnessed, blame not that generous girl, but me. If you think me criminal, tell me so mildly; you know I cannot bear your frown. I love Sophy; she
is

is deserving, you are just : I look up to you as a father anxious for my happiness, and dare ask her at your hand." He stood in an attitude of the most interesting suspense : his father looked gravely for a minute ; his features then relaxing—" My dear Harry," said he, " I thank you for the confidence you put in me. I *am* anxious for your happiness, and will convince you so.—Sophy, my love, come here." Then, joining their hands—" Take her," continued he ; " I have observed your mutual attachment since it's commencement, and the violence you have done yourselves in endeavouring to conceal it, from motives of duty ; particularly you, Sophy. You certainly, Harry, are the only one to blame, in what I have by accident overheard ; but, in the choice you have made, you have given me too great a proof of your good-sense and integrity, for me to oppose it. Take my blessing, children ; and may you both live long, happy as you are virtuous !"

They expressed their gratitude in such effusions, as carry with them more sincerity than words ; in a few days they were united ; and lived long, an exemplary pattern of conjugal harmony : he, a conspicuous instance of benevolence rewarded ; and she, of the inscrutable nature of the ways of Heaven ; who, to the edification of our patience, is frequently at hand for our deliverance from trouble, when we least expect it ; and often leads us through the valley of sorrow to the gardens of pleasure, and temple of happiness.



MODESTY.

THERE is, the Botanists all say,
 A plant that, cautious, shrinks away
 And shun's the hand's least touch ;
 Fearing the smallest sullying stain
 That from the contact might remain :
 Sweet Modesty is such.

Contami-

Contamination thus her dread,
 The maiden, blushing, lifts her head,
 And, timorous, smiles to day;
 Tenacious of her spotless fame,
 Beneath th' oppressive eye of shame
 She droops with sad dismay.

The diamond, though of ample worth,
 When first 'tis drawn from mother Earth
 Can scarce attract the sight;
 But when it leaves the Artist's hands,
 What admiration it commands,
 Array'd in all it's light!

As to the diamond is it's glow,
 Doth modesty in women shew,
 And stamps alike their worth;
 Beauty itself must cease to be
 Without the charm of modesty,
 'Tis that which gives it birth.

Though drooping lies the fall'n rose,
 A soft, mild tint, it's leaves disclose,
 And delicately charm;
 Thus ever-blooming Modesty
 The loss of beauty will supply,
 And with attraction arm.

O, cherish, then, with timorous care,
 Your greatest ornament, ye fair!
 And prize it while ye've breath;
 By that preserv'd through age's space
 Beauty shall smile on every face,
 And yield alone to Death!

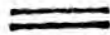
THE NEGRO SLAVE.

A PATHETICK BALLAD.

YE children of Pleasure! come hither and see,
 A sight that shall check your irreverent glee;
 Ye children of Woe! hear a tale which awhile
 A sense of your own various griefs shall beguile:
 Thy tear, at the tale, divine Sympathy! shed;
 Rejoice, sweet Compassion! at viewing this grave;
 Here Wretchedness hides, unmolested, it's head—
 For under this turf lies a poor Negro Slave!

Depriv'd of whatever endears us to life,
 His country, his freedom, his children, and wife;
 Grown mad with reflection, his spirit he freed—
 With pity, ye rigid, contemplate the deed!
 His corpse, unregarded, disgrac'd the highway,
 Till, blushing, Humanity's credit to save,
 With tenderness Charity hasten'd to pay
 Morality's due to the poor Negro Slave!

Ye kind passers by, who this spot turn to view,
 The tribute bequeath to his memory due—
 May Peace watch his pillow, whose breast can bestow
 A generous tear o'er the annals of woe!
 The sigh that you heave, and the tear that you shed,
 Remembrance on Heaven's blest records shall 'grave;
 But vengeance shall heavily fall on each head,
 That spurn'd and oppress'd him, a poor Negro Slave!



FRIENDSHIP.

“**T**O Friendship's existence assent I'll not lend,”
 Says *Tagrybme* the threadbare: “I ne'er found
 a friend.”
 Replies *Quirk*, with a sneer—“Who the devil e'er thought
 Of Friendship, whose word wouldn't pass for a groat?”

CHARITY.

CHARITY.

A ROUGH SKETCH.

YOUR CHARITY's a jolly dog,
 Who trudges forth, in frost or fog,
 O'er brake and bramble, many a mile,
 To help a *lame dog o'er a stile*.
 Of crofs or coin without regard,
 Or wish for gossip Fame's good word;
 But, for his deeds so void of leaven,
 Whene'er he sleeps he dreams of heaven!



PEDLAR's ADIEU.

WELL, Friends, the contents of my box you've sur-
 vey'd;
 How d'ye like 'em? To you who have purchases made,
 I've thanks to return, ere I bid you farewell;
 But long tales of gratitude I never tell.
 The *Multum in Parvo* is always my way;
 And, though I say little, I *mean* what I say.
 So, Customers, *thank you!* Perhaps, what you've bought,
 May an antidote prove to depression of thought:
 Though trivial the space you'll not have to complain
 That your time and your cash were expended in vain.
 But if—for my wares, ev'ry article, know,
 Minutely consider'd, a moral will shew—
 With your pleasure improvement should happily blend,
 You'll have well spent your money, and I gain'd my end.
 Now, wishing you peace—which, if truth you pursue,
 Not else, will be yours—I address my *Adieu*:
 I hope that nor plenty nor pleasure you'll lack,
 And of me that you'll buy, should I ever come back!

FINIS.



