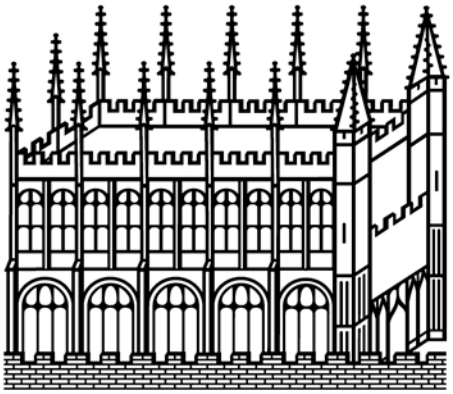

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TM from Dr. Chapman

26520 e. 502

"Suppose, therefore, we were to shift the subject, and talk of what is serious and moral and industrious and laudable in character - 'Let us talk of Mr. Tomkins the Penman' - This staggered the gravest of us, broke up our dinner party, and we went upstairs to tea. So much for the didactic vein of one of our principal guides in the embellished walks of modern Paste, and master manufacturers of letters. He had found that gravity had been a never failing resource when taken at a pinch - for once the joke miscarried - and Mr Tomkins the Penman figures to this day, nowhere but in Sir Joshua's picture of him!"

William Hazlitt's "On The Aristocracy of Letters" in his Table Talk.

The title page is a fine, though late, example of a "writing master's style". The portrait is one of the loveliest bits of work appearing in books of this period - it is a triumphant vindication of the then new Technical device of engraving - the swelled line.

A.

Mr. TOMKINS.

LONDON:
Published for the Proprietor, January 1. 1807.
SOLD BY
Longman, Hurst, Rees and Orme,
PATER-NOSTER ROW.

RAYS

OF

GENIUS

COLLECTED

TO

ENLIGHTEN

THE

RISING

GENERATION.

BY

THOMAS TOMKINS,

FOSTER LANE,

LONDON

Vol: I

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETOR,

BY W. WILSON, D^rs COMMONS,

AND SOLD BY LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,

PATER-NOSTER-ROW.

1806.

BODLEIAN
8 JUN 1948
LIBRARY

OF THIS WORK,

COMPILED FOR THE

INSTRUCTION OR AMUSEMENT OF YOUTH,

AND RESPECTFULLY OFFERED

TO THEIR SERIOUS ATTENTION,

THE EDITOR

HAS ONLY TO EXPRESS HIS HOPE,

THAT

WHAT WAS CHIEFLY INTENDED TO STIMULATE THEIR MINDS

TO

VIRTUOUS ATTAINMENTS

AND

LIBERAL PURSUITS,

MAY, IN SOME MEASURE, ANSWER

SO DESIRABLE AN END.

INTRODUCTION.

AS, in early life, to collect valuable stores of knowledge, and to treasure up wise observations, often prove the source of wealth and honour; the design of this publication is, by these means, not only to excite in youth a desire for literary pursuits, but earnestly to recommend the cultivation of those virtuous affections, and of that refined taste for the only true pleasures of life, which cannot fail to secure to them the respect and esteem of every friend to rising merit. Nor has the Compiler the least doubt, that those who honour these volumes with an attentive perusal, will be imperceptibly led to acquire the most useful and valuable attainments; for as there is, in most young people, a disposition to imitate whatever they admire, great care has been taken to introduce into the work those productions only, which have received the stamp of general approbation.

——————— Ye smiling band
Of youths and virgins, who thro' all the maze
Of young desire, with rival steps pursue
The varied form of pleasure; hither turn
Your favourable ear—and trust my words.

'Tis but instruction all! our parents hand
Writes in our hearts the first faint characters,
Which time retracing deepens into strength,
That nothing can efface but death or heav'n.

Now whether we are designed to become candidates for public favour, or the more peaceful enjoyments of private life, we are equally bound to cultivate our understandings; that we may know, and feel, the blessing of steady principles, industrious habits, and universal philanthropy; for on these depend the prosperity and happiness of every member of the community.

——————— Ye parents wise,
Who fain would see your much-lov'd issue grac'd
With virtue's sacred wreath, O fill betimes
The vacant breast of youth with wisdom's laws,
The love of justice, honour, truth, and heav'n!
So shall the springing weeds of vice decay,
Nor find a place to flourish in; so shall
Their years mature your providence repay
With duty, gratitude, and filial love;
And when, thro' feeble age, the gay delights
Of life shall cease, their virtues shall reflect
Comfort and honour on your life's decline.

The following lines are beautifully expressive of the warm sensations of gratitude, on entering an extensive and well arranged Library.

Here the best thoughts to learning's charms inclin'd,
Will stamp devotion on the inquiring mind.

Who uninspir'd can tread this sacred ground
With all the sons of fame encompass'd round;
Where, crown'd with wreaths of ever verdant bays,
Each sister art her willing charms displays.

Whilst thus within these learned walls we stray,
At once all climes and ages we survey;
On fancy's wings we fly from shore to shore,
Recal past time, and live whole æras o'er,
Converse with heroes, fam'd in ancient song,
And bards, by whom those heroes breathe so long.

'Tis here that, guided by the Muse's fire,
And fill'd with sacred thoughts her friends retire,
Unbent to care, and unconcern'd with noise,
To taste repose and elevated joys.

Hail then, ye mighty masters of the lay,
Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth!
Whose songs, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
Amus'd my childhood, and inform'd my youth.
O let your spirit still my bosom sooth,
Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide!
Your voice each rugged path of life can smooth;
For well I know, where-ever ye preside,
There harmony, and peace, and innocence abide.

Let us, therefore, my young friends, do honour to their memory by following the advice and example of Mr. Locke, who in his "Essay concerning Human Understanding," recommends selecting, in the course of our studies, those passages, whether historical narrations, or poetical beauties, that are most attractive. Mr. Rogers endeavours likewise, in his "Pleasures of Memory," to inspire us with a love of learning.

Selected authors claim thy studious hours;
There shall thy ranging mind be fed on flow'rs!
There, while the shaded lamp's mild lustre streams,
Read ancient books, or woo inspiring dreams;
And, when a sage's bust arrests thee there,
Pause, and his features with his thoughts compare.

—Ah, most that art my grateful rapture calls,
Which breathes a soul into the silent walls;
Which gathers round the wise of ev'ry tongue,
All on whose words departed nations hung;
Still prompt to charm with many a converse sweet;
Guides in the world, companions in retreat.

And Dr Johnson, ever earnest in directing youth to the noblest and most valuable acquirements, says, "Precepts, when contracted into sentences, strike the affections of youth, and consequently are more easily retained; and a few useful ones, at hand, do more towards a virtuous life, than whole volumes of cautions, that we know not where immediately to find."

BOOKS.

BOOKS are not only our most faithful companions, that at all times entertain us; but the chief instruments, or means, by which we acquire knowledge. They are the source whence we derive the sacred truths of our religion, and the important advantages of general information. And, next to the blessing of health, the happiness of this life consists, in a great measure, in a choice collection of books, and in the society of a few select friends. The value of a book must be estimated by its use; it is not enough that it delight, unless, at the same time, that it instruct the reader; for as incitements to virtue, and discouragements from vice, drawn from the wisest reasons, the strongest motives, and the most influencing examples, imprint their beauties upon the imagination, and their morals on the heart; young minds are early filled with an inclination to good, and an abhorrence of evil, both which increase in them according to the advances, which they make in literature. To this end it has been earnestly recommended, by some of our best writers, to carry about us a book of extracts, to read in moments of leisure, and when we are occasionally alone; by which means we may reap, in a few days, the fruits of many years' labour.

> A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
> And mark them down for wisdom.

Alphonsus the Roman Emperor used to say, that his dead counsellors, meaning his books, were to him far better than the living; for they, without flattery, fear, or bashfulness, presented to him truth, without disguise.

> The book of man he read with nicest art,
> And ransack'd all the secrets of the heart;
> Exerted penetration's utmost force,
> And trac'd each passion to its proper source.

Bishop Sanderson, having acquired a large fund of useful knowledge, was once asked, how he attained it; the inquirer supposing he must have read a great number of books. The bishop answered, "he had read but few; but that those authors, he had read, were well chosen; that he had made them his study, and had never let a single sentence pass without thoroughly making himself master of the author's meaning." The excellent education of the Romans made them studious almost from their infancy. They were early inspired with a taste for the most excellent writers. That taste, instilled so soon, grew strong with years, and inclined them to delight in the society of the learned, whose conversation might supply the place of reading. Moral writings shew the virtue and wisdom of a nation. They discover, in the community at large, a capacity to understand, a heart to feel, virtue to animate, and wisdom to promote, the noblest works of humanity and civilization, for the glorious purposes of God and man. But, as we sometimes see youth fall into error and folly, not because the true principles of action are not known to them, but because, for a time, they are not remembered; those books may, therefore, be justly numbered among the most useful, wherein the great rules of life are contracted into so narrow a compass, that by being their constant companions, they are imperceptibly led into the practice of exemplary

duty; and consequently guarded against indiscretion, and those inadvertencies, that are the greatest enemies to their peace. They, who have leisure, and inclination, to visit other countries, as well as those, who read voyages and travels, should ever remember, that the great object of remark is human life. Every nation has something particular in its manufactures, its works of genius, its medicines, its agriculture, its customs, and its polity. He only is useful to himself, or others, who brings home something, by which his country may be benefited; who procures some supply of want, or some mitigation of evil. This enables us to compare our condition with that of others; to improve it, whenever it is worse, and, whenever it is better, to enjoy it.

Books rightly us'd may every state secure:
From fortune's evils may our peace defend;
May teach us how to shun, or to endure,
The foe malignant, and the faithless friend.

To these we owe each fair instructive page,
Where science tells us what her sons have known,
Collects their choicest works from ev'ry age,
And makes us wise with knowledge not our own.

But thanks to those, whose fond paternal care
To learning's paths my youthful steps confin'd;
I need not shun a state, which lets me share,
Each calm delight, that soothes the studious mind.

READING.

THOSE, who are not sensible of the advantages of reading, deprive themselves of the most useful of all pleasures; for it is to the mind, what exercise is to the body: as, by the one, health is preserved, strengthened and invigorated; so by the other, virtue, which is the health of the mind, is kept alive, cherished, and confirmed. But if any one read with other intentions than those of becoming wiser and better, his labour is lost, and his time thrown away. Youth should pursue reading with ardour; but, at the same time, with steadiness; which are necessary to the attainment of knowledge and of truth. These qualities are certainly not the earliest product of the mind, but require the aid of time, attention, and experience, to bring them to maturity. To raise the superstructure, there must be a solid foundation in the mind itself. This, with due application, will imperceptibly lead us to attain the noblest distinction of which human nature is capable, the perfection of reason. By reading, we enjoy the dead; by conversation, the living; and, by contemplation, ourselves. Reading enriches the memory, conversation polishes the wit, and contemplation improves the judgment: of these, reading is the most important; as it furnishes both the others. Those, whom Providence has blessed with the faculties of thinking and of judging, are enabled to form their hearts, and direct their choice. From their reading they will collect a just estimate of the world, and of all around

them; and as they will cherish no unreasonable expectations, they will be exempted from severe disappointment. Among the happy effects of a studious life,—it is not the least, that it withdraws us from those scenes and pursuits, in which some find it difficult to preserve their innocence and peace. Imagine for a moment, that we had it in our power to call up the shades of the greatest and wisest men that ever existed, to converse with us on the most interesting topicks, what a privilege should we think it, how superior to all common enjoyments! —May we not, with truth, say, that, by having a just sense of the finer beauties of composition, we, in fact, partake of this valuable privilege. For as we imperceptibly slide into the manners and habits of those with whom we most frequently converse; so reading being, as it were, a silent conversation, we insensibly write and talk in the style of the authors we have most frequently read, and who have left the deepest impressions on our mind. Aurelius, the Roman Emperor, used to say, he would not part with the little he had learned, for all the gold in the world; and that he had more glory from what he had read, and written, than from all the victories he had won, and all the realms he had conquered. History, morality, and poetry, include all useful learning. The first employs the memory, the second the judgment, and the last the imagination. When reading history, make abstracts of memorable events, and the remarkable actions of distinguished persons; you will find these great helps to your memory, which, by a sort of chain, links the whole history together. Now as reading and correct writing are the great pleasures and ornaments of life, what can be more interesting to our well-being than those effusions, that elevate the conceptions, harmonize the temper, enrich the mind, and assist in forming the accomplished character! Thus we may truly say, that the hours we employ in reading and reflection are lengthened by improving our

ideas. The idle man wishes his time away; while the wise man enjoys it. Without reading, human life would scarcely rise above the common existence of animal nature, we might, indeed, breathe and eat in universal ignorance; but we must want all that gives mental pleasure, and the chief embellishments that delight. Since then the pursuit of letters is attended with so many circumstances peculiarly favourable to innocence and virtue, and consequently of enjoyments the most pure and permanent, those who are fixed in so desirable a life, as a life of learning, ought to be grateful to Providence for their fortunate lot. Young persons should be early introduced to an acquaintance with polite literature, in order to exercise their imagination and form their taste. The sublime conceptions of Milton, the unrivalled invention of Shakespeare, the learning and piety of Addison, the descriptive powers of Thomson, the harmony of Pope, and many exquisite beauties of other admired authors, cannot fail to inspire us with a love of their genius. Authors of such distinguished talents and perfections cannot be studied by a rational and discerning reader without very valuable advantages; their strong sense and manly thoughts will induce us to admire, and endeavour to imitate, the purity and elegance of their diction, and to express our thoughts with similar clearness and energy. But never for a moment let us forget, that it is not reading alone, but due contemplation on what we read, that will imprint their beauties upon the imagination, and their morals upon the heart; and as the principal end of it is to improve the understanding and correct the passions, great care should be taken not to put into the hands of youth, those novels and romances, which may be justly considered as literary poisons; for they are in general calculated to affect by delusion, and, under the specious appearance of amusement, are seriously injurious. Marvellous and improbable adventures excite an artificial delight,

which men of good sense reject with indifference nearly approaching to contempt. Dr. Johnson said, that he who would perfect his style, should read the Spectators. It was by accidentally seeing a volume of the Spectator, when a boy, that induced him to become a reader and a writer. "I was delighted," said he, "with the style of the Spectator; and was desirous, if possible, to imitate it. In order to succeed, I selected some of the papers, made short summaries of the sense of each period, and laid them aside for some days; after which I endeavoured, without looking at the original, to recompose the essay, and to express at length each thought as it was in the book, employing only such phrases as occurred to my own mind." Dr. Blair likewise observes, "that Mr. Addison's style is the most perfect example; there is not the least affectation in his manner; we see no marks of labour, nothing forced or constrained, but great elegance joined with ease and simplicity. He is in particular distinguished by a character of modesty and politeness, which appears in all his writings. No author has a more popular and insinuating manner; and the great regard which he every where shews for virtue and religion recommends his writings most highly to our serious attention." And Mr. Sterne, in one of his letters to his daughter, says, "if you have any affection for me, or regard for yourself, let it be your constant practice to read a Spectator* every day, the advantages will be more than can be conceived. Time so employed will give you solid information, or innocent amusement; therefore, as it will be my greatest pride to see you in no wise deficient in the most valuable of all accomplishments—good sense, let me hope the above-advice may be strictly attended to." Finally; when reading aloud, either to a

* To which might have been added the Guardian, Rambler, Tatler, Adventurer, Mirror, &c.

friend or to yourself, observe the proper stops; mark the emphatical words; and never give into mumbling or unintelligible utterance. When a correct habit is once gained, the advantage will be incalculable. It gives perspicuity, grace, and harmony to discourse; it assists the minds of the hearers, by making the order, series, connection, and distinction of parts more evident; it renders articulation natural, and prescribes its just bounds and pauses of different kinds, as the sense requires. How infinitely short of true gratification and delight do we often find the best written poems, when delivered in a cold and lifeless monotony!—Weariness and inattention will be found in proportion as the beauties of an author are more or less abused. On the contrary, how commanding the power of expression, from a different manner of reading the same author, where a just and spirited emphasis is so highly essential to point out those interesting passages, which are more particularly designed to delight the imagination and affect the heart.

STUDY;

OR

THE PROGRESS OF THE MIND.

IT is equally the interest and duty of every person to improve his understanding, to inform his judgment, and to treasure up useful knowledge. Of all our desires, perhaps, the desire of wisdom is that, of which the gratifications are the most pure and unmixed, as well as the most permanent; and which being, at the same time, the least liable to cloy or satiate, afford the most certain and ample means of durable and solid happiness.

Knowledge, by time, advances slow and wise,
Turns every where its deep discerning eyes;
Sees what befel, and what may yet befal,
Concludes from both, and best provides for all.
When first the trembling eye receives the day,
External forms on young perception play;
External forms affect the mind alone,
Their diff'rent pow'rs and properties unknown.
See the pleas'd infant court the flaming brand,
Eager to grasp the glory in its hand!
The chrystal wave, as eager to pervade,
Stretch its fond arms to meet the smiling shade!
When memory's call the mimic words obey,
And wing the thought that faulters on its way;
When wise experience her slow verdict draws,
The sure effect exploring in the cause,

In Nature's rude, but not unfruitful wild,
Reflection springs, and reason is her child:
On her fair stock the blooming scyon grows,
And brighter through revolving seasons blows.

Whatever is to be our profession, no study is more necessary than the acquirement of virtuous dispositions and habits. A composed and happy temper, with a heart at ease, is the most favourable circumstance to improve the mind, and regulate the will. He, that can govern himself according to the rules of reason and good sense, will set bounds to his zeal by discretion, to error by truth, and thus to all his actions give an inexpressible grace. Let us all therefore endeavour to qualify ourselves for the intercourse of mankind, by the acquisition of knowledge and the exercise of the benevolent affections, by which we may become ornaments to society, and derive from our exertions the highest felicity.

Blest in themselves, how happy those we find,
Who know by merit to engage mankind;
Prais'd by each tongue, by ev'ry Heart belov'd,
For virtues practis'd, and for arts improv'd:
Their easy aspects shine with smiles serene,
And all is peace and happiness within:
Their sleep is ne'er disturb'd by fears or strife,
Nor lust, nor wine, impair the springs of life.

External graces all decay,
Their pow'r is quickly past,
A well-form'd mind extends their sway,
And bids each beauty last.

The best knowledge is that which is of the greatest use and necessity to us. Curious speculations and contemplations of things that do not concern us, nor serve to promote our happiness, are but a more specious and ingenious sort of idleness, a more pardonable and creditable

kind of ignorance. Whether we provide for action or conversation; whether we wish to be useful or pleasing; the first requisite is the religious and moral knowledge of right and wrong. The next is an acquaintance with the history of mankind, and with those examples, which may be said to embody truth, and prove, by events, the reasonableness of opinions. I am always very much concerned when I see young gentlemen of fortune and quality so wholly set upon pleasures and diversions, that they neglect all those improvements in wisdom and knowledge which may make them easy to themselves and useful to the world. Those who are naturally ambitious, would do well to observe how the greatest men of antiquity made it their ambition to excel all their contemporaries in knowledge. Julius Cæsar and Alexander, the most celebrated instances of human greatness, took a particular care to distinguish themselves by their skill in the arts and sciences. We have still extant several remains of the former, which justify the character given of him by the learned men of his own age. As for the latter, it is a known saying of his, that he was more obliged to Aristotle, who had instructed him, than to Philip, who had given him life and empire. There is a letter of his recorded by Plutarch and Aulus Gellius, which he wrote to Aristotle upon hearing that he had published those lectures which he had given him in private. This letter was written in the following words at a time when he was in the height of his Persian conquests.

ALEXANDER to ARISTOTLE, greeting,

"You have not done well to publish your books of "select knowledge; for what is there now in which "I can surpass others, if those things which I have "been instructed in are communicated to every body? "For my own part I declare to you, I would rather ex- "cel others in knowledge than in power. Farewel."

We see by this letter, that the love of conquest was but the second ambition in Alexander's soul. Knowledge is indeed that which, next to virtue, truly and essentially raises one man above another. It finishes one half of the human soul. It makes existence pleasant to us, fills the mind with entertaining views, and administers to it a perpetual series of gratifications. It gives ease to solitude, and gracefulness to retirement. It fills a public station with suitable abilities, and adds a lustre to those who are in possession of them. Plutarch's Lives give us an extensive knowledge of the world, and consummate skill in discerning characters. They are not only the best adapted to form men for public situations, but by guarding them against the artful and designing, will be equally instructive for private life. The wise Solon took a pride in declaring, that the older he grew, the more eager he was to improve his understanding; — a declaration, which, as he lay upon his death-bed, he verified in a very remarkable manner; for, observing his friends, who were then sitting by him, to be talking together very seriously, he raised his head from the pillow; when being asked if he wanted any thing; — "Nothing," said he, "but the pleasure of hearing your discourse; that, after I have properly acquainted myself with the subject of it, I may die with the greater satisfaction." It appears, then, to be the interest as well as duty of every young person, to be constant in his desire of improvement, and, by setting an example of diligence and alacrity, to excite the like disposition in others.

> With prudent care we rear the youthful mind,
> By love supported, and with toil refin'd;
> 'Tis thus alone the human plant can rise;
> Unpropp'd it droops, and unsupported dies.

And as the human mind, like every other work of Nature, is progressive, and arrives at perfection by imperceptible

degrees; we should contemplate its operations with serious attention, and never reject the admonitions which experience offers to our consideration; for, left to the consequences of our own vanity or want of discernment, the understanding grows darker, and the heart more obdurate; reason betrays her trust, and even conscience herself sometimes aids the delusion that leads us to misery.

If we the progress of the mind survey,
From infant weakness to her sad decay,
We'll mark the change which years succeeding bring,
The passions which from youth and manhood spring.
When first our frame the strength of youth assumes,
And novelty on every object blooms;
When knowledge first unrolls her endless page,
Rich with the records of preceding age,
The curious mind then roves with quick surprise,
Enjoys one object, to another flies;
Bends on each scene her momentary sight,
Sips like the bee, and wantons in delight.

"The proper study of mankind is man:" and this study originates from the smallest beginnings; enlarges, as the faculties of the mind unfold themselves; and comprehends, in its progress, all the powers and principles, which through the successive stages of existence, actuate human nature. In the period of infancy, the appetites and senses are developed, exercised and strengthened; they give information of surrounding objects, excite attention, complacency, surprise, and admiration; and the notices they bring are all treasured in the store-house of the memory. By the frequent repetition of agreeable impressions, certain objects become to the young spectator both pleasing and familiar. He distinguishes his parents, brothers and sisters; is uneasy when they are absent, and delighted to see them again. These emotions soon constitute a moral attachment, which reciprocal endearments

heighten, gratitude confirms, and habit renders indissoluble. The amusements of childhood, and the active pursuits of youth, add every day some new link to the great chain of social love. Connections are multiplied, common interests established, mutual dependencies created; and the principles of sympathy, friendship, generosity and benevolence, acquire vigour by exertion, and energy by being uncontrolled. The powers of the understanding and imagination now expand themselves; curiosity is awakened, and directed to other objects besides those of sense; emulation rouses; the thirst of knowledge stimulates and allures the mind to study and contemplation. The scenes of nature, at this period of life, are viewed with peculiar admiration and delight; and the signs of order, wisdom and goodness, which are every where discerned, elevate the ideas to the great Parent of the universe, the fountain of being, and the origin of all perfection. Devotion glows in the heart; reverence fills the thoughts; and piety exalts the soul to an intercourse with God. Cherish, oh, generous youth, the sacred flame thus kindled in thy breast! It will be a light to thy feet, and a lamp to thy path; it will illuminate thy faculties, sublime thy virtues; add lustre to thy prosperity; and dispel, with chearing beams, the gloom of sorrow and adversity. Those who learn to think, will be qualified to act; and there are duties which we owe to ourselves, as well as to society; to enjoy all the felicity which flows from a cultivated understanding, well-regulated affections, extensive benevolence and amiable manners. In these consist that sovereign good, which ancient sages so much extol, which reason recommends, religion authorises, and God approves.

And therefore wert thou bred to virtuous knowledge,
And wisdom early planted in thy soul,
That thou might'st know to rule thy fiery passions;
To bind their rage, and stay their headlong course;
To bear with accidents, and every change
Of various life; to struggle with adversity;
To wait the leisure of the righteous God,
Till he, in his own good appointed hour,
Shall bid thy better days come forth at once;
A long and shining train; till thou, well-pleas'd,
Shalt bow, and bless thy fate, and say that Heav'n is just.

Dr. Barnard, when Dean of Derry, being in conversation with Foote, Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and other distinguished characters, happened to say, "that he thought no man could improve when past the age of forty-five." Upon this Dr. Johnson, in his usual dogmatical manner, observed, that he (Barnard) was an instance to the contrary; for in him there was great room for improvement, and wished he would set about it. This produced, in the course of the next day, the following elegant bagatelle from the former, addressed "To Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Co."

I lately thought no man alive
Could e'er improve past forty-five,
  And ventur'd to assert it:
The observation was not new,
But seem'd to me so just and true
  That none could controvert it.

"No, Sir," says Johnson, "'tis not so:
That's your mistake, and I can show
  An instance if you doubt it.
You, Sir, who are near forty-eight,
May much improve, 'tis not too late;
  I wish you'd set about it."

Encourag'd thus to mend my faults,
I turn'd his counsel in my thoughts,
  Which way I should apply it:
Learning and wit seem'd past my reach,
For who can learn when none will teach?
  And wit---I could not buy it.

Then come, my friends, and try your skill:
You can inform me, if you will,
  (My books are at a distance.)
With you I'll live and learn, and then
Instead of books I shall read men;
  So lend me your assistance.

Dear knight of Plympton,* teach me how
To suffer with unruffled brow,
  And smile serene, like thine;
The jest uncouth, or truth severe,
To such I'll turn my deafest ear,
  And calmly drink my wine.

Thou say'st, not only skill is gain'd,
But genius too may be attain'd,
  By studious imitation.
Thy temper mild, thy genius fine,
I'll copy till I make thee mine
  By constant application.

The art of pleasing, teach me, Garrick;
Thou who reverest odes Pindaric
  A second time read o'er.†
Oh! could we read thee backward too,
Last thirty years thou should'st review,
  And charm us thirty more.

* Sir Joshua Reynolds.

† Alluding to Garrick, in a whim, reading Cumberland's Odes backwards.

If I have thoughts, and can't express 'em,
Gibbon shall teach me how to dress 'em
In terms select and terse:
Jones teach me modesty and Greek;
Smith how to think, Burke how to speak,
And Beauclerc to converse.

Let Johnson teach me how to place
In fairest light each borrow'd grace;
From him I'll learn to write:
Copy his clear familiar style;
And, from the roughness of his file,
Grow, like himself, polite.

EDUCATION.

THE principal object in a well-conducted education, is to give the understanding such additional strength and information, as, in the various events of life, may safely direct the heart, and teach the possessor of it to act up to the comparative dignity of a rational creature.

> From education as the leading cause
> The noble character its colour draws.

The instructing of young persons in useful and ornamental learning, is not only of the first importance to every private individual, but its beneficial influence extends to the community at large; for that nation will always be most happy, whose youth are led from the enticements of vice and dissipation to the early love of truth and every just and generous principle. From the neglect of these advantages, vanity and a supercilious pride, supply the place of good sense, and all those amiable accomplishments, which distinguish the scholar and the gentleman from the lower classes of mankind; for the impressions we early receive generally grow up with us, and are those we least care to part with. It is not sufficient that our understandings are enlarged; education has something of still greater importance in view, namely, to form us to honour, candour, generosity and probity, to qualify us for entering upon public life with advantage; in a word, to make us happy in ourselves, and useful to society. No state on earth can be more painful

than that of a person advanced in life to a respectable situation, whose mind has never known the happy effects of cultivation. It is a state against which the young ought fully to fortify themselves by diligent culture of their best powers.

Father of light and life! thou good supreme!
O teach me what is good! teach me thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

The mind not taught to think, no useful store
To fix reflection, dreads the vacant hour:
Turn'd on itself its numerous wants are seen,
And all the mighty void that lies within.

Mr. Addison makes the following remark: " I consider a human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shews none of its inherent beauties, 'till the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein, that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance. And as all our honour and future success in the world may depend in a great measure on the steps we take, when first we appear on the stage of active life, those who trifle away their youth without improvement, will find, when their conduct must be regulated by their own reflection, that one of the hardest tasks will be to submit to regular studies and the tuition of authority. Mr. Hervey thus represents a flower garden, as an image of a well-nurtured mind: " How naturally does this lead our contemplation to the advantages which

flow from a virtuous education; and the miseries which ensue from the neglect of it! The mind without early instruction will, in all probability, become like the vineyard of the slothful, over-run with the thorns and briars of every vice. Whereas, let the mind be put under the nurture of wise and skilful management to direct the young ideas, charity will then breathe her sweets, and hope expand her blossoms: the personal virtues display their graces, and the social ones their fruits: the sentiments become generous, the manners endearing, and life useful and honourable. The excellent education which the younger Scipio had received, under his father Paulus Æmilius, and from the instructions of Polybius, perfectly qualified him to fill up his vacant hours with advantage, and afterwards to support the leisure of a retired life with pleasure and dignity. "No one," says a valuable historian, "knew better how to mingle leisure and action, or to employ the intervals of public business with more elegance and taste. Divided between arms and the muses, between the military labours of the camp and the peaceful speculations of the closet, he either exercised his body in the perilous fatigues of war, or his mind in the study of the sciences." His predecessor, the illustrious Scipio Africanus, used to say, "that he was never less idle than when he was entirely at leisure, nor less alone than when he was wholly by himself"—a very uncommon turn of mind in those who have been accustomed to the hurry of business, who too generally sink, at every interval of leisure, into a kind of melancholy, and a listless disgust for every thing about them.

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE EDUCATION.

The good effects and great utility of early instruction are universally allowed; but a difference of opinion is sometimes maintained, whether public or private education is the more beneficial. This subject has employed the pens of many ingenious writers, ancient and modern: and although much has been said in recommendation of private tuition as being best adapted to form youth to virtuous habits; yet it is doubted whether the various passions and affections of human nature, as they begin very early to exert and display themselves, will, if not properly restrained and directed, have a fatal and unconquerable influence over the whole tenor of our lives. The reasoning of parental affection and authority does not always succeed, and then propensities of self will take so deep a root as never to be extirpated, and the youth from indulgence is too often made unhappy for life. Liberty unseasonably obtained is commonly intemperately used. Milton, in his Treatise of Education, very elegantly says, "Come with me, and I will conduct you to a hill-side, where I will point out to you the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious indeed at the first ascent, but on every side, so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect, and melodious sounds, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming." In public schools, the nature and affections of the soul have the fairest exercise; equality is felt, friendships are formed, and improvement in literary fame, so honourable to our country, is pursued with most success, the powers called forth into exertion from the influence of example, and idleness avoided by the fear of disgrace and shame; the careless and obstinate heart is led into willing obedience; and it is here youth are inspired with an emulation, which stirs them up with hopes of becoming wor-

thy and distinguished members of society; and, if qualified for any high department, either in the great council of the nation, the pulpit, or the bar, attention and honour will accompany their eloquence. Nature is generally kind to industrious exertions; for, as every mind may be strengthened by proper application, most young persons are capable of shining in some science or other. That a prominent example should dispirit others seems contrary to that almost instructive emulation, which sometimes electrifies the indolent, and kindles up even the dull, in the well-contested rivalships in our public schools. Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his discourses, says, it is generally found, that a youth more easily receives instruction from the companions of his studies, whose minds are nearly on a level with his own, than from those who are much his superiors; and it is from his equals only that he catches the fire of emulation, which will not a little contribute to his advancement. With proper guides to direct him, he travels through the most beautiful and fruitful regions of knowledge, the mind mean while gradually acquiring freedom, openness, and extent; and if he sometimes find the way difficult, it is beguiled by having fellow travellers, who keep an even pace with him; for each light dispenses a brighter lustre, by mixing its social rays with those of others.

And thus the youth whom education leads
Through wisdom's paths, and virtue's peaceful meads,
Though in his tender years he thoughtless play,
Nor think his flow'ry spring will pass away;
Though trifling scenes and trifling toys amuse,
Yet still his course, progressive, he pursues.
Fresh streams of knowledge all their stores impart,
Wealth to his mind, and goodness to his heart;
Th' inspiring force of excellence confest,
Blest in himself he renders others blest.

A discerning youth perceives, that courage, generosity, and gratitude command the esteem and applause of all his companions; he cherishes therefore these qualities in his breast, and endeavours to connect himself in friendship with those who possess them. He sees, on the other hand, that meanness of spirit, ingratitude, and perfidy, are the objects of detestation. He shuns therefore all who display any of those odious qualities, and finds that the true sources of gratification are the respect and affection of his teachers. Here he is necessitated to decide and to act for himself—his reputation among his companions depends solely on his own conduct. This gradually strengthens his mind, inspires firmness and a certain manliness of character, superior to what appears in those of the same age, who are privately educated. It is of great importance, as Quintilian observes, that those, who are destined to occupy superior stations in society, should enjoy the benefits of an enlarged and liberal education; that they should be furnished with every substantial and ornamental accomplishment; and that those, who are intended for any particular profession or employment, should be principally directed to such studies as are appropriated to their respective views; and, in every rank of life, an attention to the morals of youth should be a primary object; for it is by an amiable disposition united with brilliant talents, that we secure the affection of our relatives, and the respect and esteem of the world. May we not therefore conclude, that a young man will most assuredly become wiser, and probably more virtuous by public than by private education; for virtue consists in action and in trial. And it has been the opinion of men of penetration into the genius and conduct of youth, that they attain to an exacter knowledge both of themselves and the world, in free and populous schools, than when confined to private tuition in retired life, where we too often see contracted an awkward timidity, or an important self conceit, for which there is no other apology than the

want of experience. To advise a man, unaccustomed to the eyes of the multitude, to mount a tribunal without perturbation; or tell him, whose life has passed in the shades of contemplation, that he must not be disconcerted in receiving or returning the compliments of a splendid assembly; is to reason, and to endeavour to communicate by precept, that which only time and habit can bestow. These truths were poignantly felt by the worthy and ingenious Mr. Cowper, who freely owns in his Letters, (which for ease and elegance are equal to any, the most celebrated, in our language) that the want of resolution and manly confidence was a severe check to his progress in life, and prevented his talents being called into action, by a conspicuous and honourable appointment.

PARENTS.

As the vexations, which parents receive from undutiful children, hasten the approach of age, and double their affliction; so the comforts which they reap from the dutiful are a balm to all their sorrows, and disappoint the injuries of time. Parents repeat their lives in their offspring, and their concern for them is so near, that they feel all sufferings, and taste all enjoyments, as much as if they regarded their own proper persons. They consider it as the pleasing privilege of their life to impart the observations of their long experience; to instruct them in the proper conduct, and to warn them of the various dangers, of life, to which they stand exposed; by serious counsel to temper their precipitate ardour, and, both by precept and example, to

form them to habits of piety and virtue. The religion displayed in such a character, strikes the beholders with veneration; and such a person never appears with greater dignity, than, when tempered with mildness, and enlivened with good humour, it acts as the guide and patron of youth. The good father is ever humane, tender, and affectionate to his children; he treats them, therefore, with lenity and kindness; corrects with prudence, rebukes with temper, and chastises with reluctance: he never suffers his indulgence to degenerate into weakness, or his affection to be biassed by partiality: as he rejoices in their joy, and participates in their afflictions, he never suffers them to want a blessing which he can bestow, or lament an evil which he can prevent: whilst he continues with them, he administers to their present happiness, and provides for their future felicity, when he shall be removed from them. He is doubly cautious in preserving his own character, because theirs depend upon it: he is prudent, that they may be happy; industrious, that they may be comfortable; good and virtuous, that they may be respected; he instructs by his life, and teaches by his example: as he is sure that piety is the source and foundation of every virtue, he takes care to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord: that they may be good men, he endeavours to make them good Christians: and after having done every thing in his power to make them easy and happy here, he points out to them the only infallible means of securing eternal bliss and tranquillity hereafter. Paulus Æmilius, after the expiration of his first consulate, substituted the sweets of repose for the splendour of employments. As augur, he applied himself to the affairs of religion, and as a father to the education of his children. He was very reserved and frugal in every thing that tended only to luxury and pomp, but noble and magnificent in respect to expences of honour and duty; in consequence of which he spared nothing to procure them an education

worthy of their birth. Grammarians, rhetoricians, philosophers, sculptors, painters, masters expert in breaking and managing horses; hunters, who taught youth the exercises of the chace: in a word, he gave his sons all the aids and masters necessary to form both their minds and bodies. When he was not employed in public affairs, he would be present at their studies and exercises; by these assiduous cares evincing, that, of all the Romans, he was the father who had most love and tenderness for his children.

> Their growing virtues justified his cares,
> And promis'd comfort to his silver hairs.

The best proof, which parents can give of their affection to their children, is to endeavour to make them wise and good. The first class of duties which parents owe their children, respects their natural life; and this comprehends protection, nurture, provision, introducing them into the world in a manner suitable to their rank and fortune, and the like. The second order of duties regards the intellectual and moral life of their children, or their education in such arts and accomplishments as are necessary to qualify them for performing the duties which they owe to themselves and others. As this was found to be the principal design of the matrimonial alliance, so the fulfilling that design is the most important and dignified of all the parental duties. In order, therefore, to fit the child for acting his part wisely and worthily as a man, as a citizen, and a creature of God, both parents should unite their wisdom, authority, and power, and each a part to employ those talents, which are the peculiar excellency and ornament of their respective sex. The father to lay out and superintend their education; the mother to execute and manage the detail of which she is capable. The former should direct the manly exertion of the intellectual and moral powers of the child;—his imagination and the manner of those exertions, are the peculiar province of the latter. The former should advise, protect,

command; and by his experience, masculine vigour, and that superior authority, which is commonly ascribed to his sex, brace and strengthen his pupil for active life, for gravity, integrity, and firmness in suffering. The business of the latter is to bend and soften her male pupil by the charms of her conversation, and the softness and decency of her manners for social life, for politeness of taste, and the elegant decorum and enjoyments of humanity; and to improve and refine the tenderness and modesty of her female pupil, and form her to all those mild domestic virtues, which are the peculiar characteristics and ornaments of her sex. To conduct the opening minds of their sweet charge through the several periods of their progress, to assist them in each period in throwing out the latent seeds of reason and ingenuity, and in giving fresh accessions of light and virtue; and, at length, with all these advantages, to produce the young adventurers upon the great theatre of human life, to act their several parts in the sight of their relatives and friends, and society at large; how gloriously does heaven reward the task, where the parents behold those dear images and representations of themselves inheriting their virtues, as well as fortunes, sustaining their respective characters gracefully and worthily, and giving them the agreeable prospect of transmitting their names with growing honours and advantage to a race yet unborn! Cornelia, a Roman lady of exemplary virtue, was left a widow with twelve children, but only three of the twelve arrived at years of maturity: one daughter, who was married to the second Scipio Africanus, and two sons, whom she so carefully instructed, that, though born with the most happy geniuses and dispositions, it was judged, that they were still more indebted to education than to nature. A Campanian lady, who was very rich, and still fonder of pomp and shew, in a visit to Cornelia, having displayed her diamonds, pearls, and richest jewels, earnestly desired Cornelia to let her see her jewels also. This amiable lady diverted the conversation to an-

other subject, till the return of her sons from the public schools. When they entered their mother's apartment, she said to her visitor, "these are my jewels, and the only ornaments I admire; flattering myself they will prove the strength and support of society, as they have been dutiful and affectionate to me."

With prudent care she rear'd the youthful mind,
By love supported, and with sense refin'd:
'Tis thus alone the human plant can rise;
Unpropp'd it droops and unsupported dies.

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

Cornelia was, in ancient Rome, the admired model of the maternal character. Her sons and the people seem to have sympathized in affectionate veneration towards this illustrious woman: and a statue was raised to the living parent with that most simple and eloquent inscription, "Cornelia, Mater Gracchorum."

To teach the heart to glow with gen'rous flame,
Caught from the deeds of her of ancient fame;
And, more than all, with commendation due
To set some living worthy in our view,
Whose fair example may at once inspire
A wish to copy what we all admire.

The incidents attending domestic and private situations are, of all others, the most apt to affect the heart. Descriptions of national events are too general to be very interesting, and too far removed from common life to make deep impressions. With the virtues of kings and princes, it is nearly the same as with their sufferings: the heroic qualities, which history ascribes to great and illustrious names, play

around the imagination, but rarely touch the feelings, or direct the conduct: the humbler merits of ordinary life are those to which we feel a near relation; from which, therefore, precept is more powerfully enforced, and example more readily drawn. "Mr. Hargrave," says an elegant writer, "is one of my earliest friends: being many years younger than he, I have ever been accustomed to regard him with a reverence and gratitude due to his valuable character. After having been, for some years, in the busy world, he retired into the country, where he lived with elegance and ease. His wife, a very amiable and accomplished woman, died soon after her marriage, leaving only one daughter, to the care of whose education Mr. Hargrave devoted his whole attention. Nature, and the instruction she received, gave her every grace that can adorn the female mind and person. Emily Hargrave was now in her twentieth year; while her father, advanced in life, began to feel the weakness of age coming fast upon him. Independent of the gratification which he used to receive from the observations of his daughter's virtues and accomplisments, he now felt a pleasure somewhat more selfish from the advantage which those virtues were of to himself. Her care and dutiful attention were almost become necessary to him; and he seemed to have no gratification but in her dear society. Emily was truly sensible of this; and though she was at pains to conceal her solicitude, it was plain that her whole care centered in him. About a month ago I paid a visit to Mr. Hargrave's family. I found him more changed than I had expected: the imbecilities of age, which were beginning to approach since the last time I saw him, now made great advances. Feeling his strength fail him and his memory decline, yet abundantly sensible of his daughter's goodness, and conscious of his infirmities, that consciousness led him to think that his decline was greater than it really was. In this situation his whole dependance rested with Emily, and she was his only comfort."

When hoary age her parent's brow o'erspread,
And sickness bow'd his venerable head,
O'er the pale couch she hung with filial care,
And pluck'd the thorn disease had planted there.
Sweetness of soul beyond what mortals show,
And piety like that which seraphs know,
A nobler fortitude than heroes reach,
And virtue, greater than the sages teach.
While every speaking feature seems to shine
With peace serene, and purity divine.

I have often remarked, that there is a perseverance in virtue, and a real magnanimity in the female sex, which is scarcely to be equalled in ours. The heroic actions of men are commonly performed upon the great theatre, and the performers have the plaudits of an attending and admiring world to animate and support them. When Regulus suffered all the tortures which cruelty could invent, rather than give up his honour or his country, he was supported by the conscious admiration of those countrymen whom he had left, and of those enemies in whose hands he was. When Cato resigned his life rather than give up the cause of liberty, he felt a pride, which told him, that "Cato's would be no less honoured than Cæsar's sword." And when, "the self-devoted Decii died," independent of their love for Rome, they had every motive of applause to animate their conduct. But, when Emily Hargrave sacrifices every thing to filial goodness and filial affection, and instead of receiving support and assistance from a kind and good father, to whom, next to heaven, she had ever looked up, steadily perseveres in her duty, she can have no concomitant motive, no external circumstance to animate her. Her silent and secret virtue is the pure and unalterable tenderness of true affection. How exquisitely Mrs. Barbauld has described this dutiful, but heart-rending situation.

When blooming beauty in the noon of power,
While offer'd joys demand each sprightly hour,
With all that pomp of charms and winning mien
Which sure to conquer needs but to be seen;
When she, whose name the softest love inspires,
To the hush'd chamber of disease retires,
To watch and weep beside a parent's bed,
Catch the faint voice, and raise the languid head,
What mixt delight each feeling heart must warm!
An angel's office suits an angel's form.
More health, dear maid! thy soothing presence brings
Than purest skies, or salutary springs.
That voice, those looks such healing virtues bear,
Thy sweet reviving smiles might cheer despair;
On the pale lips detain the parting breath,
And bid hope blossom in the shades of death.
On her lov'd child behold the mother gaze,
In weakness pleas'd, and smiling thro' decays,
And leaning on that breast her cares assuage;
How soft a pillow for declining age!

And the tenderness of maternal affection, is thus beautifully expressed by Mr. Pratt.

Attended by a thousand cares,
A thousand hopes, a thousand fears,
Say, what is that, whose wakeful eye
In the smooth calm can storms espy?
Whose quick and ever-wakeful ear,
When all is safe, thinks peril near?
Can, while the sun is clear and bright,
Anticipate the dead of night?
And, while an infant smiles in sleep,
Keeps guard lest it should wail and weep?
On tip-toe glides along the floor,
In dread to ope or close the door?
And what is that,—in tranquil hour,
When love exerts its softest power,—

That o'er the fondling at the breast,
Attentive bends to guard its rest;
Protects it from the night's alarms,
And saves it through the day from harms;
Foregoes with joy all balms of sleep;
A joy so true it needs must weep?
Not always do the eyes o'erflow,
To soothe the agonies of woe;
For nature gave the tender tear,
To mark her woe or bliss sincere.

O what is that, Maria, tell,
That feels so quick, that acts so well;
That is so strange, and yet so common?
It is that wond'rous treasure—woman!
It is—you'll know I tell you true;
'Tis a fond mother—it is you!

DUTY TO PARENTS.

Where shall we find the person, who hath received from any one benefits so great, or so many, as children from their parents? To them it is they owe their very existence, and consequently all the pleasures and enjoyments of life. In the fifth commandment, we are strictly enjoined to honour our parents, as the most effectual means to ensure the blessing of Providence: and, indeed, it usually happens, that disobedient children are commonly not only slighted but detested, and meet with such continual disappointments and misfortunes as make life a burthen; but how happy are those, who, with a conscious satisfaction arising

from strict truth, can say—Thank God, I have on all occasions not only acknowledged, but approved myself, a dutiful son to the most indulgent of parents.

> E'er since reflection beam'd her light upon me,
> You, Sir, have been my study—I have plac'd,
> Before mine eyes in ev'ry light of life,
> The father and the friend, what weight of duty
> Lay on a son from such a parent sprung;
> What virtuous toil to shine with his renown;
> Has been my thought by day, my dream by night.
> —But first and ever nearest to my heart
> Was this prime duty; so to frame my conduct
> Tow'rd such a father, as, were I a father,
> My soul would wish to meet with from a son.—
> And may reproach transmit my name abhor'd
> To latest time—if ever thought was mine
> Unjust to filial reverence, filial love!

The dutiful son honours his parents by paying them the utmost deference and respect; by a reverential awe and veneration for them; a filial affection for their persons, and a tender regard for their safety and preservation; a constant and cheerful attention to their advice; and a ready and implicit obedience to their commands. As he becomes every day more sensible of his obligations to them, he grows every day more willing and solicitous to repay them. He employs his youth to support their age; his knowledge and strength to supply their infirmities and decay. He is more careful of his character and reputation in the world, as being connected with theirs. Ever anxious for their welfare, and attentive to their happiness, he endeavours, by every method in his power, to prolong their days, that his own may be happy. He rests assured, that God will not only bless obedient children here, but will reward them with the blessing of heaven, where it shall be well with him for ever. Among the incredible number

of persons, who were proscribed under the second triumvirate of Rome, were the celebrated orator Cicero and his brother Quintus. When the intelligence of the proscription was brought to them, they endeavoured to make their escape to Brutus in Macedon. They travelled together some time, mutually condoling their bad fortune: but as their departure had been very precipitate, and they were not furnished with money and other necessaries for their voyage, it was agreed, that Cicero should make what haste he could to the sea-side to secure their passage, and Quintus return home to make more ample provision. But as, in most houses, there were as many informers as domestics, his return was immediately known, and the house of course filled with soldiers and assassins. Quintus concealed himself so effectually, that the soldiers could not find him: enraged at their disappointment, they put his son to the torture, in order to make him discover the place of his father's concealment; but filial affection was proof in the young Roman, against the most exquisite torments. An involuntary sigh, and sometimes a deep groan, was all that could be extorted from the generous youth. His agonies were increased; but, with amazing fortitude, he still persisted in his resolution of not betraying his father. Quintus was not far off, and the reader may imagine better than can be expressed, how the heart of a father must have been affected with the sighs and groans of a son expiring in tortures to save his life. He could bear it no longer; but quitting the place of his concealment, he presented himself to the assassins, begging with a flood of tears that they would put him to death, and dismiss the innocent youth, whose generous behaviour the triumvirs themselves, if informed of the fact, would judge worthy of the highest approbation and reward. But the inhuman monsters, without being the least affected with the tears either of the father or son, answered, that they both must die; the father, because he was proscribed, and the son, because he had con-

cealed his father. Then a new contest of tenderness arose, who should die first; but this the assassins soon decided by beheading them both at the same time. Epaminondas was a great general, and one of the best men Greece ever produced. Before his time the city of Thebes was not distinguished by any memorable action, and, after him, it was not famous for its virtues, but was remarkable for its misfortunes, till it sunk into its original obscurity; so that it saw its glory take birth and expire with this great man. The victory he obtained at Leuctra had drawn upon him the eyes and admiration of all the neighbouring people, who considered him as the support of Thebes, as the triumphant conqueror of all Sparta, as the deliverer of all Greece: in a word, as the greatest man, and the most excellent captain that ever was in the world. In the midst of this universal applause, so capable of making the general of an army forget the man for the victor,—Epaminondas, little sensible to so affecting and so deserved a glory, "My joy," said he, "arises from my sense of that, which the news of my victory will give my father and my mother." Such sentiments do honour to human nature, and proceed from a heart, which neither false glory nor false greatness has corrupted. Every thinking mind must be charmed with the respect and warm gratitude, which Horace, during his whole life, expresses for his father, who, by the pains he took to inspire him with an abhorrence of vice, gradually accustomed him to delight in virtue. "By his care," says he, "he preserved me free, not only from all acts of impurity, which is the highest praise of virtue, but from all reproach or suspicion of that kind. He obliged me to look into the lives of others, as into a glass, and to learn, from their example, to imitate the good, and fly the bad." Let young persons consider well these words, and remember, that it is an heathen who thinks and speaks in this manner. Milton's filial gratitude

and elegant praise of the musical talents of his father, do the highest honour to his heart.

O that Pieria's spring would through my breast
Pour its inspiring influence—
That for my venerable father's sake,
All meaner themes renounc'd, my muse, on wings
Of duty borne, might reach the loftiest strain!—
The sacred nine, by whom inspir'd, thyself
Art skilful to associate verse with airs
Harmonious, and to give the human voice
A thousand modulations, heir by right
Indisputable of Arian's fame!—
Now say what wonder is it, if a son
Of thine delight in verse, if so conjoin'd
In close affinity, we sympathize
In social arts and kindred studies sweet?—
Oh! my father, since to render thanks
Equivalent, and to requite by deeds
Thy liberality, exceeds my power,
Suffice it that I thus record thy gifts,
And bear them treasur'd in a grateful mind.—
Ye too, the favourite pastime of my youth
My voluntary numbers, if ye dare
To hope longevity, and to survive
Your master's funeral—
Shall to futurity, perhaps, convey
This theme, and by these praises of my sire
Improve the fathers of a distant age.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

THE great and important end of all education is self-knowledge, which is, next to the knowledge of God, the most useful and comprehensive attainment in the whole moral system; for what can afford a higher, or more rational pleasure, a purer, or more transporting delight, than to retire into ourselves, and there impartially and attentively inspect the various operations of our souls; comparing our ideas, consulting our reason, and viewing all the powers of intellect, which Divine Wisdom has planted in the human frame.

'Tis virtue only makes our bliss below,
And all our knowledge is ourselves to know.

When I study, says Montaigne, it is for no other science than what treats of the knowledge of myself, and instructs me how to live and die well; for

True joys on no external aid depend,
But in ourselves begin, and there must end.

Self-acquaintance teaches a man the right government of his thoughts, curbs the impetuosity of the passions, prevents contentions, and preserves the mind sedate and calm, under the most aggravating attempts to throw him off his guard. It is this that, in the various scenes of adversity and prosperity, gives him a steadiness and temperance highly gratifying; for self-command is not only in itself a virtue, but from it all the other virtues seem to derive their

principal lustre. There are duties which we owe to ourselves, as well as to society; and he is usefully and honourably employed, whatever be his study, who is endeavouring to exalt the powers of his own mind, and qualifying himself with such thoughts as will inspire him with gratitude and moderation in prosperity, with resignation and fortitude in adversity, with universal benevolence, and every other virtue, and eventually prepare him for the enjoyments of immortality. To invigorate virtuous resolutions, we should furnish ourselves with some short elementary principles, which we may always have ready at hand, to banish every uneasy reflection. We shall then have it in our power, at any time, and in any place, to retire into ourselves; and where can a man find a more peaceful or a more undisturbed repose than in the order of well regulated passions and affections. But when we see a person content with being ignorant, or pursuing folly, his wonder sunk into stupid astonishment; his love lost in selfishness; and his joys bounded by his senses; a corrupt, a miserable being, who never employs a single thought beyond the indulgence of his own appetite; such a man is but a degree removed from the brute creation. It is a melancholy reflection, that such self-delusion is sometimes met with in the world; yet we have innumerable examples of those, who, by their general good conduct, approach nearly to perfection. One of the noblest precepts of antiquity is the following well-known saying ascribed to Pythagoras: "Reverence thyself;" or, in other words, do nothing that may corrupt your heart, or debase your character; but, in every action of your life, support the dignity of your nature, and maintain your honour. Milton says,

"Oft-times nothing profits more
Than self esteem."

Those, who form favourable opinions of their intellectual powers, will strive to excel; and their sincere endeavours will certainly be attended with proportionable success. It is truly gratifying to that emulation, which is natural to the mind of man, when he is conscious that he is adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; and when he humbly hopes, it is in God himself, to see his creatures for ever drawing nearer to him by greater degrees of resemblance. There is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion than this of the perpetual progress, which the soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength, to consider that it is to shine for ever with new accession of glory, and brighten to all eternity; these thoughts tend to make us wiser and better, or more agreeable and useful, both to ourselves and others. And although their radiance may be transiently obscured by malevolence or envy, they stand firm in integrity and honour, and, by the possession of self-command, enjoy that genuine happiness, which is the result of self-knowledge. The outward actions are generally the plainest index of the inward disposition; and as every man has something peculiar in the turn of his mind, it is a duty he owes himself to guard against those constitutional errors that disturb his repose. Individual happiness cannot arise from the exercise of the more selfish principles; for our private satisfactions always increase in the same proportion, with which we promote those of others. Self-knowledge greatly encourages a spirit of meekness and charity; for the more a man is acquainted with his own failings, the more he is disposed to make allowances for his associates. Cato used to maintain, that injuries were sometimes productive of good rather than evil fortune; because nothing makes a man look more into himself, and examine if he deserve them or not. We should likewise be very ap-

prehensive of those actions, which proceed from natural constitution, favourite passions, particular education, or whatever promotes our worldly interest or advantage. In these or the like cases, a man's judgment is easily perverted, and a wrong bias hung upon his mind. These are the inlets of prejudice, the unguarded avenues, by which a thousand errors and secret faults find admission. Those, who consider themselves as independent, are often arbitrary in the forming of their schemes, in the selection of their studies, in the employment and distribution of their time, in their thoughts, conversation, and amusements, and think they are at liberty, if there be no actual vice, to consult only their own selfish-gratifications. By nature man is impressed with an attachment to himself of the warmest kind. This stamp of nature's hand is indeed inseparable from life: actuated by its influence, we cultivate every thing that seems to have a tendency to make ourselves, and others, happy. Most of the troubles men meet with in the world arise from an irritable temper and improper conduct; it is the want of uniform behaviour in the management of our affairs, which prevents the successful execution of those concerns, on which we depend for our comfort and happiness. — For a more comprehensive view of this subject, see Mason's Treatise on Self-knowledge.

CHEERFULNESS.

CHEERFULNESS bears the same friendly regard to the mind as to the body; it banishes all anxious care and discontent, soothes and composes the passions, and keeps the soul in a perpetual calm. In a well-regulated mind, it springs from a good conscience and the favour of heaven, and is bounded by temperance and reason. It makes a man happy in himself, and promotes the happiness of all around him. It is the clear and calm sun-shine of a mind illuminated by piety and virtue. It crowns all other good dispositions, and comprehends the general effect, which they ought to produce on the heart.

Fair as the dawning light! auspicious guest,
Source of all comforts to the human breast!
Depriv'd of thee in sad despair we moan,
And tedious roll the heavy moments on.
Tho' beauteous objects all around us rise,
To charm the fancy and delight the eyes;
Tho' arts fair works and nature's gifts conspire,
To please each sense and satiate each desire;
'Tis joyless all—till thy enliv'ning ray
Scatters the melancholy gloom away.
Then opens to the soul a heav'nly scene,
Gladness and peace, all sprightly, all serene.
Thy aid, O ever faithful, ever kind,
Thro' life, thro' death, attends the virtuous mind;
Of angry fate wards from us every blow,
Cures ev'ry ill, and softens ev'ry woe.—

Whatever good our mortal state desires,
What wisdom finds, or innocence inspires:
From Nature's bounteous hand whatever flows,
Whate'er our Maker's Providence bestows,
By thee mankind enjoys; by thee repays
A grateful tribute of perpetual praise.

The candour and genuine goodness visible in some countenances convey a secret and prepossessing pleasure; while, in others, there is such a gloomy and forbidding gravity, that, like a dark day, they convey an air of melancholy to all about them. Cheerfulness and good humour are, of all qualifications, the most amiable in company; where there is no malevolence in the heart, there is always a cheerfulness and ease in the countenance and manners. How beautiful and animating are the following lines to the bountiful Author of the universe.

Whole nature cheerful owns her Maker's voice,
Each creature smiles, and all his works rejoice.
Thus the glad year with circling mercies crown'd,
Enjoys thy goodness in an endless round.
The dreary wilds, where no delights are found,
Where never spring adorn'd the sterile ground,
At thy command a pleasing dress assume,
Fair roses glow, and op'ning lilies bloom:
Here verdant hills arise on every side,
And shoot their tops aloft with conscious pride;
There lowing herds adorn the fertile soil,
And crown with fleecy wool the shepherds toil:
While tender lambs their infant voices raise,
And sweetly bleat th' Almighty Giver's praise.
Here loaded vallies smile with waving corn,
And golden prospects ev'ry field adorn:
They shout for joy, and lowly bending sing,
With sweet harmonious notes, their gracious King.

Strange as it may appear, there are some dispositions so liable to extremes, that, without any rational cause, they allow themselves to be raised into the greatest transports of mirth, while, at other times, they indulge in the severest depressions of melancholy; but real cheerfulness is of a serious and compound nature, and fills the mind with a steady and perpetual serenity. If we consider cheerfulness in regard to ourselves, to those we converse with, and to the great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itself on each of these accounts. The man who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind, is not only easy in his thoughts, but a perfect master of all the powers and faculties of his soul: his imagination is always clear, and his judgment undisturbed; his temper is even and unruffled, whether in society or in solitude. If we consider him in relation to the persons with whom he converses, it naturally procures for him love and good-will. A cheerful mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good humour in those who come within its influence. We find ourselves pleased we know not why, with the cheerfulness of our companions: it is like a sudden sun-shine, that awakens a secret delight in the mind without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendship and benevolence towards the person who has so kindly an affect upon it. Another source of cheerfulness to a good mind is its consideration of that Being, on whom we have our dependence, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the first faint discoveries of his perfections, we see every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourselves every where upheld by his goodness, and surrounded with an immensity of love and mercy. In short, we depend upon a Being whose power qualifies him to make those happy, who desire it of him, and whose unchangeableness will secure us in this happiness to all eternity. These considerations, which every

one should perpetually cherish in his mind, will banish from us all that secret uneasiness and heaviness of heart to which unthinking men are subject, and inspire us with such an even and cheerful temper as makes us pleasing to ourselves, and to those with whom we converse, and above all to Him whom we were made to please. To inculcate this cheerfulness of temper, I shall further observe, that the study of the arts, the pleasures of friendship, books, conversation, and other diversions and gratifications of life, offer themselves to persons of all ranks and conditions; and which sufficiently shew us, that Providence did not design this world should be filled with murmurs and repinings, or that the heart of man should be involved in gloom and melancholy. There are but two things, which, in my opinion, can reasonably deprive us of cheerfulness of heart. The first of these is the sense of guilt; a man who lives in a state of vice and impenitence, can have no title to that evenness and tranquillity of mind which is the health of the soul, and the natural effect of virtue and innocence. The second, under whatsoever title it shelters itself, is the folly and madness of Atheism, by which I mean a disbelief of the supreme Being, and consequently of the rewards and punishments of a future state. There is something so particularly gloomy and offensive to human nature in the prospect of non-existence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent writers, how it is possible for a man to out-live the expectation of it. For my own part, I think the being of a God is so little to be doubted, that it is almost the only truth we are sure of; and such a truth as we meet with in every object, in every occurrence, and in every thought. If we look into the characters of this tribe of infidels, we generally find them made up of pride, spleen, and cavil. It is indeed no wonder, that men, who are uneasy in themselves, should be so to the rest of the world; and how is it possible for a man to be otherwise than uneasy in himself, when he is in

danger every moment of losing his entire existence, and dropping into nothing. On the contrary, how many self-congratulations naturally arise in the mind, when it reflects on its entrance into eternity; when it takes a view of those improveable faculties, which, in a few years, and even at its first setting out, have made so considerable a progress; and which will be still receiving an increase of perfection, and consequently an increase of happiness? The consciousness of such a being spreads a perpetual calm and serenity through the soul of a virtuous man, and makes him look upon himself every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive. An inward cheerfulness is an implicit praise and thanksgiving to Providence under all its dispensations. It is a kind of acquiescence in the state wherein we are placed, and a secret approbation of the divine will in his conduct towards us. But as almost every object, that attracts our notice, has its bright and its dark side; those who habituate themselves to look at the melancholy side, will sour their dispositions; while those, who constantly behold it on the bright side, insensibly sweeten them, and, in consequence of this, improve their own happiness, and the happiness of all about them. Arachne and Melissa are two friends, alike in birth, fortune, education, and accomplishments; but their tempers are the reverse of each other. Arachne has accustomed herself to look only on the dark side of every object, and when you wish and hope to enjoy friendly and cheerful conversation, she casts a gloom over every endeavour on your part to please; by talking of imaginary disagreeables, by which she insensibly sinks her own spirits, and the spirits of all around her; and, at last discovers, she knows not why, that her friends are grave. Melissa is the reverse of all this. By constantly habituating herself to look only on the bright side of objects, she preserves a perpetual cheerfulness in herself, which she has the gratification of communicating

to all her friends. If any misfortune has befallen her, she considers it might have been worse, and is thankful to Providence for an escape. She rejoices in solitude, as it gives her an opportunity of knowing herself; and in society, because she can inspire her friends with the happiness she enjoys. In conversation it is a rule with her, never to start a subject that leads to any thing gloomy or disagreeable. You therefore never hear her repeating her own grievances, or those of her neighbours, especially their imperfections. Thus Melissa, like the bee, gathers honey from every weed; while Arachne, like the spider, sucks poison from the fairest flowers. The consequence is, that one is ever sour and dissatisfied, the other always gay and cheerful; the one spreads an universal gloom, the other a continual sunshine. Laughter has been thought a weakness in the composition of human nature; but if we consider the relief we receive from it, and how often with transient unexpected gleams of joy, it breaks the gloom which is apt to depress the mind, we should take care not to grow too wise for so great a pleasure of life, for "A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance; but by sorrow of the heart the spirit is broken."

Is there in nature no kind power
To sooth affliction's lonely hour?
To blunt the edge of dire disease,
And teach these wintry shades to please?
Come, cheerfulness, triumphant fair,
Shine through the hovering cloud of care:
O sweet of language, mild of mien,
O virtue's friend and pleasure's queen,
Assuage the flames that burn my breast,
Compose my jarring thoughts to rest;
And while thy gracious gifts I feel,
My song shall all thy praise reveal.

Thou, cheerfulness, by heaven design'd
To sway the movements of the mind,
Whatever fretful passion springs,
Whatever wayward fortune brings
To disarrange the power within,
And strain the musical machine;
Thou, Goddess, thy attempering hand,
Doth each discordant string command,
Refines the soft, and swells the strong;
And, joining nature's general song,
Through many a varying tone—controuls
The harmony of human souls.
Fair guardian of domestic life,
Kind banisher of home-bred strife;
By thee with flowers their board is crown'd,
With songs from thee their walks resound;
And morn with welcome lustre shines,
And evening unperceiv'd declines.

But see where yonder pensive sage
(A prey perhaps to fortune's rage,
Perhaps by tender griefs oppress'd,
Or glooms congenial to his breast,)
Retires in desert scenes to dwell,
And bids the joyless world farewell.
Alone he treads the autumnal shade,
Alone beneath the mountain laid
He sees the nightly damp ascend,
And gathering storms aloft impend;
He hears the neighbouring surges roll,
And raging thunders shake the pole:
Then, struck by every object round,
And stunn'd by every horrid sound,
He asks a clue for nature's ways;
But evil haunts him through the maze.
—O thou, whose pleasing power I sing,
Thy lenient influence hither bring;

Compose the storm, dispel the gloom,
Till nature wear her wonted bloom,
Till fields and shades their sweets exhale,
And music swell each opening gale:
Then o'er his breast thy softness pour,
And let him learn the timely hour
To trace the world's benignant laws,
And judge of that presiding cause
Who founds on discord beauty's reign,
Converts to pleasure every pain,
Subdues each hostile form to rest,
And bids the universe be bless'd.

O thou whose pleasing power I sing,
If right I touch the votive string,
If equal praise I yield thy name,
Still govern thou thy poet's flame;
Still with the muse my bosom share,
And sooth to peace intruding care.

Those who use their best endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reason, have two perpetual sources of cheerfulness; in the consideration of their own nature, and of that great Being, on whom they depend. If they look into themselves they cannot but rejoice in that existence, which is so lately bestowed upon them, and which, after millions of ages, will be still new, and still in its beginning. Socrates, the wisest and best of all the Grecian sages, tempered the harshness of his precepts with an air of pleasantry; well knowing, that to please was the surest way to persuade. Cheerfulness mixed with study, supports and makes it lasting, by preserving health, without which it is almost impossible to make any considerable progress in learning or science. Besides, when a studious man keeps himself cheerful, as his conversation and his compositions partake of that agreeable frame

of mind, we approach him, and read his works with the greater taste and satisfaction. For cheerfulness

> Adds bloom to health, o'er ev'ry virtue sheds
> A gay, humane, a sweet and gen'rous grace,
> And brightens all the ornaments of man.

How exquisitely descriptive is Milton, in his L'Allegro, on this subject.

> Hence loathed Melancholy,
> Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
> In Stygian cave forlorn
> 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,
> Find out some uncouth cell,
> Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
> And the night raven sings;
> There, under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
> As ragged as thy locks,
> In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
> But come thou goddess fair and free,
> In heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne.
> And by men, heart-easing mirth,
> Whom lovely Venus at a birth
> With two sister graces more
> To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
> Or whether (as some sager sing)
> The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
> Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
> As he met her once a maying,
> There on beds of violet blue,
> And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
> Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
> So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
> Haste thee Nymph, and bring with thee
> Jest and youthful Jollity,
> Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
> Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,

Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spite of Sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before;
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Some time walking not unseen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state
Rob'd in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the plowman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,

And the milk-maid singeth blythe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Strait mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landscape round it measures,
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The lab'ring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.
Hard by a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savory dinner set
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses;
And then in haste her bow'r she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or if the earlier season lead
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecs sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holy-day,
Till the live-long day-light fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale.

With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets ate,
She was pinch'd and pull'd she said,
And he by friars lantern led.
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn
That ten day-lab'rers could not end;
Then lies him down, the lubber fiend,
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep.
Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men;
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold;
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Johnson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,

Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half regain'd Eurydice.
These delights, if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

HEALTH.

O, power supreme, o'er all created things!
Eternal source, from whence all comfort springs!
Without thy cheerful active energy,
No rapture swells the breast, no poet sings.

Health is a state of such perfect ease, and calm enjoyment, that we seldom reflect on the value of the blessing, of which we are in undisturbed possession; but if, by luxury, intemperance, indolence, or any other cause, we are deprived of it, we then become sensible of the treasure we have lost. As the passions and affections of the mind have so great an influence on health, it is evident, that a habit of virtue, which can govern these passions, and make them subservient to reason, is the first and principal rule by which mankind ought to be trained up, in order to secure a good state of health in all the periods of life.

Health! to Thee thy vot'ry owes
All the blessings life bestows,
All the sweets the summer yields,
Melodious woods, and clover'd fields;
By thee he tastes the calm delights
Of studious days, and peaceful nights:
By thee his eye each scene with rapture views;
The muse shall sing thy gifts, for they inspire the muse.

Does increase of wealth impart
Transports to a bounteous heart?
Does the sire with smiles survey
His prattling children round him play?

Does love with mutual blushes streak
The swains and virgin's artless cheek?
From health these blushes, smiles, and transports flow;
Wealth, children, love itself, to health their relish owe.

Nymph! with thee, at early morn,
Let me brush the waving corn;
And at noon-tide's sultry hour,
O bear me to the wood-bine bow'r!
When evening lights her glow-worm, lead
To yonder dew-enamell'd mead;
And let me range at night those glimm'ring groves,
Where stillness ever sleeps, and contemplation roves.

Thus my tributary lay,
Grateful at thy shrine I pay,
Who for eight whole years hast shed
Thy balmy blessings o'er my head;
O, let me still enamour'd view
Those fragrant lips of rosy hue,
Nor think there needs th' allay of sharp disease,
To quicken thy repast, and give it pow'r to please.

Blessed Health! thou art above all gold and treasure; it is thou who enlargest the soul, and openest all its powers to receive instruction, and to relish virtue; he that has thee, has little more to wish for; and he, that is so wretched as to want thee, wants every thing with thee.

Health seems a cherub, most divinely bright,
More soft than air, more gay than morning light.
Hail, blooming goddess, thou propitious pow'r,
Whose blessings mortals next to life implore;
Such graces in your heav'nly eyes appear,
That cottages are courts, when you are there.

The husbandman returns from the field, strong and healthy, because innocent and laborious. Air, exercise, and temperance, are the great preservers of health.

——— The rural wilds
Invite, the mountains call you, and the vales,
The woods, the streams, and each ambrosial breeze
That fans the ever-undulating sky,
A kindly sky!—where fost'ring pow'r regales
Man, beast, and all the vegetable reign.

Now early shepherds o'er the meadows pass,
And print long footsteps on the glitt'ring grass;
The cows, neglectful of their pasture, stand,
By turns obsequious to the milker's hand.
When Damon softly trod the shaven lawn,
Damon a youth from city cares withdrawn;
Long was the pleasing walk he wander'd through,
A cover'd arbour clos'd the distant view;
There rests the youth, and, while the feather'd throng
Raise their wild music, thus contrives a song.
Here, wafted o'er by mild Etesian air,
Thou country Goddess, beauteous Health! repair,
Here let my breast through quiv'ring trees inhale
Thy rosy blessings with the morning gale.
What are the fields, or flow'rs, or all I see?
Ah! tasteless all, if not enjoy'd with thee.
Joy to my soul! I feel the goddess nigh,
The face of nature cheers as well as I;
O'er the flat green refreshing breezes run,
The smiling daisies blow beneath the sun,
The brooks run purling down with silver waves,
The planted lanes rejoice with dancing leaves,
The chirping birds from all the compass rove
To tempt the tuneful echoes of the grove:
High sunny summits, deeply shaded dales,
Thick mossy banks, and flow'ry winding vales,
With various prospects gratify the sight,
And scatter fix'd attention in delight.
Come, country Goddess, come, nor thou suffice,
But bring thy mountain sister, Exercise:

Call'd by thy lovely voice, she turns her pace,
Her winding horn proclaims the finish'd chace;
She mounts the rocks, she skims the level plain,
Dogs, hawks and horses, crowd her early train:
Her hardy face repels the tanning wind,
And lines and meshes loosely float behind.
All these as means of toil the feeble see,
But these are helps to pleasure join'd with thee.
Let sloth lie soft'ning 'till high noon in down,
Or lolling fan her in the sultry town,
Unnerv'd with rest; and turn her own disease,
Or foster others in luxurious ease:
I mount the courser, call the deep-mouth'd hounds,
The fox unkennell'd flies to covert grounds;
I lead where stags through tangled thickets tread,
And shake the saplings with their branching head;
I make the falcons wing their airy way,
And soar to seize, or stooping strike their prey;
To snare the fish I fix the luring bait;
To wound the fowl I load the gun with fate.
'Tis thus through change of exercise I range,
And strength and pleasure rise from ev'ry change.
Here beauteous Health for all the year remain,
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again,
Oh come, thou Goddess of my rural song!
And bring thy daughter, calm Content, along;
Dame of thy ruddy cheek and laughing eye,
From whose bright presence clouds of sorrow fly:
For her I mow my walks, I plat my bow'rs,
Clip my low hedges, and support my flow'rs;
To welcome her, this summer-seat I drest,
And here I court her when she comes to rest;
When she from exercise to learned ease
Shall change again, and teach the change to please.
Now friends conversing my soft hours refine,
And Tully's Tusculum revives in mine:

Now to grave books I bid the mind retreat,
And such as make me rather good than great.
Or o'er the works of easy fancy rove,
Where flutes and innocence amuse the grove:
The native bard that on Sicilian plains
First sung the lowly manners of the swains;
Or Maro's muse that in the fairest light
Paints rural prospects and the charms of sight;
These soft amusements bring content along,
And fancy, void of sorrow, turns to song.
Here beauteous Health for all the year remain,
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.

The temperate man enjoys, and will probably continue to enjoy for many years, a life of health and good spirits; while the intemperate has no real enjoyment of any thing; but seems hourly hastening to a premature dissolution; yet repining at the dispensation of Providence, which he himself has counteracted, by perverting, to his own infelicity, what God intended for a blessing. Among the innumerable follies, by which we lay up in our youth repentance and remorse for the succeeding part of our lives, there is scarce any against which warnings are of less efficacy, than the neglect of health. Which is indeed so necessary to all the duties as well as pleasures of life, that the crime of squandering it is equal to the folly; and he, that, for a short gratification, brings weakness and diseases upon himself, and, for the pleasure of a few years passed in the tumults of diversion and clamours of merriment, condemns the maturer and more experienced part of his life to the chamber and the couch, may be justly reproached, not only as a spendthrift of his own happiness, but a robber of the public; as a wretched being, who has voluntarily disqualified himself for the exertion of his talents, and refused that part, which Providence assigns him in the general task of human nature. How often do we see the epicure and the sensualist suffering excruciating tortures

from his inconsiderate indulgences, obliged to spend his time in reluctant confinement; compelled to lead, as it were, a vegetable life, scarcely pitied by his friends, and appearing, in the fullest sense of the word, to exist, rather than to live. With a resolute steadiness and perseverance, we should forbear not only what brings disease and decay, but whatever contributes to enfeeble our constitutions; not only what has a direct tendency to hasten our end, but likewise whatever lessens our activity, enervates our vigour, and can be any wise prejudicial to our interest and true happiness.

O health, celestial nymph! without thy aid
Creation sickens in oblivion's shade:
Along the drear and solitary gloom
We steal on thorny footsteps to the tomb;
Youth, age, wealth, poverty, alike agree
To live is anguish, when depriv'd of thee.
To thee indulgent heav'n benignly gave
The touch to heal, the extacy to save.
The balmy incense of thy fost'ring breath
Wafts the wan victim from the fangs of death,
Robs the grim tyrant of his trembling prize,
Cheers the faint soul, and lifts it to the skies.

Who, that has writh'd beneath the scourge of pain,
Or felt the burthen'd langour of disease,
But would with joy the slightest respite gain
And idolize the hand that lent him ease?

Extreme sensibility, or rather the being influenced by every change of the atmosphere, in a climate so very variable as ours, should be always discouraged. Habitual amusement will prevent such thoughts from clouding our fairest prospects. And we should as carefully avoid having recourse to medicine on every trivial occasion; it often proves the bane of health, while it undermines the soundest constitution. Read Dr. Armstrong's art of preserving health,

which will be a lasting monument of his poetical talents, as well as his skill in medicine. Men have in all ages set a just value on long life; and in proportion to the means of enjoyment, this computation has been felt in a greater or less degree. Plutarch possessed clear and rational ideas on this subject, the truth of which he confirmed by his own experience, during a series of many happy years. And a memorable instance is to be found in the noble Venetian, Lewis Cornaro, whose history illustrates the following agreeable and instructive lesson: that nature is best assisted and preserved, by uniformly adhering to moderate diet; temperance and regularity having not only restored him to perfect health, but given his mind also so determined a tone, that no common accidents could affect it. Free from moroseness and melancholy humours, so frequently the lot of intemperate old age, Cornaro attained his hundredth year; proving, by example, that the best possible means of preserving life are cheerfulness and temperance; which are so ably recommended in this little treatise, that the perusal of it cannot fail to give real pleasure to every thinking man.

> To please the fancy is no trifling good
> Where health is study'd; for whatever fills
> The mind with calm delight, promotes the just
> And nat'ral movements of th' harmonious frame.

Dr. Tissot concludes his learned Treatise on Health, in the following address to his readers.—The most certain preservation of health is contentment of mind, proceeding from integrity of manners: an upright conduct is the parent of cheerfulness, and cheerfulness is the promoter of health. To know what is right, and do what is wrong, is to deprive ourselves of that most pleasing of all satisfactions arising from the remembrance of a good action. I cannot call to mind, without emotion, the pangs of some men,

who, having abused the talents bestowed on them, have, in the last moments of an ill-spent life, been seized with horrors difficult to describe; whilst, on the contrary, I reflect with infinite pleasure on the calm and comfortable end of such men as "have lived," according to Pliny's advice, "through the whole course of their life, as when upon a sick bed one would wish to have lived;" and who have enjoyed, even to the brink of the grave, in an advanced old age, the satisfaction of an irreproveable conscience, and preserved the quickness of their senses and the powers of their understanding. The celebrated historian Paulus Jovius, having enquired with surprise of Leonicenti*, one of the most learned men in the 15th century, by what art he had preserved, during the space of ninety years, a sound memory, perfect senses, an upright body, and a vigorous health, was answered by that great man, "that it was the effect of integrity of manners and tranquillity of mind united to temperance and gratitude." Health, says another writer, is a blessing every one wishes to enjoy; the continuance of it depends upon exercise and temperance, which is happily illustrated in the following fable.—Labour lived with her two daughters, health and contentment, in a little cottage by the side of a hill, at a great distance from town. They were totally unacquainted with the great, and had kept no better company than the neighbouring villagers; but having a desire of seeing the world, they forsook their habitation and determined to travel. Labour went soberly along the road, with Health on her right hand, who, by the sprightliness of her conversation and songs of cheerfulness and joy, softened the toils of the way; while Contentment went smiling on the left, supporting the steps of her mother; and, by her perpetual good humour, increasing the vivacity of her sister. In this manner they travelled over forests, and through towns and villages, till at last they ar-

* Leonicenti died in 1524, after having practised physic upward of 60 years.

rived at the capital of the kingdom. At their entrance into the great city, the mother conjured her daughters never to lose sight of her; for it was the will of Jupiter, she said, that their separation should be attended with the utter ruin of all three. But Health was of too gay a disposition to regard the counsels of Labour; she was seduced by Intemperance, and died of disease. Contentment, in the absence of her sister, gave herself up to the enticements of Sloth, and was never heard of after; while Labour, who could have no enjoyment without her daughters, went every where in search of them, till she was at last seized by Lassitude in her way, and died in misery.

THE FALL OF INNOCENCE AND BEAUTY.

Laura was fair and bright as rising day,
Sweet as Arabia, or the buds of May;
Fresh as the winds that sweep the dewy hills,
Or beds of roses wash'd by healthy rills:
Whose soul was softer than a trembling dove,
Nor knew a failing till she learn'd to love.
Nor fraud, nor scandal, to her lips were known,
She thought each bosom guileless as her own.
Thus only arm'd with innocence and smiles,
She fell the victim of Seduction's wiles.
So, lost from shepherd and its mourning dam,
Through some lone desart roves a stragg'ling lamb;
No danger fears, but as he idly strays
Round ev'ry bush the heedless wanton plays;
'Till raging wolves the beauteous lamb surround,
Or foaming tigers rend the mossy ground:
Then from his heart the guiltless purple flows,
A grateful morsel to his hungry foes.
Thus wrapt in sorrows wretched Laura lies,
Whose sighs still answer to her streaming eyes.
No more those lips like dewy roses glow;
Her weary lids no peaceful slumbers know;

But left to strike her pensive breast in vain,
And lothe the author of her lasting pain.
Her soul of ease has ta'en its long adieu:
Hear this, ye nymphs; but hear and tremble too:
Yet let reflection mark your gilded days,
Nor drink too deeply in the draught of praise:
For flatt'ry is—so say the learned schools,
" The bane of virgins and the bait of fools."
How happy she, whose purer spirit knows
No thought less harmless than a saint's repose;
Whose guiltless charms pursue no greater end,
But to rejoice a parent or a friend:
Whose care it is her passions to controul,
And keep the steerage of a quiet soul:
Then this shall grace her monumental page,
" In youth admired, and belov'd in age."

The following pathetic poem was written by an unhappy female, whose mind, as elegant as her person, was depressed by the want of that health she had unfortunately lost by indiscretion

The chilling gale that nipt the rose,
Now murmuring sinks to soft repose;
The shadowy vapours sail away
Upon the silv'ry floods of day;
Health breathes on every face I see,
But, ah! she breathes no more on me!

The woodbine wafts its odours meek,
To kiss the rose's glowing cheek;
Pale twilight sheds her vagrant showers,
To wake Aurora's infant flow'rs:
May smiles on every face I see,
But, ah! she smiles no more on me!

Perchance, when youth's delicious bloom,
Shall fade unheeded in the tomb,

Fate may direct a daughter's eye
To where my mould'ring relics lie;
And, touch'd by sacred sympathy.
That eye may drop a tear for me!

Betray'd by love; of hope bereft;
No gentle gleam of comfort left;
Bow'd by the hand of sorrow low;
No pitying friend to weep my woe;
Save her, who, spar'd by heav'ns decree,
Shall live to sigh and think on me!

Oh! I would wander where no ray
Breaks through the gloom of doubtful day;
Then would I court the wint'ry hour,
The ling'ring dawn, the midnight show'r;
For cold and comfortless shall be
Each future scene—ordain'd for me!

When pining sickness, or distracting pain,
Sinks the sad heart, or racks the tortur'd brain;
The wistful patient rolls his swimming eyes,
Groans for relief, for med'cine's aid he cries.
The healing balm removes the vexing pain,
And his heart beats with new-born joy again.
When health's restor'd, be grateful to the skies,
And let thy thanks like morning incense rise;
Confess the Pow'r divine, whose arm could save
Thy forfeit life, and snatch thee from the grave;
On angels' wings, thy offering all sincere,
Shall then ascend, and please the Almighty ear.

The same Lady on the recovery of her daughter from illness, supposed to be an invocation to * Oberon.

Lightly on the breath of morn,
See the shades of twilight borne,

* See Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream.

See the sun in splendour drest,
Lifting high his golden vest:
Earth receives him bath'd in tears,
Sprinkled by the starry spheres,
While the chilly pale-cheek'd moon
Journies to her "highest noon."

Hark! a plaintive voice I hear,
Whispering to my pensive ear;
Oberon!" it seems to say,
Gentle fairy, haste away;
Haste on Health's ambrosial wing,
Freshest dews of morning bring,
Such as in Helvetia's bow'rs,
Gently fan the Austral show'rs.

"Swift as thought, dear spirit fly,
Wake to joy my Mary's eye;
Now with perfumes bathe her breast,
Now compose her pangs to rest;
Haste, exert thy magic pow'r,
Danger lurks in every hour."

From the tulip's ample dome,
Anxious mourner see I come!
Now behold my filmy vest
Gay, with gaudy cowslip's drest.
See the kingcup's burnish'd bell
Half my dainty brows conceal!
See, my acorn goblet fill'd
With drops of ether, thrice distill'd!
Wings I've stolen of rainbow dye,
From the vagrant butterfly!
Myrtle leaves my sandals are,
Tied with strings of golden hair!
Now I top the beacon's head,
Now I skim o'er Ocean's bed,
Ere the sun with burning eye
O'er the welkin's brow shall fly;

Or with fiery pinions sweep
Proudly down the western steep,
Or his burnish'd mantle fling
O'er the dauntless eagle's wing!
Ere, upon the world below
Ev'ning's crimson blushes glow,
Fair Maria's fev'rish lip
Shall Hygeia's balsam sip.
Many a verdant leaf I bear,
Gifted with perfections rare!
These shall sprinkle precious balm,
Every throbbing pulse to calm;
Round about her aching head
Many a healing drop I'll shed;
From her pale and alter'd face
Health the sickly hue shall chase;
Health, that through the bosom glows
And bathes the cheek—a living rose!
Still, where'er the damsel strays
Through dull life's perplexing maze,
Watchful Oberon shall be
Guardian of her destiny.

INDUSTRY.

INDUSTRY is not only the instrument of improvement, but the foundation of pleasure. As Providence hath allotted to mankind different stations and conditions of life, with suitable gifts and talents, it is a duty we owe ourselves to become serviceable by industry, honour, and integrity, which are not only advantageous in private life, but of beneficial influence on the public, rendering the government as great and flourishing, as they make individuals prosperous and happy. And if he, who hath made us rational creatures, blesses us with health and strength, and gives us an understanding, which we can employ to so many noble and useful purposes, not only in the invention and improvement of the arts and sciences, which civilize and adorn society, and add to the conveniences and comforts of life, but in viewing and considering his works, and the wonders of his adorable providence, in searching into his excellencies and perfections, and in enquiring into our own nature and powers: may we not, with great truth, say, "the hand of diligence defeateth want, and prosperity and success are the industrious man's attendants."

Hence Science beams eternal day,
Enlight'ning millions with her ray;
Hence arts their genial influence spread
O'er smiling nature's teeming bed;
Whence bounty, with extended hand,
Scatters her blessings o'er the land;
And health, the universal soul,
Pervades, unites, inspires the whole.

Those, who would be candidates for success in life, should consider that every thing depends on their own industry: this they will find the spring of that true joy which defends them against the temptations we sometimes see so prejudicial to the progress of the youthful mind. Industry is the law of our being; it is the demand of nature, of reason, and of God. Nothing is so opposite to the true enjoyment of life, as the relaxed and feeble state of an indolent mind. He who is a stranger to industry may possess, but he cannot enjoy. Let us not think, therefore, that any affluence of fortune, or any elevation of rank exempts us from the duties of application and perseverance which form the important part of the register of our lives. For as we know that the duration of life cannot be long, the probability that it may be much shorter than nature allows, ought to awaken every man to the active prosecution of whatever he is desirous to perform; and bountiful and merciful as is the hand of Providence, its gifts are not so bestowed as to seduce us into indolence, but to rouse us to exertion; for no one expects to attain to the height of learning, or arts, or power, or wealth, or naval or military glory, without vigorous resolution, strenuous diligence, and steady perseverance. He whose mind is engaged in the pursuit of knowledge, or the acquisition of any improvement, not only escapes the insipidity of indifference, and the tediousness of inactivity, but enjoys a gratification which is wholly unknown to those who live idly on the toil of others; for life affords no higher pleasure than that of surmounting difficulties, passing from one step of success to another, forming new wishes, and seeing them gratified. He that prosecutes a lawful purpose, by lawful means, acts always with the approbation of his reason; he is animated through the course of his endeavours, by an expectation, which, though not certain, he knows to be just; and is at last comforted in his disappointment, by the consciousness that he has not failed by his own fault.

How swift, we cry, the restless years roll on,
Fond to appear, impatient to be gone!
Why mourn we idly then the flying hours,
When by enjoyment, we might make them ours?
With rosy fetters bind the minutes fast,
Nor lose the present, to regret the past.

Those who attentively read the lives of eminent men, will find most of them acquired their skill and knowledge by diligence, and indefatigable attention. When the Roman historian describes an extraordinary person, his first quality is industry; at the same time observing, that there never was any great and excellent man without diligence. From the admirable lesson, which Æsop gives us in the fable of the Ant and Grasshopper, we may learn never to lose any present opportunity of providing against the future evils and accidents of life. For as the summer is the season of the year, in which the industrious husbandman gathers and lays up such fruits as may supply his necessities in winter; so youth and manhood are the times of life, which we should employ and bestow, in laying in such a stock of all kinds of knowledge, as may suffice for the craving demands of helpless old age.

I learn fair industry and art to prize,
Admiring nature providently wise;
Who, though her bounty unexhausted flows,
Not daily bread on idleness bestows.

Excellence is never granted to man, but as the reward of labour. If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if you have but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency. Demosthenes, by a resolute perseverance, and almost infinite pains, altered the natural imperfections of his speech; and even in despite of nature, became the most eloquent man perhaps that ever lived. This prince of orators, was so passionately fond of elo-

quence, and a man of such amazing application, that he overcame even the most discouraging impediments of nature, by his diligence and perseverance. Though his pronunciation was so remarkably defective, that he could not pronounce the first letter in the name of his favourite study (the art of rhetoric,) he so effectually corrected this imperfection, by mere dint of practice, that no person could afterwards pronounce it more distinctly. He likewise brought his voice, which was naturally harsh, to such a mellow tone, as was very agreeable to the ear; and though he was afflicted with a constitutional weakness of the lungs, he acquired, by his industry, that manly strength of utterance, which had been denied to him by the natural habit of his body. He frequently pronounced, with some pebbles in his mouth, a number of verses as loud as he distinctly could, either walking full speed the whole time, or climbing the steepest eminences. The same excellent speaker used frequently to declaim upon the sea-shore, where the noise and dashing of the waves was most violent, that he might thereby accustom himself not to be disconcerted by the clamour of the populace. Leonardo da Vinci, an Italian painter, made himself so great a master in his profession of history-painting, that he excelled all who went before him; and yet he studied sculpture and architecture, and was skilful in mathematics and mechanics; he was likewise learned in languages, and acquainted with history, philosophy, poetry, and music. Michael Angelo, who has been held in the highest esteem and veneration by all nations, and in all ages, was distinguished, even from his infancy, for indefatigable diligence, and which was continued, till prevented by extreme old age. The poorest of men, as he observed of himself, did not labour from necessity, more than he did from choice. His works are so truly sublime, that Sir Joshua Reynolds, speaking of his genius, said, "To catch the slightest of his perfections, would be glory and distinction enough

for an ambitious man." In the British Museum there is, in manuscript, a large folio volume, in Greek, Latin, and English, of the exercises of that excellent Prince, Edward, the sixth King of England, whose abilities, acquirements, and disposition were so transcendant, that they are thus described. "At the age of fifteen he had learned seven different languages; he spoke Latin and French with much readiness and elegance. He understood natural philosophy and music. And from the sweetness of his disposition and the excellence of his talents, the highest expectations were formed of him. A learned author says of this prince, "That though he died young, he lived long; for life is action." May I not, with truth, add, that he will live for ever in the hearts of thousands, who offer their daily praise and gratitude for his divine foundation of Christ's Hospital, which, for its utility to the nation and beneficial consequence to the rising generation, is unparalleled in Europe. Queen Elizabeth was unwearied in her diligence and industry to acquire a perfect knowledge of languages, and the laws and customs of nations; and, in the course of her studies, she treasured up in her memory the most elegant phrases and maxims, which she found very useful in private life, and in the government of her kingdom. And it is observed by Camden, that, except when engaged by public or domestic affairs, and the exercises necessary for the preservation of her health and spirits, she was always employed in either reading or writing, translating from other authors, or in compositions of her own; and, at the age of seventeen, she understood Latin, French, and Italian. The famous Lord Chancellor Bacon, in King James's time, by an extraordinary compass of thought, and indefatigable study, seemed to possess all knowledge. His tracts of science have been, and ever will be, admired as examples for the entertainment of wisdom. And as these excellencies were acquired by the vigorous employment or exercise of his mind, let it ever be our earnest endeavour

by diligence and study to enlarge our ideas. Such is the force of a well regulated industry, that a steady exertion of our faculties, will generally insure success.

Milton by ceaseless toil to glory climb'd,
And strong devotion's fire his soul sublim'd;
Meek Newton thus his modest wisdom taught,
"All that I've done is due to patient thought."

Dyer, in his Poem called the Fleece, exhorts the poor to industry, that they may avail themselves of the blessings offered by our manufactures.

——————— Ye poor, who seek,
Among the dwellings of the diligent,
For sustenance unearn'd; who stroll abroad
From house to house, with mischievous intent,
Feigning misfortune:—Ye lame, ye blind;
Ye languid limbs, with real want oppress'd,
Who tread the rough highways and mountains wild,
Through storms, and rains, with bitterness of heart;
Ye children of affliction, be compell'd
To happiness: the long-wish'd day-light dawns,
When charitable rigour shall detain
Your step-bruised feet. Ev'n now the sons of trade,
Where'er their cultivated hamlets smile,
Erect the mansion: here soft fleeces shine;
The card awaits you, and the comb, and wheel:
Here shroud you from the thunder of the storm;
No rain shall wet your pillow; here abounds
Pure bev'rage, here your viands are prepar'd;
To heal each sickness the physician waits,
And priest intreats to give your Maker praise.

It is very pleasantly recorded in favour of industry, that Cupid being asked one day by his mother Venus, why he did not attack the Muses, answered, "That he found them so fair, so wise, so virtuous, and so constantly em-

ployed—one in the speculation of the stars; another in the calculation of numbers; a third in geometry; a fourth in heroic poems; a fifth in comic interludes; a sixth in tragic strains; a seventh in melodious airs; an eighth in the completest manner of writing on all subjects; and the ninth in the investigation of all sciences and arts, both liberal and mechanic; that approaching near to them, he unbent his bow, shut his quiver, and extinguished his torch through shame and fear, lest by mischance he might do them some prejudice; and then put off the fillet, that bound his eyes, to admire their industry, and listen to their melody."

IDLENESS.

No disposition so totally unfits a person for all the social offices of life as idleness. It is the poison of the mind, and the great corrupter of human nature; it deprives men of all that activity, which should call forth their virtues, and make them illustrious; those, therefore, who suffer their minds to be influenced by this vice, will seldom apply to any study or pursuit that requires diligence or reflection; but voluntarily affect a lassitude, which not only opens the way to all manner of intemperance in the ill-disposed, but also spoils the most virtuously inclined. Whoever indulges himself in this pernicious habit cannot hope to make much progress in learning or knowledge of any kind; and consequently must give up the glorious aim of rendering himself useful and conspicuous in any capacity or station of life. He, who does no good, will certainly do mischief; and the mind, if it be not stored with useful knowledge, will necessarily become a magazine of nonsense and trifles. To make life agreeable, it should be made useful; industry therefore properly proportioned, must be pleasure; while, on the contrary, there is nothing so dangerous or disgraceful as sloth and indolence; for, when indulged, they steal every noble faculty from the mind.

Absence of occupation is not rest;
A mind quite vacant is a mind distrest.

All the performances of human art and ingenuity, at which we look with praise or wonder, have flowed from cultivated genius, and are instances of the resistless force of perseverance; while the irresolute fancy things impossible to be done, and never prosecute their views, so long as they have any excuse left for delaying them. Habitual idleness gains too much power to be conquered; and the soul shrinks from the idea of intellectual labour and intenseness of meditation.

> The wise and active conquer difficulties
> By daring to attempt them:—sloth and folly
> Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,
> And make th' impossibility they fear.

Action keeps the soul in health, but idleness rusts and corrupts the mind; for a man of great abilities may, by indolence, become so mean and despicable, as to be an incumbrance to society, and a burthen to himself; his days pass away, and he leaves behind him no mark of remembrance. Such a thoughtless character may be considered as a kind of blank in the creation: all nature is busy about him, yet he seems made for no end, and lives to no purpose. How wretched is it to hear people complain, the day hangs so heavy upon them, that they know not what to do with themselves!—How monstrous are such expressions among creatures, who can employ their time in the pursuit of knowledge and virtue; and, every hour of their lives, make themselves wiser and better. It should be considered, that nature did not bring us into the world in a state of perfection, but has bestowed on us a capacity of improvement; intimating thereby that we should labour to render ourselves as perfect as possible. What can be a more melancholy object than a youth of an honest heart, and fine natural abilities, whose good qualities are thus destroyed by indolence. Such

a person, with the power and abilities of adding to their happiness, is a constant plague to all his friends and acquaintance, and suffers himself to take rank among the lowest characters, when he might render himself conspicuous among the highest.

> Th' industrious bee extracts from ev'ry flow'r
> Its fragrant sweets, and mild balsamic pow'r.
> Learn thence, with greatest care, and nicest skill,
> To take the good, and to reject the ill.
> By her example taught, enrich thy mind,
> Improve kind nature's gifts, by sense refin'd;
> Be thou the honey-comb in whom may dwell
> Each mental sweet, nor leave one vacant cell.

If we consult either improvement or health, it is well known, that exercise is the great instrument of promoting both. Thousands, whom indolence has sunk into contemptible obscurity, might have come forward to the highest distinction, if inactivity had not frustrated the effects of all their powers. Conscience has already erected a tribunal, on which it anticipates the sentence, which, at that period, shall be passed. Before this tribunal let us place ourselves in serious thought, and consider what account we are prepared to give of our conduct to Him, who made us. "I placed you," the Great Judge may then be supposed to say, "in a station where you had many occasions for action, and many opportunities of improvement; you were taught, and you knew, your duty; throughout a course of years I continued your life; I surrounded you with friends, to whom you might be useful; I gave you health, ease, leisure, and various advantages of situation. Where are the fruits of those talents which you possessed? What good have you done with them to yourselves? What good to others? How have you filled up your place, or answered your destination in the world? Produce some evidence of your not having existed altogether

in vain?"—Let such as are now living in idleness, think what answer they will give to those awful questions. If every one of us were frequently to lay his hand upon his heart, and consider what he is doing, it would check him in all the idle, or what is worse, the vicious moments of life, lift up his mind when it is running on in a series of indifferent actions, and encourage him, when he is engaged in those, which are virtuous and laudable. In a word, it would very much alleviate that guilt, which the best of men have reason to acknowledge in their daily confessions, of "leaving undone those things, which they ought to have done, and of doing those things, which they ought not to have done." When the mind is engaged in the pursuit of knowledge or the acquisition of any improvement, it enjoys a gratification which is wholly unknown to those, who live idly on the industry of others. Custom has a wonderful efficacy in making learning pleasant and easy to us; for our delight in any particular study or employment rises and improves in proportion to the application we bestow upon it—thus what was at first a hardship, or indifferent to us, becomes by use and practice easy, and perhaps a pleasant or profitable entertainment. Surely in such a world as this we live in, health and leisure and affluence may, instead of being idle, always find some ignorance to instruct, some wrong to redress, some want to supply, some misery to alleviate. And yet how often do men encourage a settled plan of idle dissipation, in which, year after year wears away in unprofitable vacancy, gliding down the stream of time allotted them, without the least apprehension of the consequences. Mr. Cowper justly observes—

> An idler, is a watch, that wants both hands;
> As useless if it goes, as when it stands.

Forgetting alike the duties they owe to themselves and to their fellow creatures, idle persons often act as though

their condition were meant to be a state of uniform indulgence and vacant unprofitable sloth. To multiply the comforts of affluence, to provide for the gratification of appetite, to be luxurious without diseases, and indolent without lassitude, seems the chief study of their lives. Such persons would not interrupt the tranquillity of their own indolence, to perform the most essential service to any of the human race.

— O! thou sluggard, tell me why the ant,
Midst summer's plenty, thinks of winter's want,
By constant journies careful to prepare
Her stores and bringing home the corny ear?
By what instruction does she bite the grain,
Lest, hid in earth and taking root again,
It might elude the foresight of her care?
Distinct in either insects' deed, appear
The marks of thought, contrivance, hope and fear.

Dr. Garth, in his Dispensary, thus describes the abode of the indolent.

This place so fit for undisturb'd repose,
The god of sloth for his asylum chose.
Upon a couch of down in these abodes,
The careless deity supinely nods.
His leaden limbs at gentle ease are laid,
With poppies and dull night-shade o'er him spread.
No passions interrupt his easy reign,
No problems puzzle his lethargic brain;
But dull oblivion guards his peaceful bed
And lazy fogs bedew his gracious head.

Thrice he strove to rise, and thrice sunk down again.

Resigning himself up to an inactive life, and slumbering in indolence, he will find his powers, by being no longer exerted, completely lost. Such a man feeling all the force

and effect of self-condemning reproof will naturally be roused to a sense of his error, and

> ———— Shed repentant tears,
> For time mispent, ————
> For hours and days and years,
> To indolence devoted, or to trifles.

How different must be the sensations of the man, who, having ever been a stranger to indolence, could say — Industry is so habitual to me, that I not only find time for my peculiar studies, but secure to myself that true joy, which is the noblest foundation of virtue, the source of health and honourable independance. Mr. Pope, in his Dunciad, has the following humourous description of drowsy critics lulled to repose.

> Three college sophs, and three pert templars came,
> The same their talents, and their tastes the same;
> Each prompt to query, answer and debate,
> And smit with love of poesy and prate.
> Two pond'rous books two gentle readers bring,
> The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring.
> The clam'rous croud is hush'd with mugs of mum,
> Till all tun'd equal, send a gen'ral hum.
> Then mount the clerks, and in one lazy tone
> Through the long, heavy, painful page drawl on;
> Soft creeping, words on words, the sense compose,
> At ev'ry line they stretch, they yawn, they doze.
> As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
> Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow;
> Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
> As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine.
> And now to this side, now to that they nod,
> As verse, or prose, infuse the drowsy god.

THE BEES.

OF all the variety of insects, the bees may be considered as the most industriously useful. And from the wisdom by which nature guides their instinct, they make their combs and cells with geometrical accuracy; they range the fields, and gardens, to gather the choicest sweets; and thus make provision for the winter. The perfection and harmony of their government, their persevering industry, and wonderful economy, have been celebrated by the natural historians; and have proved a fertile source of admiration in all countries; which mankind have endeavoured to render subservient to their gratifications or emolument. Nor has this subject been forgotten by the poets.

The wise, industrious bee employs the hours,
In sipping fragrance from the various flow'rs;
No plant, no herb, that nature's hand prepares,
But yields her honey to reward her cares.

Learn, by the bee, from each event to find
Some hint of use, or profit to your mind;
Nothing so small, but you may draw from thence,
Improvement for your virtue, or your sense.
Honey, like this, life's evils will assuage,
And yield you sweets in your declining age.

The lab'ring bee, by wise instruction, knows
When op'ning flow'rs their balmy sweets disclose.

The rising sun her daily task renews:
Wide, o'er the plains, she sips the pearly dews.
From mead to mead she wanders through the skies,
And yellow thyme distends her loaded thighs.
Each rifled flower rewards her painful toil,
And her full hive receives the golden spoil:
On flagging wings each load she thither bears,
And while the summer smiles, for winter's want prepares.
So work the honey-bees:
Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a queen, and officers of sorts:
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage, they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor:
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons, building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone.

Mark what unvary'd laws preserve each state,
Laws wise as Nature, and as fixt as Fate.

Horace, in one of his odes, styles Pindar the Theban swan, but modestly compares himself to a bee, roving with feeble wing, yet, with unceasing labour, culling from each bloom his flowery spoils. Homer, the great father of poetry compares a crowded host of Greeks to a swarm of bees.

As from some rocky cliff the shepherd sees
Clust'ring in heaps on heaps the driving bees,

Rolling, and black'ning, swarms succeeding swarms,
With deeper murmurs and more hoarse alarms,
Dusky they spread a close embody'd croud,
And o'er the vale descends the living cloud.

The classical reader will recollect, that Virgil has devoted the fourth book of his Georgics entirely to the subject of bees. And Shakespeare, speaking of the busy nation, says

——— So work the honey bees;
Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.

Likewise, nature's poet, the amiable Thomson.

To their delicious task the fervent bees,
In swarming millions tend: around, athwart,
Through the soft air, the busy nations fly,
Cling to the bud, and with inserted tube,
Suck its pure essence, its etherial soul;
And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare
The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.

The industry and activity of bees, in their domestic labours, afford a very instructive and amusing spectacle; all are busily engaged in their several departments. Having toiled all the summer, they retire to the hive, which is formed like a little state. The moral virtues have been all, at one time or other, attributed to bees; and they have been particularly celebrated for their prudence, industry, cleanliness, mutual affection, unity, loyalty, and public spirit.

As, when the bees their waxen town forsake,
Careless in air their wand'ring way they take:
No more in clust'ring swarms condens'd they fly
But fleet uncertain through the various sky:
No more from flow'rs they suck the liquid sweet,
But all their care and industry forget.
Then if at length the tinkling brass they hear,
With swift amaze their flight they soon forbear.

Sudden their flow'ry labour they renew,
Hang on the thyme, and sip the balmy dew.
Mean time, secure on Hybla's fragrant plain
With joy exults the happy shepherd swain;
Proud that his art had thus preserv'd his store,
He scorns to think his homely cottage poor.

Maraldi, the philosopher, was the first who invented glass hives, and through that transparent medium was able to observe the manners, the genius, and all the labours of those wonderful insects.

Long from the eye of man and face of day,
Involv'd in darkness all their customs lay,
Until a sage well vers'd in nature's lore,
A genius form'd all science to explore,
Hives well contriv'd in chrystal frames dispos'd,
And there the busy citizens inclos'd.

The birds of heaven on vagrant pinions fly,
Their wants in groves and meadows to supply,
And when benighted, they forsake the glade,
To rest on trees, or seek some woodland shade,
Not so the bees: in their own well built cell,
Their settled mansion, they delight to dwell.
This their new policy, their fav'rite plan,
And in this only they resemble man.
By hoarded wealth no individual tries
Above the modest citizens to rise;
No sordid av'rice taints the gen'rous mind;
Their stock in common lies to all resign'd;
And when in civil compact they unite,
No state is so observant of the right.

They toil incessant in their country's cause,
And ply their work, nor wish for vain applause.
Next to their progeny their cares incline,
Ambitious to perpetuate the line.
And while successive population thrives,
To late posterity the state survives.

Abundant stores in magazines to lay,
The whole employ and business of the day.
For that they toil; in that place all their joy,
And in their different spheres their skill employ.
In meadows, fields, and groves, the pilf'rers roam,
In household cares the aged work at home.
The sun declining, through the murky air
Back to their hive the vagrant bands repair.
There in soft slumber close their willing eyes,
And hush'd in silence the whole nation lies.
When the dawn blushes in the eastern clime,
The watchful elders frugal of their time,
Start from their couch; exulting clap their wings,
And with their busy hum the city rings;
They sound th' alarm, the younger race excite,
And to the labours of the field invite.
Rouz'd by the din, the young their couch despise,
And flick'ring on their wings with vigour rise.
As when an army, at the dawn of day,
Marshal their bold brigades in dread array;
The trumpet's clangor ev'ry breast alarms,
And the field glitters with their burnish'd arms.
So the bees summon'd to their daily toil,
Arise, and meditate their fragrant spoil;
And ere they start, in fancy wing their way,
And in the absent field devour their prey.
No rest, no pause, no stay; the eager band
Rush through the gate, and issue on the land:
Fly wild of wing, a teeming meadow chuse,
Rifle each flow'r, and sip nectareous dews.

For depredation, while the rovers fly,
Should some sagacious bee a garden spy,
Or a rich bed of roses newly blown,
Scorning to taste the luxury alone,
She summons all her friends, her friends obey;
They throng, they press, they urge, they seize their prey;

Rush to the socket of each blooming flow'r
And from that reservoir the sweets devour;
'Till with the liquid, from that source distill'd,
Their eager thirst their honey-bags has fill'd.
Untir'd they work, insatiate still for more,
And viscous matter for their domes explore.
That treasure gain'd, in parcels small and neat
They mould the spoil, and press it with their feet;
Then in the bags, which Nature's hand has twin'd,
Around their legs, a safe conveyance find.
Nor yet their labours cease; their time they pass
In rolling on the leaves, until the mass
Clings to their bodies; then in wild career
Loaded with booty, to their cells they steer.

Mr. Wildman's Treatise on Bees, gives very ingenious and interesting directions for taking the wax and honey from the hives, without destroying the lives of those curious and valuable insects.

MORNING.

A THOUGHT ON WAKING.

SLEEP by night and cares by day,
Bear my fleeting life away.
Lo! in yonder eastern skies,
Sol appears, and bids me rise;
Tells me, "life is on the wing
And has no returning spring;
Death comes on with steady pace,
And life's the only day of grace."
Shining preacher! Happy morning!
Let me take th' important warning—
Rouse then all my active pow'rs,
Well improve the coming hours,
Let no trifles kill the day,
(Trifles oft our hearts betray),
Virtue, science, knowledge, truth,
Guide th' enquiries of my youth.
Wisdom and experience sage
Then shall sooth the cares of age;
Those with time shall never die,
Those will lead to joys on high;
Those the path of life display,
Shining with celestial day.
Blisful path! with safety trod,
And it leads the soul to God.

The poets, in general, seem to have exerted themselves in their description of the morning; and so many and so beautiful are their ideas, that it is difficult to select the best. Homer has led the way, and in many instances speaks of the morning "as a goddess or divine person flying in the air, unbarring the gates of light, and opening the day." She is drawn by him in a saffron robe, and with rosy hands, sprinkling light through the earth. She rises out of the waves of the sea, and ascends the heavens; giving us notice of the sun's rising. Sometimes she is placed, by the father of the poet's, on a throne of gold; now in a chariot drawn by swift horses, and bearing along with her the day; at other times she is ushered in by her harbinger, the star, which gives the signal of the morning's approach.

Daughter of Heav'n! Aurora rise,
Thy cheering course to run,
With lustre crimson o'er the skies,
And usher in the sun.

Thy balmy breath's refreshing power
Shall soon revive the plain;
Awake the sweets of ev'ry flow'r,
And gladden ev'ry strain.

The virgin, yet untaught to sigh,
Shall lightly tread the vale;
And raise with joy the tearless eye,
To bid thy presence hail.

Come, modest maid, with blushes speak,
In all thy roses drest;
Diffusing health to ev'ry cheek,
And peace on ev'ry breast.

Come, Morning! come, which Heav'n design'd
Its choicest gifts to bear;
And kindly teach the human mind
To worship and revere.

In wonder wrapt, let Nature stand,
To think how much she owes;
And learn to praise the gracious hand,
From whence the blessing flows.

——— Ascending from the shades of night,
Aurora glow'd in all her rosy light,
The daughter of the dawn.

Milton thus beautifully expresses himself.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip. and the pale primrose.
Hail bounteous May that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

There is in the opening of the dawn, something which inspires us with joy and gratitude to the author of our being, that we are awakened from a refreshing sleep into new life, to behold the face of Nature recovered out of the dark and gloomy state, in which all beauty was lost.

The morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness.

Now morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing sow'd the earth with orient pearl.

ODE IN ELFRIDA.

Hail to thy living light,
Ambrosial morn! all hail thy roseat ray
That bids gay nature all her charms display
In varied beauty bright:

That bids each dewy-spangled flowret rise,
And dart around its vermeil dyes;
Bids silver lustre grace yon sparkling tide
That winding warbles down the mountain's side.

Away, ye goblins all!
Wont the bewilder'd traveller to daunt;
Whose vagrant feet have trac'd your secret haunt
Beside some lonely wall,
Or shatter'd ruin of a moss-grown tow'r,
Where, at pale midnight's stillest hour,
Through each rough chink the solemn orb of night,
Pours momentary gleams of trembling light.

Away, ye elves, away!
Shrink at ambrosial morning's living ray;
That living ray whose pow'r benign,
Unfolds the scene of glory to our eye,
Where thron'd in artless majesty,
The cherub beauty sits on nature's rustic shrine.

The lengthened night elaps'd, the morning shines
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.
And now the mountain sun dispels the fog;
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam;
And hung on every spray, on every blade
Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

Morpheus! I renounce thy sway!
Lo! Aurora wakes the day,
See! from yonder mountains brow
Misty night receding slow,
By degrees, advancing light
Spreads the landscape to the sight.
Village cocks, with clarion shrill,
All the neighb'ring vallies fill,
While, from hills the jovial horn
Bids a welcome to the morn,

Dogs and hunters catch the sound,
Welcome, morn! re-echoes round.
Mark those clouds, of golden dye,
Skirting all yon' eastern sky!
Phœbus, there, his car ascends,
Ev'ry dancing hour attends.
Dew-drops twinkle o'er the lawn,
Feather'd songsters hail the dawn,
Bleating sheep, and lowing kine
In the rural chorus join.
Lusty labour, 'cross the land
Strides with reap-hook in his hand,
Ruddy health companion goes,
Who nor pill nor potion knows;
To them both rich harvest yields
All the treasure of her fields.
Ere the lark her matin sings,
From his bed the lover springs,
Restless vigils he has kept,
Often sigh'd, and often wept,
Save when hope with transient gleam,
Sooth'd his sorrows in a dream:
By the margin of the flood
Forth he strays, in pensive mood,
Stopping, ever and anon,
Turning short and hurrying on,
Just as fancy him beguiles
With his fair one's frowns or smiles.
Such employs, to morning due,
Sons of sloth! are lost on you!

Falsely luxurious, will not man awake,
And, starting from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due and sacred song?
And is there ought in sleep can charm the wise?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half

The fleeting moments of too short a life?
Total extinction of th' enlighten'd soul!
Or else to feverish vanity alive,
Wilder'd, and tossing thro' distemper'd dreams?
Who would in such a gloomy state remain,
Longer than nature craves; when every muse
And every blooming pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly-devious morning walk?

Those who rise early taste the sweets of the morning, and breathe the health and vigour, which are diffused around by the fragrant breeze. Let us then improve to advantage the opportunities a kind Providence has bestowed upon us.

Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells;
And from the crouded fold, in order drives
His flock to taste the verdure of the morn.

Wish'd morning's come, and now upon the plains,
And distant mountains, where they feed their flocks,
The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,
And with their pipes proclaim the new-born day.
The lusty swain comes with his well-fill'd scrip
Of healthful viands, which when hunger calls,
With much content and appetite he eats,
To follow in the field his daily toil,
And dress the grateful glebe that yields him fruits.
The beasts that under the warm hedges slept,
And weather'd out the cold bleak night, are up;
And, looking tow'rds the neighb'ring pastures, raise
Their voice, and bid their fellow brutes good-morrow:
The cheerful birds too on the tops of trees
Assemble all in choirs, and with their notes
Salute and welcome up the rising sun.

Many are the silent pleasures of the honest peasant, who rises cheerfully to his labour, and returns with gratitude

to his humble cottage. If pride bear hard upon his temper, and his daily task press too much upon his strength, patience and forbearance direct him to keep respectful silence: he knows and feels, that his health and content make him more blessed than his superior. The sun shines as warm; the air blows as fresh; and the earth breathes as fragrant upon the one as the other. They have an equal share moreover in all the beauties and real benefits of nature.

> Invited by the cheerful morn abroad,
> See, from his humble roof, the good man comes
> To taste her freshness, and improve her rise
> In holy musing. Rapture in his eye,
> And kneeling wonder, speaks his silent soul,
> With gratitude o'erflowing, and with praise!
> Now sacred morn, ascending, smiles serene
> A dewy radiance, bright'ning o'er the world,
> Glad nature feels her through her boundless realms
> Of life and sense; and calls forth all her sweets.
> ——— From each unfolding flower
> Transpires the balm of life, that zephyr wafts
> Delicious, on his rosy wing: each bird,
> Or high in air, or secret in the shade,
> Rejoicing, warbles wild his matin hymn.

The wakeful lark, having now left her nest, was mounting on high to salute the opening day. Elevated in air, she appears to call the laborious husbandman to his toil, and all her fellow-songsters to their notes. Larks seem amongst the happiest of birds; they rise on exulting wings the earliest in the morning, and sing in cheerful notes till night.

> ——— Up springs the lark,
> Shrill-voic'd, and loud, the messenger of morn:
> Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted high
> Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts,
> Calls up the tuneful nations.

Just starting from the corn the sky-lark sings,
And trusts with conscious pride her downy wings;
Still louder breathes, and in the face of day
Mounts up, and calls on man to mark her way.
Now oft beneath a cloud she sweeps along,
Lost for a while, yet pours her varied song.
We view the spot, and as the cloud moves by,
Again she stretches up the clear blue sky;
Her form, her motion, undistinguish'd quite,
Save when she wheels direct from shade to light.

"Nothing," observes Dr. Goldsmith, "can be more pleasing than to see the lark warbling upon the wing; raising its note as it soars until it seems lost in the immense heights above us; the note continuing, the bird itself unseen; to see it then descending with a swell as it comes from the clouds, yet sinking by degrees as it approaches its nest, the spot where all its affections are centered, the spot that has prompted all this joy.

Nature to this sweet bird alone has given,
To wake his carol at the gate of heav'n;
Yet, 'midst the pride of his extatic strain,
His faithful breast recals the humble plain,
And sinking from the splendor of the skies,
He joyous to his little mansion flies;
'Lights with gay pinion on his low-built nest,
Where all his pleasures, all his wishes rest.

Attend my soul! the early birds inspire
My groveling thoughts with pure celestial fire,
They from their temp'rate sleep awake, and pay
Their thankful anthems for the new-born day.
See, how the tuneful lark is mounted high,
And, poet-like, salutes the eastern sky,
He warbles through the fragrant air his lays,
And seems the beauties of the morn to praise;

But man, more void of gratitude, awakes,
And gives no thanks for the sweet rest he takes,
Looks on the glorious sun's new-kindled flame,
Without one thought of him from whom it came:
The wretch unhallow'd does the day begin,
Shakes off his sleep, but shakes not off his sin.

The following quotation from Milton's Paradise Lost is among the exquisite beauties of that incomparable poem.

Now as when sacred light began to dawn
In Eden on the humid flowers, that breath'd
Their morning incense——

Adam awaking finds Eve asleep—

His wonder was, to find unwaken'd Eve
With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet rest: he on his side
Leaning half-rais'd, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces: then, with voice
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft-touching, whisper'd thus: Awake,
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
Heaven's last best gift, my ever-new delight!
Awake: the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us: we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweet.
Such whispering wak'd her, but with startled eye
On Adam, whom embracing thus she spake:
O sole, in whom my thoughts find all repose,
My glory, my perfection! glad I see
Thy face, and morn return'd.

They are then described as devoutly offering up their

MORNING HYMN.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good!
Almighty! thine this universal frame,
Thus wond'rous fair; thyself how wond'rous then!
Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these heav'ns,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works: yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels! for ye behold Him, and with songs,
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle His throne rejoicing; ye in heaven:
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end!
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun! of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge Him thy greater; sound His praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon! that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements! the eldest birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix,
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our Great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations! that now rise
From hill, or steaming lake, dusky, or gray,

Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise:
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling show'rs,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds! that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft, or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines!
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains! and ye, that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs! warbling, tune his praise.
Join voices all ye living souls! ye birds,
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings, and in your notes, his praise!
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep!
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd ought of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark!

CAUTION AND ADVICE.

As no one hears of his faults without some concern and uneasiness, we should listen to the voice of wisdom and experience, and treasure instruction in our hearts; so shall the morning of our days prosper, and the evening decline in peace. Animated by generous and tender sentiments, and convinced of the superior excellence and dignity of an unblemished conduct, we cannot bear, that those, who are dear to us, should be ignorant or depraved. It is my ardent wish to see you all, my young friends, grow up amiable, ingenuous, and diligent; pleasing in your carriage, affectionate in your disposition, and correct in your conduct. You will then be a comfort to your parents, who have instructed and supported you in your youth; and secure to yourselves permanent happiness.

With liberal hand thy mind by heav'n is stor'd,
Each dear affection in thy heart hath place
For gifts like these be bounteous heav'n ador'd,
And glowing gratitude express the grace.

I flatter myself, that, by your having learned to think, you will be qualified to act; and that the rectitude of your conduct will be adequate to your improvement in knowledge. May that wisdom, which is justified in her works, be your guide through life; and may you enjoy all the felicity, which flows from a cultivated understanding, well-regulated affections, and extensive benevolence. In these consist that sovereign good, which ancient sages so much extol,

which reason recommends, religion authorizes, and God approves. Much depends on the steps which you take when first you appear on the stage of active life: the world then looks on you with an observing eye, studies your behaviour, anticipates your future conduct, and, in proportion as your interesting pursuits multiply, competitions will arise. You may then find yourselves encountered by the violence of an enemy, or supplanted by the address of a rival; insulted by the pride of a superior, or provoked by the ingratitude of a friend. And as animosities are apt to ruffle the temper, and suspicions to poison the mind, and cause imaginary fears; as the artful and designing seem to surround you on every side, then is the time of trial, which requires all your steadiness and resolution to surmount; for unsuspected are the difficulties, with which you have to contend. And as, in your progress through life, observation will convince you, that it is dangerous to rely always on your own opinion; to receive advice or reproof properly is the surest mark of a sensible mind and generous heart. We sometimes meet with those, who are too proud to acknowledge even a temporary superiority, because they inconsiderately think it is lessening themselves in their own esteem, to be detected in those errors which they are desirous to conceal. Too wise to learn, too impatient to deliberate, too forward to be restrained, they plunge with precipitate indiscretion into the midst of all the dangers, with which life abounds. Positive in opinion, and confident in their assertions, they are full of their own abilities, and deride the admonitions given them by their friends as the timorous suggestions of age. Pride and conceit prevent them from listening to good advice; instead of being benefited, they are studying how, by retorting upon the frailties of others, to alleviate their own. Not so the modest grateful youth: he will obey the dictates of his aged parent, who addresses him in the following persuasive advice.

How to live happiest; how avoid the pains,
The disappointments, and disgusts of those
Who would in pleasure all their hours employ;
The precepts here of reverenc'd age
I will recite.—Tho' old, he still retain'd
His manly sense and energy of mind.
Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe;
He still remember'd that he once was young;
His easy presence check'd no decent joy.
Him ev'n the dissolute admir'd and lov'd.
——————————— Much had he read,
Much more had seen; he study'd from the life,
And in th' original perus'd mankind.—
Our aim is happiness; 'tis yours, 'tis mine,
He said, 'tis the pursuit of all that live;
Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd.—
'Tis not for mortals always to be blest.

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

Deep in a grove by cypress shaded,
  Where mid-day sun had seldom shone,
Or noise the solemn scene invaded,
  Save some afflicted muse's moan.

A swain, tow'rds full-ag'd manhood wending,
  Sat sorrowing on the close of day,
At whose fond side a boy attending,
  Lisp'd half his father's cares away.

The father's eye no object wrested,
  But on the smiling prattler hung,
Till what his throbbing heart suggested,
  These accents trembled from his tongue—

" My youth's first hope, my manhood's treasure,
  My dearest innocent, attend,
Nor fear rebuke, or sour displeasure,
  A father's loveliest name is friend.

Some truths from long experience flowing,
Worth more than royal grants, receive;
For truths are wealths of Heav'n's bestowing,
Which kings have seldom power to give.

Since, from an ancient race descended,
You boast an unattainted blood,
By yours be their fair fame attended,
And claim by birthright—to be good.

In love for every fellow creature,
Superior rise above the crowd;
What most ennobles human nature
Was ne'er the portion of the proud.

Be thine the generous heart that borrows
From other's joy a friendly glow,
And for each hapless neighbour's sorrows,
Throbs with a sympathetic woe.

This is the temper most endearing,
Though wide, proud pomp, her banner spreads,
An heav'nlier power good-nature bearing,
Each heart in willing thraldom leads.

Taste not from fame's uncertain fountain
The peace destroying streams that flow,
Nor from ambition's dangerous mountain
Look down upon the world below.

The princely pine on hills exalted,
Whose lofty branches cleave the sky,
By winds, long brav'd, at last assaulted,
Is headlong whirl'd in dust to lie;

While the mild rose, more safely growing,
Low in its unaspiring vale,
Amid retirement's shelter blowing,
Exchanges sweets with every gale.

Wish not for beauty's darling features
Moulded by nature's partial pow'r,
For fairest forms 'mong human creatures,
Shine but the pageants of an hour.

I saw the pride of all the meadow,
At noon, a gay narcissus blow
Upon a river's bank, whose shadow
Bloom'd in the silver waves below;

By noontide's heat its youth was wasted,
The waters, as they pass'd, complain'd;
At eve, its glories all were blasted,
And not one former tint remain'd.

Nor let vain wit's deceitful glory
Lead you from wisdom's path astray;
What genius lives renown'd in story,
To happiness who found the way?

In yonder mead behold that vapour,
Whose vivid beams illusive play,
Far off it seems a friendly taper,
To guide the traveller on his way;

But should some hapless wretch pursuing,
Tread where the treach'rous meteors glow,
He'd find, too late, his rashness rueing,
That fatal quick-sands lurk below.

In life such bubbles nought admiring,
Gilt with false light, and fill'd with air,
Do you from pageant crowds retiring,
To peace in virtue's cot repair.

There seek the never wasted treasure,
Which mutual love and friendship give,
Domestic comfort, spotless pleasure,
And blest and blessing you will live.

If Heav'n with children crowns your dwelling
As mine its bounty does with you,
In fondness fatherly excelling,
Th' example you have felt pursue."

He paus'd——for tenderly caressing
The darling of his wounded heart,
Looks had means only of expressing
Thoughts, language never could impart.

Now night her mournful mantle spreading,
Had rob'd in black th' horizon round,
And dank dews, from her tresses shedding,
With genial moisture bath'd the ground;

When back to city follies flying,
'Midst custom's slaves he liv'd resign'd,
His face, array'd in smiles, denying
The true complexion of his mind.

For seriously around surveying
Each character, in youth and age,
Of fools betray'd, and knaves betraying,
That play'd upon this human stage.

(Peace himself and undesigning)
He loath'd the scenes of guilt and strife,
And felt each secret wish inclining
To leave this fretful farce of life.

Yet to whate'er above was fated,
Obediently he bow'd his soul,
For, what all bounteous heav'n created,
He thought heaven only should controul.

In the spring-time of youth, we are flushed with health and confidence; hope is young and ardent, whatever we see has the grace of novelty; wherever we cast our eyes, we see some face of friendship, and of love: all nature smiles around us, and we anticipate and promise ourselves

every gratification; but in the midst of all these pleasures, we do not reflect on the uncertainty of all earthly enjoyments, and that, in an instant, these golden dreams may be interrupted by sickness, disappointment and disgust. We feel a consciousness of having wasted that time, which cannot be recalled, and those opportunities, which we cannot now recover, and which by indiscretion and the want of experience we have for ever lost. To slight the company and advice of those, whose age and experience entitle them to our respect and veneration; much more to ridicule their bodily infirmities, is a certain sign, that he who is guilty of it, is totally destitute, either of principle, or understanding. Duty and gratitude are the free and most valuable gifts of nature; they are not to be exacted, but spring voluntarily as the tribute of a feeling heart. What can be more worthy of imitation than to see the truly affectionate daughter discharging, with anxious care, all those kind and soothing offices likely to contribute to the ease and comfort of declining age? Sir Richard Steele has observed, that candour in the acknowledgment of an error is the greatest act of the soul. And which is most persuasively exemplified by Dr. Johnson in his Prince of Abyssinia, who, having associated himself with young men of a dissipated turn, soon from disgust grew weary of their company, and at parting, addressed them in the following manner. "My friends," said he, "I have seriously considered our manners and our prospects, and find that we have mistaken our own interest. The first years of man must make provision for the last. He that never thinks never can be wise. Perpetual levity must end in ignorance; and intemperance, though it may fire the spirits for an hour, will make life short or miserable. Let us consider that youth is of no long duration, and that in maturer age, when the enchantments of fancy shall cease, and phantoms of delight dance no more about us, we shall have no comforts but the esteem of wise men, and the means of doing

good. Let us therefore stop, while to stop is in our power: let us live as men, who are sometime to grow old, and to whom it will be the most dreadful of all evils not to count their past years but by follies, and to be reminded of their former luxuriance of health only by the maladies, which riot has produced." How truly noble is the following reply. "Sir,—The advice and caution is friendly, and conveyed with all the politeness of a gentleman, joined to the sensibi ity and judgment of the accomplished scholar, and till my latest moments will remain on my memory with gratitude and the most faithful respect." A certain Cham of Tartary going a progress with his nobles, was met by a dervise, who cried with a loud voice, "Whoever will present me with a hundred pieces of gold, I will give him good advice." The Cham ordered him the sum; upon which the dervise said, "Begin nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end." The courtiers, upon hearing this plain sentence, smiled, and said with a sneer, "The dervise is well paid for his maxim." But the king was so well satisfied with the answer, that he ordered it to be written in golden letters in several places of his palace, and engraved on all his plate. Not long after, the king's surgeon was bribed to kill him with a poisoned lancet, at the time he was to let him blood.—When the arm was bound, and the fatal lancet in the surgeon's hand, he read on the bason, "Begin nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end!" He immediately started, and let the lancet fall out of his hand.—The king observing his confusion, enquired the reason: the surgeon fell prostrate, confessed the whole affair, and, while the conspirators were led to execution, was graciously pardoned. The Cham, turning to his courtiers, who heard the advice with contempt, told them, "That counsel could not be too much valued, which had saved a king's life."

TIME.

TIME was bestowed by Providence as an inestimable blessing, an improvable talent, the source of present enjoyment and future felicity; and when it is employed in the pursuit of wisdom, instead of being wasted in idleness or folly, what an inexhaustible fund of knowledge is laid up for succeeding periods of life. Those, therefore, who wish to become eminent must consider their time as the most important part of their property, and attend to the advice of Horace, who says—

——————— Be wise, cut off long cares
From thy contracted span.
E'en whilst I speak, the envious time,
Doth make swift haste away;
Then seize the present, use thy prime,
Nor trust another day.

The loss of wealth, or of reputation, may be regained, and the loss of health recovered; but the loss of our precious time can never be recalled. We should take care never to be unemployed; a vacant mind is an invitation to vice; and it has been observed, that many, who mark with some accuracy the course of time, appear to have little sensibility of the decline of life. Every man has something to do which he neglects; every man has faults to conquer which he delays to combat.

For youth, too transient flow'r! (of life's short day
The shortest part,) but blossoms to decay.
Lo! while we give the unregarded hour
To wine and revelry, in pleasure's bower,
The noiseless foot of time steals swiftly by,
And, ere we dream of manhood, age is nigh!

The first requisite for introducing order into the management of time, is to be impressed with a just sense of its importance. We should consider well how much depends upon it,—how fast it flies away—and that whatever knowledge we do not solidly lay the foundation of in our youth, we shall never be masters of. An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto, "That time was his estate." An estate, however, which, without cultivation, will produce nothing; but which will always abundantly repay the labours of industry, if, by negligence, no part of it be suffered to lie waste. The day has been considered as an image of the year, and a year as a representation of life; the morning answers to the spring, and the spring to childhood and youth; the noon corresponds to the summer, and the summer to the strength of manhood; the evening is an emblem of autumn, and autumn of declining life; the night shews the winter, and the winter the end of life. Thus time goes on, and so does our life; and yet so little do we consider the effects of time, that we are continually surprised at the alterations it makes.

THE IMPORTANCE OF TIME, AND THE PROPER METHODS OF SPENDING IT.

We all of us complain of the shortness of time, saith Seneca, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives, says he, are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them. That noble philosopher has described

our inconsistency with ourselves in this particular, by all those various turns of expression and thought which are peculiar to his writings. I often consider mankind as wholly inconsistent with itself in a point that bears some affinity to the former. Though we, in general, seem grieved at the shortness of life, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be at age, then to be a man of business, then to make up an estate, then to arrive at honours, then to retire. Thus although the whole of life is allowed by every one to be short, the several divisions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening our span in general, but would fain contract the parts of which it is composed. The usurer would be very well satisfied to have all the time annihilated that lies between the present moment and next quarter-day. The politician would be contented to lose three years in his life, could he place things in the posture in which he fancies they will stand after such a revolution of time. The lover would be glad to strike out of his existence all the moments that are to pass away before the happy meeting. Thus, as fast as our time runs, we should be very glad in many parts of our lives, that it ran much faster than it does. Several hours of the day hang upon our hands, nay, we wish away whole years, and travel through time as through a country filled with many wild and empty wastes, which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at those several little settlements or imaginary points of rest which are dispersed up and down in it. If we divide the life of most men into twenty parts, we shall find that at least nineteen of them are mere gaps and chasms, which are filled with neither pleasure nor business. I do not, however, include in this calculation, the life of those men who are in a perpetual hurry of affairs, but of those only who are not always engaged in scenes of action; and I hope I shall not do an unacceptable piece of service to those persons, if I point out to them certain methods for the filling up of their empty

spaces of life. The methods I shall propose to them are as follow: the first is the exercise of virtue, in the most general acceptation of the word. That particular scheme, which comprehends the social virtues, may give employment to the most industrious temper, and find a man business more than the most active station of life. To advise the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almost every day of our lives. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceness of a party; of doing justice to the character of a deserving man; of softening the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced; which are all of them employments suitable to a reasonable nature, and bring great satisfaction to the person who, with discretion, can busy himself in them. There is another kind of virtue that may find employment for those retired hours, in which we are altogether left to ourselves, and destitute of company and conversation; I mean that intercourse and communication which every reasonable creature ought to maintain with the great Author of his being. The man, who lives under an habitual sense of the divine presence, keeps up a perpetual cheerfulness of temper, and enjoys every moment the satisfaction of thinking himself in company with his dearest and best of friends. Upon him, time never lies heavy; it is impossible for him to be alone. His thoughts and passions are the most busied at such hours when those of other men are the most inactive. He no sooner steps out of the world, than his heart burns with devotion, swells with hope, and triumphs in the consciousness of that presence which every where surrounds him; or, on the contrary, pours out its fears, its sorrows, its apprehensions, to the great supporter of its existence. I have here only considered that, to have something to do, is absolutely necessary to a man's being virtuous; but if we consider further, that the exercise of virtue is not only an amusement for the time it lasts, but that its influence ex-

tends to those parts of our existence which lie beyond the grave, and that our whole eternity is to take its colour from those hours which we here employ in virtue or in vice, the argument redoubles upon us, for putting in practice this method of passing away our time. When a man has but a little stock to improve, and has opportunities of turning it all to good account, what shall we think of him if he suffer nineteen parts of it to lie dead, and perhaps employ even the twentieth to his ruin or disadvantage? But because the mind cannot be always in its fervours, nor strained up to a pitch of virtue, it is necessary to find out, in its requisite relaxations, proper employments for it. The next method, therefore, that I would propose to fill up our time, should be useful and innocent diversions. I must confess I think it is below reasonable creatures to be altogether conversant in such diversions as are merely innocent, and have nothing else to recommend them, but that there is no hurt in them. Whether any kind of gaming has even thus much to say for itself, I shall not determine; but I think it is very wonderful to see persons of the best sense passing away a dozen hours together in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other conversation but what is made up of a few game phrases, and no other ideas but those of black or red spots ranged together in different figures. Would not a man laugh to hear any one of this species complaining of the shortness of life? The mind never unbends itself so agreeably as in the conversation of a well-chosen friend. There is indeed no blessing of life that is anywise comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. It eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thought and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolution, sooths and allays the passions, and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life. Next to such an intimacy with a particular person, one would endeavour after a more general conversation with such as are capable of edifying and entertaining

those with whom they converse, which are qualities that seldom go asunder. Marshal Turenne, among the grateful acknowledgments which he used to pay in conversation to the memory of those by whom he had been instructed, mentioned one with particular honour; he who taught him, not to spend his time in regretting any mistake which he had made, but to set himself immediately and vigorously to repair it. The observance of order and method is of high consequence for the improvement of the present time; he, who performs the duties of his station with punctuality, and suffers no part of his time to escape without profit, multiplies his days, for he lives much in little space; whereas he, who neglects order, is always losing the present in returning upon the past, and trying in vain to recover it when gone. Whether it be that life has more vexations than comforts, or what is in event just the same, that evil makes deeper impressions than good, it is certain that few can review the time past, without heaviness of heart. We remember many calamities incurred by folly; many opportunities lost by negligence. The shades of the dead rise up before us; and we lament the companions of our youth, the partners of our amusements, and the assistants of our labours, whom the hand of death has snatched away.

Relentless time, that steals with silent tread,
Shall tear away the trophies of the dead;
Fame on the pyramid's aspiring top
With sighs shall her recording trumpet drop;
The feeble characters of glory's hand
Shall perish, like the tracks upon the sand;
But not with these expire the sacred flame
Of virtue, or the good man's awful name!

LINES UNDER A SUN-DIAL.

Mark well my shade, and seriously attend
The silent lesson of a common friend

Since time and life speed hastily away,
And neither can recal the former day,
Improve each fleeting hour before 'tis past,
For know, each fleeting hour may be thy last.

THE WATCH.

While this gay toy attracts thy sight
  Thy reason let it warn,
And seize, my friend, that rapid time,
  Which never must return!

If idly lost, no art or care
  The blessing can restore,
And heaven exacts a strict account,
  For every mispent hour.

Short is our longest day of life,
  And soon its prospects end,
Yet on that day's uncertain date
  Eternal years depend.

Yet equal to our Being's aim,
  The space to virtue given;
And every minute well improv'd
  Secures an age in heav'n.

Could but our tempers move like this machine,
Not urg'd by passion, nor delay'd by spleen,
And true to nature's regulating power,
By virtuous acts distinguish every hour,
Then health and joy would follow as they ought
The laws of motion and the laws of thought;
Sweet health to pass the present moments o'er,
And everlasting joy when time shall be no more.

LEARNING.

THE love of learning is no less pleasing than profitable. It is an amusement of the noblest kind, which greatly increases the felicity, and the comforts, of those who possess it. It insures a certain degree of firmness and consistency, gives an ingenuous turn to our whole conversation, and, to our manner of thinking and acting, a certain gracefulness, that never forsakes us. To be blest with rational faculties is one of the greatest gifts heaven can bestow on us, and compensates for the want of external graces, or strength for manual exercises. Men, when they turn their speculation into practice, and take care to apply the study of moral science to the purposes of life, may be truly said to shine in the world. The pursuit of literature is one of the most dignified of all accomplishments; and the advantages resulting from it are an ornament in prosperity, a refuge in adversity, and an entertainment at all times. How grateful then ought we to be to our munificent Creator, who has furnished us not only with those faculties, which are necessary to the preservation of being, but with such also as may fit us for receiving a rich variety of intellectual enjoyment. Few persons will endure, without necessity, the labour of intense application. He, who has learned enough for his profit or his honour, seldom endeavours after further acquisitions; while others

> Studious to gain the love of human kind,
> The social sage at midnight stores his mind,

Robs weary nature of her just repose,
Nor drinks the dew that bathes the morning rose.
Nor when the sun to Cynthia gives the night,
Eyes the soft blessing of her tender light,
But o'er the taper leans his pensive head,
And for the living communes with the dead.

Scipio was so great an admirer of liberal studies, that he always retained in his camp the most eminent wits: nor did any one fill up the intervals of business with more elegance, retiring from war only to cultivate the arts of peace; always employed in arms or study, always exercising his body, or, with science, disciplining his mind.

——————— Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.

Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much;
Wisdom is humble, that he knows no more.

Alfred, King of England, was a splendid example of the love of learning. He revised the laws; established trial by jury; and had the gratification by his wisdom, his virtues and vigilant exertions, to restore peace and happiness to his subjects. It is learning indeed that forms the brightest characters, calls forth those faculties, which, in a state of nature, would lie dormant and concealed, and directs them to the best end, the good of society. The great use of knowledge, in all its various branches, is to free the mind from the prejudices of ignorance; and as the earliest principles are generally the most lasting, no one should neglect those improvements, which will prepare him to act his future part in life cheerfully and honourably, and enable him to converse with men of cultivated genius.

Yet while the season of your blooming youth
Glides gently on, and lib'ral nature show'rs
Her gayest blessings, peaceful, on your heads;
O! then let science on your easy hours
Serenely steal: she the soul exalts
To dignity; for when with useful knowledge blest,
Fair beauty smiles upon the blushing brow,
Her soft persuasion wins the yielding heart
Resistless, each with glowing ardour hears
Her eloquence divine, the tuneful flow
Of sweetest periods, warbling from the lips
Where raptures hang, to captivate the soul.

Mr. Pope, however, in the following energetic lines, gives us this caution.

A little learning is a dangerous thing!
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fir'd at first sight with what the muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the height of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind
Short views we take, nor mind the lengths behind
But more advanc'd, behold, with strange surprize,
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky:
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
But, there attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way.
Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

WISDOM.

BY wisdom is meant, that cultivation and enlargement of the mind, which enables a man clearly to see, and understand, all those things, which concern his present, and future well-being. It is allowed to be the greatest gift heaven can bestow on man; it compensates for all other deficiences, and raises him, who possesses it, to the highest pitch of human felicity: therefore,

> Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,—
> To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.

Honours, monuments, and all the works of vanity and ambition, are demolished and destroyed by time; but the reputation of wisdom is venerable to posterity. It allows nothing to be good, that will not be so for ever; no man to be happy, great or powerful, that is not master of himself.

> True wisdom is an evenness of soul,
> A steady temper, which no cares controul,
> No passions ruffle, no desires inflame;
> Still constant to itself, and still the same.

Pythagoras wished to be remembered, by his earnest desire to prove, that he had no interest so much at heart as the acquisition of wisdom, and the rational enjoyments of a contemplative mind. And as his principles were temperate, moral and sincere, he trained up his students by the example of patience, steadiness and respect. Lord Shaftsbury was a melancholy but complete instance of the

truth of one of his own maxims, which was, "That wisdom lay in the heart, and not in the head; and that it was not the want of knowledge, but the perverseness of the will, that filled men's actions with folly, and their lives with disorder." Wisdom is a right understanding, a faculty of discerning good from evil, what is to be chosen and what rejected; a judgment grounded upon the true value of things, not upon the common opinion of them; an equality of force, and a strength of resolution; it sets a watch over our words and deeds, employs us in the contemplation of the works of nature, and makes us invincible by either good or bad fortune.

O wisdom! Queen of every art,
That glads the sense, and mends the heart,
Bless'd source of purest joys;
In every form of beauty bright,
That captivates the mental sight
With pleasure and surprize.

At thy unspotted shrine I bow:
Attend thy modest suppliant's vow,
That breathes no wild desires:
But taught by thy unerring rules,
To shun the fruitless wish of fools,
To nobler views aspires.

To me thy better gifts impart,
Each moral beauty of the heart,
By studious thoughts refin'd:
For wealth, the smiles of glad content
For power, its amplest, best extent,
An empire o'er the mind.

O send thy sure, and steady ray,
To regulate my doubtful way
Through life's perplexing road:
The mists of error to controul,
And through its gloom direct my soul
To happiness and good.

VIRTUE.

LET virtue guide thy inexperienc'd youth,
And lead thy footsteps in the paths of truth.

Some persons boast of their virtue without rightly understanding its true meaning. It is a sincere and constant desire to do every thing, that is just and right before God and man; for whatever tends to enlarge and ennoble the mind, to expand its views beyond the sphere of ordinary life, and inspire it with a taste of intellectual enjoyment, is evidently favourable to virtue. It strengthens us in adversity, moderates in prosperity, guides in society, entertains in solitude, advises in doubts, supports in weakness, and is therefore of all acquisitions the most precious. It gives glory to God, utility to the public, tranquillity to the conscience, relief to some, counsel to others, and example to all.

Be virtue first thy care, thy wish, thine aim;
Her rules thy standard, her applause thy fame:
To her thy steps let fair discretion lead!
Let truth inspire thy thoughts, and crown thy deed;
Let sage experience guide thy hand and voice;
Be slow to choose; but constant in thy choice;
To mercy's dictates open all thy breast.—
Be good—and Heaven will teach thee to be blest.

Whatever is to be our profession, no education is more necessary to success, than the acquirement of virtuous habits

and dispositions. This is the universal preparation for every character, and every station in life.

> Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
> Is the best gift of Heaven: a happiness
> That even above the smiles and frowns of fate
> Exalts great nature's favourites; a wealth
> That ne'er encumbers, nor to baser hands
> Can be transferr'd: it is the only good
> Man justly boasts of, or can call his own.

In the usual course of human affairs, it will be found, that a moderate understanding, joined with acknowledged worth, contributes more to prosperity, than the most brilliant talents can effect without it. And it is not only the sure foundation of honour and esteem, but is likewise the source of all beauty, order, and happiness; for, like health, it renders the mind more susceptible of real pleasure, casts a light on every object, and brightens every scene.

> 'Tis virtue softens all our toils,
> With peace our conscience crowns,
> Gives pleasure when our fortune smiles,
> And courage when it frowns.

That fortitude, which has encountered no dangers, that prudence, which has surmounted no difficulties, that integrity, which has been attacked by no temptations, can at best be considered but as gold not yet brought to the test, of which the true value cannot be assigned. The most virtuous man is he, who is endued by nature with the happiest powers of communicating felicity to others, and of enjoying, by reflection, the pleasure of doing good. This has ever been considered as the highest exercise and improvement of reason, the connection, harmony and just balance of affections and passions, the health, strength and beauty of the mind.

> There breathes a self divinity in virtue,
> In candid unassuming generous virtue,

Whose very silence speaks; and which inspires
Without proud formal lessons, a disdain
Of mean injurious vice.

Virtue, in early life, refines and strengthens the moral and active powers, and lays a secure foundation for the tranquil enjoyment of those studies that lead to eminence. In manhood, it is the surest path to fame and honour; inspiring us with fortitude in all the various circumstances of duty and of trial, and with an habitual reverence for the sacred offices of religion, by which we pave the way to the most easy and honourable old age. In the decline of life, virtue preserves us from chagrins incident to that period, cherishes the most equal and kind affections, and assists us in using our wisdom, experience, and authority, in the most fatherly and venerable manner. We act under a sense of the inspection, and with a view to the approbation, of our Maker; and having sustained our part with integrity and consistency, quit life with serenity, peace, and a well-founded hope of eternal joy.

The lasting bliss which bears a calm review,
None but the wise and virtuous ever knew.

Be strong, be stedfast, in fair virtue's cause,
Nor fear reproof, nor covet vain applause;
Heed not of evil tongues the envious strife,
Nor the loud storms that rage thro' human life:
On truth's firm basis let your hopes remain,
And seas may rage, and tempests roar in vain.

Instances of exemplary virtues displayed, in all ages, by great and good men, give us noble and extended views of the energy of virtue, and the limits of human action; awaken an early sensibility of whatever is most amiable and heroic in life, and kindle in our breasts a generous emulation. What can convey a more refined and gratifying pleasure to the descendants of illustrious men, than to see

the characters of their ancestors handed down with honour to posterity. The perfection of virtue is to give reason free scope; to obey the voice and authority of conscience; to exert the defensive passions with fortitude, the private with temperance, the public with justice, and all the passions with prudence; that is, in a due proportion to each other, and in an entire subservience to a calm diffusive benevolence; to love and adore God with a disinterested and unrivalled affection; and to acquiesce in the order of his providence with a cheerful and hearty resignation. Every approach to this standard is an approach to perfection and happiness; and every deviation from it, a deviation to ruin and infallible misery. The continence of Scipio Africanus is a surprising instance of the power of virtue in governing the passions. Scipio, at four-and-twenty years of age, had obtained a great victory; in consequence of which a multitude of prisoners of each sex, and all conditions, fell into his possession, and among others a young virgin of exquisite bloom and beauty. He had too sensible a heart to see the most lovely of objects without being moved with passion; besides which, there was no obligation of either honour or virtue, in the common account, to restrain his desires towards one, who was his by the fortune of war. But a noble indignation and unfeigned sorrow, which appeared in her countenance, when the conqueror cast his eyes upon her, raised his curiosity to know her story. He was informed, she was a lady of the highest condition in that country, and contracted to a man of quality and merit. The generous Roman soon placed himself in the condition of that unhappy man, who was to lose so charming a bride; and though a youth, and a conqueror, immediately resolved to restore her to her destined husband. With this purpose, he commands her parents and her relations, with her intended husband, to appear before him at an appointed time. When they were met, and were waiting for the general, you may imagine to yourself the different concern

of an unhappy father, a despairing lover, and a tender mother, in the several persons who were so related to the captive. Scipio appears, leading his prisoner into their presence: as he approached, they all threw themselves on their knees, except the lover of the lady; but Scipio, observing in him a manly sullenness, was the more inclined to favour him, and spoke to him in these words:—"Sir, it is not the manner of the Romans to use all the power they justly may. We fight not to ravage countries, or break through the ties of humanity. I am acquainted with your worth, and your interest in this lady; fortune has made me your master, but I desire to be your friend: this is your wife—take her, and may the gods bless you with her! Far be it from Scipio to purchase a little momentary pleasure at the rate of making an honest man unhappy!" The heart of the lover was too full to allow him to make his acknowledgments, but throwing himself at Scipio's feet, he wept aloud. The captive lady fell into the same posture, and they both remained so, till her father at length burst into the following words:—"O divine Scipio! the gods have given you more than human virtue. O glorious leader! O wondrous youth! Does not that happy virgin, while she prays to the gods for your prosperity, and thinks you sent down from among them, give you more exquiste pleasure than all the joys you could have reaped from the possession of her injured person?" Scipio, without any emotion, answered him, "Father, be a friend to Rome," and then retired. An immense sum was brought as her ransom; but he sent it to her husband, and smiling said, "This is a trifle after what I have given him already."

Thine, virtue! thine is each persuasive charm,
Thine ev'ry soul with heav'nly raptures warm;
Thine all the bliss which innocence bestows,
And thine the heart that feels another's woes.

This is one of those noble instances of true greatness of mind, which springs from the reflection, that we find, within our breasts, the active principles of humanity, social affection, and generous sympathy. One of those amiable qualities, which constitute the dignity of our nature, and merit the approbation of heaven and of earth.

> Blest is the man, who, exercis'd in cares,
> To private leisure public virtue bears!
> Who tranquil ends the race he nobly run,
> And decks repose with trophies labour won.
> Him honour follows to the secret shade,
> And crowns propitious his declining head;
> In his retreat their harps the muses string,
> For him in lays unbought spontaneous sing;
> Friendship and truth on all his moments wait,
> Pleas'd with retirement better than with state:
> And round the bower where humbly-great he lies,
> Fair olives bloom, or verdant laurels rise.

Virtue may be justly stiled the child of Heaven: it wears an angel's smile, and is distinguished by all the graces of its divine original: elevated and aspiring, yet winning and attractive; benevolent, gracious, courteous and condescending; its features formed to complacency, its voice attuned to harmony, its eye beaming with benignity, and all its motions, though composed and steady, yet graceful, elegant and unassuming; modest without affectation, engaging without art, pleasing without design or flattery, and commanding friends and admirers by a simplicity that is above all art and disguise. It is an invincible greatness of mind, not to be elevated or dejected by good or ill fortune; it is sociable and gentle, free, steady, and fearless, content within itself and full of inexhaustible delights; ever carrying about with it a conscious dignity, which is able to awe the most shameless and abandoned characters.

No not the brightest flowers of spring,
That fancy paints, or poets sing;
Nor these, nor all the sweets that blow,
The roses blush, the lily's snow,
With thee in excellence compare,
Or breathe so fresh, or bloom so fair.
For in thy bosom lives a flower,
Not time shall spoil, nor death devour,
A flower that no rude season fears,
And virtue's sacred name it bears.

Fair virtue comes, and in her radiant train
Ten thousand beauties wait: behold she comes,
To fill the soul with never-ceasing joy!
Attend her voice, sweet as the solemn sounds
Of cherubs, when they strike their golden harps
In sacred concert, while the sky resounds
Symphonious. Hence, ye fond delusive dreams
Of fleeting pleasure! she the heart distends
With more enduring bliss: kindled by her,
The gen'rous bosom breathes the social fire,
And beats responsive to the woes of man.

Virtue is capable of fortifying the soul against all the various assaults of human calamities: it is by her that we are taught to consider happiness as depending upon ourselves alone. The Comus of Milton is considered as one of the most perfect poems in the English language; and the scene where the sister is separated from her two brothers in a forest, and in a dark night, is most interestingly described. One exclaims,

O that hapless virgin, our lost sister,
Where may she wander now, whither betake her
From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles?
Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
Leans her unpillow'd head fraught with sad fears.

The other replies,

Peace, brother, be not over exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestal his date of grief,
And run to meet what most he would avoid?
Or if they be but false alarms of fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion?
I do not think my sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipl'd in virtue's book,
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise
(Not being in danger as I trust she is not)
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into misbecoming plight.
Virtue could see to do what virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where with her best nurse contemplation
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That, in the various bustle of resort,
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impaired.
He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i'th'centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

Let angel-forms angelic truths maintain;
Nature disjoins the beauteous and prophane.
For what's true beauty, but fair virtue's face—
Virtue made visible in outward grace.

It may be needless, perhaps, to say, that the following elegant lines were produced by an exalted genius to portray the perfection of beauty and of virtue.

Made to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes;
Tho' meek, magnanimous; tho' witty, wise;
Polite, as all her life in courts had been;
Yet good, as she the world had never seen;
The noble fire of an exalted mind,
With gentle female tenderness combin'd.
Her speech was the melodious voice of love,
Her song the warbling of the vernal grove;
Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong;
Her form each beauty of her mind express'd,
Her mind was virtue by the graces dress'd.

Moralists usually distinguish four principal, or, as they are generally called, cardinal virtues, namely, Temperance, Prudence, Fortitude and Justice: the reason of which division is founded in this; that, for a man to live virtuously and honestly, it is necessary he know what is fit to be done; which is the business of prudence: that he have a constant and firm will to do what he judges best; which will perfect the man, either as it restrains too violent perturbations, the office of temperance; or, as it spurs and urges on those, that are too slow and languid, which is the business of fortitude; or, lastly, comparatively, and with regard to human society; which is the object of justice. To these four all the other virtues are referred, either as parts, or as concomitants.

TEMPERANCE.

Temperance is considered as one of the richest endowments of the mind; for the temperate man's pleasures are

desirable, because they are regular; and all his life is calm and serene because it is innocent.

'Tis to thy rules, bright temperance, we owe
All pleasures, which from health and strength can flow;
Vigour of body, purity of mind,
Unclouded reason, sentiments refin'd.

The various passions and affections of human nature begin very early to exert and display themselves; and if they be not properly restrained and directed, will of necessity have a fatal and unconquerable influence over the whole tenor of our lives. If we give up the reins to appetite at an age, when reason is too weak to guide them, and suffer the will to rule with despotic sway, uncontrolled by judgment, and unawed by parental authority, every vice will gain strength by habit, and every propensity to evil will take such deep root in the soul, as never to be extirpated; for the principles which we imbibe in our youth, we generally carry to our graves. Temperance, is the virtue, which places both the mind and body in their full state of perfection, and qualifies a man as well for the knowledge as the practice of his duty. It tends to give acuteness to the understanding, vigour to the imagination, rectitude to the judgment, and retention to the memory; enabling him to govern his family with prudence; to serve his country and his friends in the most effectual manner, and to defeat the malice of his enemies. It has been called the golden chain, which holds together the societies of men in friendship and in peace.

To temperance all our liveliest powers we owe,
She bids the judgment wake, the fancy flow;
Gives to our noblest themes the studious hour,
When calmly seated in our village bower,
While genius, practice, contemplation join
To warm the soul with energy divine.

It is impossible, with respect to eating and drinking, to lay down any determinate rule for temperance, because what is luxury in one, may be temperance in another; but there are few who have lived any time in the world, that are not judges of their own constitutions, so far as to know what kinds and what proportions of food best agree with them. Much depends on the due management of the appetite and passions. Tranquillity of mind should be the principal aim of all persons, who value their health. It was observed by Dr. Mead that the reason why so many men suffer themselves to be governed by sensual pursuits, proceeds from their being unacquainted with the serenity of mind resulting from a dignified conduct, and the joy, that animates a good man, when his reason presides over his passions; which is the greatest glory he can arrive at in this world, and which will most assuredly be rewarded in the next.

Thus by degrees, an habit form'd, you'll find
The tranquil sunshine of a virtuous mind.

To contract the desires is the grand principle of human happiness. There is an economy that must always be observed in every pursuit, action, or undertaking. Even our pleasures, except used with moderation, prudently varied, and pursued rather as a temporary relaxation, than a constant employment, soon become insipid. The most innocent enjoyments have their bounds. It is a temperate use, that constitutes the bliss, and preserves those powers and faculties, on the proper exertion of which the happiness of this life entirely depends. Health and competence are the product of temperance; but when once you pass the bounds of moderation, and fall into the dissipations of pleasure, the taste becomes vitiated, the senses are impaired, and the proper relish of every enjoyment is totally lost.

Would you extend your narrow span,
And make the most of life you can;

Wou'd you, when med'cines cannot save,
Descend with ease into the grave;
Calmly retire, like evening light,
And cheerful bid the world good-night;
Let temp'rance constantly preside,
Our best physician, friend and guide!
Wou'd you to wisdom make pretence,
Proud to be thought a man of sense;
Let Temp'rance (always friend to Fame)
With steady hand direct your aim;
Or, like an archer in the dark,
Your random shaft will miss the mark:
For they, who, slight her golden rules,
In wisdom's volume stand for fools.

Recollect, for a moment, those, whom you have known, harassing themselves with frivolous pursuits, neglecting the cultivation and improvement of their minds, and indulging in those irregularities, that debase their nature; and it will be a caution sufficiently impressive to guard the considerate from the pernicious consequences of intemperance. The invincible valour of the Persians, in the time of Cyrus, may be justly ascribed to that temperate and hardy life, to which they were accustomed from their infancy. Add to this, the influence of the prince's example; who made it his ambition to surpass all his subjects in regularity, and was as abstemious and sober in his manner of life, as plain in his dress, and as much inured to hardship and fatigue, as the meanest of his soldiers. What might not be expected from such a body of troops, so formed and so principled? At the head of this rough and hardy people, he attempted the conquest of the largest empire in the universe, and succeeded to admiration. After he had completed his victory, he exhorted his brave countrymen not to degenerate from their ancient virtue, that they might not eclipse the glory they had acquired; but carefully to preserve that simplicity, sobriety, temperance, and love of labour, the means by which they had obtained it.

INTEMPERANCE.

An intemperate and extravagant man soon loses that sensibility, which is the guardian and protector of his health and honour. It not only indisposes him to every thing useful and excellent; but disqualifies him for the enjoyment of every rational pleasure. It is a subtle poison, which is capable of enervating, at the same time, both the strength of the body, and vigour of the mind. It subjects us to a multitude of false wants and necessities; and makes our pleasure and happiness depend on imaginary conveniences and superfluities.—Inconsistent creature that man is! who, at the instant he does what is wrong, is not able to withhold his testimony to what is good and praise-worthy; and though custom and example may sometimes induce the most regular to indulge in intemperance, yet reflection often fortunately prevents it from becoming a habit.

Behold! ye sons of luxury, behold!
Who scatter in excess your lavish gold;
You, who the wealth of frugal ages waste,
T'indulge a wanton supercilious taste:
For whom all earth, all ocean are explor'd,
To spread the various proud voluptuous board.
Behold how little thirsty nature craves,
And what a cheap relief the lives of thousands saves.

Most profligate or intemperate persons have, in their conduct, a great degree of inconsistency and meanness; for they either scatter with a kind of wild desperation or affected generosity, or pay their money with peevishness, and endeavour at once to spend idly and to save meanly, having neither firmness to deny their passions, nor courage fully to gratify them.

" Drink deep sweet youths," seductive Vitis cries,
The maudlin tear-drop glistening in her eyes;
Green leaves and purple clusters crown her head,
And the tall Thyrsus stays her tottering head;
" Drink deep," she carols, as she waves in air,
The mantling goblet, and forget your care."
O'er the dread feast malignant Chymia scowls,
And mingles poison in the nectar'd bowls.
Fell gout peeps grinning thro' the flimsy scene,
And bloated dropsy keeps behind unseen.
Wrapp'd in her robe, white Lepra hides her stains,
And silent Frenzy, writhing, bites his chains.

———————— War its thousands slays,
Peace its ten thousands: in the embattled plain
Tho' death exults, and claps his raven wings,
Yet reigns he not, ev'n there, so absolute,
So merciless, as in the frantic scenes
Of midnight revel and tumultuous mirth,
Where, in th' intoxicating draught conceal'd,
He snares the simple youth, who nought suspecting
Means to be blest;—but finds himself undone.
Down the smooth stream of life the stripling darts
Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal sky,
Hope swells his sails, and passion steers his course;
Safe glides his little bark along the shore
Where virtue takes her stand, but if too far
He launches forth beyond discretion's mark,
Sudden the tempest scowls, the surges roar,
Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep.

Men, in the act of intemperance, have always a great opinion of their own wisdom, power and prudence. They aspire at things and reasoning beyond their strength; and express themselves with more vehemence than good sense, which they are insensible has then left them. They are not aware, that by such excesses, their memory, as well as

judgment is greatly impaired; and in short all the faculties of the mind, all its serenity and tranquillity, are so much affected, that they scarcely enjoy one happy moment. Little good can be done, even by solid argument, at such a time—a wise and moderate man, who knows human nature, and knows himself, will rather give his antagonist the pleasure of an imaginary triumph, than engage in so unequal a combat. Those who resign themselves up to a dissipated life, have neither time nor taste for mental improvement; and therefore all the excellent compositions of eminent authors are of no use to them. Nor will they believe till it be too late, that almost all the diseases, or at least those of the most dangerous and painful kind, which afflict the human race, arise from intemperance.

——— Luxurious men, unheeding, pass
An idle summer-life in fortune's shine.
A season's glitter! Thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

By such excesses how many amiable dispositions are corrupted or destroyed; how many promising capacities and powers of genius suppressed; how many flattering hopes of parents and of friends totally extinguished! Who but must drop a tear over human nature, when he beholds, that morning, which arose so bright, overcast with untimely darkness; that good-humour, which once captivated all hearts, that vivacity, which sparkled in every company, those abilities, which were fitted for adorning the highest stations, all sacrificed at the shrine of low sensuality; and one, who was formed for running the fair career of life in the midst of public esteem, cut off, by his vices, at the beginning of his course, or sunk, for the whole of it, into insignificance and contempt! A melancholy instance of the

effects of depravity, is recorded of Petrarch — the end of whose life is thus described —

> From pain to pain his wand'ring steps were led,
> And shame and sorrow crowded on his head —
> Illustrious poet, what returns of praise,
> What beams of comfort cheer thy closing days?
> An hospital receives th' indignant bard,
> And beggars alms the sacred songs reward.
> Alas, how little can the vulgar eyes
> Revere the poet, through the mean disguise
> Of abject want, and own th' etherial flame,
> And hail the nursling of eternal fame!

The fatal effects of vice and intemperance are most powerfully represented to us in the parable of the prodigal son, who, rejecting the kind admonition of parental affection, was determined to be made wise by his own experience. At the most difficult period of life, when the youthful heart is open to the allurements of pleasure, regardless of the fatal consequence, we see him led hastily to the ruin of health, and every liberal gratification, to deplore that folly, which had brought upon him the most extreme distress. When, roused from the lethargy of idle dissipation, he feels this bitterness of self-reproach; and inspired with true penitence, a gleam of hope turns his eyes towards those blessings and comforts which he once enjoyed, and which he had so inconsiderately forsaken; — he exclaims — "I will arise and go unto my father, and say unto him father I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no longer worthy to be called thy son, make me as one of thy hired servants." Imagine you behold his affectionate father grown old with cares, inquietude and pain, opening his feeble arms to receive an ungrateful son, once the pride of his life, but who after experiencing the sweets of wisdom and virtue was now reduced to poverty and disgrace. One of the comforts of age, says Sir William Temple, may be,

that, whereas young men are usually in pain, when they are not in pleasure, old men find a sort of pleasure whenever they are out of pain: and as young men often lose or impair their present enjoyments, by roving after what is to come, by vain hopes or fruitless fears; so old men relieve the wants of their age by pleasing reflections upon what is past. Those, therefore, who are in health and in the vigour of their age, should endeavour to fill their lives with reading, with observation, with the best conversation, and the worthiest actions, either in their public or private stations, that when old they may have something agreeable left to feed on. Nor can we have two more singular instances of perverted talents, and misuse of riches, than in the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Rochester. The Duke, whose profligacy drew on himself disgrace and imprisonment, being at the latter part of his life deserted by his friends and despised by the world, died in want and obscurity; while the Earl, who divided his time, between dissipating his fortune and indulging in disgraceful writings, purposely designed to inculcate immorality and profaneness, felt, in the decline of life, a strong conviction of repentance and remorse — which is most interestingly related by Bishop Burnet as a caution to all young men, who may be seduced by bad example to consult their passions more than their reason or judgment.

PRUDENCE.

Prudence is a discerning quality of man, whence he derives some of his greatest comforts and consolation; and is likewise a proper guard to direct him in all the concerns

of life. In youth, in maturer years, even in old age, it is equally necessary; but it becomes particularly so to such as are engaged in any trust or concern of importance to others. Prudence and circumspection are necessary even to the best of men. They are indeed, as it were, a guard to virtue, without which she can never be safe. For we sometimes see the best heads defeated by the tenderness of the best hearts. In the character of the prudent man we see, and feel with peculiar complacency, the satisfaction and security which we must ever enjoy while we walk under his safeguard. What can be more friendly to our interest, than a perfect reliance upon those just and honourable principles, which secure us from error, and render the course of our lives prosperous, and free from disappointment? Prudence is one of the richest endowments of the mind; it is an universal virtue, which enters into the composition of all the rest; and where she is not, even fortitude, temperance and justice lose their very name and nature. It is the inconstancy or levity of some people's nature, and which they take no pains to correct, that leads them from that regular, uniform plan of life, which their reason convinces them is founded in wisdom. Many are convinced too late, that moderation in their desires and appetites would have contributed most to their happiness; for as the greatest part of the misery in the world arises rather from disappointed desires, than from positive evil, it is therefore of the utmost consequence to attain just notions of the laws of order and propriety, that we may not vex ourselves with fruitless wishes, or give way to groundless and unreasonable discontent. The prudent man, says Socrates, remembers all things past, makes a right use of the present, and provides for the future. Titus Vespasian, the Roman emperor, made it his constant practice to call himself to account every night for the actions of the past day; and as often as he found, that he had let any one day

slip without doing some good, he entered in his diary this memorandum,

"I have lost a day."

Seek still that Prudence, which to virtue join'd,
Makes the best treasure of the human mind.

Among the many valuable rules, which philosophers have given for the conduct of men's lives, the following is not unworthy of our serious attention. "That we should imagine some excellent person to be present with us, as a witness of all our actions," wisely concluding, that the eye and observance of a superior in goodness would check the wanton sallies of unruly passion, intemperance or vice. The wise and prudent are always as attentive to their words as their actions, and as cautious to avoid speaking as doing ill. A thoughtless man using inconsiderate expressions against the dispensations of Providence, was reprimanded with the following prudent advice. Do not abuse your Creator, while you are eating his bread; consider whose air you breathe, whose presence you are in, and who it is that gave you the power of that speech, which you make use of to his dishonour. And let me further add, that you forget you are surrounded by amiable children who are eagerly listening to your assertions. It is by habit that the early mind is led to a happy choice of companions, and the heart secured from the envenomed breath of depravity. There are many more shining qualities, but there is no one more useful than discretion; it is this which gives a value to all the rest; secures esteem and respect, and many of the endearing pleasures of social life. In the reputation of a wise man his economy is one of the most distinguishing parts of his prudence. Pliny was highly esteemed for his exemplary charity; and he declares, in his writings, that frugality was the fountain from which his liberality flowed, and not from the largeness of his possessions, which were

very moderate. Frugality, instead of deserving reproach or censure, is justly entitled to the honourable names of daughter of Prudence, sister of Temperance and parent of Liberty. Besides it gives us the power of privately relieving our necessitous neighbours. Among the numerous acts of charity with which our country has been so greatly distinguished, Mr. John Kyrle of Ross in Herefordshire stands most eminently on record, who, with an income of 500l. a year, and by the influence of his example and solicitations, diffused comfort and improvement over the district in which he resided. Having been many years a blessing to the town of Ross, and its vicinity; he died at the age of ninety in the calm confidence of unpresuming hope.

His fortune and his fame, by worthy means
Attain'd, and equal to his moderate mind—
His life approv'd by all the wise and good.

Mr. Pope celebrates him in the following beautiful lines.

Rise, honest muse! and sing the man of Ross!—
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise?
"The Man of Ross"—each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate:
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.

Is any sick? The Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? Enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do!
Oh say what sums that gen'rous hand supply?
What mines to swell that boundless charity?
Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possess'd, five hundred pounds a year.

Next to the approbation of our own conscience, nothing can be more grateful to the heart, than the love and esteem of mankind. And which to a prudent man is a very easy purchase. Attend to the amiable Dr. Cotton, who says,

I pass the silent rural hour,
No slave to wealth, no tool to pow'r.
My mansion's warm, and very neat;
You'd say, a pretty snug retreat.
My rooms no costly paintings grace,
The humbler print supplies their place.
Behind the house my garden lies,
And opens to the southern skies:
The distant hills gay prospects yield,
And plenty smiles in ev'ry field.
The faithful mastiff is my guard,
The feather'd tribes adorn my yard;
Alive my joy, my treat when dead,
And their soft plumes improve my bed.
My cow rewards me all she can,
(Brutes leave ingratitude to man;)
She daily thankful to her lord,
Crowns with nectareous sweets my board.
Am I diseas'd;—the cure is known,
Her sweeter juices mend my own.
I love my house, and seldom roam,
Few visits please me more than home.

My fortune (for I'll mention all,
And more than you dare tell) is small;
Yet ev'ry friend partakes my store,
And want goes smiling from my door.
Will forty shillings warm the breast
Of worth, or industry distress'd?
This sum I cheerfully impart;
'Tis four score pleasures to my heart.
And you may make, by means like these,
Five talents ten, whene'er you please.
'Tis true my little purse grows light;
But then I sleep so sweet at night!

FORTITUDE.

O fortitude! divinely bright,
Virtue's child, and man's delight!
Descend an amicable guest,
And with thy firmness steel my breast:
Descend, propitious to my lays,
And, while my lyre resounds thy praise;
With energy divinely strong,
Exalt my soul, and warm my song.

Fortitude gives dignity and composure to the character. It is a firm, religious principle, acting upon a manly and enlightened mind; and experience will teach us, that a generous openness of heart, and a calm deliberate courage, are essential to the support of all the virtues, and absolutely necessary to be acquired by every one who wishes to dis-

charge, with fidelity, the duties of his station. It is the armour of the mind, by which we are enabled to surmount the dangers, that occur in the course of our lives. Feeble and timorous spirits live under perpetual alarms, and create imaginary dangers; while firmness, the parent of tranquillity, with the assistance of divine grace, secures to us a perseverance in one uniform course of resolution, which surmounts all difficulties. To be able to bear provocation is an argument of wisdom, and to forgive injuries a sure sign of a great mind. What can be more honourable than to have courage enough to execute the commands of reason and of conscience, to maintain, with dignity, the station assigned us, and to be proof against poverty, pain, and even death itself?

> Thus at the altar, wrapt in holy dread,
> The youth of Macedon in silence bled,
> Nor from his tortur'd and consuming hand
> Dismiss'd the living close-adhering brand.

Alluding to the boy at Athens, who, while he was assisting at a religious ceremony, endured a burning coal that fell on his hand, rather than disturb the sacrifice. By contemplating the miseries of others, fortitude is strengthened, and the mind brought to a more extensive knowledge of its own powers. A wise man's circumstances may vary and fluctuate, like floods about a rock; but he persists immoveably the same, his reputation remains unshaken: for he can always render a good account of his actions, and, by reasonable apology, elude the assaults of reproach. How happy then is the situation of him, who is armed with that true and constant fortitude, which rests, with full confidence, on Almighty Power; who is supported by it in every trial; who is thus prepared for all events, and in every different situation enabled not only to suffer, but to act as he ought to do; who can bear, with the same resolution,

those severe shocks, which at once destroy his earthly happiness, and those little mortifications, which continually allay it; who never can be deterred from the path of duty, either by the allurements of pleasure, the dread of sufferings, or the weariness and disgust, which attend on long-continued trials, and the discouragement of repeated disappointments!—Steadiness is the product of a resolution formed in a generous mind, on the principles of religion and morality, and which enables the virtuous and magnanimous to remain firm in the greatest dangers.

Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified
His steadiness he kept! his love, his zeal
Nor number, nor example, with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind.

A good man, superior to his sufferings, is great above titles and riches; he discovers a grandeur and composure of soul, that can struggle with danger and misfortunes; and, through every situation, reposes a noble confidence in himself.

For there's a steadiness of soul and thought,
By reason bred, and by religion taught,
Which like a rock amidst the stormy waves
Unmov'd remains, and all afflictions braves.

In a word, the great and distinguishing character of true fortitude, is, that it is constant and invariable, the same at all times and in all trials, is seated in the will and never gives way in any instance. Socrates, at the close of his life, displayed the noblest fortitude and patience imaginable. Being told that the Athenians had condemned him to death, he replied, "Nature has passed the same sentence on you." He behaved with equal moderation and magnanimity in the presence of his judges. "I am going (said he) to suffer death by your order; a fatality to which nature herself had condemned me from the first moment of my birth: but

my accusers, while they are yet alive, will suffer abundantly more from that infamy and universal odium, to which the voice of truth will consign them." A friend, expressing much grief, that he should die innocent: "What!" said Socrates, with a smile, laying his hand upon the other's head, "would you wish me to die guilty?" When the fatal bowl was presented to him, he drank it off with astonishing tranquillity, and with such a serenity of countenance as is not to be described or conceived. When his friends broke out into violent expressions of grief, he begged them to be composed, that he might have the pleasure of seeing, before he died, that they were masters of of that constancy and resolution, with which he had always endeavoured to inspire them. Thus died the illustrious Socrates, who fell a martyr to the cause of truth and virtue, and was, beyond dispute, the best and the wisest man of which the heathen world could boast. What can be more worthy of imitation, than to see a man stand firm in all extremities, and bear the lot of humanity without repining! Such dispositions are happy in the consciousness of doing good, which sets them above the ungrateful return, too often made them by the generality of the world. The spirits may sometimes sink beneath a load of grief, but the resolution remains unmoved; and pain or poverty, however strongly felt, are boldly encountered, whenever they are inflicted by the dispensations of Providence, or when the consideration of duty makes it necessary voluntarily to endure them. This alone is true christian fortitude, and is necessary to all, who wish to attain that perfection, to which we are called.

In dangers firm, in triumphs ever mild,
The awful form of fortitude appears;
Pure joy, of heavenly piety the child,
Serenely smiles, unmov'd by grief or fears;
Soft mercy dries affliction's bitter tears,

Still blest in ev'ry blessing she bestows;
While friendship's gentle voice each sorrow cheers:
Sweet are her joys, and pleasing e'en her woes,
When warm'd by virtue's fire the sacred ardour glows.

Of true elevation of mind, displayed in an act of condescension and humanity, the following is an affecting instance.—Sir Philip Sydney was one of the most virtuous and splendid ornaments of Queen Elizabeth's court. In early youth he discovered the strongest marks of genius and solidity. Lord Brook, who was his intimate friend, and who has written an account of his life, says, "Though I lived with him, and knew him from a child, yet I never knew him other than a man; with such steadiness of mind, lovely and familiar gravity, as carried grace and reverence above greater years. His talk was ever of knowledge; and his amusements always tended to enrich his mind. He was an active supporter of the cause of liberty; and had a command under his uncle the Earl of Leicester, general of the English forces employed against Philip the second of Spain. In the battle near Zutphen, he displayed the most undaunted and enterprising courage. He had two horses killed under him; and whilst mounting a third, was wounded by a musket-ball out of the trenches, which broke the bone of his thigh. He returned about a mile and a half, on horse-back, to the camp; and being faint with loss of blood, and probably through the heat of the weather, parched with thirst, he called for drink. It was presently brought to him; but as he was putting it to his mouth, a poor wounded soldier, who happened to be carried by him at that instant, looked up with such wishful eyes, that the gallant and generous Sydney took the bottle from his mouth, just when he was going to drink, and delivered it to the soldier, saying, "thy necessity is yet greater than mine." Not all his deeds of bravery and and generosity, his learning and courtly accomplishments, reflect more honour upon him, than this one disinterested

truly heroic action. It discovered so tender, so benevolent a nature, a mind so fortified against pain, a heart so overflowing with generous sentiments to relieve before himself, in opposition to the violent call of his own necessities, a poor languishing man in the same distress, that we cannot reflect on it without the highest admiration. Bravery is often constitutional; fame may be a motive to feats of arms; a statesman and a courtier may act from interest; but a sacrifice so generous as this, can be made only by those who, like Sydney, are good as well as great. His wounds being of the most serious consequence, he was conveyed with all expedition to Arnheim, and attended by the principal surgeons of the camp. During sixteen days great hopes were entertained of his recovery; but the ball not being extracted, and a mortification ensuing, he prepared himself for death with the utmost piety and fortitude, and expired on the 16th of October 1586, in the thirty-second year of his age. He is said to have taken leave of his brother in these affecting terms — "My dear, much loved honoured brother, love my memory; cherish my friends; their fidelity to me may assure you they are honest; but above all, govern your will and affections by the will and word of your Creator, in me beholding the end of this world with all its vanities." Of this great man it may justly be said, what a celebrated poet applied to Archbishop Laud:

Around his tomb did art and genius weep,
Beauty, wit, piety and bravery were undissembled mourners.

That our fortitude and perseverance should be proportionate to the degree and duration of our sufferings, is forcibly illustrated by the following fable.

NEPTUNE AND THE MARINERS.

When sore calamities we feel,
And sorrow treads on sorrow's heel,

Our courage and our strength, we say,
Are insufficient for the day.

A vessel bound for India's coast,
The merchant's confidence and boast,
Puts forth to sea—the gentle deep
Bespeaks its boisterous god asleep.
Three cheerful shouts the sailors gave,
And zephyrs curl the shining wave.
A halcyon sky prevails awhile,
The tritons and the nereids smile.
These omens fairest hopes impress,
And half insure the George success.

What casual ills these hopes destroy!
To change how subject every joy!
When dangers most remote appear,
Experience proves those dangers near.
Thus, boast of health whene'er you please,
Health is next neighbour to disease.
'Tis prudence to suspect a foe,
And fortitude to meet the blow.
In wisdom's rank he stands the first,
Who stands prepar'd to meet the worst.

For lo! unnumber'd clouds arise,
The sable legions spread the skies.
The storm around the vessel raves,
The deep displays a thousand graves.
With active hands and fearless hearts
The sailors ply their various parts;
They work the pumps, they furl the sails,
Yet nought their diligence avails.
The tempest thickens every hour,
And mocks the feats of human pow'r.

The sailors now their fate deplore,
Estrang'd to every fear before.
With wild surprise their eye-balls glare,
Their honest breasts admit despair.

All further efforts they decline,
At once all future hopes resign;
And thus abandoning their skill,
They give the ship to drive at will.
Strait enter'd with majestic grace
A form of more than human race,
The god an azure mantle wore,
His hand a forked sceptre bore;
When thus the monarch of the main—
"How dare you deem your labours vain?
Shall man exert himself the less,
Because superior dangers press?
How can I think your heart sincere,
Unless you bravely persevere?
Know mortals, that when perils rise,
Perils enhance the glorious prize.
But, who, deserts himself, shall be
Deserted by the gods and me.
Hence to your charge, and do your best,
My trident shall do all the rest."
The mariners their task renew,
All to their destin'd province flew.
The winds are hush'd—the sea subsides,
The gallant George in safety rides.

True fortitude is seen in great exploits
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides.

Steadiness directs us to employ our best exertions when called upon, from an unvarying principle of duty, which requires no animation from temporary feelings or particular circumstances.

——————————— The oak,
Firm in its strength, continues unshaken
Whether the sun shines, or the impending storm
Threatens its destruction.

JUSTICE.

Justice, in the general acceptation of the word, is that virtue, by which we render all that is due from us to God, to our neighbour, and to ourselves. It is the bond of human society, without which there is not any thing we can do that deserves commendation; it displays itself in a natural, unaffected greatness and firmness of mind, improved by a train of wise and religious reflections, and generous actions, in which personal virtue and real merit truly consist. Agesilaus, the illustrious King of Sparta, recommended justice as the queen of the virtues, and used to assert, that there could be no true courage without it.

> What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?
> Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just;
> And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
> Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Mankind in general do not sufficiently acquaint themselves with the import of the word justice. It is commonly believed to consist only in a performance of those duties to which the laws of society can oblige us. This is sometimes the import of the word, and, in this sense, justice is distinguished from equity; but there is a justice still more extensive, and which can be shown to embrace all the virtues united. The qualities of candour, fortitude, charity and generosity, for instance, are not in their nature virtues; and if ever they deserve the title it is owing only to justice, which impels and directs them. Without such a moderator, candour might become indiscretion, fortitude obstinacy, charity imprudence, and generosity mistaken profusion.

> All policy but hers is false,
> All valour, not conducted by her precepts,
> Is, as a destroying fury, sent
> To plague unhappy man, and ruin nations.

To do justice, to deal fairly, to bear good-will, to practice beneficence, to succour the afflicted, and relieve the necessitous, to esteem worthy persons and actions, to reverence God, to honour and obey our parents, are agreeable to nature, necessary for our well-being, and acceptable at the throne of grace. In our intercourse with the world, we often see, that, to infuse the spirit of benevolence, and prevail on men to regulate their actions by strict integrity, is a more difficult task than to persuade them to the performance of certain ceremonies, by which they hope to compensate for a failure in moral duties; but we should endeavour to convince ourselves, that without probity the ceremonies of religion are of little avail. An exact and scrupulous regard to the rights of others, with a deliberate purpose to preserve them on all occasions sacred and inviolate; and, from this fair and equitable temper, performing every necessary act of justice that relates to their persons or properties; being liberal to their merits, and merciful to their infirmities, making all the allowance in their favour, which their circumstances require, and a good-natured and equitable construction of particular cases will admit of; being true to our friendships, to our promises and contracts; just in our demands, and just by observing a due moderation and proportion even in our resentments, are the foundation of true fame, and will ever be attended with the gratifying sensations of having, to the utmost of our power, done our duty. The violator of the sacred laws of justice can never reflect on the sentiments, which mankind must entertain with regard to him, without feeling all the agonies of shame, horror, and consternation. The situation of the person, who suffered by his injustice, now calls upon his pity—he feels himself the object of public resentment. He dares no longer look society in the face, but imagines himself as it were rejected by the affections of all mankind. Such is the nature of that sensation properly called remorse, and which is made up of shame from

the conviction of past misconduct; of grief from its effects on those, who suffer by it; and terror of punishment from the provoked indignation of every worthy character. How different are the feelings of that man whose life is distinguished by justice, forbearance, and humanity. His mind is ever filled with cheerfulness, serenity and composure. He is in friendship and harmony with all mankind, and looks upon his fellow-creatures with confidence and benevolent satisfaction, sensible that he has rendered himself worthy of their most favourable regards. To act upon all occasions with impartiality, we must be constantly upon our guard against the prejudices of passion and self-interest, otherwise we cannot discern the limits of right and wrong. Mercy and justice are sister graces, and in a virtuous bosom cannot be separated. And as mutual defence is the natural foundation, so justice and honesty are the main pillars of society: every person who attempts to weaken or destroy them ought to be considered as a public enemy; while, on the other hand, he who labours to repair and strengthen them, deserves to be esteemed and honoured as a friend to mankind. In youth therefore it is particularly important, to inculcate the principle of justice, which, taken in its extent, comprises every other virtue. And, to govern their actions and regulate their thoughts by the laws of reason, they must keep guilt from the recesses of the heart, and remember, that steadiness is the surest foundation both of reputation and of fortune, and the first step to greatness. The care which Socrates took in regard to those who aspired at public employments, was to form their manners upon the solid principles of probity and justice; and especially to inspire them with a sincere love of their country, and with the most ardent passion for the public good. All wise and worthy men, especially those in authority, regard justice and probity, and the faith of engagements, as the most precious treasures they can possess, as an assured resource, and an infallible support, in all the events that can befall them. Justice and honesty con-

tribute very much towards all the faculties of the mind, and preserve it from the damps of grief and melancholy, which are the sure consequences of unjust actions. Dishonesty requires skill to conduct it, and great art to conceal what it is every one's interest to detect. Among the virtues of Aristides, the Athenian, that for which he was most renowned was justice; because this virtue is of most general use, its benefits extending to a greater number of persons, as it is the foundation, and, in a manner, the soul of every public office and employment. Hence it was that Aristides obtained the glorious surname of the just. How much he deserved this truly honourable title, will appear in the following instances; though it ought to be observed, that he acquired it not by one or two particular actions, but by the whole tenour of his conduct, for he was never known to wrong the laws, or do any thing that should bear even a show of perverting justice. Themistocles having conceived the design of supplanting the Lacedemonians, and of taking the government of Greece out of their hands, in order to put it into those of the Athenians, kept his eye and his thoughts continually fixed upon that great project; and as he was not very nice or scrupulous in the choice of his measures, whatever tended towards the accomplishment of the end he had in view, he looked upon as just and lawful. On a certain day, he declared in a full assembly of the people, that he had a very important design to propose; but that he could not communicate it to the people, because its success required it should be carried on with the greatest secrecy; he therefore desired they would appoint a person to whom he might explain himself upon the matter in question. Aristides was unanimously fixed upon by the whole assembly, who referred themselves intirely to his opinion of the affair; so great a confidence had they both in his probity and prudence. Themistocles, therefore, having taken him aside, told him, that the design he had conceived was to burn the fleet belonging to the rest of the

Grecian states, which then lay in a neighbouring port; as by this means, Athens would certainly become mistress of all Greece. Aristides hereupon returned to the assembly, and only declared to them, that indeed nothing could be more advantageous to the commonwealth than Themistocles' project;* but that, at the same time, nothing in the world could be more unjust. All the people unanimously ordained, that Themistocles should entirely desist from his project. I do not know whether all history can afford us a fact more worthy of admiration than this.

* To burn the Grecian fleet in time of peace.

HONOUR.

HONOUR, properly understood, is a truly christian virtue. It consists of truth, integrity, and faithfulness, and implies not only doing nothing unjust, but behaving with fidelity and kindness to all. It relates to those parts of human conduct not particularly taken notice of by the laws; and is a conscious dignity of spirit, which teaches us, not only to refrain from every thing that is mean or disgraceful; but to perform such actions as are generous and praise-worthy; to preserve inviolate the secrets, and to support the interest, and reputation, of a friend; to be strictly just; to fulfil all our equitable engagements, and to hold sacred every trust reposed in us.

> Honour, is much too proud to catch
> At ev'ry slender twig of nice distinctions:
> These for th' unfeeling vulgar may do well;
> But those, whose souls are by the nicer rule
> Of virtuous delicacy only sway'd,
> Stand at another bar than that of laws.

> Honour's the conscience of an act well done,
> Which gives us pow'r, our own desires to shun:
> The strong and secret curb of headstrong will,
> The self-reward of good, and shame of ill.

It is seated in a generous heart, flowing with a natural and easy descent into all the different traces of life, and channels of duty; refreshing, invigorating, and adorning all the faculties of the soul, the language of the tongue, the very

air of the face, and motions of the body. It displays itself in a natural unaffected greatness and firmness of mind, improved by a train of wise and religious reflections, and generous actions, in which personal virtue and real merit truly consist. The sense of honour is of so fine and delicate a nature, that it is only to be met with in minds that are truly noble, or in such as have been cultivated either by refined examples, or a virtuous education. Accordingly we find, that the most illustrious persons of antiquity thought no virtue more commendable than a strict observance of their word; looking upon it as the first foundation of justice, the bond of amity, and the chief support of society.

> On polish'd springs true men of honour move,
> Free is their service, and unbought their love:
> When danger calls, and honour leads the way,
> With joy they follow, and with pride obey.

There is nothing honourable that is not innocent, and nothing mean but what has guilt in it. He who can say to himself "I do as much good, and am as virtuous as my most earnest endeavours will allow me" — whatever be his station in the world, is in himself possessed of true honour: and although it is sometimes seen, that real merit passes silently through the world, unrewarded and unheeded, those, who promote the peace and happiness of their fellow-creatures, secure to themselves, in the approbation of their consciences, the most gratifying sensations, that can enter into the heart of man.

> His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
> His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
> His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
> His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

Honour is not confined to external forms, but is the respect of the heart. A mind superior to fear, to selfish interest

and corruption; governed by principles of rectitude and integrity; the same in prosperity and adversity; which no bribe can seduce, nor terror over-awe; neither by pleasure melted into effeminacy, nor by distress sunk into dejection; such is the mind, which forms the distinction and eminence of man. One, who in no situation of life is either ashamed or afraid of discharging his duty, and acting his proper part with firmness and constancy; true to the God whom he worships, and true to the religion in which he professes to believe; faithful to his friends, generous to his enemies, warm with compassion to the unfortunate; self-denying to little private interests and pleasures, but zealous for the public prosperity and welfare; magnanimous, without being proud; humble, without being mean; just, without being harsh; easy in his manners, and manly in his feelings; on whose word you can entirely rely; whose countenance never deceives you; whose professions of kindness are the effusions of his heart: one, in fine, whom, independently of any views of advantage, you would choose for a superior, could confide in as a friend, and love as a brother:—This is the man, whom, in your heart, you cannot but consider as best intitled to your esteem and respect. His principles operating on conscience determine him uniformly to pursue "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely; whatsoever things are of good report." It is by these means that wisdom brings us to honour.

——— That spark of the celestial fire,
That above nature makes mankind aspire,
Ennobles the rude passions of our frame,
With thirst of glory, and desire of fame,
The richest treasure of a gen'rous breast
That gives the stamp and standard of the rest.

The greater a man is in power above others, the more he ought to excel them in virtue. No government can flourish, where the morals and manners of the people are corrupted; for, as Tully observes, take but away the awe of religion, and all that fidelity and justice, so necessary to the keeping up of human society, must perish with it.

> Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
> The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
> That aids and strengthens virtue, where it meets her,
> And imitates her actions, where she is not:
> It ought not to be sported with.

It is this noble sense of honour that constitutes the glory of the greatest princes, the most illustrious heroes, vigilant magistrates, and honourable counsellors; and, in the lower degrees of social life, of indulgent fathers, merciful masters, affectionate friends, and faithful servants. In a word, he, who preserves, and executes, all the relative duties of life, is generally considered as not far from perfection. Lucilius is a man of honour, though not adorned with titles. His estate, acquired by his virtuous ancestors, and improved by himself, is sufficient to support a handsome figure, which he makes with a decent frugality; and to do a great deal of good, which he does with cheerfulness, generosity and prudence. In all his commerce with mankind, in every article of publick and private life, he exerts a peculiar dignity of behaviour, such as naturally flows from a generous heart, softened by humanity, elevated by religion, and directed by prudence; conscious of none but virtuous designs, and honourable intentions. In him you see the sincere christian, the loyal subject, the firm patriot, the indulgent husband, the tender father, the faithful friend, the merciful landlord, the compassionate master, the generous patron, the unwearied advocate for the poor, the miserable and the helpless;—in a word, the complete gentleman. He passes

through all the various scenes of life like a river flowing with blessings, conveying beauty, riches and plenty into every channel and country through which it passes. During the war between the Athenians and Lacedemonians, Brasidas the brave, who commanded the latter, laid siege to the city of Amphipolis: but, before he began the assault, he was willing to try what could be done by a fair and equitable negociation. He, accordingly, invited the inhabitants to surrender without force, and to form an alliance with his nation; urging, by way of inducement, that he had taken a solemn oath, in the presence of the proper magistrates, to leave all those in the full enjoyment of their liberties, who were willing to accept his proposal; and that he had hereby exposed himself to be stigmatized as the worst of men, should he employ an oath only to ensnare their credulity: "for a falsehood," said he, "which is recommended by a pretence of equity and moderation, reflects a greater dishonour on those who employ it, than any degree of violence; the latter being only the exertion of a power, which fortune has thrown into our hands; whereas the former proceeds from a faithless principle, which is the bane of all society." "I, therefore," continued he, "should do the greatest disservice to my country, and fix upon it an indelible disgrace, if, to procure it a slight advantage, I should ruin the fame which it now enjoys of being just and true to its promises; a fame which renders it much more powerful than all its forces united, by acquiring the general esteem and confidence of the neighbouring states." Upon such noble and equitable principles the gallant Brasidas always formed his conduct; and by this conduct, he brought over a number of their allies from the interest of the Athenians. When the great Fabricius was at the head of the Roman army against Pyrrhus, king of Epire, a stranger came to his tent, with a letter from the king's physician. The traitor offered to poison his sovereign if the Romans would promise him a reward adequate to such an

important service. Fabricius (who amidst the horrors of war preserved the most rigorous integrity, and thought himself obliged to behave with justice and honour even towards an enemy) was shocked at the proposal; and, as he had before avoided the dishonour of being conquered by the king's gold, he now considered it as equally infamous to conquer the king by poison. After a short conference with his colleague, Æmilius, he wrote, with his own hand, a letter to Pyrrhus, cautioning him against the treachery of his physician, whose letter he inclosed for that purpose. He expressed himself in the following manner. "Sir, you seem to have equally mistaken the character both of your friends and enemies; for (as you will be sufficiently convinced by the perusal of the enclosed) you have commenced open war against a people of the strictest virtue and honour, and reposed the most dangerous confidence in a wretch, who is not worthy to live. The information we thus send you results intirely from a regard to our own reputation. We were unwilling, that the manner of your death should give the world any room to reproach us; or to imagine, that we have so mean an opinion of our own bravery, as to have recourse to the treachery of your servants." When Pyrrhus had read the letter, he ordered the physician to be put to death; and as a proper acknowledgment to the generosity of Fabricius, sent back, without any ransome, all the Romans, whom he had taken prisoners.

TRUTH AND SINCERITY.

MORAL truth, called also veracity, consists in speaking things according to the persuasion of our own minds; and, in a more general sense, comprehends also faithfulness, which is a strict conformity of our actions to our words. It is the basis of every virtue, carries its own light and evidence along with it, and will not only commend us to every man's conscience, but, what is of much greater moment to us — to God, who searcheth our hearts.

" Mortals, in vain ye hope to find,
" If guilt, if fraud has stain'd your mind,
" Or saint to hear, or angel to defend."
So Truth proclaims. I hear the sacred sound
Burst from the centre of her burning throne:
Where aye she sits with star-wreath'd lustre crown'd;
A bright sun clasps her adamantine zone.
So Truth proclaims: her awful voice I hear;
With many a solemn pause it slowly meets my ear.
Attend ye sons of men! attend, and say,
Does not enough of my refulgent ray
Break through the veil of your mortality?
Know, mortals! know, ere first ye sprung,
Ere first these orbs in ether hung,
I shone amid the heavenly throng,
These eyes beheld creation's day,
This voice began the choral lay,
And taught archangels their triumphant song.
Pleas'd I survey'd bright nature's gradual birth,
Saw infant light with kindling lustre spread,
Soft vernal fragrance clothe the flow'ring earth:
And ocean heave on its extended bed;

Saw the tall pine aspiring pierce the sky;
The tawny lion stalk; the rapid eagle fly.
Last, man arose, erect in youthful grace,
Heav'n's hallow'd image stamp'd upon his face,
And, as he arose, the high behest was giv'n,
" That I alone, of all the host of heav'n,
" Should reign protectress of the godlike youth:"
Thus the Almighty spake: he spake and call'd me Truth.

Nature herself sincere and candid, intends, that mankind should preserve the same character, by cultivating fidelity and truth, and banishing every sort of dissimulation that tends to mischief. Happy beyond comparison may we consider those who are led into safe and honourable associations: for there is no conversation so delightful as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any design to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive. While falsehood entangles her votaries in contradiction, and confounds them with dismay, the love of truth invigorates the mind, and creates a fortitude, to which the opposite character is quite a stranger.

See where fair truth has made her glorious stand,
And bears the faithful mirror in her hand;
The good man's boast, and fraud's eternal foe,
The best of gifts heav'n can on man bestow,
Where she is found, bright virtue still resides,
And equal justice every action guides:
In the pure heart and spotless mind she reigns,
And with mild pow'r her happy sway maintains;
The attribute of God himself confest,
That stamps his image on the human breast.
Whate'er betides through life's dark dangerous way,
If truth directs, you cannot go astray.

——————— To man alone
Creative wisdom gave to lift his eye

To truth's eternal measures; thence to frame
The sacred laws of action and of will,
Discerning justice from unequal deeds,
And temperance from folly.
———— Amid his rural walk,
The ingenuous youth, whom solitude inspires
With purest wishes, from the pensive shade
Beholds her moving, like a virgin-muse
That wakes her lyre to some indulgent theme
Of harmony and wonder.

Hail holy truth! be thou my frequent guest;
For thou art wont my gratitude to raise,
As high as wonder can the theme suggest,
Whene'er I meditate my Maker's praise.

Incline and aid me still my life to steer,
As conscience dictates what to shun or choose,
Nor let my heart feel anxious hope or fear,
For aught this world can give me or refuse.

Let then a sacred and inviolable regard for truth reign in our whole behaviour. Let us be distinguished for fidelity to every lawful promise we have made; and for constancy in every worthy friendship we have formed. Let no weak complaisance, no undue regard to the opinions of others, ever make us betray the rights of conscience. However the world may change around us, let it find us the same in prosperity and adversity: faithful to God and virtue; faithful to the convictions of our own heart, with a steady perseverance in uprightness and honour; for, of all the qualities that adorn human nature, sincerity is the most valuable; it is the bond of union, and the foundation of happiness, it animates existence, gives a lustre to the mind, is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy dispatch of business; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and in few words brings things to an issue; it is

like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings us sooner to our journey's end than bye-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatever seeming convenience there may be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it is attended with an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that a man is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted perhaps when he means honestly — thus when he has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast; — nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood. The best security against this weakness is to acquire self-command: this may, in a great degree, be attained by a strict observance of integrity, which has many advantages over all artificial modes of dissimulation and deceit. It is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing. The Romans made themselves honoured, as much by their sincerity as any other virtue whatsoever, nothing being able to prevail with them to break their faith, or to pretend friendship or enmity where it was not real. Falsehood obscures the lustre of every accomplishment, and sinks you into contempt both with God and man. As you value therefore the approbation of heaven, or the esteem of the world, cultivate the love of truth; and in all your proceedings be direct and consistent. Ingenuousness and candour possess the most powerful charm; they bespeak universal favour; but if you unfortunately depart from sincerity, it is not in your power to stop; one artifice unavoidably leads on to another, till you are left entangled in your own snare. To set out in the world with no other principle than a crafty attention to interest, betokens one, who is destined for creeping through the inferior walks of life; but to give an early preference to honour above gain, and to despise every advantage, which cannot be attained without dishonest arts, are the indications of a great mind, the presages of future eminence and distinction in life. For however pros-

perous and triumphant vice may for a time be, it will at last sink beneath the influence of truth and justice, both of which demand, that we should acknowledge conviction as soon as we feel it, and not maintain an erroneous opinion, or justify a wrong conduct merely from the shame of confessing our past ignorance. The love of truth, and a real desire of improvement, ought to be the only motives of argumentation; and where these are sincere, no difficulty can be made of embracing the truth as soon as it is perceived: but, in fact, people often dispute from vanity and pride, which makes it a grievous mortification to allow, that they are the wiser for what they have heard from another. Socrates, who instructed youth by his lectures on the principles of moral truth, instructed them still more by the example of his life. Aristides among the Athenians, and Epaminondas among the Thebans, both of whom were greatly renowned for their integrity and valour, were men of such strict veracity, that they were never known to use a falsehood either in earnest or in jest. Cyrus also, the famous conqueror of the east, thought nothing was more unworthy of a prince, nor more capable of drawing upon him the contempt and hatred of his subjects, than deceit. And Atticus, the virtuous and accomplished friend of Cicero, held an untruth in such abhorrence, that he was never guilty of telling one himself, nor could endure the company of those who were. To shew us how incompatible true courage is with the least degree of falsehood, the invincible Achilles, the hero of the Iliad, is introduced by Homer saying these memorable words, — "I detest, as the gates of hell itself, the wretch who has the baseness to mean one thing and speak another." — If therefore a man be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of conversation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions; these with integrity will carry him through, and bear him out to the last. Among all the accounts which are given of Cato, I do not

remember one that more redounds to his honour than the following passage related by Plutarch. As an advocate was pleading the cause of his client before one of the prætors, he could only produce a single witness in a point where the law required the testimony of two persons; upon which the advocate insisted on the integrity of that person whom he had produced; but the prætor told him, that where the law required two witnesses he would not accept of one, though it were Cato himself. Such a speech from a person who sat at the head of a court of justice, while Cato was still living, shews us, more than a thousand examples, the high reputation this great man had gained among his contemporaries upon the account of his sincerity.

Truth stamps conviction on the yielding breast,
And peace and joy attend the constant guest;
Be truth your guide, disdain vain-glory's call,
And if you fall with truth, you nobly fall.

FLATTERY, FALSEHOOD, AND TREACHERY.

THE heart has no avenue so open, as that of flattery, which, like some enchantment, lays all its guards asleep. It has often, with the assistance of very few words, robbed many of their good name, and made them unhappy all the rest of their days. Flattery, when united with treachery, is generally acknowledged to be one of the most scandalous sins that can be committed between man and man: it dissolves the ties of affection and confidence, is destructive to society, and practised, only to injure and deceive; for, to an honourable and elevated mind, the dark and crooked paths of cunning, deceit, and falsehood, are unsearchable, and inconceivable. Some persons, sincere in their own natures, having no ends in view, which tempt to the practice of deceit; and being little conversant with the world at large, look into themselves for the motives which actuate others; and finding the propensity to speak truth, and the repugnance to falsehood, the most powerful principle in their constitution, they feel it as a much greater improbability, that any person should assert a wilful falsehood, than that a very extraordinary event should take place. Those, who, by falsehood, or equivocation, endeavour to excuse themselves for something, that they have said or done, and, to avoid the danger, or shame, which they apprehend from it, discover at once, fear, as well as falsehood; and increase instead of avoiding the disgrace. To have had the misfortune to be in the wrong, few are exempt from; and there is

something noble in frankly owning it. The only way of atoning for a crime is to acknowledge it, and to hope for forgiveness.'—May truth be your comfort while you live, and attend you with peace and joy in your last moments.

> ———— Cease, cease to flatter!
> 'Tis a mean, vicious habit those contract,
> Who hide the settl'd purpose of their souls
> Under its smooth and glitt'ring ornaments,
> As they disdain'd the honest company
> Of plain and native truth. ————
> To me there is no music in such praise,
> 'Tis nonsense all, the fool's delight and ruin.

Adulation is capable of producing much mischief to the best interests of society; for though it is sweet to the ear, it is bitter to the understanding, because it makes us strangers to ourselves. There is no vice, how detestable soever, but it can cloak under the appearance of virtue. An ingenious medical man being asked his opinion of flattery, humorously answered—"It is of the most grateful flavour in the world, and agrees with all tastes whatever. It is delicate to the senses, delightful in the operation, and may, without confinement, be taken at all hours. It restores, and vivifies the most dejected minds, and corrects and extracts all that is painful in the knowledge of a man's self. One dose will instantly disperse itself through the whole animal system, dissipate the first ideas of distrust, so as never to return, and will so exhilarate the brain, and rarify the gloom of reflection, as to give the patients a new flow of spirits, a vivacity of behaviour, and a pleasing dependence upon their own capacities." Of all the vices to which human nature is subject, treachery is the most infamous and detestable, being compounded of fraud, cowardice, and revenge. The greatest wrongs will not justify it; as it destroys those principles of mutual confidence and security, by which only society can subsist. The Romans, a brave

and generous people, disdained to practise it towards their declared enemies; christianity teaches us to forgive injuries; but to resent them, under the disguise of friendship, and benevolence, argues a degeneracy, at which common humanity and justice must blush. Looks, which do not correspond with the heart, cannot be assumed without labour, nor be continued without pain. Milton thus laments the fatal consequences of this hateful vice.

> A fairer person lost not heaven; he seem'd
> For dignity composed, and high exploit,
> But all was false and hollow; tho' his tongue
> Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
> The better reason, to perplex and dash
> Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low,
> To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
> Tim'rous and slothful; yet he pleas'd the ear.

Timoleon having expelled the tyrants, and restored Syracuse to its ancient liberty — his wisdom, valour, and glory, were very much extolled in his presence; but such was his modesty, moderation, and uncommon aversion to all flattery, that he made no other answer, than that he thought himself obliged to express his thankfulness to the gods, who, having decreed to restore peace and liberty to the injured, had vouchsafed to make choice of him, in preference to all others, for so honourable a ministration; for he was fully persuaded, that all human events are guided, and disposed, by the secret decrees of our divine Creator. — In order that all persons may be taught to speak truth, it is necessary that all likewise should learn to hear it; for no species of falsehood is more frequent than flattery, to which the coward is betrayed by fear, the dependent by interest, and the friend by tenderness. Those who are neither servile nor timorous, are yet desirous to bestow pleasure; and, while unjust demands of praise continue to be made, there will always be some, whom hope, fear, or kindness will dispose

to pay them. The following severe reproof is a striking lesson of the pernicious effects of flattery. As Canute the Great, King of England, was walking on the sea-shore at Southampton, accompanied by his courtiers, who offered him the grossest flattery, comparing him to the greatest heroes of antiquity, and asserting that his power was more than human, he ordered a chair to be placed on the beach, while the tide was coming in. Sitting down, with a majestic air, he thus addressed himself to the sea: "Thou sea, that art a part of my dominions, (and the land whereon I sit is mine,) no one ever broke my commands with impunity; I therefore, who am thy sovereign, charge thee to come no farther, and not to presume to wet either my feet or my robe." But the sea, rolling on as before, and, without any respect, splashing over him, he rose up suddenly, and addressing himself to his attendants, upbraided them with their ridiculous flattery; and very judiciously expatiated on the limited power of the greatest monarchs on earth. Being one day desired by some of his courtiers, who thought their own lives were in danger, not to expose his sacred person so much in an engagement, he exclaimed—"Let all those who are afraid, stand behind me." It was said by an exalted character, "That the advantages, which his enemies would gain over him, could astonish no one, for they made use of means which he had ever disdained to employ; namely, treachery and the violation of the laws of honour and of truth."—Those men, who dwell on the importance of their own courage, their sagacity, or their activity, their familiarity with the learned, or their reception among the great, are always bribed by the present pleasure of seeing themselves superior to those that surround them, and receiving the homage of silent attention and envious admiration. Experience shews, that the most rude rustic grows humane, and can flatter, as soon as he is inspired by the passion of love; he then assumes a new grace to his manners, a new dignity to his

mind, and a new visage to his person: while the accomplished master of address, who is persuasive in language, and confident in his success, triumphs perhaps over fallen innocence, with ingratitude, desertion, and every dishonourable aggravation. In an ancient fable, we are told, "That Hercules, seated where solitude and silence favoured his meditation, saw approaching two elegant females, the one called Virtue, the other Pleasure. The graceful and modest appearance of the former engaged his particular attention: the latter, apparently all health and vigour, familiarly stepping forward, thus addressed him. "My dear Hercules, you seem very much divided in your thoughts upon the way of life which you ought to choose; follow me and I will lead you into the possession of every pleasure, out of the reach of pain, and all the noise and disquiet of business: your whole employment shall be to make your life easy, and to entertain every sense with its proper gratification." The latter addressed the young hero as follows. "Before I invite you into my society and friendship, I will be open and sincere with you; be assured there is in this life nothing valuable which can be procured without pains or labour; if you would gain the favour of heaven, you must be attentive to the source, whence all good is derived; if the friendship of men be your aim, you must study to oblige them; if you would be honoured by your country, take care to promote its prosperity and to obey its laws. The life of this memorable hero is strong evidence, that he made choice of Virtue, by which and the assistance of steadiness, he avoided the delusive arts of seduction and flattery, and attained the immortality which he so earnestly sought." — See Ridley's "Choice of Hercules" in Dodsley's Miscellanies, and the same subject in Shenstone's works.

HAPPINESS.

As all the advantages of nature, and of fortune united, are insufficient to procure us, in this life, perfect and permanent happiness, we should search for it without disquiet, enjoy it without eagerness, and submit to the loss of it without repining. Every human creature, it is certain, naturally aims at happiness; but though all apply themselves with equal ardour to this desireable end, yet, in the generality of mankind, such is the violence of passion, and want of reflection, that the means they use for obtaining it, instead of conducting to the safe and direct road, serve only to mislead and bewilder them in dark and intricate labyrinths, where it is impossible for them to find what they seek for.

> No joys of sense, like conscious goodness, please,
> More bright than glory, and more soft than ease;
> 'Tis virtue, reigning in the gen'rous heart,
> Alone can true substantial bliss impart.

Happiness and misery are the name of two extremes, the utmost bounds of which we know not; but of some degrees of both, we have many lively impressions, by delight, on the one hand, and sorrow, on the other; we may therefore distinguish them by the names of pleasure and of pain. At our first entrance into the world when the imagination is active, the affections warm, and the heart a stranger to deceit, and consequently to suspicion, what delightful dreams of happiness do we form! — Whatever may be the

object, in which happiness is supposed to consist, that object is pursued with ardour. The gay and thoughtless seek for it in dissipation and amusement; the ambitious in power, fame, and honours; the affectionate in love and friendship: but how few are there, who find, in any of these objects, that perfect happiness, which they expected.

While so various our faculties, passions, and views,
How comes it so few can true happiness find?
'Tis because, man, whate'er be the cause he pursues,
Still aims, to be more, than what nature design'd.
'Tis because, with contempt, moderation, we see:
To be wise, happy, great, or good, none ever tries;
But, with ceaseless exertion, all labour to be
Too great, or too happy, too good, or too wise.

To entertain sentiments of wisdom and of virtue, and to regulate the passions, is the best method we can take to secure happiness through life. Those, who have obtained the importance of self-command, are no longer the slaves of fear, but enjoy a calm and regular temper. What can be more truly gratifying than to live in peace and harmony, to injure no man, to leave every one in the quiet possession of his own, and, in all transactions, to preserve an honest intercourse and good faith; for,

——— To be good is to be happy; angels
Are happier than men, because they're better.
Guilt is the source of sorrow; 'tis the fiend,
Th' avenging fiend that follows us behind
With whips and stings: the bless'd know none of this,
But rest in everlasting peace of mind,
And find the height of all their heav'n is goodness.

And indeed what greater happiness is there, than to be inwardly satisfied, and to be able, with just confidence, to promise ourselves the approbation and benevolence of the sovereign Lord, on whom we depend?—In order to attain

this pleasing security, we must become the impartial spectators of our own character and conduct; and endeavour to be as amiable and excellent as those, whom we think the most perfect, and whom we most love and admire. Solomon concludes his admirable discourse, the sum and substance of which, in few words, amounts to this, that man is a rational, and, consequently, an accountable creature; that his only true happiness consists in a steady course of piety and virtue, without which, it will be impossible for him to pass his days here, with that inward peace and tranquillity, which render the mind superior to the various accidents and vicissitudes of human life; so he has no reason to murmur, during this transitory state, at the seemingly unequal dispensations of Divine Providence, but rather to wait, with patience, the final result of things, which are all, by infinite wisdom, disposed for the best, when every one shall be recompensed, according to his works. He, that is firmly persuaded of the truth of this great fundamental principle of religion, will, in the most calamitous circumstances have sufficient motives to set the strictest guard on himself with respect to his duty both to God and man; and at the same time, will always have enough to support his spirits. How happy must be the situation of a rational creature, exerting all his powers for the best and noblest purposes, performing the duties of his station, and making continual advances towards the perfection of his nature. His mind will then be always impressed with sound principles; custom may give the appearance of virtue; but it is solid wisdom only that can give the reality. Hence he acquires exactness of thought, justness of action, and propriety of speech; is anabled to distinguish between truth and falsehood; and to learn, that true happiness, consists not so much in enlarging his possessions, as in contracting his desires. We are so subject to disappointments, that the world affords us nothing on which we can set up our rest, no enjoyment or possession that we

can properly call our own. Placed in circumstances we desired, and possessed of every earthly treasure, how soon some unforeseen event happens to disconcert all our schemes of happiness: either some unexpected disaster; our friends die; our health declines; or something occurs to embitter our earthly enjoyments.—But to possess, at all times, an easy and contented mind, take the following receipt. An Italian Bishop struggled through great difficulties without repining, and met with much opposition in the discharge of his episcopal function, without ever betraying the least impatience. An intimate friend of his, who highly admired those virtues, which he thought it impossible to imitate, one day asked the prelate if he could communicate the secret of being always easy?—"Yes," replied he, "I can teach you my secret, and with great facility: it consists of nothing more than making a right use of my eyes." His friend begged him to explain himself. "Most willingly," returned the bishop:—"In whatever state I am, I first look up to heaven, and I remember that my principal business here, is to get there: I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall occupy in it, when I come to be interred: I then look abroad into the world, and observe what multitudes there are, who are, in many respects, more unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all our cares must end, and how very little reason I have to repine, or to complain." The contemplation of the beauties of the universe, the cordial enjoyments of friendship, the tender delights of love, and the rational pleasures of religion are open to all; and they are all of them, when duly considered, capable of affording that real happiness which we seek. Whether a man looks abroad on the natural or the moral world, his reflections must still be attended with delight; and the sense of his own unworthiness, so far from lessening, will increase, his pleasure; while it places the forbearing kindness and indulgence of his Creator in a still more interesting point of

view. Here his mind may dwell upon the present, look back to the past, or stretch forward into futurity with equal satisfaction; and, the more he indulges contemplation, the higher will his delight arise. Such a disposition as this seems to be the most secure foundation on which the fabric of happiness can be built. The providence of God is over all his works; he ruleth and directeth with infinite wisdom; he created the world in mercy and love; he hath distinguished man with peculiar favour, and exalted his station above all creatures. He hath endowed him with reason to maintain dominion; he hath fitted him with language to improve by society; and ennobled his mind with the powers of meditation, to contemplate and adore his inimitable perfections. Let us therefore fear the Lord, all the days of our lives, and walk in the paths which he hath appointed us. Let prudence admonish us, temperance restrain, justice guide our hand, benevolence warm our hearts, and gratitude to heaven inspire us with true devotion. These will give us happiness in our present state, and conduct us to the mansion of eternal felicity.

Oh happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name:
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool, and wise.
Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair op'ning to some court's propitious shine,
Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows?—where grows it not? If vain our toil
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil.
Ask of the learn'd the way? The learn'd are blind;
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;

Some place the bliss in action, some in ease;
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these;
Some sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
Some swell'd to gods, confess ev'n virtue vain;
Or indolent; to each extreme they fall,
To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that happiness is happiness?
Take nature's path, and mad opinions leave;
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense, and common ease.
Remember, man, "the Universal Cause
Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
And makes what happiness we justly call
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a blessing individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind:
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit, rests self-satisfy'd.
Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.
Order is Heav'n's first law; and this confest,
Some are, and must be, grea'er than the rest;
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness:
But mutual wants this happiness increase;
All nature's diff'rence keeps all nature's peace.

Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heav'n breathes through every member of the whole
One common blessing as one common soul.
But fortune's gifts if each alike possest,
And each were equal, must not all contest?
If then to all men happiness was meant,
God in externals could not place content.
Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear,
While those are plac'd in hope, and these in fear:
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better, or of worse.
Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence.

True happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise: it arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self; and, in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions. It loves shade and solitude, and naturally frequents groves and fountains, fields and meadows. In short, it feels every thing it wants within itself, and receives no addition from multitudes of witnesses and spectators. On the contrary, false happiness loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applauses, which she gives herself, but from the admiration, which she raises in others, and has no existence but when she attracts the notice of the multitude.

AN INQUIRY AFTER HAPPINESS. BY MISS CARTER.

The midnight moon serenely smiles,
O'er nature's soft repose;
No low'ring cloud obscures the sky,
Nor ruffling tempest blows.

Now ev'ry passion sinks to rest,
The throbbing heart lies still;
And varying schemes of life no more
Distract the lab'ring will.

In silence hush'd, to reason's voice,
Attends each mental pow'r:
Come, dear Cecilia, and enjoy
Reflection's fav'rite hour.

Come; while the peaceful scene invites,
Let's search this ample round,
Where shall the lovely fleeting form
Of happiness be found?

Does it amidst the frolic mirth
Of gay assemblies dwell?
Or hide beneath the solemn gloom
That shades the hermit's cell?

How oft the laughing brow of joy
A sick'ning heart conceals!
And through the cloister's deep recess,
Invading sorrow steals.

In vain through beauty, fortune, wit,
The fugitive we trace;
It dwells not in the faithless smile,
That brightens Clodio's face.

Perhaps the joy to these deny'd,
The heart in friendship finds:
Ah! dear delusion, gay conceit
Of visionary minds!

Howe'er our varying notions rove,
  Yet all agree in one,
To place its being in some state,
  At distance from our own.

O blind to each indulgent aim,
  Of pow'r supremely wise,
Who fancy happiness in aught
  The hand of Heav'n denies!

Vain are alike the joys we seek,
  And vain what we possess,
Unless harmonious reason tune
  The passions into peace.

To temper'd wishes, just desires,
  Is happiness confin'd;
And, deaf to folly's call, attends
  The music of the mind.

To have an amiable companion for life, whose person, embellished with every charm that nature can bestow, or a lover desire, may prove a perpetual fund of the most exquisite, and, at the same time, innocent enjoyment; whose sensible and polished conversation will improve every moment of insipid leisure into the most enviable felicity: whose charming and affectionate sensibility will reverberate to one's bosom every ray of communicated happiness; and whose prudent advice, and endearing consolation, will disarm misfortune of its sting, and make it often, in spite of its own nature,—a blessing!

THE HAPPY FIRE-SIDE. BY DR. COTTON.

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

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
  Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbours enter here,
No intermeddling stranger near
  To spoil our heart-felt joys.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

——————— Home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends,
And dear relations mingle into bliss.

We are naturally attached, to the house we have long inhabited;—to the land we have purchased or improved;—to the trees we have planted;—or to the works of art we have selected.

AFTER AN ABSENCE.

O for the dear domestic hour
When care foregoes the peaceful mind;
When tir'd with many a painful tour,
At length my easy home I find;
At length repose the weary head,
Safe on its old acquainted bed.

GRATITUDE.

GRATITUDE is composed of truth and justice, truth in the acknowledgment of what has been received, and justice in the return of one good action for another; and when it has the Supreme Being for its object, what can be more amiable and praise-worthy. It is not like the practice of many other virtues, difficult or painful, attended with self-denial, or set about with great reluctance, but is accompanied with so much pleasure, that were there no positive command, which enjoined it, nor any recompense laid up for it hereafter, a generous mind would indulge in it for the natural gratification it affords.

When gratitude o'erflows the swelling heart,
And breathes in free and uncorrupted praise
For benefits receiv'd; propitious heav'n
Takes such acknowledgment, as fragrant incense,
And doubles all its blessings.

Then raise the song, the gen'ral anthem raise,
And swell the concert of eternal praise!
Assist ye orbs that form this boundless whole,
Which in the womb of space unnumber'd roll;
Ye planets who compose our lesser scheme,
And bend, concertive, round the solar frame;
Thou eye of nature! whose extensive ray,
With endless charms adorns the face of day;
Consenting raise th' harmonious joyful sound,
And bear his praises thro' the vast profound.

His praise, ye winds that fan the cheerful air.
Swift as ye pass along your pinions bear!
His praise let ocean thro' her realms display,
Far as her circling billows can convey!
His praise ye misty vapours wide diffuse.
In rains descending, or in milder dews;
His praises whisper, ye majestic trees,
As your tops rustle to the vocal breeze!
His praise around, ye flow'ry tribes, exhale,
Far as your sweets embalm the spicy gale!
His praise, ye dimpled streams, to earth reveal,
As pleas'd ye murmur thro' the flow'ry vale.
His praise ye feather'd choirs distinguish'd sing,
As to your notes the tuneful forests ring!
His praise proclaim, ye monsters of the deep!
Who in the vast abyss your revels keep!
Or ye fair natives of our earthly scene,
Who range the wilds, or haunt the pasture green!
Nor thou, vain lord of earth, with careless ear,
The universal hymn of worship hear!
But ardent, in the sacred chorus join,
Thy soul transported with the task divine!

Our feelings are greatly influenced by our pursuits, and by those objects, which engage our attention. The person who omits no opportunity of exercising the generous affections, either by conferring or acknowledging kindness, will overlook a thousand trifling causes of offence, which might have awakened resentment in the breast of another; while those, in whom the selfish passions prevail, will be equally insensible to numberless instances of friendship, which would have filled the hearts of others with gratitude and joy. True love is an ardent, and an active principle. When the generous affections really exist, we are fond of dwelling on the value, and enumerating the merits of our benefactor. We are moved when any thing is asserted to his disparagement; and delight to tell of his virtues.

With what pious care do we preserve any memorial of him, which we may happen to possess. How gladly do we seize any opportunity of rendering to him, or to those, who are dear to him, any good offices which, though in themselves of small intrinsic worth, may testify the sincerity of our thankfulness. The very mention of his name will cheer the heart, and light up the countenance. And if he be no more, and have left a dying request, with what punctuality and attention do we perform so sacred an obligation. Such are the genuine characters, such the natural workings of a lively gratitude. Who can read the following beautiful hymn, without feeling his heart glow with love and gratitude.

When all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise!

O! how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart?
But thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in pray'r.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face,
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord!
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise,
For, oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

Warmed with these sensations, we naturally turn with gratitude to our parents, whose unwearied endeavour, and

incessant study it has been to promote in us the attainment of true wisdom in a virtuous and religious life. Fortunate young man, who knows and feels the blessing of such a father! And happy father! whose years have been prolonged to reap the harvest of all his cares and labours, in the duty, affection and felicity of his child. His every look bespeaks the inward satisfaction of his expanded heart. The infirmities of his age sit lightly on him; he feels not the troubles of life; he smiles at the approach of death; sees himself still living and honoured in the memory and person of his other dearer self; and sinks into the grave with resignation and content. The widowed mother receives to her bosom her darling children, the devoted offspring heaven has entrusted to her care. Exerting all the valuable endowments of her heart and mind, mistress of herself and her exemplary accomplishments; duty and affection lead her children progressively to imitate all her virtues; and we now behold them rich in intellectual and moral worth, their desires regulated by superior goodness, their passions under the controul of reason, and their hearts overflowing with gratitude; while conscious rectitude adorns their amiable mother with that true dignity, which confers the proud distinction — universal praise and admiration. After a long enjoyment of peaceful comforts, let her imagine she sees these grateful children bedewing her tomb with the tears of reverence, blessing her memory, as the cause of the happiness that had marked their path in life, and as the maternal conductor to that hope which sweetens the hour of dissolution. How studious should we always be to please those near and dear relations, whom a more indulgent Providence has yet preserved to us! Let us then listen to the affectionate counsels of our best friends; treasure up their precepts; respect their riper judgment; and enjoy, with heartfelt gratitude, the advantages resulting from their society. Let us bind to our bosoms, by the most endearing ties, our brothers and

sisters; value them as our best companions; cultivate the friendship, and merit the approbation, of the wise and good; qualify ourselves by the acquisition of knowledge, and the exercise of beneficence, and we shall at once become ornaments of society, and infallibly derive from it the highest felicity, of which human nature is capable. What various beauties are comprised in the following story of Lavinia from Thomson's Seasons.

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And unperceiv'd unfolds the spreading day,
Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand,
In fair array, each by the lass he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate,
By nameless gentle offices, her toil.
At once they stoop, and swell the lusty sheaves,
While through their cheerful band the rural talk,
The rural scandal, and the rural jest.
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
And steal, unfelt, the sultry hours away.
Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks,
And, conscious, glancing oft' on every side
His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.
Be not too narrow, husbandmen! but fling
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
The liberal handful. Think, oh, grateful, think!
How good the God of harvest is to you,
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;
While these unhappy partners of your kind,
Wide-hover round you like the fowls of heaven,
And ask their humble dole. The various turns
Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want
What now, with hard reluctance, faint ye give.
The lovely young Lavinia once had friends,
And fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth:

For in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
Of every stay save Innocence and Heaven,
She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far-retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
Which Virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy Passion and low minded Pride:
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed,
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure,
As is the lily or the mountain-snow.
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground, dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers;
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods,
As in the hollow breast of Appenine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So flourish'd, blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia; till, at length, compell'd
By strong Necessity's supreme command,

With smiling patience in her looks, she went
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains
Palemon was! the generous, and the rich!
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, such as Arcadian song
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times,
When tyrant Custom had not shackled man,
But free to follow nature was the mode.
He then his fancy with autumnal scenes
Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye,
Unconscious of her power, and turning quick,
With unaffected blushes, from his gaze.
He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.
That very moment love and chaste desire
Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field:
And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd:
" What pity! that so delicate a form,
" By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
" And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
" Should be devoted to the rude embrace
" Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
" Of old Acasto's line, and to my mind
" Recalls that patron of my happy life,
" From whom my liberal fortune took its rise,
" Now to the dust gone down, his houses, lands,
" And once fair-spreading family, dissolv'd.
" 'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
" Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
" Far from those scenes which knew their better days
" His aged widow and his daughter live,
" Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
" Romantic wish! would this the daughter were!"

When, strict enquiring, from herself he found
She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful Acasto; who can speak
The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,
And through his nerves in shivering transport ran!
Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold,
And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, Gratitude, and Pity, wept at once.
Confus'd, and frightened at his sudden tears,
Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
As thus Palemon, passionate, and just,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul:
" And art thou then Acasto's dear remains?
" She, whom my restless gratitude has sought
" So long in vain? O heavens! the very same,
" The softened image of my noble friend;
" Alive his every look, his every feature,
" More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than spring!
" Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
" That nourish'd up my fortune! Say, ah where!
" In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn
" The kindest aspect of delighted heaven?
" Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair,
" Though poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
" Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years?
" O let me now into a richer soil
" Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns and show'rs
" Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;
" And of my garden be the pride and joy!
" Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits
" Acasto's daughter, his, whose open stores,
" Though vast, were little to his ampler heart,
" The father of a country, thus to pick
" The very refuse of those harvest-fields,
" Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy!
" Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
" But ill apply'd to such a rugged task;

" The fields, the master, all, my fair! are thine,
" If to the various blessings which thy house
" Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
" That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!"
Here ceas'd the youth: yet still his speaking eye
Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodness irresistible, and all
In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;
Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of setting life shone on her evening hours:
Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair;
Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.

What is grandeur? what is power?
Heavier toil, superior pain.
What the bright reward we gain?
The grateful memory of the good.
Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
The bee's collected treasures sweet,
Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
The still small voice of gratitude.

INGRATITUDE.

NO depravity of the mind has been more frequently, or justly censured than ingratitude. There is indeed sufficient reason for looking on those that can return evil for good, and repay kindness and assistance with hatred or neglect, as corrupted beyond the common degrees of wickedness; nor will he who has once been clearly detected in acts of injury to his benefactor, deserve to be numbered among social beings—he has endeavoured to destroy confidence, to intercept sympathy, and to turn every man's attention wholly on himself. The Supreme Being, ever attentive to the prayers of the unfortunate who approach him with reverence, and ever ready to protect the innocent and weak and injured, declares himself the avenger of oppression, violence, and ingratitude. There is no vice or failing of man which unprinciples humanity, like ingratitude; since he that receives a benefit or civility without being thankful, robs the benevolent man of his just reward—he perverts all the measures of religion and society, by making it dangerous to be charitable and good-natured. And although the ingratitude of the world can never deprive us of the conscious happiness of having, on all occasions, acted with a due regard and performance of every moral duty; yet more hearts pine away in secret anguish, for unkindness from those who should be their comforters, than for any other calamity in life. It is a melancholy consideration that we sometimes hear of those, who, during the earlier part of their lives, no sooner arrive at maturity, than they incon-

siderately prove ungrateful; and by wilfully and obstinately rejecting all advice, bring down the grey hairs of their parents with sorrow to the grave.

Though soft as plumage from young zephyr's wing,
His couch seems hard, and no relief can bring,
Ingratitude hath plac'd its daggers there,
No good man can deserve, no brave man bear.

What misery can be compared with the affliction which a good father must naturally feel for an ungrateful son? "No sorrow is like unto his sorrow;" disease and death itself are blessings when compared with the anguish of his heart; painful sight, to see his offspring run heedlessly on in the way of ruin, forgetful of his parent's counsel, and regardless of every self-reproach.

Blow, blow, thou winter-wind,
Thou art not so unkind,
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh,
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp,
As friend remember'd not.

I do not recollect a more interesting scene than that in the play called False Delicacy, between Colonel Rivers and his daughter on the subject of her intended elopement.

She was his care, his hope, and his delight,
Most in his thought, and ever in his sight.

Instead of meeting with her lover, she is surprised by her father, who thus addresses her:—"Theodora, little did I

imagine I should ever have cause to lament the hour of your birth, and less did I imagine, when you arrived at an age to be perfectly acquainted with your duty, you would throw every sentiment of duty off. In what, my dear, has your unhappy father been culpable? What has he done to forfeit either your esteem or affection? From the moment of your birth to this unfortunate hour, he has laboured to promote your happiness. But how has his solicitude on that account been rewarded? You now fly from those arms which have cherished you with such tenderness, when gratitude, generosity, and nature, should have twined you round my heart. Look back, infatuated child, upon my whole conduct, since your approach to maturity: have I not contracted my own enjoyments on purpose to enlarge yours, and watched your very looks to anticipate your inclinations? Have I ever shewn the least design of forcing your wishes to my own humour or caprice?" — "Dear Sir, I dare not look up." — "How then, Theodora, have I merited a treatment of this nature? You have understanding, my dear, though you want filial affection; and my arguments must have weight with your reason, however my tranquillity may be the object of your contempt. I loved you, Theodora, with the warmest degree of tenderness, and flattered myself the proofs I every day gave of that tenderness, had made my peace of mind a matter of some importance to my child. But, alas! a paltry compliment from a coxcomb undoes the whole labour of my life; and the daughter, whom I looked upon as the support of my declining years, betrays me, in the unsuspecting hour of security, and rewards, with her person, the assassin who stabs me to the heart." — "Oh, my dear father; hear me, Sir, hear me, I beseech you" — "I do not come here, Theodora, to stop your flight; your person is your own, and I scorn to detain even my daughter by force, where she is not bound to me by inclination. Since, therefore, neither duty nor discretion, a regard for my peace, nor a solicitude for

your own welfare, are able to detain you,—go to this man, who has taught you to obliterate the sentiments of nature, and gained a ready way to your heart, by expressing a contempt for your father."—"Oh, Sir!"—"One word more, Theodora, and then farewell for ever. Though you come here to throw off the affection of a child, I will not quit this place before I discharge the duty of a parent, and provide for your welfare, while you plunge me into the most poignant of all distress. I will settle on you the twenty thousand pounds I promised. That promise was indeed made, when I thought you incapable either of ingratitude or dissimulation; and when I fancied your person would be given, where there was some reasonable prospect of your happiness; but still it was a promise, and shall be faithfully discharged. Banish my name eternally from your remembrance; and, when a little time shall have removed me from a world, which your conduct has rendered insupportable, boast an additional title to your husband's regard, by having shortened the life of your miserable father—farewell!"—"What a wretched creature I am! I will follow him, and with repentant tears, solicit his forgiveness."—The following affecting lines are expressive of sincere contrition for having, by hasty and inconsiderate conduct, caused uneasiness to an indulgent parent.

Have I then no tears for thee my father?
Can I forget thy cares, from helpless years,
Thy tenderness for me? An eye still beam'd
With love? A brow that never knew a frown
Nor a harsh word thy tongue? Shall I for these
Repay thy stooping venerable age
With shame, disquiet, anguish and dishonour?
It must not be! Thou first of angels! come
Sweet filial piety! and firm my breast!

It is not a few ungrateful characters which we may chance to hear or read of, that should put us out of humour with

the world. It is for our peace to recollect, that the Great Director of this immense work of creation, is continually raising up others, who have hearts that glow with gratitude, and are in every respect so uniformly consistent, that their whole life seems devoted to making others happy. In a word, gratitude adds a grace to every acquisition of the soul, and reflects a lustre upon the whole circle of moral and intellectual qualities.

> The gen'rous, grateful, still-improving mind,
> That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
> Diffusing kind beneficence around,
> Boastless, as now descends the silent dew
> To him the long review of order'd life
> Is inward rapture, only to be felt.

COMPLACENCY.

OF all the affections of the human heart, complacency is the most grateful, and when it is inspired by the testimony of an applauding conscience, enlivened by the voice of gratitude, and enriched by the esteem of the worthy, it secures permanent satisfaction, promotes our happiness, lengthens our existence, and is generally seen in the countenance, which speaks in the most expressive language, that calm sun-shine of the soul, which is the happy attendant of virtue and goodness.

Complacency! thou gift refin'd!
To me thy aid impart;
Preserve thy empire in my mind,
And regulate my heart.

Thy presence will adorn each scene
With modest temp'rate rays,
Grant, I become like thee serene
Nor thirst for empty praise.

By thee enabl'd, hence shall gain
A conquest o'er my mind;
Defy the threat'ning frowns of pain
By innocence refin'd.

Gentleness of mind happily suppresses the native turbulence of the human heart, and is properly that part of our constitution which withholds or checks the propensity of giving pain to any fellow creature. Compassion prompts us to relieve their wants; forbearance prevents us from retaliating their injuries; meekness restrains our angry passions; candour suppresses the suggestions of malignity;

sympathy moderates censure; and charity is fraught with mercy even to the worthless; but gentleness corrects whatever is offensive in our natures and disposition; and, by a constant train of humane attentions, studies to alleviate the burthen of common misery. It is affable in its address, and mild in its demeanour; ever ready to oblige, and willing to be obliged; breathing habitual kindness to friends, courtesy to strangers, long suffering to enemies. It exercises authority with moderation, administers correction with tenderness, realizes with fidelity the expectations it had raised, and confers favours with ease and delicacy; it is unassuming in opinion, and temperate in zeal. It contends not eagerly about trifles, is slow to contradict, and still slower to blame; but uniformly prompt to allay dissension and restore peace; it neither interferes unnecessarily with the affairs, nor prys inquisitively into the secrets of others. It delights, above all things, in drying up the falling tear of the distressed and grieving heart. A conduct regulated by the agreeable qualities of gentleness, complacency, and affability, is not only pleasing in its appearance, but is useful in its effects. It promotes harmony, conciliates favour and esteem, and not only procures, but preserves, friends.

What is the blooming tincture of the skin,
To peace of mind, and harmony within?
What the bright sparkling of the finest eye,
To the soft soothing of a calm reply.

AN ODE. BY THE REV. J. ROBERTSON.

Of damask cheeks, and radiant eyes,
Let other poets tell;
Within the bosom of the fair,
Superior beauties dwell.

There all the sprightly powers of wit
In blithe assemblage play;
There every social virtue sheds
Its intellectual ray.

But as the sun's refulgent light
  Heav'n's wide expanse refines;
With sov'reign lustre through the soul,
  Celestial sweetness shines.

This mental beam dilates the heart,
  And sparkles in the face;
It harmonizes every thought,
  And heightens every grace.

One glimpse can sooth the troubled breast,
  The heaving sigh restrain;
Can make the bed of sickness please,
  And stop the sense of pain.

Its power can charm the savage heart,
  The tyrant's pity move:
To smiles convert the wildest rage,
  And melt the soul to love.

When sweetness beams upon the throne
  In majesty benign,
The awful splendors of a crown
  With milder lustre shine.

In scenes of poverty and woe,
  Where melancholy dwells,
The influence of this living ray
  The dreary gloom dispels.

Thus when the blooming spring returns
  To cheer the mournful plains,
Through earth and air, with genial warmth,
  Etherial mildness reigns.

Beneath its bright, auspicious beams,
  No boisterous passions rise;
Moroseness quits the peaceful scene,
  And baleful discord flies.

A thousand nameless beauties spring,
  A thousand virtues glow;
A smiling train of joys appear,
  And endless blessings flow.

Unbounded charity displays
  Her sympathizing charms:
And friendship's pure seraphic flame
  The generous bosom warms.

Almighty love exerts his power,
  And spreads, with secret art,
A soft sensation through the frame,
  A transport through the heart.

Nor shall the storms of age, which cloud
  Each gleam of sensual joy,
And blast the gaudy flowers of pride,
  These blest effects destroy.

When that fair form shall sink in years,
  And all those graces fly;
The beauty of thy heavenly mind
  Shall length of days defy.

As meekness commonly implies calm passions, so it naturally produces, or happily promotes, that serene manner, which is always engaging, and which, meeting a sentimental mind, refines very readily into a gracefulness of mien, more real than any that is acquired in gay assemblies, and to an observant eye much more inviting. Imagine a circle of females, where one is distinguished above the rest by a flowing yet composed affability, by a meek look, and modest carriage, in which there appears no consciousness of beauty, no study to become the object of the company, no visible attention to her dress or person, but a recollected air, and steady regard to those about her, what superior pleasure and respect will her presence necessarily inspire! Suppose her intirely silent, from a dis-

position to give place to others who may seem more desirous of talking, will not her very silence interest? But when, on finding room left her to share in the discourse, she delivers herself with that sweetness of voice which often accompanies mild affections, expressing in gentle unstudied accents such sentiments as are worthy of her character, I leave you to guess the effect on every susceptible observer. Compared with the permanent beauties of such a lovely mind, breathing modest and agreeable conversation; what is all the momentary lustre of conceit and affectation. Let me add, the grace of meekness has the soul in full possession, will be often seen beaming in the eyes with a bland sensibility, and sporting on the countenance in placid smiles, more soft than the gentle glow of a summer evening; especially when the mind is at any time exalted into livelier emotions of benignity and joy. Or let us suppose, that affliction has given to such a face a cast of solemnity and languor, it will still retain a kind of sober charm, that is inexpressibly affecting. In truth, beauty never touches the heart so deeply, as when with a sweet unreluctant surrender it seems depressed with the shock of misfortune, or domestic affliction. The following is a beautiful apostrophe to innocence.

How serenely sits Innocence, heaven born-maid,
With the precepts of angels her mind is array'd;
She guides her calm being unconscious of strife,
And smiles as the fates cut the thread of her life.
The last sighs of virtue are nature's great pride,
They turn the fell dart fraught with sorrow aside;
The pangs of mortality sink in th' ablution,
They triumph o'er death in the bright dissolution;
Tho' want's pallid arms the faint victim encloses,
Her faith in her God strews her pillow with roses;
Her spirit ascends o'er the bourn of her mind,
And leaves the base dross of existence behind.

SENSIBILITY.

A TENDER mind will teach the heart to glow
For other's good, and melt at other's woe—

while he, who is destitute of sensibility of heart, must be a stranger to those feelings, which are of the greatest importance to direct his judgment. The possession of quick sensations, as to pleasure or pain, is a temper, which disposes us to feel an interest and concern for our fellow creatures, and to take part in their joys and in their sorrows: from which amiable disposition flow numberless good offices apparently small in themselves, but of high importance to the felicity of others. What can be more gratifying to a thinking mind than the power and will to relieve the anxieties or increase the comforts of others? A hard-hearted man can be a spectator of very great distress, without feeling any emotion; a cruel temper has a malignant joy in producing or causing misery. On the other hand, many are composed of materials so exquisitely delicate, that the smallest uneasiness excites their pity. Delicacy is good sense refined, which produces an inviolable attachment to decorum and elegance of manners, with a clear discernment, and warm sensibility of whatever is pure, regular and polite; and an abhorrence of whatever is gross or impure. In short, it is the graceful and beautiful added to the just and good. Sensibility is a virtue that exalts the nature and ennobles the manners of man. How amiable the temper, that discovers it most, and the character of which it is the foundation! He views not his inferiors in the gifts of nature, or distinctions of fortune, with indifference or contempt: his generosity is the genuine effect of habit and principle, not

the impulse of vanity or pride; and none of those on whom he confers his obligations ever feel the debt of gratitude oppressive.

Celestial spring! to nature's favourites giv'n,
Fed by the dews that bathe the flow'rs of heav'n:
From the pure crystal of thy fountain flow
The tears that trickle o'er another's woe;
The silent drop that calms our own distress;
The gush of rapture at a friend's success;
Thine the soft show'rs down beauty's breast that steal,
To sooth the heart-wounds they can never heal:
Thine too the tears of ecstacy that roll,
When genius rushes on the ravish'd soul;
And thine the hallow'd flood that drowns the eye,
When warm religion lifts the thought on high.

To those who are prompted by virtuous sensibility, every act of beneficence is a pleasure. The smallest benefit they confer rises in its value on account of its carrying the affection of the giver impressed upon the gift. From true sensibility flow many good offices of high importance to mankind. And however humble our situation, we all have it in our power to impart some consolation to the unhappy.

Hail, lovely pow'r! whose bosom heaves the sigh
When fancy paints the scene of deep distress;
Whose tears spontaneous crystallize the eye,
When rigid fate denies the pow'r to bless.

Not all the sweets Arabia's gales convey
From flow'ry meads, can with that sigh compare;
Not dew drops glittering in the morning ray,
Seem ne'er so beauteous as that falling tear.

Devoid of fear, the fawns around thee play;
Emblem of peace, the dove before thee flies;
No blood-stain'd traces mark thy blameless way,
Beneath thy feet no hapless insect dies.

Come, lovely nymph! and range the mead with me,
To spring the partridge from the guileful foe,
From secret snares the struggling bird to free,
And stop the hand uprais'd to give the blow.

Or turn to nobler, greater tasks thy care,
To me thy sympathetic gifts impart;
Teach me in friendship's griefs to bear a share,
And justly boast the gen'rous feeling heart.

Teach me to sooth the helpless orphan's grief,
With timely aid the widow's woes assuage,
To misery's moving cries to yield relief,
And be the sure resource of drooping age.

So when the genial spring of life shall fade,
And sinking nature owns the dread decay,
Some soul congenial then may lend its aid,
And gild the close of life's eventful day.

It must be acknowledged, that tenderness, joined with resolution and virtue, forms a finished character; and an unaffected delicacy of sentiment adds greatly to the happiness of mankind by opening the heart, and diffusing an universal benevolence. It not only teaches us to feel for others as well as ourselves; but it frequently excludes the malignant passions, which are the sources of some of the greatest miseries in life. Those who have a tender heart have that, which may prove a great blessing to themselves and others; but to avoid extremes, it must be under the regulations of religion and reason, that it may not be rendered contemptible by weakness, or greatly hurtful to the health and happiness of its possessor. A refined sensibility, indeed may often make us wretched; yet who would exchange it for all the pleasures the grossest sensualist ever felt. It has been observed by moralists, that the sorrows and inquietudes, which embitter private life, are caused more by incidental acts of vexation, insult and oppression, than by any

of those great vices and atrocious crimes, against which nature revolts, and which therefore occur but seldom. With equal truth, it may be observed, that those reciprocal disgusts, which grow up between persons thus nearly and dearly connected, and gradually poison their happiness and embitter their existence, do not proceed so much from marked violations of decency and decorum, as from little neglects and inattentions, so often repeated, that they become constitutional habits, operating the more steadily and securely, because mostly unobserved. Misunderstandings frequently arise from want of candour. An irritable nature sees through a false medium the best intentions: how often are trifles magnified into resentments, and all the harmony and comfort removed from a happy family, for want of a little yielding, or a generous allowance of each others failings.

> For not to understand a treasure's worth
> Till time has stol'n away the slighted good,
> Is cause of half the wretchedness we feel,
> And makes the world the wilderness it is.

When the heart has received a real wound, nothing is more difficult to be healed; it will bleed afresh in every solitary moment, and in spite of all endeavours to take off our attention, it will tell us in secret, that this is not the comfort, which it wants, the sorrow will remain in full force.

AN AFFECTIONATE MOTHER WATCHING HER SLEEPING INFANT.

> Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps
> Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;
> She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
> Smiles on her slumb'ring child with pensive eyes,
> And weaves a song of melancholy joy ——
> " Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy:

No ling'ring hour of sorrow shall be thine;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine;
Bright as his manly sire, the son shall be
In form and soul; but, ah! more blest than he!
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last,
Shall sooth this aching heart for all the past —
With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.
And say, when summon'd from the world and thee,
I lay my head beneath the willow tree;
Wilt thou, sweet mourner! at my stone appear,
And sooth my parted spirit ling'ring near;
Oh, wilt thou come, at ev'ning hour, to shed
The tears of memory o'er my narrow bed;
With aching temples on thy hand reclin'd,
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love, and all my woe?"
So speaks affection, ere the infant eye
Can look regard, or brighten in reply;
But when the cherub lip hath learn'd to claim,
A mother's ear by that endearing name;
Soon as the playful innocent can prove
A tear of pity, or a smile of love,
Or cons his murm'ring task beneath her care,
Or lisps with holy look his ev'ning prayer,
Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear,
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear;
How fondly looks admiring Hope the while,
At every artless tear, and every smile!
How glows the joyous parent to descry
A guileless bosom, true to sympathy!

O'er friendless grief compassion shall awake,
And smile on innocence, for mercy's sake!

Poverty, exile, loss of fame or friends, the death of children, those dearest pledges of man's happiness, make not

equal impressions upon every temper. You will see one man undergo, with scarcely the expense of a sigh, what another, in the bitterness of his soul, would go mourning for all his life long; nay, a hasty word, or an unkind look, to an amiable disposition, will strike deeper than a sword, to the hardened and the senseless. To perceive and feel the beauty of the following poem, it is requisite to possess the sensibility that animated the genius of its author.

The rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a show'r,
That Mary to Anna convey'd;
The plentiful moisture encumber'd the flow'r,
And weigh'd down its beautiful head.
The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,
And it seem'd to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret,
On the flourishing bush where it grew.
I hastily seiz'd it, unfit as it was,
For a nosegay so dripping and drown'd,
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!
I snapp'd it! it fell to the ground.
And such I exclaim'd is the pitiless part,
Some act by the delicate mind,
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart
Already to sorrow resign'd.
This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloom'd with its owner awhile;
And the tear that is wip'd—with a little address—
May be followed perhaps with a smile.

Sensibility towards human sufferings has its source and origin in the natural and pure benevolence of the heart. To have watched over the disordered health of afflicted genius, and to lead a powerful, but oppressed spirit, by gentle encouragement, to exert itself in salutary occupation, is an office that requires a very rare union of tenderness, intelligence, and fortitude. To contemplate, and

minister to a great mind in a state, that borders on mental desolation, is like surveying, in the midst of a desert, the tottering ruins of palaces and temples, where the faculties of the spectator are almost absorbed in wonder and regret, and where every step is taken with awful apprehension. Of the following poem written by Mr. Cowper, Mr. Haley with great truth says, "I question if any language on earth can exhibit a specimen of verse more exquisitely tender."

TO MARY.

The twentieth year is well nigh past,
Since first our sky was overcast,
Ah would that this might be the last!
My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow—
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store!
For my sake restless heretofore;
Now rust disus'd, and shine no more,
My Mary!

For though thou gladly would'st fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

But well thou play'd'st the huswife's part;
And all thy threads with magic art,
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language utter'd in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright!
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign;
Yet, gently prest, press gently mine,
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov'st
That now, at every step thou mov'st
Upheld by two, yet still thou lov'st,
My Mary!

And still to love, though prest with ill;
In wint'ry age to feel no chill,
With me, is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know,
How oft the sadness that I show,
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
My Mary!

Mr. Haley being then on a visit to Mr. Cowper, says, "But the constant care which the delicate health of Mrs. Unwin required, rendered it impossible for us to be very assiduous in study; and perhaps the best of all studies was, to promote and share that most singular and most exemplary tenderness of attention, with which Mr. Cowper incessantly laboured to counteract every infirmity, bodily and mental, with which sickness and age had conspired to load this interesting guardian of his afflicted life."

Tender as the sweets of spring,
Wafted on the western gale,
When the breeze with dewy wing,
Wanders thro' the primrose vale.

Tranquil as the queen of night
To the hermit's holy dream,
While the moon with lovely light
Quivers on the rippling stream.

Cheerful as the beams of morn
Laughing on the mountain's side,
Spotless as the cygnet's form,
Heaving on the silver tide.

Who can paint the varied grace,
Charms that mock the mimic art;
Yet my Mary, these I trace
With the pencil of the heart.

This epitaph, engraved on a marble tablet, was written by a stranger in memory of Mary, widow of the Rev. Morley Unwin, and mother of the Rev. William Cawthorn Unwin, born at Ely 1724, and buried in Dereham church 1796.

Trusting in God, with all her heart and mind,
This woman prov'd magnanimously kind;
Endur'd affliction's desolating hail,
And watch'd a poet through misfortune's vale.
Her spotless dust, angelic guards, defend!
It is the dust of Unwin, Cowper's friend!
That single title, in itself is fame,
For all, who read his verse, revere her name.

POLITENESS.

POLITENESS, or courtesy, purchases, at an easy rate, the good opinion of the world, for there is a pleasing and ingenuous manner of address, which almost instantly conciliates the good will, and even the confidence of strangers. And we should remember, that none can be disciples of the graces but in the school of virtue; and that those, who wish to be lovely, must learn early to be good. Politeness, when it is the natural expression of the heart, completes the happiness of society in every situation, from the accidental meeting of strangers, to the most intimate of families and friends. It is an universal charm, which prevents numberless uneasinesses and disgusts, that so often disturb our peace; softens those which it cannot entirely prevent; adds lustre to every valuable quality; and, in some degree, will atone for many faults, and prevent their bad effects.

Hail ye sweet courtesies of life, for smooth do ye make the road of it!

Gracefulness is to the person, what good sense is to the mind, it adorns and enforces virtue and truth, and is the ornament and cement of social life: great talents may make a man respected, learning make him esteemed, but good breeding alone can make him beloved: which is most seen in acts of generosity and kindness, in an assiduous attention to please as far as is consistent with honour and integrity. There are some persons we meet with who seem so naturally easy and pleasing in their manners

and address, that every expression excites attention, and every action admiration. Their benevolence, like every other valuable quality, has its seat in the heart; and being regulated by discernment, invariably aims either at the good of society at large, or of those more immediately with whom they are connected. Where such a heart is joined with a solid and refined understanding, the natural expression of these qualities will be the essential part of true politeness; which is a very useful and necessary study; for as eminent qualities are not sufficient of themselves to secure regard and affection, so without a due attention to politeness, we cannot gain esteem, or make our talents appear to the best advantage. Let us therefore endeavour to cultivate those accomplishments, which embellish life, and that ease of manners, which sweetens society. True politeness is the unaffected result of good nature and good sense united; which is seen in an even, uniform and easy behaviour in all companies; it makes every expression graceful and every action generous; without it, no knowledge, no perfection whatsoever is seen in its best light. The scholar, without good-breeding, is a pedant; the philosopher a cynic; the soldier a brute; and every man disagreeable. As we find, therefore, that to gain the esteem of mankind, it is essentially necessary to possess learning and virtue; so is it equally necessary to be polite, in order to render us agreeable in conversation and common life. Great talents are above the generality of the world; but all are in some measure judges of civility, affability, and an agreeable address and manner, because they feel the good effects of them. Next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing. Affability and a kind concern for others should be carefully inculcated and cherished in the youthful mind, which thus prepared will be capable of the highest lustre of elegance. Its office therefore is extensive; it is not, like some other virtues, called forth only on particular emergencies; but it is

continually in action, when we are engaged in our intercourse with the world. It ought to form our address, to regulate our speech, and to diffuse itself over our whole behaviour; for the truly polite man, by all proper testimonies of respect, promotes the credit and estimation of his neighbour; because he sees, that, by this generous consideration of each other, the peace of the world is, in a great degree, preserved; he knows that these mutual attentions prevent animosities, soften the fierceness of men's manners, and dispose them to all the offices of benevolence and charity. We should consider that the world cannot see into the heart, and can therefore judge of its goodness only by visible effects. If good humour were more generally practised, the evils and troubles of life would be but comparatively few; there would be less malice, slander, and revenge; — but, at the same time, we must be careful to avoid servility, for there are persons of a sordid disposition, who, from designing, lucrative views, accommodate themselves to the opinions of others. This is an artifice which ingenuousness will ever despise; for they cannot be strictly speaking honest men, and therefore not fit for friendship, or to have any trust or confidence reposed in them. In manners, as in morals, general rules may be laid down; but it is to good sense, acting naturally upon good principles, that we are to look for estimable conduct and agreeable deportment. Benevolent nature shews itself to general acquaintance in an obliging unconstrained civility, as it does to more particular ones in distinguished acts of liberality; and is most perfect when its foundation is rooted in the heart, which leads us to a knowledge of the respect due to ourselves, and inclines us, on all occasions, to promote, by acts of kindness, the happiness and welfare of those with whom we converse. And it is generally allowed that, among the numerous advantages, which knowledge has over ignorance, and refinement over barbarity, the rules of good manners are justly considered as the greatest and

most commendable. To restrain ourselves from every thing that is really offensive, or which can give a moment's unnecessary pain to others, is praise-worthy. A well-governed temper will derive pleasure to itself, in proportion to the power it has of communicating whatever may conduce to the improvement or innocent entertainment of those we esteem; for the voice that is indulgent and tender, is always heard with pleasure. The unhappiness which sometimes reigns in families, is often entirely owing to a want of that true and sincere politeness, which should animate our whole conduct; and the attention due to virtuous and well-educated female characters, keeps up respect and affection, and gives a habit of good breeding, which prevents men from growing careless, negligent and rough. If the same laws of politeness, which govern our intercourse with strangers, were always observed in the more familiar circles of domestic life, it would prove a sovereign antidote against the frequent recurrence of discontent, by which the happiness of many worthy families is destroyed. Those, whose minds have been formed by a liberal education, will constantly recollect, that politeness often converts a graceful manner into a solid virtue; for what people admire, they endeavour to imitate. History informs us, that the Romans extended their empire no less by their courtesy than valour; for instead of treating with rudeness and indignity those whom they had vanquished, they granted them privileges which they would not have presumed to ask. And the elegance of Pliny's manners, adds force to the most interesting, at the same time that it enlivens the most common, subjects. But the polite and spirited turn of his epistles, is by no means their principal recommendation; they receive a much higher value, as they exhibit one of the most amiable and instructive characters in all antiquity. Pliny's whole life seems to have been employed in the exercise of every generous and social affection. I shall only add, that there is something which

can never be learned but in the company of the polite; for the virtues of men are catching as well as their vices; and your own observations added to these, will soon discover what it is that commands attention in one man, and makes you tired and displeased with the discourse and behaviour of another. Wisdom, valour, justice and learning, cannot keep a man in countenance that is possessed of those excellencies, if he wants that necessary art of life called good-breeding; a man endowed with great perfections without this, is like one who has his pockets full of gold, but always wants change for ordinary occasions.

> Study with care politeness, that will teach
> The modish forms of gesture and of speech;
> In vain formality, with matron-mien,
> And pertness ape her with familiar grin;
> They against nature for applauses strain,
> Distort themselves, and give all others pain:
> She moves with easy, tho' with measur'd pace,
> And shows no part of study but the grace.

When Plato banished poetry from his republic, we wonder he did not extend his severity to painting and sculpture; it is probable he did not so well know the powers of these arts, or how far their merit entitled them to his persecution. It should seem, that legislators, for the most part, divide men into two extremes; to those of a finer temper, they propose the good of society, and beauty of virtue, as sufficient motives to action: but vulgar and sordid natures are, by their leading passions, as pride, fear and hope, to be compelled into virtue. Such systems as these may produce a Spartan severity, or Roman patriotism, but never an Athenian politeness. To effect this, the softer passions, and even elegant habitudes are to be employed; these only can humanize the mind, and temper it into a sensibility of the best impressions, and most exquisite feelings. Hence spring attention, civility, the fine disguises of our own

passions, and prepossessing address to those of others; these fashion themselves into a system of politeness; society becomes amiable, as well as good, and we have at last, the best incitements to the practice of virtue, in the agreeableness of its objects.

FROM A GENTLEMAN TO HIS LADY WITH A RING, ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS WEDDING-DAY.

" Thee Mary, with this ring I wed,"—
So sixteen years ago I said,—
Behold another ring!—for what?
To wed thee o'er again.—Why not?
With that first ring I married youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence and truth;
Taste long admir'd; sense long rever'd;
And all my Mary then appear'd.
If she by merit since disclos'd,
Prove twice the treasure I suppos'd;
I plead that double merit now,
To justify a double vow.—
Here then to day, (with faith as sure,
With ardour as intense and pure,
As when amidst the rights divine
I took thy troth and plighted mine)
To thee, sweet girl, my second ring,
A token and a pledge I bring;
With this I wed, till death us part,
Thy riper virtues to my heart;
Those virtues which before untry'd
The wife has added to the bride;
The virtues, whose progressive claim,
Endearing wedlock's very name,
My soul enjoys, my song approves,
For conscience sake as well as loves.
For why?—They show me hour by hour
Honour's high thought, affection's pow'r,

Discretion's deed, sound judgment's sentence,
And teach me all things—but repentance.

The requisites necessary to complete the character of a gentleman. He must have a clear understanding, a steady judgment, and a candid disposition, together with compassion, tenderness and benevolence. He must have carefully read the most approved authors, been very often in polite company, and known much of the world and human nature. He must have a considerable degree of self-possession, fortitude, and firmness, that so he may be modest without bashfulness, complaisant without servility, cheerful and good-humoured without vulgarity and noise; in short, a true gentleman is a compound of the various qualities and accomplishments that dignify and embellish the most excellent part of mankind. And in no individual were all these requisites more conspicuous than in the accomplished Dr. Hawkesworth. Nature had endowed him with an uncommonly fine understanding, which had been improved not only by long study, but by converse with mankind. His fertile mind teemed with ideas, which he delivered in so clear, and yet concise a manner, that no one could be at a loss perfectly to comprehend his meaning, or ever tired with hearing him speak; especially as his diction was so unaffectedly pure, and his language so simply elegant, that the learned and unlearned attended with equal pleasure to that unstudied flow of eloquence, which, without seeming to look for them, always adopted those words which were most suitable to the subject, as well as most pleasing to his hearers. Dr. Hawkesworth's Adventurer will convey his name down with honour to posterity, and be esteemed as long as fine sense, adorned by elegant diction, breathing the purest sentiments of virtue, has any weight with mankind.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

FRIENDSHIP.

LIFE has no pleasure more exalted than that of friendship! It is a disinterested affection, founded on esteem, and is rendered, by virtue, sure and lasting. The divine Founder of the Christian Religion, as well by his own example, as by the spirit of his moral discourses, has not only encouraged, but consecrated friendship, of which we have many striking instances recorded in the holy scriptures. It is a sweet attraction of the mind towards the merit we esteem, or the amiable perfections we admire, producing a mutual inclination between two persons, to promote each others interest, knowledge, virtue and happiness. It has accordingly been considered in all ages, as one of the first blessings of life. The great test of its constancy and truth, is, in the hour of danger or distress. Nothing will contribute more to its permanency, than a disposition that is free, sincere, kind, and obliging. When hearts and minds thus accord, you may expect to enjoy the mutual delight, and confidence, arising from a sympathy of affections, which will strengthen each other in virtue, lessen, by dividing, each other's griefs, and, by sharing them, increase each other's joys. In the time of trouble, nothing can be more soothing to the imagination, than that we are surrounded by friends, who are affectionately desirous to bring us peace and comfort.

To counsel in distress, to lend kind aid,
To share the burden on another laid,

To ease the lab'ring thought, the anxious fear,
From bursting grief to wipe the dropping tear,
To sooth the virtuous mind by wrongs opprest,
And spring a hope in the desponding breast.

Such are the joys of true friendship. When the heart is overcharged, it seeks (as it were) by a natural impulse, to pour itself into the bosom of a friend, who from a similarity of soul, can impart the consolation for which we seek.

The soul's relief, with grief or cares opprest,
Is to disclose them to a faithful breast;
And then how lovely in a friend appear
The heart-felt sigh and sympathising tear!
Kind nature gave, in pity to mankind,
This social virtue to the human mind.

It is not the least encomium of friendship, that it is connected with every sentiment, which adorns humanity; and, while it flies from tumult and dissipation, delights in every means of cultivating the understanding and the heart. By cherishing this sweetness and dispensing this knowledge, true friends are the greatest of all benefactors; for they give what wealth cannot purchase, and what time cannot destroy. No degree of knowledge, attainable by man, is able to set him above the want of kind assistance; no one therefore should think it unnecessary to cultivate friendship with worthy amiable characters. A true friend is not merely the partner of our amusements; to be our associate in pleasure, and to cherish vanity by adulation. In doubtful emergencies he will be ever ready to counsel and assist us, to improve our heart and correct our judgment. The most difficult province in friendship is the letting a man see his faults and errors, which should, if possible, be so contrived, that he may perceive our advice is given him, not so much to please ourselves, as for his own advantage. The reproaches therefore of a friend should always be strictly

just, and not too frequent. The qualities that distinguish Horatio, and render him worthy the esteem of Hamlet, are not affluence, nor pageantry, nor gay accomplishments, nor vivacity, nor even wit, and uncommon genius, too often allied to an impetuous temper: no — he is distinguished principally by that equanimity, and independence of soul, which arise from governed, and corrected passions, from a sound and discerning judgment. The following tribute to fraternal friendship by Dr. Goldsmith, is truly worthy of a good heart and an amiable mind.

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee,
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a length'ning chain.
Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their ev'ning fire;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair:
Blest be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

Mr. Pope, speaking of his friend, whom he calls the blameless Bethell, expresses a sensible pleasure in bearing testimony to his virtue, which he says he cannot reach.

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy
Is virtue's prize.

O friendship! thou greatest blessing, that the best of Beings bestows on the best of mortals! thou fairest and

fullest image of heaven and immortality! Without thee the world is dark, and life a dream; thy voice is the language, the harmony, the mutual gratulations, of congenial and sentimental spirits: thy presence the light, the comfort, the glory of humanity. Peace and prosperity dwell with thee; health and happiness are in thy habitation: hope and joy, with a thousand nameless endearments, beam benignant wherever thou art.

Come thou, my guide, philosopher, and friend,
Conduct, improve, protect me, and defend;
Teach me like thee, low fortune to despise,
Like thee, by virtue dignified, to rise;
Thro' life's calm voyage happily to steer,
Gay, not presuming, grave, yet not severe.
Together let us view the classic page,
The sophist's moral, and the poet's rage,
Pursue the calm advice, th' inspiring flame,
Compare and know their generous end the same.

Heaven grant me such a companion, whose example is instructive, whose speech is graceful and intelligent, whose temper is cheerful, whose manners are polite, and whose sincerity consists in making me happy.

The star, whose radiant beams adorn
With vivid light the rising morn,
The season chang'd—with milder ray
Cheers the calm hour of parting day.
So Friendship, of the generous breast
The earliest, and the latest guest
In youthful prime with ardour glows,
And sweetens life's serener close.
Benignant Pow'r! in this retreat
O deign to fix thy tranquil seat;
Where rais'd above the dusky vale,
Thy fav'rites brighter suns shall hail;

And, from life's busy scenes remote,
To thee their cheerful hours devote;
Nor waste a transient thought, to know
What cares disturb the crowd below.

Early friendships are sometimes formed, which not only continue through succeeding life, but which glow to the last, with a tenderness unknown to the connections begun in cooler years. But we should ever have it fixed in our memories, that, by the character of those, whom we choose for our friends, our own is likely to be formed, and will certainly be judged of by the world. We ought, therefore, to be slow and cautious in contracting intimacy; but when a virtuous friendship is once established, we must ever consider it as a sacred engagement. In the choice of our friends, principal regard should be had to goodness of heart and fidelity. If they possess taste and genius, as companions we shall find them more agreeable and useful. To those who deserve the name of friends, we should always unbosom ourselves with the most unsuspicious confidence. It is common to talk of sincere friendship, of invincible constancy and unalienable kindness; and some examples have been seen of men, who have continued faithful to their earliest choice, and whose affections have predominated over changes of fortune and contrariety of opinion; but these instances are memorable, because they are rare. The Friendship, which is to be practised or expected, must take its rise from mutual pleasure, and end when the power of delighting each other ceases. Never, perhaps, was there a more sincere and elegant friendship than that which subsisted between Scipio and Lælius. The former was one of the greatest generals, and best men, that Rome ever produced; the other for his probity and prudence was distinguished by the surname of the wise. They were almost of the same age, and had the same inclination, benevolence of mind, taste for learning of all kinds,

principles of government, and zeal for the public good. If Scipio took place in point of military glory (though Lælius did not want the merit even of that) his friend had, perhaps, the superiority in respect of eloquence: but let us hear Lælius himself upon so interesting a subject. "As for me," says Lælius, "of all the gifts of nature or fortune, there are none, I think, comparable to the happiness of having Scipio for my friend. I found in our friendship a perfect conformity of sentiment in respect to public affairs, an inexhaustible fund of counsels and supports in private life, with a tranquillity and delight not to be expressed. I never gave Scipio the least offence to my knowledge, nor ever heard a word escape him that did not please me." Is there any thing comparable to a friendship like that which Lælius has just described? "What a consolation is it to have a second-self, to whom we have nothing secret, and into whose heart we may pour out our own with perfect security. Could we taste prosperity so sensibly, if we had no one to share in our joy with us! And what a relief is it in adversity to have a friend still more affected with it than we ourselves." What highly exalts the value of the friendship we speak of, was its not being founded upon interest, but solely upon esteem and admiration of each other's virtues

Celestial happiness, whene'er she stoops
To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
And one alone, to make her sweet amends
For absent Heav'n—the bosom of a friend;
Where heart meets heart reciprocally soft,
Each other's pillow to repose divine.

It is recorded, that no individual ever cultivated, with greater sensibility, the delights of love and friendship than Tacitus: with his amiable wife, the daughter of the great and virtuous Agricola, he lived in uninterrupted domestic happiness to a very advanced age. They might have said with the elegant and expressive Thomson,

'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws;
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind
That binds our peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all our passions into love;
Where friendship full exerts his softest pow'r;
Perfect esteem and sympathy of soul,
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence: for nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.

Perfect friendship, joined to domestic felicity, is so strikingly exhibited in this family, that it is viewing nature in her most elegant refinements, and in that point of view in which, of all others, she appears most delightful and happy. The admiration and esteem for his father-in-law are strongly apparent in the biographical detail Tacitus has given of this illustrious chief, which, for its elegance, its purity, its pathos and simplicity, it is impossible too highly to value: it may safely be pronounced one of the most beautiful and finished pieces of biography ever published. "Friendship," says he, "is not shewn by weeping for a friend, but in remembering him for ever: by cherishing his memory, we shall tread in his steps, and endeavour to supply his place, to those he has left behind, as far as it is in our power. Thus we shall cease to weep for our friend, but shall never cease to act toward him." The friendship of Pliny and Tacitus has become proverbial; alike lovers of literature and all the pleasing and polished graces of life; alike inspired with sentiments of unsullied truth and honour, they found, in each other, with little exception, a conformity of principles and opinions; and such was the delicate deference of Tacitus to his friend, that he would not engage in the composition of history until Pliny, whose abilities for the undertaking he was well acquainted with, had declined the task. Montaigne, in his Essays, speaking of his friend, Sieur Etienne de la Boetié, says, "If I compare all the rest of my life with the four years, during which I had the

delightful society of that excellent man, I should say, that all my enjoyments ceased from the day I lost him — and yet, thanks to the goodness of God, my life has been quiet and easy, exempt from severe affliction, and blest with great tranquillity of mind. There is not an action or thought which does not recall him to my imagination, and no event happens, in which I do not sigh for his advice and assistance; for as he greatly surpassed me in virtue and attainments, so did he equally in friendship. Can I then too deeply regret the loss of so admirable a friend? Of him I may say with Catullus reflecting on the loss of his brother:

Bereav'd of thee on that lamented day
When thou, my friend, wert laid with kindred clay,
Those blest delights which friendship only gave,
True to thy shade, were buried in thy grave.
No more poetic fire excites my praise,
Or strains melodious now my spirits raise;
No social converse fills my absent mind,
For thou art fled where all those tastes combin'd—
Dearer than life, all joy with thee is flown,
And sad remembrance only is my own."

A tribute to friendship.—You were lamenting the other day, my dear Alexis, the loss of a beautiful tree, cut down in its prime, and when crowned with all its leafy honours. I am now mourning, continued Euphronius, a more distressful and untimely stroke, which has severed from me Philander, the counsellor of my youth, and the friend and companion of my riper years. He possessed a solid judgment, and enlarged understanding; and, what is rarely found united with them, a lively imagination, a quick conception, and refined taste. His knowledge was rather general and extensive than profound; but his ideas were so well arranged, that he had them always at command, and could converse on every subject with ease, propriety, and masterly skill. His sermons were truly Christian, nervous

and pathetic; his delivery was manly, animated and affecting. Strongly impressed himself with the divine truths of religion, and the sacred obligations of morality, he enforced them on the minds of his audience with an energy irresistibly persuasive. An assemblage of virtues constituted his moral character. His heart was tenderness and humanity itself; his friendship warm, steady and disinterested; his benevolence universal; and his integrity inviolate. Nor were these the untried virtues of retirement; for he was early engaged in the active scenes of life, and assaulted with difficulties, which required the utmost fortitude to surmount. His exterior accomplishments added charms to virtue, and made his goodness shine with the brightest lustre. Let us venerate the memory, and copy the amiable and honourable character I have endeavoured to describe. The following instance of fidelity in friendship, is related by Mr. Brooke.—When Damon was sentenced, by Dionysius of Syracuse, to die on a certain day, he prayed permission, in the interim, to retire to his own country, to set the affairs of his disconsolate family in order. This the tyrant intended most peremptorily to refuse, by granting it, as he conceived, on the impossible conditions, of his procuring some one to remain as hostage for his return, under equal forfeiture of life. Pythias heard the condition, and did not wait for an application on the part of Damon; he instantly offered himself to durance in the place of his friend, and Damon was accordingly set at liberty. The king and all his courtiers were astonished at this action, as they could not account for it on any allowed principles. Self-interest, in their judgment, was the sole mover of human affairs; they looked on virtue, friendship, benevolence, love of country, and the like, as terms invented by the wise to impose upon the weak. They therefore imputed this act of Pythias to the extravagance of his folly, to the defect of head merely, and in no wise to any virtue or good quality of heart. When the day of the destined execution

drew near, the tyrant had the curiosity to visit Pythias in his dungeon: having reproached him for the romantic stupidity of his conduct, and rallied him some time on his madness in presuming that Damon, by his return, would prove as great a fool as himself; "My lord," said Pythias, with a firm voice and noble aspect, "I would it were possible, that I might suffer a thousand deaths, rather than my friend should fail in any article of his honour. He cannot fail therein, my lord. I am as confident of his virtue as I am of my own existence; but I pray, I beseech the gods to preserve the life and integrity of my Damon together. Oppose him, ye winds! prevent the eagerness and impatience of his honourable endeavours! and suffer him not to arrive till, by my death, I have redeemed a life a thousand times of more consequence, more estimation, than my own, more estimable to his lovely wife, to his precious little innocents, to his friends, to his country!— O, leave me not to die the worst of deaths in my Damon!" Dionysius was confounded and awed by the dignity of these sentiments, and by the manner (still more sentimental) in which they were uttered; he felt his heart struck by a slight sense of invading truth; but it served rather to perplex than to undeceive him. He hesitated, he would have spoken, but he looked down and retired in silence. The fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought forth, and walked, amidst the guard, with a serious but satisfied air, to the place of execution.—Dionysius was already there; he was exalted on a moving throne that was drawn by six white horses, and sat pensive and attentive to the demeanour of the prisoner. Pythias came, he vaulted lightly on the scaffold, and beholding, for some time, the apparatus of his death, he turned, with a pleasant countenance, and addressed the assembly. "My prayers are heard," he cried, "the gods are propitious! you know, my friends, that the winds have been contrary until yesterday. Damon could not come, he could not conquer im-

possibilities; he will be here to-morrow, and the blood, which is shed to-day, shall have ransomed the life of my friend. O, could I erase from your bosoms every doubt, or mean suspicion of the honour of the man for whom I am about to suffer, I should go to my death even as I would to my bridal—be it sufficient, in the mean time, that my friend will be found noble, that his truth is unimpeachable, that he will speedily prove it, that he is now on the way, hurrying on, accusing himself, the adverse elements, and the gods; but I haste to prevent his speed—executioner, to your office."—As he pronounced the last words, a buzz began to arise among the remotest of the people A distant voice was heard, the croud caught the words—and stop—stop the execution! was repeated by the whole assembly. A man came full speed—the throng gave way to his approach; he was mounted on a steed of foam; in an instant he was off his horse, on the scaffold; and held Pythias, straitly embraced. "You are safe," he cried, "you are safe, my friend, my beloved; the gods be praised, you are safe! I now have nothing but death to suffer, and I am delivered from the anguish of those reproaches, which I gave myself, for having endangered a life so much dearer than my own. Pale, cold, and half-speechless in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied in broken accents, "fatal haste! cruel impatience! what envious powers have wrought impossibilities in your favour?—but I will not be wholly disappointed—since I cannot die to save, I will not survive you." Dionysius heard, beheld, and considered all with astonishment—his heart was touched, and his eyes were opened;—he could no longer refuse his assent to truths so incontestably proved by facts. Descending from the throne he mounted the scaffold, "Live! live! ye incomparable pair!" he exclaimed. "Ye have borne unquestionable testimony to the existence of virtue; that virtue equally evinces the certainty of the existence of a God to reward it—live happy, live renowned! O, form

me by your precepts, as ye have invited me by your example, to be worthy of the participation of so sacred a friendship."

SONNET TO FRIENDSHIP.

O, thou! whose name too often is profan'd,
Whose charms celestial few have hearts to feel.
Unknown to folly—and by pride disdain'd,
To thy soft solace may my sorrows steal!
Like the fair moon, thy mild and genuine ray
Thro' life's long evening shall unclouded last;
While pleasure's frail attachments fleet away
As fades the rainbow from the northern blast!
'Tis thine, O nymph! with balmy hands to bind,
The wounds, receiv'd in dire misfortune's storm,
And blunt severe affliction's sharpest dart!
'Tis thy pure spirit warms my Anna's mind,
Beams thro' the pensive softness of her form,
And holds its altar—on her spotless heart.

TO A FRIEND WITH A PRESENT OF A WALKING-STICK.

Go, slender token of my great regard,
Nor doubt acceptance from the gentle bard,
With happy omens on his steps attend,
And bear him all the wishes of his friend.
Go—and when kindly honour'd by his hand,
Be thine the virtues of the magic wand:
Eager to serve, the young desires supply,
And catch th' idea kindling in his eye.
Oft as he lightly lifts thee from the ground,
Let pleasures, wealth, and honours rise around,
Let love, let friendship grace the blissful scene,
Nor danger, care, nor sorrow intervene:
Be this thy task for him—for me remains
A business worthy of thy noblest pains.
Whene'er his friendly touch shall greet thy head,
Through ev'ry vein thy potent influence shed;
With fancy's pencil tinge each vital part,
And form the donor's image on his heart.

CONVERSATION.

FRIENDLY discourse, sweet antidote of care!
Divine invention! to disclose the mind,
And sound conversive life among mankind:
In this, the rise of ev'ry art was laid,
As thoughts combining, lent their mutual aid;
Depriv'd of speech, our best refinements fall,
And, wanting that, we must have wanted all,
Man would have gaz'd on man, with mute surprise,
And faintly shown a meaning in his eyes:
Our noblest faculties had dormant lain,
And nature's vast munificence been vain!

Conversation, which has been represented by moral writers as one of the noblest privileges of reason, as well as the peculiar happiness of man, should always be such, that therein youth may find improvement, the aged respect, and all men civility. We sometimes meet with persons, who, by their superior knowledge, and graceful manner of expressing themselves, are so exactly formed to please, that we all wish to imitate them. Such men being perfect masters of language, know the force and propriety of words, and the beauty and energy of an accomplished address. We naturally endear ourselves to those, to whom we impart any kind of pleasure; because we imagine their affection and esteem secured to us by the benefits which they receive in a rational intercourse. The conversation of two friends renders their happiness and their misfortunes common; it augments their pleasures, and lessens

their afflictions. Nothing alleviates grief so much, as the liberty of complaining; nothing makes a person more sensible of joy, than the delight of expressing it. The heartfelt satisfaction from the taste of pleasures in the society of one we love, is thus admirably described by Milton.

> With thee conversing, I forget all time;
> All seasons, and their change, all please alike:
> Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
> With charm of earliest birds: pleasant the sun,
> When first in this delightful land he spreads
> His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flow'r,
> Glist'ning with dew: fragrant the fertile earth
> After soft show'rs, and sweet the coming on
> Of grateful ev'ning mild: then, silent night,
> With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
> And these the gems of heav'n, her starry train.
> But neither breath of morn when she ascends,
> With charm of earliest birds: nor rising sun
> In this delightful land: nor herb, fruit, flow'r,
> Glist'ning with dew; nor fragrance after show'rs;
> Nor grateful ev'ning mild: nor silent night,
> With this her solemn bird: nor walk by moon:
> Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.

To please in conversation, depends on two points; one, expressing agreeable ideas with ease and elegance, the other, in attending, with politeness, to the person with whom you converse; for it is to the virtue and errors of our conversation and ordinary deportment, that we owe both our enemies and our friends, our good or bad character abroad, our domestic peace and troubles, and, in a high degree, the improvement or depravation of our minds. Can there be a more affecting pleasure, and one more worthy of a wise and virtuous man, than that which results from the conversation of the learned? It warms us beyond

precept, into emulation, polishes our sentiments, refines our manners, and draws out into action every kindred disposition of the heart. To be blest with talents is the lot of many; properly to exert them the gift of few; it is therefore one of the highest gratifications, a discerning mind can enjoy, to converse with those who are, eminently distinguished for mental and personal accomplishments. Rectitude of understanding is, indeed, the most useful, as well as the most noble, of human endowments; as it is the sovereign guide and director in every branch of civil and social intercourse. On whatever occasion this enlightening faculty is exerted, it is always sure to act with distinguished eminence; as its chief and peculiar province seems to lie in the commerce of the world. Accordingly we may observe, that those who have conversed more with men than with books, whose wisdom is derived rather from experience than contemplation, generally possess this happy talent with superior perfection. Plutarch acquaints us, that Alexander, very early in life, loved to converse with learned men, to improve himself in knowledge, and to study. These are the truest sources of a monarch's happiness, as they enable him to secure himself from numberless difficulties, to govern his subjects with wisdom, and to protect them with justice and humanity. He found, by experience, that conversation with persons of fine sense instructed him by way of amusement, and taught him numberless curious and useful things, without costing him the least trouble. Knowledge of the world is beyond the power of the world to bestow. It is only to be acquired in a free and open commerce with men of experience, genius, and cultivated abilities; it gives the true value to life, and embellishment to sense; for, of all associations, there are none so firm and noble, as when virtuous persons are linked together by a correspondence of manners and freedom of conversation. The first ingredient of which is truth, the next good sense, the third good humour, and the fourth

wit. These render the attainments of the scholar conducive to the purposes of honourable intercourse. At the same time, we should always bear in mind, that no part of conversation is more extensively useful than the narrative; because this does not carry an air of superiority over the rest of the company, and is, therefore, most likely to please: for this purpose we should store our memory with short anecdotes and entertaining pieces of history. After the exercises, which the health of the body requires, and which have themselves a natural tendency to actuate and invigorate the mind, the most eligible amusement of a rational being seems to be that interchange of thoughts, which is practised in free and easy conversation, where suspicion is banished by experience, and emulation by benevolence; where every man speaks with no other restraint than unwillingness to offend, and hears with no other disposition than desire to be pleased. A man, who aims only at one of these, is always easy in his discourse. He is never out of humour at being interrupted; because he considers that those, who hear him, are the best judges, whether what he was saying could either divert or inform them. There is a silly pleasure some people take, in what they call speaking their minds. A man of this disposition will say a rude thing for the mere pleasure of saying it; when an opposite behaviour, full as innocent, might have preserved his friend, or made his fortune. We should likewise avoid an argumentative and captious turn, which many people are too apt to indulge. When your opinion differs from others, maintain it only with modesty, calmness and gentleness; for if the best friends in the world dispute with eagerness, even upon the most trifling subject imaginable, they will, for the time, find a momentary alienation from each other. Disputes, upon any subject, are a sort of trial of the temper and understanding, and must end in the mortification of one or other of the disputants. On the other hand, I am far from meaning, that you should give

an universal assent to all that you hear said in company; such an assent would be mean, and, in some cases, criminal; but blame with indulgence, and correct with candour. The ordinary commerce of the world consists in a circulation of frivolous intercourse, in which the heart has no concern. It is generally insipid, and often soured by the slightest difference in humour or opposition of interest. Even among the best disposed, dissentions will too often arise. Archbishop Tillotson, expressed himself thus severely on the want of sincerity in conversation. — "Among too many other instances of the great corruption and degeneracy of the age wherein we live, the general want of sincerity in conversation is not the least. The world is grown so full of dissimulation and compliment, that men's words are hardly any signification of their thoughts; and if any man measure his words by his heart, and speak as he thinks, and do not express more kindness to every man than men usually have for each other, he can hardly escape the censure of want of breeding. The old English plainness and sincerity, that generous integrity of nature, and honesty of disposition, which always argues true goodness of mind, and is accompanied with undaunted courage and resolution, is in a great measure lost among us. The dialect of conversation is now so inflated with vanity and compliment, that we frequently hear the most solemn expressions of respect and kindness pass between men on almost no occasion — how great honour and esteem they will declare for one whom, perhaps, they never saw before; and how intirely they are all on a sudden devoted to his service and interest, for no reason; how infinitely obliged to him, for no benefit; and how extremely concerned for him, and afflicted too, for no cause." One great abuse of conversation has visibly arisen from our mistaking its end, which, by a friendly communication of sentiment, is mutual entertainment and instruction. It is seriously to be wished, that the end were pursued; and that every one,

from his own particular discoveries, would contribute with freedom, sincerity and good manners to the general improvement. On the contrary, we are apt to consider society in no other light, than as it gives us an opportunity of displaying our wit, our eloquence, or any other real or imaginary accomplishment. It is our intention to procure admiration from it — not improvement; to dazzle our companions with our own brightness, rather than to receive light by reflection from them.

With brightest models plac'd before our view,
Let's learn to copy each proportion true,
Explore what conversation can produce,
For moral happiness and social use.
In life's gay spring 'tis that perpetual school,
Which moulds the manners, free from rigid rule,
Gives flow of speech, and readiness to scan
The various habitudes of active man.
Shielded by this, we better learn to shun
Those baser lengths which youthful passions run.
In later age, when passions milder flow,
And our chief pride is rais'd on what we know,
Still conversation keeps its settled throne,
Its power of pleasing still is all our own;
Disperse the gloomy, aid the cheerful hour,
Obtain respect, and confidence and pow'r.
And when, approaching to its awful close,
Life seeks its chiefest pleasure in repose,
This social charm shall gild our setting day,
Inspire fresh hopes, and brighter views display;
Hopes which foretaste, confirm'd by pious trust,
The sacred conversation of the just.
Where man, "made perfect," feels celestial fires,
Glows in discourse, or hymns in heavenly choirs,
Where, blest communion! every joy is thine,
Eternal truth—and harmony divine.

MEMORY.

HAIL, memory, hail!—in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumber'd treasures shine!

Memory is that wonderful faculty of the mind, which, by the exercise of thought, can bring to recollection transactions long since past, as well as retain things recently heard, seen or read. The memory of some men is retentive even to a miracle; but it is in a calm, and well-regulated mind, that, generally speaking, it is found the strongest. In proportion to the vigour and extent of this retaining faculty, and to the number and variety of images, with which observation, study, and experience, have enriched it, will the powers of association be multiplied, and their operations varied and extended. Memory may exist without imagination; but imagination can never act without the aid of memory. In order to assist, and improve this faculty, every kind of intemperance and excess must be carefully avoided; for nothing increases more by use, or suffers more by neglect. When the mind is much interested, there is no want of memory; which is a strong evidence it may be assisted by method; and it has been observed, that reflection upon what we have seen, heard, read and thought, will insure us success.

From thee, sweet Hope, her airy colouring draws;
And fancy's flights are subject to thy laws.
From thee, that bosom-spring of rapture flows,
Which only virtue, tranquil virtue knows.

To forget, or to remember, at pleasure, are equally beyond the power of man; yet, next to that of reason, human nature is not endowed with a more choice and necessary faculty than memory.

Best gift that heav'ns indulgence could bestow!
To thee our surest happiness we owe;
Thou all the flying pleasures dost restore,
Which, but for thee, blest memory! were no more.
Thou only to the guilty art severe,
Who the review of their past actions fear
But to the innocent and virtuous mind,
Art still propitious, smiling still and kind.

There is peculiar beauty in Mr. Pope's representing the beams of a warm imagination, melting away the soft figures of memory.

Thus, in the soul, while memory prevails,
The solid pow'rs of understanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's soft figures melt away.—
One science only will one genius fit;
So vast is art, so narrow human wit.

It has been observed by many judicious and experienced writers, and, among them, by the inimitable Mr. Locke, that sensible men have not always the best memories; and this probably arises from their accustoming themselves to reflect properly on what they read; by which means they increase their wisdom and knowledge, rather than improve their memories. This is very encouraging to those, who complain of the want of memory, not to neglect the best means in their power of cultivating their understandings; at the same time, he recommends it to us not to suffer a day to pass without selecting some beautiful sentiments from our best authors. Cicero says, "It is the treasure of the sciences."—And Gassendi, the celebrated philosopher,

observed, "that it is with the memory as with all other habits—If you wish to strengthen it, or prevent it from being enfeebled, exercise it continually; and, in very early life, get as many popular orations, and approved verses by heart as you can: they amuse the mind, and keep it in a constant degree of elevation that inspires dignity and grandeur of sentiment." The necessity of memory to the acquisition of knowledge is inevitably felt and universally allowed, so that scarcely any other of the mental faculties is commonly considered as necessary to a student: he that admires the proficiency of another, always attributes it to the happiness of his memory; and he that laments his own defects, concludes with a wish that his memory were better. It is evident, that, when the power of retention is weak, all attempts at eminence of knowledge must be vain; and as few are willing to be doomed to perpetual ignorance, I may, perhaps, afford consolation to some that have fallen too easily into despondence, by observing, that such weakness is, in my opinion, very rare, and that few have reason to complain of nature as unkindly sparing of the gifts of memory. In the common business of life, we find the memory of one like that of another, and honestly impute omissions not to involuntary forgetfulness, but culpable inattention: but in literary inquiries, failure is imputed rather to want of memory than of diligence. What is read with delight is commonly retained, because pleasure always secures attention; but the books which are consulted by occasional necessity, and perused with impatience, seldom leave any traces on the mind. These remarks are sufficient to shew the necessity of exercising daily this mental faculty, and consequently the gratitude we owe to those who, in our infant years, endeavour to improve it.

Guides of my life! instructors of my youth!
Who first unveil'd the hallow'd form of truth;
Whose every word enlighten'd and endear'd;
In age belov'd, in gratitude rever'd;

In mem'ry's silent register ye live,
Nor ask the vain memorial art can give.

O thou, to grateful mem'ry ever dear!
Whom fond affection still delights to name!
Whom still my heart exults to call—"my friend!"
In fancy now be present. Oft with thee
In many a lonely walk and silent shade
My soul holds converse!—Oft recalls the hours
When pleas'd attention hung upon thy voice,
While the pure dictates of celestial truth
In friendship's gentlest accents charm'd my ear,
And sooth'd each anxious thought, and shew'd the way
Which leads to present peace and future bliss.
Though now far distant, yet in thought be near,
And share with me reflection's sacred hour.
And oh! to thee may each revolving year
Its choicest blessings bring!—May heav'nly peace,
To every thoughtless mind unknown—pursu'd
In vain through scenes of visionary good—
That peace which dwells with piety alone,
Still on thy steps through every stage attend!
And purest joy from virtue's sacred source,
Blest in the thought of many a well-spent day,
Blest in the prospect of unbounded bliss,
Cheer ev'ry hour, and triumph in the last!

Social converse with intelligent people, cheerful reflection on beneficent actions, and the pleasing retrospect of a life well-spent, are the comforts of old age: happy in the enjoyment of his family, and of those friends that love and revere him, the venerable parent feels it his greatest delight to entertain them with a narrative of past achievements, when his heart was warm with virtue, animated by the pursuit of its attendant pleasures, and ardent for the acquisition of honourable fame. The various scenes and adventures of days that will return no more, afford an inexhaustible fund of gratifications, to be felt by those only who are blessed with memory. Se-

cure in the tranquillity of a good conscience, he enjoys a rational existence, and waits his dissolution with cheerfulness and hope.

Oft has the aged tenant of the vale
Lean'd on his staff to lengthen out the tale;
Oft have his lips the grateful tribute breath'd,
From sire to son, with pious zeal bequeath'd.

Mr. Rogers, in his Pleasures of Memory, introduces the following beautiful lines.

AN INVOCATION TO THE SPIRIT OF HIS DEPARTED BROTHER.

Oh thou! with whom my heart was wont to share
From reason's dawn each pleasure and each care;
With whom, alas! I fondly hop'd to know
The humble walks of happiness below:
If thy blest nature now unites above
An angel's pity with a brother's love,
Still o'er my life preserve thy mild controul,
Correct my views, and elevate my soul;
Grant me thy peace and purity of mind;
Devout yet cheerful, active yet resign'd;
Grant me, like thee, whose heart knew no disguise,
Whose blameless wishes never aim'd to rise,
To meet the changes time and chance present,
With modest dignity and calm content.
When thy last breath, ere nature sunk to rest,
Thy meek submission to thy God express'd;
When thy last look, ere thought and feeling fled,
A mingled gleam of hope and triumph shed;
What to thy soul its glad assurance gave,
Its hope in death, its triumph o'er the grave!
The sweet remembrance of unblemish'd youth,
The inspiring voice of innocence and truth!

To a susceptible mind, it is one of the melancholy pleasures of the decline of life, to recollect the kindnesses of those departed friends, whose attentions we can experience no more; but in these serious moments how relieving is the thought, that the separation is only temporary and not eternal! — that there is a time to come of re-union with those with whom our happiest days on earth were spent; whose joys and sorrows once were ours.

> The friends of reason, and the guides of youth,
> Whose language breath'd the eloquence of truth;
> Whose life beyond perceptive wisdom, taught
> The great in conduct, and the pure in thought;
> These still exist, by thee* to fame consign'd,
> Still speak and act, the models of mankind.

Pliny says, that Cyrus knew by name every soldier in his army. Carneades too, when required, would repeat any volume found in his library as readily as if he were reading. And Dr. Wallis tells us, that without the assistance of pen and ink, or any thing equivalent, he was able, in the dark, by mere force of memory, to perform arithmetical operations to almost any extent.

* Memory.

HUMANITY.

NEXT to the veneration of the Supreme Being, the love of human-kind seems to be the most promising source of gratification. Nor can there be a more glorious object in creation, than to see a man replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he may render himself most acceptable to his Creator, by doing most good to his creatures. To feel for others, is a quality generally claimed by all, and which certainly, in some degree, seems to be implanted in our nature. Insensible indeed, must they be, or something worse, who can see others happy, without being pleased; or miserable, without sympathising in their sufferings, and wishing to relieve them. Youth is the proper season for cultivating the benevolent and humane affections; for as a great part of our happiness is to depend on the connections which we form with others, it is of high importance, that we acquire betimes the temper and the manners, which will render such connections comfortable. Let a sense of justice then be the foundation of all your social qualities. Engrave on your mind that sacred rule, of "doing in all things to others, according as you wish that, in like circumstances, they should do to you." Remember how unknown to you are the vicissitudes of the world; and how often they, on whom ignorant and conceited young men once looked down with contempt, have in a few years risen above them. Let not therefore ease and indulgence contract your affections, and wrap you up too much in self-enjoyment. Accustom yourself to think of the distresses of human life; of the solitary cottage, the

dying parent, and the weeping orphan. Never, as you value your own happy reflections, sport with pain and distress; nor treat even the meanest person with cruelty; for graceful in youth is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. There is something in our nature, which engages us to take part in the accidents to which man is subject, from what cause soever it may have happened; but in such calamities as a man has fallen into through mere misfortune, to be charged upon no fault or indiscretion of himself, there is something then so truly interesting, that at the first sight we feel a sudden impulse of generosity and tenderness of nature, which disposes us to compassion; we suffer with the unfortunate, and are happy in possessing the power of administering relief and consolation. To benevolent minds, it seems impossible for man to look upon misery, without finding himself in some measure attached to the interest of those who suffer. And yet we meet with some tempers, formed either of such impenetrable matter, or wrought up by habitual selfishness to such an utter insensibility of what becomes of the lives and fortunes of their fellow-creatures, as if they were not partakers of the same nature, or had no lot or connection with the species. How often do you behold a sordid wretch, whose heart is open to no man's affliction, taking shelter behind an appearance of piety, and putting on the garb of religion which none but the merciful and compassionate have a title to wear. Take notice with what sanctity he goes to the end of his days, in the same selfish track in which he at first set out,—turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, but plodding on, poring all his life long upon the ground, as if afraid to look up, lest peradventure he should see aught, which might turn him one moment out of that straight line where interest is carrying him; or if, by chance, he stumble on a helpless object of distress, which threatens him with such a disaster—devoutly passes by on the other

side; unwilling to trust himself to the impressions of nature, or hazard the inconveniences into which, on the occasion, pity might lead him. The heart, that is merely selfish, does not understand the language of benevolence; and it was the hasty and intemperate gaiety of thoughtless youth, that induced the inimitable Thomson thus to address them.

Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;
Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death
And all the sad variety of pain!
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
By shameful variance betwixt man and man.
How many pine in want, and dungeon gloom,
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty. How many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse;
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furnish matter for the tragic muse.
Even in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,
With friendship, peace, and contemplation joined,
How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop
With deep retir'd distress. How many stand
Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
And point the parting anguish. Thought fond man
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
That one incessant struggle render life,

One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would stand appall'd
And heedless rambling impulse learn to think;
The conscious heart of charity would warm,
And her wide wish benevolence dilate;
The social tear would rise, the social sigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss
Refining still, the social passions work.

Suffer your mind for a few serious moments to contemplate the following interesting scene, as related by the sacred historian. "When Jesus came nigh to the gate of the city, behold! there was a dead man carried out,—the only son of his mother,—and she was a widow"—What a beautiful gradation is here! every fresh circumstance is an additional aggravation of the calamity: till, at length, the picture is worked up into the most finished and inconsolable distress.—He was a young man; cut off in the flower of life, amidst a thousand gay expectations, and smiling hopes. He was an only son; the afflicted mother's all. Left entirely desolate; abandoned to her woes, without any to share her sorrows, or comfort her under her misfortunes.

"Weep not,—thy son liveth."

It was in humble imitation of this divine example, that the benevolent Dr. Hawes instituted the Humane Society; which has already secured to him the gratitude of thousands.

'Twill be the comfort of your latter days,
In sickness, and in sorrow, it will cheer you,
To think you have protected the unhappy.

One moment's reflection on the great number of lives, which, by this exalted charity, have been saved to their families, and their country, cannot fail to make the following serious appeal acceptable to the feeling heart.

—— 'Tis thine, when vital breath seems fled
To seek the awful confines of the dead.
Beneath the billow though the victim lies,
Thy dauntless zeal the roaring main defies.
Inspir'd by Him, whose hallow'd touch restor'd
The darling son the widow's soul deplor'd,—
'Twas thine her breast to ease of dire alarms
And give the youth to her despairing arms.
Hark! as those lips once more begin to move
What sounds ascend of gratitude and love!
Now with the great Redeemer's praise they glow.
Then bless the agents of his pow'r below.
And oh! far sweeter than the breathing spring,
Fairer than paradise the wreaths they bring!
The blissful homage rescu'd friends impart!
Th' enraptur'd incense of a parent's heart,
O'er-aw'd, and wond'ring at themselves they see
The magic pow'r of soft humanity!

Most fervently will every good heart join in the following prayer, composed for the anniversary of this humane institution. "O God of power and mercy! in whose hands are the issues of life and death; bless with thy divine influence the glorious cause, which has this day assembled us before thee! prosper an institution, of which thou thyself hast inspired the first principles. Shower thy choicest blessings, and shed the brighest beams of thy countenance on the directors and supporters of this society. Preserve their lives, which are directed to the gracious means of extending thy dominion upon earth! Multiply their comforts, and let them feel no sorrows, but those of sympathy! Kindle the vivifying flame of charity in the heart, that it may glow with the warmest zeal in promoting these purposes of beneficence. May the patrons of this truly humane society feel the blessedness that attends the charitable and merciful! May they obtain the richest treasures of thy love in the prosperity of their

families, in every comfort which can lighten their cares, and sooth their afflictions! Make thou their bed in their sickness; and may they receive favour and mercy, at the last and fearful hour; give grace, O God, to those who have been restored to the comforts and duties of society, that they may express their gratitude to their benefactors, by the practice of every virtue which adorns the Christian character. As thou hast breathed into them a second time the breath of life, when they were clasped in the folds of the grave, O raise them from the death of sin unto the life of righteousness!"

HYMN TO HUMANITY.

FROM DR. LANGHORNE'S EFFUSIONS OF FRIENDSHIP.

Parent of virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to sorrow's cry;
If now the pity-streaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry;
Indulge my votive strain, O sweet Humanity!

Come, ever welcome to my breast!
A tender but a cheerful guest;
Nor always in the gloomy cell
Of life consuming sorrow dwell;
For sorrow, long indulg'd and slow,
Is to Humanity a foe;
And grief, that makes the heart its prey,
Wears sensibility away.
Then comes, sweet nymph, instead of thee,
The gloomy fiend Stupidity.

O may that fiend be banish'd far,
Though passions hold eternal war!
Nor ever let me cease to know
The pulse that throbs at joy or woe;
Nor let my vacant cheek be dry,
When sorrow fills a brother's eye;

Nor may the tear that frequent flows
From private or from social woes,
E'er make this pleasing sense depart,
Ye cares, O harden not my heart!

If the fair star of fortune smile,
Let not its flattering power beguile,
Nor, borne along the fav'ring tide,
My full sails swell with bloating pride.
Let me from wealth but hope content,
Remembering still it was but lent;
To modest merit spread my store,
Unbar my hospitable door;
Nor feed, with pomp, an idle train,
While Want unpitied pines in vain.

If Heav'n, in every purpose wise,
The envied lot of wealth denies;
If doom'd to drag life's painful load
Through poverty's uneven road,
And, for the due bread of the day,
Destin'd to toil as well as pray;
To thee, Humanity, still true,
I'll wish the good I cannot do,
And give the wretch that passes by,
A soothing word—a tear—a sigh.

Howe'er exalted, or deprest
Be ever mine the feeling breast.
From me remove the stagnant mind
Of languid indolence, reclin'd;
The soul that one long sabbath keeps,
And through the sun's whole circle sleeps;
Dull peace, that dwells in folly's eye,
And self-attending vanity.
Alike the foolish and the vain
Are strangers to the sense humane.

O for that sympathetic glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow,

When the prophetic eye survey'd
Sion in future ashes laid!
Or, rais'd to Heaven, implor'd the bread
That thousands in the desart fed!
Or, when the heart o'er friendship's grave
Sigh'd and forgot its power to save,
O for that sympathetic glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow!

It comes: it fills my labouring breast;
I feel my beating heart opprest.
Oh! hear that lonely widow's wail!
See her dim eye! her aspect pale!
To heaven she turns in deep despair,
Her infants wonder at her prayer,
And, mingling tears they know not why,
Lift up their little hands, and cry.
O God! their moving sorrows see!
Support them, sweet Humanity!

Life, fill'd with grief's distressful train,
For ever asks the tear humane.
Behold, in yon unconscious grove,
The victims of ill-fated love!
Heard you that agonizing throe?
Sure this is not romantic woe!
The golden day of joy is o'er;
And now they part to meet no more.
Assist them, hearts from anguish free!
Assist them, sweet Humanity!

Parent of virtue, if thine ear
  Attend not now to sorrow's cry;
If now the pity-streaming tear
  Should haply on thy cheek be dry;
Indulge my votive strain, O sweet Humanity!

COMPASSION.

To anticipate the wishes of the necessitous, or to alleviate the sufferings of the troubled in mind, is the sweetest and best of all human passions: it covers, as with a veil, the pensive form of affliction, and softens the darkest shades of misery.

> How few, like thee, inquire the wretched out,
> And court the offices of soft humanity!
> Like thee, reserve their raiment for the naked,
> Reach out their bread to feed the helpless orphan,
> Or mix the pitying tears with those that weep.

Pity and compassion, when not inconsistent with prudence or a regard to our own safety, are due even to our enemies; for as great and exalted spirits undertake the pursuit of hazardous actions for the good of others, at the same time that they gratify their passion for glory; so do worthy minds, in the domestic way of life, deny themselves many advantages to satisfy a generous benevolence, which they bear to such as are oppressed with distresses and calamities. To illustrate this subject, let us turn our thoughts within ourselves, and imagine we are at this instant, engaged in drawing the most perfect and amiable character, such as, according to our conceptions of the Deity, we should think most acceptable to him, and most likely to be admired by all mankind. — I appeal to your own breasts, whether the first idea which offered itself to most of our imaginations would not be that of a compassionate benefactor, stretching forth

his hands to raise up the helpless orphan, and administering comfort and consolation to the afflicted parent. — Let us follow him into the dwellings of the unfortunate, into some mournful cottage, where poverty and affliction dwell together — there to behold the disconsolate widow, sitting, steeped in tears, sorrowing over the infant she knows not how to succour. Certain it is, that we all have not equal abilities to assist the needy; but there are few, who have it not in their power to administer some kind of relief. Compassion is the balm, which when dropped on the bosom of a wounded mind, assuages the pains, though it cannot heal them.

> And here can I forget the generous heart,
> That, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd
> Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?
> Unpitied, and unheard, where misery moans;
> Where sickness pines; where thirst and hunger burn,
> And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice.

Who can read the following narrative, and not revere the memory of the philanthropic Mr. Howard,

> Who had a tear for pity, and a hand
> Open as day for melting charity.

The tolling of the dreadful bell, summoning the miserable to pay their forfeited lives to the injured laws of their country, awoke Henry from the first sleep he had fallen into since he entered the walls of a dismal prison. Henry had been a merchant, and, in the midst of affluence, married the beautiful Eliza; but by the capture of several ships and other unfortunate losses, he engaged with dishonorable connections, and inconsiderately offending against the laws, was condemned to die. Eliza possessed Roman virtues. She would not quit his side, but with her infant son preferred chasing away his melancholy in a dungeon, to her father's house, which was ever open to re-

ceive her. Their hopes of a reprieve from day to day had fled — the death warrant arrived — grief overpowering all other senses, sleep, the balmy soother of the woes of humanity, in pity to their miseries, extended her silken embraces over them, and beguiled part of the time they had appropriated for prayer; and Eliza, with the infant, still continued under its influence. Father of mercies, exclaimed Henry, lend thine ear to a penitent. — Give attention to my short prayer. — Grant me forgiveness. — Endue me with fortitude to appear before thee; and, O God! extend thy mercies to this injured, this best of thy servants, on whom I have entailed endless miseries. Chase not sleep from her, till I shall be no more. — The keeper interrupted his devotions by warning him to his fate. — If there be mercy in you, replied Henry, make no noise, for I would not have my wife awaked till I shall be dead. He wept — even he, who was inured to misery. He, who with apathy had for years looked on distress, shed tears at Henry's request. At this instant the child became restless — O heaven! said Henry, am I too guilty to have my prayer heard. — He took up his infant, and fortunately hushed it again to rest, while the gaoler stood petrified with grief and astonishment. At last he thus broke out — this is too much — my heart bleeds for you — I would I had not seen this day. What do I hear, replied Henry? Is this an angel in the garb of my keeper? Thou art indeed unfit for thy office. Hence, and let me be conducted to my fate. These words awoke the unhappy Eliza, who with eagerness to atone for lost time, began to appropriate the few moments left in supplicating for her husband's salvation. Side by side, in the act of true devotion, this unfortunate couple were kneeling, when Mr. Howard entered the cell. — They were too intent to observe him. — My friends, said he, I come to offer you consolation and comfort.

I come to sooth the anguish of your souls,
And teach your steps to know the paths of peace.

He then with caution communicated to them the unexpectedly glad tidings of a reprieve. Henry's senses were overpowered, and his looks too affecting to be expressed; while Eliza became frantic with joy — she ran to the messenger of peace, then to her child, ere she perceived her husband apparently lifeless. It was momentary — he rose with sensibility and gratitude, while the humane goaler freed him from his fetters. This pathetic scene brings to my mind Shakespeare's admirable apostrophe.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heav'n
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd,
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shews the force of temp'ral pow'r,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above the scepter'd sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly pow'r doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.

To sinking worth a cordial hand to lend,
With better fortune to surprise a friend,
To cheer the modest stranger's lonely state,
Or snatch an orphan family from fate,
To do, possess'd with virtue's noblest fire,
Such gen'rous deeds as we with tears admire,
Deeds that above ambition's vulgar aim
Secure an amiable, a solid fame;
These are such joys as heaven's first fav'rites seize;
They please you now, and will for ever please.

Hail, lovely pow'r! whose bosom heaves the sigh,
When fancy paints the scene of deep distress;
Whose tears spontaneous crystallize the eye,
When rigid fate denies the power to bless.

Not all the sweets Arabia's gales convey
From flow'ry meads, can with a sigh compare;
Not dew drops glittering in the morning ray,
Seem near so beauteous as that falling tear.

Devoid of fear the fawns around thee play;
Emblem of peace the dove before thee flies;
No blood-stain'd traces mark thy blameless way,
Beneath thy feet no hapless insect dies.

Or turn to nobler greater tasks thy care,
To me thy sympathetic gifts impart;
Teach me in friendship's griefs to bear a share,
And justly boast the generous feeling heart.

Teach me to sooth the helpless orphan's grief,
With timely aid the widow's woes assuage,
To misery's moving cries to yield relief,
And be the sure resource of drooping age.

So when the genial spring of life shall fade,
And sinking nature owns the dread decay,
Some soul congenial then may lend its aid,
And gild the close of life's eventful day.

CHARITY.

CHARITY, like the sun, brightens every object on which it shines. Were this virtue unknown among men, order and comfort, peace and repose, would be strangers to human life. It breathes universal candour, and liberality of sentiment, and is the soul of social life. Nor can any thing be a stronger proof of the beneficence of the author of our being, than his placing this, our greatest perfection, within the reach of every individual; for charity is the most powerful and active principle of the heart, and the grand spring of all the benevolent affections.

> Oh, Charity! our helpless nature's pride,
> Thou friend to him who knows no friend beside,
> Thine are the ample views, that unconfin'd
> Stretch to the utmost walks of human kind;
> Thine is the spirit, that with widest plan
> Brother to brother binds, and man to man.

"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord;" there is more rhetoric (says Sir Thomas Brown) in that one sentence than in a library of sermons; and indeed if this one sentence were understood by the reader with the same force as it was delivered by the author, we should need no other persuasives to be charitable. Nothing (says Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray) contributes more to make men polite and civilized, than true and genuine charity; and

nothing cures them sooner and more generally of all such faults as are prejudicial to human society, and incompatible with the sweet intercourse and correspondence among men. Before charity has inspired the mind with moderation, and ruled the affections of the heart, all in us yields to the dictates of pride and self-love; but in a different manner according to the difference of tempers and characters. Charity no sooner begins to take root in the heart, than it makes all those weaknesses vanish at once. It softens what is hard and rough; it cures that presumption and haughtiness which pretends to decide and judge of every thing; it instructs us how to doubt, and how to reflect; to be teachable and not to rely too much on our own wisdom and understanding. They, whom God has blessed with the means, and for whom he has done more, in blessing them likewise with a disposition; have abundant reason to be thankful to him, as the author of every good gift, for the measure he has bestowed on them of both. Prosperity is redoubled to a good man, by his generous use of it. It is reflected back upon him from every one, whom he makes happy. In the intercourse of domestic affections, in the attachment of friends, in the gratitude of dependents, and in the esteem and good-will of all, who know him; he sees on every side blessings multiplied around him. "When the ear heard me, then it blessed me, and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me: because I delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless, and those who had none to help them. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy!"

——— When heaven-born charity
Expands the heart, and prompts the liberal hand
To sooth distress, supply the various wants
Of friendless poverty; and dry the tears
Which bathe the widow's cheek, whose dearest hope

Is snatch'd away, and helpless orphans ask
That aid she cannot give;—say, shall the joy
(Pure as the sacred source from whence it springs)
Which then exalts the soul, shall this expire?—
———————— Forbid it Heaven!

The charity which religion inspires is firmly rooted in the heart. It exalts the affections to the highest object, and subdues the excess of passion by nobler and stronger inclinations. It extends its influence over the whole character, and is expressed in the most trifling conversation, as well as in the most important actions. Mrs. Opie, with all the delicacy of an amiable heart and sensible mind, says,

Go, sons of Charity! your course pursue,
Yours be the secret joy to virtue due!
O happy ye, whom every scene can please,
View'd through the medium of a mind at ease!
Pleasure's soft rose seems fresher sweets to shed,
And its bright blush to beam with livelier red.
Hail to all those, who other's suff'rings feel,
And ills they pity nobly strive to heal!
Whether they rear the felon's orphan child,
Or sooth the stranger from his home exil'd,
Or helpless foundlings to their care receive,
Or bid the captive's heart no longer grieve.

Charity, decent, modest, easy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind:
Knows with just reins and gentle hand to guide,
Betwixt vile shame and arbitrary pride,
Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives;
And much she suffers, as she much believes;
Soft peace she brings wherever she arrives:
She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives;
Lays the rough paths of peevish nature ev'n;
And opens in each heart a little heaven.

It is the source of all those dispositions which are most amiable and pleasing in society, which contribute most to the happiness of ourselves and others here, and which will make us infinitely happy hereafter. Experience has proved, that mistaken charity, or the giving of alms indiscriminately, however worthy the motive, is more injurious than beneficial; for they promote idleness, by teaching poverty to rely on other aid than that of honest industry. Alms alone, however liberal, however extended, neither are, nor can be, the whole or the essence of Christian charity; they are indeed a material part, and one of the best external proofs of its existence. At the same time we should recollect that to keep our minds pure from uncharitable prejudices is highly commendable. Read with attention the 13th chapter of the first of Corinthians. That admirable chapter describes and celebrates the greatest of all human virtues; it makes all the excellences which man can arrive at contemptible, except they are attended with charity. This gives lustre and grace to every thing that is performed by him whom it inspires: in ordinary acceptation it gives only the idea of an inclination to succour the necessities of the poor and indigent; but the sacred writer of that epistle says; "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing"—He that was inspired by Him who knows all hearts, pronounces this virtue to consist in the disposition of the mind, and not in the profusion of the hand: silent, calm, and secret is the joy which this temper of soul administers. This virtue above all others makes us the nearest resemble the Deity, and places man in the highest condition of which his nature is capable.

And though in act unwearied, secret still,
As, in some solitude, the summer rill
Refreshes, where it winds, the faded green,
And cheers the drooping flowers, unheard, unseen.

INSCRIPTION IN THE PUMP-ROOM AT BATH,

TO PROMOTE SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE GENERAL HOSPITAL.

The hospital
In this city
Appropriated solely to Bath-Cases
And open to the poor and afflicted
Of every part of the world,
Being destitute of a fund
In any degree adequate to its support,
Is most earnestly recommended
To the patronage and protection
Of the liberal and humane
Part of Mankind.

O! pause a while, whoe'er thou art
That drink'st this healing stream;
If e'er compassion o'er thy heart
Diffus'd its heavenly beam,
Think on the wretch whose distant lot
This friendly aid denies;
Think how in some poor lonely cot
He unregarded lies.
Hither th' afflicted stranger bring,
Relieve his heart-felt woe;
And let thy bounty, like this spring,
In genial currents flow.
So be thy years from want and pain,
And pining sickness free,
And thou from heav'n that debt obtain
The poor man owes to thee.

SOCIETY.

SOCIETY is, in its own nature, an instrument of happiness; for man is, of all creatures, the least qualified to live alone, because there are none, that have so many necessities to be relieved. Formed for friendly intercourse, he finds it his duty, as well as interest, to cultivate a social disposition; to promote, and to enjoy, as far as in his power, mutual esteem; and to encourage, by every liberal means, the best opportunities of doing good. Without society, no place however adorned by art or nature, can long please: still will the social spirit within make the eyes turn dejected on the ground, if there be not friends to partake of the bounties of the table, or the rational delights of confidential discourse.

> First of your kind! Society divine!
> Still visit, this retreat, for you reserv'd,
> And mount my soaring soul to thoughts like yours.
> Silence, thou lonely power! the door be thine;
> See on the hallowed hour that none intrude,
> Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign
> To bless my humble roof, with sense refin'd,
> Learning digested well, exalted faith,
> Unstudy'd wit, and humour ever gay.
> Thus in some deep retirement would I pass
> The winter glooms, with friends of pliant soul,
> Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd.

Can we not say, with great truth, that this is one of the most powerful remedies, designed by Providence, to pre-

serve the mind in tranquillity, as well as the most effectual means of securing that equanimity of temper, which is so necessary to self-satisfaction and enjoyment. A man, happy in his family, and his friends; soothed by the cordial intercourse of kind affections, which he partakes with them; enjoying the comfort of doing them good offices, and receiving in return their sincerest gratitude — how smooth is the tenor of a life, that proceeds in such a course! What a smiling aspect does the love of parents and children, of brothers and sisters, of relatives and friends, give to every surrounding object, and every returning day! With what a lustre does it gild even the small habitation, where such placid intercourse dwells; where such scenes of heartfelt satisfaction succeed uninterruptedly to one another! On the contrary how

> Unhappy he! who from the first of joys,
> Society, cut off, is left alone
> Amid this world of death.—Day after day,
> Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
> And views the main that ever toils below;
> Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
> A ray of hope ———
> At evening, to the setting sun he turns
> A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
> Sinks helpless.

How truly interesting are the following expressive lines!

> ——— Beneath a shade
> I sat me down, more heavily oppress'd,
> More desolate at heart, than e'er I felt
> Before. When Philomela o'er my head
> Began to tune her melancholy strain,
> As piteous of my woes; till, by degrees,
> Composing sleep on wounded nature, shed
> A kind but short relief. At early morn
> Wak'd by the chaunt of birds, I look'd around

For usual objects: objects found I none,
Except before me stretch'd the toiling main,
And rocks and woods, in savage view, behind.

An exclusion from the comforts of society appears to be a deprivation which even innocence can hardly support. The feelings of Alexander Selkirk during his solitary abode in the island of Juan Fernandez are, with admirable force, delineated by Mr. Cowper.

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
Oh Solitude! where are the charms,
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone;
Never hear the sweet music of speech;
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see:
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely implanted in men—
Oh had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth;
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heav'nly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell
These vallies and rocks never heard;
Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
Or smil'd when a sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore,
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish, or a thought, after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compar'd with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But, alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair;
Ev'n here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin* repair.
There's mercy in every place;
And mercy—encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

Can there be more persuasive reflections offered than in this poem, to prove that we are all born for society.

* Lord Anson mentioned having seen the hut in which Selkirk lived.

As soon as we begin to think, and to partake of the pleasures of life — whether we incline to the liberal arts, to arms, or the peaceful labours of agriculture — our improvement and exertions are hastened by a particular object whom we are ambitious to please. When a traveller, overtaken by the evening, discovers a light in some neighbouring cottage, it is natural for him to rejoice. But his whole pleasure does not arise from his expectations of hospitality and security only, he hopes to meet with some kind ear, to which he may impart the circumstances of the day, and the difficulties with which he had to contend.

SOCIETY. AN ODE.

O sweet society !
What is living without thee ?
Solitude hath oft and long
Been the theme of poet's song :
And charming solitude
Is exquisitely fair and good ;
But never, never without thee,
Best boon of heav'n, O sweet society !

She too, she shall have the praise
Of my rude, unlabour'd lays :
But never to disparage her,
Elder-born, and fairer far,
Divine society !
First, best gift of bounteous heav'n,
To the lonely mortal giv'n ;
Who not ev'n in Paradise,
While alone, could taste of bliss :
God himself the truth confest,
" Man alone cannot be blest."
Woman, dear, lovely woman then was giv'n ;
And thus society began,
Best boon of bounteous heav'n !

Place me on Gallia's southern plain,
Where spring and health for ever reign:
To soft Italia's bosom bear,
Where summer revels all the year:
Be every fruit of luscious taste
On my plenteous table plac'd;
Wine of ev'ry clime afford,
Oldest date, and choicest hoard:
Ev'ry daintiest cate supply
Wish of nicest luxury:
Fountains bubble at my feet;
Music murmur, soft and sweet:—
Yet, doom'd these joys alone to prove,
Without the nymph, I woo and love,
Divine society!
These, and more wou'd I despise
For northern suns and cloudy skies;
For herbs, and olives, meanest cheer!
Let but the nymph I love be there,
O best society!

Lead me, nymph of graceful mien,
Lead me to the social train;
Who, in converse free and gay,
Pass the jocund hours away;
Who, with unaffected ease
Pleasing, study all to please!
Let good sense the sire be there,
Solid sense, with manly air:
There be decency, his bride,
Sweet good-nature by her side;
With politeness, welcome guest,
Lovely female, neatly drest.
Science too, the grave, shall come,
Deeply learn'd from Greece and Rome:
And all the arts shall take a place,
Seated by them ev'ry grace.

Nor by any means exclude
Dear Religion, mild and good;
On whose heav'nly brow is seen
Peace celestial and serene.

Thus my mind repair'd and cheerful,
  Smiling will I haste again
To the bliss of conversation,
  To the busy hum of men!
Thankful there for each enjoyment,
  Pleas'd my part in life I'll fill;
Joy diffusing, while possessing,
  Blest the most, by blessing still.
Thankful thus for each enjoyment
  By the hand of heav'n bestow'd,
Innocence, the feast approving,
  All I'll taste; for all are good.

HOPE.

HOPE is the first great blessing here below,
The only balm to heal corroding woe;
It is the staff of age, the sick man's health,
The pris'ner's freedom, and the poor man's wealth,
The sailor's safety; lasting as our breath,
It still holds on, nor quits us e'en in death.

Hope is the confident expectation of some good, and often excites a sensation and consciousness of strength, which enables a man not only to undertake, but also to perform the noblest and most heroic actions. It is to health likewise the most favourable state of the mind, having frequently preserved the serenity and prolonged the existence of those, whose situation at one time appeared altogether forlorn.

—— Sweet flatterer, whose delusive touch
Sheds on afflicted minds the balm of comfort;
Relieves the load of poverty; sustains
The captive bending with the weight of bonds;
And smooths the pillow of disease and pain;
Send back th' exploring messenger with joy,
And let me hail thee from that friendly grove.

He, who lives a just and holy life, has always for his companion hope, which leads him, as it were, by the hand, through the midst of all difficulties and dangers. Even the happiest lot of terrestrial existence, cannot set us above the want of this general blessing; for life, when the gifts of nature and fortune are accumulated upon it, would still

be wretched, were it not elevated and delighted by the expectation of some new possession or enjoyment, by which the wish shall be at last satisfied, and the heart filled up to its utmost extent. It is hope that actuates the efforts of genius. All young persons therefore ought to give way to its suggestions, that they are one day to be rich or powerful, eminent or fortunate. Where there is no hope, there can be no endeavour. It is the anchor of the soul, the most eminent of all the advantages, which religion now confers: it is the spring of all human activity; for, animated by the prospect of some distant good, we toil and suffer through the whole course of our lives, and it is not so much what we are at present, as what we hope to be some after time, that enlivens the heart, fixes attention, and stimulates industry. Hope, it appears then, is the chief blessing of man; but, that hope only is rational, of which we are certain, that it cannot deceive us. A future state of happiness we may expect with confidence, because it is out of the power of chance, and may be attained by all that sincerely desire, and earnestly pursue it. Many situations in life could scarcely be supported, if hope were not allowed to relieve the present hour by pleasures borrowed from futurity; for, in the disquietudes of the heart, it is from a power superior to this world, that relief must be sought.

One promise, hope, which thou hast made
Shall never, never, never fade;
'Tis that, which bids me look on high
To yon bright world above the sky,
Where God, my maker, reigns alone,
And calls his children round his throne.

Hope, heav'n-born cherub, still appears,
Howe'er misfortune seems to lower;
Her smile the threat'ning tempest clears,
And is the rainbow of the show'r.

Those who, in prosperity, can look up to heaven for witness of their moderation, humanity, and charity; who can appeal to the throne of grace, that they have neither been elated by pride, nor overcome by pleasure; but have studied to employ its gifts to the honour, and advantage of the donor, have just cause to say with Dr. Young,

> Hope, of all passions, most befriends us here;
> Joy has its tears; and transport has its death:
> Hope, like a cordial, innocent, though strong,
> Man's heart, at once, inspirits, and serenes;
> Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys;
> 'Tis all our present state can safely bear,
> Health to the frame! and vigour to the mind!
> A joy attemper'd! a chastis'd delight!
> Like the fair summer ev'ning, mild and sweet!
> 'Tis man's full cup; his paradise below!

It begins with the first power of comparing our actual with our possible state, and attends us through every stage and period of our lives; always urging us forward to new acquisitions, holding out some distant blessing to our view, and promising us either relief from pain, or increase of happiness. Dr. Akenside, with his usual energy, thus beautifully expresses himself.

> ——————————— In the morn of life,
> When hope shone bright and all the prospect smil'd,
> To your sequester'd mansion oft my steps
> Were turn'd, O Muses! and within your gate
> My offerings paid.—Ye taught me then with strains
> Of flowing harmony to soften war's
> Dire voice, or in fair colours, that might charm
> The public eye, to clothe the form austere
> Of civil counsel. Now my feeble age
> Neglected, and supplanted of the hope
> On which it lean'd, yet sinks not, but to you,
> To your mild wisdom flies, refuge belov'd
> Of solitude and silence.

Hope! thou nurse of young desire,
Fairy promiser of joy;
Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,
Temp'rate sweet, that ne'er can cloy.

Hope! thou earnest of delight,
Softest soother of the mind;
Balmy cordial, prospect bright,
Surest friend the wretched find.

Kind deceiver, flatter still,
Deal out pleasures unpossest;
With thy dreams my fancy fill,
And in wishes make me blest.

Parents feel no small degree of comfort in reversion, and enjoy some pleasure, superadded to their natural bond of love; when, in the delightful employment of nurturing and protecting their offspring, they consider themselves planting, as it were, a hedge about them, to be their future protection against the storms of life, and their future asylum in the hour of infirmity and distress.

——————————— But heedless youth
Deaf to the music of the moral song,
Sometimes runs onward in his wild career,
Nor once takes warning of his better guide;
Till at the barrier of life's little span
Arriv'd, he stops.—In vain he looks around
For the lost seraph Hope; beside him stands
The tyrant fiend and urges to the brink;
Behind him black despair with threat'ning frown
And gorgon shield, whose interposed orb
Bars all retreat, and with its shade involves
Life's brighter prospects in one hideous night.

Ah, woe is me! from day to day
I drag a life of pain and sorrow!
Yet still, sweet Hope, I hear thee say,
"Be calm—thine ills will end to-morrow."

To-morrow comes, but brings to me
No charm, disease or grief relieving!
And am I ever doom'd to see,
Sweet Hope, thy promises deceiving?

Yet, false and cruel as thou art,
Thy dear delusions will I cherish;
I cannot, dare not, with thee part,
Since, I, alas! with thee must perish.

The miserable have no other medicine but hope.

It is a blessing, which we know not how sufficiently to prize; it is the soul of the universe and the most animating spring to maintain its harmony. Would laws be enacted, if mankind did not hope from them a wise policy? Should we see obedient subjects, if each individual did not, by his submission, flatter himself with contributing to the happiness of his country? Would not the arts become useless, without the hopes of the good effects which the world must reap from them? Would not the sciences be neglected, talents be uncultivated, and the most happy genius be lost to society, without the flattering hope of enriching the mind, and refining the taste, in every thing that it concerns us to know? If you ask the soldier, what makes him expose himself so often to the hazards of days, which he might render less perilous, or more easy? He will tell you, that it is the hope of glory, which he highly prizes, and which he prefers to the melancholy softness of a life spent in an obscure languor. The merchant traverses the seas, but he hopes to indemnify himself by his riches, for the fears which he has undergone amidst the storms and the rocks. And the husbandman, having ploughed and sown his fields to procure himself the necessaries of life, looks forward with anxious hope, that he shall have health and peace to enjoy them with delight.

Be gracious, heaven! for now laborious man
Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow!

Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend!
And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,
Into the perfect year!

Friend to the wretch, whose bosom knows no joy!
Parent of bliss beyond the reach of fate!
Celestial hope! thou gift divine,
Sweet balm of grief! O still be mine.
When pains torment, and cares annoy,
Thou only can'st their force abate,
And gild the gloom which shades this mortal state.
Though oft thy joys are false and vain,
Though anxious doubts attend thy train,
Though disappointment mock thy care,
And point the way to fell despair,
Yet still my secret soul shall own thy pow'r
In sorrow's bitterest pang, in pleasure's gayest hour.
For, from the date of reason's birth
That wond'rous pow'r was given,
To soften every grief on earth,
To raise the soul from thoughtless mirth,
And wing its flight to Heaven.
Nor pain nor pleasure can its force destroy,
In every varied scene it points to future joy.

Sun of the soul! whose cheerful ray
Darts o'er this gloom of life a smile;
Sweet hope, yet further gild my way,
Yet light my weary steps awhile,
Till thy fair lamp dissolve in endless day.

FEAR.

THE mind which is subject to fear can seldom be serene. If we preserve ourselves free from the sense of guilt, and live in the practice of truth, it will enable us to maintain a constant presence of mind, which will fortify us against the common and inevitable calamities of life. No passion, when submitted to, so effectually robs the mind of all powers of acting and reasoning as fear: there is nothing more quick and apprehensive, nor any passion to which our powers pay a more speedy obedience, for it is in pursuance of that first law of nature, self-preservation. It is a passion common to all, and by operating instinctively, frequently affords security when the slower operations of deliberative reasoning would be too late. Many innocent persons have avoided danger by the impulse of fear. Which may be further defined, a painful emotion impressed upon the mind by the perception, or conception, of any kind of danger. A person enjoying the utmost tranquillity shall, by a slight turn of the head, be thrown into the most tumultuous perturbation.—You are walking alone over a meadow, and calmly enjoying the serenity of the weather, when you are suddenly surprized by a bull grazing: your eyes unexpectedly meet his, in which you discover a savage fierceness: the wild monster rounds his neck, and moves towards you; he bellows, he quickens his pace. The sight, by the inexplicable magic of nature, throws your blood into quicker circulation; your eyes dilate, your heart palpitates, and your limbs tremble; your mind is affected and put into great commotion; the com-

motion of the mind is passion, and the passion you now feel is fear. This, whether natural or acquired, when once it has full possession of the soul, never fails to harass it with visions of calamity, such as if not dissipated by useful employment, will soon overcast it with horrors; imbittering life not only with those miseries by which all earthly beings are really more or less tormented, but with those which do not yet exist, and which can only be discerned by the perspicacity of cowardice. All fear is in itself painful; and when it conduces not to safety, is painful without use; it is implanted in our nature as a preservative from evil; but its duty, like that of other passions, is not to overbear reason, but to assist it; nor should it be suffered to tyrannize in the imagination, to raise phantoms of terror, or to beset life with unnecessary distresses.

> The cheerful sage when solemn dictates fail,
> Conceals the moral counsel in a tale.

A hermit dwelt in a cave near the summit of a lofty mountain, whence he surveyed a large extent both of sea and land. As he sat one evening, contemplating with pleasure the arrival of spring, while every object yielded a display either of beauty or of happiness; on a sudden there arose a violent storm, darkness succeeded and lightning and thunder added horror to the gloom. The sea was tremendous—at this instant was a shock of an earthquake. The poor inhabitants of the neighbouring villages flocked to the hermit's cave, fully convinced, that his known sanctity would protect them in their distress. With a profound tranquillity he thus addressed them. Terrible to me, as to you, would have been this war of elements; but I have meditated with attention on the various works of Providence, and rest secure that his goodness is equal to his power. The observation that "cowards die many times before their deaths, the valiant never taste of death but once," is thus powerfully described by Homer in the Iliad.

In that sharp service, singled from the rest,
The fear of each, or valour, stands confest.
No force, no firmness, the pale coward shows;
He shifts his place; his colour comes and goes;
A dropping sweat creeps cold in ev'ry part;
Against his bosom beats his quiv'ring heart;
Terror and death in his wild eye-balls stare;
With chatt'ring teeth he stands, and stiff'ning hair,
And looks a bloodless image of despair.
Not so the brave—still dauntless, still the same,
Unchang'd his colour, and unmov'd his frame;
Compos'd his thought, determin'd is his eye,
And fix'd his soul, to conquer or to die:
If aught disturb the tenour of his breast,
'Tis but the wish to strike before the rest.
What strong impressions does affection give!
By fancy men have often ceas'd to live.
Howe'er absurd things in themselves appear,
Weak minds are apt to credit what they fear.

The natural terror some persons are under at the mere apprehension of thunder and lightning, is a weakness all should strive to conquer. Endeavour therefore to shake off such idle fears, encourage cheerfulness, serenity, and openness of heart, and your happiness will then be built upon a rock.

A SACRED LYRIC.

ON BEING WAKED IN THE NIGHT BY A VIOLENT STORM OF THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

Lock'd in the arms of balmy sleep,
From every care of day,
As silent as the folded sheep,
And as secure I lay.

Sudden, tremendous thunders roll;
Quick lightnings round me glare;
The solemn scene alarms my soul,
And wakes the heart to prayer.

Whate'er, O Lord! at this still hour,
These awful sounds portend,
Whether sole ensigns of thy power,
Or groans for nature's end!

Grant me to bear with equal mind
These terrors of the sky;
For ever, as thou wilt, resign'd,
Alike to live or die.

If, wak'd by thy vindictive hand,
This mighty tempest stirs;
That peal the voice of thy command;
These flames thy messengers;

Welcome the bolt, where'er it fall
Beneath the passing sun;
Thy righteous will determines all,
And let that will be done.

But if, as nature's laws ordain,
Nor destin'd by thy will,
Each bolt exerts its wide domain,
Self-authoriz'd to kill,

Quick interpose, all-gracious Lord,
In this remorseless night!
Arise! and be alike ador'd
For mercy as for might.

Vouchsafe, amidst this time of dread,
Thy suppliant's voice to hear:
O shield from harm each friendly head,
And all my soul holds dear.

Let it not kill where riot foul
Pours forth the drunken jest;
Nor where the guilt-envenom'd soul
Starts wild from troubled rest.

Awhile O spare those sinful breasts,
Whose deeds the night deform,
Nor strike where smiling virtue rests,
Unconscious of the storm.

Succour the couch where beauty lies,
All pale with tender fear;
Where sickness lifts its languid eyes,
O pour thy comforts there.

Nor useless waste this moral night,
Like common hours, away;
But glow with wisdom's sacred light,
More fair than orient day.

Warn'd by each flash, may virtue rise,
And with its glories spread,
While every blasted bud of vice
Shrinks in new terrors dead.

So on that awful judgment day,
Whose image shakes the soul,
Though keenest lightnings shoot their ray,
And loudest thunders roll;

Well pleas'd, O Lord, each eye shall see
Those final thunders hurl'd!
And mark with joy, for love of thee,
That flash which melts the world.

There is but one way of fortifying the soul against the gloomy presages and terrors of death, and that is by securing to ourselves the friendship and protection of that great Being who ordereth all things for the best. A well-grounded conviction that all events are under the direction of Providence; and a firm reliance on the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Deity, will dispel every anxious thought; illuminate and extend our prospects; and by contrasting brightness with shades, will beautify the checkered scenes of life.

Happy is he, and he alone, who knows
His heart's uneasy discord to compose;
In gen'rous love of others good to find
The sweetest pleasures of the social mind;
To bound his wishes in their proper sphere;
To nourish pleasing hope, and conquer fear.
This was the wisdom ancient sages taught,
This was the sov'reign good they justly sought;
This to no place or climate is confin'd,
But the free native produce of the mind.

Let coward Guilt, with pallid Fear,
To shelt'ring caverns fly,
And justly dread the vengeful fate,
That thunders through the sky.

Protected by that hand, whose law
The threat'ning storms obey,
Intrepid virtue smiles secure,
As in the blaze of day.

In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom
The lightnings lurid glare,
It views the same all-gracious power,
That breathes the vernal air.

Through nature's ever-varying scene,
By diff'rent ways pursu'd,
The one eternal end of heav'n
Is universal good.

With like beneficent effect
O'er flaming æther glows,
As when it tunes the linnet's voice,
Or blushes in the rose.

By reason taught to scorn those fears
That vulgar minds molest,
Let no fantastic terrors break
My dear Narcissa's rest.

Thy life may all the tend'rest care
  Of Providence defend;
And delegated angels round
  Their guardian wings extend.

When, through creation's vast expanse,
  The last dread thunders roll,
Untune the concord of the spheres
  And shake the rising soul:

Unmov'd may'st thou the final storm
  Of jarring worlds survey,
That ushers in the glad serene
  Of everlasting day.

CONTENT.

A CONTENTED mind is the greatest blessing a man can enjoy. It gives sweetness to his conversation, and a perpetual serenity to all his thoughts; extinguishes all murmuring, repining and ingratitude towards that Being who has allotted him his part to act in this world. Whatever situation of life a person be placed in, though surrounded with every comfort, yet without a contented mind, he must feel himself unhappy. It may therefore be considered, next to health, as the supreme good, the utmost felicity we can enjoy; and the maintaining such an uninterrupted tranquillity of spirit is the very crown and glory of wisdom.

Through various toils to seek content we roam,
Which with but thinking right were our's at home.
For not the ceaseless change of shifted place
Can from the heart a settled grief erase,
Nor can the purer balm of foreign air
Heal the distemper'd mind of aching care.
From pole to pole the fatal arrow bears,
Whose rooted point his bleeding bosom tears,
With equal pain each different clime he tries,
And is himself the torment which he flies.—
Happy is he, and he alone, who knows
His heart's uneasy discord to compose;
In gen'rous love of others good to find
The sweetest pleasures of the social mind;

This was the wisdom ancient sages taught,
This was the sov'reign good they justly sought;
This to no place or climate is confin'd,
But the free native produce of the mind.

HYMN TO CONTENTMENT. BY DR. PARNELL.

Lovely, lasting peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human kind!
Heav'nly born, and bred on high,
To crown the fav'rites of the sky
With more of happiness below,
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek, contented head?
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease?
Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state, to meet thee there.
Increasing avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold enshrin'd.
The bold advent'rer ploughs his way,
Through rocks amidst the foaming sea
To gain thy love; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The silent heart which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks, (as I have vainly done,)
Amusing thought; but learns to know
That Solitude's the nurse of woe.
No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground:
Or, in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky,
Converse with stars above, and know
All nature in its forms below:

The rest it seeks in seeking dies,
And doubts at last for knowledge rise.
Lovely, lasting Peace, appear!
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.
'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
I sung my wishes to the wood,
And lost in thought, no more perceiv'd
The branches whisper as they wav'd:
It seem'd as all the quiet place
Confess'd the presence of the grace.
When thus she spoke—go rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still,
Know God—and bring thy heart to know,
The joys which from religion flow:
Then ev'ry grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest.
Oh! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat;
Might I thus my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy;
Rais'd as ancient prophets were
In heav'nly vision, praise and prayer:
Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleas'd and blest with God alone:
Then while my gardens take my sight,
With all the colours of delight;
While silver waters glide along,
To please my ear, and court my song,
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
And Thee, great Source of Nature, sing.
The sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day;
The moon that shines with borrow'd light;
The stars that gild the gloomy night;

The seas that roll unnumber'd waves;
The wood that spreads its shady leaves;
The fields whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain;
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me:
They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.
Go search among your idle dreams
Your busy, or your vain extremes,
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the next begun in this.

THE HAPPY FARMER.

Happy the man, who far from fear's alarm,
Quietly lives on his own little farm;
Who thinks and acts in all things as he shou'd,
And studies only to be wise and good;
Whose thoughts mount upward to their native skies,
And scorn the bliss, that only smiles and dies.

The following is a beautiful little poem by Cunningham.

O'er moorlands and mountains rude, barren, and bare,
As wilder'd and wearied I roam,
A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,
And leads me o'er lawns to her home.

Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had crown'd,
Green rushes were strew'd on the floor,
Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
And deck'd the sod seats at the door.

We sate ourselves down to a cooling repast,
Fresh fruits—and she cull'd me the best;
Whilst, thrown from my guard, by some glances she cast,
Love slyly stole into my breast.

I told my soft wishes—she sweetly reply'd,
(Ye virgins her voice was divine!)
I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd:
Yet take me, fond shepherd—I'm thine.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
So simple, yet sweet were her charms,
I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.

Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
And if—on the banks by the stream,
Reclin'd on her bosom I sink into sleep,
Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o'er the slow-rising hills,
Delighted with pastoral views,
Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distills,
And mark out new themes for my muse.

To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
The damsel's of humble descent!
The cottager peace is well-known for her sire,
And shepherds have nam'd her, Content.

WRITTEN ON THE WALL OF A COTTAGE.

Secure within this peaceful cot,
I'd wish to live and die;
Here patient bear my humble lot,
And fortune's frowns defy.

In vain ambition's sons might rail,
And boast of joys refin'd;
Their slavish rules shall ne'er prevail,
Or shake my settl'd mind.

Secluded thus, devoid of care,
The call of heav'n I'd wait;
Then silent pass its bliss to share—
Prepar'd to meet my fate!

THE COUNTRY AND CITY MOUSE.

A TRANSLATION FROM HORACE BY DR. CREECH.

A country mouse a city entertain'd,
His old acquaintance, and his special friend;
This mouse was thrifty, yet would kindly feast
When time requir'd, and nobly treat his guest:
In short, now striving ev'ry way to please,
He freely brought his hoarded oats and peas,
His nibbled bacon and his mellow pears,
And all the fields produce, or country bears,
His nuts, his grapes well-dry'd—and try'd his best,
By choice variety to please his guest.
Who sate, and as afraid to hurt his mouth,
Did nibble here and there with dainty tooth:
Whilst he lies by in straw, and barley eats,
Or chaff; and leaves his guest the better meats.
At last the city mouse begins, "My friend,
Pray how can you delight, how love to spend
A life in woods and this unwholesome cave?
'Tis melancholy! 'tis so like a grave.
Now would you rather live in town than here,
And men's converse, before the woods prefer;
Come go with me, I'll get thee better cheer.
Since all must die, and must resign their breath,
Nor great, nor little is secure from death;
Then spend thy days in pleasure, mirth and sport,
And live like one that minds his life is short."
These words prevail'd upon the country mouse,
So she grows jocund straight, and leaves the house,
Longing for those fine things; so both go on,
Eager whilst now 'twas night to reach the town.
'Twas midnight full; when now the mice are come,
They take a rich man's house, a stately room,
Where purple covering shone on ivory seats,
And in the pantry lay whole heaps of meats,
The sumptuous relics of his noble treats.

The city mouse straight seats his country guest
On cloth of state, and waits, and carves the feast;
Course after course, a thousand dainty things,
And like a servant, tastes whate'er she brings.
The country mouse, pleas'd with his bed of state,
And various dainties, bless'd his change of fate;
Feeds heartily; when lo the servants come,
And dogs rush in and bark about the room.
Both start, both leave their beds with eager haste,
Both fly for life, and hardly 'scape at last.
Then says the country mouse, false joys farewell,
I do not like this life, my quiet cell
Is better, I can feast and wanton there,
On chaff or acorns, free from noise and fear.

What is elegance without ease, or plenty with an aching heart!

A VISION. BY DR. COTTON.

Man is deceiv'd by outward show—
'Tis a plain homespun truth I know;
The fraud prevails at ev'ry age,
So says the school-boy, and the sage;
Yet still we hug the dear deceit,
And still exclaim against the cheat:
But whence this inconsistent part,
Say, moralists who know the heart?
If you'll this labyrinth pursue,
I'll go before, and find the clue.
I dreamt ('twas on a birth-day night)
A sumptuous palace rose to sight:
The builder had, through ev'ry part,
Observ'd the chastest rules of art;
Raphael and Titian had display'd
All the full force of light and shade:
Around the livery'd servants wait;
An aged porter kept the gate.

As I was traversing the hall,
Where Brussel's looms adorn'd the wall,
(Whose tap'stry shows without my aid.
A nun is no such useless maid),
A graceful person came in view,
(His form, it seems, is known to few)
His dress was unadorn'd with lace,
But charms a thousand in his face,
This, sir, your property? I cry'd——
Master and mansion coincide:
Where all, indeed, is truly great,
And proves, that bliss may dwell with state,
Pray, sir, indulge a stranger's claim,
And grant the favour of your name.
Content, the lovely form reply'd;
But think not, here that I reside;
Here lives a courtier, base and sly;
An open, honest, rustic I;
Our taste and manners disagree,
His levee boasts no charms for me:
For titles, and the smiles of kings,
To me are cheap unheeded things.
('Tis virtue can alone impart
The patent of a ducal heart:
Unless this herald speaks him great,
What shall avail the glare of state?)
Those secret charms are my delight,
Which shine remote from public sight:
Passions subdu'd, desires at rest,——
And hence his chaplain shares my breast.
There was a time (his grace can tell)
I knew the duke exceeding well;
Knew ev'ry secret of his heart;
In truth, we never were apart:
But when the court became his end,
He turn'd his back upon his friend.

One day I call'd upon his grace,
Just as the duke had got a place;
I thought (but thought amiss, 'tis clear)
I should be welcome to the peer,
Yes, welcome to a man in pow'r;
And so I was——for half an hour.
But he grew weary of his guest,
And soon discarded me his breast;
Upbraided me with want of merit,
But most for poverty of spirit.
You relish not the great man's lot?
Come, hasten to my humbler cot.
Think me not partial to the great,
I'm a sworn foe to pride and state;
No monarchs share my kind embrace,
There's scarce a monarch knows my face:
Content shuns courts, and oft'ner dwells
With modest worth in rural cells;
There's no complaint though brown the bread,
Or the rude turf sustain the head,
Though hard the couch, and coarse the meat,
Still the brown loaf and sleep are sweet.
Far from the city I reside,
And a thatch'd cottage all my pride.
True to my heart, I seldom roam,
Because I find my joys at home:
For foreign visits then begin
When the man feels a void within.
But though from towns and crowds I fly,
No humourist, nor cynic, I.
Amidst sequester'd shades I prize
The friendships of the good, and wise,
Bid virtue and her sons attend,
Virtue will tell thee, I'm her friend;
Tell thee, I'm faithful, constant, kind,
And meek, and lowly, and resign'd;

Will say, there's no distinction known
Betwixt her household and my own,
AUTHOR. If these the friendships you pursue,
Your friends, I fear, are very few.
So little company, you say,
Yet fond of home from day to day?
How do you shun detraction's rod?
I doubt your neighbours think you odd!
CONTENT. I commune with myself at night,
And ask my heart if all be right:
If, "Right," replies my faithful breast,
I smile and close my eyes to rest.
AUTHOR. You seem regardless of the town:
Pray, sir, how stand you with the gown?
CONTENT. The clergy say they love me well,
Whether they do, they best can tell:
They paint me modest, friendly, wise,
And always praise me to the skies;
But if conviction's at the heart,
Why not a correspondent part?
For shall the learned tongue prevail,
If actions preach a diff'rent tale?
Who'll seek my door or grace my walls,
When neither dean nor prelate calls?
With those my friendships most obtain,
Who prize their duty more than gain;
Soft flow the hours whene'er we meet,
And conscious virtue is our treat;
Our harmless breasts no envy know,
And hence we fear no secret foe;
Our walks ambition ne'er attends,
And hence we ask no pow'rful friends;
We wish the best to church and state,
But leave the steerage to the great;
Careless, who rises, or who falls,
And never dream of vacant stalls;

Much less, by pride or int'rest drawn,
Sigh for the mitre, and the lawn.
Observe the secrets of my art,
I'll fundamental truths impart:
And if you'll my advice pursue,
I'll quit my hut, and dwell with you.
The passions are a num'rous crowd,
Imperious, positive and loud:
Curb these licentious sons of strife;
Hence chiefly rise the storms of life:
If they grow mutinous, and rave,
They are thy masters, thou their slave.
Regard the world with cautious eye,
Nor raise your expectation high.
See that the balanc'd scales be such,
You neither fear nor hope too much.
For disappointment's not the thing,
'Tis pride and passion point the sting.
Life is a sea where storms must rise,
'Tis folly talks of cloudless skies:
He who contracts his swelling sail
Eludes the fury of the gale.
Be still, nor anxious thoughts employ,
Distrust imbitters present joy:
On God for all events depend;
You cannot want when God's your friend.
Weigh well your part, and do your best;
Leave to your Maker all the rest.
The hand which form'd thee in the womb,
Guides from the cradle to the tomb.
Can the fond mother slight her boy;
Can she forget her prattling joy?
Say then, shall sov'reign love desert
The humble, and the honest heart?
Heav'n may not grant thee all thy mind;
Yet say not thou that Heav'n's unkind.

God is alike, both good and wise,
In what he grants and what denies:
Perhaps, what goodness gives to-day,
To-morrow goodness takes away.
You say, that troubles intervene,
That sorrows darken half the scene.
True—and this consequence you see,
The world was ne'er design'd for thee;
You're like a passenger below,
That stays perhaps a night or so;
But still his native country lies
Beyond the bound'ries of the skies.
Of Heav'n ask virtue, wisdom, health,
But never let thy pray'r be wealth;
If food be thine, (though little gold)
And raiment to repel the cold;
Such as may nature's wants suffice,
Not what from pride and folly rise;
If soft the motions of thy soul,
And a calm conscience crowns the whole;
Add but a friend to all this store,
You can't, in reason, wish for more:
And if kind Heav'n this comfort brings,
'Tis more than Heav'n bestows on kings.
He spake—The airy spectre flies,
And strait the sweet delusion dies.
The vision, at the early dawn,
Consign'd me to the thoughtful morn;
To all the cares of waking clay,
And inconsistent dreams of day.

PIOUS MEDITATION.

DEVOUT exercises of the mind on the perfections, the providence, and the grace of God, together with the obligations, we are under to obey his ordinances, have in all ages of the world, been invariably the business and the delight of good men; and our own hearts tell us, that nothing can be more becoming our rational nature, than a proper attention to subjects of such infinite excellence in themselves, and such serious importance both to our present and future happiness. If the voice of universal nature, the light of reason, and the immediate evidence of our senses cannot awaken us to a dependance upon our God, a reverence for his holy religion, and an humble opinion of ourselves, we wilfully and obstinately deprive ourselves of that inward tranquillity, which alone can render life desirable. Besides, the exercise of this duty fills the mind with more sublime ideas than any that are to be met with in the most exalted science; accordingly we find the greatest men distinguished and renowned for piety. A constant attention to this duty, is so far from debarring us from any innocent amusement or comfort of life, that it purifies the pleasures of it, and renders them more grateful and generous: it likewise secures to us a glorious hope, a serene mind, a calm and undisturbed conscience, which far outrelish the most studied and artificial luxuries.

Hail heav'nly piety supremely fair!
Whose smiles can calm the horrors of despair;
Bid in each breast unusual transports flow,
And wipe the tears that stain the cheek of woe.
How blest the man who leaves each meaner scene,
Like thee exalted, smiling and serene!
Whose rising soul pursues a nobler flight;
Whose bosom melts with more refin'd delight;
Whose thoughts elate with transports all sublime,
Can soar at once beyond the views of time.

Though God is every where present, and at all times sees us; yet in those places devoted to him, when we meet to perform the sacred offices of religion, we ought to appear with more than ordinary respect and reverence; for piety is elevation of mind towards the Supreme Being, and extension of thought to another life; our hearts therefore should be firmly fixed on the solemn business in which we are engaged; our behaviour should be free from even the least appearance of levity, and all our vanities should be left at home.

When to the sacred temple ye direct
Your steps, be fill'd with reverential awe
At God's all-piercing eye, and cleanse your hearts
From foul affections. Would ye offer up
Such sacrifice as his acceptance claims?
Hope not with fragrant incense to atone
His wrath, nor ev'n with costly hecatombs
To bribe his gracious presence. What avail
External rites, when inward sanctity
Is wanting?——————
When ye approach his altar, on your lips
Set strictest guard, and let your thoughts be pure,
Fervent, and recollected;—thus prepar'd,
Send up the silent breathings of your souls
Submissive to his will: for God looks down

From Heav'n, and with paternal care prevents
Our real wants, before we ask.——
—— But oh! beware
Of self-deceit, maturely weigh thy strength,
Nor rashly trifle with Omnipotence:
But when th' irrevocable word hath past
Thy lips, seek no pretences for delay:
Perform it instantly; for thou art bound
By sacred ties; 'tis a just debt thou ow'st
To the tremendous majesty of Heav'n
And plac'd to thine account. Let not thy words,
Then, rashly utter'd, draw upon thine head
The guilt of sacrilege; nor hope t' excuse
That crime, which th' unseen messengers of Heav'n,
Who watch o'er human actions, strict observe;
That crime, which, in eternal registers,
Recorded stands, by pleading ignorance
Or want of due reflection.
—— Tremble, ye thoughtless ones,
Who thus your pow'r abuse; for he, that sits
On high, the Judge Supreme, is mightier far:
He, from his throne sublime, with piercing eye,
The dark recesses of each human heart
Observes, and ev'ry action strictly weighs
In his impartial balance.

The man whose heart is replete with sincere piety, who looks up to heaven with reverence and gratitude, cannot fail of tasting the sublimest pleasure, in contemplating the stupendous and innumerable works of nature; but if, on the contrary, we are hard and contracted in heart, severe in our censures, and oppressive in our conduct, we may then conclude what we have termed piety, was nothing more than an empty name, resolving itself either into an hypocritical form of godliness, a transient impression of seriousness, an accidental melting of the heart, or the deliberate refuge of a deluded and corrupted mind. The love of

God where it reigns in the affections, will command all the other powers of nature, and all the rest of the passions to act suitably to this sovereign and ruling affection: the eye will often look up to God in a way of faith and humble dependance: the ear will be attentive to his holy word: the hand will be lifted up in daily requests: the knees will be bent in humble worship: he will endeavour with delight to fulfil every present duty, to please God in all his actions, and to watch against and avoid whatever may offend him.

Hail, gentle piety! unmingled joy!
Whose fulness satisfies, but ne'er can cloy!
Spread thy soft wings o'er my devoted breast,
And settle there an everlasting guest!—
Not cooling breezes to the languid swain,
To winter sun-shine, or to summer rain,
To sinking mariners the friendly hand,
That bears them up and guides them safe to land,
Bring half the comfort, or the welcome find,
As thy accesses to a shipwreck'd mind.

Thou kind Preserver! whose attentive zeal
Gives me in this contented hour to feel
That dearest pleasure of a soul refin'd,
The triumph of the self-corrected mind;
If, happy in the strength thy smiles impart,
I own thy favour in no thankless heart,
Still let me view thy form, so justly dear!
Still in kind visions to these eyes appear!
Thy friendly dictates teach me to fulfil!
And let thy aid avert each future ill.

The hermit, from the world retir'd,
By calm religion's voice inspir'd,
Tells how serenely time glides on,
From crimson morn, till setting sun;

How guiltless, pure, and free from strife,
He journies thro' the vale of life;
Within his breast nor sorrows mourn,
Nor cares perplex, nor passions burn;
Nor jealous fears, nor boundless joys,
The tenor of his mind destroys;
And when revolving mem'ry shows
The thorny world's unnumber'd woes;
He blesses Heav'n's benign decree,
That gave his days to peace and thee.
In fading life's protracted hour,
He smiles at death's terrific pow'r;
He lifts his radiant eyes, which gleam
With resignation's sainted beam:
And, as the weeping star of morn,
Sheds lustre on the wither'd thorn,
His tears benign, calm comfort throws,
O'er rugged life's corroding woes;
His pious soul's enlighten'd rays
Dart forth, to gild his wint'ry days;
He smiles serene at Heav'n's decree,
And his last hour resigns to thee.

PRAYER.

Prayer is a solemn address, appointed by God, to secure to us the influence of his Holy Spirit; to preserve us from falling amidst so many surrounding dangers, and to dispose our minds to pay the most serious attention to things of a spiritual nature. In the word of God, we are directed

to be "instant in prayer;" and to animate us to this duty, there are many gracious promises; such as "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." Here likewise we meet with examples to quicken us. David prayed for illumination, Solomon for wisdom, and Paul for grace. "For, as the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked," it is easily drawn aside from God, unless it be preserved by the almighty power of his Spirit. When we wish to be most devout, the world, by its captivating charms diverts the mind, seizes the attention, inflames the passions, and draws away the heart. Let us, then, twice a day at least, address ourselves to God; at whose right hand we have a powerful advocate, Jesus Christ, who ever liveth to make intercession for us. With him God is well pleased; and through him he has graciously promised to hear our petitions. Milton thus recommends this duty.

> What better can we do, than—prostrate fall
> Before him reverent; and there confess
> Humbly our faults, and pardon beg; with tears
> Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air
> Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
> Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek?

The great, the wise, and the learned, when they lay these truths seriously to heart, must generally acknowledge that they produce self-complacency, a composed temper of reverence, humility and gratitude, together with a desire to be engaged in the praises, and employed in the service, of their universal Benefactor. It is recorded of a Greek poet, that he prayed in the first place for health, in the next for success in his undertakings, thirdly for a cheerful heart, fourthly that his children might be virtuous, and lastly, that he might close his life in peace.

Father of Heav'n! I said, and judge of earth!
Whose word call'd out this universe to birth;
By whose kind pow'r and influencing care
The various creatures move, and live, and are;
But ceasing once that care, withdrawn that pow'r,
They move (alas!) and live, and are no more:
Omniscient Master, Omnipresent King,
To thee, to thee, my last distress I bring.
Thou, that can'st still the raging of the seas,
Chain up the winds, and bid the tempest cease;
Redeem my ship-wreck'd soul from raging gusts
Of cruel passion, and deceitful lusts:
From storms of rage, and dang'rous rocks of pride,
Let thy strong hand this little vessel guide;
(It was thy hand that made it) thro' the tide
Impetuous of this life: let thy command
Direct my course, and bring me safe to land.
If, while this weary'd flesh draws fleeting breath,
Not satisfy'd with life, afraid of death,
If haply be thy will, that I should know
Glimpse of delight, or pause from anxious woe;
From now, from instant now, great Sire, dispel
The clouds that press my soul; from now reveal
A gracious beam of light; from now inspire
My tongue to sing, my hand to touch the lyre:
My open'd thought to joyous prospects raise
And, for thy mercy, let me sing thy praise.
Or, if thy will ordains, I still shall wait
Some new hereafter, and a future state;
Permit me strength, my weight of woe to bear;
And raise my mind superior to my care.
Let me, howe'er unable to explain
The secret lab'rynths of thy ways to man,
With humble zeal confess thy awful pow'r,
Still weeping hope, and wond'ring still adore.
So in my conquest be thy might declar'd,
And for thy justice, be thy name rever'd,

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

Father of all! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.

Thou Great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confin'd,
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind.

Yet gave me in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
Or deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

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

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

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath:
O lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot;
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd, or not,
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies;
One chorus let all being raise!
All nature's incense rise!

Connected with this subject is that of the due observation of the sabbath; or, in other words, a day of rest from bodily and unnecessary labour; and which has accordingly been dedicated, both by Jews and Christians, in all ages, to the service of the Deity: now the keeping of one day in seven holy, is of admirable service to a state, considered merely as a civil institution. It humanizes the lower classes of society, which would otherwise degenerate into sordid selfishness and savage ferocity: it enables the industrious to pursue their occupations in the ensuing week with cheerfulness and hope; it imprints on the minds of the people at large, by means of public and private acts of worship, a sense of duty which they owe to their Redeemer; and which by an unremitting continuance of

labour, would be either neglected, or wholly given up. These stated times were appointed therefore to recall them to a sense of the great benefits they enjoy, in being blessed with health, strength, and the comforts of a rational and spiritual disposition. Peculiarly favourable to the acquisition of such a temper, are the duties of this day: we therefore should on no account omit the means appointed for the reception and cultivation of the divine assistance; for by making the purification of the heart, and the subjugation of the passions our principal duty, we shall lay the only sure foundation of that hope which secures to us comfort, resignation and peace.

This day the Deity to man has giv'n
By just degrees to train their souls for Heav'n,
And publickly to join in grateful praise
For all the blessings of their other days.

The mighty pow'r, in whom we trust,
Is ever to his promise just:
He makes this sacred day appear
The pledge of a propitious year:
He bids the circling seasons shine,
Recalls the olive and the vine;
With blooming plenty loads the plain,
And crowns the fields with golden grain.
Give glory to his awful name;
Let ev'ry voice his praise proclaim.

THE SCRIPTURES.

OF the Old and New Testament it has been justly said that they contain more sublimity and beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence, than we can find in all other books. Mr. Locke spent the last years of his life in reading the Bible, and wrote thus to a friend concerning it. "Study the holy Scriptures, especially the New Testament; for therein are contained the words of eternal life: it has God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth without any mixture of error for its matter." And indeed when we consider for what end life is given us, it is natural to inquire after the best rules of living, in order to be useful, and consequently valued in this world, and to be eternally happy in that which is to come. Now as the scriptures are the only true guide of faith and practice, let us attend to the beautiful and sublime instructions contained therein. In reading the scriptures embrace those you find clearly revealed; never perplex yourself about such as you do not understand, but treat them with silent and becoming reverence. The writings of the prophets abound with the most elevated ideas and pious sentiments, expressed with the greatest energy of diction, and embellished with the most brilliant ornaments of oriental imagery. The prophet Isaiah, in particular, to comprehension of thought, and splendor of ideas, joins a style so energetic, and sweetly harmonious, that his writings alone are sufficient to give us

an exalted opinion of Hebrew literature. The parables, or similitudes, originally borrowed from hieroglyphical characters, are most beautifully and persuasively related, and intended to convey to us some important truth. Such are the parables of the ten virgins; of Dives and Lazarus; the Prodigal Son; Nathan and David, or the poor man's lamb, &c. Would you see history in all its simplicity, and all its force most beautifully easy, yet irresistibly striking? See or rather feel its energy, touching the nicest movements of the soul, and triumphing over our passions, in the inestimable narrative of Joseph's life; the representation of Esau's bitter distress; the conversations of Jonathan, and his gallant friend; the memorable journey of the disciples going to Emmaus — all these are finished models of the impassioned and affecting; here is nothing studied; no flights of fancy, no embellishments of oratory. Are we pleased with the elevation and dignity of an heroic poem; or with the tenderness and perplexity of a dramatic performance? In the book of Job, they are both united, and both unequalled. Conformably to the exactest rules of art, as the action advances, the incidents are more alarming, and the images more magnificent. The language glows, and the pathos swells; till at last the Deity himself speaks from the whirlwind, and summons the creation: summons heaven, and all its shining host; the elements, and their most wonderful productions; to vouch for the wisdom of his providential dispensations. His word strikes terror and flashes conviction; decides the momentous controversy, and closes the august drama, with all possible solemnity and grandeur. The Psalms are remarkable, beyond all other writings, for their power of inspiring devout emotions: they contain moreover the most magnificent descriptions, that the soul of man can comprehend. If we sometimes choose a plaintive strain, such as softens the mind, and sooths an agreeable melancholy; are any of the ancient tragedies superior,

in the eloquence of mourning, to David's pathetic elegy on his beloved Jonathan;—to his most inconsolable moan over the lovely but unhappy Absalom; or to that melodious woe, which warbles and bleeds in every line of Jeremiah's lamentation? If we look for the strength of reasoning, and the warmth of exhortation; the insinuating arts of genteel address, or the manly boldness of impartial reproof: all the thunder of the orator, without any of his ostentation, let us have recourse to the acts of the apostles, and to the epistles of Saint Paul. On a right, or practical knowledge of these teachers sent from God, to make the soul wise unto salvation, depends the present comfort, and the endless felicity of mankind. The eloquence and dignity of the New Testament, breathe the spirit of divinity in every line, and persuasively enforce the observance of our duty by the strongest motives of gratitude, hope and fear. The great scene of revelation began in the east; there the source of genuine inspiration was first opened; and thence the streams of divine knowledge began to flow." "And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo! the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, fear not; for, behold! I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a saviour, who is Christ the Lord.—And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." The elevated sentiments of the prophet Isaiah on the birth of the Messiah are thus beautifully, and rapturously versified by Mr. Pope.

Ye nymphs of Solima! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong,

The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more——O thou my voice inspire
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies:
Th' æthereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic dove.
Ye heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
Returning justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd innocence from heav'n descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!
Oh spring to light, auspicious babe! be born.
See nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains! and, ye vallies, rise!
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay!
Be smooth, ye rocks! ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:
Hear him, ye deaf! and all ye blind, behold!

He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm the unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In adamantine chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes;
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad faulchion in a plow-share end:
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprize
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy vallies, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:

To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleas'd, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

The character of our Saviour is the most perfect and illustrious representation of whatever can unite the brightness

of example with the precision and perspicuity of precept. Was there ever an exordium, like the following, so well calculated to awaken and secure attention. "Give ear, O ye heavens! and I will speak; and hear, O earth! the words of my mouth. My doctrine shall drop as the rain: my speech shall distil as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass; because I will publish the name of the Lord: ascribe ye greatness unto our God!"—All nature must listen, when the greatness of its author is to be proclaimed: every ear must receive with rapture the flowing strains of such salutary doctrine.

Prepare, my soul, thy noblest lays,
And speak thy great Deliverer's praise.
Awake, my voice, and gentle lute,
Nor let one pleasing string be mute.

The world was silently improved by the spreading influence of the gospel; till at length the conviction of its dignity became too strong to be suppressed; and what began in the humbler admiration of moral purity, has continued in the dignity of faith; which is a full and undoubted confidence in the declarations made by God in the holy scriptures; a sincere reception of the doctrines taught by our blessed Saviour; with a firm assurance, that he died to take away the sins of the world, and that we have, each of us, a part in the boundless benefits of the universal sacrifice. Let us adore the author of so much goodness, with the tribute of a grateful heart. As the conduct of our blessed Redeemer was not actuated by ambition, so neither was it influenced by any base and inordinate passion. On the contrary his whole life was one continued act of the purest and most disinterested benevolence; and, lest he should appear to affect, more than to deserve, the high character he sustained, it was his frequent command to those whom he rescued from the sharp anguish of disease, the gloomy

horrors of blindness, or the agonizing distractions of demoniac phrenzy.—"Go thy way, tell no man—sin no more." The excellence of our Saviour's moral precepts, the kindness, simplicity, self-denial, and unblemished purity of his life; his patience and meekness in all his severe trials, especially in the hour of death, cannot be spoken of but with the greatest reverence, admiration and gratitude. Though regardless of the pleasures, and sometimes destitute of the comforts of life, he never provoked disgust by the sourness of the misanthrope, or contempt by the inactivity of the recluse. He never affected gloomy austerity, nor sought to be sequestered from the world, in order to preserve the spirituality of his mind; no—his ministry was professedly and really destined to active employment; and engaged in promoting the noblest interests of mankind. He therefore freely mixed with them in all the habits of social intercourse; and in those moments, when all the avenues of the heart are open to gaiety and affection, he silently instructed his companions in the rare, but exquisite art of being cheerful without levity, and of uniting solid improvement with harmless entertainment. He always preserved an exact decorum in word and deed; and, even in his most familiar conversations, he steadily kept in view the momentous end for which he came into the world. Who then is that bold intruder into the counsels of infinite wisdom and goodness, who, in palpable contempt of these explicit commands, thus illustrated and confirmed, will dare to maintain, that knowing the intention with which they were primarily given, and the ends they were ultimately designed to produce, he may innocently, or wilfully neglect or violate their plain obligations. It is the wretched resource of a disingenuous mind, and a false and hollow heart, endeavouring to escape from convictions before which he cannot stand, and to evade truths, which he dares not disavow. The New Testament, which is most emphatically the book of our religion, and to which all the pro-

phetic writings were but a kind of preface, or introduction, is superior to the greatest elevation of any human style. What can be conceived so expressive, as that short character which our Lord has given of his own words, "that they are spirit, and they are life?" No human penetration can ever be sufficient to fathom the depth of those mysterious truths. And notwithstanding the Christian religion has been so furiously attacked by impiety and profaneness, it has always appeared holy, always victorious, and always triumphant. — "This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate thereon day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein, for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and have good success." Joshua i. 8.

Charm me, ye sacred leaves, with noblest themes,
With op'ning heav'ns and angels rob'd in flames;
Ye restless passions, while I read, be aw'd!
Hail ye mysterious oracles of God!
Here I beheld how infant time began,
How the dust mov'd and quicken'd into man.
Here, thro' the flow'ry walks of Eden rove,
Court the soft breeze, or range the spicy grove;
There tread on hallow'd ground where angels trod,
And rev'rend patriarchs talk'd as friends with God;
Or hear the voice to slumb'ring prophets giv'n,
Or gaze on visions from the throne of heav'n.

Thou art the source and center of all minds,
Their only point of rest, eternal word;
From thee departing, they are lost, and rove
At random, without honour, hope, or peace:
From thee is all that sooths the life of man;
His high endeavour, and his glad success;
His strength to suffer, and his will to serve.

RELIGION.

TRUE religion is the obligation of reasonable creatures to render to God such acts of worship as are suitable to the excellency of his nature, and to their dependance upon him. It is not an occasional act, but an informing and directing spirit, without which, whatever we may possess, we can have no true enjoyment: it animates every sentiment, and has the same influence over the conduct, which external grace has over the manners, subduing the worst and cultivating the best passions and affections of the human heart. The amiableness of religion in itself, the innumerable advantages that flow from it to society in general, as well as to each sincere professor of it in particular, cannot but recommend it to the practice of every considerate person. It fortifies and cheers, as well as composes the soul, under the severest troubles; inspires us with a perpetual serenity and an habitual inclination to make others happy. Who then that values either his present or future comfort would reject the salutary assistance which religion offers? For moral virtues without religion are but cold and insipid; it is that which opens the mind to great conceptions, and warms the soul with the most sublime ideas; pronouncing those blessed, who are meek, merciful, peaceable, and is the only true source of consolation and of hope. Who can read the following verse in the general epistle of James, without declaring that for beauty of diction, for tenderness of precept, and persuasive moral, it

must be dear alike to virtue and to taste. "Pure religion, and undefiled before God and the Father, is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." Such conduct ennobles virtue, and, in every event, invigorates the mind, giving dignity to this probationary scene by considering it as introductory to a glorious and everlasting state of felicity.

Thou, fair religion, wast design'd,
Duteous daughter of the skies,
To warm and cheer the human mind,
To make men happy, good and wise.

Every thinking man indeed must consider religion as the foundation on which the whole moral world, and the great fabric of social happiness entirely rests. It gives to virtue its sweetest hopes, to despairing vice its greatest fears, and to true penitence its best consolations; making a reasonable allowance for the infirmities and imperfections of our nature. The divine laws were ordained to give a silent light, and to shed a mild benignant influence on the world; in a word to render us active and useful in the discharge of the relative, social and civil duties. Religion, as directing itself, from the universal family of mankind, to the divine object of all adoration, is man bringing to his Maker the fruits of his heart; and though those fruits may differ from each other like the fruits of the earth, the grateful tribute of every one is accepted.

Look round, how Providence bestows alike
Sunshine and rain to bless the fruitful year,
On different nations, all of different faiths:
And, though by several names and titles worship'd,
Heaven takes the various tribute of their praise;

Since all agree to own, at least to mean,
One best, one greatest, only Lord of all!

Religious principles rightly understood, not only unite with all the virtues, but support, fortify and confirm them. There belongs to it no sullen gloom, no melancholy to diminish the exertions; it connects our preparation for heaven with an honourable discharge of the duties of active life. It is associated in the imagination with all that is amiable and useful; with "whatsoever things are true, just, pure, lovely, and of good report;" if then there is any virtue, if there is any praise, let religion be your principal concern; for it is this alone which enlivens industry, animates the courage of those who possess it, and awakens in them a more correct and exquisite sense of their duty. Now this consists in acts of worship and adoration, in justice, humanity and mercy; in a fair and candid mind, a generous and affectionate heart, accompanied with temperance, self-government, and a perpetual guard on all our actions, preserving by these means a conscience void of offence. To these practical duties, we should be ever careful to add an humble sense of the divine glories and perfections, a feeling conviction of our numerous unmerited obligations to the Deity, and such a constant dependance upon him, as will engage us to think upon him at all times with reverence and love: to praise him for every blessing we enjoy, to supplicate his assistance and confide in his goodness under all our wants and distresses, to submit with patience to every dispensation of his providence, to conduct all our words and actions, and even our thoughts and inclinations in such a manner as we may have reason to believe will be most agreeable to his will; which is so far from debarring men of any innocent pleasure, or comfort of human life, that it purifies the pleasures of it and renders them more grateful and generous; and besides this, it brings the gra-

tifications of a glorious hope, a serene mind, and a calm and undisturbed conscience. Religion, in early life, controls the passions and directs the will; it introduces us into the world armed and determined against the delusions of scepticks and infidels; binds us to those establishments of which we are members; preserves our intercourse uncorrupt among our fellow creatures, and heightens our affections as relatives and friends. It enables us to walk steadily forward through life, the guardians of our constitution, the ornaments of our faith, the friends of mankind, and the glory of our species. And when the scene of life is closing, it will soften the terrors of death; it will bear us company to another world; and there, around the throne of heaven, amidst angels and archangels, it will recommend us to the mercy and the love of Him who created us, and of the Saviour, who died to redeem us. The following animated supplication to our Saviour was written by the celebrated Miss Carter, in her eighteenth year. She likewise translated Epictetus, and favoured the public with many beautiful poems.

Be my religion such as taught by thee,
Alike from pride and superstition free;
Inform my judgment, regulate my will,
My reason strengthen, and my passions still.
Amidst the pleasures of a prosperous state,
Whose flatt'ring charms th' untutor'd heart elate,
May I reflect to whom those gifts I owe,
And bless the bounteous hand from whence they flow!
Or, if an adverse fortune be my share,
Let not its terrors tempt me to despair;
But, fix'd on thee, a steady faith maintain,
And own all good, which thy decrees ordain;
On thy unfailing providence depend,
The best protector, and the surest friend.

Society is very much indebted to this elegant writer, as well as to many other exemplary females, for numerous publications, ingeniously adapted to the capacities of the rising generation, who are thereby invitingly led into the pleasing paths of virtue and of truth; and inspired with a constant sense of the immediate presence of the Supreme Being; which not only gives energy to their actions, but will greatly assist in fortifying their minds, by solid principles, against the false and dangerous arguments of infidelity, now every day so artfully offered to their inexperience.

> Who, wheedling round with metaphysic art,
> Steal true religion from th' unguarded heart.

There is not a more engaging scene, which the eye of man can contemplate, than the youthful congregation, to the number of near five thousand, who, under the care and sanction of national charity, are annually collected in St. Paul's Cathedral, bending in adoration to their Maker, or hymning with infant voices the praises and glory of their Redeemer, and grateful thanks to their benevolent patrons. It has been observed by one of our first writers, that if, in our progress through life, the cares of the world, the heats of youth, or the allurements of vice, may, unfortunately for a while, suppress in the breast a sense of religion, it generally breaks out and discovers itself again, as soon as discretion, consideration, age or misfortune, shall have brought the man to himself. The truths here selected to encourage the important duties of a religious life, are further confirmed by the testimony of several great and good men. Mr. Locke, who is justly considered as one of the greatest philosophers England ever produced, and whose accuracy in reasoning is so deservedly celebrated, shewed his zeal for the Christian religion, by several publications, particularly by a discourse on the belief of the Messiah; and, in the last

years of his life, by a judicious commentary on the Scriptures. Sir Isaac Newton, who is universally allowed to have been the ablest mathematician that has honoured this or any other nation, is also well known to have been a firm believer, and a good Christian. His discoveries, concerning the frame and system of the universe, were particularly applied by him to demonstrate the being of a God, and to illustrate his power and wisdom in the works of creation. This great and good man likewise devoted himself, with the closest attention, to the study of the Holy Scriptures, and considered many parts of them with uncommon exactness, particularly the chronological part, and the series of prophecies and events which related to the Messiah. The Honourable Robert Boyle, a man of very extensive learning, was one of the most exact enquirers into the works of nature that any age has known; and what reflects the greatest honour upon himself and upon Christianity, is, that while he was an acute reasoner, he was also a firm believer. The veneration he had for the Scriptures, appears, not only from his studying them with great attention, and exhorting others to do the same, but more particularly from a treatise he wrote, on purpose to answer all the objections which unbelievers had made against it. His religion was not a mere profession; it had its due and genuine influence on his life and actions, and by the noblest kind of charity, he not only relieved the wants and distresses of his fellow-creatures; but endeavoured, at a great expence, to diffuse that light and knowledge even in the most distant parts, which he saw so absolutely necessary for the present and future welfare of the world at large. Mr. Addison, so deservedly celebrated for his uncommon accuracy and precision in thinking and reasoning, has given abundant proof of his belief of revelation, and his zeal against deism, by his evidences of the Christian religion. All his writings on religious subjects, discover a strong

and steady piety; and his amiable conduct, in every part of his life, gives the most convincing proof, that what he wrote were the genuine sentiments of his mind. Milton possessed not only one of the most cultivated, but one of the most upright minds, which the records of human nature have taught us to revere. The integrity of his heart appears to have secured to him the favour of Providence; since it pleased the Giver of all good not only to crown his labours with a peaceful end, (his dissolution being so easy, that it was unperceived by the persons in his chamber) but to irradiate his declining life, with the most abundant portion of those pure and sublime mental powers, for which he had constantly and fervently prayed as the choicest bounty of heaven. There is one characteristic in Milton, which ought to be considered as the chief source and support of his talents, happiness and fame; I mean his early and perpetual attachment to religion. It must gratify every Christian to reflect, that the man of our country most eminent for energy of mind, for intenseness of application, and for frankness and intrepidity in asserting whatever he believed to be the cause of truth, was so confirmed in his belief of Christianity, that he seems to have made the Bible not only the rule of his conduct, but the prime director of his genius; his poetry flowed from the Scriptures, as if his unparalleled poetical powers had been expressly given him by heaven, for the purpose of imparting to religion such lustre as the most splendid of human faculties could bestow. His Paradise Lost * and Regained should be attentively read by ingenuous youth; as they are admirably calculated to inspire that spirit of self-command, which may be considered as the truest heroism, and the triumph of Christianity.

* For a comprehensive view of the merits of these Poems, see Mr. Addison's critique in the fourth, fifth, and sixth volumes of the Spectator.

——— He all his study bent
To worship God aright and know his works
Not hid; nor those things last, that might preserve
Freedom and peace to men.

Milton built his fame upon the foundation of the Scriptures: from the sacred volume he derived his light: this was the treasure which enriched his wonderful imagination, and rendered him inferior only to the voice of inspiration. Having said thus much on this most important of all subjects, I will add only, that by the diligent and habitual use of these considerations, and of the other means we are blessed with, we shall experience a firm hope, a dignified joy, an unshaken trust; and when under the pressure of illness or affliction, more than human consolations.

END OF VOL. I.

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