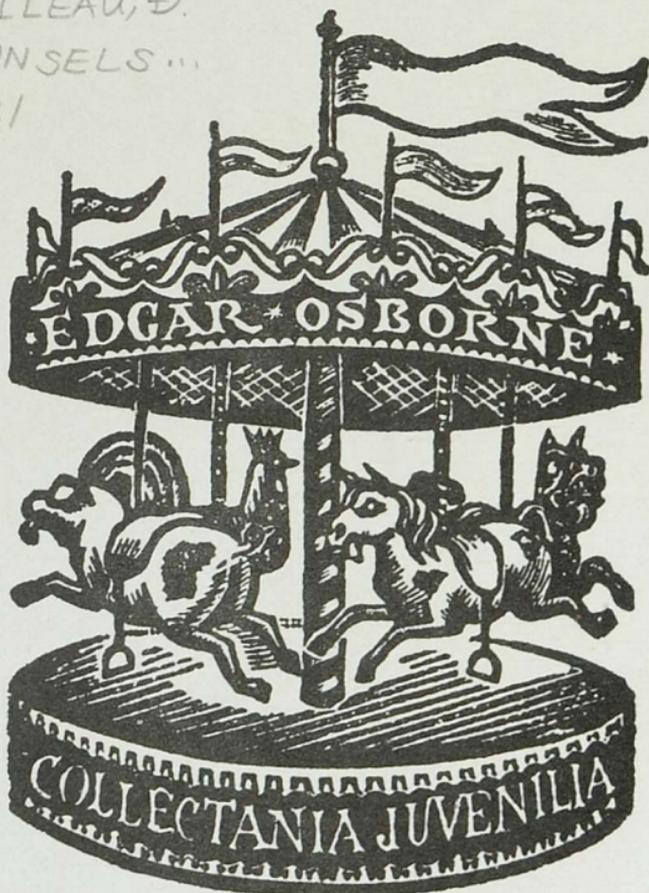


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COUNSELS AT HOME;

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ENTERTAINING TALES AND INTERESTING ANECDOTES.

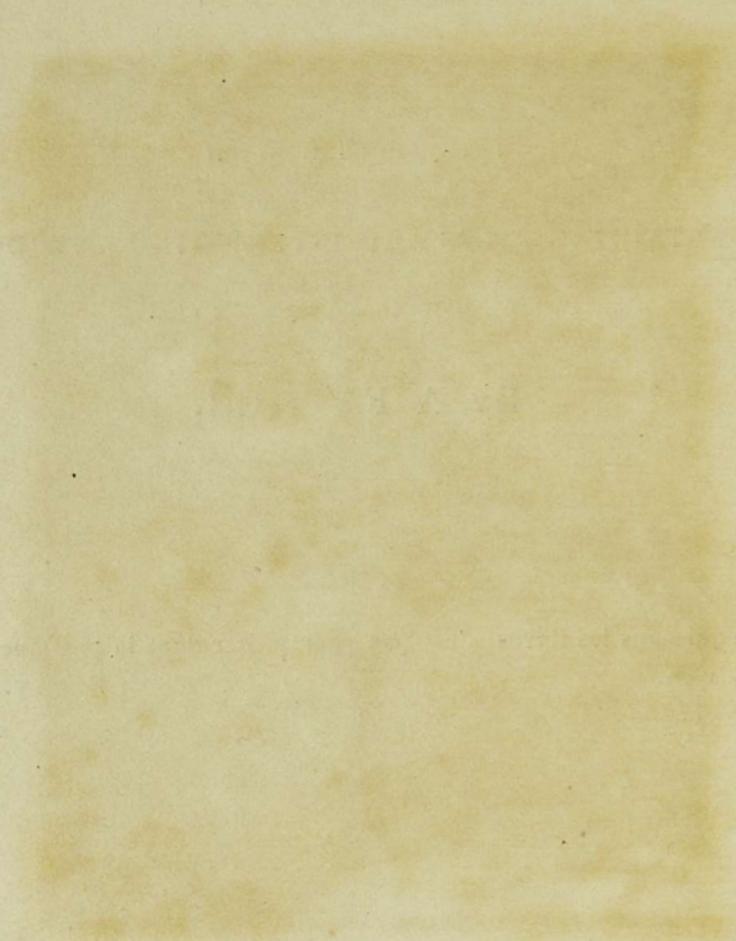
BY A FATHER.

Ce qui dans les livres n'est pas pour passer dans la pratique, n'est bon à rien.

J. B. SAY.

LONDON:
JOHN HARRIS, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD.
1831.

COURTESY AT HOME



Printed by Samuel Bentley,
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JOHN HARRIS'S SECOND COURSE

CONTENTS.

	Page
INTRODUCTION	1
NEWSPAPERS	4
INFLUENCE OF THE IMAGINATION	6
HISTORICAL ERRORS	7
PREJUDICE	12
EVILS OF SOPHISTRY	15
THE MILITARY PROFESSION	17
PURSUIT OF TRUTH	20
FOLLY OF IGNORANCE	23
SCEPTICISM	26
FANATICISM	28
DIVINATION	33
THE SYBIL SPY	38
PRETENDED MIRACLES	49
VENTRILOQUISM	52
TRAVELLER'S NARRATIVES	55
IRONY	58
SPURIOUS IRONY, OR QUIZZING	59
VANITY	66
FEMALE EMBELLISHMENTS	67

CONTENTS.

	Page
SELF-LOVE	68
OBEDIENCE TO SUPERIORS	70
PROBITY	72
MANLY DISCHARGE OF DUTY	75
FEMALE PRUDENCE	76
OBSTACLES IN THE WAY OF DUTY	78
EVIL COMPANIONS	80
DANGEROUS CONNECTIONS	82
GAMBLING	87
PRAYER	94
FORTITUDE	96
ACQUISITION OF KNOWLEDGE	98
FIRMNESS OF MIND	100
DEGENERACY OF THE AGE	101
IMPROVED STATE OF SOCIETY	103
REVERENCE OF THE DEAD	107
EARLY IMPRESSIONS	108
DECLINE OF LIFE	111
CHEERFULNESS	113
WHAT DOES IT CONCERN ME?	114
THE JOURNEY TO COLOGNE	144
THE LITTLE SAVOYARD	163
THE LEGACY	171

COUNSELS AT HOME.



INTRODUCTION.

IN the early part of the month of June 1830, Mr. L. a wealthy merchant of London, had sent for his two children from school, being determined to keep them altogether at home. Though coming from different and distant places, they reached the paternal roof on the same day, and delighted their father with their apparent improvement in health and person, and, as he subsequently discovered, in mental acquirements. His son, George, the eldest, was very near seventeen; and Georgiana, his daughter, had just completed the fifteenth year of her age. Both were rather intelligent, and very fond of books, of which they found ample stores in their father's elegant library: but, to acquaint them with the present state of the world, and with the

still more interesting concerns of their native country, they were also permitted to peruse the daily newspapers, the vehicles of general information on the most various subjects. This permission was, however, accompanied with the strictest caution against that over hasty credulity which yields an implicit belief to every printed report, without regarding its tendency, or waiting for its confirmation; and, in order to endow his children with the salutary habit of being slow in believing, Mr. L. implored them to consider how difficult it is to arrive at

HISTORICAL TRUTH.

“Remember,” said he, “what you must already have often witnessed yourselves. An event happens close to you, in the same town, in the same village, in the same street; you inquire into its origin and concomitant circumstances: different individuals pretend to relate both very minutely; yet their accounts seldom agree in every particular.

“When Sir Walter Raleigh wrote his ‘History of the World,’ he was a prisoner in the Tower of

London. One morning, he heard the noise of a vehement contention under his window ; but he could neither see the combatants, nor distinguish exactly what was said. One person after another came into his room, and each pretended to have witnessed the affray : but when he inquired into its nature, the accounts which the witnesses gave were so inconsistent, that he found himself unable to arrive at the truth. ‘What!’ said he, ‘can I not make myself master of an incident that happened an hour ago under my window ; and shall I imagine I can truly understand the history of Hannibal and Cæsar?’

“Truth in general,” observed Mr. L. to his children, “is the perfect agreement of our ideas with their objects ; of our speeches with our thoughts ; of a report with the fact reported ; in short, it is an exact representation, or, in other words, the perfect agreement, of the representation with the object represented, be it by verbal communication or otherwise. The Painter, who pretends to pourtray your likeness, may be complimented by his friends for his success ; yet if there be a slight defect in the proportion of any of your features, it is not *your* portrait ; it is the delineation of several of your features ; it may

represent your most prominent features with tolerable correctness ; but it is not a true representation of your whole face. There is but one direct straight road from one place to another ; yet there may be fifty by-roads on each side. Truth is one and unchangeable ; but the deviations and aberrations from it are various and numberless.

NEWSPAPERS.

“ ALL sources of information, experience, reflection, and instruction, lie open to the inroads of error ; and in Newspapers these inroads are frequently wilful. Contending, political, and religious sects are prone to abuse and to vilify each other ; and truth is vitiated to favour private interests, or to serve a particular party in the state. Instead of being the vehicles of foreign and domestic intelligence, Newspapers often aim at throwing a lustre of popularity on the measures of the men in power, to maintain them at the helm ; or at rendering those measures odious, to remove them from their station, that they may

make room for their opponents. Their reports in either case must not be relied upon."

"But facts, that have no relation to party politics," observed Georgiana, "may, I suppose, generally be believed without hesitation?"

"Yes," replied Mr. L. "if they be duly authenticated by credible witnesses; although even these witnesses may have been betrayed into involuntary errors; because the testimony of our senses is not always an unerring criterion of truth. Men of veracity may tell you: 'I have seen it with my own eyes; I heard it myself.' But when they saw, or at the time they heard, were their senses unimpaired? Did their attention centre in one object only? Were they thoroughly acquainted with the effects of light and shade, with the laws of sound? Did they labour under no kind of prejudice? Were they not under the influence of passion? Did fancy not misguide them; or, were they not imposed upon?"

"One man swears, in a court of justice, that an individual has assaulted him on the highway; and the prisoner proves that on the day when his prosecutor was attacked, he happened to be confined to his bed, in the hospital. The transgressor is soon after discovered; and an astonishing

resemblance is found between him and the accused.

INFLUENCE OF THE IMAGINATION.

“IN the Foundling Hospital at Amsterdam, one of the children was affected with violent epileptic fits. Several of the foundlings were soon after attacked with the same disease. The number of victims of the disorder was rapidly increasing. All the wise matrons of the house, who witnessed its ravages, pronounced epilepsy to be contagious. They had seen it. But Boerhaave was sent for : instead of prescribing medicines, he threatened to pinch with hot tongs the first child that had an epileptic fit. Every thing was prepared for the execution of his menace : pincers were glowing in the fire ; but none of the children were seized with the disorder.

HISTORICAL ERRORS.

“ IF our senses, which are the inlets of our ideas, be apt to deceive us, our reasonings, our combinations and comparisons of those ideas, as well as the inferences from causes to effects, and from effects to causes, or our own meditations and thoughts, must also be liable to misguide us. Even those whom we are wont to regard as the instructors of mankind, must have been more or less exposed to the same fallibility. The books which they have left us must consequently be subject to the same imperfection, and the events which they record must frequently fall short of that degree of evidence which is alone calculated to convince us of their accuracy. Historical facts are dead and gone; they cannot be reproduced: but physical facts exist; they may be reproduced before your eyes, and bring entire conviction to your mind; whilst the former can only obtain your belief, which is more or less ready in proportion to the evidence by which those facts are supported. Fontenelle used to say, that the Royal Almanac was the book that contained the most considerable number of cor-

rect statements ; and yet even these records of existing offices, and of the individuals by whom they are filled, are not free from errors. You will soon find that monthly army and navy lists often retain for several months the names of persons who have been removed by death.

“ But what degree of credit can you attach to ancient histories, mostly written without documents many centuries after the transactions which they record had taken place ; built entirely upon oral traditions, and generally contrived to flatter the vanity of the nation whose origin and ancient exploits they relate ? Romulus, the founder of Rome, is made the son of a god. He is said to be nursed by a wolf, and he vanishes from earth, to ascend to heaven. The laws given by Numa Pompilius are dictated by the nymph *Ægeria* : Horatius Cocles, by the sole effort of his arm, resists the whole army of the Hetruscan King Porsenna, until the bridge over the Tiber is destroyed : Marcus Curtius leaps into an abyss ; Hannibal melts the snow of the Alps with vinegar ; Sparta’s slaves rebel ; they march in battle array against their masters ; and the latter, infinitely less numerous, receive them armed with whips only, the sight of which frightens the slaves and puts them to flight !

Such are a few of the facts, falsely so called, of ancient history.

“And is the probability of coming at the truth much greater in modern history? The evidences on which it rests are less remote, and there are many original documents extant, it is true; yet modern history is not less obscured by fables and disgraced by misstatements. The miracles related in the legends of monks, and transferred as facts into chronicles, exceed in number and in absurdity those reported by Herodotus and Livy. It is only since the invention of printing, that modern history has acquired a greater degree of certitude. But, even in spite of this admirable invention, many recent events and transactions, which have taken place almost under our eyes, are still uncertain, from the contradictory accounts by which they are obscured. It has not yet been fully ascertained whether the unfortunate Queen of France, Maria Antoinette, ever had any knowledge of the purchase of a rich diamond necklace, which, in the year 1785, two jewellers pretended to have delivered to the Cardinal de Rohan for her Majesty’s account; nor whether the revolutionary Duke of Orléans had actually plotted the destruction of the reigning family, in 1789, with the view to

ascend the throne; neither is it known with absolute certainty which party gave the first fire at Paris, on the memorable tenth of August, 1792, when the Palace of the Tuilleries was attacked, and the King and the Royal Family of France were led prisoners to the hall of the National Assembly.

“An ‘Essay on the *Illuminati*,’ a sort of secret political sect in Germany, which was published at Paris in 1789, has generally been fathered upon the celebrated Count Mirabeau, although its author, the Marquis de Luchet, lived four or five years after its publication, and owned the book all the time as his production. It is mentioned as Mirabeau’s work in the English reviews, and will, no doubt, continue to be considered as such in this country. Mr. William Spence, in a pamphlet on Great Britain’s independence of foreign commerce, which was much spoken of in its time, attributes to Napoleon Buonaparte the origin of the appellation of *a shopkeeping nation*, bestowed upon the English people; but the expression had been used, long before Buonaparte, by the above-mentioned Count Mirabeau, who was too enlightened a statesman to intend it as a name of reproach. It was during the discussions which England had with

Spain, in 1791, about Nootka Sound, on the western coast of America, when France feared lest her family compact with the Prince on the Spanish throne might involve her in hostilities with England, that Mirabeau, in order to quiet the apprehensions of the French in this respect, declared his belief, in a speech pronounced in the National Assembly, that Mr. Pitt was too cautious to plunge a country, flourishing by an extensive commerce, into a state of unprofitable warfare. He employed these remarkable words : ‘ M. Pitt est le ministre des préparatifs, et c’est une nation boutiquière qu’il régite ;’* and, after all, it is more than probable that he borrowed the expression from Adam Smith, who, in his excellent ‘ Treatise on the Wealth of Nations,’ speaks of ‘ a nation of shopkeepers.’ That the appellation was afterwards repeated and converted into a term of abuse by the Marats and Robespierres of revolutionary France, is true : but that very circumstance is a farther confirmation that, even as a reproach, it did not originate with Buonaparte ; and it is by no means proved that it ever was used by that ex-

* Mr. Pitt is the minister of preparations, and it is a *shopkeeping nation* over which he presides.

traordinary man. It was also with Mirabeau that the idea originated of a steady alliance between England and France, which we have at length seen effected. He expressed his ardent wish that such an alliance might be formed, in the year 1786, and justly complained that the statesmen of that period were too short-sighted to perceive the incalculable benefits which it would confer on the two countries, and on the world at large.

PREJUDICE.

“PREJUDICE, or a predetermination in favour of an opinion, a person, or a thing, always has been, and ever will remain, an invincible obstacle to our arriving at the truth. And yet nothing can be more unjust, more silly, nay, I will say, more tyrannical, than prejudice. When once it has taken possession of the mind, reason endeavours in vain to be heard, for it closes the senses against every other impression. It allows to names much greater influence than things; and the party subjected to its influence rarely takes

the trouble to examine for himself. To idleness, indeed, it affords an easy mode of forming an opinion: a new work appears—the idler, too indolent to read and judge of its intrinsic merits, only asks the author's name. If the writer happen to stand high in his opinion, or if he has heard others speak well of him, he pronounces the work excellent; but if the author be unknown to him, he decides on the contrary side. When La Motte published his Fables, many persons decried his performance, because, in this department, La Fontaine was generally considered inimitable; yet most of these judges had read neither. It happened that Voltaire and some other wits of his time, were supping with the Prince De Vendôme, soon after the appearance of La Motte's work, and the conversation turned upon it. Most of the guests decried it, particularly the Prince De Vendôme and the Chevalier De Bouillon; and the poor author was very roughly handled among them. Whilst they were amusing themselves at the expense of La Motte, Voltaire said, 'Gentlemen, your remarks are extremely just; you look upon the matter in its true light. What a difference in the style of La Motte as compared with that of La Fontaine! Have you seen the last edition

of La Fontaine's Fables?' They replied in the negative.—'How! are you unacquainted with that beautiful fable, which was found among the papers of the Duchess of Bouillon? He recited the fable. They found it charming, and in a kind of ecstasy they exclaimed—'That is La Fontaine himself! It is pure Nature! What simplicity of style! What grace!'—'Gentlemen,' said Voltaire drily, 'this fable is by La Motte!' At first they affected to disbelieve his assertion; then they requested to hear it again, that they might judge more fully of its merits. Voltaire again recited it, and they pronounced it a wretched composition! Such is the practice with too many, who are misled by names, rather than influenced by the merits of the subject before them. But a strict adherence to truth will lead you to avoid prejudice as a foul stain, equally detrimental to your head and heart.

EVILS OF SOPHISTRY.

“ANOTHER difficulty of arriving at truth arises from the circumstance that there is nothing so bad but something may be urged in its defence. Erasmus wrote an encomium of folly; fevers have been praised as beneficial; and even Nero, the tyrant and incendiary of Rome, and the murderer of his mother, has been eulogized. But does it follow that these praises were justly bestowed? By no means. To the arguments by which they are supported, others may be triumphantly opposed, by which they are invalidated. Hence the necessity of carefully examining the two sides of a question;—and this is the eminent service which a free press renders to the cause of truth. You, my dear George, are now on the point of choosing a profession for life. Like all young men of an ardent mind, you may be dazzled by the brilliancy of the military career. You will hear it asserted, that it is the noblest of all; that war develops the finest faculties of man, his courage, his magnanimity, his foresight, his sagacity, his perseverance in the most difficult enterprises,

and his heroic contempt for life ; that its achievements, by raising and destroying empires, change the face of the world, and confer a glorious celebrity on those by whom they are performed. But you will also hear it remarked, on the other hand, that war is the most horrible of trades, since it recognizes no law but that of the strongest, seeks its glory in destruction, absorbs the produce of the painful labour of others, entails famine and disease upon the districts which it invades, renders innocent children fatherless, engenders habits of careless profusion and dissipation in its votaries, and mostly leads to despotic power. On weighing the arguments on both sides of the question, you will be led to observe, that the profession of arms may certainly sometimes be ennobled by its object, the defence of the state against unjust aggressions or unprovoked insults ; but, shuddering at the calamities which it is always sure to inflict, you will, I hope, deprecate war under any circumstances, and turn the faculties of your mind to pursuits which tend to the constant benefit and improvement of the human race.

THE MILITARY PROFESSION.

“ SUPPOSE now, for a moment, that you were living in a despotic, barbarous country, where the rulers of the state allow none but the favourable side of the military profession to be dwelt upon, and where war is considered the only honourable trade ; you would have blindly taken up this calamitous trade, and gloried in its transactions. This was actually the case, in most countries, in the ages of barbarism. Harold, King of Denmark, who reigned in the middle of the tenth century, founded, on the coast of Pomerania, near the Baltic Sea, a town, called Julin, or Jomsburgh, in which he settled a colony of young Danes, under the government of a military officer. This governor strenuously exerted himself to make staunch warriors of all the inhabitants of the new colony ; all his directions were framed for that purpose. He made it a law that the word *fear* was never to be pronounced, not even in circumstances of the most imminent danger. None of his men were ever to yield to an enemy superior in numbers ; they were always to fight with intrepidity, and never

to think of flying, though encountered by an overwhelming force and certain to meet instant death. And it appears that this military enthusiast actually succeeded in extinguishing in his colony the dread of destruction, which is so natural to man. Some of the warriors of Julin, having invaded the lands of a powerful Norwegian chieftain, were vanquished, in spite of the most obstinate fighting. Several of their leaders were taken prisoners, and, according to the barbarous usages of the time, they were condemned to death. They all rejoiced at their fate. The first contented himself with observing, without any symptom of emotion or fear: ‘Why should I repine at what befel my father? He died, and I too must die!’ The Norwegian, who was commissioned to behead the prisoners, asked the second what he thought. He answered, that the laws of Jomsburgh were too strongly engraved in his mind for him to utter any expression denoting fear. The third replied, to the same question, that he exulted in dying with all his glory; and greatly preferred an honourable death to a life of infamy like that of the Norwegian warrior who was going to behead him. The fourth returned a much longer and much more extraordinary answer: — ‘I

gladly submit to death,' said he; 'its stroke is most welcome to me; the only favour I ask, is, that you cut off my head as quickly as you possibly can; for it is a question, which we frequently debated at Jomsburgh, whether there be any sentiment left in the human body after decapitation. I now take this knife in my hand; if, after being beheaded, I dart it against you, it is a sure sign that all sentiment is not extinct in me; but if I drop it, the contrary must be the case. Hasten then to decide the question.' The Norwegian executioner instantly cut off the head of the prisoner at a blow, and the knife fell from the hand of his victim. The sixth leader of the Jomsburgh colonists requested to be struck in the face. 'I will stand unmoved,' said he; 'I will not shut my eyes, as you shall perceive; for we are inured not to betray the smallest emotion, even under the stroke of death.' He kept his word, and died with the utmost firmness. The seventh was of exquisite beauty, and in the bloom of youth. His long golden hair, as soft as silk, fell in ringlets upon his shoulders! The executioner asked, whether he feared to die. 'I meet death with joy,' was his answer, 'since I have performed the greatest duty of life, and beheld dying before me those

whom I would not wish to outlive. My only request is, that no slave be permitted to touch my hair, and that it be not sprinkled with my blood !'

“ Such is the fanaticism of those who, being presented with only one side of a question, are necessarily debarred from arriving at truth. They have no opportunity of comparing the different bearings of that question.

PURSUIT OF TRUTH.

“ BUT, since truth is so difficult of access,” remarked George L. “ might we not be contented with viewing the goddess at a distance, without making any efforts to reach her throne ?”

“ No, no,” replied his father. “ The traveller who crosses the inhospitable chain of the Cordilleras de los Andes, after having for a long time ascended from rock to rock, discovers still stupendous heights to climb. If he wishes to arrive at the summit, he must persevere. And so ought we in our researches after truth. We must divest ourselves of all prejudices and precon-

ceived opinions; every argument must be carefully examined; neither indolence nor timidity ought to shackle this freedom of inquiry; and we must strenuously resist surrendering our intellectual powers to unquestioned authority. But as long as we harbour any doubt, we must modestly abstain from pronouncing or deciding on the subject under investigation, and constantly remember that whatever appears doubtful to ourselves, for want of complete information on the subject, may not appear so to others, who are better informed. Herodotus, relating the voyage of a Phœnician vessel, which Nechos, King of Egypt, who reigned about six hundred years before Christ, despatched from the Red Sea, and which, three years after, returned by the Mediterranean, says: ‘The Phœnician navigators reported, on their return, that, sailing round Libya, they had seen the sun rise on their right hand. This to me appears incredible, but it may not appear so to others.’ To us, however, who are now better informed of the figure of our globe, it is the strongest proof of the fact that these Phœnicians had actually sailed round Africa: yet Herodotus is greatly to be praised for not having yielded his belief to what he found himself unable to conceive possible, and for having candidly

related the circumstance, although he doubted its truth. How different from Strabo and others, who presumptuously contended that it was absolutely impossible!

“Doubting is so far a powerful assistant in the transition from ignorance to knowledge, as it stimulates us to a stricter inquiry, that we may free ourselves of that uneasiness, into which the mind is thrown by uncertainty. Had Copernicus never doubted the system of Ptolemy, he probably would not have discovered the daily rotation of the earth and its annual revolution. Like him, we must not rest contented with doubting. This would lead us to a dangerous scepticism. Whenever we harbour any doubts, it ought to be our earnest and zealous study to remove them by a diligent search after truth. Copernicus devoted thirty-six years of a laborious life to examine the phenomena of the heavens and the respective positions of the planets.

FOLLY OF IGNORANCE.

“THE pertinacious ignorance of the Turks is in harmony with the doctrine of their presumptuous leader, who begins his religious code with words to this effect: ‘There is nothing dubious in this book.’ The Mussulmans blindly follow the Koran, without examining its tenets; and generally rest contented with the most imperfect notions of things, without making any effort to extend the sphere of their knowledge. In 1715, the London newspapers directed the attention of the public to a visible eclipse of the sun, that was to take place in a few days. An ambassador from Tripoli, who happened to be in London, had the article read and explained to him by his interpreter. He was very much surprised, and exclaimed: ‘The English are mad; they fancy they can know beforehand the moment when it will please the Almighty to withdraw the sun from our eyes. Mussulmans would not indulge in such a criminal fancy. Surely the Creator has not revealed to Infidels what he withholds from true Believers.’ This curious argument of the Ambassador of the Dey of Tripoli caused a

good deal of merriment in the well-informed circles at the West end of the town; and when the day arrived, the ignorant Mussulman was astounded at seeing the eclipse beginning exactly at the very minute which had been foretold. Lord Fairfax then asked him what he thought of the English astronomers. His reply was: ‘ Their knowledge is derived from hell; it is the Evil Spirit which imparted the information: for it cannot be supposed that the Almighty would communicate His intentions to unbelievers.’ If this ambassador had been trained to the habit of doubting, for the sake of removing his doubts, he would have inquired into the sources of our information respecting eclipses; and his researches must ultimately have convinced him of both the great utility and the absolute certainty of our astronomical calculations.

“ Even in our days, soon after Sir John Malcolm, on his second mission to Persia,* had arrived in a frigate at Muscat, on the eastern coast of Arabia Felix, some Arabs, whom their countrymen brought on board from the interior, that they might see an English ship of war,

* See “ Sketches of Persia, from the Journals of a Traveller in the East.” 2 vols. new edition, vol. i. chap. ii. page 25.

betrayed the same ignorance, and held a similar language. A good telescope happened to be placed on the upper-deck, so as to give a complete view of one of the farthest fortifications. An Arab was induced to look through it; he did so for about one minute, then gazed with the most eager attention at the Captain, and, without saying a word, dashed over the ship's side. When the boat he was in had got to a little distance, the Arab exclaimed: 'You are magicians! and I now see how you take towns: that thing, (pointing to the telescope,) be the towns ever so far off, brings them as near as you like.' The English sailors were much amused with this Arab's simplicity; but no arguments could prevail on him to return, and receive such a lesson on optics, as might have dispelled his delusion.

"You are well aware, that the study of natural history, and indeed of all physical sciences, is particularly calculated to counteract an over-hasty credulity, and has destroyed many a superstitious delusion. In the beginning of the sixteenth century, the city of Milan, in Italy, was one day thrown into the utmost consternation by the appearance of a winged angel in a cloud. He had a floating robe, and his figure was altogether ethereal. The multitude thought him to be a

celestial harbinger of important events ; and terror was gradually seizing even the least credulous persons among the spectators ; when one of the magistrates, who was particularly cautious in believing in any thing supernatural, attentively examined the phenomenon, and discovered its cause. He convinced the alarmed crowd that what they mistook for an apparition was merely the reflection of the statue of an angel on the top of a neighbouring church steeple ; and his explanation was fully confirmed by the immediate changes which a wind, that arose, effected in the appearance of the cloud. Had the circumstance occurred two or three hundred years sooner, it would have been considered as a miracle, and chronicled as such, because no one would have been enlightened or daring enough to doubt its being supernatural.

SCEPTICISM.

“A RATIONAL Scepticism, by which I mean that habit of cautious belief, which is founded on modesty united to a love of truth, not only leads to

a salutary toleration of the opinions of those who differ from us, but even heightens the charms of social intercourse, by allowing to others the same freedom of thought and of inquiry, which we exercise ourselves.

“To carry doubting to the excess to which it was carried by the Greek philosopher Pyrrho, who doubted his own existence, and was so perfectly indifferent to it, as not to destroy himself, merely because he was unable to choose between life and death, is madness. It, fortunately, is a malady of rare occurrence. The doubting, which I recommend, must be transient; it must be conducive to truth and to a firm rational belief. To persist in doubt, without striving to remove it by diligent inquiry, is the effect of indolence and obstinacy. It is incompatible with the love of truth, and highly culpable, since it is making no use, or a perverted use, of the faculties with which we are endowed, and wilfully closing the mind against conviction; it is, besides, conducive to irreligion, which is the greatest misfortune that can befall an intelligent being. I am only guarding you against an over-hasty belief; because to believe without hesitation and without examination, leads to fanaticism and superstition.

FANATICISM.

“Do you, Georgiana, recollect a set of beautiful engravings, intitled ‘The Progress of Female Dissipation, and the Progress of Female Virtue,’ which you saw last winter?”

“Perfectly well,” answered Miss L. “and I admired them very much.”

“Their merit is indeed generally acknowledged,” continued Mr. L. “They were drawn by Mrs. Cosway, an Italian by birth. Her maiden name was Hatfield. Her father kept an excellent hotel, at Leghorn, which was frequented by all the English, who visited that city. He had married a most amiable and accomplished woman, who became the mother of a numerous offspring: but none of their children survived their infancy. When Mrs. Hatfield was on the point of giving birth to Mrs. Cosway, her grief at the probable loss of her expected infant was so violent that her life was despaired of. The nurse, who had attended her on former similar occasions, seeing Mrs. Hatfield in this extremity, threw herself on her knees before her, and said: ‘Oh, Madam! if you would make a vow that you will not bring up

your child in the religion of the heretics, but will dedicate it to our holy church, I will pray to the Virgin, to grant it life!' Mrs. Hatfield, in a paroxysm of maternal anguish, took the oath required. The infant saw the light. It improved daily in strength and beauty; and the grateful mother of the little Maria loaded her inhuman and fanatical nurse with presents and thanks. It was she who had murdered Mrs. Hatfield's former children. She confessed, on her death-bed, that, dreading the increase of heretics, she had poisoned those innocent beings. This horrid confession threw Mrs. Hatfield into a violent illness, from which she recovered with great difficulty. The little Maria, who had been nursed in the lap of the murderess of her brothers and sisters, was educated with the most anxious care. She displayed extraordinary talents for both music and painting, and married Mr. Cosway, the celebrated miniature painter, with whom she lived happy in England, universally respected, and admired by the most illustrious patrons and lovers of the arts. But, in the short interval of the Peace of Amiens, Mrs. Cosway went over to Paris, to dispel the gloom which had settled on her mind after the loss of a favourite child, and her increasing melancholy drove her at length into a sort of religi-

ous establishment in France, over which she still presides.

“A shepherd, in Prussia, killed his four infant children, and was quite unconcerned about the atrocity of his crime, under the idea that he had insured Heaven to his offspring, because it is written: ‘Except ye become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven.’ He was condemned to suffer death: the great Frederick, however, did not confirm the sentence, but ordered him to be confined for life, as a dangerous madman.”

“Then it is not our sex alone,” said Georgiana, “that is apt to yield to fanaticism and superstition?”

“No,” replied Mr. L. “But the delicate texture of your fibres and nerves renders you, in general, more credulous than men, in whom it is often the consequence of stupidity and ignorance. Not later than 1814, a party of slaves, in Jamaica, made a play, according to the custom of their native country; when one of them, named Thomas, dug a grave, in which he laid himself down, desiring his companions to cover him up for the space of one hour; but if he did not rise again in another place within that time, they were to open the grave, which two of them were

appointed to close, whilst a third was to perform on the gombah, an African musical instrument. All his directions were punctually obeyed. Some other Negroes belonging to the same estate appeared, however, before the ceremony was completely finished; and they had sense enough to open the grave instantly; but it was too late: Thomas, the unfortunate victim of his own credulity, was dead; and his companions were tried and found guilty of manslaughter.

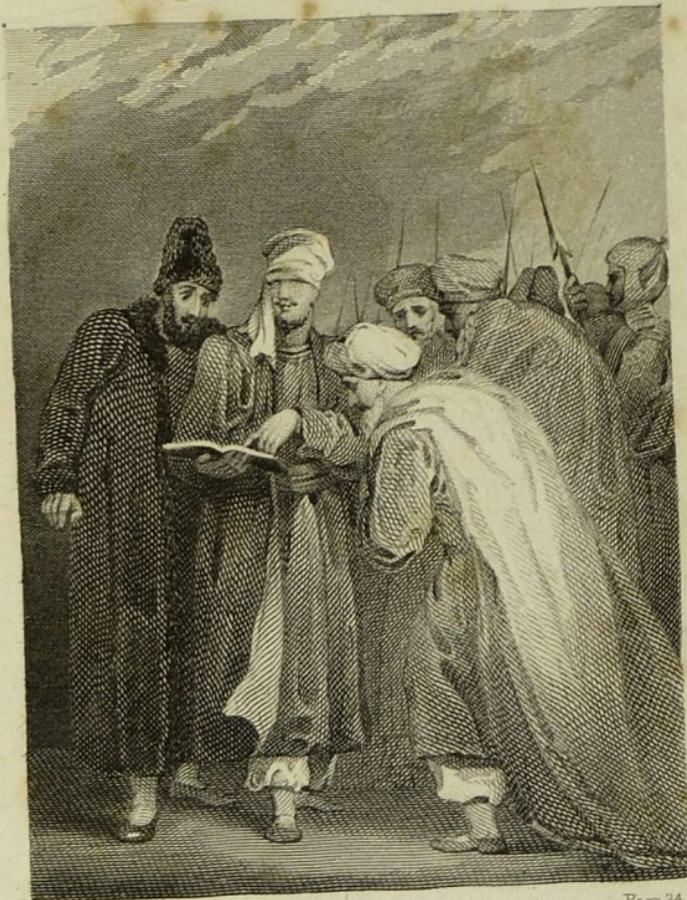
“It is from the same cause that the belief in witchcraft is most prevalent among women; and that the roguish trade of fortune-tellers flourishes best with female servants; although we often witness similar weakness in the stronger sex. In the month of August, 1811, a man of decent appearance applied to the sitting magistrate at Union-Hall, London, under symptoms of great distress of mind, for redress of various injuries inflicted upon him by a person, who, he said, had long held him in subjection by the power of witchcraft. The individual complained of had for some time been his opposite neighbour; and although it had been the complainant's constant study not to offend him, being well aware of the influence he possessed with the powers of darkness, yet he had, in some way or other, been so

unfortunate as to incur his displeasure, and had severely suffered for it both in person and property; the wizard had, at different times, destroyed his clothes, tainted his provisions, prevented the smoke ascending the chimneys, soured the liquor in his cellar, and, on various occasions, when the complainant went out on business, he had so fascinated his powers of vision, that, on his return home, all his efforts to discover his own door had proved ineffectual. These circumstances had obliged the complainant to remove from the Kent road to Westminster; but even by this removal he had not escaped the power of his enemy, who still retained his noxious influence, and exerted it in a manner yet more painful to him, by inflicting upon him gouty and rheumatic pains, and torturing him in various ways. The magistrate, in pity to the man's weakness, advised him to go home and rest satisfied that no effort in his power should be wanting to prevent the evil spirits troubling him in future. With this assurance, the complainant declared himself perfectly satisfied, and said, he felt that in consequence of his having thrown himself on the protection of the magistrates, the pains with which he had for a long time been afflicted were much abated.

DIVINATION.

“ A GERMAN poet, quoted in the third number of the ‘Linguist,’ describes, in a few lines, the very obvious inconvenience and danger of prying into futurity. He says : ‘ Kindly does the Deity envelope the future in darkness : to know it distinctly beforehand would be a punishment. Should I see good fortune on my path, I should be proudly puffed up, and, from levity or indolence, miss my aim. If I saw misfortune, I should tremble, and futurity would embitter the happiness which at present gladdens me. I will enjoy what I have, without fearing any distant harm ; and if I am to be fortunate, I will rejoice in my good fortune !’ But the desire of happiness, which naturally leads mankind to wish to know whether their lot will be happy, has at all times given birth to divination and foretelling, among civilised and barbarous nations, ancient and modern. Saul, the first King of the Israelites, put away those that had familiar spirits, and the wizards, out of the land ; yet, when he was afraid, and his heart greatly trembled, he went disguised to the woman at En-dor, who had a

familiar spirit, and prayed her to divine unto him. The Egyptians and the Greeks had their oracles ; the Romans their augurs, auspices, and sibyls ; the ancient Germans were guided in their warlike enterprises by the neighing of their sacred white horses, and by the declarations of their wise women called *Allrunes* ; the Scots had their seers. The Christian religion gradually destroyed the ancient oracles, but introduced new modes of divination. In the middle ages, the Bible was frequently opened for the same purpose as Homer and Virgil had been consulted before ; and Christians trusted to the *Sortes Sanctorum* in the same way as the Greeks believed in their *Sortes Homericae*, and the Romans in their *Sortes Virgilianæ*. The Persians have also something similar to the *Sortes Virgilianæ*. They call it a *fâl*, or *lot*. At the time of their Poet Hâfiz's death, there were many who deemed his works sinful and impious. These went so far as to arrest the procession of his funeral. The dispute rose high, and the parties were likely to come to blows, when it was agreed that a *fâl* or *lot*, should be taken from his book. The volume of odes was opened by a person whose eyes were bound ; seven pages were counted back, and his



Divination.



finger pointed to one of the Poet's inspired stanzas.

Withdraw not your steps from the obsequies of Háfiz :
Though immersed in sin, he will rise into paradise.

“The practice of opening the Bible at random, in the confident hope that the first passage on which the eye should glance would afford a certain insight into the success of the undertaking on hand, was prohibited in the capitulars of Charles the Great, in 789, and by several Popes ; but, in spite of these prohibitions, it was continued down to the fourteenth century, when it began to give way to astrology. Not that astrology is of more modern invention. It originated with the ancient Chaldeans ; and Moses appears to allude to astrologers by the name of ‘observers of the times,’* whom he classes with enchanters, witches, wizards, and necromancers. But being professed by pretended learned men, and of course attended with some expense, astrology became more fashionable, and prevailed as late as the fifteenth, sixteenth, and even the beginning of the seventeenth century. Wallenstein, the celebrated Austrian general, during

* Deuteronomy, xviii. 10, 11.

the thirty years' war, had an astrologer in constant pay. Chiromancy, and the numerous delusive lower arts of divination practised by Gypsies and other impostors, are still resorted to by the vulgar in the most civilized countries; and many persons, who are proud of their rank in society, must be classed with the *vulgar* in this respect. How else could the famous French sibyl, Mademoiselle Le Normand, have supported the style in which she lived at Paris during the Consular and Imperial government of Buonaparte? Many a rich and titled lady visited her drawing-room, to have her fortune told out of the grounds of coffee, or from a pack of cards! The sibyl even went to the Congress of Aix la Chapelle, where she is reported to have been as much countenanced by a great Monarch as she was by the late Empress Josephine. Both facts are stated by the fortune-teller herself, in two of her works, viz. 'De la Sibylle au Congrès d'Aix la Chapelle, suivie d'un coup d'œil sur celui de Carlsbad,' and 'Mémoires Historiques et Secrètes de l'Impératrice Joséphine.' Having begun to meddle with politics, Miss Le Normand was banished from France in 1809. This induced her to write 'Souvenirs Prophétiques d'une Sibylle sur les Causes de son

Arrestation le 11 Décembre 1809 ;” but she took good care to publish the work only after the restoration of the Bourbons, in 1814 ; so that she had undoubtedly witnessed the events which she pretends to have foretold. The date, upon which she confesses to have generally built her predictions, were the day and month of the birth of the individual whose fortune she was to tell ; his age, the initial letters of his Christian and family name, and of the name of his native place ; his favourite colour, the animal he liked best, and that which he most disliked, his favourite flower, &c. Surely it does not require much penetration of mind to perceive that all this can have no influence upon our destiny, which, under Divine Providence, is regulated by the concatenation of physical and moral causes, and by them only.*

* The *Times* (newspaper) of August 26, 1828, states that “Madame Le Normand has recently been exercising her profession in London. She has been visited by multitudes of our curious countrywomen and countrymen. To those of a rank which might entitle them to be called public characters, her revelations were, it is said, quite wonderful ; but in less notorious cases, no strolling gipsy ever made more absurd and glaring blunders. So far from being able to penetrate into the future, she shewed herself utterly ignorant of the

THE SIBYL SPY.

“MANY resolute fortune-tellers will not scruple to have recourse to means the most criminal and the most horrible, in order to make the event square with their prediction. This is an additional danger in consulting such wretches. The Baron de W * * *, a distinguished officer in the Austrian Hussars, who served against the Turks, in the reign of the Emperor Joseph the Second, used to relate a shocking instance of atrocious perfidy in a gipsy. I shall give you his narrative in his own words.

“ ‘In the spring of the year 1788,’ said this gallant officer, ‘I left Miclosvar, in Transylvania, to conduct some recruits to my regiment, which

past, and confounded all ranks, facts, and circumstances, in the grossest manner. Her fee was generally two guineas ; but she would take *one* rather than disappoint the applicant. She was accompanied by another female, apparently very acute and intelligent, by whom her failures were attributed to the difficulty of foreseeing events through the English language, with which Madame Le Normand happened to be not acquainted.”

was then stationed in the neighbourhood of Orsova, on the Danube. In a village, not far distant from our army, lived a gipsy, who acted as a sutler to the camp. My new soldiers, who were rather ignorant and superstitious lads, applied to this gipsy to have their fortunes told. I laughed at their folly; and, in a jeering way, I too extended my hand to the sorceress. "On the twentieth of August!" was all she said to me in a very significant manner, without adding a single word. I asked her for an explanation, but she contented herself with repeating the same words with a particular emphasis; and, when I left her, she again called out to me in the same solemn tone—"On the twentieth of August!" That day, of course, took hold of my memory.

"On coming up with our troops, we immediately shared their fatigues and their dangers. The Turks in that war made no prisoners; they gave no quarter. Their chiefs had set the price of a ducate (about nine shillings English) upon every enemy's head brought to their camp; and both Janissaries and Spahies neglected no opportunity of earning this blood-money. The regulation was peculiarly fatal to our outposts.

Scarcely a night passed, without the Turks coming in superior numbers to fetch some heads. Their expeditions were conducted with so much secrecy and promptitude, that they seldom failed; and frequently our camp, at the break of day, presented the appalling sight of none but truncated bodies on the outskirts. In vain did the Prince of Cobourg, as commander-in-chief of the Austrian army, order, every night, piquets of one or two hundred horses beyond the line of our outposts for their protection. This measure irritated the Turkish generals. Vexed at seeing their troops foiled in their bloody trade, they sent detachments still more numerous against our piquets, which reaped a richer harvest of Austrian heads. To serve on a night piquet of cavalry was therefore considered so dangerous, that whoever was commanded on that duty never failed to settle his little accounts before he set off.

“‘Matters were thus situated in the beginning of August. A few encounters with the enemy had not produced any change in the position of the army. Eight days before the twentieth of August, the gipsy, of whom I had frequently purchased provisions, came to my tent, to request me to leave her a legacy, in case I should

die on the day she had foretold; and offered, in case I survived, to make me a present of a hamper of Tokay, (the best Hungary wine,) which was rather scarce in the camp. I thought her mad. Undoubtedly, an early death in my position was not improbable; yet I had no reason to expect it precisely on the twentieth of August; I therefore struck the bargain with the gipsy. I staked two of my horses and fifty ducates against the Tokay of the old sorceress; and the auditor (judge advocate) of the regiment, wrote our agreement down, and witnessed it with his signature, laughing.

“ “ The twentieth of August came. There was no probability of any engagement. It was indeed the turn of our regiment to provide a piquet of horse for the night: but two of my comrades were to serve before me. In the evening, as the Hussars were preparing to set off, the Surgeon came to inform the Colonel that the officer appointed to command the piquet was dangerously ill. He whose turn came next, and who preceded me, was immediately ordered to supply his place. Having hastily dressed himself, he was already mounted to join his troop; but his horse, generally a gentle and quiet animal, suddenly plunged and reared, and became so ungovernable

that he threw his rider, who broke a leg in his fall. It was now of course my turn. I marched off with the piquet; but I candidly confess that I was not in my usual cheerful mood.

“ ‘I had eighty men under my command, and was joined by one hundred and twenty of another regiment; so that we were two hundred men in all. The post assigned to us was about a thousand steps distant from the front of the line of our right wing, and supported by a swampy ground covered with very high reeds. We had no scouts; but no one was allowed to dismount. We halted, sword in hand, and our carbines were ready cocked. All was quiet till a quarter before two o'clock in the morning, when we heard the cries of ALLAH! fast approaching. In less than one minute, our front rank was thrown down by the attack of seven or eight hundred Turks. The number of killed and wounded was not inferior on their side, owing to the impetuosity of their charge and the brisk fire of our carbines. But as they were acquainted with the ground, we were surrounded and defeated, though we fought bravely. Blows were dealt out at random in the dark. I received eight sabre wounds, from both the enemy and our own soldiers. My horse was deadly wounded; it fell upon my right

leg, and kept me, all bloody, partly hidden under it, on the ground.

“ ‘ I could just look up a little, and by the flashing of the pistols, I saw our men defending themselves with the courage of despair ; but the Turks, intoxicated with opium, made a horrible slaughter. In a short time, there was not a single Austrian left. The victors seized the horses which were yet fit for service, plundered the dead and wounded, and then set about cutting off their heads and putting them in sacks which they had brought with them for that purpose. My situation certainly was not an enviable one. In the regiment, in which I served, we all had some little knowledge of the Turkish language ; I overheard the Turks encouraging each other to make haste before any succour arrived, and not to leave a single ducate behind, observing that there must be two hundred ; which shewed that they were well informed. Whilst they were passing and re-passing near me, and legs and arms were flying over my head, a bullet struck my dying horse and threw it into a convulsive motion, by which my right leg was fortunately disengaged. I immediately thought of concealing myself, if possible, among the reeds in the swampy ground. I had seen several of our men

attempting it, without success; but the firing had sensibly slackened, and the darkness of the night inspired me with hope. I had only twenty steps to go, not without apprehensions of sinking into the bog. I leaped, however, over men and horses, knocked down several Turks, who stretched out their arms to seize me, or cut at me with their sabres, and with great exertions I soon reached the marshy ground in safety. I sank in up to the knee, and advanced some thirty paces in this manner, when I was obliged to stop, being quite exhausted. I overheard a Turk bawling out: "One of the Infidels has escaped; let us seek for him." But whether they looked for me, or how long they did so, I know not. I heard nothing more. Loss of blood threw me into a swoon, which must have continued several hours; for, when I recovered my senses, the sun was already high on the horizon.

"I had sunk into the bog up to the hip; and my hair stood on end as I recalled the dreadful spectacle of the night. The twentieth of August was the first thought that occurred to my agitated mind. I had received eight wounds, but none of them were dangerous; they were sabre cuts, in the arms, and in the chest, and on the back. As the night air was very cold, I wore a very thick

pelisse, which had deadened the blows. However, I was still very weak; I listened, the enemy had gone off the ground long ago. I only heard the groans of horses dying on the field of battle; the men had been taken good care of by the Turks.

“I now endeavoured to extricate myself from the spot where I was, and accomplished it in an hour’s time. The prints which my feet had left on entering the swampy ground, guided my steps. Although warring against Turks blunts all feeling, I could not help yielding to an emotion of fear when, on coming out of the reeds, I beheld the field of slaughter; and, as I advanced with caution, an indescribable horror seized me, when my arm was suddenly laid hold of by a tall Arnaut, who had no doubt returned to see whether there was any thing left for him to take. Was there ever hope more cruelly deceived? I addressed him in the Turkish language: “Take my watch,” said I, “take my money and my clothes; but spare my life.”—“All that is mine,” answered he; “and your head likewise;” and he began to undo the chin-strap of my Hussar’s cap and my cravat. As I had no weapon, I could not defend myself; the moment I stirred, he would have struck his large cutlass into my breast. In my anxiety to implore his mercy, I held him by the middle of the body,

whilst he was busy to lay my neck bare: "Let me move your compassion;" I added: "my family is rich; take me prisoner, and you will get a considerable sum of money for my ransom."—"That takes up too much time," he replied: "Only stand still, that I may cut off your head at once; and at the same time he was removing the pin of my shirt neck. I still had my arms round his waist; he did not oppose it, relying, no doubt, on his strength and on his weapon; or, perhaps, from a remnant of pity, which yet could not counterbalance the hope of earning a ducate. When he was taking the pin out of my shirt, I felt something hard in his girdle; it was an iron hammer. He again ordered me not to stir, and these would unquestionably have been the last words I should ever have heard uttered, had not the horror of such a death inspired me with the resolution to snatch his hammer, which I did without his noticing it. Already was he holding the hair of my head in one hand and his cutlass in the other, when by a sudden motion I disengaged myself from his grasp, and at the same instant hit him a most violent blow in the face with his ponderous hammer. The Arnaut staggered; I repeated my blow; he tumbled down, and his cutlass fell from his hand; I snatched it

and stuck it several times into his breast. I then hastened to our outposts, whose arms I saw glittering in the sun, and reached our camp in safety. Every body flew before me, as before a spectre. Being in a high fever, I was immediately carried to the hospital; my wounds were soon healed, and at the end of six weeks I returned to the army. The old gipsy soon brought me a hamper of Tokay; and I heard that during my absence several predictions of her's had been punctually accomplished; she had been frequently consulted, and had obtained several legacies. This was passing strange!

“ ‘ But, in the mean time, two deserters came over to us from the enemy. They were two Christian Servians, who had been employed about the baggage of the Turkish army, and had deserted, to avoid a punishment which they deserved. As soon as they beheld our old gipsy, they recognised her, and declared that she often came at night to the camp of the Turks, to acquaint them with our movements. This intelligence surprised us very much; the old woman had repeatedly rendered us important services; and we had frequently admired the dexterity with which she executed the most dangerous commissions. But the deserters persisted in

their evidence against her ; they swore that they had several times been present when this gipsy described our position to the Turks ; informed them of our projects ; and encouraged them to attempt attacks, which had actually taken place. A Turkish cipher served her as a passport. This cipher was found upon her person, and she was condemned to be hanged as a spy. Before she was executed, I particularly interrogated her concerning her predictions. She confessed that, owing to her acting as a spy for both armies, which insured her double profits, she had often learned the projects of both ; that people in general, who wished to have their fortunes told, disclosed many circumstances, which assisted her conjectures ; and that, after all, she was under great obligations to chance : but, in my individual case, she had selected me to give a striking instance of her skill, which would infallibly strengthen her authority, since it was generally known in the regiment that she had foretold my death so long beforehand. As the day fixed for my departure from life approached, she excited the enemy to attack our outposts on the night of the twentieth of August ; through her acquaintance with several of our Captains, she had learnt that there were two officers to serve

on the piquet before me; she therefore sold to one of them adulterated wine, which made him sick; and walked up to the other, when he was just mounted to join his troop, as if she had something to sell, and thus found means to introduce a piece of burning tinder deep into one of the nostrils of the horse he rode. In short, the sorceress had not scrupled to resort to the most sanguinary means to see her fatal prediction accomplished.'

PRETENDED MIRACLES.

“THE salutary habit of being cautious in believing, will also guard you against being imposed upon by pretended miracles and apparitions, or giving credit to ghost stories. They all have no better foundation than the predictions of fortune-tellers.

“The celebrated French tragic actor, La Rive, returning from Germany, was once obliged to stay all night at a wretched inn of a small town, in the department of the Lower Rhine. After a very bad supper, which was not calculated to

put him into a good humour, he was shewn up to the first floor, and ushered into a paltry bed-chamber, open to every wind, where the unpleasantness of his situation was still heightened by an abominable noise in the kitchen below, exactly under his room. Peals of laughter prevented his falling asleep. His vexation at length induced him to inform himself of the cause of this merry brawl. Many chinks and holes in the planks of the rotten floor enabled him to gratify his curiosity. He saw the landlady, the servant maids, the ostler, the stable boys, and several peasants, standing round a Capuchin friar, who was relating ridiculous jovial stories, which made them burst with laughing. To rid himself of this noisy company, La Rive contrived to stretch himself on the ground, and placing his mouth over one of the holes of the floor, he parodied two lines of Voltaire's tragedy of Mohammed, thus :

Allez, vil idolâtre, et fait pour toujours l'être ;
Indigne Capucin, cherchez un autre maître !*

And he uttered these words with all the strength of his fine sonorous voice. A clap of thunder

* Go, vile idolatrous man, who always will be so ; unworthy Capuchin, look for another master !

could not have been productive of a greater effect. The Capuchin friar ran away with the utmost speed, and his hearers were dispersed in a moment. A perfect calm succeeded to the tumult, and the most profound silence reigned in the inn during the rest of the night.

“The next morning, when La Rive settled the bill, he found his landlady pale, wan, and still in a tremble. ‘What is the matter with you, Madame?’ said La Rive; ‘you seem uneasy and unwell!’—‘Oh, Sir!’ answered the hostess, ‘we have witnessed a great miracle in our house; did you not hear, last night?’—‘I heard nothing! What is it that has happened?’—‘Alas! Sir, the Reverend Father M * * * was here, diverting us, as usual, with his funny stories, when, all on a sudden, a voice was heard from heaven, threatening the merry friar with the divine wrath!’—‘That is impossible!’—‘Ah! Sir, it is but too true. We were more than twenty persons round him, who all heard it. Poor Friar! he is so good-humoured and kind!’ La Rive then set off, without undeceiving his hostess; and the whole town remained firm in their belief that the Almighty had spoken to their Reverend Father Capuchin.

VENTRILLOQUISM.

“WHEN you come to consider the infinite variety of means, by which those who wish to deceive their fellow creatures are enabled to entrap credulous people, you never will be tempted to admit any effect as miraculous merely because you are not aware how it is produced, but rather rest satisfied in your own mind that it is the result of natural causes, with which you are unacquainted, and which you may study to discover by conversing on the subject with men of science, ready to dispel your ignorance. Independently of numerous chemical and electrical contrivances calculated to surprise the uninformed, a few individuals have a particular power of throwing their voice at a considerable distance and modifying its strength as they please; which power might be abused for the worst purposes; for even the person who is close to the ventriloquist is positive that the voice he hears comes from afar, and in an opposite direction. In the year 1770, there was, at Paris, a grocer, named Saint Gille, who seeing some monks feasting and enjoying themselves in

their refectory, stole into the room unperceived, and, throwing his voice up to the ceiling, made it resound with the words, 'You had better pray!' which sent the frightened fathers half dead to their chapel, where they tremblingly recited prayers and penitential psalms, as if in expectation of the last judgment. It is also reported of Charles Matthews, that on passing through a turnpike gate on horseback, and the toll being demanded, he threw his voice to the head of his horse, which appeared to say distinctly, 'Nonsense! my master has paid you before!' when the collector hastily retreated to his booth, in the utmost consternation: but Mr. Matthews paid him on his return, and undeceived him. And of the celebrated Swiss ventriloquist Comte, it is said, that, going to Grenoble in a stage coach, in 1807, and the night being very dark, several of his fellow-travellers were half asleep, when, on a sudden, they heard some highwaymen calling out to the driver to stop. The passengers, in their alarm, immediately handed part of their money to satisfy the robbers. The ventriloquist took their cash, adding, he said, some of his own; let the blind down, and apparently gave the whole to the supposed robbers. But, at the next stage, in the morning,

he restored the money to the passengers, declaring that it was he who had wrought upon their fears and opened their purses.

“ There was in the year 1828, in the county of Wexford, in Ireland, a ventriloquist of some repute, named Gallaher. A poor man, of the name of Finn, who was dreadfully labouring under hypochondria, hearing of Mr. Gallaher, asked the Reverend Mr. O’Flaherty, his parish priest, whether he might apply to that gentleman for the purpose of being cured. The clergyman, knowing that the man’s disease lay solely in his imagination, recommended him by all means to apply to this ventriloquist. Finn, therefore, called upon Mr. Gallaher, to whom he said, that he used to be afflicted by fairies, which were constantly going into his mouth, and after capering through his stomach, would make their exit through his ears. ‘ Oh ! I see, they are a great annoyance to you, my poor man,’ answered Mr. Gallaher ; ‘ but I shall soon make them quit you.’ He then threw his voice successively into the man’s mouth and ears, and at length brought it down to his stomach, and made it appear as if several people were escaping out of his body. Finn fell down on his knees, to bless the ventriloquist. He since has repeatedly de-

clared, that the fairies have not troubled him any more, and that he now can read his prayer-book in peace and quietness,—a thing the fairies never before permitted him to do.

TRAVELLERS' NARRATIVES.

“BUT whilst we are slow in believing, and constantly on our guard against attributing to supernatural causes, effects which we do not comprehend, we must be particularly cautious to utter nothing but the truth. And you should ever bear in mind, that to give circulation to reports of which we cannot vouch the accuracy, or even to state facts with which we are imperfectly acquainted, is as mischievous as a wilful deviation from truth.

“Travels in foreign countries cannot be implicitly believed, unless they are written by individuals of known integrity and sound judgment. What a difference, for instance, between a WRAXALL and a COXE? The former, Sir Nathaniel William Wraxall, a Baronet, too rea-

dily admits all the idle stories of the day, in his 'Memoirs of the Courts of Berlin, Dresden, Warsaw, and Vienna,' published in 1799; the latter, the Reverend William Coxe, imparts, in his numerous works, solid and valuable information, supported by satisfactory evidence and authenticated documents, particularly in his 'Travels in Poland, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark,' published in 1784, and in his previous 'Travels in Switzerland,' published in 1779, which have been translated into all the principal languages of Europe.

“No writer of Travels is to be relied upon, who is not capable of accurate observation, and is not possessed of penetration, firmness of character, and a sufficient stock of previously acquired knowledge, joined to a scrupulous love of truth. A weak mind may be influenced by the novelty of the objects, and the desire to relate something marvellous, or misled by an account given in conversation, in which the addition or omission of an apparently trifling circumstance may make a very important difference; or it may be prejudiced by animosity and private resentment. This was the case with 'Letters written during a short Residence in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark,' by Mary Wollstoncraft,

who died in 1797, soon after her marriage with Mr. William Goodwin. Having been robbed of three thousand pounds, by Peter Elfsen, a Norwegian captain, Miss Wollstoncraft went over to Norway, to prosecute this man, and saw every thing in the darkest shade.

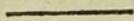
“ Sometimes, also, too great a contrast between the customs and manners of his native country and those of the country he visits, may betray a traveller into misconceptions. Joseph Acerbi, the first Italian who ever reached the North Cape, published, in 1802, an English account of his journey to the North Cape, through Sweden, Finland, and Lapland: but most of his unwarrantable statements were severely and justly criticised by the late Professor Rühls, and the author was induced to modify several of his assertions, in the French translation of his work, published at Paris, under his eye, in 1804.

“ Those Travels, in general, are best entitled to credit, which are written, or of which there is a faithful translation, in the language of the country with which they make the reader acquainted; this circumstance, it is true, is not a sure guarantee against erroneous statements, but it provokes and facilitates their refutation.

IRONY.

“THERE is an allowable deviation from truth, or rather a species of dissimulation, practised by orators and poets, to rail at folly under the mask of ingenuity or ignorance. It is called *irony*. The object of this rhetorical figure is precisely the contrary of what it appears. This kind of raillery, far from betraying a bad intention, may be attended with so much good nature and politeness, that even the individual against whom it is directed may join in the laugh, and be improved by it. He who knows how to handle the weapon of irony with skill, renders the contrast of error and ignorance with truth and knowledge so glaring, that the absurdity of what he advances becomes evident. He laughs when he looks grave; his censures are praise, and his praises disapprobation. Elijah employed ironical language, when he said to the prophets of Baal: (1 Kings, xviii. 25—27.) ‘Choose you one bullock for yourselves, and dress it first, for you are many, and call on the name of your gods; but put no fire under. And they took the bullock which was given them, and they dressed it, and called

on the name of Baal, from morning even until noon, saying: O Baal, hear us! But there was no voice nor any that answered. And they leaped upon the altar which was made. And it came to pass, at noon, that Elijah mocked them and said: Cry aloud, for he is a god! Either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked.' Socrates also had recourse to irony with those of his hearers whose vanity he wished to cure; and Swift, among the moderns, is justly celebrated for his ironical style, in matters connected with politics. His irony has never yet been surpassed.



SPURIOUS IRONY, OR QUIZZING.

“BUT there is a degenerate scion of this rhetorical figure, which, instead of aiming at correction and improvement, delights in sporting with credulity, laughing at ignorance and timidity, entrapping simplicity into unguarded assertions, and rendering the unwary the innocent victims of a covert raillery, for the sole purpose of divert-

ing the bystanders. This ungenerous amusement, which bears the inelegant name of *quizzing*, is unfortunately not unknown to the upper ranks of society. A gallant Admiral has been heard to declare, at a police office of the Metropolis, that he should probably be *quizzed* by a very high personage, on account of the loss of his Trafalgar medal; a loss, by the by, not to be compared with that of Sir G. Warren, who, in 1776, on the Queen's birthday, had his diamond star cut off his coat, and to whom the same kind of accident happened again, the very next year, on the same day, with another star worth seven hundred pounds; on which occasion, Gibbon said he had better compound by the year.

“Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, was fond of this covert way of laughing at those with whom he conversed, particularly when they were strangers. The celebrated French Colonel, Guibert, a man of considerable literary eminence, who was presented to the Prussian monarch, at Potsdam, on his travels through Germany, in 1773, justly observes that Voltaire must have initiated this Prince to this cruel sport, which, reprehensible and offensive in a private individual, becomes hateful in a King, who ought to be sensible that his presence may intimidate and

disconcert the best informed individual; and that, fighting with unequal weapons, as his blows cannot be returned, his triumphs are inglorious. *Quizzing* appears, indeed, to be of French origin. Mirth and laughter are to our volatile neighbours wants of the first necessity, which they supply at any expense; more, however, from a wanton gaiety of heart, than from a wish to give pain; for they do not always despise those whom they are laughing at. They are early taught to take a joke kindly, and to repel one jest by another; whilst, among graver nations, even children cannot bear to be laughed at, and consider it an insult. The French distinguish two sorts of quizzing, *persiffler* and *mystifier*. The former consists in perplexing questions, calculated to puzzle the individual thus sported with, and to betray him into silly, laughable, or ridiculous answers; the latter, in abusing the credulity of a vain and weak person, by laying for him snares which have been previously concerted with others for their common diversion. The name of this ungenerous sport comes from the word *mystère*, (a secret) the preconcerted snares, though known to the contrivers, being necessarily a secret or a mystery to the intended victim. The denomination itself appears to have been suggested in the

middle of the last century, by a set of wags, at Paris, who practised this kind of joke with unrelenting perseverance upon a young French dramatist named *Poinsinet*. They had among them, *Fréron*, editor of a literary journal, famous for its severe criticisms upon Voltaire; *Préville*, the celebrated French actor, the friend of Garrick, and the rival of his fame; and *Bellecour*, another theatrical performer, of less note. They combined with several other wits of that time, to work upon *Poinsinet*'s over-credulous and weak disposition. But he was not without talents. Besides some comic operas, he wrote a witty afterpiece, of unconnected scenes, intitled: 'Le Cercle; ou, la Soirée à la Mode,' which is still in the repertory of the French theatres. He was only thirty-five years of age, when, in 1769, he was drowned in bathing in the Guadalquivir, on a journey to Spain. His ignorance of the most ordinary concerns of life must have been as unbounded as his vanity; for the tricks that were played upon him are almost incredible. On being told that ladies of high rank wished for a private conversation with him, he would hasten in his best attire to the place assigned for the meeting; and, notwithstanding numerous disappointments, he repeatedly fell into the same snare. At one

time, he was induced to purchase the office of fire-screen to the king; previous to which, he was recommended to try for what length of time he could bear the violence of a scorching fire, and for a fortnight he was seen roasting his legs before a chimney. At another time, he was informed that the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg had resolved to admit him a member of their learned society; but that, to qualify himself for that honour, he must study the Russian language; to which he immediately applied himself with great zeal; but, at the end of six months, he discovered that, under the guidance of his waggish friends, he had been learning the dialect of Lower Britany. Once he was told that Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, had appointed him Governor to the Prince Royal, his nephew, but that he must abjure the Roman Catholic faith; which he readily did before two pretended Protestant clergymen. On another occasion, his relentless persecutors made him believe that he had killed some one in a duel, and that police officers were in pursuit of him. To avoid falling into the hands of justice, Poinsinet had his head shaved, and wore a wig; but, being a prey to remorse, he voluntarily went to the hospital of St. Lazare, and demanded to be confined; when

the Warden declared that he could not receive any person into that house of correction, without an express order of the police.

“ But of all the tricks put upon poor Poinsinet the most cruel was that which one of his literary acquaintances played him. Mr. Patu, a gentleman of fortune, who some time after died, rather young, on his return from Italy, was their mutual friend. The literary man wrote a ballad against Patu, and carried it to his house at Passy, a village near Paris, naming Poinsinet as its author. Patu, in his wrath, declared he would give Poinsinet the reception he deserved, the first time he should dare to come to see him. His friend attempted to plead for Poinsinet ; but, whilst he feigned to appease Patu, he irritated him still more against the pretended offender. On his return to Paris, the treacherous advocate invited Poinsinet to sup with him and another wag. He told them, that there was a most shocking ballad in circulation against their mutual friend at Passy, and that Poinsinet was suspected to be the author. The latter loudly protested that he had no hand in it ; but, in order to make his innocence evident, he was advised by his companions to write immediately a smart yet inoffensive song upon Patu, and to take it

himself to him the next day, in order to convince him that he was not the author of that which was handed about as his work. Poinset found the expedient admirable. He instantly took a pen, and his perfidious literary friend, by his suggestions, contrived to make Poinset compose, word for word, the very ballad which he had carried to Patu in the morning. Poinset, considering himself as the author of the song, and thinking it perfectly harmless, took it, the next day, with the utmost satisfaction, to Passy, and addressing Patu, said—‘ My friend, the world is very wicked. I had written a very inoffensive song upon you, which, I am told, has been horribly distorted, so as to excite your anger ; I therefore hand it to you now, such as I have composed it.’ But, on perusing the ballad, Patu found, line by line, the very couplets which had raised his angry feelings the day before, and poor Poinset met with an undeserved correction.

VANITY.

“ I LEAVE you to judge, my dear George, how far the authors of such jokes are entitled to your esteem. I only beg you to observe, that the same vanity which prompts weak men readily to believe whatever humours or flatters them, will likewise induce them to deviate from truth, either to magnify any frivolous advantages which they chance to possess, or to assume imaginary ones. Not content with resting his claims to admiration upon trifles of no value in the eyes of the wise, or with greedily swallowing unmerited praises, which he is continually fishing for; the vain man squanders money in places where he is not known, that he may pass for rich; he boasts of his acquaintance with a great lord, to whom he spoke but once, for half a minute, on parochial concerns; he relates perilous adventures, which he never met with; talks of hunters he never rode, and describes leaps he never took; he owns no relation that is poor; he lightly enters into engagements, which he cannot perform; and liberally promises the patronage of those to whom he scarcely has any access

himself. Nothing, in short, more easily tempts to untruth than vanity. It makes our females bedaub their cheeks and compress their waists, to assume a complexion and a shape which nature has denied them."

FEMALE EMBELLISHMENTS.

"MAY we not," said Georgiana, "dress according to the fashions of our times and country?"

"Most certainly," replied her father, "provided those fashions be modest and becoming your situation. Neatness, and, in the higher ranks of life, elegance in dress, are perfectly allowable in your sex; but a painted face, or a fictitious shape, is a deception, which nothing can excuse. In the eyes of sensible men, pale cheeks or imperfections of form, for which you are not accountable, are more than atoned for by virtues, accomplishments, and sweetness of temper; and the preference which may be shewn to ladies who disguise their features, must never distress you. A village clock, completely out of order, which varied every moment, and never shewed

the right time, was yet vain of its being still frequently consulted, and laughed at another neighbouring clock, without hands, which did not go at all, saying—"Every one stops to look at me, but no one ever thinks of looking up to you!" when the latter answered—"I may be neglected, but I deceive no one!"

SELF-LOVE.

"SELF-LOVE is very different from vanity; it is the main spring of all our actions. Self-love is the parent of virtue—vanity is the source of folly and vice. Self-love is imprinted in our hearts for our preservation—vanity often leads to our ruin. Self-love promotes our improvement—vanity frequently obstructs it. Self-love renders us attentive to our true interests—vanity seduces us to act contrary to them. The common proverb, "Charity begins at home," soberly applied, is perfectly true. In whatever we project, and in whatever we undertake, we ought first to consider our own situation, and attend to our real interest, well understood, and as far as

it does not hurt the interests of others. But, as liberty degenerates into licentiousness, when it infringes upon the rights of others; so does self-love become selfishness when it is exclusive. We ought to think of ourselves; but to think of ourselves only is odious and contemptible. The commandment of the Gospel, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,' whilst it allows self-love to be consistent with our nature, clearly shews how it is to be regulated. The selfish man forgets his neighbour; he envies the prosperity of others, their success embitters his life, and he does not scruple to seek his profit at their expense. The man who is guided by a rational self-love delights in the happiness of his fellow creatures; he promotes their welfare as much as he is able, and, far from benefiting by the losses of others, he protects their interests as his own. Conflicting interests are not of so frequent occurrence as you would suppose. There are none in the learned professions which are as beneficial to those for whom they are exercised as to those who exercise them. The divine, who enforces your religious duties, the philosopher, who enlarges your understanding and enlightens your mind, the teacher, who instructs your offspring, the advocate, who pleads your cause, the

physician, who restores you to health, and the surgeon, who heals your wounds, have all the same interest with you; and in the common transactions of life, in every fair bargain, in buying and selling, the benefits are mutual; the commodities which you obtain in exchange for your money are as valuable to you as the money is to him from whom you procure them. If there be any overreaching, it is the work of selfishness and not of self-love, which teaches self-respect.

OBEDIENCE TO SUPERIORS.

“But to be enabled to respect yourselves, you must be conscious that you have strictly performed your duty, which hitherto has consisted only in a perfect obedience to your parents and instructors, whose experience served to guide you. Louis XIV. in the Memoirs which he wrote for his son, justly observes to this prince: ‘If you do not listen to those whom I have appointed to direct your education, how will you

ever follow the counsels of reason, when you become your own master?*

“You have, both of you, my children, performed that first duty of a ready and cheerful obedience to your instructors, to my complete satisfaction. You now enter the world with religious and virtuous principles, to which you will, I hope, perseveringly adhere. The difference between right and wrong is so distinctly imprinted in your hearts, that you need merely listen to your conscience. Never allow yourselves to deviate, in the smallest degree, from its dictates; and if your conscience suggest any doubts, or even any scruples, about the line of conduct you were going to adopt, the safest way is to desist from it. Happiness is the end of our being; but it is not in the expectation of happiness that you must act: your concern is simply to deserve to be happy; just as, in the ordinary transactions of human affairs, you cannot command success, but must rest contented with deserving it. We must do what we know to be

* Si vous n'écoutez pas les ordres de ceux que j'ai préposés pour votre conduite, comment suivrez-vous les conseils de la raison, quand vous serez votre maître ?

right, for its own sake, without fee or reward; and an interior warning voice always tells us what is right.

PROBITY.

“THE idea of duty is plain to the lowest understanding. A man has in his hands a considerable deposit, the owner of which dies. He knows to a certainty that the heirs of his friend have not the most distant knowledge of the money with which he has been entrusted, and that they cannot possibly obtain any information of the circumstance. Put his case to a child of eight or nine years; say, that the depositary is at that very moment struggling with unmerited misfortunes, surrounded by a numerous starving family, and labouring under the most deplorable distress, from which he should instantly be relieved by appropriating the deposit to himself. Tell the child, farther, that the individual entrusted with this money is benevolent and kind-hearted; whilst the heirs of his friend, though very rich, are unfeeling and hardhearted, and

squander away their wealth in luxury, extravagance, and idle pomp; so that this addition to their fortune would, probably, be spent in the same way, and might as well be thrown into the sea. And then ask the child, whether the distressed individual might not, under these circumstances, apply the deposit to his own use? His answer will unquestionably be, 'No;' and the only reason which he is able to give you for his decision, is simply, that it would be wrong; that is to say, contrary to the depositary's duty. This is evident. But that the Depositary promotes his happiness by returning the deposit, is not so obvious. Should that consideration enter his mind, he might say to himself: 'On returning the money to its lawful owners, I shall very likely be rewarded for my honesty; or, should that even not be the case, I shall be much praised for my probity; and the reputation of being a strictly honest man, may be of great service to me in my present situation. Yet all this is uncertain. But, again, if I kept the deposit, to extricate myself at once from my pressing difficulties, my neighbours might suspect the nature of the means by which I should relieve myself so suddenly; and if I do it but gradually, the ills I suffer are only abated, not removed.' By thus looking to the conse-

quences of his action, which are involved in uncertainty, his mind is distracted; and though he calculates his chances, he may still be deceived in his calculation. But let him merely ask himself: 'What is here my duty?' And he instantly knows how to act. Nay, if he have that sacred regard for his duty, which a virtuous education never fails to inspire, and which is the only safe guide through life, he will abhor himself for having hesitated a moment, and dared to enter upon calculating the consequences of different ways of acting, as if there were any choice left in a case of undoubted duty.

“During one of the German wars, a captain of a troop of cavalry was ordered out upon a foraging expedition. Putting himself at the head of his troop, he led them towards the quarter assigned him, and found only a solitary valley, in which scarcely any thing was to be seen besides woods. He perceived a lowly hovel; and on his knocking at the door, out came an ancient Hernhutter (or Moravian brother) with a beard as white as snow: he was the minister of the village, which lay scattered through the valley. ‘Father,’ said the officer to him, shew me a field, where my men may forage.’—‘Immediately,’ replied the Hernhutter; and, putting himself at

their head, he led them back out of the valley. After a quarter of an hour's march, they came to a fine field of barley. 'This is just what we want!' exclaimed the captain! 'A moment's patience,' said his conductor, 'and you shall be better satisfied.' The march was continued about a mile farther, and then he shewed them another field of barley. The troopers immediately dismounted, cut down the corn, and put it into their sacks. Having resumed their saddles, the officer, somewhat surprised at the method of his guide, said to him: 'Father, you have brought us a great way unnecessarily: the first field was much better than this!'—'That is true,' replied the old man; 'but that is not mine, this was.' You cannot but admire this reply; or, rather, you will admire the combination of probity and simplicity in the brilliant deed, which preceded it.

MANLY DISCHARGE OF DUTY.

“NOTHING, indeed, raises a human being more in his own estimation than the consciousness of having done his duty. It supports him under

unmerited disgrace, cheers him in the bitter days of adversity, soothes his anguish in the most trying moments, and exalts in his breast the awful sentiment of his glorious destination. Remember, my dear George, the beautiful exhortation which Nelson, the greatest naval hero, addressed, in the name of his country, to his companions in the fearful hour of battle, a short time before he expired in the arms of victory: ‘England expects that every man will do his duty!’ Let these words resound in your ears every instant of your life; but do not restrict the exhortation to military duty; and your career will be marked by every thing that is noble and generous.”

FEMALE PRUDENCE.

“SELF RESPECT will also guard you, my dear Georgiana, against the seductions of folly and vice. Modesty and chastity are your brightest jewels. They never can be tarnished, as long as you respect yourself. Under that shield, your innocence and your purity may safely be trusted

to your own keeping, without any matron to attend, or any Argus to watch you. Homer relates, in the 'Odyssey,' that Agamemnon left with Clytemnestra, his queen, a poet, who was to remind her, every day, of the precepts of virtue, and the dangers of vice; and that the designs of Ægisthus did not succeed with this princess till after he had prevailed with her to banish the monitor, whom he feared, to a desert island. Self respect is your monitor. The innocent freedom of manners, which is displayed in the societies of the young ladies of Switzerland has hardly ever been abused. When Gibbon, the celebrated historian of the 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' lived at Lausanne, there was in that town a society of fifteen or twenty young unmarried ladies, of genteel, though not of the very first, families; the eldest, perhaps, about twenty; all agreeable, several handsome; and two or three of exquisite beauty. They assembled at each others' houses, almost every day, without the control, or even the presence, of a mother, or an aunt; they were trusted to their own prudence, among a crowd of young men, of every nation in Europe; they laughed, they sang, they danced, they played at cards, they acted comedies: but, in the midst of this care-

less gaiety, they respected themselves, and were respected by the young men. The invisible line between liberty and licentiousness was never transgressed by a gesture, a word, or a look; and their reputation was never sullied by the breath of scandal or suspicion.

“It is, as I observed before, the consciousness of a strict obedience to duty, that alone can give us self-respect; but as the beautiful exhortation, which I recommended to your brother for that purpose, seems limited to his sex, I advise you, Georgiana, to remember the burden of a French ballad, composed by the ex-queen of Holland: ‘Fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra.’ (Do what you ought, let come what may!) Animated by these duty-inspiring words, you will be beloved and respected, and render yourself deserving of happiness.

OBSTACLES IN THE WAY OF DUTY.

“THUS the theory, or the aggregate, of the religious and moral principles, by which we are to regulate our conduct through life, is perfectly

plain and easy : but, like all theories, it meets, in practice, resistances and obstructions, with which you are yet unacquainted. The picture of the frailties and vices, by which the steady observance of those unerring principles is unfortunately too often impeded, has been carefully withheld from your feeble eyes, until you were thoroughly convinced of the absolute necessity of an implicit obedience to your duty, in order to be worthy of being happy. As both of you, my children, have now, I hope, attained to that important conviction, you must also know the impediments which you have to encounter in the world, that you may overcome them. The artillerist, who studies the mathematical theory of throwing bombs, is informed, that, in practice, the distances reached by those thundering engines of destruction are somewhat altered by the resistance of the air, and that he must learn to calculate this resistance, before he can be sure of pointing his mortars towards the batteries, or ramparts, of the enemy, with that precision which insures their immediate and infallible effect. This knowledge completes his theory. Without it, he would first try one distance, then another ; then place his engines a little nearer, or a little farther off ; and thus waste in experiments and trials, a time which is

so precious on those perilous occasions; and, perhaps, not hit the mark after all. But that, by a strict adherence to theoretical principles, this mark may be hit with absolute certainty, is evident from what is related of the brave and eccentric Count de la Lippe Buckeburg Schaumburg, who commanded the Portuguese army against the Spaniards, in 1760, and died on the 10th of September, 1777. One day, he had a large party of officers at dinner with him in his tent, and numerous shells repeatedly fell so close to it that his company became uneasy, under the supposition that the bombs were thrown by the enemy; when he informed them that he had ordered his men to aim at a mark placed very near the spot where they dined, that he might convince his guests of the precision with which his artillerists directed their fire.

EVIL COMPANIONS.

“THE chief obstacles that counteract the steady practice of the principle by which you are to guide your conduct, are your passions and

the bad example of others. You must learn to control the former, and to shun the latter. Vice has its attractions ; it sacrifices a future lasting good to a momentary gratification : but its transient pleasures are over-dearly bought, since they destroy the peace of your conscience, and render you unworthy of happiness. Hitherto, you have only had a glimpse of vice, in fables, allegories, and history ; you will now be in frequent contact with it ; and, to avoid its contamination, you must be constantly on your guard against its seductions. It will approach you under the most flattering disguises, which will require all your sagacity to discover ; and you must extend to your intercourse with the world the salutary caution, which I recommended you to use before you yield your belief in general. To particularize the prevailing vices, is needless ; they will but too frequently arrest your attention, in the occurrences of the day, and in the publications which you are now permitted to read."

DANGEROUS CONNECTIONS.

“IN forming acquaintance, you cannot be too particular in previously examining the character and manners of those who offer themselves for your intimacy. Through inattention to this precept, many young persons have been insensibly led to their ruin. An imprudent connection has often rendered a man, who might have been an ornament and an honour to human nature, a scoundrel, who, on the contrary, has disgraced it, and been its very reproach. Vices are communicated much easier than virtues, because they present themselves in the guise of pleasure: a young man, whose principles are unformed, beholds a libertine, believes him happy, and too frequently has the weakness to imitate him: his progress in depravity is rapid; and he soon blushes at the recollection of any honourable sentiments he might formerly have entertained. Such is the sequel of evil associations; judge then, my dear children, how very important it is to study well the character of those with whom we are desirous of forming a friendly intercourse.

The following tale will exemplify what I have said.

“Two young men, who had been friends from their infancy, were drawn into vicious pursuits, by keeping bad company, during the time that their studies detained them in the metropolis.

“Recalled into the country by their parents, a small town appeared to them a place too restricted for their pleasures. At first, they employed every means that dissipated minds could devise, to make the youth of the town as dissolute as themselves: afterwards, they extended the scene of their vile amusements into the environs; and for many miles around, their bad example and licentious conduct produced a baleful effect.

“One evening, after passing the day in a neighbouring market-town, they were returning home through a wood, when it came into the head of one of them, that they might recover the expenses into which their extravagant conduct had led them, by robbing the first person they met. Dissipation debases the mind, destroys every good principle, insensibly renders the soul callous to shame, and brings it at length to consider the most atrocious crimes with unconcern.

“It, however, happened that the youngest of

the two friends, named Martin, was not so far gone in vice as to have forgotten the virtuous precepts he had imbibed in infancy from his parents : his pursuit of pleasure had intoxicated his senses, but not yet corrupted his heart. He trembled, when he heard the proposition of his companion ; but though incapable of participating in the crime, he had not ability to make him forego his wicked purpose. Indeed, before he could well enter into argument with his friend on the folly as well as danger of his plan, an opportunity for carrying it into execution was presented. An old woman, accompanied by her daughter, passed by them, in a market cart ; and the unworthy friend of Martin readily conceived that as they had been with provisions to the town, they must be returning with money in their pockets. Suddenly turning from Martin, he drew out a sword from his walking cane, and, with terrific denunciations, ordered them to stop. At the same moment, poor Martin swooned, and fell to the ground.

“He was recalled to his senses by some one stumbling over him ; it was the young female, who was running, in the obscurity of the evening, she scarcely knew whither. Rising up quickly, he redoubled her fears, but learned, from some

broken sentences which he drew from her, that his companion, having overtaken the cart, had seriously wounded her mother, and robbed her of her money; and this young woman was making her way to the next cottage, to obtain assistance for her dying parent.

“Martin, almost beside himself, and terrified at the crimes which had been committed, was no less moved in favour of the lovely girl, who had related the circumstances. But the danger to which he saw his worthless friend exposed, induced him to persuade the young woman to go no farther, promising to render her mother every help she could stand in need of at present, and to escort both in safety to their own home.

“They came up to the cart, just in time to see the old woman expire: and, to add to their misfortune, the horse patrol arrived that instant on the spot. Martin was seized as the assassin, and dragged to prison. The testimony of the unfortunate orphan was not only disregarded; but she herself was also detained as an accomplice in the murder: and had not the real assassin had the imprudence, or, I should rather say, the audacity, to visit the former companion of his revels in the prison, both had probably suffered the penalty of the law, under that specious and

worst of all proofs, circumstantial evidence. It so happened, or Providence so ordained, that the young woman saw and recognised the assassin in the prison ; and she exclaimed : ‘ It was the hand of that scoundrel, and not the hand of Martin, which gave my mother her death-blow : on him let the vengeance of the law and of God fall ! ’ He was accordingly seized, tried and convicted of murder, and justly executed.

“ I knew a gentleman, who used to say, his *master vice* had preserved him from the contamination of vicious companions, with whom, in his youthful days, he was under a necessity of associating professionally. This *master vice*, he explained, was pride of education, in which respect he was greatly their superior. But, I am persuaded, he was indebted for his preservation to the principles which that education had given him, rather than to any pride he felt for having merely received it ; for he was indeed a humble man ; and though he despised a mean action, he always pitied the perpetrator of one. He felt the dignity which an upright mind conferred upon him ; but, misjudging of himself, he called it pride.

“ Dignity of manners, arising from rectitude of the heart, will ever be a safeguard against the approaches of the dissolute.”

GAMBLING.

“THERE is one vice, my dear George, against which I could wish to arm you with an abhorrence, equal to that which I have endeavoured to inspire in you for wilful deviations from truth. I allude to gambling,* the offspring of avarice, and the parent of despair. Impelled by a mean and inordinate desire of rapidly possessing himself of the property of others, without giving any consideration, or making any return for it, the gambler wilfully exposes himself to be stripped of his own, according to the dictates of a blind chance ; and fondly fancies he is not acting dishonourably, because those with whom he associates for his ignoble purpose, are aware of the consequences, and consent to submit to them. But the very object which he has in view attests his moral degradation. He is pursuing his interest at the expense of others ; and the imbecility of those who are the willing victims of their own inordinate passions is no excuse for the immo-

* See in the “Linguist,” No. xxv. Lichtwehr’s German Tale of “The Strange Mortals,” (gamblers) with the French and English translations of the same.

rality of his attempt to profit by their weakness. There are, besides, secret arts, to direct those apparently blind chances; and in the haunts, which you would be obliged to frequent, to satisfy a sordid love of unjust gain, you would run the additional risk of falling into the hands of sharpers, who resort to the most cunning devices to strip the incautious rich of their property. Your ruin would be inevitable.

“The young Count of Grammont, travelling with his tutor, to join the army in Piedmont, stopped at an inn at Lyons. The tutor, apprehensive lest his pupil should engage in some diversions, which might retard their journey, was for supping in their own room; but the count insisted upon supping with the company in the inn. ‘How can you think of such a thing!’ said the tutor; ‘you will only find a dozen or so of low provincial jabberers, playing at cards or dice, and making a noise sufficient to stun one.’—‘The words *cards* and *dice*,’ says the count, who relates his own adventure, ‘seemed to throw the money in my purse into a strange sort of excitement. I went below, and was rather surprised to find the dining-room filled with characters that appeared to me very extraordinary. The landlord, having introduced me to the company, assured

me that not more than eighteen or twenty of these gentlemen would have the honour of supping with me. I approached a table, where some play was going on, and thought I should have burst with laughter: I had expected to find good company and high play; but here were two Germans engaged at backgammon, in a style which my coach horses might have rivalled. Their figures, also, were grotesque, beyond what my fancy could have conceived. The one nearest to whom I was stationed, was an ill-formed mass of flesh, better calculated to roll like a ball, than to walk upon his feet, which were attached to his heavy body by two crooked legs. He wore a ruff about his neck; and on his head was a pointed hat, a full ell in height. It was impossible to behold him at a distance, and not mistake him for the dome of a church surmounted with a spire. I asked mine host who this odd-looking creature was: he replied, 'He is a merchant of Basle, come hither to sell some horses; but, I think, at the rate he goes on, he will sell very few, for he does nothing but gamble.'—'Does he play high?' I inquired. 'Not at present,' was the reply; 'he is only playing for the reckoning, whilst supper is getting ready. But when he sits down with a private party, the little mer-

chant can play an excellent game.'—'Has he money?'—'Oh! oh!' exclaimed the perfidious host, 'I only wish you had won of him a thousand pistoles, and I was intitled to half; we should not have long to wait for them!' This was enough: I considered the ruin of the pointed hat as certain; and I drew nearer to observe its wearer more accurately. He played at random; one blunder followed another, in such rapid succession, that I even felt something like compunction for the havoc I was about to make upon the money of this little burlesque upon man, who was so ignorant of the rules of play. He lost his game; and, supper being brought in, I made him sit next to me. The guests amounted to at least five-and-twenty, notwithstanding the promise of the landlord. After a wretched repast, all this rabble vanished, I know not how, with the exception of the little Swiss, who remained close to me, and the landlord, who placed himself on my other side. They smoked like dragoons; the Swiss exclaimed, from time to time, '*Demande pardon à monsieur, de la liberté grande,*'* and then poured out volumes of tobacco smoke into my face, till I was almost suffo-

* A low provincial phrase; "I ask the gentleman's pardon for the great liberty."

cated. Mine host, on the other hand, asked, *with my permission*, if I had ever been in his country, and seemed surprised that I should have so graceful an air, without having travelled in Switzerland. The little fumigator, with whom my business lay, was equally inquisitive, and asked if I came from the army in Piedmont; and when I told him I was going to join it, he asked if I wished to purchase some horses, as he had upwards of two hundred, and would let me have a bargain. By this time, I was smoke-dried like a ham; and, wearied with tobacco and questions, I proposed to my little grotesque, a game at backgammon for a single pistole, while my people were getting their supper. It was not till after many apologies, and much asking pardon, *de la liberté grande*, that he consented. I won hit and back game in the twinkling of an eye; for he was confused and blundered at every throw. Towards the close of the third game, Brinon (the count's tutor) came in, to escort me to my chamber; but he could not prevail on me to retire. The game finished, my little Swiss unbuttoned his overalls, and from one of his fobs drew out a shining quadruple, which he presented to me, at the same time asking pardon *de la liberté grande*, and making as if he would with-

draw. But this would not suit my purpose : I told him, as we had played only for amusement, I would not receive his money : but, if he pleased, I would stake his four pistoles upon a single hit. He made some difficulty, but at length agreed ; and he won them back. I was piqued at this ; and played again : the chances were turned ; the dice became favourable to my adversary ; he no longer forgot himself ; I lost the hit, the back game, and all. We played higher : still I lost. The stakes were doubled, with the same success. I became desperate ; he, a cunning gamester, refused me nothing ; but won every thing, whilst I could not peg six holes in eight or ten games. At last, I demanded by way of satisfaction, that we should stake a hundred pistoles each ; but, seeing that I did not produce the cash upon the table, he replied, it was late, and he must go to look after his horses : then, again asking my pardon *de la liberté grande*, he withdrew. The *sang froid* with which he met my proposal, and the mock politeness of his retiring salutation, so enraged me, that I felt a desire to kill him. I was so exasperated at the rapidity with which I had been stripped to my last pistole, that I was incapable, at the moment, of making all the reflections that

might have been made upon the situation to which I was reduced.'

“This adventure shews to what extremes the desire of winning by play will lead a man. The Count of Grammont, a man of talents and of honour, (such honour as is recognised in the fashionable world,) is not deterred from laying aside his rank, to play with strangers, whom he evidently despised: he even goes farther; he selects the *little grotesque* to play with, only because he is rich and apparently ignorant of his game: what is this less than knavery? Is it any thing short of purloining, by whatever means, the money from the pocket of another? The Count was deceived, and he deserved so to be: he was the knave of opportunity; he met with a knave by profession, and was outwitted. He degraded himself by voluntarily resigning his honour; and he was obliged involuntarily to resign his money to the man whom he had marked out as his victim. To accomplish his purpose, he had adopted a feigned complaisance; and was rewarded with an artificial deference from the despicable being who had emptied his purse. And thus it ever has been with men, when they have allowed themselves to be overcome by blind passion, or inordinate desire of gain.

PRAYER.

“ To avoid the dangerous path of vice, you very properly, both of you, my children, daily pray to Heaven not to be led into temptation. But your prayers must be supported by strenuous exertions to acquire firmness of disposition and strength of mind to resist the seductions of those who attempt to mislead you. Your communions with your Creator are to fortify your moral sentiments, not to lull you into the superstitious belief of an ever-ready and miraculous interference of the Deity with human affairs, which would break the chain of cause and effect, and destroy your free agency. The old and simple Latin adage, *Ora et labora*, (Pray and work,) sufficiently points out the necessity of individual exertion, in addition to prayer. It is beautifully enforced by the fable of the driver, whose cart stuck fast in a bad road, which La Fontaine closes with the moral, *Aide toi, le Ciel t'aidera*, — (Help yourself and Heaven will help you.)

“ A Prussian soldier, quartered in a town of

Silesia, where the greatest part of the population are Roman Catholics, had repeatedly stolen money offerings deposited at the shrine of the Virgin Mary, and protested, on his trial, that they had been given to him by the Virgin, in consideration of his fervent prayers for her assistance. He was convicted of sacrilege: but Frederick the Great, before he would confirm the sentence of death, inquired of the superior Catholic clergy whether they thought the miracle impossible; and as their creed would not allow them to admit this impossibility, the King ordered the man to be acquitted, but to be strictly cautioned never to accept any more presents of the Virgin.

“In the Swiss Canton of Geneva, at the foot of the mountain of Salève, there is a large village, called Chêne, half of which, before 1815, belonged to the Duchy of Savoy, and is of course inhabited by Roman Catholics; whilst the inhabitants of the other half are Protestants. A few years ago, a fire broke out on the Catholic side, and threatened to reduce that part of the village to ashes; the Catholics ran to pray in their chapel, but the Protestants hastened to their neighbours with the proper engines, and succeeded, by their unremitted exertions, in subdu-

ing and extinguishing the fire. When this was accomplished, the Catholics attributed the extinction to their prayers, and the Protestants to their timely assistance.

FORTITUDE.

“BUT you will ask, How is firmness of temper to be acquired? Is it not a gift of Nature? I allow that it may be partly constitutional, and depend, in some degree, on the strength of the nervous system. Females subject to hysteric fits are generally incapable of acting with firmness. Yet it must be in the power of an intelligent being maturely to consider the resolutions he forms, to weigh their probable consequences, to convince himself of their rectitude, and, when he has obtained that conviction, invariably to persist in his resolves; or else he forfeits the dignity of a free agent, and becomes either the slave of his passions or the tool of others, who have a design upon his virtue or upon his purse. Whenever the morality of his conduct is concerned, he ought to be inflexible. The case is

different when his determination is founded upon a mere personal inconvenience which he might encounter. To give way on such an occasion is rather a merit, and may be called an amiable weakness. Mirabeau, on his return to Paris, in 1788, was reported to have written a Secret History of the Court of Berlin, which he hesitated to publish, lest it might involve him in difficulties, as he had freely indulged in pretty severe observations on some crowned heads and men in power. The bookseller, Le Jay, was on the point of failing. He sent his wife to Mirabeau, to represent his embarrassed situation. Madame Le Jay implored Mirabeau to let her husband have the manuscript, the publication of which would infallibly retrieve their affairs; and Mirabeau at length yielded to her entreaties, and gave her the manuscript, saying, 'Je me perds, mais je vous sauve'—(I ruin myself, but I save you.) The impending revolution prevented, however, the evil consequences which he had reason to apprehend for himself from this generous sacrifice."

ACQUISITION OF KNOWLEDGE.

“THAT it is wise to be firm in acting up to principles which we know to be right, you will, I am sure, readily admit; I therefore ask you, in my turn, How is wisdom to be acquired? Your answer, no doubt is, By education, instruction, reading, and reflection. You have fully enjoyed the two former advantages. Nothing remains for you to do now but to listen to wise counsels, to read with attention, to peruse good books over and over again, and sedately to reflect on what you have read. This important habit of reflection is best contracted by transcribing in a book of scraps, or common-place book, but not on stray leaves, any passage which strikes you as worthy to be remembered, any thought of which you fancy that it might have been better expressed, or which you think wrong altogether; and in the two last instances I advise you to clothe the thought of which you dislike the expression, in what you suppose better language, and to note down your reasons for condemning the other. Thus you will improve both your style and your judgment. Do not rely on Dr.

Johnson's opinion, in the 'Idler,' that what is twice read is commonly better remembered than what is transcribed. Were this even the case, your common-place book will afford you the additional convenience of a safe repository, which may be consulted when you cannot trust to your memory; and you have no conception of the gratification and improvement you are sure to derive from an occasional re-perusal of your annotations. After the lapse of a few years, you will be astonished at the change which some of your ideas have undergone in the mean time, and you will find a fresh subject of reflection in accounting for this change, and tracing the circumstances or the motives by which it has been produced. Never hurry through a book for the sake of knowing 'whether she will have him, or whether he will take her!' Not that I condemn all novels; a great many of them offer a true picture of life, and are well worth reading. And in your eager search after frivolous novelties, do not vilify the author, whose work, in your opinion, contains nothing new. If he have succeeded in rendering useful truths more accessible, he is entitled to your approbation. Like the waters of the Nile, which, from the grand canal at Cairo, are distributed in small cuts to

irrigate and fertilize the land, truth must be disseminated; and, like the waters of the Niagara, which fall as a foaming cataract from rock to rock before they rush to the bottom, whence they flow down the country in a limpid stream, truth must descend from the lofty heights of genius by different gradations, to be at length conveyed in humbler strains to the lowest intellect."

FIRMNESS OF MIND.

"BUT to revert to firmness. It may indeed be attained by study and application; though its seeds are best sown in the youthful mind, where they are sure to thrive under the fostering care of an able guide. From having been brought up at a public school, or under circumstances which do not allow a particular and constant attention to the individual disposition of children, many a sensible man has been hurried away by want of firmness, and betrayed into inconsistencies which have embittered his life. Levity is the arrant tempter, that misleads numbers from the safe,

yet sometimes arduous, path of duty, to the dangerous, but apparently smooth and easy road of vice. It is firmness, combined with virtuous principles, distinguished talents, and extensive information, which raises us above the level, and enables us to guide instead of being led. All, however, do not succeed in reaching that proud eminence. Most men must rest contented with striving to attain it; and, provided their efforts be unremitted, their laudable zeal in the cause of virtue and improvement adds to the happiness of the community. It is vice alone that disturbs this happiness.

DEGENERACY OF THE AGE.

“BUT, because the hideous sight of vice is daily offending your eyes, do not fancy that it is more general than formerly. Complaints of the degeneracy of the age, and appeals to the good old times, proceed from individuals advanced in years, and ‘all times, when old,’ says Lord Byron, ‘are good.’

“Count d’Asumar, an old Spanish nobleman,

dining with Don Gonzales, the conversation turned upon a bull-feast, which had been celebrated a few days before; and the names of the gentlemen were mentioned, who had displayed the greatest vigour and address; when the old Count said, with a sigh: ‘Alas! I see no man, now-a-days, comparable to those I have known! and the tournaments are not performed with half the magnificence which attended them when I was a young man:’ and, as soon as the dessert was on table, seeing some fine peaches, the same old nobleman observed: ‘In my time, peaches were much larger; nature degenerates every day!’—‘At that rate,’ replied Don Gonzales, smiling, ‘peaches in Adam’s time must have been wonderfully large.’

“Dr. *Jarrold*, a physician, of Manchester, treading in the old Spanish Count’s steps, asserted, some years ago, that our ancestors were better and stronger than we are; and that we, their descendants, have degenerated in size and morals. He holds out the discouraging prospect that the earth will soon be covered with pigmies. From the time of Homer’s heroes, when old Nestor always took occasion to praise the past, down to our days, men advanced in years have manifested the same inclination to

rail at the present; and it has been remarked that in each of the wars in which Europe has been engaged for centuries past, the pulpits have resounded of the seven vials of wrath being poured out upon the contending nations to punish them for their degeneracy.

IMPROVED STATE OF SOCIETY.

“BUT are we really worse than our forefathers? Is the atmosphere of public opinion more clouded by ignorance and error? Have we not considerably improved upon the many useful discoveries of our ancestors; and, in proportion as knowledge is diffused, is not the mind polished, and the heart humanized? The inference, however, is not, that we are not prone to follies and vicious propensities; but, that our vices are, upon the whole, of a lighter complexion, and less injurious to the true interests of society. An assumed gravity, bordering on hypocrisy, concealed our forefathers' real opinions; we avow ours more freely. Reverence, and awe, next to fear, were exacted from us, when children; we are con-

tented with the love and confidence of our offspring. Many of us have smarted under the rod; the instructors of the rising generation resort to gentler means. The kitchen and the pantry were the only places, in which young females were allowed to display their acquirements; the conversation of our daughters enlivens our leisure hours. Conviviality was limited to festivals, weddings, and family rejoicings; on which occasions every kind of excess was indulged in; a stiff formality opened those entertainments, and they often ended in noisy brawls and riots: our social intercourse is improved; we meet our friends more frequently, with less studied ceremony, and are guilty of fewer excesses. Habits of sobriety and temperance daily gain more ground. Luxury, which does not half the mischief that is laid to its charge, has augmented the comforts of our dwellings, and improved the accommodations of life. We are more happy at home. Witches no longer disturb our firesides, nor ghosts trouble our midnight repose. Superstition has nearly disappeared: a more extensive and enlightened benevolence adorns the age. Rudeness and stern severity in the treatment of inmates and servants, are less complained of. Brutality, the unavoidable effect of ignorance,

has given way to milder dispositions. The slavish respect paid to grandeur and wealth is gradually abating; and talents and good morals are less disregarded.

“This sketch of the present age admits, no doubt, of numberless exceptions. But do we not lay too much stress upon these exceptions? may not the aggregate of a nation be gradually improving, and yet the number of vicious and depraved individuals remain very considerable? The habitual good qualities of most men are never recorded:

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen;

and the general horror which a villainous deed excites, proves the rectitude of the largest number. How few the instances of absolute villainy when compared with the increased population of an extensive country! Besides, the crimes recorded in the registers of the times do not all proceed from habitual villainy; some arise from the sudden impulse of the moment; others, and by far the greatest number, must be imputed to a defect in our laws and in our punishments. The late Mr. Dugald Stewart has remarked, that if the inordinate accumulation of wealth in the hands of individuals were gradually diminished,

by abolishing the law of entails, this simple alteration would contribute more than all the labours of moralists to secure the virtue and happiness of all the classes of mankind. His opinion has been fully confirmed by the happy change which the new law of inheritance has introduced in France since the Revolution; and I am afraid that the *poor laws*, with us tend more to repress than to invigorate the spirit of industry. Crimes, and particularly crimes committed in times of distress, are not the criterion by which we are to judge the age in which we live. It is in the conduct of the individuals of the present generation towards their equals and inferiors, in the propensities which they indulge, in the errors to which they are liable, in their recovering from faults, or correcting evil habits, in their attention to the duties of their respective situations, in the employment of their vacant hours, in their amusements and diversions, that we must seek for data to pronounce on the worth of our contemporaries. The daily records of our transactions scarcely ever allude to those who

Keep the noiseless tenor of their way.

“ But the supposition that we are better than our predecessors does not imply that we are

good, only that we are improved; because we have benefited by their observations, just as our posterity will benefit by ours. Hence the opinion of those who believe in the gradual improvement of mankind, is not deserving of the sneers by which it is assailed by superficial observers. Why should we impute more depravity to the age in which we live than to that which is past?

REVERENCE OF THE DEAD.

“THE charge of degeneracy may perhaps be traced to the following causes.

“The old adage, ‘Speak well of the dead,’ in recommending a delicacy of expression, which ought undoubtedly to be observed in presence of the relations of a deceased individual, has introduced a kind of superstitious reverence for those who are no more. Even in the republic of letters, the rigour of criticism is disarmed in reviewing a posthumous publication; and in most modern biographies the faults and vices of the illustrious dead are rarely mentioned, or very

slightly hinted at. This kind of delicacy appears to be a remnant of a custom, which is said to have anciently prevailed in some countries, and which allowed none to be buried till some one came forward to speak in praise of the deceased. This custom is reported to have been carried so far, that, after the death of an usurer, who was universally hated, on account of his extortions, his barber, to procure him a decent burial, pronounced his funeral oration, and eulogized his hero because he had an easy beard to shave! No such delicacy is observed in behalf of our contemporaries. Ever attentive to their weaknesses, we minutely watch their private actions with the ungenerous view to discover something reprehensible in their conduct; their failings are magnified, whilst their virtues are scarcely noticed, or veiled by malicious insinuations.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

“ THE force of first impressions may be considered as another source of this complaint of degeneracy. At an early period, when, from the

want of opportunities to establish comparisons, we are incapable of forming a correct judgment, the superiority of our parents and instructors, in point of experience and maturity of understanding, excites a sentiment of respect, which throws a veil over their errors; our gratitude for their guardian care, gives them credit for virtues which they do not possess. Afterwards, when we leave the parental roof, and mix with strangers less attentive to our well-being, we become quick-sighted to the faults of others; and if, before we return home, death has snatched away the objects of our early veneration, we remember their kindness, and recollect none of their failings, because we have not had time to perceive them. Hence we are led to suppose that they were better than those with whom we are surrounded. The same prejudice, it has been observed, influences our judgment in the fine arts, and particularly with respect to theatrical performances. We are scarcely ever satisfied with a new performer in an old part. The actors we saw in our youth, have taken such a strong hold of our affections, that we are apt to think every deviation from their manner erroneous.

SELFISHNESS.

“EGOTISM also appears a powerful incitement to decry the manners of the age. Crowds fill the road on which we intend to advance. Elbowed on the right and left, we grow jealous of our competitors; and, if we have not been trained to control and bridle our bad passions, envy, that base offspring of selfishness, renders us unjust to their merits: but the vile interest which we felt in detracting from their worth, vanishes with them. When they no longer throw any obstacles in our way, our repugnance to do them justice ceases. We are even the more lavish in our praises, the more we are benefited by their decease. Hence, perhaps, the exaggerated encomiums which the new members of Royal Academies bestow, in France, on those whose seats they are going to occupy.

“Vanity likewise may dispose persons advanced in years to rail at the present times. They derive a kind of consequence, from having heard the swan song of what they suppose to have been a better race; and fondly imagine that they have caught, at least, some portion of the

virtues and manners, the extinction of which they so feelingly lament.

“Some may be induced by indolence and want of reflection, to repeat the complaint about the degeneracy of the age, without examination. It is so easy to thunder against increasing dissipation and growing depravity: words flow in abundance on such a theme. Whole congregations are assailed with eloquent admonitions against the rapid progress of luxury; whilst the greatest part of their members are hardly able to maintain their families. Even in the councils of nations, the prejudice of superior wisdom in former generations, reigns triumphant: many a salutary regulation is rejected for want of precedents; and dramatists follow in the same beaten tract.

DECLINE OF LIFE.

“LASTLY, the pressure of disappointments and misfortunes, which befall us, in our pilgrimage through the world, is apt to sour our disposition towards the end of our career. Memory dwells with peculiar complacency on the events

we have witnessed, and on the joys we have felt, in our younger days. The retrospect of the past brightens, as it becomes more distant. We forget that, when our judgment was weak, and when our feelings were strong, we were more easily pleased; and conclude from thence that all was better around us, and that things have ever since been altering for the worse. Our senses and faculties, besides, are really impaired by age: but the deterioration is so gradual, that we do not perceive it. Like children, who, gliding down a gentle stream in a pleasure boat, fancy that every object is moving along the shore, we imagine that every thing is degenerated around us, whilst we alone are decaying; and nature, ever kind to the creatures that are called into existence, appears to foster this illusion in the breast of the aged, to wean them from a scene which they are soon to quit.

CHEERFULNESS.

“AND were even the accusation that we are degenerated well founded, it answers no good end to ring it incessantly in the ears. Despondency and reproaches are not calculated to encourage mankind in their efforts to improve. Cheerfulness is one of the main springs of the human mind, which inevitably relaxes, when involved in melancholy gloom and despair. The hypothesis of the gradual improvement of men living in civilized societies gladdens the heart, and, pointing to happiness, affords an additional incitement to advance boldly on the road to perfection, which both religion and morality exhort us to pursue. Be firm in doing your duty; but perform it cheerfully. This, my children, is the last and best advice I can give you, at the interesting moment of your admission to the scenes and bustle of the world.

WHAT DOES IT CONCERN ME?

CAN gold, and gold alone, relieve the distresses of the unfortunate?—No; even with an empty hand, your pity may prove of service to him. Never pass an helpless being, nor think within yourself, What does it concern me? Let him be never so poor, he may one day be able to repay your kindness: if not, you are rewarded by the sweet consciousness of having done your duty.

In the capital of a prince of the German Empire, lived a worthy and respected man, who, by many years' industry, had accumulated a large fortune, and kept a handsome establishment. He educated his son Aubrey, a lively and amiable boy, with the greatest care, who constituted all his father's happiness; he always manifested a particular abhorrence of every species of injustice; he could not endure to see the fashionable lounge, in his splendid equipage, cast a look of disdain on the poor industrious labourer; or an overbearing bailiff oppress the miserable object of penury and want. He often interceded, but was generally rewarded by a sneer of ridi-

cule, and sometimes even by blows. On these occasions, his aunt would say to him: "Do not interfere in other people's affairs. The poor must be subject to the rich—God, in His providence, has so ordained it."

But as Aubrey grew up, he felt more convinced that God never could have designed it to be so; and whenever he chanced to see the weak oppressed by the strong, or the poor by the wealthy, his heart glowed with youthful indignation; and, if he could not assist them, he wept over their wrongs. But what above all aroused his feelings, was the inhuman treatment which he every morning witnessed before his window. A young lieutenant, of noble family, used to exercise his recruits in the public square; and whenever any of them happened to mistake in the manœuvre, he would not only load him with the most opprobrious language, but apply the cane with no sparing hand. Above all, one young man, of very pleasing appearance, seemed especially to incur his displeasure. Nature had probably not endowed him with aptitude to acquire the noble art of handling a musket. Aubrey saw that the young man gave himself all possible pains, while the tears often flowed down his

cheeks. But he could not succeed; and every morning brought with it a renewal of his sufferings.

One morning, after the drilling was over, the young soldier leaned against the railing, quite exhausted. Aubrey beckoned to him to come in. He obtained a bottle of wine from his aunt, and had saved his own rolls, that he might be able to refresh the poor youth, who received them with gratitude. He pulled off his coat, and shewed him the bloody stripes on his back. Aubrey quickly ran to fetch some brandy, with which he washed his wounds.

“God will repay you, my kind young master,” said the recruit. “I was torn away from a beloved mother: no one seemed to care for me. I could endure no longer; and had therefore determined to desert this very night.”

Aubrey shuddered; for he well knew the punishment which awaited a deserter: he told the recruit to come to him every morning after exercising, when he should always find refreshment. He kept his word as long as the recruits remained there; and when the most able soldiers were ordered to different regiments, Aubrey filled the knapsack of his friend with every kind of provi-

sion; and he departed from his youthful benefactor with tears of gratitude.

Had Aubrey cherished the opinion of his aunt, that we are to do good only because God will reward us, he might easily have been led to doubt the infallibility of this condition; for, soon after, a series of misfortunes visited his family. His father lost the half of his fortune by the pressure of the times, and the remainder by kindly, but thoughtlessly, becoming surety for a nominal friend. The former he bore with patience, but the latter trial broke his heart, and he soon after died of grief. His debts were so numerous, that his splendid house was immediately sold.

Aubrey, who had now passed his eighteenth year, left the paternal mansion, in which he was born, with a flood of tears. A near relation of his mother's, a highly respected, though by no means wealthy person, promised to assist him as soon as he should have acquired sufficient knowledge to commence some business, and accordingly recommended him to an intimate friend, who was professor in a celebrated university. He undertook, if Aubrey would be diligent in his studies, to support him at the university for three years upon the scanty wrecks of his father's fortune.

With an aching heart and a light purse, Aubrey got into the stage which was to convey him to the university, a distance of above a hundred and fifty miles. The first day, he seated himself in a corner of this sluggish vehicle, and tried to overcome his regret at being forced to leave home. As the second morning proved fine, he alighted, to enjoy the beauty of the surrounding scenery; and when he had walked on for some time, he found that he proceeded at a quicker pace than the horses. "What harm would it do me," said he, "if I were to walk to the next stage? I should enjoy my breakfast much more."

At the entrance of the village, where they were to change horses, he saw two young girls, about thirteen or fourteen years of age. One of them, who had fine dark eyes and a haughty aspect, seemed to belong to a superior rank, though her dress was much disordered, and a torn silk handkerchief was thrown over her shoulders. The other, a child with light hair and mild countenance, was dressed in the coarse frock of a country girl. They were driving a flock of turkeys out of a bean-field. The peasant had a willow twig in her hand, but the little miss a great cane. The former drove her unbidden guests quietly before her, and would soon

have succeeded in expelling them: but this was a far too tedious operation for the young lady, who, becoming quite impatient, at length threw some stones among them. Her companion warned her: "Don't do that, Miss; for it might get us into a scrape: they belong to our clergyman, and you know that he is not on good terms with your papa. And if any thing were to happen, there would be a famous ado, and your papa would be obliged to pay for them."

"Hold your tongue!" cried the little Miss. "Am I to be taught my duty by such a country girl as you?" So saying, she flung a shower of stones among the affrighted birds, three or four of which were killed.

"Oh dear! Miss!" cried the girl; "if the curate's wife were to see—"

"What care I for the curate's wife? The creatures have eaten our beans! It serves them quite right."

Aubrey passed them, and said to himself— "The girl, in her patched frock, has more sense than the young lady, in her silk dress."—He went to the inn, drank a glass of milk, and could not imagine what was become of the stage. He walked out, and heard a great noise in the house

of the justice of the peace. The dead turkeys lay before the door; the wounded ones stood mournfully by their side. A strict examination was going on, to which Aubrey listened attentively. The curate's wife was complaining loudly of the loss of her turkeys to the justice's wife. Aubrey, with surprise and indignation, heard the young lady lay the whole blame upon the country girl. — "I told you a thousand times!" cried she, whimpering, "Do not meddle with the stones—don't throw them at the poor creatures! You know they are stupid brutes. Follow my example, and take a switch, and with a little patience we shall soon disperse them. But you would not mind me!"

"How can you say so?" cried the poor child. "You know it was just the contrary—I warned you!"

"Oh, you little story-teller! Mamma! can you suffer that? It is really too bad!"

"How!" exclaimed the justice's wife; "Dare you accuse my daughter of telling a story?"

"God knows that it was so!" said she.

"Do you persist in your denial? Madam, do not be offended. You see that my daughter is innocent; and therefore I cannot indemnify you for the turkeys. This beggar girl has nothing,

and lives upon my charity. But she shall not go unpunished."

"Ah!" cried the girl, "if the gentleman were but here, who was passing at the time, he would confirm what I say."

Aubrey could no longer refrain himself. He entered the hall, and was instantly recognised by the poor girl, who raised an exclamation of joy. Her accuser turned pale, and was silent.

"Pardon me, Madam," said he to the justice's wife:—"this poor child is wronged. She has spoken the truth, for I was witness to the whole transaction!"

The little miss quickly recovered from her first confusion, and said: "It is not true, Mamma, I never saw this gentleman!"

"For shame!" cried Aubrey contemptuously;—"so young, and yet so wicked!"

This quite exasperated her mother:—"Who are you, Sir! And what business have you to interfere?"

"Pardon me, but I heard accidentally that you were going to punish an innocent person; and I thought it right to inform you of the truth."

The lady was about to make a hasty reply, when the justice himself entered the room.

He was a man of integrity and honour; and, on hearing Aubrey's statement, severely reprimanded his daughter, and promised the curate's wife that he would indemnify her for her loss. On leaving the house, the little girl seized his hand with affectionate gratitude.

The stage at length arrived. While it stopped to change horses, a poor Jew, who seemed ready to drop with fatigue, came up and looked so wistfully at it, that the driver asked him if he would go with him. On this a young coxcomb, who was one of the passengers, loudly protested that he would not suffer any such vagabonds to sit in the stage with him; and began to reproach the old Jew in terms of vulgar abuse.

“Poor man!” said Aubrey, “you seem much tired. I am strong, and have well rested; take my seat, and I will walk to the next town.” Nathan thanked him with grateful emotion, and, in spite of the opposition of the other passenger, Aubrey insisted on his occupying his place, while he proceeded on foot.

After several adventures, he arrived safely at the place of his destination, and found the Professor a humane and learned man, whose affection he gained by his diligence and benevolence;

and in the course of three years passed through all the honours of the university.

During this period, nothing remarkable occurred, except the occasional incursions of skirmishing parties of the enemy; but as a son of the Muses had nothing to lose, it only interrupted the usual routine of his life for some days.

One morning, after the town had been plundered by a straggling body of troops, his attention was attracted by a faint moaning, which proceeded from a neighbouring house. He approached the door, which was standing open. He found all the furniture demolished, and the rooms quite desolate; for the inhabitants, dreading the rage of the enemy, had not yet returned. In the ruined garden, he discovered a dog, chained fast in his kennel. The poor animal had not had any food for several days, and had scarcely strength left to utter those faint whinings, which caught Aubrey's ear. He immediately fetched a loaf, which he gave to the half-starved prisoner, who quickly devoured it. He then set him at liberty, and continued his walk, and did not perceive that the dog was following him till he reached the gate. "Get along with you—I don't want you." But the dog looked at him,

and wagged his tail. But, as Aubrey proceeded, the dog followed him, and, to frighten him away, he lifted his cane. The dog crouched at his feet, and remained in that position till Aubrey was out of sight; and when he returned in the evening, he thought no more of his late companion.

On going out, the next morning, he found the dog lying before his door! He could spurn him no longer. "Come in," said he; "you are a poor creature, and seem resolved to force yourself into a poor man's service. What name shall I give you? You shall be called Hunger." So saying, he gave him the remains of his breakfast, and locked him up in his room. When he returned he found the dog lying on his trunk, which he would not leave, except to caress his new master. Aubrey could now leave his room open, for Hunger would suffer no one to enter during his absence. He became much attached to his new servant, but found it rather difficult to maintain him, as he had a very keen appetite, and Aubrey had but little to spare. Cheerfully, however, did his master share his scanty crust with him while he was at the university.

He had now completed his studies, and began to think seriously of returning home, particularly

as his kind relation had written to inform him that he was dangerously ill, and wished to see him established before his death. Aubrey now examined the state of his finances; he had lived as economically as possible, and, to add to his little store, had given instruction in one or two families. His whole fortune would only enable him to pay his travelling expenses, without leaving him any thing to make his entrance into his native city: he could not immediately apply to his uncle, and he resolved to perform the journey on foot, which would leave a small sum in hand. He must therefore part with his great dog; and as a rich fellow-student had often wished for him, he made him a present of him the night before his departure; for he would take no money for his faithful Hunger. He was quite out of spirits about it, and was scarcely comforted by the assurance that he would be much better off with his new master.

At day-break, the following morning, he took up his staff, and slung his portmanteau over his shoulder. He had been advised not to travel alone, as, in consequence of the disturbed state of the country, the roads were infested by robbers; but Aubrey flattered himself that they would not molest a poor wanderer, whose whole appearance

bespoke his poverty. After having walked on for some hours, he ascended a hill, to take a last view of the spires of the university, when he perceived in the distance something which was coming towards him at a rapid rate, and in a few minutes came up so near that he found it to be his trusty Hunger. He no sooner saw his master, than he began to shew every demonstration of the liveliest joy. Aubrey could not help caressing him with tears in his eyes, and suffered him to lick his face, to which he had always had a great aversion.

“Hunger,” said he, “you faithful Hunger, you shall remain with me, even were I to enter my country a beggar.” The two friends went merrily up the hill, till night set in, when Aubrey, quite fatigued, entered the door of an obscure public house, which lay on the skirts of a gloomy forest. There was nothing very prepossessing either in its exterior or in the appearance of its inmates. The host squinted with one eye, and his wife with both. He had, besides, a deep gash across his face, which seemed to have been but recently inflicted. The servant was a negress; and the children were covered with dirt. In spite of his fatigue, Aubrey would willingly have gone farther, but he did not like to pass through the forest by night, and this humble lodging suited his

purse. He called for some eggs and bread, which he shared with Hunger, and then asked for some straw to sleep on. They took him to a small room at the back of the house, gave him a candle, and wished him a good night. He secured the door, and began to prepare for retiring to his lowly resting-place, when he observed some spots of blood upon the straw. He looked at them for some moments with a secret misgiving, but at length endeavoured to persuade himself that some previous traveller might have cut his finger. He lay down, but would not extinguish the candle, for his dog kept sneaking about, with his tail between his legs. Aubrey became attentive. "Hist! Hunger, hist!" whispered he to the dog, who, encouraged by this notice, growled a little louder, and presently set up a shrill bark at a small trap-door, which Aubrey had not before observed.

"There is something wrong here," said Aubrey, rising. He had no defence but his stick, which he took in his right hand: snatching up the candle with the other, and with Hunger by his side, fixed his eyes intently on the trap-door. But as the dog still continued barking, he thought it necessary to examine whether there was any thing under the door. He took courage; and,

raising it, encountered the fierce look of the squinting man. Hunger was instantly going to fly upon him; but Aubrey held him fast, and called to the man in a determined tone, "What are you about there?"

"What am I about? Why I have a butt of beer in the cellar, and am rather late in tapping it."

"Well then, come out, and get along with you!"

"Yes! but you must hold the dog."

"He shall do you no harm—only be quick!"

The man went away muttering. Aubrey had drawn back a little; and, holding Hunger under his arm, kept himself in readiness in case of an attack. In passing him, Aubrey observed a long knife concealed in his bosom. He fastened his door, and pressing the faithful Hunger to his breast, cried: "Had any one told me this, when I loosened your chain, drove you from me, and even gave you away! How richly have you earned the few hard crusts, which I threw to you!" Hunger did not understand all this; but, taking another survey round the room, lay down on his master's portmanteau. But Aubrey was not so composed as his dog: it was quite obvious that the man had some bad design:—the large knife—the blood on the straw,—all these circumstances

determined him to seek his safety by an immediate flight.

He looked out of the little window: the dark forest lay before him; but he preferred this to remaining in his dreadful hovel. He quickly dressed himself, left the payment of his lodging on the table, and climbed out of the window, followed by Hunger. On creeping past the window of the next room, he overheard a conversation between the host and his wife, which made him congratulate himself heartily on his escape.

His fear inspired him with strength, and he pursued the road through the forest at a quick pace. Sometimes he stood still to listen; but all was quiet, and he heard only the sound of his own footsteps: willingly would he have avoided even this slight noise: he scarcely touched the ground, and earnestly prayed for day. After a time, however, he became more composed, and even ventured to sing, in a low voice, his favourite hymn: "A sure refuge is our God." But, all at once, Hunger stopped, and would not go on: his master caressed him, and he followed moaning. He had scarcely gone a few paces, when he stumbled over something that lay in his path. He got up, and, to his terror, grasped the head of a

corpse : he was petrified with horror ; but soon regaining his presence of mind, he hastened forward.

“Some murder has surely been committed here! God help me through this forest!” Scarcely had he said this, when he heard a whistle at a small distance, and saw many lights moving about, which gradually approached. He crept behind a tree, and soon found that he was not mistaken in his surmise that the place was infested by a band of robbers. They had overheard his exclamation on seizing the head of the corpse. Could he have silenced his dog, he might perhaps have remained concealed ; but, attracted by his bark, they came up to the tree and seized upon Aubrey.

Summoning all his resolution, he grasped his dog and exclaimed : “ You see that I am but a poor student. I have but a few shillings, and I therefore entreat you to let me pass on quietly.”—“ You are a student, are you ? ” said one of them. “ I too have been a student—*Ecce quam bonum !* ”

After a long discussion, they determined to carry him to their retreat. The morning had already dawned, when they reached the little glen, in which they had erected their rude huts. Here they were welcomed by their wives and children ; and while the men were engaged in dividing

their spoils, the women endeavoured to reconcile Aubrey to his fate.

At noon, the robbers retired to rest: only two remained to keep watch. Aubrey also retired: his numerous fatigues soon buried him in profound sleep, from which, however, he was presently roused by a gentle shake. He opened his eyes, and beheld a young girl standing over him: he was going to utter some angry expressions, but she prevented him.

“You do not recollect me! I am the poor country girl, whom, three years ago, you saved from unjust punishment. You see to what the ill treatment of my mistress has brought me. But I have not forgotten your kindness, and am come to deliver you. Our people are just gone in search of booty: here is your money and your watch: arise, and I will shew you a path, which will take you out of the forest in a few hours.”

Thanking his generous deliverer, he hastened out of the forest, and soon found himself within sight of a large town.

“Merciful Providence! To whom do I owe my life?—To you, my trusty Hunger, for a morsel of bread; and my liberty, to a poor child, whom I once rescued from punishment. Oh! my God! how often dost Thou reward fourfold into our

bosom the little good that we do; and yet how often do we slight an opportunity! We pass, generally without feeling, by a miserable being, and often think, "What does it concern me?" He now began to sing with a loud voice: "A sure refuge is our God!" and Hunger jumped joyfully before him.

The adventures of the preceding night had such an effect upon his mind, that he was seized with a fever, which confined him for some weeks to his bed: the expenses of his medical attendants exhausted his purse, when within a few miles of the frontiers of his own country; and a new adventure befel him.

His impatience would not suffer him to rest, and he set out before day-break. He had not gone far, when he saw an open chaise driving towards him. The horses were jaded, and the coachman in vain endeavoured to urge them on. A gentleman and a young lady were sitting in it; and when the latter perceived Aubrey, she screamed loudly for help. The gentleman thrust her into the corner of the carriage, and said that she was a mad person; while the coachman redoubled his efforts, and succeeded in making the horses go at a gallop.

The chaise had already passed, when the cries for help pierced his heart. His desire to assist

her overcame every consideration: he desired the coachman to stop; but as this produced no effect, he called out, "Seize, Hunger! Seize!" Hunger immediately seized one of the horses by the throat: it became shy, and, running the carriage against a tree, the pole broke. The gentleman fired two pistols at the dog, but missed his aim; then rushing from the carriage, he drew his sword and was going to attack Aubrey: the coachman also got down to back his master. "Stop, Sir!" said Aubrey: "tell me, by what right you carry off the young lady; otherwise I will not suffer you to proceed."

A violent altercation ensued, during which the young lady got out of the carriage. The gentleman, having received a severe wound in his leg, beckoned to the coachman, who instantly unharnessed one of the horses, and rode off at a rapid rate, leaving his master quite unable to move. Aubrey availed himself of this favourable crisis, and, offering his arm to the young lady, promised to conduct her in safety to her father's house. She often looked anxiously round. All her fears were verified. They were pursued by four men on horseback, headed by the coachman. She wrung her hands in despair; and Aubrey himself began to feel how insufficient his single arm was

to protect her. But as the horsemen were advancing, he descried deliverance in the opposite direction. It turned out to be the young lady's father, with a numerous train of servants; and the horsemen, finding themselves overmatched, retreated.

They proceeded to a neighbouring cottage; and Aubrey, seeing the young lady was in safety, took the opportunity of leaving the house unperceived, while the father was attending to his daughter. He fancied that, by lingering, he might be suspected of looking for some reward, and therefore merely desired the servant to present his compliments.

He was already within sound of the church bells of his native city, when another little adventure occurred to him. In a place, where several roads meet, an old woman had for many years occupied a small shed, where she sat the whole day at her spinning-wheel, and received alms from the passengers. Aubrey had known her in his childhood, and was therefore delighted to find her in her accustomed seat. She was the first acquaintance whom he saw; and he quickened his pace, when he observed a stout farmer disputing with the poor creature, and threatening her with his cane. She folded her hands,

and seemed to call upon God to witness her innocence. Aubrey came up just as the farmer was about to strike her, and seizing him by the arm, cried out, "How dare you attack a defenceless old woman!"—"What is that to you? The woman is a witch! She has bewitched my poor child four months ago, and now it can neither live nor die." He was about to renew the attack, when Hunger, as usual, came to his master's assistance. Aubrey was, however, obliged to enforce his arguments with his cane. "Who are you, Sir!" exclaimed the farmer. "How dare you strike an honest man, who pays his taxes regularly, and molests no one! What is your name, and where shall I find you?"

Aubrey gave his name, and said that he would find him at the Golden Stag. On arriving at the inn, he learned, with dismay, that his kind uncle had died a few days before. This was a severe blow. What was he to do, without a friend, without a patron? He had indeed heard that the minister was a very good man, and an encourager of young men of talent. But how obtain an introduction?

He took courage, and going to the palace, solicited an audience. He did not meet with any obstacles, as the porter assured him that his

Excellency spoke to every body, and merely requested him to go up stairs and wait till he went to court. But just as Aubrey had ascended to the first landing-place, he unfortunately encountered the gentleman of the chaise adventure, who, instantly recognising him, pushed him down stairs, and whispered something to the porter, who immediately desired him to leave the house and not to enter it again.

“In this instance, my aunt was right! Had I not thwarted him, I should now see the minister.”

He tried various means to gain his livelihood, but in vain; for all the old friends of his father were dead. He knew nobody, and no one would know him. He wandered about the city almost in despair. He more than once thought of applying to the young lady's father, but could not brook the idea of being paid for his services. His poverty increased daily; the landlord would no longer suffer him to dine at the table d'hôte; and, one evening, on retiring to his humble garret, he told him that he must prepare to leave the next morning. He passed a miserable night with poor Hunger, who now literally fulfilled his name. He arose, the next morning, tied up his little bundle, not knowing where he should find

a crust of bread for his dinner, or a lodging for the night! He heard a gentle tap at the door! A Jew entered!—

“Don’t be offended, Sir.”

“What do you want, friend? I can neither buy nor sell.”

“Good Sir! I suppose, then, that you have forgotten me. But I still remember you. You were so generous, three years ago, as to take my part in the stage:—I shall never forget it. Now you are in want! God bless me! Any man may come to want, without its being his own fault. Last night, I heard the landlord shew you the door. That shall never happen so long as Nathan has a farthing. Here is a purse!—there is not much in it. I will not make you a present of it, for I have nothing to give away; but I will lend it you without interest; for so nice a young gentleman shall never want: and you will one day be sure to repay me!”

Aubrey was filled with gratitude and astonishment; but he refused to take the old Jew’s money, as he had no prospect of being able to repay him. But Nathan threw the purse upon the table, and, going away, exclaimed: “God will assist you!”—“Well,” thought Aubrey, “may His blessing rest on this purse!—God will help

you, said a Jew ; and shall a Christian have less faith ?”

He now wrote a petition to the minister, which he determined to present to him on the steps of the Prince’s palace, as he could not give it to him at his own. He tried three successive days, but in vain. He had indeed seen the minister, but his carriage was so surrounded with other petitioners, that he could not get up to it. But he did not suffer this failure to deter him, and was again about to make the attempt, when the door opened, and the poor widow entered.

“ Well, what do you want ? Be quick in telling your story, for I am just going out.”

“ Ah ! my good young master ! How glad am I to find you ! Though I have lost my memory for several years, I have not forgotten that I should find you at the Golden Stag.”

“ Well, what do you want ?”

“ Do hear me, Sir, for I mean it well. I prayed for you daily, because you took my part so very charitably, and only hoped that I should see the brave young gentleman again before I died, that I might thank him. For, you know, that after sitting for twenty years on the public road, and that quite alone, you feel so thankful if

some one at length takes the part of a poor old woman !”

“ Well, go on.”

“ Well now ; so I was sitting last night—it was already growing dark, when there came a courier from the city ; and as the horses were galloping by me, a leathern case dropped from the carriage. I called after the man, but he was already out of sight. I picked it up, and saw that it was locked, and had the Royal Arms on it. Ay, thought I to myself, there may be great things here, and perhaps I may get a little reward. But how shall I know where to take it !—And all at once I thought of the Golden Stag.—Your benefactor will know what to do with it !”

As she drew the case from under her apron, the thought all at once struck Aubrey, that this circumstance might perhaps prove of service to him, and furnish him with an introduction to the minister. He thanked her, and promised to inform her of the result.

He took his petition and the leathern case, and once more set off for the minister’s palace. On his way thither, he came up with a large assembly of people who were gathered round a police officer. To his no small joy, he heard him

proclaiming the loss of the despatch, and offering a large reward to any person, who should bring it to the minister's palace. Aubrey immediately went up to him, informed him that he had the despatch, and desired him to accompany him to the palace.

The minister, on hearing of its recovery, came up to him, and from the pleasure he manifested on finding that the case had not been opened, shewed the importance he attached to this despatch. He took it, and presented Aubrey with twenty guineas, which, he said, his Royal Highness had desired him to give him.

“Alas! your Excellency, these twenty guineas are not mine,—they belong to a poor woman, who found it. But permit an orphan, who has been acquiring knowledge, that he may devote his talents to the service of his country, to take advantage of this opportunity to make his wishes and his necessities known to your Excellency in this petition.

The minister was pleased with the noble frankness of his manner; he recollected his father; and desired him to come to him again in the afternoon.

This time, no surly porter ventured to refuse him admittance: he had a long interview with

the minister, and left his presence as private secretary.

He then hastened with his joyful tidings to the poor woman, who was, in fact, the authoress of his happiness. It was some time before she could persuade herself that he was in earnest. She looked alternately at Aubrey and her golden treasure; but, so great was the power of habit, that she at the same time asked an alms of a passenger.

The person whom she addressed was about to give her something, when he recognised Aubrey, and affectionately went up to him. It was the young lady's father.

“How rejoiced I am to find you! I have been looking for you every where! It was unkind in you to confer on us so great an obligation, and then leave us, before we had an opportunity of thanking you. My poor Mary has been very ill ever since that unpleasant affair; and I almost fear that I shall never see her blooming again. But pray come home with me now; she will be so delighted to see you!”

Without waiting for his reply, he took hold of Aubrey's arm, and hurried him along. The grateful Mary received him with every expression of unfeigned pleasure. He was henceforth

looked upon as a member of the family ; and the old gentleman, not long afterwards, bestowed on him the hand of his beloved Mary.

On the morning of his nuptials, his bride presented him with a sealed packet. It was a deed, making over to him the old mansion of his father.

Here they lived in the enjoyment of every domestic happiness, till their tranquillity was interrupted by the renewal of the war. A battle was fought in the neighbourhood, and the victorious enemy took possession of the city, where they committed the greatest excesses. They entered the houses of the inhabitants, plundered them of their property, and left them entirely destitute.

Aubrey trembled for the safety of his Mary, whose health was exceedingly delicate, and resolved to make every sacrifice to secure her from being molested. He collected all his money and valuables, and was going to offer them to the enemy. On coming into the hall, he, to his surprise, found one of their soldiers standing sentinel, who, repulsing a strong body of plunderers, declared that he had been placed there as a safeguard. Aubrey beheld the destruction of all the public edifices and palaces of the nobility, and could not conceive why he should be exempted

from the common misfortune. When their fury had nearly exhausted itself, he went up to his unknown benefactor, and requested him, in French, to explain the mystery.

The soldier exclaimed in German—"Do not be surprised, Sir, that I should, at the hazard of my life, defend this house, where you have so often refreshed and comforted me!"

Aubrey instantly recognised his old friend the recruit. He told him, that, being unable any longer to endure the inhuman treatment of his officers, he had deserted, and entered into the French service. Having been present in the battle, which decided the fate of the city, his first care was to hasten to the great square, that he might ensure the safety of his benefactor.

* * * * *

"My children," said Aubrey to his sons, as they were caressing the aged Hunger, "never pass a fellow-creature in distress without at least making an effort to assist him. And if you have it not in your power to afford him relief, bestow upon him your commiseration. For, verily, there is no being so insignificant as not to be able, one day, unexpectedly and richly to repay your kindness."

THE JOURNEY TO COLOGNE.

THERE lived in Cologne a very wealthy man, whose name was Miller. He was a native of Saxony, but had left his country when very young, and had amassed a considerable fortune by his industry and success in business.

He had two brothers residing in Saxony, with whom he corresponded regularly twice a year, and gave a minute account of every thing concerning himself. In return, he received news of all the family affairs.

Each of his brothers had a son, Charles and Richard. They were the God-children of their rich uncle, and did not fail to send him a letter of congratulation every new year; whilst he, on his part, generously contributed towards their education, and expressed himself much pleased on receiving the favourable testimonials of their tutors.

Mr. Miller had an only child, named Agnes. She had now reached her eighteenth year; and, as she was both wealthy and accomplished, had numerous suitors. But the old gentleman wished that his fortune should remain in the family; and

therefore resolved that she should marry one of her cousins, provided he were worthy of her.

Being of rather an eccentric turn, he hit upon an odd scheme, to ascertain which of them would make the best husband. He communicated his wishes to his brothers, who joyfully consented; and each neglected nothing to represent his own son in the most favourable point of view.

“But as Agnes can only marry one of them,” wrote Mr. Miller, “I desire that they may both come to me, that we may judge for ourselves. And, as I do not wish them to undertake this long journey without some protection, I intend sending my confidential clerk, Mr. Lange, who shall be with you towards Easter.”

This intelligence caused no small sensation in the Millers' families. New clothes were ordered; their mothers and sisters busily employed themselves in furnishing the portmanteaus of the young gentlemen, that they might appear with credit on the other side of the Rhine, in their new character of suitors. The young men's thoughts were very differently occupied. They both pictured to themselves the honour of bringing home their rich and handsome cousin; but with this difference: the humble-minded

Richard scarcely ventured to hope it; while the bold Charles seemed to think it impossible that the choice should not fall on him. It is true, he possessed great conversational powers; knew how to display his knowledge to the best advantage, and even to make people believe that he possessed more than he really did. He had also the talent of amplifying, with the greatest composure. His figure, indeed, was less pleasing than that of his cousin, but he dressed more tastefully, and could dance better.

Richard's knowledge was solid, but he did not understand how to display it to the greatest advantage; and if his cousin talked at random about things of which he knew nothing, he, on the contrary, was often silent upon a subject with which he was well acquainted. "Well," thought he, "if my uncle wants a fluent talker, and my cousin an elegant dancer, it will not be my turn; but, happen what may, I will never cross my cousin."

The long wished for Easter at last arrived, and with it Mr. Miller, under the assumed character of Mr. Lange. He had prudently foreseen, that when the young men came to Cologne, they would naturally endeavour to set themselves off to the greatest advantage, and he

should be quite unable to form a fair estimate of their character. But in a stage, and on a journey of some hundred miles, it would be impossible for them to dissemble; and this had determined him to accompany them, under a feigned name.

On meeting him at the stage, Charles assured him that he had slept three nights in a village on the road, that he might enjoy the pleasure of being the first to welcome him. Richard was silent; for scarce half an hour had elapsed since he had accompanied his cousin out of the city: but he did not wish to expose him.

During their walk, Charles made many inquiries after his uncle—the extent of his fortune—whether he would pay the cash down, or whether his daughter must wait till his death? In the latter case, he said, he would rather have nothing, for he loved him as his father. His journey, he assured Mr. Lange, would occasion great disappointment to many a rich and handsome heiress. Richard merely observed, that his uncle must be a very good and kind man, thus generously to consider his relations.

Mr. Lange was all attention. He noticed with secret delight the fine figures of the young

men. He was not prepossessed in favour of either; yet he unconsciously preferred the lively Charles. But he did not distinguish him; and had sufficient presence of mind to restrain his joyful emotions on seeing his brothers, after an absence of thirty years: nor did he make himself known to them; wisely judging that paternal partiality might induce them to give their sons an intimation of his plan.

He inquired particularly of Charles's father whether he had formed any attachments, as, according to his own account, it depended only on himself to conclude a very advantageous match. His father, however, affirmed, that he had only a few months since returned from the University, and had formed no acquaintance with any one since his return. His uncle thought this rather singular, particularly as he also ascertained that Charles had only that afternoon set out to meet him.

At supper, Charles said, "I am under no concern for a situation, as our Prince has graciously distinguished me on many occasions. Only a few days since, when I accompanied my sister Louisa to the review, he spoke very kindly to me." He then appealed to Louisa, a very lively

girl. "Oh yes," replied she, laughing, "he certainly did speak to you: 'Get out of the way! the hussars will ride over you!'"

The uncle smiled.—"Well!" exclaimed Charles, greatly embarrassed, "his Highness was very anxious for my safety!"

From these little incidents, Mr. Miller concluded that he must be on his guard, not to be blinded by Charles's fascinating manners.

After a stay of a few weeks, during which many entertainments had been given by the elder Millers, in honour of their brother's ambassador, Mr. Lange took his *départure*, accompanied by the two young men. Charles whispered to his sisters: "Be sure to prepare your bridal dresses;"—but Richard merely said: "Don't laugh at me, if I return without a wife."

The uncle's chief aim on the journey was to let the young men discover their sentiments, without betraying his own. He even assumed an appearance of ignorance, that they might not be shy towards him. Richard, on the whole, did not speak as much as Mr. Lange could have wished; but what he did say was sensible and correct. Charles, on the contrary, talked incessantly, entertaining his uncle by his wit and humour, without paying much regard to fidelity.

The Elbe had this spring overflowed its banks, which furnished him with an opportunity of saying that he was an excellent swimmer, and had, last year, rescued a child from being drowned, near Meissen. As usual, he appealed to his cousin, who did not contradict him. His uncle heard of his heroism with sweet delight, and thought, "The young man is a boaster; but he will soon be cured of it, for he is brave."

The young men supposing that Mr. Lange had never before been in that part of Germany, Charles began to give an account of a visit he had paid to Berlin, about two years before. He said, that he had lived in the Duck Market—admired the obelisk in the Grand Square—had seen a frigate building on the river Spree—and laughed at the kangaroos, which, he said, ran about in the park, as hares do in Saxony. Mr. Lange, who had indeed never been in Berlin, and possessed, besides, no very great geographical information, listened with pleasure to his agreeable stories. But, most unexpectedly, an old officer, who was seated opposite, exclaimed, "Well, that is strange indeed! I am a native of Berlin, but never heard of these things. An obelisk in the Grand Square! A frigate on the Spree! Kangaroos in the park! I will be drown-

ed in the duck-pond, if there be any such thing in all the city of Berlin.”

“ I beg pardon—perhaps it is some time since you were in Berlin?”

“ Only four years since.”

“ Well, but in four years many things may be changed.”

The officer smiled, and let it pass: but Mr. Lange did not fail to take notice of it.

A horse-fair was just being held, when they entered Leipsic, and he requested Charles to mount a spirited Mecklenburgh horse; for he had often boasted that he was the best horseman in Saxony, and Mr. Lange wished to put him to the trial. Charles did not like to refuse; but the horse threw him almost immediately; and he was obliged to keep his bed several days. At first, he felt rather ashamed, because every body laughed at him; but he soon endeavoured to forget it.

As this delay made the time hang heavily on the uncle's hands, he went to the bookseller, and asked for the last publication. He read it with great pleasure; and when Charles remarked that the author had not mentioned his name, he began, one evening, with assumed modesty: “ Your praise, my dear Mr. Lange, is so flatter-

ing, that I cannot prevail upon myself to keep silence any longer: I am the author of this work; but this is between ourselves. I wished to ascertain the opinion of competent judges, and was so diffident of its success, that I did not even name it to my cousin."

His uncle looked at him with astonishment. A truth flashed across his mind; but he wished that he might be mistaken; and he questioned Richard on the subject. Richard replied, that he thought it very possible, as his cousin possessed great talents.

"If he has really written the book," said Mr. Lange to himself, "I will readily overlook many of his foibles."

They stopped some time in Weimar, where Mr. Miller had several friends. They were, one evening, invited to meet a large party of literati. Richard listened with silent delight to the conversation, while Charles talked without ceasing; but as he spoke very sensibly, and attracted the attention of several authors, while Richard was overlooked, his uncle could not conceal his satisfaction, and exclaimed, "Permit me to have the honour, gentlemen, to introduce to you the author of the last celebrated Essay on ——." A buzz of surprise followed this announcement, and

all the literati crowded round the modest author, and loaded him with praises.

When his uncle first divulged the secret, Charles turned pale; but when he saw that every thing had turned out well, and that the most celebrated men treated him as their equal, he recovered, and received their homage with much affability.

Numerous were the invitations that were now poured upon him. His uncle and cousin were asked merely out of compliment to him, which Charles did not fail to hint to them. This, though by no means agreeable to his ingenuous cousin, afforded great satisfaction to the delighted uncle, and all his prejudices vanished.

For four days, had he enjoyed the sweet incense of flattery in the first circles; at a subsequent entertainment, a gentleman present objected to some of the principles laid down in the new Essay, though he gave the author full credit for his talents.

He requested the young author's permission to state his objections, which he did with much ability. His arguments collected many of the company round them; and Charles, feeling the awkwardness of his situation, endeavoured to escape the trial, by affirming that he could not collect his thoughts, except in his study. Po-

liteness, however, compelled him to answer; and his uncle urged him to defend his positions. He ventured on a few words, in the hope that dinner would soon be announced and put an end to his unpleasant situation. But he contradicted himself so much, that his opponent pressed him close, and every one observed his embarrassment. He cast many an anxious glance towards the door; but, instead of the servant, two more guests entered the room. One of them introducing his companion to the host: "You will, I am sure, excuse my bringing you an uninvited guest, when I tell you that I have the honour to present to you the author of the celebrated Essay on——"

The company was struck dumb with surprise. The host instantly introduced him to his friends; and, advancing to Charles, said: "With this gentleman you are doubtless already acquainted, Mr. Miller—your coadjutor?"

"I have not that honour," replied the stranger.

"But, my dear Sir, he too is the author of the Essay."

"I do not understand you, Sir," said the stranger.

"Well then, Mr. Miller will be best able to unravel this mystery."

"With pleasure," stammered Charles; "there is

probably a mistake. If I rightly understand you, your work is already published,—mine, under the same title, is still in manuscript.”

“Indeed!” said the host, smiling.—“Indeed!” re-echoed all present.

Every one instantly deserted the once flattered Charles; the uncle bit his lip; and Richard thought that it was much wiser to be silent, than to seek an unmerited applause.

His trial, however, was not yet over. The real author requested to sit next to him at table, as it would be extremely interesting to him to compare their opinions. We may readily imagine that his dinner was not the most pleasant; and, to avoid farther questions, he feigned indisposition, and retired. His uncle and Richard felt themselves rather awkwardly situated, as the company might fancy that they had had a share in the imposture. Their kind host did every thing to lessen their embarrassment, and the conversation soon took a different turn. The subject of manufactures being introduced, Richard felt himself quite at home, and manifested considerable knowledge both of this subject and also of political economy. He was listened to with pleasure, and every one began to form a very high opinion of his talents.

This affair induced them to leave Weimar early the next morning. Mr. Lange was rather silent, Charles sulky, and Richard in his usual spirits. They continued their journey, without interruption, till they arrived at Frankfort on the Maine, when they took in an elderly lady and her daughter, and a young merchant, who was travelling on business.

They soon entered into conversation; and Mr. Lange asked the old lady whither she was going. She replied that she was proceeding to Cologne, where she intended making some stay. Charles was indefatigable in his attentions to the beautiful Julia, and was at times not a little troublesome to her by his loquacity; while the young merchant was inexhaustible in silly flatteries.

“They remained a day at Coblenz; and, on setting out, the next morning, they missed the young merchant. Julia expressed her joy at his absence; and Charles gave her to understand that she was indebted for it to his remonstrance with the stranger, to whom he had politely represented the impropriety of his conduct. But as he returned a very impertinent answer, they met in a lonely walk, when the merchant received a wound, which would prevent him from leaving Coblenz for some weeks.

Julia started. "You have wounded him! I hope not dangerously?"

"Not exactly;—merely a cut in the arm and a gash across the forehead. Nothing more, I assure you."

The young lady might, perhaps, after this adventure, have formed a more favourable opinion of our hero, had not the young merchant made his appearance at the next stage.

"You must have thought me a very ungallant companion, to leave you so abruptly. But I was detained for a few hours by business of importance. And here am I again, and beg to resume my accustomed seat at your side."

Julia looked with astonishment at the abashed Charles, who had not a word to offer in his defence. Yet she was generous enough not to expose him in the presence of the merchant, but said ironically—"The surgeons at Coblenz must, I suppose, be the cleverest people in the world, to be able to cure a gash across the forehead so effectually that not a trace is left within a few hours after!"

As this was all the revenge she took, Charles, who was accustomed to such humiliations, soon forgot it, particularly as Julia still continued to treat him with kindness. He told Mr. Lange, in

private, that Julia was in love with him ; and that he was quite certain of it, from several little incidents which had occurred. Then, recollecting himself, he observed : “ But what would my cousin Agnes say to this ? ”

“ She shall not know a word of it from me, you may rely on it,” said Mr. Lange : “ but on this condition, that you let me know the result.” He added several compliments, to flatter his vanity, and to encourage him to follow up the adventure. Charles, at length, communicated to his uncle that the lovely Julia had actually confessed her passion.

“ Well,” exclaimed Mr. Lange, “ this is really very astonishing !—So young a girl, and yet so artful ! I should never have supposed so, from her behaviour in the carriage.”—“ Oh ! it is quite between ourselves,” exclaimed Charles ; “ and she therefore endeavours to conceal it before strangers.”

They were now nearly at the end of their journey ; but Charles had still another trial to endure. A village, where a river fell with great impetuosity into the Rhine, was quite overflowed. The wrecks of houses and various articles of furniture were drifting along the stream. The travellers ascended a hill, to view this melancholy

scene. Suddenly, Julia cried out: "Oh heavens! I see a cradle floating towards us! I hope that no child may be in it!" All eyes were turned towards it. The cradle approached; and they beheld an infant stretching out its arms! "For Heaven's sake!" cried Julia, "save the child!"

"Pray make haste," said Mr. Lange to Charles: "you said that you had once before swam down the Elbe, and rescued a child. Save the poor little thing!"

"Oh the current there was not so rapid! Here I should endanger my life!"

"You can swim?" cried Julia in surprise.

"I can swim, it is true, but—"

With an imploring countenance, she took him by the arm; but he was immovable. The cradle was just before them, and about to be carried into the impetuous Rhine, where no help could avail.

"You are a barbarian!" exclaimed Julia, pushing back his arm; but how great was the mixture of fear and joy, which agitated her, when she saw Richard jumping into the water. The uncle gave a shriek, for he instantly perceived that the brave youth could not swim. He attempted to reach the cradle, but the rush of the waters was so strong, that destruction appeared inevitable,

when a small boat put off from the opposite bank. It came just in time to save the youth, and the infant in the cradle, of which he had laid hold. The child was brought on shore unhurt, but poor Richard was so much exhausted, that it required every means to restore him.

When he was recovered, his uncle asked him whether he could swim.

“No, I never tried.”

“Why then did you jump into the water?”

“The sight of the helpless infant, and—in short,” continued he, “I was not master of myself. I was obliged to jump in.”

Mr. Lange pressed his hand affectionately; and Julia regarded him with interest. Charles was now treated with visible neglect; yet poor Richard's distress was greater: and when they arrived at Cologne, he wished heartily that his uncle and cousin would decide in favour of Charles. “For,” thought he, “I can never love the wealthy Agnes so affectionately as I do the pretty Julia.”

All the passengers alighted at the inn: the old lady and her daughter immediately took their departure; and Richard felt sensibly that Julia did not even give him a farewell look. Mr. Lange said, that if the young gentlemen would

wait at the inn, he would inform their uncle of their arrival, and send the servant for them. Charles immediately hastened to arrange his toilet. "Well, my dear Richard," said he, "I hope you will not be jealous; for I feel that my cousin will give me the preference. I will, however, act towards you as a brother, and give you some of my fortune." Richard sighed, and thanked him. "Don't take it so much to heart!" said Charles; and Richard would not undeceive him.

A servant now appeared, and said that he had been sent to conduct them to their uncle's. On entering the drawing-room, they found Mr. Lange seated at the tea-table, beside the old lady and her charming daughter. Charles started; but Richard was highly delighted to meet his fair fellow traveller. During tea, they conversed about their journey; but neither their uncle nor cousin made their appearance. Richard seemed by no means anxious to see them; but Charles at last exclaimed: "Pray where is our uncle?"

"Here he sits, my dear nephew!" said Mr. Lange.—"I am he."

Charles looked confounded, and his usual volubility forsook him. Richard arose, and was going to seize his uncle's hand, when he threw his arms round him, and embraced him.

“You will forgive me, my dear nephew, for having played you this trick. It was important for me to get acquainted with you; as I might, without your intending it, have been deceived in your character. I thought you would be more unreserved with my clerk Mr. Lange. Perhaps, this precaution was unnecessary; but you must pardon an old man’s whim. My daughter too, I fancied, would be better able to judge of your dispositions during an intercourse, where she would be unknown to you. She therefore came with her governess to Frankfort, and accompanied us incognito to Cologne.”

“How! Julia?” cried Richard.

“Not Julia,” replied Mr. Miller, “but Agnes.”

Richard trembled; and Charles made some attempts to speak.

“According to my nephew Charles’s account,” said Mr. Miller, “my Agnes has already made her choice. After having so frequently confessed her attachment.—The case therefore is decided.”

Charles turned pale.

“Cousin Charles,” said Agnes, “has carried the joke a little too far; and I must beg of him to explain that nothing of the kind ever occurred.”

“I,” stammered Charles, “I—pardon me,—it was only a presentiment of my future happiness.”

“There, you hear his confession, dear cousin Richard,” said Agnes, as she gaily rose from her chair; her father took her hand, and, leading her towards Richard, said, “Richard, you have my blessing.”

In a transport of delight, Richard threw himself at his uncle’s feet, who raised him affectionately, and pressed him to his heart.

The humbled Charles departed from Cologne, without waiting for the wedding-day; and when he returned home, his roguish sister Louisa received him with an Epithalamium.

THE LITTLE SAVOYARD.

THE Savoyards have ever been distinguished for their love of work, and their scrupulous honesty; and, when taken into the service of the first families of Paris, they have never been known to abuse the confidence reposed in them. Having but few wants, they do not change, even in the heart of the capital, either their mode of living or their coarse garments; they seem to have but one object at heart, which is, to amass, by means of industry, a small sum of money, to

carry it back in triumph to their poor families, who often suffer much during their absence.

Among the labours to which these good people accustom themselves, the sweeping of chimneys seems to have particularly devolved on them. These chimney-sweepers generally go out in pairs; one grown up, for the cleansing of the larger chimneys; the other, much younger, almost still in his infancy, to be able to insinuate himself up the small chimneys of cabinets and boudoirs. This little boy is entirely subject to the authority of the elder one, who exercises over him the absolute power of a master.

It was towards the end of autumn, that Mr. Destinval, a respectable merchant of Paris, called two boys out of the street, to clean his chimneys. As the chimney of his cabinet was very modern, and the passage rather narrow, the younger one was desired to go up. The entrance was, as usual, covered with a cloth, to prevent the soot from falling into the room. The little boy having been set to work, the elder one went to clean the larger chimneys in the same house.

Eliza, Mr. Destinval's daughter, wishing to hear the song, which the Savoyards generally sing when they have reached the top of the chimney, remained in her father's cabinet; and,

attempting to draw aside the cloth, that she might hear him more distinctly, she let it fall. She quickly replaced it, to keep in the cloud of soot, and hastened to wash herself; after which, no trace remained of her foolish trick.

In the mean time, the little chimney sweeper, having finished his song, came down, and, finding himself alone in the cabinet, called aloud for his comrade, who soon after came in, followed by Mr. Destinval and several servants.

When the soot was collected, and the little Savoyard had dressed himself, Mr. Destinval, pleased with his services, and, above all, with his frank manners, gave him a franc, to drink his health; and then he went to assist his comrade to remove the soot in a neighbouring room.

Eliza, soon afterwards, entered her father's cabinet, and told him what had passed between the two Savoyards. The younger one had given his comrade the franc, and they were congratulating each other on having had a very good morning. She repeated with minuteness every word they had uttered; for this young lady, though otherwise very sensible and amiable, had a habit of talkativeness, which often bordered on indiscretion, and which her parents had in vain endeavoured to correct.

When all things had been arranged in Mr. Destinval's cabinet, he could not find some gold buckles, which he had put on the mantelpiece. He was much surprised, and looked everywhere; till, at length, suspicion fell on the little Savoyard.

“Yet,” said he, “the frankness of his manner, the joy he testified on receiving the money, all hinder me from believing that he has committed this theft.”

Mr. Destinval made another search; and Eliza proposed to ask the servants whether they knew any thing about the buckles. “Go,” said her father; “but take care that you do not express any suspicion; and merely desire the porter to tell the little Savoyard, before he leaves the house, to come to my room, as I wish to speak to him.”

Eliza went to execute her father's orders. None had seen the buckles. Each formed a thousand conjectures, and felt distressed at the circumstance: for the least trifle which disappears in a house, where there are honest servants, is a real misfortune; the slightest doubt is painful; the smallest suspicion becomes a torment.

Eliza, whose unhappy propensity to chit-chat had often carried her much farther than she wished, forgot at this instant her father's advice;

and repeated to several of the servants that the little Savoyard, on coming down the chimney, had been found quite alone in her father's cabinet. She added, that she thought she had perceived a certain air of embarrassment about him, when she entered the apartment with her father; and, at last, even confided to them, under an injunction of the profoundest secrecy, that her father himself suspected the little Savoyard of the theft. She then hastened to give the porter her father's message, and returned to his apartment.

“No,” said he; “I cannot bring myself to believe that this poor little boy should have so far forgotten himself! I wish I could be fully satisfied of his innocence! And, if he should be guilty, I shall endeavour, by a severe correction, to save him from the opprobrium, and perhaps from the vengeance, which all his countrymen would inflict on him.” Mr. Destinval had scarcely said these words, when a loud cry, and the noise of repeated blows, were heard in the courtyard, which, in an instant collected, not only the different members of the household, but also the passengers who were going by. Mr. Destinval opened his window, and beheld the elder chimney-sweeper beating the poor little Savoyard,

who, covered with blows, was protesting his innocence with uplifted hands. Mr. Destinval ran down, imagining that the child had confessed the theft, from the deserved punishment of which he had been planning to screen him. His daughter followed him, fancying that the theft had been discovered: but how great was her sorrow, when she heard one of the domestics, seizing the little fellow, cry out: "Yes! here is the little rogue, who has exposed us all to a most cruel suspicion! He shall pay dearly for the distress he has occasioned us."—"Stop!" cried Mr. Destinval, making his way through the crowd; "what proofs have you for condemning him?"

"Are they not sufficiently strong, Sir, when you accuse him yourself?" replied the servant.

"Who has told you that I accuse him?"

"Miss Eliza! Why should you wish such a little rogue to escape, who has brought us all under suspicion?"

"What! my daughter?" exclaimed Mr. Destinval: "Have you dared to violate the secret which I imposed on you? No; I protest by my honour, that I did not accuse this child! I felt but a slight suspicion, and was far from suppos-

ing that, in confiding it to my daughter, she would have made so cruel an use of it!"

The little Savoyard threw himself at his feet, crying bitterly, and imploring his justice.

Eliza, too late, perceived the effects of her imprudence. The servants, greatly incensed, were supported by all the lookers-on, in their vehement demands to have the little thief conveyed to the police office; when Eliza's maid ran out in great haste, and gave Mr. Destinval his gold buckles, which she had found, covered with soot, in a corner of the cloth that had been hung before the chimney while the boy was cleaning it, and which Eliza's curiosity had thrown down.

It is impossible to describe the confusion of the young lady, on being obliged to unite with every body, in recognizing the innocence of the little chimney-sweeper, who at this instant was imploring her pity. She fell weeping into her father's arms, while the servants turned away, ashamed at having so easily given credit to a young lady, who was proverbial for her indiscretion; and the bystanders, as they dispersed, cried loudly against the cruelty of thus chastising the innocent.

The elder boy did all in his power to lessen the pain which he had inflicted on his poor little companion ; and Mr. Destival, on pointing out to Eliza the wounds with which the child was covered, exclaimed, “ Behold your work ! ”

“ I will endeavour to repair my fault,” cried the young lady. “ I will myself wait on the little boy, and cure his wounds ; and, if you will permit me, Papa, I will take him into my service : he shall never leave me.”

“ I consent, my daughter,” said Mr. Destival : “ may the sight of him ever remind you that the slightest word communicated and misinterpreted, however pure may be our own intentions, often produces the most fatal effects, and may even perhaps make the remainder of our lives miserable.”

THE LEGACY.

FREDERICK, the eldest of the two sons of Mr. Beaufort, was extravagantly fond of playing pranks—very different from little Edward, his brother by a second marriage, who was a

most gentle and amiable child, very docile and affectionate, and never occasioned his parents the slightest vexation. He learnt every thing he was desired! His masters were in ecstasies, and every day assured his mother that her son would turn out a distinguished character; while the tender mother only intreated them not to let him injure his health by too much application. Never was either a spot or a rent to be seen on his clothes. How could he fail to excite general admiration? The goodness of his heart was reflected in his clear blue eye; his bright golden locks overshadowed a forehead which bespoke intelligence; while his aquiline nose reminded the beholder of the model of the antique. He always walked on the point of his toes, breathed lightly, and always spoke so softly that he could with difficulty be heard to speak.

What a contrast to the noisy Frederick, whose large black eyes were expressive only of mischief! When desired to pay his respects to a visitor, he hid himself behind the door, or window-curtains; nobody in the whole town took off his hat with so ill a grace, and it was really painful to see him make a bow. If he put on his new clothes, they could not be recognised as such at the end of three days; and all the fruit-

trees in the neighbourhood displayed the effects of his visits. From his unruly manners, whenever he took part in Edward's studies, it was determined to send him to school, an arrangement by no means disagreeable to him. The greater part of the school-hours he devoted to play, in summer mornings about the fields, and in the winter skating on the ice. It was only at the approach of the annual examination, when the master said—"It will soon be shewn who are the idle ones," that Frederick shut himself up in his room for several weeks, and studied so diligently, that he generally bore away all the prizes. But as soon as this great day was over, our young truant returned to his old habits. "Is it not a pity, Frederick?" his master would say to him; "you might be the ornament of the school. You might constitute all my pride and happiness, if you would only be a little more assiduous, and, above all, a little more steady."

Giving himself up to the bent of his inclination, he would often put the whole school into confusion. Sometimes he would hide an ant-eater under the table; sometimes he would let fly a whole nest of birds; or he would introduce the great stable dog, laced up in his mother's corsets, and decorated with her cap.

“We must have patience,” said his father, when the whole catalogue of his tricks was rehearsed to him; “time and experience will improve him; his heart is excellent, and he is still young.”

“My Edward is younger; and yet he is a pattern of prudence. You will never be able to make any thing of this madcap, as long as he remains in the house; and I am sure it is only by the greatest privations and chastisements that he will ever be corrected.”

To put an end to these interminable disputes and complaints, Mr. Beaufort determined to send Frederick to a boarding-school, a removal which promised him no small degree of comfort; for the adroit insinuations of his half-brother, Edward, had almost closed the heart of his father against him. “I shall not be so badly off, after all,” said he, packing up his things. But he could not make up his mind to take his departure without giving another proof of his wit; and therefore hit upon what he considered a most excellent joke.

On the night previous to his departure, he went to his father’s wardrobe, from whence he took his wig and old great coat. With these he mounted the roof, and hoisted them upon the

conductor—at the risk of breaking his neck. Having fixed them there, he got down without accident, and went to bed, well satisfied with his exploit.

Early on the following morning, a large crowd was assembled round his father's house, to gaze upon the singular trophy, which was displayed there. Mr. Beaufort, on going to the window, was surprised at the mob that was collected, and was afraid that the chimney had caught fire. He ran out, and beheld, with no small anger, a portion of his wardrobe exposed to the laughter of the populace. He instantly ordered it to be removed. But this operation occupied some time; and, in the interval, his ears were assailed by the rude jests of the people, every time the wind caught his coat or lengthened the curls of his wig into the appearance of a comet's tail.

After this unseasonable joke, Frederick could not expect a very affectionate adieu. His father even refused to see him; and his mother prophesied that he would never come to any good.

Frederick, however, heeded not either the melancholy forebodings of his mother or the affected sympathy of his brother; but the idea that he should not take leave of his father was

insupportable. Mr. Beaufort had closed his window, and Frederick in vain importuned him to open it. He promised to bear every thing, if he might but see him once more. As Frederick received no answer, he ran into the garden, where the branches of an old lime-tree extended across his father's window. He climbed up the tree, and slipping along one of the branches till he got near the window, cried out, "Oh! my father! my dear father!—You know how much I love you! Pray, pray look at me kindly once more!"

Mr. Beaufort was surprised to hear the voice issuing from the tree; and was alarmed when he beheld his venturesome child perched at the extremity of a branch. He immediately threw open the window, and, half afraid, yet half angry, desired him to go down. But Frederick, without quitting his seat, repeated his entreaty, and protested that he would rather let the branch break down with him, than go away without his father's blessing. "Well, well," said Mr. Beaufort, softened by this proof of his son's filial piety, "go in peace; you have my blessing." Scarcely had Frederick received this comfortable assurance, when he bounded from the tree like a squirrel, and in another second was in the

carriage, which was in waiting to convey him to school.

He was at first affected even to tears; but the fineness of the weather, and the variety of new objects, which engaged his attention, soon made him forget his troubles. When he arrived at the place of his destination, his fame, which had preceded him, did not procure him the most favourable reception; and he was placed under the especial charge of a cross old usher.

He several times attempted to play the truant, but was unsuccessful; and his tricks were always severely punished. Seeing all his plans frustrated, he resolved to apply seriously to study, and in a short time made rapid progress. Yet, whenever an occasion presented itself for playing off some trick, he never suffered it to pass unimproved; and neither his masters nor his schoolfellows were exempted. Thus the reports transmitted home strangely differed—at one time, they contained a flattering eulogium of his application, and the assurance that, with the excellent qualities he displayed, he would soon be distinguished among the first scholars of the academy; at another, that he was an unparalleled madcap, who vexed all and respected none.

To this was added, by way of postscript, a list of his numerous damages, which his father was requested to pay for.

All the letters which made any favourable mention of Frederick, were carefully concealed from his father; while those which censured him were largely dwelt upon by his mother. The patience of his masters was at length exhausted, and they informed his father that they could no longer keep a scholar who was so incorrigible. The fact was, Frederick had been learning to walk on stilts, and had occasioned a severe illness to the music-master, whose wife had just died. On the evening of her funeral, while the poor man was giving himself up to his grief, a white phantom appeared before his window, broke the panes, and called to him in a sepulchral voice. This fright had so great an effect upon the music-master, that he lost his voice and was still confined to his bed. And as Frederick was now sufficiently advanced to enter the university, they intreated his father to remove him as soon as possible.

Mr. Beaufort's first impulse was to abandon his incorrigible son. The fatal pen was already in his hand, when his eye accidentally caught the portrait of his first wife. He had been devotedly

attached to her ; and she now seemed to be in the act of interceding for her child : so that, instead of reproaches and imprecations, he wrote, almost in spite of himself, a letter filled with prayers and paternal exhortations. “ For this time, I will forgive you ; you shall now go to the university ; endeavour to lay aside your foolish propensities, and my arms shall be open to welcome you.”

With firm resolutions of amendment, Frederick set out for the university. He partly adhered to his plan of reform ; at least, no glaring accusations were preferred against him. The professors were satisfied with his application, and his only difficulties arose from the mismanagement of his allowance : not that he was either prodigal or dissipated ; but his purse was ever open to the necessities of his fellow collegians ; and as they seldom thought of repaying him, and his own allowance was but small, he contracted debts to a considerable amount. Being unable to satisfy the demands of his creditors, they applied to his father. Unfortunately, too, Frederick had been prevailed upon to take a share in a disturbance, which arose among the students ; and he, with several others, was expelled the university, which put a finishing stroke to the

patience of his father, whose irritability had been still farther increased by growing infirmities.

He positively refused to see Frederick: and, shortly after, was seized by another attack, of which he died. A cold letter from Edward informed him of this melancholy event, and invited him to be present at the opening of the will.

What a blow for poor Frederick! He now made himself the bitterest reproaches; the possibility of such an event had never occurred to him; often, while exciting his displeasure, did the thought that he might one day be able to atone for it by the knowledge he was acquiring, banish his uneasiness. But this hope was now taken from him; and the impossibility of now receiving his forgiveness, and by an amendment of his conduct, tore his heart. Then he thought of the days of his childhood; he recalled the affectionate solicitude, of which he had been the object, during his mother's life: he dwelt, with melancholy pleasure, on the time when his father had fondled him on his knee and loaded him with caresses. It was only amid such associations as these, that the image of his father rose before him; and all the hardships he had endured were placed to the account of his stepmother.

With these feelings, he re-entered the pater-

nal mansion, after an absence of several years; he was received with cold but studied politeness. He eagerly asked for some account of the last moments of his father. Edward replied, that he had died like a good Christian, without bearing any resentment to those who had offended him.

“Then I am pardoned! Oh tell me what he said!”

“Yes, yes, my dear brother!” said Edward, raising his eyes; “you were comprehended in the general pardon; but,” added he, in an affected voice, “I fear, I fear.”

“What, Edward?”

“The will was made.”

“Speak, Edward; you alarm me with your insinuations.”

“It is because I fear the result; you well know how much our father was exasperated against you; and, to speak frankly, I dread lest he should have disinherited you.”

“He was my father! May his will be done!”

“That would be very disagreeable. Besides I may be mistaken, for I know nothing for certain.”

But this was not the fact. No one knew better than himself, that Mr. Beaufort, constrained by his wife, and persuaded by this son, had

been compelled to dictate a will which his heart disapproved.

The will was opened with the usual formalities. Edward was constituted universal legatee on the death of his mother; and, after giving various directions relative to charitable institutions, it was terminated with the annexed clause.

“As for my son Frederick, he possesses so large a stock of wit, and has a mind so fertile in resources, that, with the talents he has acquired, he cannot fail to make his fortune. Nevertheless, in the division of my property, I give and bequeath to him my old wig, as well as the great-coat, which he displayed on the top of my house, to expose me to the laughter of the town, on the morning of his leaving my roof.”

Every one looked with a feeling of compassion upon the unhappy Frederick, who turned pale, while a convulsive smile passed his lips. It was not so much his exclusion from the inheritance, as the cruel manner in which it was expressed, that wounded him so sensibly. He left the room in silence, and, with a broken heart, went and seated himself on his father's grave.

“No, honoured father!” cried he, “this clause was not dictated by thy heart! Thou mightest,

indeed, have resented my many errors, and I should have deserved it. But to hate me, to add derision to the sentence which ruins me,—this is impossible! Advantage was taken of a moment when thou wert weak, and the image of my mother had vanished out of thy sight. Pardon thy son, O my father. Kneeling by thy grave, I accept with gratitude the legacy thou hast left me; once it was thine; thou hast touched it; it was watered with the tears shed over my follies. It shall ever remind me of thy love and my crime. I receive it as a talisman, which will give me strength to fulfil the vow I now make, to be always worthy of thee.”

Consoled with this visit, Frederick returned to the house, to claim his inheritance, without paying attention to the assurance of a lawyer, that the will was illegally executed, and that the property might be recovered: he carefully tied up the wig and great-coat in a handkerchief, which he slung over his shoulder, and bade adieu to his native town, without knowing whither to turn his steps, and with only a few crowns in his purse.

The flames of war were now raging throughout Europe; parties of recruiting soldiers infested the roads, and all was in confusion. “The

career of arms is uncertain," said he, "but it is noble: honour and glory, after all, are my aim."

When near the confines of his country, his meditations were interrupted by the hasty steps of a person behind him. He turned round, and saw a stranger, of noble appearance, but without either hat or coat, who eagerly addressed him:

"Save me! They are close behind! Save me, I entreat you! Though I am no criminal, my life is in danger! Soon you will know who I am; but the moments are precious; the alarm-bell is even now sounding. In my present dress, I shall be recognised! Lend me some part of your's; and if I am saved, my gratitude will be boundless."

During this address, Frederick, prepossessed by the dignified manner of the stranger, had opened his bundle, and, taking out the old great-coat, threw it over him, together with the wig, upon which he placed his own hat. "Take my stick also," said he, "and may God assist you!"

"I now can only thank you! But this road will lead you to B——: inquire for the house of Count Egmont."

The stranger quickly left him, and Frederick followed him with his eyes, till he disappeared in a defile. He then put on his nightcap, sup-

plied himself with another stick, and observed, smiling: "Well, I have now risked my whole inheritance."

He now heard the trampling of horses; the hussars galloped towards him, and examined him attentively; but he preserved his countenance.

"Ah ha, friend! Have you not seen a man without hat or coat?"

"Oh yes," replied Frederick, with great indifference; "he seemed to be going towards that village, there, on the left."

"Let us follow his direction," said the officer; "two of you may, however, ride towards the frontiers; and the rest to the left."

The two hussars were not long before they returned. They had overtaken the fugitive; but, misled by his disguise, they had put one or two questions, and then suffered him to proceed quietly.

When Frederick had time for reflection, he did not know whether to blame or applaud himself for what he had done. He might be a criminal, whom he had rescued from the hands of justice; and, in this case, his legacy would have been but ill applied.

On arriving at the gates of B—, the officer on duty, looking at him attentively, as if to compare

him with a description he held in his hand, exclaimed, "This is he! Soldiers, take this gentleman to Count Egmont."

He was conducted to a splendid mansion, which was thronged with carriages: the soldier stated his errand, and was immediately admitted. Frederick was shewn into an anti-chamber; the folding doors were thrown open, and he beheld the fugitive, surrounded by a brilliant circle of officers and courtiers.

As soon as he recognised Frederick, who remained standing at the door, holding the night-cap in his hand, he ran up to him, took him by the hand, and presented him to the company as his deliverer. He received the compliments of the party, who vied in their attentions. The Count, who was engaged in affairs of importance, was obliged to leave him; but made him promise to stay till his return, that they might have some private conversation.

Frederick retired into a bow-window, and was lost in the contemplation of the strange connection of events in this world. He requested an officer, who was standing by, to explain the circumstances, which had brought him thither; and was informed that Count Egmont was a general, greatly beloved by his prince, whose rights he

defended both in the cabinet and in the field. His talents were unhappily exercised at a time when patriotism was reckoned a crime. The enemies of his country, whom his perseverance exasperated, had vowed his destruction. He fell into the snare which they had laid for him, and was confined in a strong fortress beyond the frontiers. It was from this place that he had just made his escape, when he had the good fortune to meet Frederick.

After waiting some time, he was ushered into the cabinet of the Count. What is your name, Sir? for you are now acquainted with mine.

“Frederick Beaufort.”

“Your country?”

“I have none. My father is dead.”

“What is your profession?”

“I am a student.”

“Your prospects?”

“Uncertain.”

In the course of half an hour, the Count had sounded Frederick. “I am extremely happy that you have a turn for the military profession. Let me see you again to-morrow, when I hope to have some good news for you.”

On the following morning he received from him an ensigncy, and a sum of money for his

equipment. Frederick thanked his patron with enthusiasm. The Count was about to retire; but Frederick stood still, in evident embarrassment.

“Is there any thing else that I can do for you? Name it; and I will gratify you, if possible.”

“I should wish to have my great-coat and wig,” said Frederick hesitatingly.

“Do not ask them of me, I beg you. I should like to keep them, in remembrance of an event so important to me.”

“Pray, excuse me. I dare not accede to your request.”

“But as you will now wear an uniform, they cannot possibly be of any farther use: and, besides, they are quite old.”

“They are invaluable to me; they are all that my father left me.”

“That alters the case; and the value of your obligation to me is enhanced by your having confided to a stranger your whole inheritance.”

Frederick retired overjoyed; he devoted himself to his new profession; gained the affection and esteem of his brother officers; and diligently employed the winter in acquiring the requisite military knowledge, as he fully expected to be called into the field early in the spring.

Since his entry into the service, our young ensign had not seen the Count, except on parade; and almost fancied he had been quite forgotten. His surprise, therefore, was great, when, at the opening of the campaign, he received a lieutenancy, with the appointment of aide-de-camp to the Count, who intended to command the army in person. He hastened to the Palace, to thank the minister for this new proof of his favour. "Do not speak of that," said his patron; "you will soon have an opportunity of shewing that I am not deceived in you.

Frederick endeavoured to give every possible proof of his zeal. Wherever the danger was the greatest, he was sure to be found; and his superior officers were frequently obliged to restrain his ardour in thus exposing his life.

One night, he was charged with a very difficult commission: it had been determined to reconnoitre the enemy from a neighbouring eminence, and to examine his position; which was attended with considerable risk, as the advanced posts were very near. Having stationed his detachment in a quarry, on the borders of the wood, Frederick advanced towards the appointed spot. The hostile camp was so near, that he could distinctly hear the picquets of the advanced

posts. A rivulet, which flowed along the foot of the hills, within a hundred paces, served as the watering-place for the horses of the cavalry. While his party remained concealed in the brush-wood, he ascended a tall oak, and, by means of a telescope, surveyed the enemy's position. He laid down their camp, the disposition of the different corps, the situation of their batteries, and the number of their cannon. Thus far his mission was accomplished; but he hoped to learn some farther particulars at a fair, which was held in a neighbouring village.

His men had detained a kind of pedlar, who sold stories of saints, ballads, &c. at the fair. He put on his father's coat and wig, and availed himself of these tracts, to complete his disguise. He then gave his remarks to the under-lieutenant, with the order to return and make his report, if he did not come back within four-and-twenty hours. He then went into the village, distributed his songs among the soldiers, sold his merchandise in the market-place, and then made the round of the public-houses. When the church bell summoned to prayer, he also went with the crowd; but, instead of going into the church, he ran up to the belfry, from whence he could have a better view of the enemy. He hastily drew a

sketch, which he concealed in his boots. Unfortunately, an officer, struck by his appearance, and also by the attention which he paid to a conversation at a public-house, had followed him, without being observed, and seized him by the collar, just as he was coming down.

Frederick, though much startled, did not lose his presence of mind: he disengaged himself, and giving the officer a violent blow on his chest, threw him down in the belfry, and shutting the door, ran down stairs. But the officer cried after him from the gallery, "Stop! A spy!" A crowd assembled; they looked up, in doubt, when Frederick suddenly came out. He was instantly seized, and carried before the general. His crime was evident: they endeavoured to draw some information from him; but as he maintained an obstinate silence, the general ordered him, without any other trial, to be hanged upon a lime-tree, which was in the public square. Not, however, to interrupt the public rejoicings, the execution was deferred till the following morning.

He was locked up in a cave, opposite the Parsonage house. This cave was cut out in the rock, and secured by an iron door, through a small grating in which the light was admitted. As an additional security, two sentinels were

placed on the outside. In this extremity, Frederick prepared for his fate.

The clergyman's ward, who had been applied to for the key of the cellar, was struck with the noble air of the stranger, and heard with horror the doom which awaited him. She retired to rest, but found it impossible to sleep; and her soul was harrowed up every time she heard the sentinels relieving guard. "What must be the anguish of this poor prisoner! He has perhaps a wife and children! Would that it were possible to save him!" A voice within her seemed to whisper, that she might do so. She then recollected the locality of the cave: it was connected by a long subterranean gallery with the cellar of the Parsonage. At the first breaking out of the war, her guardian had deposited in this gallery his most valuable effects; the entrance towards the side of the house was closed up by a wall of masonry; and towards the side of the cave, the end was so skilfully shut up with stones and moss, that, amid the darkness of this gloomy cavern, it was impossible to detect it. The more effectually to conceal it, a quantity of rubbish had been thrown before it.

Eagerly availing herself of this knowledge, she hastened into the cellar; daylight was already

dawning; but, as if inspired with a strength hitherto unknown to her, she set to work with so much perseverance, that, by the help of an iron bar, she soon succeeded in making the aperture sufficiently large to admit herself into the passage. Her difficulty in removing the stone-work of the cavern was not so great. Frederick had for some time heard a strange noise, without suspecting how closely it was connected with his deliverance. But he soon perceived something moving at the bottom of his dungeon, and remarked a faint glimmering of light through the chinks, which gradually grew larger. The next moment, he saw two small white hands carefully removing the moss and stones, and then the slim form of a female, who was holding a lamp in one hand, and beckoning to him with the other.

He obeyed the signal; but, casting a look towards the iron grating, he saw that day was drawing near, and feared there would not be time to reach the wood before his flight was discovered. His great point must be to impose upon the sentinels; and, for this purpose, he heaped the rubbish together, and threw over it his father's coat and wig. He then followed his guide into the Parsonage: she made him go out by the garden, and gave him the watchword by

which he might pass the sentries. There was no time to express his gratitude, he merely said, "You have saved the life of an honest man: adieu!"

Favoured by the twilight, Frederick gained, without opposition, the rivulet, which flowed along the enemy's camp. There was a bridge across it; but as he was too prudent to venture to pass over it, he plunged into the stream, and rejoined his party on the other side, after a long and tedious march.

It was fortunate for him, that he had not quitted the cavern without leaving his deluding similitude behind him; for, as soon as the daylight shone into the cave, the sentries looked in at the grating. One of them wished to enter into conversation, and not receiving any reply, became suspicious, and would have given the alarm; but his comrade calmed him, by reminding him that a man who was within a few hours of his execution could be in no mood for talking with his guards.

In the mean time, the young lady, who had scarcely recovered from her fear and joy, suddenly recollected that, the subterraneous gallery being thrown open, the whole property of her guardian would be at the mercy of the soldiers,

and even involve him in the suspicion of having favoured the escape of the prisoner. Pale and trembling, she ran to the old man, who had just finished his morning devotions, and fell weeping on his neck, confessing what she had done.

At first, the old clergyman was startled; but he soon recovered his composure, and said, "Calm your fears, my beloved Sophia: the life of an honest man cannot be purchased too dearly. If this unfortunate man was confined here for his crimes, you may perhaps have saved a soul by giving him time for repentance and reconciliation. Let them plunder. Do not be alarmed; but remain quietly in your room. In the sight of men, your action may be reprehensible, but religion approves it."

Sophia, much comforted, retired to her little chamber, and with intense anxiety awaited the result. The chaplain of the regiment arrived, to prepare the prisoner for death. He was followed by a detachment, which was to conduct him to execution.

He entered the cave, where it was still dark, furnished with a discourse, which he hoped would diminish the horrors of death in the eyes of the criminal; and he began to discourse with

much pathos on the pleasures which Paradise held out to a repentant sinner.

The silence of the supposed prisoner did not surprise him. "I see with pleasure the Christian resignation with which you submit to your fate. Make, therefore, your last confession."

But as this invitation was not attended to, he urgently reminded him that he had only a few moments to live.—In vain! he maintained an obstinate silence! He took him gently by the arm, to rouse him from his stupor, and found—an empty sleeve!

His cry immediately brought in the officer. The opening was discovered: the gallery scoured, and the route of the fugitive traced to the Parsonage. The clergyman was immediately summoned; but he declared that he had had no hand in the escape. His long white hair, his venerable appearance, and the tone of candour in which he denied the accusation, convinced the officer; and, in fact, it seemed very natural that the spy, discovering the opening, should have made his escape through the Parsonage. The generous Sophia was not once thought of. The report of the officer, however, induced the General to order a strict examination, which

urgent affairs obliged him to put off till the following morning.

But the morrow presented far different occupation. The Count was no sooner made acquainted by Frederick of the details of the position of the evening, than he determined upon making a general attack the following night. Surprised in their own camp, the enemy, notwithstanding a very obstinate resistance, was completely beaten, with the loss of a great number of men, cannons, and baggage.

Frederick received the appointment of captain, under the same tree upon which he was to have suffered an ignominious death in the morning. But his joy was damped when he found the Parsonage desolate. The clergyman and Sophia had fled—the gallery was pillaged—and nothing remained in the cave, excepting the coat and wig of his father, which he carried off, as the grand trophy of his victory.

The chances of the war in this campaign were very uncertain: the army, at one time victorious, at another defeated, was dispersed over a large part of the country. In all his expeditions, Frederick carried about with him the legacy of his father; and to this talisman he ascribed his escape from numberless dangers.

As the winter approached, the Count was anxious to procure, by a general engagement, comfortable quarters for his army. In this battle, in which both sides fought with equal bravery, Frederick, in storming a battery, felt a musket-ball hit him on the breast. He was immediately thrown down, but on recovering from the stupor into which the fall had thrown him, he opened his coat, and the ball fell on the ground! It had struck against the wig, which he had placed there that morning. "Father, thou art with me!" cried he, seized his sword, reanimated the courage of his men, and the battery was carried!

This battery was the only defence of the enemy's left wing; and, the Count coming up with his right, this accession completed the victory.

When the enemy had fled, leaving the plain strewn with dead and wounded, Frederick was summoned to the tent of the Count, who saluted him with the title of Major. "It is to my father," cried he, "that I am again indebted for this new promotion!" And he left the General with emotion.

The night was perishingly cold. Frederick put on his great-coat, and passed over the battle

plain to seek his night's quarters in a neighbouring village. On going near a copse, he heard a very mournful cry, and saw an enemy's officer, whose head was severely cut by a sabre. He had been much weakened by the loss of blood, and suffered so much from cold and thirst, that he implored Frederick to put an end to his sufferings. He fancied that he bore some resemblance to the venerated countenance of his father;—he took off his great-coat, and put it on the wounded man; and, for want of a better dressing, covered his head with the precious wig. He then carried him on his shoulders to his quarters, where he called in a surgeon to attend him. He examined the wound, which he feared would prove fatal.

The officer did not recover his senses till the following morning. He was unable to speak; but his eyes were fixed upon Frederick, who never quitted him. But, in spite of all his care, he evidently grew worse, and seemed to feel his end approaching. With difficulty he collected his remaining strength to address Frederick:—

“ My name is Colonel Dallas. After having served my country for nearly half a century, I thought to pass my remaining days in honourable retirement, with my only daughter, when

the war frustrated all my hopes. The confidence of my prince summoned me into the field. Formerly, I had always obeyed it with pleasure; but now I went with pain, for I left my child without a protector. I placed her under the care of an old aunt, and bade her an eternal farewell. Not knowing to whom I could confide twenty thousand crowns in gold, I buried this treasure under a lime-tree in my garden; for, in these times of danger and carnage, we can find security and peace only in the bosom of the earth.

“The town, in which I left my child, has become a prey to the flames; the inhabitants are dispersed; and in spite of all my inquiries, I cannot learn any tidings of her. The town is occupied by your troops. Alas! what will she do in the world, friendless and forsaken!

“But my hours are numbered! I have no friend but you, to whom I am already under such great obligations: permit me to ask you one question: are you married?”

“No Sir, I am not.”

“In that case, permit a father, who is on the point of leaving this world, to make a last request. Take my place as her protector—her guide. Promise me that you will search out this unfortu-

nate girl ; that you will console, defend, and watch over her. Be the depositary of the treasure which I have reserved for this dear child. Administer it to her advantage ; or, if you feel so disposed, deign to share it with her. I ask much ; but your generous soul inspires me with courage, and my approaching end imposes it on me as an imperative duty. Give me your word, and I shall die in peace."

At these words, he raised his hands in supplication. Frederick pressed them with fervour, and swore to fulfil his last wishes.

He sunk back exhausted. He pointed to his pocket-book, and by signs requested Frederick to open it, and indicated the papers which would throw some light on his affairs. With evident pain, he drew a ring off his finger, saying with emotion, "It is her mother's ring ; it will prove to her that I have sent you."

He then asked for a pen, attempted to write, but dropped it, and fell back into a gentle sleep, from which he never awoke.

Frederick had him interred with military honours. An armistice having been agreed upon, he obtained leave of absence, that he might fulfil the wishes of Colonel Dallas. He had, however, no inclination for a closer connection with the

young lady than that of her brother or guardian ; for his heart was devoted to his deliverer ; and he resolved, both from duty and gratitude, to offer her his hand, as soon as the war should be concluded ; but only in case of her refusal, would he consent to examine whether the wishes of Colonel Dallas corresponded with his inclination.

On arriving at the Colonel's mansion, he found only the old housekeeper, who could give him no tidings of her young mistress. After having dug up the treasure, he proceeded to the town, where the Colonel had placed his daughter under the care of an aunt. The place was still in ruins, and scarcely any of the inhabitants had returned. From the innkeeper, he learnt the death of the aunt ; but no one knew any thing about her niece.

Whither should he now turn ? For three weeks, he made a fruitless search, in every direction ; and, as his leave of absence was almost expired, he was obliged to think of returning to his regiment.

He had now no resource but the public journals ; and he accordingly inserted an advertisement, inviting the relations to give in their names, in case of the young lady's death.

Having discharged this duty, he set out on

his return; but before he joined his regiment, peace was proclaimed. He therefore wrote to the General, to obtain a prolongation of his furlough; and went to the village, where he had so happily escaped from death.

It was towards evening. He met some peasants in a field, who told him that their good pastor had returned.

“And his ward?”

“Oh! she never leaves him.”

Frederick alighted from his horse, to cross the fields leading to the Parsonage. His heart beat violently when he saw the cavern; but his agitation increased when he, soon after, beheld the old clergyman, sitting on a bench, with his ward beside him. He rose to receive the young officer, and Sophia was about to retire, when Frederick stopped her.

“Pray remain, Madam: it is on your account that I pay this visit.”

She looked at him in great surprise.

“Do you not know me? You rescued me from this cave! You saved me from a dishonourable death!”

Sophia uttered a cry of joy. The clergyman lifted his hands to heaven, and then entreated

him to enter and partake of the scanty hospitality which his house afforded.

In listening to the account of his adventures, the venerable clergyman seemed to forget all his infirmities ; the time passed on so imperceptibly that the night was already advanced, when Frederick rose to retire to the inn, where he had once sold his ballads. But his kind host would not suffer him.

“ My house is small,” said he : “ permit me the pleasure of offering you a quiet asylum in a place where you passed so many anxious hours.”

Frederick cheerfully complied, and hastened to occupy Sophia’s little chamber, whose only ornament consisted of a painting representing a holy family, and some books of devotion. Every thing he saw confirmed him in his resolution of making her an offer on the following morning.

In the presence of her guardian, he intreated her to bestow on him the hand which had once liberated him ; Sophia blushed her consent ; and the good clergyman, uniting their hands, exclaimed : “ May God bless you !”

At that instant, the ring on his finger caught Sophia’s eye, and she screamed, “ My mother’s ring !”

“Miss Dallas?” asked Frederick eagerly.

“That is her name,” said the clergyman, “the daughter of Colonel Dallas. I found her deserted by all the world, and adopted her as my child. If her father were still living—”

“He is not living,” replied Frederick thoughtfully; and Sophia sank into her guardian’s arms. When she heard that the man whom she loved was her father’s choice; that he brought her his blessing, and had received his last sigh; she was forced to seek the retirement of her chamber.

As Sophia could not prevail upon herself to leave her generous protector, Frederick purchased the estate in which the Parsonage was situated. The rocky cavern was converted into a neat and elegant chapel, adorned with an altar, under which he deposited his father’s legacy.

THE END.

Wm

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