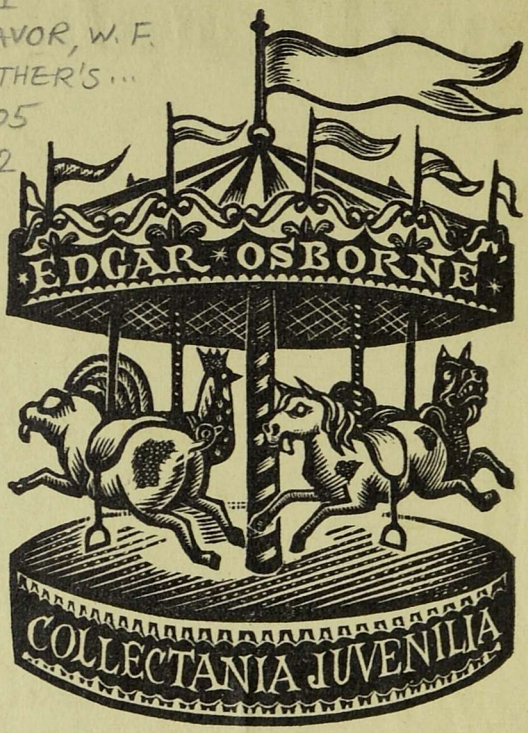


Clara Blair
1810

A

FATHER'S GIFT

TO HIS

CHILDREN.

A

FATHER's GIFT

TO HIS

CHILDREN:

CONSISTING OF

ORIGINAL ESSAYS,

TALES, FABLES, REFLECTIONS, &c.

Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.

Hor.

By WILLIAM MAVOR, LL. D.

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

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR RICHARD PHILLIPS, NO. 71,

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD,

By Slatter and Munday, Oxford.

1805.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

MARCHIONESS OF BLANDFORD,

THIS VOLUME,

THE OFFSPRING OF A FATHER's SOLICITUDE

FOR HIS

CHILDREN,

IS, A SECOND TIME,

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

HER LADYSHIP's

MOST OBLIGED,

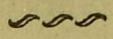
AND VERY OBEDIENT

HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

Woodstock, Nov. 30, 1804.

ADVERTISEMENT.



It is a truth, which, I believe, is incontrovertible, that no one can do good in the small circle of his private connexions, without extending the benefit, in some degree, to society. This consideration, in every liberal mind, furnishes a stronger incitement, and gives an additional gratification to activity and zeal, in laudable pursuits.

The favourable manner in which the public received the former part of this Work, has encouraged the author of the following pages to persevere in his plan, and has strengthened his conviction, that his labours are not quite destitute of utility. Fame was not

his object: he wrote to instruct or amuse his own children, without studying any embellishment, save that of truth—without an ambitious display of any endowments, save those of a warm and an affectionate heart. Other parents, he has the pleasure to find, have entered into his feelings and his views; and his first attempts in this way have gained a circulation beyond his most sanguine hopes, and far beyond their merit, if regarded solely as literary compositions.

It is scarcely necessary to observe, that the short view he has given of some of the principal branches of human knowledge, and his recommendation of others, in this and the preceding volume, were only meant to excite curiosity, not to gratify it. On such slight and casual circumstances is the taste of youth formed,

that it is wise to throw as many various lures as possible in its way, in order to rouse attention. The original bias of our minds is not always to be accounted for; but it is frequently known to arise from trivial impulses. In our early years, a coincidence of taste is perceived, and immediately elicited, by the most fortuitous discoveries. Poets, orators, mathematicians, and naturalists, have felt the glow of emulation from desultory reading, or accidental remark; and have pursued the career which their genius thus pointed out, till they have gained the heights of celebrity.

In the higher and more important science of life and manners, is not the case frequently the same? A fable, a moral, an interesting story, has often left an impression on the mind, which nothing could efface. The love of

virtue, the sense of religion, the removal of prejudice, and the correction of ill habits, have seldom been effectuated by a solitary precept, however often repeated; but most commonly have originated from imitation, or been imprinted by a striking example*.

Nothing is more difficult in the chapter of education, than to know how far advice ought to be carried, and where it ought to stop. The ingenuous minds of youth are shocked, at dissuasives from gross turpitude: there are some vices too base to be named. A natural sense of propriety is the best preventive of such: desire is only inflamed by impolitic coercion, and follies or crimes have

* Segniùs irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator.

HOR.

often been confirmed, by injudicious attempts to restrain them.

This brief exposition of his sentiments and his objects, the author thinks due to those parents who may honour his well-meant labours with their attention. He is not weak enough to flatter himself with universal applause, or to imagine that he can convince every judgment; but he indulges the hope, "that what has flowed from the heart, will reach the heart," and that the impression he has wished to make, will be found safe, if not salutary.

CONTENTS.

	Page
I.—READING	1
II.—JEHANDER, PRINCE OF AVA	5
III.—LIBERTY	12
IV.—THE FAIR. SHOW OF WILD BEASTS	15
V.—NATURAL HISTORY . .	18
VI.—ON AN INQUISITIVE DISPOSITION; OR THE CONTRAST	22
VII.—SHADRACH, THE JEW .	25
VIII.—HOME	29
IX.—ADVENTURES OF A ROBINSON CRUSOE	32
X.—QUADRUPEDS . . .	41
XI.—CHARADES	46
XII.—FABLE. THE RACER AND THE CART-HORSE . .	50
XIII.—LETTER FROM A FATHER TO HIS SON, ON HIS ENTERING AT THE UNIVERSITY .	52
XIV.—ALCANZOR AND ZAYDA. A MOORISH TALE . .	58
XV.—BIRDS	68
XVI.—SPECTRES AND APPARITIONS	75

Page.

XVII.—THE NECESSITY OF GIVING A RIGHT DIRECTION TO THE PURSUITS OF YOUTH . 78

XVIII.—ON MATERNAL AFFECTION. SUGGESTED BY AN INCIDENT IN READING . 82

XIX.—THE HERO AND THE SAGE . 85

XX.—AMPHIBIA 88

XXI.—FORBEARANCE. A LETTER 95

XXII.—RELIGION TO BE REVERED 99

XXIII.—ON ROMANCES . . 103

XXIV.—SYMPATHY OF MIND . 105

XXV.—THE ALARM-BIRD . 108

XXVI.—ON THE ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE 111

XXVII.—ON THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE 114

XXVIII.—GILLYFLOWER AND WORMWOOD: A FABLE . 120

XXIX.—FISHES 122

XXX.—CHARADES. PART II. . 131

XXXI.—THE PERISHING SHEEP. AN INCIDENT . . . 137

XXXII.—DOCILITY OF DISPOSITION, THE BASIS OF SUCCESSFUL EDUCATION . . 140

XXXIII.—MODERN TIMES, CONTRASTED WITH THE PAST . . 148

XXXIV.—DISAPPOINTMENT . . 155

Page

XXXV.—CONCEIT. THE MENDER OF CRACKED EARTHEN WARE. A TALE . . . 157

XXXVI.—SQUINTINDA; OR, THE LOVER OF MISCHIEF: A CHARACTER 163

XXXVII.—A MEMORIAL . . . 167

XXXVIII.—INSECTS 169

XXXIX.—THE DISINTERESTED ARAB 177

XL.—PERVERSENESS. SULLEN AND GENTLE CONTRASTED . 182

XLI.—THE OAK AND THE BRIER. A FABLE 185

XLII.—THE DANGER OF UNEQUAL CONNEXIONS; EXEMPLIFIED IN THE HISTORY OF AMELIA HARLEY . . . 187

XLIII.—GIVE AND TAKE! AN ANECDOTE 201

XLIV.—WORMS 203

XLV.—THE MAGNET . . . 214

XLVI.—TOLERATION . . . 218

XLVII.—SUCCESS NOT ALWAYS DEPENDENT ON MERIT . 223

XLVIII.—PAST RECOLLECTIONS . 228

XLIX.—THE OBSTINATE MULE. A FABLE 232

Page

L.—SOUND, THUNDER, AND LIGHTNING . . 235
LI.—ELECTRICITY . . 237
LII.—THE DANGEROUS CONSEQUENCES OF ENCOURAGING A THEATRIC TASTE IN YOUTH. THE HISTORY OF CLARINDA HARTLEY . 241
LIII.—THE WINTER EVENING'S AMUSEMENT. PART I. . 251
LIV.—THE WINTER EVENING'S AMUSEMENT. PART II. 257
LV.—DETRACTION . . 262
LVI.—MORAL MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS—TO BE OBSERVED . . . 265
LVII.—MAXIMS AND PRACTICES OF THE WORLD—TO BE SHUNNED 268
LVIII.—VIRTUE NOT EXEMPT FROM SUBLUNARY ILLS. THE EARTHQUAKE . . 271
LIX.—CANDOUR AND CHARITY RECOMMENDED. THE STORY OF LYSANDER AND EUONOMUS 287
LX.—THE BOTANICAL WALK . 293
LXI.—LETTER TO W. J. J. H. F. G. F. M. 297

A

FATHER's GIFT

TO HIS CHILDREN.

READING.

YOU seem fond of reading, my dear children, and I am pleased to observe your predilection for books. Nothing can be more rational, or more innocent; or more entirely in your own power, in all the vicissitudes of fortune and of time.

Cut off from the enjoyments of society by ill health, separated from your friends by distance of place, or a voluntary recluse from worldly engagements, you may still solace your leisure, with the fruits of learned industry; and keep up an acquaintance with the wise, in their writings. Disgusted with the folly, or shocked with the turpitude of mankind, you may retire to your study or your fire-side, and associate with the illustrious dead, or the enlightened living; and

arming yourself with maxims of prudence and reflection, return to the world with fresh resolution to enable you to act or to suffer.

Mere reading, however, is only the employment of frivolous or weak minds, in order to kill time. I wish you to reap profit as well as pleasure from this delightful exercise. How is this to be done? Not by dipping into different authors with a desultory and vacant attention; not by rapidly running through many volumes, and as soon forgetting their contents; but by selecting the best writers alone, in every branch of learning; and by acquiring habits of ratiocination and reflection, on what has passed under your review.

He who retains no relish on the palate after he rises from the feast, is a voluptuary of a vitiated taste, or obtunded feelings. Were you to pass through a garden, where the most exquisite odours recreated the senses, would you feel happy on leaving it, to retain no share of the sweets, nor to carry with you some of the most fragrant flowers, when freely permitted to pluck them? The reader who is satisfied with the temporary charm of novelty, or swallows knowledge without taking time to digest it, is exactly in the situation of him who casually sees himself

in a glass, and soon forgets his natural appearance; or who indulges his other senses, while reason, by whose test they should be tried, is suffered to lie dormant.

Read, therefore, to reflect; and reflect, that you may be eager to read. Even the journal of the day may afford improvement to a contemplative mind. The *quicquid agunt homines*, the avocations of ordinary men, the schemes of the politician, the edicts of power,—every incident, every occurrence, to him who seeks for wisdom, will supply opportunities to become wise. The bee from the humblest plant can rifle sweets: even from the most poisonous, it can extract some honey. In such cases, however, the toil may be greater than the advantage; but still that labour is not to be despised which is not wholly in vain. We have different tastes; and, under the influence of reason and religion, all may occasionally be indulged. But it is certainly most commendable, and shows the strongest intellectual sanity, to pursue that with the most active perseverance, which, when obtained, will conduce to the best ends; and not to sacrifice the advantages of lasting improvement to temporary amusement.

The best authors in all languages are a fertile field, from which you may reap a luxuriant crop; but if you cut them down without binding them into sheaves; or if, after binding up, you neglect to carry them away, you take the greatest labour, and yet content yourself with the least reward.

To descend from allegorical language—in the pursuit of amusement from reading, never forget to draw some practical improvement from what you read. The essence of a bundle of sweets may be contained in a phial; and the richest authors may have their most useful parts compressed into a nut-shell.

It is an excellent method to keep a common-place book, to enter what is most interesting or useful in the course of your studies; but should this be thought too troublesome, you may by reflection, commit to the tablet of your mind, what is more peculiarly valuable; and carry it into use, as often as your intercourse with mankind shows you its propriety or advantage.

JEHANDER, PRINCE OF AVA.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

IN every clime he who seeks for wisdom, will find means to become wise; he who is is in love with Virtue, will obtain possession of her charms.

Jehander, the son of Kussain, king of Ava, from his earliest years had shown a predilection for learning, and the most inquisitive taste for knowledge. The toys which were liberally supplied to amuse his infant hours, were constantly pulled to pieces, in order to examine their mechanism and structure; the very robe that wrapped his tender limbs was unwove, to ascertain its texture. He questioned his attendants in regard to every phenomenon of nature, and every effort of art; but, in general, their ignorance frustrated his ardent thirst for information, and he was rather indebted for what he acquired, to the resources of his own mind, than to the instruction of others. He longed to burst the fetters which were imposed, both on his mental and corporeal liberty, and to contemplate the

universe, free from the trammels of restraint; and to signalize himself in a path, which had never been trodden by any native of Ava before.

The genius that presided over his natal hour, saw his glorious ambition, and determined to open the way, unseen, to its gratification. As a preliminary step, till the prince's reason became more mature, he inspired his keepers with an unusual degree of attachment to their amiable charge, and an acquiescence in his laudable endeavours to investigate the mysteries of nature. They granted him, as he grew up, a greater latitude of range than any of the royal family had ever been indulged in: they led him round the gardens of the palace, and set before his admiring view every object that could excite, or gratify his curiosity. They brought him from distant fields the most beautiful and the most fragrant flowers, which he dissected, in order to discover the laws of their organization, and the economy of their growth: they allowed him to pluck others from their native beds, or assisted him to rear them from the tender seed.

Of all pastimes and employments he thought this the most delightful; and he never saw the earth, in the vicinity of the royal residence, covered with its verdant robe, and spangled

with a thousand dyes, but he expressed his regret at not being able to analyze and name its various productions, and to trace them throughout their remotest haunts.

"Why," would the young Jehander exclaim, "was I born to be confined within the narrow precincts of my paternal palace, and to waste my days in inglorious ease and gloomy ignorance; when Nature spreads her volume for my instruction, and the charms of creation invite me to a more minute survey? The painted tenant of the sky flies as it lists with light wing, from place to place; sometimes tunes its melodious pipe on the trees that shade the sunny gardens of Ava; and when weary of the objects beneath its view, aims a higher flight, soars beyond the power of man, and alights in other districts, that offer fresh variety or delight. It shifts from clime to clime, as the season or fancy recommends; it enjoys every blessing of diversified nature that its limited faculties can taste; while I am cooped up within the narrow bounds of a spot, whose rounds I have trodden, till repetition becomes irksome; and feel my mind contracted, from the want of opportunities to enlarge it. I am pestered with unmeaning forms, which teach me nothing I wish to know. My tutors attempt

to instil principles into my bosom which violate its uncontaminated perceptions of right and wrong; but no one is either capable or willing to instruct me, in what I deem most essential to learn, and most conducive to my felicity to acquire."

Every day the amusements, the pursuits, and the studies of the court became more vapid, and the gloom of discontent sat heavy on the prince's eye, and clouded his natural smile. By this time he had examined every plant, he had surveyed every animal, which his attendants had the means to procure; but he was still dissatisfied with his very partial acquaintance with nature; and the king his father, destitute himself of every idea beyond that of the routine of court parade and voluptuous pleasure, saw with concern the more elevated notions and expanded sentiments of his son, and tried to check their growth, as derogatory to his royal birth.

"Jehander," said he, "when I am called to join my fathers, it will be your lot to sit on the throne of Ava, and to wield the sceptre over a people, countless as the stars. Your ancestors, except when called on to head their forces in defence of their realms, or when ambition prompted them to extend their sway, have been

content for ages, to live within the boundaries of the palace, blest in the pleasures it supplies, and satisfied with the knowledge of governing, indifferent about knowing more. The peasant may study nature—it lies under his view; but a prince of Ava should study politics: for though other acquisitions may possibly furnish a kind of intellectual pleasure to some tastes, what is their utility in the science of oriental sovereign power? Plants and animals may amuse children, but you were born to govern men."

"Sire," replied the prince, "to the author of my existence I owe every degree of respect; but Heaven fixed the bias of my mind, and I cannot resist its impulses. The eternal has moulded it in a different form from those of the ancestors you speak of. It pants for knowledge, which hitherto it has not been able to acquire; but I promise you, that in all my pursuits, I shall endeavour to render my attainments subservient to some benevolent or useful end. Surely it is no reflection on him who is destined to govern, to be wiser and better than his subjects: if it is, I must learn to acquiesce in my present contracted knowledge, or rather my palpable ignorance of nature and her works."

The prince retired to his apartment, distracted

by the conflict of passions, and vented in private the bitterness of his soul. "A peasant may study nature, but a prince of Ava ought to study politics." The sentiment might be prudent, but he did not feel it to be just. Night began to draw her curtains round his bed; but sleep disdained to seal his eye-lids. He became feverish with agitation. He started from his couch, and opened the window. Gales of fragrance recreated his senses; the universal silence that prevailed, revived all his desire for a more unconstrained field of observation. He meditated to elude the vigilance of his guards, and to escape to the regions of nature. He was just ready to spring from the window, when he fell into a swoon. He recovered, and found himself in an unknown place, with heaven for his canopy, and earth for his bed.

Instantly a venerable figure, clad in robes of azure light, appeared before him, and taking him by the hand, with looks ineffably sweet, demanded his attention. "I am the genius," said he, "that presides over your destiny: fear not—you are safe under my protection. I admire, and will gratify your taste for natural knowledge. Under my guidance you shall know all that mortal can know. I will display

to your enchanted view, every plant that drinks the dew, every living thing that peoples the earth, that wings the sky, or swims in the liquid element. I will open the recondite stores of the universe to your sight; and when you have satisfied your curiosity, I will lodge you in the palace of Ava; nor shall it be known you ever left it.

The prince was ready to expire with wonder and delight. The genius conducted him over every quarter of the globe, and explained to him the productions of every kingdom of nature, their uses and qualities, apparently at leisure, and without confusing his ideas: but what was his astonishment, when he opened his eyes next morning in the identical bed, on which he had laid himself down the evening before!

Jehander now discovered he had been in a trance; but the impression he had received was permanent and complete. On the death of his father, which happened not long after, he ascended the throne, and the knowledge he had acquired was immediately applied, to promote the happiness and civilization of his people, to encourage trade and manufactures, and to make himself not only adored for his virtues, but respected for his wisdom.

LIBERTY.

JUVENIS seemed to connect the idea of liberty with an emancipation from all restraint. He was too young to be capable of due reflection, and of making just distinctions himself; but it was time that the more important principles and rules of human action should be properly implanted in his mind, lest the weeds of error should pre-occupy the soil. Finding, on some trivial occasion, that he had a misconception of what he had a right to do, his tutor thus addressed him. It is the language of a man who spoke from his heart, and who wished to be attended to.

"Cherish liberty," said he, "as your birthright; and regard it as the chief blessing that can make life, either valuable or happy. Consider it not, however, as conferring the power of doing what you please; but of doing what you lawfully ought. In the first case, it loses its name, and becomes licentiousness: in the last, it is an inheritance unalienable, the gift of heaven to man. Yet how many groan under

the galling yoke of slavery, and how many sink beneath the oppressor's scourge! How many resign, not only the liberty of action, but also the liberty of thought, and are fettered both in body and mind, to aid the barren pomp of despotism, and to prop the inglorious reign of bigotry!

"When will those who are invested with the exercise of hereditary or acquired power feel the conviction, that the influence of love is stronger than the impulse of fear; and that arbitrary sway is as fatal to the happiness of the possessor, as to those who experience its effects? When will the tyrants of the mind cease to blaspheme, by changing the God of mercy into an object of terror, and calling the inventions of men the commands of heaven? When will the advocates of superstition let go their hold on the weak; and human policy co-operate with the Divine intentions, in shedding illumination on the mind of ignorance!

"It is your felicity, and be it your pride, to reflect, that you were born in a land where equal rights are the lot of all;—where your person and property are secured by wise and salutary laws;—where you can neither injure, nor be injured with impunity—and where the

pure precepts of Christianity are taught, untinctured with the dross of superstition—with the sole, the benevolent view, of making you better and wiser here, and happy for ever.

"Who would forfeit such a valuable inheritance, by licentiousness or neglect? Who that is capable of reflection, would not support with all his might, the constitution and government which guarantee so many advantages, and give a proud pre-eminence to Britons over every other nation in the globe? Our forefathers, animated by the love of rational liberty, fought for, and secured their descendants' rights. They fixed them on the adamantine basis of reason, by making the interests of the sovereign and his subjects the same. They bled, to save us from oppression: they became martyrs, to rescue us from superstition. And shall we forget what we owe to ourselves and to our posterity? No! Let us tread in the steps of our ancestors, and maintain the fabric they have reared. Shame on those who by fraud or force would circumscribe our legitimate and reasonable privileges; and may infamy be the portion of him, who, blind to the blessings he enjoys, seeks for visionary refinements, at the expence of his country's peace, his personal allegiance, and the fair prospects of his posterity."

The tutor here paused—He did not wish to quench the flame of freedom, but to regulate its beat.

THE FAIR.

SHOW OF WILD BEASTS.

"WELL! what did you see at the fair to entertain you?"—"Oh? many things, papa. I might have seen Punch for three-pence; but there was a caravan full of wild beasts; and I preferred having a look at them, though it cost me six-pence. There was a lion—what a fierce and stately animal it is! but yet I liked him better than the hyæna; for he seemed to be milder and more tractable. Then I saw a wolf—a famished, savage-looking creature! except that it was larger, it was for all the world, like farmer Bullock's ugly mongrel house-dog. There were also several monkies, that chattered, and played a number of antic tricks; and a great huge baboon. I think I have seen a face something like the baboon's. He held a stick in his hand, and had he been dressed like a man, he might, in a bad light, have been taken for an old beggar, with a long beard."

"I see you give a pretty good account of what you have seen; and I commend your taste, in preferring the exhibition of wild beasts to Punch's mummery. Foreign animals are not every day to be met with; and unless people avail themselves of the casual opportunities which are presented, of viewing the most curious of them, they could never have a competent idea of their forms and habitudes. Good prints are very useful auxiliaries: I will show you some; but a judicious observer of a living animal will learn more of its manners and dispositions from the eye or the step, than can ever be communicated by the art of delineation. Even the most accurate description leaves a less vivid impression on the mind, than the slightest survey.

"Animated nature, my dear boy, presents a vast field to the inquisitive mind; and what can more properly engage the attention of man, than the study of life in general, in which he participates, and of creatures in particular, subservient to his use or pleasure? The intimate knowledge of himself and his duties is certainly the grand object worthy his regard; but if he consider himself as first in the scale of animated beings, and infinitely exalted above all, by the use of reason, he will feel the dignity of his station, and

be ashamed to sink to a level with the irrational orders of animals.

" Again, to repress false pride, let man view himself as linked in the same classical order with apes, monkeys, maucaucoes, and bats; let him consider the slight shades of external difference between the most degraded of his own kind, and the ourang-outang; and this comparison will teach him humility of heart, and kindness to such as are beneath him. But in whatever light we consider animated nature, it is impossible not to see and acknowledge an almighty Parent, and an all-wise Creator. Whether we contemplate the beasts that walk the earth, the birds that people the air, the fishes that replenish the seas, or the insect tribes that sport in the meridian blaze, our views must be full of wonder and delight, and rise with love and adoration to the Source of ALL."

NATURAL HISTORY.

"DEAR papa! you have made me anxious to know something of animals, or animated nature, as you termed it; will you tell me where I can read of birds, beasts, and fishes? for I should like to be acquainted with them all."

To rouse dormant curiosity, and then to gratify it, was one part of the father's plan of education. He eagerly embraced the opportunity which he wished to find.

"You must know, my love, that animals, in their general definition, possess sensation, and spontaneous loco-motion, exclusive of a vegetative and a generative power, which they have in common with vegetables. This distinction may be sufficient for use. You will wonder, indeed, that I should think it necessary to explain what an animal is; but an acquaintance with nature will convince you, that it is not always an easy matter to tell where animal life begins, and vegetable ends.

"The sensitive plant, *mimosa pudica*, seems to have as much perception as the polypus; ex-

cept that the latter has a loco-motive power. But vegetables are always confined to one spot; they can neither shun danger, nor seek for nourishment, after the animal plan. Hence an obvious and infallible distinction is established.

"Human industry, from the earliest ages, has been employed in diminishing the number of noxious or useless creatures, and in reclaiming for use such as are beneficial; and though it is probable no species of animal life is entirely extinct, yet where man has long been undisputed sovereign, he has either exterminated his annoyers, or driven them to haunts less frequented.

"Still, however, an immense variety of existences is diffused over the most cultivated spots: the earth, the water, and the air, teem with life. And in contemplating the exuberance of nature, indolence might naturally be tempted to pronounce that absolutely indeterminable, which cannot be particularized without so much application. But the active and inquisitive mind, instead of reposing in hopeless ignorance, or in a very limited degree of knowledge, has contrived means of numbering, grouping, and classing all the various animals that people creation.

"Among those systematic naturalists whose indefatigable exertions have contributed to our

knowledge, or to the facility of acquiring it, none have gained such deserved reputation as ARISTOTLE, RAY, KLEIN, LINNÆUS, and PENNANT. Why cannot we particularize BUFFON too, the philosophic painter of nature? He indeed rejected the trammels of system as useless incumbrances, while he indulged in hypothesis as more congenial to his exuberant fancy; but his works on natural history will delight and improve, while the charms of language are capable of affecting the mind, and while diligent investigation deserves praise. His theories will amuse, while the solidity of his remarks instructs.

"That illustrious father of science, Linnæus, whose eye pervaded animal and vegetable nature to their most secret recesses, with a studied brevity of expression, and an unrivalled precision, comprehends the greatest variety in the narrowest limits; and hence gives the clearest views, with the least burden to the memory. According to this great naturalist, the internal structure furnishes the first grand distinction of animals. Thus he finds, that quadrupeds and birds have two ventricles to the heart, and hot, red blood—the quadrupeds being viviparous, and the birds oviparous. Amphibia and fishes have the heart with only one ventricle, and cold, red blood—

the amphibia being furnished with lungs, and the fishes with gills. While insects and worms have only one ventricle in the heart, and cold white serum instead of blood—the insects being provided with feelers, and the worms with holders.

" Animated nature in general, is thus divided into six classes—quadrupeds, birds, amphibia, fishes, insects, and worms. These, at first view, appear pretty distinct from each other; yet when we come to a minute investigation, Nature is varied by such imperceptible gradations, that no precise line can be drawn between any two classes of her productions, nor any definitions framed that will embrace them all.

" In such a wide field as animated nature comprehends, it is impossible, within the limits I prescribe to myself, to do justice to the whole, or even to particular parts. I shall endeavour, however, at intervals, to give you some idea of the six great classes of which I have just told you it is composed. The authors I have enumerated in this pleasing branch of science, will fill up the outline which I mean to draw, not to satisfy, but to encourage you in deeper researches.

" When it appears you comprehend the distinctions I have laid down, and can give me a proper account of them, I will with pleasure in-

troduce you to a general acquaintance with quadrupeds, and so on, in order. To make your ground sure as you proceed, is the only effectual method of reaping improvement from all studies; more particularly where the objects are so multifarious as in natural history.

ON AN INQUISITIVE DISPOSITION; OR, THE CONTRAST.

NATURE spreads her volume before us; Art every where exhibits her productions, and Knowledge invites us to her haunts, by unerring indications of the road. Why comes it then that there are so many who are totally ignorant of the economy of nature, unacquainted with the principles of art, and blind to the allurements of knowledge? It cannot be for want of opportunity; for we cannot change the scene a single step, we cannot cast our eyes around us, but something new demands our attention, and solicits our regard. The fact is, either indolence or want of curiosity is the source of our ignorance; and while we give way to the former, or are lulled

into indifference by the latter, all advantages are useless, and even reason is given in vain.

There were two children whom I shall name Emilius and Paula, who, from the first dawn of opening intellect, discovered the most opposite turns of mind, in regard to what fell under their notice; and the event confirms my position.

Emilius was often indulged with a walk or a ride with his father; but no object, however new or curious, seemed to excite his curiosity. He indeed gazed with momentary wonder, but never gave himself the trouble to ask a single question respecting what he did not understand. If his father wished to explain to him any phenomenon in nature, any work of ingenuity, or any appearance which could not escape his observation, he seemed to listen, indeed, because he knew it was respectful; but he never availed himself of the opportunity that was offered him, of procuring satisfactory information. In a word, he led a kind of vegetable life, and when he grew up, was as completely ignorant of every thing around him, as if he had been bred a Hottentot, and was as unqualified to join in any rational discussion.

Paula, on the other hand, though she had fewer opportunities of making observations,

never let one slip without improvement. When in the company of her mother, she frequently puzzled her by the pertinent questions she put to her; and when she could not obtain the information she wanted at the moment, it was her constant care to refer every thing about which she was in doubt to her father; and frequently was she seen tumbling over books in the study, in order to pick out the knowledge she wanted, when she was afraid her inquisitiveness might give offence. By the time she was fifteen, she was a prodigy of intelligence—could talk with the naturalist, and even puzzle the mechanic. She could name every plant that was cultivated in the garden, or grew spontaneously in the vicinity; she was acquainted with the qualities of most animals, and in no branch of science was she wholly ignorant. Reader! whoever you are, if you copy Emilius's indolent and incurious disposition, you will be alike ignorant; but if, in imitation of Paula, you solicit information from the wise and the aged, or trace knowledge in the pages of the learned, you will store your mind with useful facts, never feel the vacuity of leisure or solitude, and be able to support a respectable character in rational society.

How many thousand things are to be learned, which it does not fall within the plan of the most liberal education to teach! and how are youth to know them, but by asking questions of those who are capable of communicating information, and removing doubts and misconceptions? Never, therefore, be ashamed to ask what is proper to be known; nor think it betrays ignorance, to confess that you are sensible of your present deficiences in knowledge and learning.

SHADRACH, THE JEW.

YOU have seen a venerable Jew, with a long beard, either named, or nick-named, Shadrach. Never shall I forget his graceful form, his mild deportment, and the philanthropy of his heart. He used to travel the country with a few trinkets and watches; and, contrary to the usual reception of his sect, where he had once dealt, he was sure to deal again.

It is generally said, that the Hebrews are selfish and unprincipled. Alas! we make them so. We allow them scarcely the feelings or the sentiments of human beings: by degrees they

yield to the destiny they cannot avoid, and become roguish, because no one will give them credit for honesty. Bent by oppression, however, they never rise to resistance; insulted, they tamely submit. The tone of their minds is in general broken by indignities, whether deserved or not; they seldom enjoy the means of comfortable subsistence; yet these are the beings whom we blame for the want of virtues, that we do not allow scope to expand!

Shadrach, however, had virtues of the highest order. The liberal manner in which his general intercourse with the world was conducted, had at length overcome prejudice; and though he used to be followed by the boys in every town he entered, attracted by his flowing beard and silk turban, not a tongue could move to ridicule him, not a finger be lifted to do him harm.

A short incident will display his character; and perhaps give you a better opinion of his sect than you have yet entertained. If you feel one prejudice the less, I am rewarded for my recital.

Arriving late one evening, at a farm-house, where he had many a night taken up his lodging, in his round that way, he found the family in the greatest seeming distress. An affectionate

wife was petrified and mute with grief. Five helpless weeping infants were clinging round her, and asking for their father. The carter was scratching his head, with his eyes fixed on the ground; another servant blubbered outright; while the maid was trying to comfort the children, though it was evident she wanted comfort herself.

Shadrach immediately conceived, that his old friend the farmer was just dead; and he was beginning to make the obvious remark—that all are mortal. His entry had been heard in an inner room, from whence burst two monsters in human form, to see what was going on. They told him, that they were in possession of the house, and that they did not want such visitors as he. Shadrach made a mild reply: he said, that often, after a toilsome day, he had found a kind reception at this place; and he expressed his wish, that if the farmer was alive he might see him again—"Alive!" said the bailiffs; for you must know they were such—"He is alive, and in that room; and to-morrow will have a better house over his head than ever he had in his life; and more entertaining company than a melancholy wife, and a pack of snivelling children."—"And are you Christians?" replied the

Jew.—" Thank God I am not; but I can practise those precepts which you, though enjoined to obey, seem scarcely to know or believe. What is the debt?"—" Oh!" said the bailiffs, " no great sum to you Jews, who live by plundering the public; it is only forty pounds."—" Well, well, I will take the farmer's note for the sum, and pay you the money. We shall then see whether this good family will not be happier in the company of Shadrach than in your's."—The Jew liberated the farmer, and enjoyed the luxury of doing good. He never slept sounder than he did that night. He stipulated that the money should be repaid him by instalments of five pounds, every time he called, which was about twice a year. He often called —saw the farmer and his family advancing in prosperity—refused any part of the debt till he was sure it could be well spared: and to finish his benevolent regard for the person he had once obliged, finding himself overtaken by the hand of death in a distant county, he cancelled the note, and sent it under cover to the farmer, as a mark of his remembrance at last.

HOME.

HOW many sensibilities and tender emotions are excited! how many poignant reflections may be conveyed, by a single word! One word may call up a thousand ideas to delight or agonize; and the most expressive and energetic that language affords, either to soothe or torment, is the syllable—HOME.

He who is blest in his domestic relations, amidst the abstractions of business, and the insults or the ingratitude of a selfish world, consoles himself with the reflection, that he will meet with a recompence for all his toils and disappointments—AT HOME.

He who is engaged in distant occupations, in the pursuit of gain, or in the investigation of science, pleases himself with the hope that he will find some dear deserving connexions to participate his good fortune, or to whom he may impart his knowledge—AT HOME.

While the cup of innocent pleasure invites the taste; while the charms of society enliven the hour, the moments of reflection are most

delightfully filled up in every feeling heart, by the still greater endearments which await it—AT HOME.

When the storms of life or of the elements overtake us, as we are journeying on; though the first may penetrate to the heart, and the latter chill the vital frame, they cannot wholly overcome him who is able to reflect, that he has some to feel for him, or to take care of him—AT HOME.

All the various pursuits in which every human being who has any rational aim, is engaged, tend to a single point; and that point is to be happy and beloved—AT HOME.

How wretched then must he be, who, under the pressure of calamity, the tyranny of wrong, and the attacks of disease, has no kind consoler—AT HOME!

How can he struggle with fortune, and not despond! who knows that all his toil, all his care, and all his solicitude, find no grateful recompence—AT HOME?

Wretched is that man, though he may be the object of envy or applause; though the public may hail his name with deserved honour, and call him blest, who feels the vacuity of reciprocal tenderness, and a prison—in HIS HOME.

Wretched is that man, who cannot enjoy the friends he loves, nor the society in which he delights, nor even his own natural and rational pleasures—AT HOME.

Wretched is that man, who expending health, and renouncing pleasure for the sake of his domestic ties, meets only with the gall of bitterness, and the stings of contumely—AT HOME.

Wretched is that man, whose heart throbs with benevolence for all, whose bosom pants to give and receive felicity in the circle of his duties, who has no congenial mind, no tender friend, no affectionate partner—AT HOME.

In fine, as the prime blessings of life, or the most aggravated and irremediable ills, arise from domestic intercourse and relations, of how great importance is it to enter into such associations, and to form such connexions, as are capable of endearing the thoughts of private enjoyment, of calling forth all the finer sensations of the soul, and of blunting the edge of the most oppressive woes—AT HOME.

Happiness depends neither on fortune nor on fame; it is neither attached to the palace, nor despises the cot; neither delights in finery, nor spurns at rags; but is alone to be found or missed,

to be enjoyed or lamented, in the retirements, whether splendid or mean, of domestic life, and HOME.

ADVENTURES OF A ROBINSON CRUSOE, WRITTEN BY ITSELF.

THE love of posthumous reputation is universally allowed to actuate authors; and why should it have no effect on books? I have been of some utility in my day, and have enjoyed much favour from the public; but as I am now drawing near the close of my existence, I feel the natural wish to perpetuate my name.

It is well known I was originally the foster son of De Foe, who stole me from Alexander Selkirk, and fashioned and new-modelled me with so much skill, that it was impossible my real father could claim me as his own. I have had sons and grandsons without end, and without number; but I have reason to think that I am one of the ancient stock, or at least not one of the puny breed that is daily produced to amuse little boys and girls, who love reading better

than a sixpenny piece, which by the bye, all good children ought to do.

My front, till a recent misfortune, was adorned with the real Robinson Crusoe, crowned with his fur cap, and armed with his gun. His man Friday, and some goats frisking round, heightened the group; and often has this print been more admired than all the curious circumstances that are crowded into my history. I was clothed in a most elegant and substantial manner, in what might be called a military dress; for it was red laced with gold.

As I lay many years ago on a bookseller's counter, along with several of my brethren, a lady, leading a little girl by the hand, entered the shop, and asked if we were sold there. Being answered in the affirmative, I was shown with the rest; and Miss, on account of my gay dress, preferred me. She was not the only young lady that has been captivated with scarlet and gold!

Being carried home, she was for some time so fond of me, that she was constantly tumbling over my leaves by day, and even took me to bed with her at night. She was quickly mistress of my story; and I have the happiness to reflect, that no one who has read me has ever been the

worse for it. Let other romances say as much if they dare! From me, she learned a dutiful regard for the advice of parents, resignation to the dispensations of Providence, pity for misfortunes, and hope amidst every ill.

By degrees, however, I became more estranged from my young mistress, or rather she from me. I was sometimes left in the parlour-window, sometimes put into the bookcase; and at last I was so little noticed, that for months and years together, I lay dormant in her bureau.

Affection, however, when once sincere and deep, is seldom wholly lost. In process of time, my mistress had a son old enough to look at me. He was first shewn my frontispiece, which he vastly admired. His mother took some pains to explain my history, before he could read; and when he was capable of this, he used to be indulged with me as a particular favour, with cautions to use me well, and a promise that, when he was more advanced in age, he should receive me as a present.

When he found his mamma in a good humour, he frequently tried to prevail on her to part with me; but she still retained some regard for me herself, and thought the youngster was yet in-

capable of taking care of me. At last, the time arrived when he was to be sent to a boarding-school. Many tears were shed on the occasion; and I was offered up at the shrine of maternal love, as a pledge of affectionate remembrance. The youth was not a little soothed by this gift: he packed me up in his box with grammars, spelling books, and such scholastic apparatus, and I was hurried to a considerable distance from my former haunts. I must confess that I anticipated misfortunes when I was torn from my beloved mistress, and consigned to the care of a giddy boy of ten; but it is happy for us all, that we are unable to pierce the veil of futurity, and therefore are capable of enjoying the present with a higher relish.

Hitherto my coat was not much the worse for the wear. The red was indeed a little faded, and the gold tarnished; a few wrinkles and spots deformed my substance; but still I might have passed for a middle-aged book, and among younger competitors would not have appeared to much disadvantage.

For a few days, the thoughts of home absorbed the whole attention of my young master; and though he occasionally visited the box where I was lodged, to supply himself with slices of cake

and sweetmeats, which his mother had liberally stowed there, I only caught a casual glance, and lay snug among the literary lumber I have already mentioned. I own I felt it some degradation to be confined with such dull companions; but no doubt they have their use, and may have some important services to boast of, as well as I. They certainly qualify children to read such books as myself to advantage, and therefore they ought not to be despised. Vanity, alas! has too much influence on men as well as their works. I have since learned to sympathize with the objects I then contemned. The tie of misfortune is stronger than that of happiness. When I reflect on the shortness of their duration, I have reason to be thankful for the longevity that has fallen to my lot.

My little master gradually recovered his spirits, and contracted an acquaintance with his associates in the school. Their leisure hours were generally spent in play; but at intervals, they mutually exhibited their stores of playthings and books to each other; and my owner was not a little proud of me, when he perceived how much some of his school-fellows admired me, and, how solicitous they seemed to read me. I was lent from one to another, all round the

school; and Robinson Crusoe with his fur cap was a person of no small consideration in their eyes.

The more I became a favourite, however, the harder was my usage. I was thumbed without mercy, my leaves began to curl, my binding to break, and when any little fracas arose, I was sometimes hurled with such vengeance at the head of the offending party as to shake my very frame, and threaten instant dissolution. By good luck however, I escaped pretty well. I had been used till novelty was no more; and was returned to the box quietly to rest, with diminished beauty, indeed, but still perfect in all my parts.

The holydays came on, and my master returned home. After the usual greetings and salutations, during which I was not of sufficient importance to be thought of, my old mistress began to recollect me, and asked how I fared. I was produced, and I instantly perceived she was not well pleased with my appearance. "Jackey," said she, "you have been a bad master to poor Robinson Crusoe. He suffered less in my keeping for more than twenty years." The youngster hung down his head, threw the blame on his companions, and promised he would take better care of me in future.

My mistress would have been glad to recover me out of his hands; but she was afraid to urge this, as he pretended to be extremely attached to me, and begged to carry me back with him to school. It is easy to give up our own lighter prejudices or partialities to those we really love: the son was unwilling to part with me, and the mother too fond to deny him any thing.

My history is now approaching to its conclusion. Perhaps my readers will think it time; yet I have omitted numerous anecdotes, which some writers would have swollen to importance, and made them appear as new, though told a thousand times before. I never dealt in very flimsy details, and therefore will not now indulge in them, but hasten to the catastrophe.

About two months after my master's return to school, his pocket-money being all spent, and being disappointed in expected remittances from home, he was driven to some difficulties, when tempted by the sight of fruit and tarts. He had borrowed of his school-fellows till his credit was wholly gone; and his desire for indulgence was only whetted, by the obstacles in the way of gratifying it.

One unpropitious day, the fruit woman brought a dish of baked apples, smoaking hot. Their

delicious fumes, I suppose, got the better of his reason. He ran and fetched me from my dormitory, and asked how many apples she would give him for Robinson Crusoe? The most ignorant and illiterate have heard of my name; and the old woman seeing I was still in pretty good condition, offered him a dozen. The bargain was instantly struck; and till my late master had devoured his apples, he never once reflected how poor was his gratification, when he was sensible it must wound the feelings of a tender mother, to part with me on such easy terms, and for such an ignoble end. The boy who can sacrifice his duty to his appetite will never make a shining figure; yet I learnt he was sensible of his error when too late to recover me—when my destiny was sealed for ever.

The fruit-woman having amused herself with me, for two or three evenings, carried me to another school along with her usual wares. Now I must observe by the bye, that she ought to have been banished from attending at any school, for buying what ought not to have been sold. A boy pulling out a fine new shilling to pay for a penny tart, she was so charmed with its appearance, that she wished to have the whole, and made a tender of me and the tart, that she might be

mistress of the shining treasure. The lad looked at me, and told her if she would throw in another tart, it was a bargain. No more words passed; and I was again in the hands of a scholar, who proved one of the most careless and stupid masters that ever a book served.

I had already gone through so many revolutions, that I began to look old: but in good hands I might still have been long useful. The first evening I was turned over with some attention; but my possessor growing sleepy, dropt me as he was passing through a lumber room to bed; and in the morning I was found more than half consumed by the rats: my poor remains were gathered up, and I was sold to a chandler for a penny.

Such is my eventful history; and I fear it is similar to many of my kind.

QUADRUPEDS.*

YOUR ideas of animal life appear to be pretty correct, I am pleased to find you have paid so much attention to my essay on that subject. We will now proceed to quadrupeds.

If we take a comparative view of the different animals which people the globe, we shall immediately perceive, that quadrupeds, next to man, demand the pre-eminence of rank, for their strength, utility, and sagacity, and the near similitude in their structure between us and them.

In the early ages of the world, before they were subdued to our use, it is probable that they disputed the sovereignty with man. Man, while uncivilized himself, in every wild beast found a formidable rival, but since arts have been invented, quadrupeds have either become his assistants, or have been forced to retire from his presence. Yet the independent spirit of animals,

* For some general ideas in this and the other essays on natural history, I acknowledge my obligations to Buffon and Goldsmith.

though now domesticated and tame, was not broken without reiterated efforts; and several generations must have passed away, before they became perfectly docile. Take a wild dog or a cat from their native retreats, and you will find their ferocious dispositions in some measure transmitted to their young: yet not only their dispositions, but even their very forms, may be gradually altered by human application and ingenuity.

In a state of nature, animals are subject to few variations. In shape, size, and colour, they remain nearly the same; but cultivation and care essentially change their character, and vary their colours and their figures.

Observe the horse, the dog, and the cow: how many varieties have arisen from one parent stock! The fierceness of nature has been subdued and reclaimed; and animals once domesticated, feeling the necessity they are under of relying on the protection of man; from their inability to provide for themselves, submit to the duties of their station, and become tractable and resigned. The very appetites and habitudes of quadrupeds may be changed by human ingenuity. They may be taught to live on food, which, in a state of nature, they would not touch; and to perform la-

bours that not only show docility but sagacity, acquired by an intercourse with the sons of reason.

On the other hand, some animals lose their natural instincts, in the vicinity of man. In those solitudes where they are seldom disturbed, beavers possess abundant ingenuity, and live in social order. But let man intrude, and their union is partially dissolved, their ingenuity lost.

Next to human influence, the climate seems to have the most powerful effect on quadrupeds. Providence is bountiful to all its creatures. In cold countries, animals have naturally a long, warm covering—remove them to warmer latitudes, and the hair becomes short and thin; again transplant the natives of the tropics to the hyperborean regions, and they soon assume a dress adapted to their wants.

On the disposition too, the influence of climate is perceptible. Under the line, and near the pole, quadrupeds are fierce and untractable; in temperate latitudes they are generally docile and mild. Has not the clime an effect on us also? Are not the perfection of the human powers, the sublimities of genius, and the best and mildest virtues of the heart affected by situation? The

contemplative mind will see an analogy between rational and irrational beings, under external impressions; and he who is a denizen of temperate regions ought to be thankful for the advantages of his situation, without censuring those who are less fortunate, and consequently less culpable, if they are deficient in knowledge, or erroneous in practice.

In this general account of quadrupeds, we shall only farther observe, that the smaller the animals, the more prolific they are. Providence has wisely balanced the strength of the great against the fecundity of the little, that no species may be entirely lost; and that man may enjoy all the advantages which can be derived from the useful, without being too much annoyed by the formidable.

From these cursory remarks, we shall now proceed to the systematic arrangement of quadrupeds. Their essential characters are, that their bodies are covered with hair; that they have four feet; that the females are viviparous; and that they suckle their young. "Oh!" you will say, "all this you already knew; and that quadrupeds must have four feet, or they would not deserve the appellation." Patience! what do

you think of men, bats, and whales being ranked among quadrupeds? Such is the system of Linnæus.

Animals with paps, or such as suckle their young, he calls MAMMALIA. The MAMMALIA, he divides into seven orders; the distinctions of which are principally established on the difference in the number, situation, and form of the teeth, though he does not entirely neglect the structure of the feet.

The orders are:

I. PRIMATES: including men, apes, &c.

II. BRUTA: including the sloth, armadillo, &c.

III. FERÆ: including the lion, tiger, &c.

IV. GLIRES: including the hare kind, the mouse, &c.

V. PECORA: including the sheep, goat, cow, &c.

VI. BELLUÆ: including the horse, &c.

VII. CETE, or the WHALE kind.

The whole number of known quadrupeds does not amount to three hundred.

Our ingenious countryman, PENNANT, has, perhaps given the most accurate system of quadrupeds that ever appeared. His general divisions

are into hoofed, digitated, pinnated, and winged quadrupeds.

But it is time I should finish my account of quadrupeds. You will be tired, I fear, before I get through all the other classes. None, however, are so important as this, and therefore greater brevity will suffice, should your attention flag, which I trust it will not. Quadrupeds are the least numerous of all the classes of nature, yet by far the most distinguished and useful, for the reasons already assigned.

CHARADES.

I HAVE tried to amuse you occasionally with an enigma: I will now introduce you to an acquaintance with another species of composition, derived from the same original stock, and alike calculated to exercise ingenuity, though it admits of less diffuseness of description.

You must know that *charades*, to which I allude, are of French extraction, and are well adapted to the genius of that lively nation. They are now pretty well naturalized in this country; and if we never copy greater absurdities, nor follow

worse precedents from our neighbours, we shall have no reason to blush at our own folly.

The legitimate structure of a charade is founded on a word of two syllables. Each syllable, in strict propriety, should be a noun substantive; and singly, have a different acceptation from the two when united.

I subjoin a few specimens, some of which, though composed years ago, for a similar purpose of affording a little harmless amusement, and exercising juvenile ingenuity, have never seen the light till now; and but for your gratification they would never have seen it. Superior talents, however, have indulged in such *jeux d'esprits*. I feel no degradation in the attempt.

I.

My *first* means provisions, my *second* yields drink,
My *whole's* a good wish—what is it, do you think?

II.

To a Young Lady of Quality.

My *first* and my *last* may you ever possess,
To taste each delight that my *whole* can bestow;
And beauty and innocence, all must confess,
Deserve well my purest sensations to know.

III.

In every day that fills the year,
My *first* must frequently appear;
Of life my *last* an emblem forms,
Bright, brittle, frail, expos'd to storms;
While from my *whole*, the serious eye
May see how swift the minutes fly,
And learn to crowd the narrow space
With acts that dignify our race.

IV.

If after my *first*, you drink deep of my *second*,
My *whole* to require, you will surely be reckon'd.

V.

My *first* in various senses stands,
My *second* melody implies;
My *whole* full oft, with partial hands,
Its favours scatters or denies;
Yet all invoke the fickle thing,
And wish to mount its airy wing.

VI.

From wintry blasts and chilling air,
My *first* assists to guard the fair;
Another join—and lo! how strange!
My form and nature both I change:
My praises fill the peopled street,
My presence decks the sober treat,
Where China's beverage circles round,
Nor beauty blushes to be found.

VII.

My *first's* an address in the primitive style,
My *second* bounds ocean for many a mile;
Would you know me *united*, contemplate the year,
Where cent'ries ago I began to appear.

VIII.

Whate'er has seen a length of years,
My *first* will bring to view;
By Moses' law, my *last* appears
Forbidden to a Jew;
But take me in my blended light,
Both Jew and Christian love me;
E'en Mahomet in his despite,
On tasting, would approve me.

IX.

My *first* is the genial source of much good,
Though sometimes the cause of much evil;
My *second* oft raises a spurious brood,
And my *whole* worships angel or devil.

X.

My *first* is a carriage, ill-humour my *last*,
My *whole* under foot is trode and held fast;
Yet it sees the best company, keeps from the rabble,
Is trusted with secrets, nor fear'd lest it babble.

KEY.

1. Fare-well. 2. Plea-sure. 3. Hour-glass 4. Sup-port. 5. For-tune. 6. Muff-in. 7. Thou-sand. 8. Old-Hock. 9. Heat-hen. 10. Car-pet.

FABLE.

THE RACER AND THE CART-HORSE.

A RACER, by chance fell in company with a cart-horse, and gave himself such airs, that the honest drudge could scarcely brook the insults he received. The champion of the course boasted of the money he had won by his fleetness, of the style in which he lived, and the attentions he met with from his master and the grooms; and observed, that though they were both horses, he thought himself of such a superior quality, that he did not care to be seen in such society as his.

"Silly, conceited animal," says the cart-horse, "I am as much ashamed of your company as you can be of mine. In the scale of utility, you are without value or estimation. Thousands may be risked on you, it is true. Human folly knows no bounds! but what wise man ever betted a guinea on your legs; and how little would the world lose were your breed

extinct! Has it not ruined numbers? and where is the man of moral honesty it ever benefited? Of what consequence is it to be pampered and attended as you are? You exist the creature of another's pleasure; and should you break down, or be distanced, you would then be as much neglected as you are now caressed. While I, sensible of the services I can perform to my master, am sure to experience indulgence equal to my wants; and am happy in the reflection, that I fill up a useful place in creation.

"Begone, vain creature! you are too much like those with whom you associate—proud, because you are useless. But remember, whichever goes to the dogs first, the other is sure to follow after. We shall then be on a level. Farewell!"

LETTER FROM A FATHER TO HIS SON, ON HIS ENTERING AT THE UNIVERSITY.

MY VERY DEAR BOY,

ENDEARED to me by more than the ties of blood, I contemplate with the mixed sensations of hope and fear, every circumstance that concerns your welfare; and while it has been, and ever shall be, my study and my happiness, to shew you the warmest paternal regard, I indulge the fond hope, that from you I shall ever meet with a due return of filial respect. All ties are reciprocal; affection and duty must be mutual, in order to produce and perpetuate felicity.

Your conduct hitherto has gratified my warmest expectations; and your classical acquirements, united with that good sense and propriety of behaviour which have characterized your boyish days, strengthen my hopes, that the fruit of manhood will confirm the promising blossoms of youth. Mild, generous, and humane, free from all pride, except the laudable pride of being exempt from meanness, I contemplate with the sincerest satisfaction what you are; and I am

only anxious that you should persevere in cultivating your inbred virtues, that the weeds of vice and error may never be able to check their growth.

The sphere in which you have hitherto moved, though favourable for a display of the best endowments of the head and the heart, has, however, afforded but little scope for that indolence which is the bane of genius, and for those irregularities which sully the moral character. The restraints necessarily imposed on the scholar, become relaxed to the academic; and the natural propensities then begin to display themselves, in their genuine colours of beauty or deformity. You are now arrived at the critical point from which character takes its direction. The path is arduous to honour and fame; but every step is attended with the gratulations of conscience, and the plaudits of the good; while the slope to vice is insensibly easy, its poisonous flowers invite to pluck, and whoever suffers himself to be hurried into its labyrinths, realizes that of Crete; and scarcely can he hope to find the clue that would extricate him, even were he inspired with the wish to retrace his steps, and regain the regions of virtue.

You start fair; you have no ill habits to over-

come, but you have many lovely virtues to establish and confirm. It is something not to recede; but I hope you will never rest satisfied with this poor, this negative praise. At your age, it is impossible to be stationary. Passion is too strong, and fancy too active, to allow of harmless repose. Press on, therefore, to join those great men who have preceded you in the path to honour; and if you cannot with all your exertions overtake them, be sure at least to keep them in sight. He who proposes a high standard of excellence for his imitation, will have no cause to blush, even should unavoidable circumstances force him to fall short of the mark. The best are influenced by fortune: the virtues of private life, though they will procure an equal reward to ourselves, can never be so effectually proved, or so extensively useful, as when united to eminence and public station. Let not this consideration, however, lessen your ardour: in the revolution of events; it is impossible to say who shall be honoured or overlooked; but he who is qualified by his talents and his virtues to rise, will probably some time or other succeed.

You will think, my dear boy, that I am reading you a very dry lecture, and wasting my time

in recommending what I candidly allow you already possess—good sense, good principles, and a noble ambition to excel. Alas! with all those promising qualities, I have seen many so far forget themselves, and sink the expectations that they had raised, when they had the noblest opportunity of fixing their lasting credit, as to become only the objects of pity or regret.

I have said, that till now, your sphere of action was comparatively confined, and your energies dormant. Admitting that you are just entered on a plan of life, where a considerable degree of latitude must be left to your native direction, at a time when the passions begin to operate, and the allurements of bad example may tempt you from the right road, you must see my affection in my solicitude, and my regard for your welfare, in the warmth with which I urge advice.

The company into which we are early thrown, the friendships we contract, at a period when the heart is too sincere to disguise its emotions, have a powerful influence on the remainder of our lives. In the society to which you belong, you will find many young men of equal and superior rank, well bred, well educated, pleasant and captivating. Among them, however, there will

of necessity be some, who have imbibed lax principles, and whom fatal indulgence has fitted to fall into the first temptation that happens to assail them. It is probable also there may be a few, who, in the gaiety of fashionable levity, or to shew themselves philosophers, of the modern stamp I mean, may make a jest of revelation, and spurn at those civil and social ties, which the wisdom of ages has consecrated for the happiness of man.

Against such I would warn you, with the most fervent anxiety. I have heard some weak and wicked men argue against a superintending Providence, when themselves were living instances of his power; and against a final retribution, while it was evident their hearts smote them with remorse, and tried to expiate the blasphemy of their tongues. Whatever may be the rank of such persons, however fascinating their manners, and warm their professions of friendship, if you have any value for yourself, for your family, or me, shun their contagion, nor ever mix your soul in close connexion with theirs.

To doubt on matters of such high importance, is the excess of misery; and yet, to the disgrace of human nature, there are beings, who, with

the strongest professions of regard on their lips, exert all their sophistry to entangle others in the mazes of scepticism, and then laugh at the triumph they have gained.

Undeviating prudence, unerring rectitude, can scarcely be expected from man, particularly from youth; but he who has a veneration for religion, an awful sense of the divine presence, and in his principles and in his conduct evinces a regard for the real happiness of his fellow-creatures, though he may occasionally err, will always recover himself; but, on the other hand, he who abjures the most sacred duties, and uses all the powers of his reason only to delude and entrap, is a monster that ought to be shunned, a pestilence whose infection is too deleterious to risk a near approach.

Adieu, for the present, my ever dear boy; be wise, be good, and you will infallibly be happy!

ALCANZOR AND ZAYDA*.

A MOORISH TALE.

IF we view mankind under the influence of various climates, religions, and manners, we shall find they are nearly the same in all. In every country, there are some who do honour to human nature; while, alas! the far greater number disgrace it.

The purity of love, however, has generally been supposed to be confined to those breasts, where the ties of religion, and the injunctions of policy, have limited the passion to a single object. Under tropical suns, and among nations uncivilized, love has always been depicted in aspects too fierce to melt, and too ungoverned to allure. The Mahometan, indulged with his four wives, and as many concubines as he can maintain; and the Pagan, possessed of beauty, by purchase, by fraud, or by force, have been denied all pretensions to the tender emotions

* Suggested by the charming Ballad, written by the Bishop of Dromore, under the same title.

arising from singular and undivided regard; and, consequently, have been degraded from the distinctions allowed to delicate passions and warm sensibilities. That general reflections are always illiberal, and often unjust, is a truism not to be denied; and the short history of Alcanzor and Zayda will give an additional proof, as well as a new force, to the remark.

The parents of Alcanzor and Zayda were both of the first rank in Morocco, but of very unequal fortunes. Those of Zayda were as rich as they were noble; those of Alcanzor, by falling under the displeasure of the despotic emperor of that country, were glad to purchase life by a sacrifice of half their hereditary possessions. But though contracted in the splendour of their appearance, they did not abate of their dignity or their pride; and an inveteracy, which had subsisted between the families, for upwards of two centuries, was not diminished by this reverse of fortune in one of them. On the contrary, the house of Zayda insulted over the misfortunes of that of Alcanzor; and pride, even in its greatest humiliation, will always be able to resent such unmanly treatment, and to rekindle its rage against such ungenerous exultation.

But love had resolved, in vengeance to the parents, to unite their offspring. Alcanzor, in returning one day from hunting, saw Zayda coming out of the mosque, where she had been offering up her devotions to the prophet, and being unveiled, he had an opportunity of feasting his eyes on beauty such as they had never witnessed before. His own appearance was equally prepossessing; and they interchanged glances, expressive of the mutual pleasure they felt in this fortuitous interview. They were soon known to each other; and the enmity of their fathers, which they were sensible would be a bar to their future union, was considered by both, only as a stronger incentive to desire.

When a rising passion experiences no difficulties, and contends with no opposition, it frequently becomes languid, and dies away, for want of fuel to increase and continue the blaze. Those who imagine they love each other, when every eye beams consent, and every voice breathes congratulation, will often find their passion too low for exquisite happiness, or permanent attachment. It is the remembrance of the storms at sea that endears the shore to the mariner; and the lover receives half the pleasure

of his conquest, from the recollection of the difficulties he has surmounted, for the possession of his mistress.

In every country, he who sincerely loves will contrive means to make his sentiments known to the person beloved. Neither the jealousy of the Spaniard, nor the guards of the Moor, the barricadoed windows, nor the bolted doors, can prevent the progress of passion, and the interchange of soft emotions. Alcanzor found frequent opportunities of seeing his Zayda, and Zayda never felt real bliss but in the presence of Alcanzor. Their love was as warm as the sun that rolled his chariot over their genial clime, and as pure as the untouched rose that "wastes its sweets on the desert air." They were both young and ingenuous, elegant in person and mind, and patterns of delicacy, in a land which in general has but small pretensions to refinement. Alcanzor, if he gained his Zayda, had no ambition to engross more beauty; and notwithstanding she knew the indulgence of Mahomet to his male disciples, Zayda would have died at the reflection, of being only one of the happy females that was destined to share the caresses of Alcanzor.

Suspicion had not yet opened her eyes to de-

tect this attachment, and the lovers felt themselves too blest in the enjoyment of present felicity, to anticipate future ills. Days and months rolled away their hours in one uniform tenor of joy; for the gay prospects of youthful delights are seldom shaded with the gloom of painful thought. The picture of life, indeed, as painted by juvenile fancy, is at first composed only of soft attractive colours; but as years come on, the shades become deeper and deeper; till, at last, the fairest tints are lost in one undistinguished mass of sombre dyes. The happiest only preserve the original colours longer unsullied: the ultimate event is nearly the same to all, except for the distinctions that virtue or vice occasions, which can either cheer the darkest shades, or obscure the brightest hues.

Alcanzor and Zayda, however, were among those numerous candidates for lasting bliss, who find the cup of joy withdrawn, before it can reach their lips. The parents of the lady, stimulated by avarice, and fired by ambition, had, without her concurrence or knowledge, promised their daughter to the chief minister of the emperor's court; who, though advanced to those years from which love must shrink in disgust, had seen and admired Zayda, and made

overtures to her relations, which the cool prudence of unimpassioned age could not listen to without approbation. He had lately lost one of his wives; and with him, the indulgent permission of the prophet was equivalent to a command: he always kept up the number of his conjugal ties,—and, not satisfied with that, maintained a numerous train of beauties to gratify his vanity, rather than his passions.

Such was the destined husband of Zayda! to a man of this unamiable description she was to resign her liberty; and for him she was to violate the strongest and purest sensations of nature. In a few hours, she was abruptly informed that Mulley Imloc would arrive, and honour her with his hand. She heard the news with evident terror; but she had prudent fortitude enough to disguise the violence and the cause of the agitations that passed in her breast, while under the prying eye of parental inquisition. She retired to her apartment, almost bereft of her senses; she burst into tears—she fainted—she recovered—she paused—she prayed, and wept by turns: and, in the agony of her grief, she vented invectives against Mahomet, for the impurity and injustice of his matrimonial creed. "Alla,"

exclaimed the lovely maid, "is it possible that he whom we worship could receive his mission from Heaven, when, by his dispensation, the two sexes that compose the human race are treated with such flagrant inequality! To mine, the privilege of a rational soul is denied; to the other, criminal gratifications are allowed:—gratifications, that only add to the misery of those who indulge in them, and afford the strongest proof, that unerring Wisdom, and infinite Power, had nothing to do with their concession; since the great Father of all, to whom Mahomet is only a servant, could never dispense indulgences, which render his creatures miserable."

In such terms raved the wretched Zayda, till the hour of her assignation with Alcanzor arrived. The sound of every breeze alarmed her throbbing heart, lest Imloc should arrive before she could communicate her melancholy tale, to ears that were formed to listen to it with pity and regard. The pale moon shed her silver rays through the window where Zayda watched and wept. Her family were busy in preparations for the reception of their intended son-in-law; and Alcanzor approached the well-known spot,

where he had often enjoyed the sight and conversation of his fair, without molestation, and without being observed. "Speak, my dearest Zayda," cried the enraptured lover; "will you congratulate me on my good fortune in recovering a considerable share of my patrimony which was lost, and will you deign to share it with your Alcanzor? I hope now I may presume to apply to the parents of my charmer, with greater claims to their favourable attention than I have ever yet possessed. Will Zayda join in the petition?"—"May Alla shower every blessing on Alcanzor! but he must forget there is such a wretch as Zayda. This night—perhaps this very hour, I am to be devoted to another. I am unable to explain the heart-rending news; but, in short, I am destined for the cruel, the odious Imloc."—"Zayda, Zayda, this arm shall defend thee! I dare the united rage of Imloc and your parents. Only trust yourself with me, and I will protect you. Fly, fly with me! we love like Christians, and I will soon convey you where such love will be no reproach."—"Alla, guide me!" exclaims the hesitating fair. "What would Alcanzor have me do? How can I descend, unperceived?

How can you convey me hence, without incurring the danger of a life, dearer to me than my own?"—"Trust me, trust me, Zayda! I hear the approach of horsemen, and we must not linger here."

With a spring, the distracted maiden threw herself from a window into the arms of Alcanzor, and fear added swiftness to their feet. But, alas! fortune was unpropitious. It was Imloc himself that was approaching; and some of his attendants were already arrived. A servant was dispatched to apprise Zayda of this circumstance: her window was found open, and she was gone.

It unfortunately happened, that one of Imloc's train, taking a different road from the rest, had met the flying lovers, without suspecting who they were. The alarm was soon spread; and the parents of Zayda, with her intended husband, pursued the route that was pointed out by the attendant. Alcanzor and Zayda were speedily overtaken. He drew his sabre on his brutal pursuers. Imloc first encountered him; and his horse being wounded, he was soon brought to the ground, and owned the superior vigour of Alcanzor's arm; but as he was giving

the last blow to his rival, two of Imloc's retinue sprung to the relief of their master, and each aimed a mortal stroke at Alcanzor. Zayda, become desperate at this sight, and rushing between the assailants, received a sabre through her heart, the seat of genuine love, which had been directed against Alcanzor; but a hunting-spear, in the hands of the other servant, pierced his breast, just as he was withdrawing his weapon from the blow that had severed Imloc's head from his body.

Thus, at once fell the pursuer and the pursued. Imloc was little pitied, because he was never loved; but the tear of compassion has often flowed at the recital of Alcanzor and Zayda's fate: and when the youthful bosom in Morocco gives way to ingenuous passion, it is said to resemble the love that Alcanzor felt for Zayda.

BIRDS.

THE second grand division of animated nature is birds. Though inferior to quadrupeds in strength, sagacity, and utility, yet in most of those respects, they infinitely exceed fishes and insects.

The general characters of this class of animals are, that they are feathered, two-legged, two-winged, have a hard bony bill, and that the females are oviparous.

This most elegant race is formed to embellish the most sequestered spots, to cheer with the voice of melody, and to captivate by their beauty and innocence. Man has nothing to fear from their power; and therefore, participates with peculiar delight in their pleasures, instincts, and desires.

Every part of nature being peopled with creatures adapted to their situations, in order that the passive air might not want its appropriate tenants, birds are adapted to traverse its heights, beyond the reach of annoyance.

In proportion as animals are more perfect, the fewer the species. Man, the most noble part of creation, is only diversified by climate, or other accidental variations; quadrupeds, as we have seen, are pretty numerous; birds are still more so; fishes are yet more various; and descending to insects, so multifarious are the species, that the most inquisitive searcher into nature cannot enumerate them all.

Birds are admirably adapted to the place they are destined to fill. Every part of their bodies is suited to that purpose. Light and sharp before, they cleave the expanse of æther with the greatest facility; and swelling gradually in the middle, they again terminate in expansive tails, which preserve the buoyancy of the body, while the fore-parts are cutting the air. Hence they have been compared to a vessel in the sea; and the similitude is not inapt.

Nor is the external formation of birds less wonderful. The position of their feathers tending backwards, and regularly lying over each other, afford warmth, speed, and security. Next to their bodies is a soft down, while the outer plumage is arrayed in double beards, disposed and inserted in the most perfect and regular lines. And farther, to secure them from the

injury of violent attrition or wet, birds are furnished with glands near the rump, distilling a kind of oil, which they occasionally press out with their bills, and spread over the ruffled feathers. This fluid varies in quantity, according to their habitudes. Aquatic fowls possess it in the greatest abundance; and this, though it improves the plumage, communicates a flavour to the flesh, which renders some species wholly unfit for food.

The wings of birds, corresponding to the fore-legs in animals, are always inserted in such parts of the body as may best preserve its equipoize; and at their extremities, they have a finger-like appendage, usually denominated the bastard-wing.

It is not my intention to enter into the anatomy of birds; but I cannot refrain from remarking a few particulars, which show you how well every creature is adapted to its destination.—The eyes of birds are more flat and depressed than those of quadrupeds; and to guard them the better from external injuries, they are provided with nictitating membranes, which can be drawn over the organs of sight, while the eye-lids continue open.

Birds have no external ears, but are furnished

with auditory ducts which supply their place. Their sense of hearing must indeed be exquisite; or how could they learn musical notes by artificial instruction?

Nor are their olfactory nerves less acute. Some of them can smell their favourite food at a great distance, and perceive danger before it is near. The persons employed in catching some kinds of wild fowl are so well aware of this instinctive sense, that they keep a piece of burning turf near their mouths, lest the objects of their pursuit should smell them, and avoid their lures.

The approach of spring is well known to be the season of love, joy, and harmony, to birds. The notes then, so delightful to the ear of man, proceed from the male birds; and are the language of courtship to their mates, or of endearment to their young. In a state of nature, the two sexes pair, and preserve their contract, for the season at least, with inviolable fidelity. Whatever is under the care of man, however, partakes of his corrupt habits. This partial attachment is seldom to be found among domestic fowls. Quadrupeds in general follow the same laws in their native haunts, and are depraved only when reclaimed.

The season of incubation is the sweetest part of the lives of the feathered tribes. Both parents watch their progeny with unceasing vigilance and attention; and seem to feel all the pride and importance of their office, and all the fondness of parental solicitude. How cruel then to wound the tuneful breast, by robbing it of its eggs or its young! Shame on that heart which can inflict such an exquisite pain, for a gratification so mean!

When the young are reared and able to provide for themselves, the connexion immediately ceases, the voice of harmony is suspended, and silence broods over the groves. Few birds enliven the scene with their melody, beyond this period; and those few which cheer us with an autumnal or brumal song, among which is the robin-redbreast, are the deserved favourites of the human kind.

The molting season follows that of incubation and rearing the young. It generally takes place about the end of summer, and is a period of sadness and pain.

Towards autumn, many species of birds begin to migrate, induced by the love of a warmer sky, or more plentiful food. The circumstances

attending these migratory expeditions are involved in no inconsiderable share of obscurity; but the facts are certain.

Nothing has more puzzled naturalists than the disappearance of swallows. Some contend that they retire to the warm climates of Africa; others, that they lie torpid in caves, old walls, or hollow trees; while a third party, as if to try how far human credulity can go, consign them to the bottoms of ponds, and the beds of rivers, where they lie wrapt in mud, till they feel the influence of spring:—but when, may we ask, could it be felt in such a situation?

The question is certainly yet undecided, where they dispose of themselves: it has long amused human curiosity; and, probably, will never be solved, so as to be universally convincing. It may, however, be observed, that as these birds subsist on insects, it is impossible they could remain in this climate, and at the same time retain their vital powers. Several animals are known to become torpid when the cold sets in, and to remain so, till the return of the vernal season. From analogy, then, why may not swallows do the same? But who has discovered their general retreats? Before their disappearance they collect into immense flocks; but we are not satisfied

that they were ever seen, either taking their flight from our coasts, hiding in our caverns, or plunging into our streams.

Linnæus distributes birds into six orders:

I. ACCIPITRES, or the rapacious kind.

II. PICÆ: the pye kind.

III. ANSERES: the duck kind.

IV. GRALLÆ: the crane kind.

V. GALLINÆ: the poultry kind.

VI. PASSERES: the sparrow kind.

These orders comprehend nearly a thousand species.

Such are the divisions of Linnæus; and to appearance, they are natural and comprehensive: but as in all systematic arrangements, which are chiefly valuable for assisting the memory, it will be found that birds of very dissimilar natures are often thrown into the same order.

SPECTRES AND APPARITIONS.

IT is frequently the business of the nurse to infuse silly fears into the minds of children, which the efforts of reason, in maturer years, with difficulty overcome.

Little John had heard so many stories of ghosts and apparitions, that his own shadow by moonlight, the flitting of a bird which he had disturbed, or the sight of a tree whose position he was not perfectly acquainted with, made his heart palpitate, and his hair stand on end. The ticking of the wood-louse, commonly called the death-watch, the shriek of an owl, or the motion of a mouse in the dark, inspired him with terror.

Prejudice had implanted a belief in supernatural appearances by night; and reason was yet too weak to break the spell. What was to be done? The more absurd an opinion is, the deeper it sinks into the mind, when once indulged. Ridicule is often more powerful than argument. His father had felt the pernicious effects of such inbred terrors himself; he wished

to recover his child from the dread of imaginary existences.

Without explaining the motives of his conduct, he ordered a trusty servant one evening to spread a sheet on a bush, and then proposed taking a walk that way, to hear the nightingale sing. John was pleased to accompany him; but when he came in sight of something white, he began to confess an alarm. "Come," says his guide, "we will see what that white thing is. White, you know, is the emblem of innocence, and therefore it can be nothing that will hurt us."

John, however, would fain have declined the experiment, but did not like to own it. The father advanced first, and taking the sheet from the top of the bush—"Here," says he, "is the apparition that has frightened many a stout heart —now had it been wrapped round a man, or suspended on a bush, would it not have been the same?"

In returning, they saw something black and upright. John was again in trepidation. He was, however, satisfied that this was no other than an old wig on the stump of a tree to frighten the rooks from the corn: and neither intended, nor capable of hurting him. His father having

ridiculed his foolish apprehensions, concluded with these serious remarks:

"What is spiritual cannot be seen. Weak fear, or a bad conscience, has often conjured up ghosts and apparitions; but when they have been approached, they have always turned out to be either real objects, or illusions of the fancy. Do you think, my dear," added he, "that the good Being who made and protects us, has left us to be molested by evil spirits; or can you for a moment suppose, that he has given to birds or insects an insight into futurity, which he has denied to man? Are you so weak as to believe, that he, whose providence watches over you by day, cannot see you by night? Trust me, the only evil you have to fear, except from natural causes, is the fear of losing his favour; if you are happy enough to retain that, you may laugh at the silly stories of old women, and the dreams of superstition. You are as safe in the dark as in the light, from preternatural dangers. But if ever you fancy you see any thing uncommon, or hear a noise for which you cannot readily account, approach without apprehension, or listen till you have discovered the cause; and you will find it to be generally as harmless as the white sheet, or the wig on the stump of a tree."

THE NECESSITY OF GIVING A RIGHT DIRECTION TO THE PURSUITS OF YOUTH.

DO you observe that poor miserable-looking object, with scarcely clothes enough to keep him warm, and with an emaciated form which every breath of wind seems ready to pierce? Know he was once the pride of his family, nursed in the lap of ease, and felt his very wishes prevented, rather than his real wants waiting for gratification.

His patrimonial fortune was not small, and therefore he was brought up to no trade or profession. Indeed he was early taught by the insinuations of those who had an interest in preying on his weakness, that he had no occasion to trouble himself with business—that his forefathers had secured him the reversion of an ample estate, and that his own exertions to accumulate were consequently needless.

Such are the pestiferous notions, constantly dinned in the ears of thoughtless affluence, by sycophantic dependents. The young are naturally active; and if their pursuits are not directed

to some useful end, they can seldom repose in harmless indolence. To give a proper bent to the mind, to call forth the virtuous wish, and to animate the laudable endeavour, are all that youth in general require, to render them valuable members of the community. If this care is not seasonably applied, the impetuous tide of passion often hurries them far from the shores of reason; and the remainder of life is spent in unavailing sighs and lamentations for the good they have lost, and the prospects that can be recalled no more.

SIMPLICIUS, whom I have pointed out to your observation, was indulged to such a degree, that his very education was neglected, lest too much application and confinement should injure his health. Thus, when he grew up, he neither possessed the learning necessary to qualify the gentleman, nor the knowledge of affairs sufficient to save himself from imposition.

He became master of an handsome fortune, at a period when his time was engaged in trifling pursuits, or squandered away on unworthy objects. A swarm of bloodsuckers immediately surrounded him—flattered those foibles which they saw were natural, and planted some vices which were not—launched him into oceans of

expence, for which he had no taste; and then shared in the plunder of their unsuspecting patron and friend.

Having no fixed principles to regulate his conduct, effeminated by indulgence, though not naturally depraved, he gave himself up to the direction of others more artful than himself; and was guilty of as many follies and vices, as his guides chose to lead him into.

This course of life, however much calculated to lull reflection, could not last for ever. The most splendid fortune, without œconomy, will be soon dissipated. SIMPLICIUS was never suffered to open his eyes to his real situation, till the funds that supplied his minions were exhausted, and the importunity of creditors could no longer be kept off.

He was then forsaken in an instant. The flatterers of his extravagance, as is always the case, became the loudest accusers of his folly. He had no resources in himself to raise him above the frowns of fortune, or the effects of a temporary dissipation. When he had expended his property, all was gone—he was helpless and forlorn. Miserable man! my heart bleeds for him. His mind had been neglected by those who were bound by the ties of duty to cultivate

and improve it; he was seduced by false friends; he was ruined by the artifices of the cunning: and on the verge of destruction, was not only deserted, but insulted by the panders of his vices, and the partakers of his spoils.

With difficulty he escaped being sent to a prison, by giving up all to his creditors: and being generally reckoned rather a weak than a wicked man, some friends of his family, who had eyed his extravagance with regret, but were secluded from his counsels, now clubbed a shilling a week for his support; by which means he possesses a precarious income, barely sufficient for the wants of animal life, and far short of the imperious calls, to which his former indulgence is constantly seeking gratification. This leads him to spend his weekly pittance in occasional luxury; and till the return of next pay-day, he is under obligations to some friend for a dinner, or is sometimes necessitated to go without one.

REFLECTION.

Fix the image of SIMPLICIUS on the tablet of your heart. Learn the value of well directed pursuits, and the folly of extravagance; and never listen to that flattery which invites you to ruin.

ON MATERNAL AFFECTION.

SUGGESTED BY AN INCIDENT IN READING.

ON a cursory survey, how inconsistent does human nature appear! We read in Commodore Byron's voyage round the world, that a woman belonging to one of the miserable tribes that people the Streights of Magellan, made a tender to an officer of a child from her breast; while M. Bougainville fell in with another party on the same coasts, that bewailed the loss of a boy who had imprudently swallowed some pieces of glass, with as much sorrow, as if each had been his common parent.

To a contemplative mind, nothing can be more interesting than the relations of authentic voyagers and travellers. They present views for reflection or pity, for disgust or admiration.

Shall we think that in any nation under Heaven, the maternal feelings are quite obliterated, or that the warm yearnings of a mother's breast are not poured out over her offspring? Savage as some hordes are considered, the want

of genuine maternal affection is seldom found among them. This infamy is reserved for the worst among more polished nations, where sullen pride or selfish passion vanquishes the dictates of nature, and violates the ties of blood.

The wretched mother who was willing to part with her child, reduced, perhaps, to the want of the simplest necessaries for its existence, shivering under the rigours of a most unpropitious climate, and seeing the impossibility of rearing it herself, might be tempted to relinquish it to such as she thought qualified to shelter it from the calamities, she could neither evade nor overcome. To better its situation might be her only aim; to give it new prospects of felicity might probably soothe her breast, amid the painful conflicts of maternal love. In this light, her conduct ought to be regarded as an effort of the fondest affection, and the noblest resolution.

On the same principle, some inhuman and detestable practices among the Hottentots and the Chinese may be accounted for, though not excused. Mere life, without the possibility of participating in the comforts that alone can render it delightful, among persons unacquainted with the prospects of christianity, and the obli-

gations it imposes, is scarcely considered as a blessing; and, therefore, while we censure their apparent want of affection or duty, we should, at the same time, do justice to their ideas of what is right, however erroneous they may be.

The same sense of duty that teaches them to expose a child, or desert a parent, would, if properly directed, lead them to the noblest exertions in the support of the one, and in prolonging the life of the other.

We have motives to influence us, and unerring maxims to direct us, which they have not; and happy will it be for us, if, guided by the unbiassed decisions of truth, we act up to what they recommend. On the other hand, if we fail in a real affection to our offspring, and in duty to our parents, we incur all the guilt that can attach to us, not only from a violation of natural feeling, but a contempt of religious duty.

THE HERO AND THE SAGE.

A WARRIOR, who had been the successful commander of armies, on boasting of the thousands he had slain in the field, or cut off by stratagem, roused the indignant but humane feelings of a sage, who, unawed by military prowess, thus rebuked the insolence of his triumph.

" You seem to exult, Sir, in the destruction of your kind, and to recapitulate with satisfaction the numbers you have deprived of life, or rendered miserable. As a man, I blush for you —as a philosopher, I despise you—as a christian, I pity you."

The hero reddened with wrath—he frowned contempt; but he did not yet open his lips.

" I am patriot enough," continued the sage, " to wish well to the arms of my country. I honour those valiant sons who support her glory and independence, and who risque their life in her defence; but, however meritorious this may be, in a just cause, the truly brave will lament

the cruel necessity they are under of sacrificing their fellow-men; and the generous will rather commiserate than triumph.

"I never read of a battle, of the destruction of thousands and tens of thousands, but I involuntarily enter into calculations on the extent of misery that ensues. The victims of the sword are, perhaps, least the objects of pity; they have fallen by an honourable and an instant death, and are removed from the consciousness of the woes they have left behind. I extend my views to their surviving relatives and friends. I bewail the lacerated ties of nature—I sympathize with the widow and the orphan—my heart bleeds for parental agonies. I depict the warm vows of a genuine affection for ever lost; the silent throb of exquisite anguish; the tear which perhaps is forbid to flow—and from such a contemplation I turn away with a sensibility that represses exultation for victory, however brilliant, and for success, however complete."

The warrior clapped his hand on his sword—he looked indignation, but still was mute.

The sage went on: "I almost forget the name of enemy, when I reflect on the misery of man. The malignant passions that excite hostilities

between nations or individuals seldom return on the aggressors' heads. Were this the case, moral justice would be satisfied, and reason would have less to censure or lament. But when the innocent suffer for the guilty, who can think without concern, or withhold commiseration, though fell necessity may sanction the devastations of war?"

"Do you mean to insult me, Sir?" sternly demanded the hero. "This canting hypocritical affectation of sentiment I will not brook. But you are too insignificant for my resentment."

"I confess my insignificance," rejoined the sage: "my actions have never been blazoned in gazettes; yet I have neither been idle nor uselessly employed. As far as my abilities would allow, I have endeavoured to make mankind wiser and better. If I have failed to increase the stock of human happiness, my heart does not accuse me of diminishing its supplies. Few have an opportunity of doing much good; but the most insignificant and contemptible are qualified to do harm."

Here the hero and the sage parted. Neither was able to convince the other of the importance

of his services. The former ordered his coach, and was gazed at with admiration by the unthinking mob; the latter retired to his garret, and was forgotten.

AMPHIBIA.

PLEASED with the partiality you express for the study of natural history, I will now give you some general idea of Linnæus's third class of animated nature, namely, AMPHIBIA.

The essential characters are, that they have either a naked, or else a scaly body; that they are destitute of grinders, or dentes molares; that their teeth are all sharp or pointed; and that they are without radiated fins: or, that the heart has only one ventricle, and that they respire through their lungs.

Amphibia are divided into three orders, very dissimilar in their nature and habitudes, comprehending twenty-four genera, and two hundred and eighty-nine species.

Orders.

I. Reptiles—the tortoise, frog, lizard, &c.
II. Serpentes—viper, snake, &c.
III. Nantes—Swimming Amphibia*, such as the ray, lamprey, &c.

This class, though certainly the least valuable and extensive of the whole, includes some of the most formidable enemies of man; the objects of his constant fear where they abound; and the cause of his frequent dismay. Against their effects, caution cannot always protect him, and strength is therefore unavailing.

You will doubtless perceive that I allude to the serpent kind. In this happy quarter of the world, we have not more than three or four species that are noxious; and their bite all operates in a similar manner, by exciting a burning pain, for which we have various antidotes, though none more safe and efficacious than olive oil, both internally and externally employed.

Within the torrid zone, however, where the fields are at once fertile and uncultivated, and the climate warm and humid, this terrible race

* These are pinnated, and respire by lateral branchiæ or gills.

reigns in all its malignity; and some of them are equally awful and dangerous.

In the early ages of the world, when mankind were few, and noxious animals continued the undisputed tyrants of a country for a revolution of years, it is probable they grew to an astonishing size. History, indeed, records many instances of this; and when we contemplate the liboya, which it is well known is capable of killing an ox by dint of strength, and has been found from thirty to fifty feet long, we must not incredulously reject as fabulous, every thing that has not been confirmed by modern testimony.

We are told, that while Regulus led his army along the banks of the Bagrada, in Africa, an enormous serpent disputed his passage. Pliny, who saw its skin, says that it measured 120 feet in length; and that it destroyed numbers of the army before it was vanquished. At last, however, the battering engines were directed against it, which soon destroyed it. Its spoils were carried to Rome; and the general was decreed an ovation on account of his success.

In Java, on the continent of India, in Africa, in Surinam, and other parts of America, serpents

are still found of an enormous magnitude. But such are chiefly formidable for their strength: Providence has mercifully denied them venom. Were they armed with both qualities, who could withstand them?

Lo! the green serpent, from his dark abode,
Which e'en imagination fears to tread,
At noon forth issuing, gathers up his train
In orbs immense; then, darting out anew,
Seeks the refreshing font; by which diffus'd,
He throws his folds: and while, with threat'ning tongue
And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls
His flaming crest, all other thirst appall'd,
Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,
Nor dares approach.

THOMSON.

Some of the smaller kinds, however, are most deadly. Various are the ways in which their poison operates; and though it is probable that none are without an antidote, if that is not known and instantly applied, death is almost inevitable. The bite of some, suddenly dissolves the frame into one putrid mass of corruption; some occasion a lethargy, from which the infected wakes no more; while others superinduce a burning intolerable thirst, which is only increased by drinking.

But, as if man were not sufficiently exposed to the natural malignity of the serpent race, some barbarous nations dip their arrows in their poison, or with it prepare their vengeful potions. Thus the animal becomes even more fatal when dead than alive.

Though there is a general similarity in the external conformation of all the serpent kind; in the venomous class there are two large teeth or fangs, issuing from the upper jaw, and projecting beyond the lower. The innoxious class is generally thought to be destitute of those instruments of destruction; and this constitutes the distinction between them. A sack or bag under the fang is the reservoir of the poison; and the fang itself is furnished with an aperture, for injecting it into the wound.

But though most serpents are disgusting from their appearance, or tremendous from their effects, superstition has converted some of them into divinities; and others are taken under human protection for their inoffensive qualities, or their service in destroying vermin. It is difficult, however, for most persons to divest themselves of horror, even at the sight of such as are known to be harmless; and this antipathy was

probably planted in our natures, as a guard against their danger.

In the order of reptiles, we find the harmless frog, so tenacious of life, the valuable tortoise, and the formidable alligator or crocodile, the largest of the lizard genus. In the Nile, the Niger, the La Plata, the Ganges, and other spacious rivers within the torrid zone, these monstrous creatures abound. Their general food is fish, which they devour in amazing quantities; but when their supplies in the water are too scanty to satisfy their voracious appetite, they hide themselves in the sedge and reeds, on the banks of the stream; till an opportunity offers of attacking some other animal, man himself not excepted.

Of the amphibia nantes I shall only particularize the cramp-fish, the *raja torpedo* of Linnæus. The narcotic or numbing qualities of this animal have been noticed from the earliest ages. The shock it gives on touching it, even through the medium of a stick, or while it is suspended by a rod and line*, resembles that of an electric machine.

Many curious experiments have been made

* See Oppian.

with this singular inhabitant of the deep; and as I wish to excite your attention to the investigation of nature, I shall relate one which was made by a gentleman, before the academy of Rochelle.

A living torpedo was laid on a table, on a wet napkin. Round another table stood five persons insulated, or on cakes of wax; and two brass wires, each thirteen feet long, were suspended from the ceiling by silken strings. One of the wires rested by one end on the wet napkin, the other end was immersed in a bason of water placed on another table, which likewise supported four other basons, all full of water. The first person put a finger of one hand into the water communicating with the wire, and a finger of the other hand into the second bason, and so on successively, till the whole party had a contact with each other by means of the water in the basons.

In the last bason one end of the second wire was dipped; and with the other end the operator touched the back of the torpedo, when the five persons felt a shock resembling that of the electric phial, except that it was weaker. The gentleman who performed this experiment, not

being in the circle of conduction, of course felt nothing. This was several times successively repeated, even with eight persons; and the effects were uniformly the same.

FORBEARANCE.

A LETTER.

YOU tell me that STOLIDUS used you ill, that he vented abusive language without any provocation, and passed censures, without the shadow of foundation.

For whatever disturbs your peace and happiness, I am heartily concerned; but a little reflection will convince you, how unworthy of your regard is the scum of ill humour, and the effervescence of malignant passion. You may probably have been unjustly attacked; but on whom does the disgrace lie? STOLIDUS offended against good manners; he offended against truth; he made himself not only ridiculous but criminal; and if he perseveres in this conduct, he will be regarded as the pest of society, and as such will be shunned. Were you fond of

revenge, which I trust you never will be, here is ample satisfaction. While, on the other hand, if you mildly replied to unmerited abuse, and evinced the consciousness of innocence, rather than the irritation of passion, your character will be raised in the estimation of every mind, whose plaudits are worth your care.

The illiberal and the ill-bred think it shews spirit, to trespass against the rules of decent propriety, by the vulgarity of abuse, or the harshness of invective: they take an ill-natured pleasure in trying to rouse the placid into rage, and thus to throw them off their guard.

My situation, through life, has given me many a painful confirmation of this. May you, my dear boy, be more fortunate in your connexions! It is only when the ties of duty or relationship bind you to such characters, that they ought to give a momentary pain. The casual intercourse, with such persons as STOLIDUS, is an evil of no magnitude. It may be palliated by the reflection, that it is easily avoided, or may be occasionally endured; but if you are linked in ties that cannot be easily broken, with a disposition of this kind, it requires all the philosophy which man is possessed of, *to bear and forbear*. Yet even in this melancholy case, it is wisdom not to seem

to feel the tempest, and to turn a deaf ear to the voice that receives an inhuman delight from giving offence.

Why should we be miserable, because another person is worthless, ignorant, or ill-bred? Firmness and composure must at length prevail. No one would attempt to give another pain, if it did not flatter their malignity that it would be felt. Indifference, or contempt, defeats the purpose of illiberality: to be passive is victory.

Young persons of cultivated minds are too apt, from the impulse of generous feelings, to resent the slightest indignity that may be offered them. But before you give yourself the trouble to resent, or to suffer, duly appreciate the character that has given you the affront. If it is such a one that you would not be flattered with its applause, you have little reason to be concerned at its censure. To be angry will increase the triumph of malice: the smile of contempt is more forcible, than the arrows of defensive wit.

To render your progress through the various classes of society easy to yourself, you should lay it down as a maxim, and adhere to it with invariable resolution, "NEVER TO NOTICE WHAT VIRTUE AND PRUDENCE CAN OVERLOOK,

NOR TO PARRY A CHARGE, THAT WOULD BE NO DISGRACE WERE IT ESTABLISHED."

When you are unavoidably compelled to defend your property, or your character, let it be done with that firm dignity which will secure you from a repetition of insolent aggression; and teach your enemies that you possess spirit of a superior stamp to theirs.

Captious persons are always unhappy. It is not the sting of a gnat, or the buzzing of an insect, that ought to disturb our tranquillity; but if the viper attempts to bite, or the lion to roar, then our resolution should be equal to the danger; and if we cannot fly with honour, we ought to face with intrepidity.

These are my sentiments, acquired by dear-bought experience, and confirmed by attentive observation. I trust they will make you easy in regard to the attacks of STOLIDUS, and avail you in future scenes of life, where you are called upon to act or to suffer.

I am your most affectionate

FATHER.

RELIGION TO BE REVERED.

WITHOUT entering on the defence of particular sects, or supporting any partial tenets, I wish to call your attention to the awful subject of religion in general.

Admitting the Scriptures to be the word of God, and that their precepts are not only calculated to make man happy here, but to ensure his bliss to all eternity; what more need be said, to engage every thinking mind to regard them with veneration, and to act up to the principles they enforce?

The eternal Father of the universe placed us here, no doubt, for wise and benevolent ends: he certainly meant the ultimate happiness of his creatures; and he has given them rules for the regulation of their conduct, and proposed rewards to stimulate their endeavours. Our hopes are not bounded by sublunary views; our desires are not confined to objects of sense; but we are taught to aspire to joys celestial, and to pleasures without end.

That distaste which we are sure to experience

in the fruition of every earthly enjoyment, proves that we contain a principle within us, of too exalted a nature, to acquiesce in the best delights this transitory state affords; and that some future period of existence can alone fill up the measure of our desires. This principle is soul—intimately indeed connected with the body; but far more noble in its nature, and elevated in its views. It spurns the dross of sensuality; it rises superior to the injuries of fortune;—amid the storms of this world, it is not quite depressed; nor can it repose in its most bewitching smiles. It pants for its native heaven; and feels the violence that is done it, when we attempt to chain it to earth.

A belief in immortality is the only balm that can heal the aching heart,—the agonizing mind:—a reliance on the promises of religion is the prime sweetener of every joy. What then shall we say of those who daringly contemn it, or wantonly turn it into jest!

It is against such I wish to caution you. Far am I from supposing that the principles you have early imbibed should be so much obliterated, or that you could be so wanting in reflection, as to be guilty of this temerity yourselves. But in the world through which you must pass, it is possible you may fall in with beings of this degraded

stamp. O let not their poison reach your heart! Let not even their blasphemy wound your ears!

To defend religion by argument may not be your province; but to practise and revere it, is your indispensable duty and your highest bliss. And can they revere it who smile at the presumption that arraigns its Author; or tamely hear its promises and threatenings ridiculed and despised?

Fly from the contagion of those who would degrade you to the level of the beasts that perish. Shun the society of such as pretend to doubt of an impartial retribution. Believe me, you can place no reliance on the honour or integrity of men who have such despicable conceptions of their nature and allotments; and who, placing all their bliss in the pleasures of sense, will gratify them, at the expence of every tie that binds the human race.

Scepticus had wit, and he possessed all the advantages of a liberal education; but following the bent of irregular desires, and unfortunately falling into vicious company, his mind was early poisoned by profaneness, and hardened by perverse example. His jocularity was generally at the expence of revelation; and the sacred oracles were tortured to produce a paltry jest. The un-

thinking, without meaning to be criminal, sometimes smiled at his sophistry, and the weak echoed his blasphemy. He darkened the hopes of some of his virtuous associates; he involved them in a labyrinth of doubt, merely to show his superiority in argument; and with the malignant delight of a demon, exulted in the misery he occasioned.

Dissipation ruined his constitution. Sickness taught him to reflect. He saw his folly—he lamented his error; but the mischief he had done was not to be repaired. The dupes of his scepticism could not all be the witnesses of his penitence. His last moments were embittered with this reflection. I heard his recantation—I saw his remorse; and to warn others from following his example, or suffering from his baseness, he ardently desired, in the agonies of death, that I would do justice to his final sentiments of revelation, and publish his conviction of its truth.

ON ROMANCES.

THERE is a species of literary composition adapted to every state of society and manners; and which never appears to full advantage, if scanned according to any other standard, save the existing circumstances that produced it. This theory seems to be founded in reason and truth, and might be illustrated by numerous proofs; but the attempt would lead us into a field too extensive for present discussion. We therefore leave our position to its own validity, and the conviction it may operate on our readers, and restrict ourselves to a few remarks on Romance, which will in some measure explain our ideas.

That there was a period when Romance, in all its wildest luxuriance, was only an embellished representation of living manners; and that at such a period it was neither useless nor unentertaining, will scarcely be denied. During the ages of Chivalry, which gave rise to this mode of writing, it had a potent effect to keep up a principle of honour and delicacy, in minds little illumined by knowledge or softened by refine-

ment. It was the strong mirror that reflected the image of what the knight or the soldier ought to be; and in proportion as the likeness appeared perfect in one's own mind, was the pleasure and the credit of the beholder. On the contrary, he who was sensible that in his own conduct he had far receded from the ideal picture of perfection, was taught to reform his errors, and to aspire to higher flights of excellence, in order to redeem his character.

But as, with increased civilization and learning, more legitimate notions of ethics and religion were diffused and impressed, Romance gradually gave way to a kind of composition more suitable to the change of manners; and its utility then ceased. To revive it, as we have lately seen done, is to call us back to Gothic ignorance, and to all the sorceries of superstition. It is to re-establish fantastic notions of honour, in the room of the pure precepts of Christian morality, and to involve mankind a second time in barbarism and error. The effects will ever keep pace with the causes that produce them; and Europe, at this moment, has perhaps to lament, that a fashionable but a vitiated taste has given rise to various publications of this stamp, which sap the foundations of society as now

established, and loosen principles which had been reared on a firmer basis than delusive honour.

But while we express our hostility to Romances, as applicable to the manners of Europe, we have no objection to such productions, when the scene is laid in countries far remote, and amongst people whose rules of action, the weakest enthusiast of the civilized world would not wish to copy. When they are made the vehicles of geographical, of physical, or moral delineations, in regard to nations of whose localities and modes of life we have but little knowledge; in this point of view, we hail Romances as auxiliaries to science, or at least as elegant amusements.

SYMPATHY OF MIND.

BETWEEN some souls there is a sympathy, which, like the laws of chemical attraction, will form an union, almost independent of the will. Why do they not oftener meet? How sweet, how dear would be the combination!

In our general intercourse with the world,

however, we more frequently experience manners that repel than endear; we are, perhaps, connected with persons whom it is impossible to love without violating the laws of nature, or changing the structure of our minds. Yet we feel ourselves bound to do them all the service in our power; and were we capable of entertaining contrary sentiments, we should be wanting in justice and humanity.

Though a similarity of taste and disposition is the strongest bond of friendship, and the source of the purest love, our attachments, alas! are not always founded on this solid base; and hence a considerable share of the misery of man! But to despise or to hate, even where we cannot feel the ardour of affection, or the reciprocations of amity, would be criminal and unjust.

It is highly dangerous to form romantic views of happiness, or to indulge the fond delusion of always meeting with characters, capable of exciting regard. Disappointment is sure to overtake us; and in proportion to the extravagance of our hopes, will be the anguish of our sensations.

Those who are pointed out by the world as the favourites of fortune, or the most distinguished for their felicity, are generally such as are

destitute of all sensibility; or those who have been happy enough to contract the closest intimacy, with persons capable of giving and receiving the purest pleasures.

The most amiable minds will appear amiable only, when their affections are elicited by congenial dispositions. There are thousands whose bosoms are formed for virtuous endearment, and domestic bliss, who are obliged to stifle the emotions of their hearts, and smother the flame, which, if cherished, would rise to rapture.

Education, amidst all its advantages, is not without its share of allay. The more refined and exquisite our sense of right and wrong, the higher our disgust, the severer our pangs, when we are ungenerously used, or unfeelingly disregarded. Those very qualities which are calculated to command the love and reverence of the world, when they have not room to expand within their private circle of connections, only render a man more signally unfortunate; and expose him to censure from the ignorant, or ridicule from the unfeeling. His most lovely virtues cannot appear; they are imprisoned in his breast, for want of scope to act. The light of his soul cannot flash on the gross matter that surrounds him; and the fragrance of his merits

is lost, amidst the nauseous weeds that check their growth. He shrinks within himself, and only unfolds his perfections, when congenial qualities solicit his regard, or draw out his sensibilities.

Who can be tender with the unfeeling, or cheerful with the morose? Who can display his wisdom to contemptuous ignorance, or pour forth his heart to sullen aversion? Yet against a fastidious delicacy of sentiment it is absolutely necessary to strive; and to discharge our duty, even to the undeserving or unamiable, is the highest effort of a moral and religious principle, and the most illustrious proof of native worth.

THE ALARM-BIRD.

NEAR the Copper Mine River, which falls into Hudson's Bay, lives a tribe of Indians, who traverse the immense and dreary solitudes that surround them, in pursuit of deer or other game, from which they derive their only subsistence. The animals, however, taught by experience to shun the haunts of men, and in-

stinctively led to conceal themselves in the most sequestered spots, would with difficulty be discovered, were it not for one of the winged tribe, of the owl genus, called the Alarm-Bird*.

No sooner does this bird descry man or beast, than it directs its flight towards them, and hovering over them, forms gyrations round their head. Should two objects at once arrest its attention, it flies from the one to the other, alternately, with a loud screaming, resembling the crying of a child; and in this manner it will follow travellers, or attend a herd of deer, for the space of a day.

By means of this guide, whose qualities so well correspond with its name, the Copper Indians are apprized of the approach of strangers, or directed to the herds of deer and musk-oxen, which otherwise they would frequently miss. Is it to be wondered at then, that they hold the Alarm-Bird in the highest veneration? It seems, indeed, to have been intended by Providence for the solace and friend of the miserable inhabitants of those wild and sterile regions; and will furnish a new evidence of that superintending care which watches over all.

* See Hearne's Journey to the Copper Mine River.

The cuculus indicator, so celebrated in the warmer climates, for detecting the treasures of the bees, in the deep recesses of the woods, within the hollow trunks of trees, has, or may be thought to have, a view and an object in its services. It feels the want of human assistance, to enable it to enjoy the fruits of its discoveries, and, therefore, instinctively calls for it, in hopes of being recompensed with a share of the honey, which we are told the natives readily allow it; but the Alarm-Bird appears perfectly disinterested in its labours: it answers no purpose of its own, and, therefore, may be considered as one of the bounties of Heaven to a people and a country, almost shut out from a participation of the common blessings of life. It confers benefits without the prospect of a reward; and for this reason, is entitled to the greater regard.

To contemplate the various animals that are dispersed over the globe, and the various blessings and disadvantages of different climates, will naturally lead us to the Source and Dispenser of all; and though some parts of the works of creation are more conspicuously beneficial, and cannot escape the most common observer, yet we may from analogy and reason conceive, that nothing was made in vain.

ON THE ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE*.

SO many difficulties attend the hypothesis of language having originated from human invention only, that even philosophy has frequently given it up in despair. When we consider the curious analogy that prevails in the construction of almost all languages, and the deep and subtle logic on which they are founded, there seems to be no small reason and justice, for referring their origin to divine inspiration.

But supposing language to have a divine original, it is not to be imagined, that a perfect system of it was at once communicated to man. In a state of nature his wants were few, and easily supplied. Exertion of body or mind was only necessary to a very limited degree. It was society, and the wants arising from refinement, that accumulated ideas, and clothed them in suitable expressions. These gave a stimulus to

* This, and the following essay, contain the ideas of Blair. The writer is proud of adopting the general sentiments of such an able guide.

industry, and opened new sources of enjoyment.

Language probably at first consisted in a few interjections, expressive of pleasure and pain, aided by such tones and gestures as most forcibly conveyed their meaning. Even after language, in process of time, became more extensive and copious, the ancient manner of speech subsisted among many nations: and what had arisen from necessity, continued in use for ornament. The illustrious Cicero informs us, that it was a contest between him and the celebrated Roscius, whether he could express a sentiment in a greater variety of phrases, or Roscius in a greater variety of intelligible significant gestures. Gesticulation with us would be considered as ridiculous; and our insipid monotonous pronunciation, among the Greeks and Romans, waving other nations, would certainly have excited disgust.

Words, descriptive of sensible objects, being the earliest attempts of mankind, their language, of necessity, became extremely metaphorical. For, to signify any desire or passion, or any act or feeling of the mind, they were obliged to paint the emotion or passion they wished to express, by allusions to those sensible objects which

had most connexion with it, and which could render it, in some degree, visible to others.

It was not, however, necessity alone that gave rise to this figurative style. In the infancy of all societies, where the passions operate without disguise, the language will be tinctured by the character of the mind. Every thing will be painted in the strongest terms, and the most glowing colours. Thus the language of poetry forms the first link in the chain of nature, and the last in that of refinement.

To trace the history of the different tongues that have obtained among men, and to mark their specific character, would lead to endless disquisition. In all civilized countries, poets were succeeded by philosophers: the gay fancies of the former, gave way to the cool discussions of the latter. The province of the one is prose; verse, that of the other. Prose indeed may receive all the embellishment of metaphor; but it is less the language of passion, or of enlivened imagination, than what is formed into regular numbers. Rhetoric is essential to both; and taste supplies the charm, with which genius binds the sense.

ON THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

OUR language, like our island, has undergone many revolutions, and perhaps each for the best. It derives its origin from various sources; it has been propagated by many different nations; and owes some of its excellencies to them all. Its basis may be said to be Saxon, with such an intermixture of ancient and modern words as conquest, commerce, or learning, in a succession of ages, has gradually introduced.

From the influx of so many streams, from the connexion of so many dissimilar parts, it naturally follows, that the English, like every compounded language, must possess a certain degree of irregularity. That complete analogy in structure cannot therefore be expected from it, which is found in those simpler languages, which have been derived from one source, and raised on one foundation. Hence, our syntax is confined; since there are few marks in the words themselves, which can shew their relation to each other, or point out, either their concordance, or

their government, in the sentence. But if these disadvantages attend a compounded language, they are balanced by other attendant beauties; particularly by the number and variety of words, with which such a language is commonly enriched. And, in fact, few languages are more copious than the English. In all the graver subjects of human investigation or discussion, no complaints can justly be made of the sterility of our tongue. We are likewise rich in the language of poetry: our poetical style differs essentially from prose; not with respect to numbers only, but in the very words themselves. In this, we have an infinite superiority over the French, whose poetical language, were it not distinguished by rhyme, would not appear to differ very considerably from their prose. Their language, however, surpasses ours in expressing whatever is gay, delicate, and amusing: for conversation it is unrivalled; but for the higher subjects of composition, it is justly considered as inferior to the English.

The flexibility of a language, or its power of adaptation to grave and strong, easy and flowing, tender and gentle, pompous and magnificent sentiments, as occasions require, is a quality

of great consideration, both in speaking and writing. This seems to depend on the copiousness of language; the different arrangement of which its words are susceptible; and the variety and beauty of the sound of those words, so as to correspond to so many different subjects. The Greek possesses these requisites in a higher degree than any other language, ancient or modern. It superadds the graceful variety of its different dialects to its beautiful original form; and thereby readily assumes every kind of character, from the most simple and familiar, to the most formal and majestic. The Latin, though it has many intrinsic and appropriate beauties, in this respect is inferior to the Greek. It has more of a settled character of stateliness and gravity; and is supported by a certain senatorial dignity, of which it is not easy to be uniformly divested. Among the modern tongues, the Italian, as possessing on the whole the greatest degree of flexibility, seems to be the most perfect of all the modern dialects, which have arisen from the ruins of the ancient.

Our language, though it cannot pretend to equal the Italian in flexibility, has, nevertheless, a very considerable portion of this valuable

quality. Whoever considers the diversity of style which appears in some of our most distinguished writers, will discover such a circle of expression, and such a power of accommodation to the various tastes of men, as must redound to the honour of our tongue, and deservedly fix its reputation.

Harmony of sound has ever been regarded as essential to perfect language; and in this quality, English has been supposed to be very deficient: yet whoever considers the melody of its versification, and its power of supporting poetical numbers without the assistance of rhyme, must confess, that it is far from being unharmonious. Even our prose, in the hands of a writer of taste, is susceptible of musical periods; and our poetry has received a smoothness and polish from Pope and some others, that can scarcely be surpassed in any language. Smoothness, however, it must be admitted, is not the distinguishing characteristic of the English tongue. Strength and expression, rather than grace and melody, constitute its character. The simplicity of its form and construction is certainly superior to that of any of the European dialects; a property deserving attention. It is free from the

intricacy of cases, declensions, moods, and tenses. Its words are subject to fewer variations from their original form, than those of any other language. Its substantives have no other distinction of gender, but what is made by nature; and but one variation in case, namely, the possessive. Its adjectives admit of no change, except what expresses the degree of comparison. Its verbs, instead of the inflections of other languages, admit no more than four or five changes in termination. A few prepositions and auxiliary verbs supply all the purposes of tenses; whilst the words in general preserve their form unaltered. Hence our language possesses a simplicity and facility, which is the very reason why it is so frequently spoken and written with inaccuracy. We imagine that a competent skill in it may be acquired without any study; and that in a syntax so narrow and limited as ours, there is nothing which requires attention. But the fundamental rules of syntax are common to the English, as well as to the ancient tongues; and a regard to them is absolutely necessary, if we wish to write with propriety, purity, or elegance.

In short, whatever may be the comparative

advantages or defects of our language, it certainly deserves, in the highest degree, our study and attention. The Greeks and Romans, in the meridian of their glory, thought the cultivation of their respective languages, an object worthy their most serious regard, their most sedulous application. The French and Italians have employed considerable industry upon theirs; and in this respect, their example is highly laudable, and deserving imitation. For whatever knowledge may be gained by the study of other languages, it can never be communicated with advantage, unless by those who can write and speak their own language with promptitude and purity. Without this, the matter of an author, be it ever so good and useful, will suffer in the public esteem. The marble block will be passed without notice; it is the polish of the statuary that arrests the attention.

GILLYFLOWER AND WORMWOOD.

A FABLE.

TWO boys, whom we shall name Gillyflower and Wormwood, though of different ages, and very opposite dispositions, had for some time lived on terms of the strictest intimacy and friendship; and it seemed as if their connexion would have lasted for life. Gillyflower alone would give way to the ill humours of Wormwood, and on this account was a favourite; but it was soon discovered, that he was equally a favourite with all who knew him, for his mildness and affability; while the other was generally despised and detested for his moroseness and ill temper.

This Wormwood could not long endure: he liked to be waited on, and obeyed by Gillyflower; but the attention and respect which the latter gained from mankind in general, corroded the heart of his companion.

To make short, Gillyflower very soon became not only neglected, but hated by Worm-

wood, and he let slip no occasion of magnifying the most trivial foibles into the blackest crimes, and of using that unreserved confidence which had once subsisted between them, as the means of ruining the reputation of his former friend.

As they grew up, the good behaviour of Gillyflower raised him to fortune and fame; and Wormwood having disgusted all his connexions, and sunk to indigence, was reduced to the necessity of begging assistance from that person, whom of all others he had injured the most.

Gillyflower, in the misfortunes of his early acquaintance, forgot the malignity which he had experienced from him. The heart of Wormwood relented: he saw its deformity, and blushed; and having at once acknowledged his own baseness, and the generosity of Gillyflower, he adopted the serious resolution of correcting his faults; and succeeded to such a degree, that he regained the favour and protection of all who knew him.

MORAL.

It is impossible that there can be any cordial union between persons of opposite principles and dispositions; and therefore the greatest care should be taken in forming connexions. There

are some also whom nothing but misfortunes can reclaim. Happy are they who escape them; but yet fortunate are they who are taught by them, to correct their own ill habits.

FISHES.

THE fourth class of animated nature comprises fishes, which are as much inferior to birds, as birds are to beasts, in their formation, senses, and enjoyments. As the scale of classification indeed advances, the degree of importance decreases, till at last it ends in existences which have scarcely the power of motion, or the sense of feeling.

The ocean being the great receptacle for fishes, in that vast and inexplorable abode, myriads of creatures most probably reside, whose very forms are unknown. The curiosity of man has drawn some from their depths, his wants more; but with regard to many qualities of their nature and almost their entire œconomy, they are concealed from human view.

The whole number of fishes, whose names and figures we are yet in some measure ac-

quainted with, does not, perhaps, exceed five hundred; and with respect to the greatest part of these, our knowledge is imperfect. Their habits and pursuits are chiefly hid in the profound and extensive element that protects them.

Most fishes present the same external form—sharp at either extremity, and swelling in the middle; which figure enables them to cleave the fluid they are destined to inhabit, with more celerity and ease. Human art has endeavoured to imitate their shape, in swift-sailing vessels; but the progress of such machines is insignificant, when compared with the rapidity of some of the larger fishes, which dart with inconceivable velocity.

Though all the parts of their body seem adapted to accelerate their speed, the fins are the chief instruments of motion. Besides assisting them in their progression, they facilitate their rising and sinking, their turning and leaping. All, however, have not the same number of fins; nor is their velocity always proportionate to the apparent perfection of their make; the shark wants the ventral fins, and yet it outstrips the haddock, which is perfectly equipped for expedition.

The pectoral fins, like oars, serve to propel

the body, and to keep it in equilibrio; and answer the same purpose to a fish in the water, as wings do to a bird in the air. By the continued agitation of those fins, the fly-fish (the *exocætus volitans)* will sometimes dart into a new element, and fly without sinking, for many yards together.

The ventral fins are placed under the belly, towards the lower extremity of the body, and seem rather intended to raise or depress the animal, than to forward its progressive motion. The dorsal fin, running along the ridge of the back, not only assists to balance the fish, but adds to its velocity. Flat fishes, however, are destitute of this appendage.

The anal fin serves to keep the animal in its upright, or vertical situation; while the tail, like the helm of a ship, seems to be the grand principle of regular motion, the fins being all subservient to it, and only giving direction to its powerful impetus.

As terraqueous animals have generally their respective coverings, to defend them from the injuries of the weather, so the tenants of the deep are furnished with a slimy, glutinous matter, which protects their bodies from the immediate contact of the surrounding fluid, and lubricates their passage. Beneath this, in most kinds, is

a strong covering of scales, under which an oily substance is lodged, which communicates warmth and vigour to the body.

Thus shielded and fitted for motion, the fish seems to enjoy the means of happiness in its native element, as much as quadrupeds or birds in theirs. But on a more attentive survey of its faculties, we find them vastly inferior; and as the senses are the only avenues of pleasure or pain with which we are acquainted, it is reasonable to presume, that obtunded or defective feeling and perception, must be accompanied with a proportionate diminution of enjoyment.

The sense of touching, so exquisite in some animals, must be imperfectly felt by fishes. Smelling they possess in a very limited degree; their tasting appears to be extremely defective, from the bony nature of the organ which conveys this sense; and their sense of hearing is still more obtuse, even if it exists at all.

As for the sense of sight, though they certainly possess it in a greater degree than any other, they are far inferior, in this respect too, to terrestrial animals. The eyes of most fishes are covered with the same transparent skin that envelopes the head, which seems to supply the place of eyelids. From the conformation of the crystalline

humour, which is round, they must necessarily have a very limited sphere of vision; yet, no doubt, the peculiar structure of their eyes is best adapted to their destination.

Nature seems to have formed fishes for a passive kind of existence. To preserve life, and to transmit it, fill up the circle of their pursuits; and to these they appear to be impelled rather by necessity than choice, without the capacity of making distinctions.

To obtain food is their ruling passion, and this never deserts them but with life. Their digestive faculties are immense: a single pike has been known to devour three hundred roaches, in three days.

This amazing concoctive power in the cold maws of fishes, has justly excited the curiosity of philosophers, and has effectually overturned the hypothesis, that the heat of the stomach is the principal cause of digestion. The truth seems to be, as some experiments of the late Dr. Hunter evince, that there is a power of animal assimilation, lodged in the stomachs of all creatures, which can neither be described nor defined; but which converts the food they swallow, into a fluid adapted to their own peculiar support.

But though the appetites of these tribes seem almost insatiable, no other animals, except serpents, can endure such long abstinence. Gold and silver fishes have been kept for months in vases, without any visible supplies. Even the pike, the most voracious of fishes, will exist in a pond, wholly by itself.

Fishes, however, when food is scanty, are not confined to a single region, or a single effort: shoals of one species follow those of another, through immense tracks of ocean, from the pole to the equator. The cod pursues the whiting from the banks of Newfoundland to the Bay of Biscay; and the whale hangs on the rear of shoals of herrings, and swallows thousands at a gulp.

Though water is the proper element of fishes, none of them can exist without air; yet nothing is more difficult than to account for the mode, in which they obtain the requisite supply. The air-bladder, supposed to be the receptacle of this vital fluid, has by some zoologists been allotted to another purpose, namely, that of enabling the fish to sink or rise, according as that organ is dilated or compressed; but there seems to be no just reason, why it should not supply the place of lungs at the same time. It is probable, also, that they separate the air from the water, which

they are constantly sucking in, and ejecting by the gills.

As a compensation for the disadvantages of form and enjoyment, fishes preserve their humble existence, to a much longer period than most animals, and are less liable to disorders, to which the changes of the atmosphere subject other classes of animated creation. How long a fish will live is not ascertained; perhaps the age of man is not of sufficient duration to measure it. Two methods, which it must be confessed are rather ingenious than certain, have been devised for determining the age of fishes: the one is by counting the circles of the scales, by means of a microscope; the other, by the transverse section of the back bone, when they are destitute of scales. According to these principles, Buffon found a carp which appeared to be upwards of a hundred years old; Gesner mentions one of the same age; and Albertus brings an instance of one that existed double that period.

But nothing in the natural history of this class is so remarkable as its astonishing fecundity. Lewenhoeck assures us, that a single cod spawns above nine millions of eggs in a season; and several other genera have a proportionate increase.

With regard to the generation of fishes, it is

generally believed, that the female deposits her eggs, or spawn, which the male impregnates on the spot. Linnæus, however, and others, violently oppose this idea; and, indeed, if we consult the analogy of nature, recourse must be had to more obvious means, though no external organs of sex have been discovered.

Fishes in general, when they have deposited their burdens, leave their nascent progeny to chance; and scarcely one in a thousand survives the numerous perils of youth. The very male and female which produced them, are equally destructive with the rest.

Linnæus divides fishes into four orders:

I. Apodes, or such as are destitute of ventral fins; as the eel, conger, &c.

II. Jugulares, with the ventral fins placed before the pectoral; as the cod, &c.

III. Thoracica, or fishes which inspire by the gills only, with the ventral fins underneath the pectoral; as the perch, &c.

IV. Abdominales, with the ventral fins placed behind the pectoral in the abdomen; as salmon, pike, &c.

These comprehend forty-seven genera, and about four hundred species; but our discoveries

in the oriental regions, and the South Seas, have considerably increased the catalogue; and the field is still open to future extensive discoveries.

Artedi, whose system has gained some celebrity, distributes fishes into five orders: the malacopterygii, or soft-finned; the acanthopterygii, or prickly-finned; the branchostegi, or fishes without bones in the membranes over the gills; the chrondropterygii, or fishes with cartilaginous rays in the fins; and the plagiuri, or fishes with horizontal tails.

But I fear I have fatigued you with this long description of fishes; yet in proportion as the objects are more remote from common observation, the more elucidation is necessary to convey any adequate idea. After all, I have only furnished an outline of any class of animated nature which has hitherto been reviewed: it must be your business to fill it up, by sedulous study and examination, if you wish to become a zoologist.

CHARADES.

PART II.

"DEAR PAPA, what a gloomy day this is!" said William: "cannot you find something to entertain us?"

His brothers looking out at the window, seemed to feel the same impression in regard to the weather, and to join in the same wish for some literary *jeux d'esprit.*

"I will examine my port-folio. Here are some more charades, the nature of which I have already explained to you. I do not mean to supply you with a key to these, that they may exercise your ingenuity the better, and amuse you the longer."

I.

My *first* is a principal cause of my *last*;
My *whole* as a spectre detest;
Alike love and amity shrink from its blast,
While peace yields its seat in the breast.

II.

Of vegetative life th' unerring sign,
Through plants my *first* devolves its genial tide;
My *last* to aid the bold or base design,
Will ready hands and willing hearts provide:
My *whole* is brighter than the azure skies,
And only rivall'd by Aspasia's eyes.

III.

A species of vermin my *first* will disclose,
That pesters great cities, and haunts their repose;
My *last* is a quadruped, savage and wild,
That art sometimes tames, and attention makes mild:
Of children and fools my *whole* is the terror,
The nurse speaks the word, and fear spreads the error.

IV.

My *first* is an organ of sense,
From which boundless pleasures arise;
My *last* is a parent's defence
To save her lov'd young from surprise.
Should my *whole* still in darkness remain,
Yet farther myself I unveil;
I'm receiv'd as a pledge by the swain
Of the contract he wishes to seal.

V.

To my *first* the prudent will ne'er put their name,
Unless by necessity driven;
The gay and the giddy my *last* will reclaim,
And make their light foibles forgiven:
From my *whole* may the race of Adam be free,
Whatever their country, their sex, or degree.

VI.

To a Young Lady.

With my *first* you deny, though all must allow,
That my *whole* in my *last* is discover'd in you.

VII.

May my *first* be the epithet Fortune shall bear,
  Whenever she visits, or thinks upon you:
Inherent in blood will my *second* appear,
  And the union of blood gives my *whole* to your view.

VIII.

Dear to the fond parental breast,
  And justly dear, my *first* is found;
My *last* explores the wat'ry waste,
  And draws up spoils from the profound.
Sacred to Laura lives my *whole*,
  While Petrarch's poesy can move;
By me he sooth'd his tortur'd soul,
  And breath'd the sighs of genuine love.

IX.

The miser, strange to tell! will trust
  My *first* with hoarded gold;
And without witness, bond, or pledge,
  Sacred the charge 'twill hold.
My *last* will give the stature true,
  But cannot mark the sense:
After an army comes my *whole*,
  Say, can you guess me thence?

To a young Lady of Rank, on the Anniversary of her Natal-day.

X.

My *first*, in its every sense, you possess,
My *last* is as old as the sun:
May my *whole* ever find you in health, peace, and bliss,
And have numerous circles to run!

XI.

The dread of the culprit, the counsellor's bliss,
In my *first* is express'd too clearly to miss;
The miser's chief pleasure, the merchant's grand aim,
In my *last* will be found to be one and the same:
And oft from my *whole* both their profits derive;
Say, what is the general traffic they drive?

XII.

May you ne'er know my *first*—my second ne'er *taste*!
Yet Ireland's sweet fair place my *whole* on their breast.

XIII.

My *whole* was the cause of my *first* to my *second*;
Nor let me for truth ungallant be reckon'd!

XIV.

Honour my *first*; admit me to your *second*; and let me play on your *whole*.

XV.

When ancient heroes fought, or gain'd the prize,
My *first* spread terror, or drew fav'ring eyes;
Torn from my *last*, the diamond learns to blaze,
And gold more valu'd than the voice of praise.
Where find my *whole*? To public haunts resort,
Or, to make sure, eye beauties at the court!

XVI.

A genial warmth to life my *first* invites;
The parent of my *last* is cold, severe:
To ease the throb of pain, my *whole* delights;
O could it reach the mind, and soothe consuming care!

XVII.

If you trust every tongue, my *first* oft you'll meet;
My *last* talks of war, yet its sound is thought sweet,
For it lures from their homes, village maidens and swains:
Should you find out my *two*, take my *whole* for your pains!

XVIII.

Ne'er may my *first* approach the friend I love,
Nor plant a thorn to rankle in the breast;
But with my *last* may happiness improve,
Each wish be full, each tumult lull'd to rest:
Dear will my *whole* to British hearts be found,
A hero's birth-place consecrates the ground.

XIX.

My *first* is fam'd as Quiet's seat,
Fair Virtue's lov'd and last retreat,
Where Nature wears her simplest guise,
And heartfelt passions light the eyes,
Where Falshood deals no fictious smiles,
Nor Cunning spreads her artful toils:
My *last* frequents the ball, the play,
The throng'd parade, the levee gay,

Where Fashion waves her painted plumes,
And Adulation wafts perfumes.
My *whole* in sunny climes has birth,
And vegetates on mother earth;
But Commerce, studious of gains,
Transports me from my native plains,
Dispreads my use, and lifts my fame,
More than my humble birth might claim;
Nor need the fairest nymph disdain
To see me sometimes in her train.

XX.

A mental monster, and a fancied ill,
My *first* the breast with terror loves to fill,
Checks blooming hope, indulges wan despair,
Dwells on distress, and idolizes care;
Of every pleasure robs the subject mind,
And leaves ideal woes alone behind:
Flee, flee the spectre! Life has ills enow,
And all must own it has its comforts too!
Now change the scene—my *second*, void of guile,
Weak, simple, harmless, feeds on humble spoil;
A fruitful mother, and an useful friend,
But always sentenc'd to a cruel end,
Denied the natural term of life to gain,
When cherish'd most, is soonest doom'd to pain.
My *whole*, how different! 'scapes th' unletter'd eyes,
And, though existing, neither lives nor dies;
Nor pain, nor pleasure, can it e'er impart,
And yet it aids the literary art;
Submissive waits upon the senseless line,
And helps the meaning and the sense to shine.

THE PERISHING SHEEP.

AN INCIDENT.

HARLEY was passing on horseback through a vale, at some distance from his home. Arriving at a muddy stream, he perceived a sheep, with its head entangled in the briers, and its hinder parts under water. He looked round with a wistful eye for assistance. No person was in sight. The poor animal appeared to have struggled, till, finding its efforts vain, it had resigned itself to its fate. What was to be done? Humanity would not suffer him to proceed, till he had liberated the sheep. He dismounted; and being too intent on the piteous object before his eyes, let his horse go, he knew not where. With difficulty he disengaged the creature's head from the briers; but not having strength enough to free itself from the mud, it tumbled wholly into the water.

HARLEY's task was now more troublesome and difficult than at first; but he was determined to persevere. He got into the oozy stream, and pulled the sheep by the fore-legs with all his

might. It struggled; and splashed him over head and ears. To desist, however, would have now been cruel: by repeated efforts he at last had the satisfaction to land it safe, and to see it run a few paces, and then look back, as to take a parting view of its benefactor. HARLEY's heart was full with the throb of beneficence. "Poor thing!" says he, "if I ever pass this way again, and you should be capable of distinguishing me, and give me but a look of regard, I shall be prouder than to be recognised, in a public place, by rank in its gayest attire."

It was time for his reverie to be at an end. He looked up, and saw his horse at the top of the hill; and how to catch him again he knew not. He pursued; but the steed shunned his approach. Says HARLEY to himself, "it is not the first time I have suffered for doing a kind action; but the pleasure I have felt is too dear to be balanced by any temporary evil."

In a short space, he met the master of the flock. "So, master," says he, smiling at HARLEY's dirty appearance, "you have had a tumble in the mire."—"No," rejoined he, "I voluntarily ventured myself into it, to save one of your sheep, that was in danger of perishing." —"Thank you, Sir," says the farmer, putting

on a more civil face; "I will assist you then to catch your horse." He did so; and when HARLEY was remounted, covered as he was with mud and locks of wool, he felt the dignity of man when benevolently employed; and though the boys laughed to see him, at every village through which he passed, he took no notice of the insult. His mind turned inwards on itself, and felt a congratulation, which no praises could have augmented, and no ridicule could take away.

REFLECTION.

The world has nothing that can be put in competition with self-applause, when it arises from the reflection of pure and disinterested benevolence. The still voice of approving conscience is the most glorious eulogy; and happier is he who can lay his hand on his heart, and say he has done right, though no eye should be witness to his felicity, than he who enjoys the most public testimony of approbation, which he is conscious he does not deserve.

DOCILITY OF DISPOSITION, THE BASIS OF SUCCESSFUL EDUCATION.

LONG experience and observation have convinced me, that less depends on modes of education, than on the susceptibility of the pupil. The labours of the most intelligent and active agriculturist must, at last, in a great measure be rewarded by the fertility of the soil, and its adaptation to his crop. He who sows his seed in a field repugnant to cultivation, or of qualities unpropitious to what is committed to its bosom, will, when harvest approaches, have to regret his ineffectual toils and his disappointed hopes.

The minds of youth, in like manner, are not all equally adapted for the reception of learning. No pains can overcome the natural sterility of some, and no neglect can wholly check the growth of fruit in others. Happy, however, are they, whose aptitude to receive instruction has met with the hand of diligent cultivation, who have early had the weeds of ignorance or error eradicated, and every generous plant reared to

maturity, with faithful assiduity and vigilant care.

By diligent tuition the most unpromising genius, inspired with a real desire to improve, may be rendered useful to society, and advantageous to itself. Providence never intended an equality of mental endowments, or of personal advantages, but it has impartially distributed its favours for the good of the whole; and where it has denied the shining talents that lead to fame, it has generally conferred the more solid qualities, that are calculated to secure independence. A parent, and not unfrequently a master, is dazzled by the lustre of opening abilities, and forgets the precipice to which they lead, the danger of their being perverted by ill examples, or of being nipped by the frost of neglect. They too often inspire a youth of talents with the fallacious hope, that he will attain to any station which he is qualified to fill, and that the homage of mankind will be liberally paid to superior mental excellence. This no doubt fans the most generous passions, and sometimes is productive of salutary consequences; but in the great mass of mankind, how few, however gifted, can succeed! How many mnst be left to languish in obscurity for want of occasions worthy of their

attainments! It is therefore safest to combine a regard for the substantial with the showy; and while the young are stimulated to run the career of glory in hopes of an adequate reward, to teach them, in case of disappointment, how they may render the sublimest talents productive of good to themselves, or the community, in spheres of action not less honourable, though less brilliant.

Far is it from the intention of the writer of this to depress the ardour of juvenile expectations, or to throw a gloom over the gay prospects of early life. He only wishes to moderate extravagant hopes, which generally end in disappointment, and to extend the empire of happiness, by showing that it does not entirely depend on rank, station, or acquirements. Those who possess a moderate capacity, and are content with moderate views, frequently enjoy more felicity than such as are qualified to gain the heights of celebrity, but want the means to rise, or the prudence to conduct themselves.

But whatever may be the natural endowments of youth, they never can be effectually polished, or brought to perfection, without docility. To this grand point I wish to call their earnest attention; and I most anxiously invite parents to

accompany me in the subsequent remarks. The instructors of youth, of either sex, I am sure will breathe their felicitations on my endeavours: they know and feel that all their useful labour is vain, without a willing mind, and a tractable disposition.

In days of yore, children were brought up with a strictness, not to say severity, which rendered the tutor's business easy; or if he did not find sufficient pliancy, the ferula and the rod were called in without mercy, and without fear of censure, to exact attention and submission.

Every period has its foibles and excesses. The unbending sternness with which the young used to be treated in former times, was disgraceful to free agents; and if it restrained the impetuous sallies of unguarded passions, it cramped the energies of the most exalted virtues, which must be spontaneous to be praiseworthy. It introduced hypocrisy and dissimulation, from the dread of punishment; and rendered the character correctly formal, from the apprehension of giving offence, rather than nobly virtuous from the innate love of principle.

But the laxity and indulgence of modern manners are, perhaps, still more inimical to the

best interest of the rising generation. The foolish fondness of parents, in general, towards their children, knows no bounds. It cannot be called love for them, for love is quick-sighted to discern faults, and studies to correct them; it cannot be called tenderness or humanity, for those qualities are not displayed by momentary impulses, but by consistency of action. It is rather a fashion or a habit, springing out of indolence, and want of moral feeling: it may, without breach of charity, be traced to dissipation, which renders persons indifferent about what does not contribute to their own immediate pleasure, and callous to the warm emotions of a rational regard. I will not ascribe this criminal indulgence, or rather neglect of children, to irreligion, and a contempt of all authority, but unfortunately it leads to both; and if it continues for a few generations more, or is carried to still greater heights, it must dissolve every tie that binds man to man, or man to heaven.

When children are habituated to pursue their own pleasure without controul from parental authority; when they disobey the authors of their being with impunity, and treat them with a contempt, in proportion to the mistaken kindness they have received, what can be expected

from the best modes of education, or the most sedulous care of masters? Will the boy that disregards his father respect his instructor; and will he who is used to have his will at home, whether right or wrong, quietly submit to necessary restraints when sent to school?

Parents ought seriously to reflect on this, both for their own sakes, and the happiness of their progeny. They should inculcate the necessity of a rational obedience, from the first dawn of reason; they should encourage docility in their children, as the mutual basis of comfort to the one, and of improvement to the other. The same habits which they still think it requisite children should acquire at school, should be early engrafted on their natures; and the business of the parent and the tutor should be shown to be the same in effect; though differing in degree. The maxims which regulate the school, should be a continuation of those which have directed the nursery. Owing to the contradiction, however, between them, what ills have arisen, and how much has the business of education been impeded! The most able masters, have, perhaps, incurred the blame which ought to have been solely imputed to the parent; and the hopeful genius has been lost to the world

and himself, by the neglect of precepts, which would, if early imbibed, have rendered docility habitual.

"Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd."

No one can teach those who are unwilling to learn, or resolutely bent to disobey. Let parents therefore give the proper impressions in time, and continue them, as they find opportunity and occasion; or the labour of the tutor will be the toil of Sisyphus. What he accomplishes with difficulty in months, may be undone in a day, or even a moment.

The young are naturally docile, and inclined to please. If early taken in hand, they may be moulded to any form without severity, and without harshness. Did I meet with an untoward disposition in youth, I would make use of language like this: "The restraints I am obliged to impose on you, the duties I call on you to perform, are solely prompted by a regard for your lasting welfare. I have no interest in exacting obedience; the services you are to discharge, are not culculated to benefit me, but yourself. If you are disposed to do your best with a willing mind, I have no more to claim of you. Docility is in your own power;

it arises from goodness of heart, not from strength of intellect. It will facilitate my instructions, and make them beneficial to you: it will tend to make you beloved by your superiors in every relation; and if you have learned to practise obedience yourself, during those years in which the reason of those who have gained experience is necessary to guide you, when you reach maturity, you will be able to command with prudence, and to receive that duty you have paid."

There are few who would turn a deaf ear to such a lesson as this, affectionately and frequently repeated. The young, indeed, ought to have "line upon line, and precept upon precept;" but I am well convinced, from long acquaintance with their native bias, that when parents have done their duty, the business of the master or mistress will be comparatively easy.

MODERN TIMES CONTRASTED WITH THE PAST*.

SENEX was inveighing against modern times, as a deterioration of the past. Even since he was a young man, he said, the world was become more depraved.

Melville could not endure this idle cant, the hacknied topic of garrulous and peevish age from remotest antiquity. He endeavoured to explode the vulgar error, that the amusements and pursuits of former days were purer and more praise-worthy than those of the present; and to prove to such as had the fortune to be born near the close of the eighteenth century, that it was as free from gross violations of rectitude and decorum, as the last, or any preceding period.

The number of our capital convictions, said he, can be no criterion of the depravity of our manners, or our progress in vicious refinement: when laws are multiplied to such an enormous

* The first sketch of this was originally published in the OLLA PODRIDA.

degree, there must infallibly be more victims to their neglect; as the more cobwebs the spider spins, the more heedless flies are likely to be caught.

We will leave, therefore, said Melville, the consideration of the comparative number of names who have *graced* the annals of Newgate, to the consideration of the officers of the police, who are most benefited by their increase, and who would be most injured, if every statutable degree of guilt were not prosecuted to conviction; and proceeding to a review of the religion, the manners, and the amusements of the age, draw inferences from their practice to prove our position.

That there is too much profligacy and irreligion in the world, few will have the temerity to deny, and most good men will lament; but that real virtue, piety, and religion, are both practised and countenanced, must be evident to all whose minds are not tinctured with the gloom of fanaticism, or soured with the leaven of misanthropy. In the church, in the state, in the senate, and at the bar, we have men eminent for the conscientious discharge of every duty; men who adorn elevated rank by corresponding manners; and are unfashionable enough to think,

that religion has angelic charms, and virtue an inherent reward.

Indeed, while the august personage, in whose hands are the distribution of honours, and the remuneration of merit, sets such an example of private purity and public worth, he cannot fail to attract admiration; and to admire, is to imitate. Thus those qualities which give a real lustre to the throne, being practised by the prince, become the objects of regard to the people: the great catch the ardour of royal desert, that they may recommend themselves by a similitude of manners; and the vulgar, who seldom think for themselves, are ever emulous to transcribe the virtues or vices of their superiors into their own lives, according as these or those fall more immediately under their observation.

In every nation, and in every age, indeed, corruption and profligacy have flowed from the higher ranks, and infected the multitude; or the honour and the probity of the former have proved the means of preserving the morals of the latter; as the streams receive a tincture from their sources, and pollution or purity is conveyed down from the springs. The present age affords many eminent examples of the great paying due veneration

to the religion of the establishment, yet treating dissenters of every denomination with candour and attention. 'Tis a conduct like this that exalts true devotion, and gives authenticity and force to Christianity. The narrow prejudices of illiberal minds are always as inimical to its sway, as they are disgraceful to the breast that indulges them.

In former times, on which folly has doated with the fondest attachment, religion was stained with violence and blood. It now begins to assume its native lustre and genuine characteristics: it breathes "peace and good-will to men."

To form an estimate of the manners of the present age will be an easy task. They are influenced by religion; and if it is pure and generally practised, the manners will of necessity receive a tincture from the connexion.

That charity triumphs over avarice; that the social ties are preserved with a milder regard: that the virtues of humanity have gained an ascendency over inflexible severity and headstrong revenge, are positions that need only be named to be allowed.

I will not invidiously wrest from former ages the qualities that adorned them; I will not deny

that they were replete with examples of heroism, magnanimity, and a contempt of death. I give them full credit for superior abstemiousness, and more resigned humility: they produced men who were zealous for religion, who were lovers of their country, and foes to tyrants; men who were great in action and at ease: but where shall we meet with that polish which is universally diffused over modern manners? that civilization, that mildness, refinement, and grace, which repress the bursts of furious passions, and soften the ferocity of masculine endowments?

War, the pest of the human race, and the disgrace of reason, even in its mildest form, was once carried on with horrors now unknown. The public enemy, when disarmed, is now treated with the indulgence of a private friend; and instead of dragging the conquered at our chariot-wheels, humanity and delicacy go hand in hand, to soften the severity of defeat, and to reconcile the vanquished to himself.

The same amiableness of manners is traced in humbler circumstances, and displayed on less important occasions. The cynic may call all this effeminacy; and dignify brutal qualities with the appellation of virtues; he may denominate

pity, a weakness; and stigmatize the humane with want of spirit:—I am not to be biassed by his arguments. Whatever renders us more gentle, more refined; whatever tends to bind one to another with more endearing ties; is, in my opinion, a virtue—and a virtue deserving applause.

And as our manners are influenced by our profession and practice of religion; so our amusements are nearly allied to our manners. The boisterous mirth, the rude joy, the indecent wit that used to delight even the highest ranks, is now degraded to the very lowest. The obstreperous jollity of the bowl, though sometimes admitted, is now no longer boasted of. The most splendid triumphs of Bacchus are not considered as conferring any glory on the most successful votaries of the rosy god; and he who can knock up his companions over the bottle, is as little valued, as a few years hence he will most probably be, who can institute no pretensions to merit, except his resolution in risking his neck over a five-bar gate; or killing his horse, that he may boast the paltry triumph of being in at the death.

But of all the improvements in the elegance

of our amusements that modern times can exhibit with a just claim to distinction and applause, the stage in its present state is the chief. The unchaste wit, the lewd allusion, the profane banter, and the imprecatory expletives of language, are now relished by those alone whose ideas are circumscribed by the lowness of their education, or whose minds have early imbibed wrong sentiments of genuine humour and sterling sense. Though the writers for, and managers of the public theatres, have the million to please, and therefore are frequently obliged to do some violence to their own taste and ideas of propriety, no play is now either written or acted, or would even be tolerated by the audience, which is so gross and offensive to morals, as what was fashionable only a century ago.

And in whatever light the surly moralist may consider theatric representations in general, I will boldly affirm, that they may be good in particular; that they may impart much knowledge, without previous study; and warn from error, without approaching the verge of guilt. Where virtue obtains the rewards which heaven will bestow, and poetic justice should not withhold, and vice smarts for its crimes, without being

rendered alluring by the attraction of pleasing qualities—then the stage will become an auxiliary to the pulpit: for morality and religion must ever be united.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

GULIELMUS was promised a ride with his father, on a certain day, if the weather proved favourable. He almost hourly examined the barometer; and every fall of a line, sunk his spirits; every appearance of a rise, elevated them with hope.

The morning of the intended excursion at last arrived.—It not only threatened, but poured down in torrents of rain. The ride of necessity was postponed; but disappointment sat heavy on Gulielmus's heart; and trivial as his loss may appear, it was perhaps equal, in his estimation, to what the more experienced have often felt, on the most trying and critical occasions.

To teach children to bear unavoidable disappointments with patience, is one of the most useful lessons in education. The most happy must frequently submit to them; and he who in

his infancy renders himself uneasy for trifles, will be little qualified, as he grows up, to support real calamities with the dignity of a man.

His father mildly remonstrated with him on his want of fortitude. He feelingly entered into a detail of some of the greater and more serious ills it had been his lot to endure; and as a proof that he could think on them with some composure, though tremblingly alive to painful impressions, gave him the following SONNET, written under the pressure of a signal frustration of hope.

As day by day, I journey on through life,
Where many a thorn has strew'd my cheerless way,
Hope's friendly smile with fortune still at strife,
Bids me advance to distant prospects gay:
I reach the spot—the prospects fade and die,
And scarce one tempting scene allures the sick'ning eye.

O DISAPPOINTMENT! well I know thy might,
Deep has my heart imbib'd thy painful lore;
E'en HOPE shrinks back, confounded at thy sight,
And all her fairy visions are no more.
Yet should her angel light relume this breast,
Grateful the influence again I'll hail;
From present storms, for peaceful scenes draw zest,
And bless each little breeze that, favouring, fills my sail.

CONCEIT:

THE MENDER OF CRACKED EARTHEN-WARE.

A TALE.

WHATEVER may be our natural or acquired accomplishments, conceit spoils them all. It disgusts the sensible, and exposes its possessor to the derision, even of fools. It throws a shade over talents not contemptible in themselves; it checks the progress of improvement; it shuts up the avenues of knowledge, and is an eternal bar to social regard and solid fame.

He who is very vain of his own acquirements, at an early period of life, may certainly be pronounced very shallow; for he either betrays his ignorance or his folly. He feels himself incapable of ascending the hill of knowledge by his own address, and therefore pins his faith on the sleeve of others; or he grovels at the bottom, and in his limited sphere of vision, sees nothing he cannot reach, or thinks he does not already possess. The more enlarged our conceptions,

and the higher our views are carried, the more sensible we become of our wants and imperfections, and the less we presume on our present attainments, either in virtue or learning. Conceit, however, is all-sufficient; and as it blinds the mind to a sense of defects, so it obstructs the possibility of their removal.

But let a tale instruct, if reasoning should fail.

A mender of cracked earthen-ware had many years been settled in a certain capital town, and had gained just celebrity for his ingenuity, industry, and success. He could alter the spout of a bad-pouring tea-pot, rivet a cracked chamber utensil, cement a delicate tea-cup, scour out a big-bellied jar without injuring the substance; and sometimes he could line a crazy pitcher with such art and effect, that it was rendered almost as good as new.

Business flowed in upon him apace: he was never idle; and as accidents will often happen to brittle materials, he was never unemployed. He became respectable, and he began to grow rich.

He had a favourite son, whom he wished to bring up to the same business. He early taught him the whole arcana of cements and rivets, of

simple and compound fractures in Wedgewood and queen wares, delph and china, of scouring, annealing, and joining, &c. The lad profited by his father's instructions, and was likely in due time, with sufficient practice, to make a clever fellow in his way. It is seldom, however, that people are satisfied with their situation; and hence their misery and disappointment.

The old cobler of earthen-ware was desirous that his son should know all the new mysteries of the trade. He sent him to the metropolis to profit by the instructions of the most eminent artisans in his line. Now it is well known, that in the metropolis every one follows a separate branch of business, and has a peculiar method of his own. The youngster had several artists to attend; each was full of his own importance, and condemned the practice of his brethren.

The novice imbibed all their discordant sentiments, without giving himself the trouble to reflect whether they were founded in reason, or sanctioned by experience. One taught him to scour out pitchers by a new process, another to mend tea-pots by a peculiar cement, a third to rivet bread-baskets and cups, by a mode unknown in the country.

The men he studied under were adroit enough in their respective little walks; but they had no notion of the general business. They understood parts; but the whole was too complex for their comprehension, or had never fallen under their view.

The young mender of earthen-ware, however, soon thought himself so wise, and became so much a slave to the opinions of his masters, that he despised all the mysteries he had learned from his father, and fancied himself the first genius in the craft.

He returned to the country, full of himself and his acquirements; he vaunted of the difficult jobs he had performed, and the wonders he had seen; ridiculed the modes of operation he had originally been taught, and nearly staggered the faith of some who had grown veterans in the trade. His father, too, thought him more sapient than himself; and often stood in mute astonishment, to hear him talk of cementing cups which had been broken into an hundred pieces, of adding a handle to one utensil, and a spout to another.

Talking, however, was all that he had yet performed; but his vanity and conceit were immense, and he longed to exhibit his skill. Some

friends of his father were willing to trust him with a job: the old women, in particular, thought him a prodigy; and it is even said, that cooks and scullion-maids made some slips, to let him try his abilities.

In attempting, however, to mend a slight crack in a cream-pot by a new discovery, he let it slip through his fingers, and spoiled a whole set of tea-table equipage. In scouring out a jar that had become crusted with mince-pies and sweet-meats, he unfortunately made a hole in the side; the spout of a vessel that wanted only some little repairs, he quite broke off by his bungling, and sent it home with a tin tube. Other accidents happened in his hands; but he was still equally conceited, and proud of the secrets he had learned. His failures he always ascribed to causes not in his power to prevent; they might have happened to the most knowing of the craft; the materials he had to work upon were bad, or the common tools were improper.

At last his father saw through his shallow pretensions, and found that business was failing from his presumption.

"Bobby," says he, "I thought as how you might have gained some improvement in town, and therefore I was at the expence of putting

you under the best masters in the trade; but I find you have only gained conceit, which teaches you to despise, and infallibly will make you despised. My customers will not submit to your new-fangled experiments. If you really know any valuable discoveries in the craft, shew them by your practice, but never boast of them. Believe me, that one ounce of practice is worth a pound of theory. It is not what you think you know, but what you can actually perform, that will make you a good mender of earthen-ware, or a wise man. Mind me, Bobby; leave vanity and conceit, and stick to experience; or you will lose the business of the old-established shop, and at the same time be reckoned an empty fellow.

We are not told what effect this judicious advice had upon him; but we wish every youngster who feels himself puffed up with vanity and conceit, to think of Bobby, the mender of cracked earthen-ware.

SQUINTINDA; OR, THE LOVER OF MISCHIEF:

A CHARACTER.

NATURE entails ills enow; but man increases the catalogue. For one who suffers from inevitable events, thousands are rendered miserable by the malignity, the envy, or the folly of their fellow-creatures.

Disappointed and unhappy themselves, there are some who receive an infernal pleasure from sowing dissension, and lacerating the ties of nature and of duty; who, to gratify personal pique or a rancorous disposition, exult in the mischiefs they occasion, and are callous to the stings of conscience; who by fair pretences to the ignorant, or affected pity for the weak, poison the peace of society, blast the prospects of merit, and sully the fairest reputation.

The laws of man do not always reach such persons; divine retribution is too slow to deter them; but if they have lost all regard for their own credit, or the happiness of others, let shame

or contempt rouse them to reflection, let their genuine features meet their astonished view, and make them blush for their deformity!

I paint no solitary degraded individual; I draw from no particular object. Alas! in every place there is a Squintinda; and against such characters I wish to warn the unsuspecting, and from such practices to frighten the good.

SQUINTINDA, with the most plausible manners, and the affectation of every moral virtue, when it suited her purpose, never possessed one honourable principle. The love of mischief was her ruling passion, even at that age when it is natural to wish to appear to advantage, and to conciliate affection. She cajoled her admirers by an affected regard, and when she fancied they were won, turned them into ridicule, and laughed at their pretensions; she contracted friendships, merely to obtain confidence, and then expose it; she intrigued to involve others in ruin, and her heart rejoiced in her success. An adept in dissimulation, she affected the hue and humour of the passing scene. She was gay with the gay, and giddy with the dissolute; grave with the grave, and silent with the morose. She often deceived, but she was early fortified against deception herself. Her errors were all

voluntary—not the effect of temptation, or of untoward circumstances, but the offspring of a depraved heart.

As she became older, and more hardened in wickedness, and began to feel she was sinking in the estimation of the world, she broke through every tie of honour, and gave a loose to malevolence. She was the means of preventing some very eligible matches, and of bringing about others, pregnant with the most disastrous consequences to the parties. To do mischief was her only joy. She occasioned some separations by her artifice; she spread the flames of intestine strife through every family in which she could gain a footing; and where her influence, fortunately, was less extensive, the deleterious poison she instilled into the breasts of those who were weak enough to become her dupes, in numerous instances set friends at variance; and gave rise to animosities, the source of which was discovered too late.

Against beauty and merit she waged eternal war. Was a woman justly beloved, like a fiend she studied to dissolve the charm; was a man esteemed for his learning or probity, she blackened his fame by oblique inuendoes. Did she see domestic happiness, it was gall to her heart;

did she perceive incipient misery or impending misfortune, she hastened their consummation.

Several fell martyrs to her machinations; and one person in particular in the agonies of death, when he was about to launch on the ocean of eternity, and felt the propriety and necessity of leaving this transitory scene in peace and charity with all mankind, confessed it was the severest task that nature had performed, to bring his mind to this frame, in regard to SQUINTINDA.

While such characters are every where to be found, can man complain of the unkindness of nature, or arraign the dispensations of Providence? Rather let him learn to avoid the snare which the unprincipled lover of mischief lays to entrap him, and to expose the malignity that plots for the destruction of his kind.

May this ideal SQUINTINDA teach you, my dear children, for whom my hopes and fears are tremblingly alive, to shun the real one; to tread with caution in the path of life, and to distrust specious appearances;—for some can assume any disguise, when their object is mischief.

A MEMORIAL.

IF unblemish'd virtue has charms for your heart;
If talents attract your admiration and esteem;
If an honest ambition to rise and to be distinguished,
Prompts your endeavours, and animates your hopes,
Gentle Youth!
Contemplate the character of MARCELLUS, and copy it into your life.
Born to the highest expectations,
The favourite of fortune, but still more of nature,
He was early fir'd with the noble emulation of desert.
His boyish years were spent in a close application
To those pursuits, which were calculated to adorn the future man:
Pre-eminence was his object, not only in learning but in worth.
He cultivated classical studies with assiduity and success;
But in moral excellence, and the happiest disposition,
He was still more conspicuous.
High birth did not inflate him with pride,
But only spurred him on to set it off,
By those qualities that should ever accompany it.
He felt, that rank without merit, was an empty boast;
And that the only noble, are the truly good.
When he had passed a public school
With distinguished reputation,

He was removed to the University,
Where he shone with fresh lustre.
The pride and pleasure of his family and friends,
He was beloved by all;
Even by those whom his fame alone had reach'd;
For his manners and his talents were form'd to command love,
And to conciliate regard.
His abilities
Could not long remain unnoticed or unemployed;
He was called to a public and an honourable vocation,
Before the generality of youths have learned to conduct themselves
With propriety, in the shades of retirement.
The expectations which he had raised
Were not in vain.
He discharged several important trusts with address and felicity,
Before he had passed his minority.
He was returned to Parliament, when on a distant mission,
By those who had always loved and esteemed him,
With an enthusiasm, which nothing
Save his native worth could have drawn forth.
But the service of his country,
At a conjuncture as critical as momentous,
Forbade him to sink the minister in the senator.
He continued to be employed at several foreign courts
In the highest station,
The admiration of each; but exempt from the vices of all.
BRITAIN
Began to look up to him with a well-grounded hope,
Of which he had already given sufficient earnest,

That he would signalize himself as one of
Her ablest statesmen—one of her best sons.
Alas!
How uncertain is life!
How frail the best gifts of fortune or of fame!
The SOVEREIGN DISPOSER of events
Called him from this transitory scene to an eternal one,
In the very bloom of youth, in the ardour of expectation,
He died, lamented by his friends, by his country, and
by mankind,
Ripe in every endowment, though immature in years.
Virtue, not space, is the glory of man!
1795.

INSECTS.

OF all the classes of animated nature, Insects*, which constitute the fifth in the Linnæan arrangement, are the most numerous and most universally disseminated; yet none is so little known, or so little regarded. They sport in the solar beam, they float in the air, they skim on the water, they animate the glebe, they cover every vegetable; they people our abodes, they

* From *in* and *seco*; because in many of the tribes the body seems to be cut or divided into two.

disturb our repose: yet curiosity in vain attempts to trace them through all their recesses, or to enumerate all their species.

Insects may be defined in general as little animals without blood, bones, or cartilages; furnished with a trunk, or else with a mouth opening longitudinally: their eyes are destitute of coverings; a bony substance supplies the place of a skin; and on their heads they have antennæ or horns.

Though the most minute in the scale of being, insects are certainly not the least interesting to the zoologist.

Whoever views them with due attention, and reflects on the mechanism of their structure, cannot but admire the wisdom of the Creator, who with so much art and goodness has adapted them for that sphere of existence which they are destined to fill. They form a necessary link in the chain of nature: some few are of essential benefit to man; others serve to support the life of animals of a higher rank; and frequently they constitute the food of creatures of their own class. Thus by a wise disposition of instincts, the earth is prevented from being overstocked with any particular kind, and a just balance is

preserved between the numbers and the necessities of every tribe.

On a cursory survey of the insect class, the first animals of this kind that present themselves to our contemplation, are such as are destitute of wings, and appear to animate every leaf and every clod. Some of these never become denizens of the sky, but are destined to creep in a humble kind of existence; while others only wait for their nascent wings, to mount the fields of ether.

Another natural order of the insect tribes is such as are furnished with wings, which, when the animals are first hatched, are cased up; but when the skins burst, they are immediately expanded, and the animals pursue the purposes of their creation. Of this kind are the dragon fly and the grasshopper.

The papilionaceous order, again, or the moth and butterfly kind, have all four wings, each covered with a mealy substance of various colours and exquisite beauty. These insects are hatched from an egg, from which issues a caterpillar, that often changes its skin; and after having divested itself of its last covering, it becomes a chrysalis, in which state it continues, till it bursts forth into its winged and most perfect state.

A fourth natural distinction may be drawn from insects that undergo similar changes to those of the butterfly tribe, but are destitute of mealy scales. In this may be ranked, gnats, beetles, flies, and bees; some of which have two, and others four wings.

Without adverting to the beauty of some insects, which amply proves that nature has not been parsimonious in the embellishment of this tribe, we shall only consider their general mechanism.

If we review the various organs with which particular insects are furnished, we shall be sensible of the care that Providence has taken, to fit them for their respective destinations. The silk-worm has two distaffs, and a kind of fingers to draw out the threads. The spider fabricates nets and webs, and is provided by nature with implements for that purpose. The bees are furnished with a variety of weapons, indispensably necessary in the formation of their combs, and for extracting the honied balsam, even from the most deleterious herbs.

The structure of the eye in insects is remarkaably different from that of other animals. It is defended by its own rigidity against external injuries, and its cornea is divided into lenticular

facets, which supply the place of the crystaline humour. Spiders have generally eight eyes, and flies may be said to have as many organs of vision, as there are perforations in the cornea. By this peculiarity of their conformation, the eyes of flies take in every neighbouring object at once, without turning their heads.

Such insects as are furnished with wings, have tendons to expand and strengthen them. Those which have only two, are supplied with two little balls or poisers, which serve to keep the body in equilibrio; for if one of them were cut off, the animal would fall to the ground, and if both, it would still indeed continue to fly, but it would be tossed at the mercy of every breeze.

Almost all sorts of insects are generated from eggs, which they are sure to deposit in such situations as may enable the nascent animal to receive the proper food, as soon as it is hatched. Instinct in this case supplies the place of reason; for none of them leave their progeny to chance.

Insects are formed for very different degrees of duration. The ephemeron sports a few hours in the sun that warmed it into existence, propagates its kind, and then quits its sphere of action for ever. Such, however, as are destined for a

longer life, as the bee and the ant, use provident precautions to lay up a stock of subsistence for the winter; but the greater part remain in a dormant state, during the cold season, and therefore do not stand in need of food, till the returning spring warms them into life, and invites them to their accustomed banquet.

Though it is impossible not to admire the habits and instincts observable in the insect tribes, yet on an impartial examination of their mechanism and powers, we shall be led to confess, that they form one of the last and lowest links in animated creation. Insects seem of all other animals the most imperfectly formed; as many of them will survive the loss of members, essential to the life of the higher ranks of nature. The noblest animals are always most variously and wonderfully made; and in proportion to the nice and complex operations they have to perform, their frames are more easily deranged, and more curiously adjusted.

Their powers or instincts are likewise very limited, when compared with other animals. The foresight and assiduity of the ant or the bee cannot be put in competition, with the sagacity displayed by the hound or the horse. The latter

seems to be directed by something like choice; while the labours of the former have the semblance of necessity or compulsion.

The astonishing number of insects is another and a stronger proof of their inferiority, in the scale of being. Nature always acts with a dignified œconomy, and produces the more noble animals with slowness and deliberation; while the meaner births are lavished in profusion, and myriads of abortive existences are poured forth at once.

Again, if we consider insects as bearing a relation to man, and as promoting his pleasures or relieving his wants, we shall find that few, comparatively speaking, are of any essential service. The bee, the silk-worm, the cochineal-fly, and the cantharides, are, indeed, of peculiar value: but on the other hand, how many are noxious, or, at least, useless? In cultivated countries, they are often unwelcome intruders on the fruits of human industry; but in the more wild and desert countries, the natives maintain a constant conflict with them; and though millions are destroyed, millions still succeed. They increase the horrors of the most ungenial climates, and render life itself more uncomfortable.

Linnæus divides the insect tribes into seven

orders, distinguished by their wings. They comprise eighty-six genera, and nearly three thousand species; but many new additions have been made to the catalogue.

I. Coleoptera, the beetle kind.

II. Hemiptera, as the blatta, cimex, &c.

III. Lepidoptera, the butterfly and moth kind.

IV. Neuroptera, insects with membranaceous nerved wings.

V. Hymenoptera, as the bee, ant, &c.

VI. Diptera, as common flies.

VII. Aptera, including insects without wings.

You have often chased the lepidoptera, or beautiful winged tribe, and have sometimes presented me with curious specimens, which you have caught. Various little animals of the coleopterous order, such as the lady-cow, have likewise attracted your notice; but I can scarcely wish you to devote so much time to entomology, as would be necessary to render you a complete naturalist in this class.

THE DISINTERESTED ARAB.

CHARMED with the amiable simplicity of manners, that characterize some nations, whom we dishonour and defame by the name of barbarians, the philosophic mind, ever most enamoured of nature, turns with disgust from the contemplation of unmeaning forms, which only mask vice, and veil the genuine features of the heart.

In an artificial state of society, it is not so much real virtue that is studied, as how to disguise the selfish and malignant passions. It is not so much purity of principle that is regarded, as to give an external hue of decency and propriety to corrupt and worthless motives of action. Constituted as polished society is, simplicity is ascribed to ignorance, or to a want of good breeding; while a refined and artful address assumes the garb of worth, and generally gains the greatest degree of credit, from those who are the very first victims of its duplicity.

Benevolence, humanity, and disinterest, are words that sound well, and therefore are in no

danger of becoming unfashionable; but, alas! their practice is almost become obsolete, and the ideas attached to them are too generally perverted from their original meaning. Vanity may sometimes prompt the display of generosity; the hopes of a recompence may excite the appearance of benevolence; and a natural impulse of sensibility may lead a bad character to sympathize with, and relieve an unfortunate one; but how seldom do we find either of those qualities founded on principle! and unless principle actuates the soul, their operation will neither be uniform nor consistent.

Debauched by luxury, in vain shall we look for disinterest; the slaves of venality, in what refined nation shall we discover an instance of humanity and benevolence so pure, so lovely, as the following little tale records?

M. de Pagés, a French officer, and an ingenious traveller, having, on a certain occasion, put himself under the protection of a caravan of Bedouins, travelling from Balsora to Aleppo, his escort had the misfortune to be attacked near the middle of the desert, by a much superior force of Arabs; and after a spirited resistance and ineffectual attempts at negociation, they found themselves obliged to abandon the greater

part of their baggage and cattle, and to place their only hopes of safety in flight.

Having used every stratagem to lull the foe into security, and to impede his progress, they prepared to set out under the cover of the night; and on a signal given by the leader, shot across the desert on their camels, with the rapidity of lightning.

The vigilant Arabs, however, soon discovered their design, and pursued them with alacrity. A general escape was impossible. In the confusion of the flight, they separated before the enemy could overtake them; and M. de Pagés and six more, accidentally finding themselves together, and trusting to the fleetness of their cattle, took a different direction from the remainder, the fate of whom was never known.

They pushed on like men, who having lost every thing but life, felt that doubly dear to them. They varied their course, so as to elude their pursuers by every means that ingenuity could devise; but before they were nearly out of danger, M. de Pagés, unaccustomed to such a painful mode of conveyance, and exhausted with fatigue, fell from his camel, which ran away with the scanty stock of provisions and necessaries he had saved.

There was no time for delay or deliberation. A Bedouin, seeing his distress, instantly alighted, and took him up behind him: he supplied him with a share of such humble fare as he could command, and in his whole conduct to the unfortunate traveller, displayed the most amiable sensibility and attachment; and unquestionably was the means of saving him from worse than instant death.

At last they providentially got to a place beyond the immediate fear of their pursuers, and where they enjoyed a temporary repose from their fatigues. M. de Pagés, penetrated with gratitude to his benefactor, and reflecting on his inability to reward him as he deserved, was anxious, however, to show his sense of the generosity he had experienced, to the utmost of his power.

From the general wreck, he had saved only four piastres. These he tendered to his friend in the most delicate manner possible, as a small acknowledgment for his kindness. The Bedouin could not conceive the meaning of his offer. The idea of doing good for a reward, was too complex for his simple understanding and upright heart to comprehend. Interest had no influence on his conduct. He appeared

insensible of any merit which demanded a recompence; or, perhaps, was offended at the seeming imputation, which was thrown on the purity of his motives.

He was repeatedly pressed to accept the trifle, but without effect. At last it was left on the skirts of his robe by a kind of gentle violence. In an instant, however, the Bedouin rose, and followed M. de Pagés to restore it; nor could any argument prevail on him to keep it, till he was assured that it was presented with no other view, than as a memorial of a friend that loved and esteemed him.

This was so honourable and congenial to the natural feelings of a Bedouin, that he resisted no longer. He had no objection to retain a pledge of the traveller's friendship; but he scorned to set his benevolence and humanity to sale.

PERVERSENESS.

SULLEN AND GENTLE CONTRASTED.

THOUGH the banquet of life be ever so rich, though the cup of pleasure be offered to your lips, and fortune lavish her choicest favours upon you, if your temper is not formed for happiness, you can never be happy.

There are some who, from a neglected education, or a natural perverseness of disposition, not only forfeit their own peace, but destroy that of all who have the misfortune to be connected with them. There are some, to the disgrace of human nature be it known! who would rather be miserable, in order to indulge an obstinate ill-humour, than enjoy satisfaction themselves, lest it should give pleasure to others. There are some who delight in tempests and hurricanes, in the conflict of malignant passions, and in the display of unamiable opposition; yet who, by a milder manner and more obliging behaviour, might repose, if they pleased, in the sunshine of content, and feel life glide away in reciprocal endearment.

Why is SULLEN disliked and despised by all his acquaintances; but because he thinks it would sink his consequence to study to be loved? He would rather brood over his task with a dogged indifference than try to learn it, or solicit the least assistance when he is at a loss. Though from a temper like his, the smallest degree of condescension would appear engaging, and elicit favour, he will neither bend to seek kindness, nor even to show civility. He is meanly proud of being distinguished from others, not by virtue or talents, but by pursuing a line of conduct in which he will have few competitors—in which he can neither be jostled by the generous, nor envied by the good.

Thus his whole life is likely to be a scene of unamiable reserve and unpitied distress; merely because his perverse temper was not timely broken by parental care, and because he chooses to run counter to the tide of human action. Yet he plumes himself on his spirit, which will infallibly involve him in ruin;—his manners bid a stern defiance to the world, and he despises the advice of those who are really interested in his welfare, as if it sprang from selfish motives. He is vain enough to think sense and merit exclusively his own, and considers himself as a martyr for

every petty suffering; and a martyr indeed he is, but to his own perverse temper alone.

Why is GENTLE the friend and the favourite of every person who knows him? Why is his company courted, his wishes studied, and his wants relieved? Why does every eye brighten at his smile, and every heart melt at his distress? It is because he endears himself to his associates by attention and duty, and places a generous reliance on his friends. It is because he diffuses happiness as far as lies in his power, and never willingly gives pain to any one. It is because he early learned to yield, and to give up his own prejudices to the stronger reason of others. It is because nature made him amiable, and cultivation fixed the lovely bias of his mind.

His days will pass in easy, even tenour. He will rest in the bosom of peace. He will find friends to soothe his afflictions, and to participate in his joys. Happy will be those over whom he presides; happy the objects of his affection; and dear the ties that bind him to society!

THE OAK AND THE BRIER.

A FABLE.

THE king of the forest proclaimed a day on which he was to receive the homage of the trees. The chesnut, the elm, the ash, the plane, and the fir, were there, and met with a most cordial reception. The beech, the birch, the hazel, and the willow, bowed at a respectful distance; but the oak did not think them unworthy of his notice: he said some civil things to them, and dismissed them in good humour.

A humble brier, who had long spread his shoots under the shade of this grandee of the wood, thought he would be wanting in duty, if he did not likewise make his compliments on the occasion. He advanced with diffidence, but was little noticed; he was not indeed spurned from the royal presence, but there was an apparent coolness shewn him; and he retired rather abashed from the levee.

A short time after the woodman came, and levelled the most stately trees. The oak fell, and crushed some of his most favoured depend-

ants. The brier was too humble to be much injured by the catastrophe, though he sincerely lamented it in others. He endeavoured to heal the bleeding wounds of his former protector, but in vain. He continued, however, to feel gratitude for the shade he had so long enjoyed; and as the scions sprang up from the old stock, he closely embraced them with his prickly branches, and by his assiduous care kept off every rude attack, till they acquired some strength, and reared their heads above annoyance.

The principal scion in time began to claim the sovereignty of the wood; and the young trees attended to pay their respects, as they had done to his father. Convinced of the affectionate regard of the brier for his family, he acknowledged his services in full assembly; and bade the trees learn from the fate of his ancestor, never to neglect the lowly; as a poor neighbour was frequently more serviceable, in the hour of danger, than a potent friend at a distance; and the meanest shrub in the forest was furnished with some powers to please, protect, or annoy.

The trees acquiesced in the truth of the remark, and the proudest of them were glad in future to deserve the friendship of the brier.

THE DANGER OF UNEQUAL CONNEXIONS; EXEMPLIFIED IN THE HISTORY OF AMELIA HARLEY.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

WHOLLY to extinguish self-love, and to annihilate the aspirings of an honest ambition, is to pluck up every generous passion by the root, and to strip humanity of its brightest ornaments; yet with how great caution they ought to be indulged, and how fatal may be the errors of excess, my melancholy tale will show.

I was the only daughter and sole delight of the vicar of W. in Oxfordshire. His income was barely sufficient to support his family, and the dignity of his profession; yet it was considerably reduced by a benevolent disposition, and an unbounded charity. The last virtue in him was carried to such an extreme, as to border on want of consideration.

Under parental tuition, I spent my early years, in imbibing every salutary precept, and in cul-

tivating every lovely virtue. I applied myself to literary pursuits with sincere pleasure and unwearied assiduity; and before I was fourteen years of age, my father's care had rendered me mistress of every useful and elegant accomplishment that learning can confer on female genius. Nor did my dear mother neglect to accompany my father's instructions with a necessary insight into every branch of domestic œconomy, and with a knowledge of those arts more peculiarly suited to my sex. I could use the needle and the pen with equal address; though, to confess the truth, I regarded the drudgery of household employ as a task unworthy of me; and as far beneath the notice of one who was too conscious of her own superior acquirements.

To complete the list of my accomplishments, my parents now thought it necessary I should learn to dance. To a dancing-school I was accordingly sent once a week, at our nearest market town; and as music, of which under my mother's care I had already become a competent mistress, has a near affinity to dancing, I soon made a rapid progress in that art, which fashion has deemed necessary to confer grace, and to excite admiration; and was complimented by

my master and the occasional spectators, as the genteelest figure, and the best performer among my companions.

This heart, which has since felt so many throbs of anguish, used, I can well remember, to bound with joy at the welcome breath of adulation, and to believe that every tongue must be sincere in praising those accomplishments, which a vanity, natural to our sex, taught me to think myself possessed of, in an eminent degree.

Among those whom curiosity attracted to our weekly exhibition, was the young and elegant Sir William B. whose father having died lately, left him, at the age of twenty, sole manager of his own affairs. This gentleman would sit whole hours, earnestly watching my steps; and I frequently observed him discoursing with my master, apparently in my favour, as his eyes constantly endeavoured to meet mine on those occasions. At length, he one day ventured to solicit my hand as a partner, and complimented me on the correct taste I always displayed in the choice of my dances, as well as the elegant precision with which I performed them.

My little heart fluttered with fear and pleasure, at his evident partiality; while my companions, who were most of them older than myself, were

incapable of concealing the envy of their dispositions, which they failed not to signify by the most malicious sneers, and affected whispers to each other.

During the dance, Sir William tried every method that insidious art could devise, to engage my attention and my favour. Even at such an early age, he was well acquainted with the world, and the avenues to the heart of innocence. His praises of my person were oblique, and by comparison. He was too well practised in deceit not to know, that direct flattery would shock the simplicity of my nature, and, of course, defeat his intentions.

Though my father's servant was constantly sent to attend me home, Sir William begged that he might have the honour of waiting on me himself, as he was desirous of communicating something of importance to my father, and intended, in consideration of the universal esteem in which he was held, and his exemplary piety, to present him to a valuable benefice in his gift, which was every day expected to become vacant. I thanked him very cordially for his benevolent intentions respecting my father; but modestly requested he would take some other opportunity of seeing him. In the most humble

and persuasive manner, he repeated his request to be permitted to accompany me. A blush of the deepest scarlet diffused itself over my face; and as he was no stranger to the language of the countenance, he immediately seized my hand, and pressing it in the most respectful manner to his lips, placed it under his arm; and from the time of our setting out, till we reached the vicarage, I hardly knew how I walked; so entirely was I overcome by fear, shame, vanity, and adulation.

My worthy father received Sir William with a civility which is better felt than expressed; not the effect of form, but of sentiment; and the baronet having first complimented him on his very amiable daughter, as he was pleased to call me, explained the pretended motive of this intrusion, by requesting his acceptance of an adjacent living, on the incumbent's expected demise, which, however, did not then happen.

With all the gratitude of a man who felt for his own wants, but more for those of his family, my father thanked him again and again. My mother was quite overwhelmed with his goodness, and pressed him to stay and partake of our humble meal; to which he readily assented;

though his seat was at some distance, and he had neither servant nor carriage to attend him.

Such is the turpitude of vice, and the meanness to which it will condescend, that for the gratification of an unruly passion, by the destruction of innocence, and the murder of domestic peace, it will submit to any difficulty, and encounter all opposition.

Sir William staid some hours, and appeared to my unsuspecting father, as a prodigy of virtue and good sense. When he talked of me, or to me, it was always with the most distant, though pointed respect; yet his eyes were continually wandering over me, and occasioned a confusion, which I could neither prevent nor conceal.

From this moment I must date my misfortunes.—And here let me review the former part of my life as a delightful vision; but hide me, gracious God! from the recollection of what succeeds. Alas! it is impossible! This heart, with all its sensibility, and all its sufferings, has still proved too stubborn to break; or misery would long ere now have produced that happy effect, and freed me from the incessant reproaches of my internal monitor!

I now began to struggle with the first impulses

of a real affection. My bosom was naturally susceptible of tender impressions; and the vanity of my parents co-operated too strongly with my own delusion, to leave me room to doubt that Sir William was become my captive. What we wish, we often rashly believe. He met me again and again at the dance; redoubled his attentions; proceeded with unwearied assiduity, but perfect caution; frequently saw me home, and established his apparent sincerity, beyond the distrust of youthful innocence and unsuspecting honour.

My parents, from a blameable partiality for me, and an extreme credulity, encouraged the baronet's visits, and gave us frequent opportunities of being alone. Those moments were but too well improved, to promote his seductive designs. The softest expressions, and the most persuasive eloquence, were poured out with all the emphatic looks of genuine affection. I was but ill calculated, at fifteen, to combat consummate hypocrisy and deep-laid design; and confessed my heart was his, before I well knew that I had a heart to bestow.

My own growing regard was not the only thing that encouraged the deceit. My father

and mother were continually talking of young men of fortune, who had matched beneath them. The ashes of my ancestors were raked up; and some names were recorded of equal, if not of superior rank, to that of Sir William. Besides, the education I had received, might, in their opinion, well justify the sacrifice of additional fortune, to a man who did not want it. These were the delusive arguments that lulled the vigilance of parental suspicion, and rivetted my fatal attachment.

Sir William, when I had once confessed my affection, burst into the most extravagant raptures; called himself the happiest of mortals; and declared, if I would immediately consent to be his, his life, his fortune, should be entirely devoted to me. He artfully suggested reasons why it would be for our mutual happiness and interest to conceal our intentions, till we were inseparably united. I was too much in love to see through his designs; too sincere myself to doubt of his honour.

He saw his influence over me, and earnestly conjured me to set out with him to Scotland, that very evening. He painted the prospect of our future bliss in such glowing colours, as deprived

me of all power of reflection. I fatally fell into the snare; and at length consented to a private elopement.

Eternal Father! forgive me that I became so easily the victim of vanity and credulity; that I proved undutiful to the most affectionate of parents, and plunged both them and myself into irreparable ruin!

That very night Sir William's carriage waited, at a small distance from my father's house, to receive us. I left my home at midnight, without the least idea of future remorse. Those only who are practised in the arts of seduction, can imagine the apparent fondness that my betrayer lavished on me. He ordered the chariot to drive on, and protested he should soon be the happiest of men by his union with me; when he would endeavour to make my felicity exceed that of every other woman, as much, if possible, as my deserts.

For two days and nights we drove with inconceivable speed; and at length he informed me that we were on the borders of Scotland, and that he had previously dispatched a servant, for a minister to solemnize our marriage.

During this rapid journey, Sir William had behaved with the most affectionate respect;

neither alarming me by his indifference, nor attempting the least indecorum. Night arrived as we drove up to an inn of mean appearance, which, I was told, was the principal in that village, which is so well known to matrimonial adventurers.

I was instantly seized with an universal tremor; and my agitation was so extreme, that I could with difficulty support myself. My parents, my home, my relations, all presented themselves to my imagination; and the idea of the painful suspense and anxiety to which my elopement must naturally have given rise, added poignancy to my own sensations.

Sir William did not fail, on this occasion, to use such soothing language, and such studied attentions, as might allay the tumult of my spirits; but in vain. The ceremony was performed while I was in this state, by a person who appeared to be a clergyman—What happened afterwards I know not; but judge my surprise and despair, when in the morning I found myself abandoned, and learned that I was in a remote part of Cornwall.

My youth, and apparent innocence, interested the mistress of the house in my favour: she exclaimed bitterly against my betrayer; informed

me that a villain had been bribed to assume the dress of the sacred profession, and that the gentleman who accompanied me had departed early in the morning; leaving a bill of one hundred pounds value to discharge any expences on my account. I could hear no more—I fell into strong convulsions; and in all the distraction and anguish that shame and disappointment could occasion, burst at intervals into unmeaning exclamation, and frantic rage.

For twelve days, I did not possess reason enough to satisfy the constant inquiries of my hostess, by informing her who I was, and whence I came. The utmost violence of grief, however, unless it totally ends our being, will in time subside into settled despondency. By degrees I waked from my delirium, and begged to see my parents, to whose residence I was now capable of directing.

In consequence of this information, the arrival of my father was in a few days announced; and at his sight I was again overwhelmed with shame, remorse, and despair.

My father, the tears gushing from his eyes, ran to embrace me; and by every parental endearment, tried to console my affliction. He

assured me of the forgiveness of Heaven, and that duty, as well as affection, taught him not to be more inexorable. But what was the renewed horror of my mind, when he ventured to inform me, after supposing me sufficiently recovered to bear the shock, that my fond, my affectionate mother was no more! Alas! I had then too much reason to fear, what was afterwards fully confirmed, that my unhappy flight had been the fatal cause of her untimely death. I relapsed into insensibility and loss of reason; talked with my mother, as if she had been present, and solemnly conjured Sir William, by the love he once professed for me, not to murder us all.

My frantic grief drew tears from every eye; and though I had some lucid intervals, the sight of my father constantly plunged me into my former situation. Upwards of a month elapsed, before I was judged capable of attending him to our little habitation. He reminded me that I was his only consolation; and kindly taking upon himself the whole blame of my misfortune, in permitting the addresses of a person so much our superior, endeavoured to persuade me that I should yet be happy.

Good old man! thy fond paternal blandishments rendered life tolerable while I enjoyed them; but happiness is a sensation which I can only experience beyond the grave!

For five years, I superintended the little arrangements of his family, and during the whole space, would not behold the face of a former acquaintance. At the expiration of this period, a fit of apoplexy snatched him to a better world, to receive the reward of his virtues; and left my heart to bleed anew for its misfortunes.

As I was sole executrix, I turned my little property into money; and having placed it in the funds, I retired to a distant part of the country; determined to seclude myself from the world, and to devote the remainder of my days to the service of heaven. For though I was still in the bloom of my youth, and grief had not wholly effaced my former beauty, I religiously adhered to my resolution of admitting no suitor, though several wished to solicit my hand; being firmly persuaded that marriage, without innocence, is at best but legal prostitution; and that none can be happy under that sacred institution, whose lives have not been uniformly spent in virtue, prudence, and honour. In this retirement, I have lived near twenty years. Books

have been my only earthly consolation; and as the occurrences must be few and trivial in such a situation, their recital would of consequence prove uninteresting.

I have been informed that my seducer was married many years ago to a lady of great fortune, who shortly after eloped with his footman; and that he never heard my name mentioned, without the strongest indications of sorrow and remorse.

A constitution naturally good, I feel daily giving way to the secret attacks of mental disease; but as my life has been marked with misery, I can resign it without pain, and, I hope, without fear. May my fate, however, be a warning to parents, not to be too much flattered by the attentions of opulence to their offspring;—and to the young, the innocent, and the gay, carefully to avoid the snares of temptation, lest they equal my folly, and incur my punishment.

GIVE AND TAKE!

AN ANECDOTE.

TWO boys playing at foot-ball, one of them missing his blow, gave the other a violent kick on the shin, which laid him sprawling; and occasioned his confinement for several days. It was, however, an accident, and no blame was justly imputable to either; but the party who had given the blow was ungenerous enough to exult in the punishment the other felt from being kept to his room, and debarred from pastime. This behaviour he quietly submitted to, though he felt it as both inhuman and base.

Soon after the wound was healed, the same boys were again at play; and by an unlucky stroke of the ball, it happened to be directed full in the face of the shin-kicker, knocked out one of his teeth, and gave him a bloody nose into the bargain. It is a trite remark, that none so ill bear injuries, as those who regard inflicting them the least. The sufferer, on this occasion, was quite outrageous; he raved, he threatened, and was about to give his companion a severe

drubbing. "Hold!" says the other; "when you lamed me, I did not show any resentment against you, though I was in consequence laid up for some time. A little water will wash away the blood; and as for the loss of your tooth, it will not prevent you from eating or playing a single hour. My father always told me, I must learn to GIVE and TAKE; or I should never be able to play the game of life. You lent me the first blow, freely and unintentionally, and I as freely and undesignedly have repaid you with interest."

REFLECTION.

An important lesson, as a rule of human conduct, may be deduced from this. Provocation by word or deed, though it does not always justify, commonly prompts retaliation. They who injure others, must expect to suffer themselves. The first offender has the least claim to pity, though he is generally the most impatient under a return; yet it is wiser to balance ills than to perpetuate enmity. All have their faults; and the maxim to "give and take" is not only prudent but just.

WORMS.

THE impatience you show to see my concluding essay on the classification of animated nature, proves that my endeavours to excite your attention to this pleasing branch of science have not been in vain. We now touch the boundary between the animal and the vegetable kingdoms; and find the shades of life, varied by such imperceptible degrees from the growth of plants, that it is impossible to say precisely where the one ends, and the other begins.

Worms, which form the sixth and last class in the Linnæan distribution, include five orders, which are again subdivided into eighty genera, and nearly twelve hundred species; but the catalogue has since been more than tripled.

I. INTESTINA*—having simple naked bodies without limbs, as ascaris, lumbricus, hirudo, &c.

* Many worms of this order have their proper nidus in the intestines of men and other animals; whence they receive their name.

II. MOLLUSCA—with simple naked bodies, but furnished with limbs, as the limax or naked snail, &c.

III. TESTACEA—including the whole tribe of worms covered with shells.

IV. LITHOPHYTA—this order has since been omitted, and INFUSORIA* substituted, which now constitutes the FIFTH.

V. ZOOPHYTA, or composite animals, springing from a vegetable stem.

The distinguishing characteristics of worms are, that they have only one ventricle to the heart, no auricle, and a cold colourless sanies, instead of blood. They are particularly discriminated from insects, by being tentaculated, whereas the latter are antennated.

This class includes such a variety of animals, so different in form, habitation, and qualities, that no general description will apply to all. I shall therefore only introduce you to an acquaintance with some of the more remarkable kinds; and if you wish to prosecute your researches, will direct you to authors, who have written amply on the subject.

The earth-worm, of the order of intestina, is

* Infusoria consist of very small animals, or animalcules. In this order there are fifteen genera.

one of those animals that is most familiar to our view; and some account of it will give you an idea of the whole class.

This creature has a spiral muscle running round its body, from one extremity to the other; and by alternately contracting and dilating this, it performs its progressive motion; while a slimy juice which it ejects at its pleasure, keeps it in its place, or lubricrates its passage into the earth. The body is armed with small, stiff, and sharp prickles, which it occasionally erects or depresses: it has also breathing-holes along the back, adjoining to each annulation; and it is furnished with a mouth and an alimentary canal. However, it is destitute of eyes, ears, and properly speaking, of feet; and its internal conformation is likewise extremely simple.

Earth-worms, like snails, and many other creatures of this class, are hermaphrodites, and capable of impregnating and being impregnated, at the same time. They lay their eggs in the earth, which in twelve or fourteen days, are hatched by the genial warmth of the soil.

When the cold becomes severe, these animals seek a deeper retreat in the earth, and seem to partake of the torpidity of the insect tribes; till the return of the season, which gives new life to

creation. The most extraordinary circumstance, however, attending them, is, that the animal, when cut, is multiplied into as many existences as you please. Each section gradually acquires what is wanting to complete it; and within a few months, a number of worms may be produced, from the divisions of one. Thus one of the most contemptible of lives is the most difficult to destroy; and in proportion to the dangers to which the tribe is exposed, are the means allotted for its preservation.

In the order of Mollusca, one of the most singular is the limax or naked snail; but as those with coverings are still more worthy of notice, I shall give a short description of them, which will include the other variety.

The first striking peculiarity of the snail tribe is the eyes, placed on the points of its longest horns, and which appear like black spots. When the animal is in motion, four horns are distinctly perceived; but the two uppermost and longest are most remarkable, on account of their supporting the organs of vision, which can be directed to different objects, at pleasure. The mouth is placed under the short horns, and is furnished with eight teeth.

The singular manner in which the snails im-

pregnate and are impregnated, and afterwards produce their young, has challenged the admiration of every inquisitive naturalist. The eggs, which proceed from the aperture of the neck, are very numerous, white, roundish, and covered with a soft shell, inclosing the nascent animal. These are deposited in the ground; and in due time, the young snail bursts its covering, and comes abroad with a small shell on its back, which increases as the animal acquires strength and size.

Thus furnished with a light and firm covering, the snail on the approach of danger, retires within its fortress; and should even the shell be broken, it possesses the power of repairing it in a few days. The same substance, of which it was originally fabricated, serves for the re-establishment of the ruined habitation; but all the junctures are clearly seen, and have a patched appearance.

The snail is extremely voracious, and very destructive to gardens. When in quest of food, it moves forward by means of the broad muscular skin, which is sometimes seen projecting round the mouth of the shell; and retains its position by the slimy juice, which generally marks its track.

At the beginning of winter, the snail buries itself in the earth, or retires to some hole, where it remains in a torpid state, during the severity of the season. For the purposes of greater warmth and security, it forms a kind of plaster covering over the mouth of its shell, still, however, permeable by the air.

About the beginning of April, if the weather is tolerably favourable, the animal bursts its barriers, and comes forth. Its appetites are then most craving, and it preys on whatever falls in its way; though afterwards it is more choice in its food, and fixes on the most delicious fruits and the most succulent vegetables.

Snails are extremely diversified: different kinds inhabit the gardens, the rivers or marshes, and the sea. A strong similitude, however, exists between them all; yet there are very considerable distinctions to be found. Of sea snails, the most curious is the Nautilus, to which the poet alludes, in these words:

> Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,
> Spread the thin oar, and catch the favouring gale.

It is furnished with eight feet, connected by a fine membrane. Of these, six feet are short, and held up by way of a sail; while the two

longer ones serve like little paddles to steer by. When interrupted in its course, or in fear of danger from above, it instantly furls its sail, and, turning itself over, plunges to the bottom.

Linnæus enumerates eleven species of earth-snails, sixteen of marsh or fresh water, and six of sea-snails. Pennant describes no fewer than twenty species, which are natives of the British isles.

The order of testacea, taken in its full extent, at once beautifies our shores, and enriches our most elegant cabinets. They are divided into univalves, bivalves, and multivalves; and again subdivided into various genera or families, comprehending more than eight hundred species*.

The admiral shells, a kind of volute, are highly esteemed by conchologists. They are of four species—the grand admiral, the vice admiral, the orange or rear admiral, and the extra admiral. They are so named from the beautiful coloured fasciæ which surround them, and have a fancied resemblance to the flags of a man of war. Some of the first species have been sold in Holland for 500 florins. They are indeed

* For the best and simplest classification of shells, I refer you to Da Costa's Elements of Conchology.

very elegant shells; but the estimation in which they are held, is chiefly ideal.

Several kinds of shell-fish contain pearls; but that which particularly obtains the appellation of the pearl oyster, is the chief. This has a large, strong, whitish shell, rough without, and smooth within. The internal surface supplies the mother of pearl, as it is called; but still the most valued part is the pearl itself, which varies extremely both in size and purity.

There are many pearl fisheries, both in Asia and America. The wretched negroes, or others who are employed in diving for this marine spoil, are not only exposed to the dangers of the deep, to suffocation, and to being devoured by sharks, or a species of ray; but by the pressure of the air on their lungs in descending, they universally labour under a spitting of blood. Though the most robust and healthy young men are chosen for this employment, they seldom survive above five or six years. The length of time that they can remain at the bottom is really astonishing. Some, we are assured, have been known to continue upwards of forty minutes without breathing! though ten minutes would suffocate those who are unaccustomed to this perilous profession. They are perfectly naked; having only a

net suspended round their necks to put the oysters in, and gloves to protect them from the sharp rocks, from the holes of which they pick their prey.

Every diver, and sometimes there are five hundred together, is sunk by means of a heavy stone, tied to the end of the rope by which he descends; and when they reach the bottom, the stone is drawn up. They sometimes plunge into fifteen fathom water, where they remain till the signal is given to their associates in a boat, to hoist them up. After all their labour, it is doubtful whether the oysters they have gathered, contain any pearls or not. This is never ascertained till the season for the fishery is over, when the shells are opened; and let their captures be ever so advantageous, humanity will regret that so many of our fellow-creatures should be doomed to such a miserable employment!

The echini, or sea-urchins, which are frequently found in a fossile state, are singular animals. The shell is a round hollow vase, filled with a muscular substance, through which the intestines wind. The mouth, which is placed undermost, is furnished with four sharp teeth; but what forms the most extraordinary part of

this animal's conformation are its horns and spires, which point to every part of the body, and serve at once for arms and legs—as the instruments of capture and defence.

Some animals of this kind are reckoned very good eating, and their eggs, which are a deep red, have a peculiarly delicate taste.

But of all the animals of the shelly tribe, the pholades are the most wonderful. These creatures are found in different places, sometimes clothed in their proper shell, at the bottom of the water; sometimes concealed in lumps of marly earth; and sometimes lodged in the hardest marble. They are of the multivalve kind; but assume different figures from the nature of their habitation.

This animal, when divested of its shell, is a pulpy mass, with no instrument that seems in the least fitted for penetrating even the softest substances; and yet by means of a broad fleshy member, resembling a tongue, it perforates the most solid marbles, and having lodged itself there while young, as it grows it extends its abode, and makes its way farther into the rock; leaving an opening, by which it is supplied with sea-water at every full tide. The pholades are found in great numbers at Ancona in Italy, on

the coast of France, and Scotland. The flesh is esteemed a peculiar delicacy.

Zoophytes form the extreme link in the chain of animated nature. They indeed constitute an order of beings, so very limited in their powers, and so defective in their conformation, that some naturalists have referred them to the vegetable kingdom.

But though they are certainly superior to plants, they are removed to an infinite distance from the generality of animated beings. They may be produced by cuttings; or in other words, if divided into two or more parts, each part in time becomes a separate and a perfect animal: the head shoots forth a tail; and, on the contrary, the tail produces a head. They may be moulded into all manner of shapes, yet still the vivacious principle remains; still every part becomes perfect in its kind, and after a few days existence, exhibits all the arts and industry of its original parent.

It is impossible to finish this brief review of animated nature, without once more remarking the wonderful harmony and connexion, that subsists between all the component branches; with-

out observing how happily one part supports another, and how every thing contributes to the welfare of the whole. How can we fail at such a contemplation to raise our thoughts to that Eternal Mind, who created all with such amazing skill—who takes in, with a single glance, the operation and mechanism of the whole, from the most minute insect, to those vast and splendid orbs that gild the etherial expanse!

THE MAGNET.

BY what means, asked HENRY, are ships directed across the seas? And how do sailors find their way? This question served to introduce an account of the magnet, of more value than all the gold of Ophir, and to explain to the young student, the use of the mariner's compass.

"The magnet or loadstone, whose virtues are communicated to the needle before you," said his father, "is a sort of ferruginous stone, very hard and heavy, without any beauty of form or colour, and is found in most parts of the earth, but chiefly where iron-mines abound. Its attrac-

tion for iron was known to the ancients, who used it for medical and other purposes; but its most valuable qualities—its polarity, its power of imparting the same quality to iron, and its consequent application to navigation—are comparatively modern discoveries.

" Authors are much divided about the time when, and the person by whom, this important improvement in the nautic art was introduced. It seems probable, that the Europeans borrowed it from the Chinese; though it is evident from some obscure hints in Christian writers, that its directive virtues were known as early as the year 1180; but there is no evidence that it was rendered subservient to the ends of commerce, by enabling mariners to traverse the most extensive and unfrequented seas, till nearly a century later.

" The variation of the magnetic needle, or its declination from the true poles, either eastward or westward, is said to have been first discovered by Sebastian Cabot, a Venetian, in the service of Henry VII. of England; and lastly, its dip or inclination was observed by one of our own countrymen, Mr. R. Norman, about half a century afterwards.

" Such are the progressive steps by which

science is advanced. One age unfolds an idea; the succeeding, or perhaps a very remote one, has the honour and the felicity of applying that idea to some practical purpose. To few, indeed, has it been granted, to invent and bring to perfection, within the narrow bounds of life, the principal arts that constitute our pride and our happiness.

"You are born at a period, my dear," continued the father, "when it is easy to become learned, from the labours of all the learned who have preceded you; but who can say, notwithstanding all our proficiency in knowledge, that science has been pursued to her last retreat, and that future generations will not look back on our times, with the same contempt as we review the errors and the ignorance of our forefathers?

"Every thing relative to the human mind must be in motion. What does not advance, must recede. If we do not become better, we grow worse; if we do not proceed in knowledge, we sink deeper into ignorance.

"But come—these reflections are little suited to your years. I will now relieve this dry lecture by an enigma, which relates to the subject I first started.—You need no other key."

ENIGMA.

MEN to the specious sacrifice,
  The real disregard;
Each glitt'ring toy attracts their eyes,
  And gains a false reward.

But are there none whose mental sight
  Can penetrate the shade;
O'er error's mist induce the light,
  And spurn deception's trade?

Yes—some there are; and such will own,
  How bright my merits shine;—
In wisdom's eyes I'm richer shewn
  Than fam'd Golconda's mine.

By me extended commerce reigns,
  And rolls from shore to shore;
I mark the pole in azure plains,
  Nor dread the tempest's roar.

Relying on my friendly aid,
  The sailor smiles serene;
Where clouds the blue expanse o'erspread,
  And suns arise in vain.

Yet mean my form, and low my birth,
  No gaudy tints I shew;
Drawn from my fertile mother earth,
  Through purging fires I go;

Till fashion'd by the artist's skill,
He ties the marriage chain;
When I my destin'd ends fulfil,
And long my love retain.

TOLERATION.

CHILDREN are more close observers of conversation than most persons, from the latitude which they allow themselves in their presence, seem to suspect.

Happening to discuss with a friend the tenets of the different Christian sects, the principles of the Mahometan and Gentoo faith, and the absurd superstitions of some barbarous pagan nations, who are ignorant of a Supreme Being, or only recognise him under the most degrading similitudes;—JUVENIS, who was all attention, when he found me alone, wished to be informed, why those who professed Christianity were distinguished into so many sects; and how it was possible for any people to adopt the Mahometan or Gentoo creed, or to believe in the various other superstitions and absurdities we had been enumerating.

Regarding toleration in religion as the bond of peace, and the unalienable right of man, when it does not interfere with the established order of society, or is used as an engine to overthrow it, I was glad to embrace the opportunity he gave me, of enforcing the maxims I wished him to imbibe, for the regulation of his sentiments and conduct.

"That those who profess to believe the Scriptures," said I, "should draw different conclusions from separate portions of them, or adopt different external rites and ceremonies, is no more wonderful, than that all men are not of the same size, have not the same features, or the same abilities. It is a fact in optics, that no two persons can view the same object at one and the same time, exactly in the same light; and when we make allowances for the prejudices of education, political institutions, and the vanity of some minds in aiming at superiority, by finding a new track, is it reasonable to expect exact uniformity of opinion on any subject? But as long as opinion is not inimical to morals, or subversive of order; as long as different sects show their love of truth, by revering the Author of it, and honour God, by their regard for the peace and happiness of their fellow-men; who

has a right to say they are wrong, or to attempt to force them into a new belief? Religion is a relation between God and man; and it would be the extreme of arrogance in others, to prescribe how the servant shall best honour his master.

"Firmly maintain the principles in which you were born and educated, because I trust your maturer reason will teach you to think them the best; but at the same time allow others, under the limitations I have mentioned, to be equally as zealous in the support of theirs, without ranking them with ignorant bigots, or specious hypocrites. One breach of the great law of love is of more importance in the sight of God, than a thousand speculative errors, which disturb not the peace of others, or a thousand speculative truths, which have no influence on ourselves.

"With regard to those nations on whom the true religion never shone, they are more to be pitied than blamed. Among them may be found men, whose lives are sufficient to make Christians blush; and who, no doubt, will be regarded by the beneficent Father of all, with kindness for their merits, and compassion for their ignorance.

"That some of them are not destitute of liberality of sentiment, the test of sense and of worth, let the following letter convince you. It was written by Jesswant Sing, rajah of Joudpore, in praise of the mild and tolerating government of Akber*, to Aurengzebe, who exercised the most unrelenting rigour, against his Gentoo subjects. It is a model of elegance of expression, and justness of thought: nothing I can say will add to its original force. The author was a Christian, though he did not know it; and how many are there who think themselves Christians, and yet, alas! are not.

"'Your royal ancestor, Akber, whose throne is now in heaven, conducted the affairs of this empire, in equity and firm security, for the space of fifty-two years, preserving every tribe of men in ease and happiness. Whether they were the followers of Jesus or of Moses, of David or of Mahomet; were they Brahmins, were they of the sect of the Dharians, which denies the eternity of matter, or that which ascribes the existence of the world to chance, they all equally enjoyed his countenance and favour; insomuch that his people, in gratitude for the indiscrimi-

* He mounted the throne of Hindostan, about the middle of the sixteenth century.

nate protection which he afforded them, distinguished him by the appellation of Guardian of Mankind.

" 'If your majesty places any faith in those books, by distinction called divine, you will there be instructed that God is the God of all mankind, not the God of Mahometans alone. The Pagan and the Mussulman are equally in his presence. Distinctions of colours are of his ordination. It is he who gives existence. In your temples, to his name, the voice is raised in prayer; in a house of images, where the bell is shaken, he is still the object of adoration. To vilify the religion and customs of other men, is to set at naught the pleasure of the Almighty. When we deface a picture, we naturally incur the resentment of the painter; and justly has the poet said, 'Presume not to arraign or to scrutinize the various works of Power divine'."

ORME.

SUCCESS NOT ALWAYS DEPENDENT ON MERIT.

YOU have heard the proverb, "That some people are born with a silver spoon in their mouths, and some with a wooden ladle."—The observation is homely, but it is just; it is verified by the experience of all ages; the most superficial observer has seen it exemplified. The success of most men is influenced by such minute circumstances, and turns on such imperceptible hinges, that no one can say, I will accomplish my purpose by my own address; or has reason to despair, should chance be ever so apparently against him.

What then is to be deduced from this? That merit has little to do with success, or that the want of it will not be a bar in the way of promotion? By no means! Though worth or talents, without the concurrence of fortune, and the props of patronage, may never be able to pierce the cloud, nor to obtain the rewards that ought to be their due; yet every degree of excellence

is worthy of our most earnest pursuit, our most sedulous application, independent of any recompence, which the world can either give or withhold.

A man who is conscious of real desert, beholds with a dignified contempt the insignificant or worthless beings that have got the start of him, in fortune or rank. He looks down from the eminence of his own mind with pity or scorn, on the crawling insects that appear to have been destined to encumber the earth; but which have been heated into new life, and winged by a genial sun. While those flutter round him in all the parade of show, and in all the pomp of pride, he retires within himself:—he reflects perhaps that he too might have risen, had he stooped to the same meanness, or employed the same artifices; and though a momentary regret may cross his thoughts, when he reviews the distribution that Fortune has made ~~of her~~ favours, he feels more happiness in the shade of obscurity, than those who are destitute of worth can taste, in their proudest exaltation.

Honestus entered on the stage of life with few advantages from fortune; but the gay dreams of youth for a while amused his fancy, and prompted him to seek success, by culti-

vating every liberal art, and following every honourable pursuit. He was assiduous in all his undertakings, and made honour the rule of his life. He was ambitious to gain distinction by merit alone; and if he rose at all, to be able to look back without a blush on the means he had used. His heart and his practice were right; but he had mistaken the theory of the world. He soon found, that he who depends on his own merits or acquirements, is envied by those who possess neither, and traduced by those who do. He discovered that the road to preferment is not to be cleared by a single arm, and that perpetual obstructions were thrown in his way, by some whom he would have disdained to consider as competitors. The prize was often carried away, by those who had not laboured to win it. Power or influence disposed of it according to their caprice, among the most supple, not the most deserving. With all his exertions and his talents, he could barely procure a subsistence; while he saw numbers wallowing in affluence, acquired without merit, or basking in the sunshine of favour, who had no pretensions to notice; but became the objects of patronage, merely because it showed power

and flattered vanity, to make *something* out of *nothing*.

After a long struggling with the world, he gave up the contest—he found that he had been pursuing a phantom which eluded his grasp; but that he had gained in knowledge and virtue, what he lost in fortune and celebrity. He reviewed his conduct; and being satisfied with the approbation of his own mind, began to acquiesce in his own moderate allotments, and even to pity some who had far outstripped him in the race. He was, in short, born with a "wooden ladle in his mouth," and he was never able to find a more valuable substitute for it.

VAFER, when he began the career of life, was taught by prudence to distrust his own powers to rise; and he exerted them no farther, than to gain the support of others. He stuck to grandeur, like the ivy to the oak. He felt his own weakness, and he trusted to the strength that could keep him upright, or give him an independent foundation. His whole study was to render himself necessary to such as had it in their power to advance his interest. He became the slave of their caprices; he echoed their silliest jokes; he smiled at their grossest ab-

surdities; he applauded their meanest actions. His humble abilities were suitably and advantageously employed: he learned to fetch and carry like a spaniel; and like a spaniel he was often treated. Insulted or ridiculed by his patrons, he bore it without a murmur; kicked or neglected, he returned to the charge with fresh insinuation, and fawned himself again into favour.

He was deeply skilled in the art and mystery of tittle-tattle, which made him a favourite with the ladies; he knew the blood of horses, and the breed of dogs, which recommended him to the men. He studied to make himself acceptable to all, not by real merit, but by the destitution of it: his best qualities were only negative. But he appeared a rival to no one—for few could sink so low as to try to outstrip him in his ignoble pursuits; and he had no enemies;—for neither his character, nor his abilities, were capable of exciting envy.

Thus gifted by nature, and trained by education, he kept up his attachment to powerful patrons, and speedily rose to place and emolument. Distinction and eminence were above his reach, nor did he aspire to them; but he was

born with a "silver spoon in his mouth," and his only object was to hold it fast.

Do you admire the character of HONESTUS or VAFER most? Whichever you choose to copy, in the common run of events, it is probable you will obtain the same rewards.

PAST RECOLLECTIONS.

HENRY was very careless of his school-books and generally wore them out, before he had read th em through. He had often been told, that a boy who was fond of learning, was fond of his very books also; but this sentiment left little impression on his mind. His father, however, at last hit on an expedient which had the desired effect. He took him into his study, and tumbling over some old books, as if by chance, showed him his name written in them, and the date of the year, when he was a school-boy himself. This arrested Henry's notice; he began comparing his father's hand with his own at the same age, and expressed his wonder that the books had been preserved so long.

"Preserved!" replied the father: "they are the last things I shall part with. I never open those well-thumbed volumes, but they recal a thousand tender recollections to my mind. I paint the cloudless hours of youth, and the gay fancies of hope which then danced before my enchanted eyes. I take a pleasing retrospect of

> The thoughtless day, the easy night,
> The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
> That fly th' approach of morn;

And for a moment I forget the weary steps I have since trodden, the disappointed wish, the fallacious prospect, the very reality of what I am. Perhaps, mingled with my own, I see the scrawl of a school-fellow, endeared to me by the ties of sympathy and early connection. I compare his fortune in life with mine; and either find reason for content, for joy, or for regret: for content, when I consider that some of the companions of my early years have been less fortunate than myself; for joy, when I reflect that others have risen to distinction; and for regret, when I recal the memory of some that are no more.

"Here," remarked the father, "is the name of an ingenuous youth, now an eminent physi-

cian in the East; there is another who sits as a judge in America; and a third, who has a seat in the British senate.

"These are some of my more fortunate companions. Alas! all have not been so. That name (pointing to another) was signally unfortunate, yet deserved a better fate. This has long paid the debt of nature; another, and another, were cut off before they reached the prime of life. My only brother,* the object of my fondest affection, is in that number.

Through ev'ry clime, on Hope's strong pinions borne,
He pass'd indifferent or to toil or fear;
Brav'd western suns, and pierc'd the realms of morn,
Alas! to lie, unwater'd by my tear.

"Though I have not yet passed the meridian myself, more than one half of my first associates have already crossed that 'bourn, from whence no traveller returns,' yet their memory is fresh whenever I open those old books in which we read together; and I wish you to enjoy the same sadly-soothing recollections, by taking care to preserve the same memorials I have done.

"Believe me, there is not an object connected

* He died in China, October 20, 1790, in the 29th year of his age.

with my boyish days, but would excite the most lively emotions. The very sight of the form on which I sat, the desk on which I leaned, the field in which I played, would give me a heart-felt delight. But perhaps it never may be in my power to revisit the scenes of my youth; and certainly I should suffer many abatements of my happiness, from the dispersion or death of many living objects that had once my tenderest regard.

"May you, my love, when you reach the same period of life, be able to look back with pure and unallayed satisfaction! May every point of time, every trace of the past, recal an emotion of bliss; and neither fears nor cares tinge with a sable hue the prospects of the future!—O! may you be happy in fraternal society to a late stage of life; and become endearing and endeared to each other, 'by many a proof of recollected love' and duty!"

THE OBSTINATE MULE.

A FABLE.

A MULE, justly suspected to be in doubt about her road, on an important occasion, was kindly directed by an experienced traveller, what track she ought to pursue, to render her journey pleasant and safe; when she ought to bend to the right—where to strike to the left—and particularly how to avoid cross roads, which would infallibly lead her into danger. Though the mule could not conceal her perplexity, it hurt her pride to own it: she made no acknowledgments for the friendly advice she had received; and from the first was determined not to follow it. Obstinacy blinded her to the perils of her situation. She thought herself too old and too wise to stand in need of advice. "She was afraid of nobody and of nothing," as she expressed herself, and therefore resolved to go straight forwards, whatever obstacles might lie in her way.

She had her fancy; for who would take the vain trouble to oppose a mule? But it was not

long before her straight-forward resolution landed her in a quagmire, which she could scarcely pass, without sinking over head and ears. Having, however, extricated herself from this danger, and collecting fresh spirit from resistance, she advanced with dogged pride, and straight forwards again she went, till she found herself on the brink of a precipice. As she was not yet quite mad enough to break her neck, by taking a bold leap, mortifying as it was, she was now under the necessity of turning, either to the right or the left. She preferred the left; because it appeared most contrary to the directions she had received. Darkness soon began to fall; and objects were no longer distinctly seen.

The headstrong animal had long left the plain highway that would have conducted her safely and shortly to her journey's end, and it was impossible to recover it. The path she had taken became every step more intricate and perilous; she began to lament her folly and blind obstinacy, but it was now in vain; for while she was hurrying on, in this agitated state of mind, she suddenly perceived her course stopped by a rapid river. Here the demon of despair seized her, and working on her mortified pride, tempted her

to plunge into the stream, instead of trying to find a bridge; and she sunk to rise no more.

REFLECTION.

Of all the unhappy tempers that disgrace humanity, and destroy the peace of society, an obstinate or mulish one is the most odious, and the most wretched. They who will not condescend to listen to sound reason and salutary advice, but take a pleasure in running counter to their dictates, may escape the quagmire, but must yield at the precipice, or be dashed to pieces; and should they reach the river, they have no alternative but to sink or swim; and at this third stage their blind career generally ends.

All those dangers and difficulties may be obviated or avoided by a little foresight; by learning to bend to imperious circumstances, instead of rashly persevering in stubborn folly; and by studying the happy art of giving way on occasion, when they meet with obstacles or competitors on the road. If all were to push straight forwards, and to show no complacency to each other, there would be nothing but jostling and confusion, and no one would ever reach his journey's end.

SOUND, THUNDER, AND LIGHTNING.

AT the commencement of a thunder-storm, PHILO, surrounded by his four boys, William, John, Henry, and George, was employed in measuring by his second-watch, the distance of the cloud from the place where they stood; and immediately told them that the thunder was full four miles off, but that it was speedily approaching them.

"How can you tell the distance of that black cloud from us?" exclaimed they all.—"Nothing is more easy," replied PHILO. "The flash constantly precedes the report, whether the thunder rolls, or a gun is fired; and as the progress of light is almost instantaneous, and sound is known to move about 1142 feet in a second, or upwards of twelve miles in a minute, there can be no difficulty in ascertaining the time, which elapses between the sight of the lightning and the hearing of the thunder, and then converting it into space, according to the above proportion."

"But what is thunder," said Henry, "which

makes such a terrible report?"—"Thunder, my dear," said PHILO, "originates from a collection of nitrous or sulphureous particles in the atmosphere, ignited by collision, and instantly exploding with a tremendous noise. The lightning, which strikes your eyes before the clap can reach your ears, and which is frequently seen without thunder, is a subtle fire of the electric kind, which generally evaporates in the air, without doing any damage; but when condensed into a compact form, as it frequently is in thunderstorms, it darts towards the earth with inconceivable velocity, pierces the most solid bodies, and kills every living thing within its immediate track. It then obtains the name of a thunderbolt, of which you have no doubt frequently heard, though the term is misapplied; as fire is the only agent, and fire of such a nature, though infinitely more awful, as may be artificially produced by my electrical machine, or even in a small degree without it."

All seemed eager to be favoured with some account of electricity, and to see the proposed experiment of producing fire. PHILO was happy to indulge them; and after cautioning them against taking shelter under trees, or any object that might serve as a conductor to the lightning

during thunder; he immediately led his little disciples into the study, and proceeded in his pleasing task of communicating instruction to willing minds.

ELECTRICITY.

THOUGH the attractive power of amber, or *electron*, from which the term electricity is derived, and of some other substances, were known to antiquity; yet we are indebted to modern philosophers for all the knowledge we possess of their powers of repulsion*, and of the various phenomena of the electric fluid, as well as of the important purposes, to which those discoveries may be applied. But it is impossible, on this occasion, to communicate to you more than a faint and general idea of electricity, particularly in words: experiments give the most impressive view of every practical science.

Electricity may be regarded as the grand vivifying principle of nature†, by which most of her

* The magnet, tourmalin, amber, glass, &c. have both an attractive and a repulsive power.

† See Brydone.

operations are performed. The four elements—earth, air, fire, and water, compose the corporeal parts of matter; but this subtle and active fluid pervades the whole. When it is equally diffused through the air and the earth, every thing remains calm and quiet; but should the equilibrium by any means be destroyed, nature appears convulsed till it is again restored.

All the principle phenomena which excite our wonder or strike us with awe, are produced from the electric principle; from this source proceed thunder, lightning, earthquakes, and whirlwinds, the aurora borealis, and probably magnetism. Man himself is unquestionably influenced by the same cause. What is called nervous sensibility is most likely owing to the presence or absence of the electric fluid—to a greater or less proportion of it than is sufficient for the prompt and easy exercise of the animal functions.

Some persons are of such irritable constitutions, that they have been known to become electric of themselves, and even to emit sparks of fire, with a disagreeable sensation. Such is the extreme degree of nervous sensibility to which I myself am subject, that I can predict a thunder-storm or an electric state of the air,

from the acuteness of my feelings; and when the air is damp or non-electric, or the wind in a particular quarter, I should be sensible of it, though confined to my room.

But you may soon be convinced of the existence of the electric fluid by a simple experiment, which most persons are acquainted with. Take a cat, and stroke her back in the dark, and you will quickly hear a crackling of the hair, and see small sparks emitted. Rub a silk stocking on your leg, and the same phenomenon will appear. Even the hair of your head, if combed for some time, by another person insulated, or standing on a cake of wax, will electrify that person so much, that fire may be drawn from him, as well as from your own hair. We all possess a certain portion of this fluid, though it is invisible till some exciting cause elicits it.

Now for a few experiments on the electrical machine.

After some of the common ones had been exhibited, with explanations to the admiring youth, PHILO proceeded to inform them of the wonderful method invented by Dr. Franklin, to whom the science owes so much, to prove that

the electric fire was of the same nature with lightning. "This distinguished philosopher," said he, "brought lightning from the clouds, in a thunder-storm, by means of a particular kind of kite, and by prosecuting the same experiment, with less caution,, the Abbé Richman lost his life.

"You will think that there was more danger than utility in this. Patience! when facts are once ascertained, the inventive genius applies them to some important purposes. You have just seen how the electric fluid is conveyed by a conductor. Dr. Franklin being satisfied that lightning was subject to the same laws, projected conductors or rods of iron, which being fixed in the most safe and convenient place of buildings, attract the etherial fire, and prevent the danger of the stroke in any other part.

"Electricity was first employed as an auxiliary to the healing art in 1747, and there are numerous well-authenticated cases of the service it has done in various complaints: but little good can be done in this respect with a small machine. I never saw a better apparatus," added PHILO, "than that belonging to the ingenious Mr. Lowndes of St. Paul's Church-yard. I hope some time to have the pleasure of procuring a

sight of it for you. You will then be sensible of the amazing powers of such machines, which are sufficiently strong to kill small animals; and perhaps, at the same time, you may be indulged with a ride on the owner's gymnastic horse, which is so salutary and useful for invalids."

THE DANGEROUS CONSEQUENCES OF ENCOURAGING A THEATRIC TASTE IN YOUTH.

The History of Clarinda Hartley.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

HOW often does vanity lead the judgment astray, and flattery seduce to imprudence! How frequently do mankind plume themselves on false merit, and institute pretensions to distinction, for qualities that ought rather to excite the blush of shame, than the pride of conscious superiority! In vain do we seek for self-congratulation, when our conduct or our pursuits cannot bear the test of reflection; and what avails the rapture of ill-judging admiration, the compliment of prostituted sense, the applause of the

multitude, or the fame of the public, when the heart revolts at the praise which it does not feel to be its due, and is unable to feast on the solace of desert?

Conscience has forced these reflections; and I have found its suggestions too valuable to be slighted. Happy shall I be, if my brief history may serve to warn the young of either sex from the precipice I once approached, and direct them to pursuits that reason will sanction, and wisdom approve.

I was the only child of a very rich and respectable merchant in the city of London; and thus was born to every good that wealth can confer. My father having pursued trade with the most sedulous attention from his early years, had but little time and fewer opportunities to polish his taste, or improve his mind. He possessed that blunt honesty, that independence on fashionable forms, which constitute the pride and glory of the British character; though the bluntness that offends, and the rudeness that disgusts, are as little entitled to praise, as the cringe of servility, and the tissue of fulsome adulation. My father, however, wisely avoided both extremes.

My mother had a turn for elegance, and a dis-

position for expence. She was ambitious of obtaining the credit of taste, and of literary taste in particular. The theatre was the summit of her joy. The visits of a celebrated actor or actress were esteemed as conferring the highest distinction: and before I was able to distinguish art from nature, I remember to have been terrified at the screams of a tragic queen; and to have ascribed the grimaces of a mimic, to the paroxysms of madness.

Into such company I was early introduced, and taught to recite passages from Shakespeare, before I was capable of reading him. To the theatre I was frequently conducted when only a child, and every play I saw, whetted my curiosity to see another. In this respect I had no reason to complain of want of indulgence; my wish seldom remained long ungratified.

The tender mind easily assimilates itself to the objects before it: I soon caught the rage of imitation, and the flame of emulation; encouragement fanned the passion of my soul, and praise animated me to endeavour at excellence. My father, blessed with that plain sense which seldom leads astray, gently expostulated with my mother, on the impropriety of my pursuits, and the probable consequences to which they

would lead. He was silenced by the retort, that he wanted taste to relish such things himself, and therefore condemned them in others; and sometimes I was desired to repeat a favourite speech, in which I could best display my attainments, in order to soothe him into acquiescence, and conciliate his approbation.

The good man was at last ashamed to censure what every visitor so lavishly commended, and passionately admired; but still his reason was not convinced; and I being now arrived at the age of twelve, he prevailed on mamma to send me to a celebrated boarding-school, a few miles from town, ostensibly to finish my education, which had hitherto been domestic, but principally with a view of reclaiming me from my theatrical delusion. His intentions were good; but they were rendered ineffectual. My mother recommended an attention to reading and reciting, as the chief objects of my education; and my father, unsuspicious of such a command, had not entered his caveat against it.

When parents forget the real welfare of their children, and give absurd instructions to their tutors, it is scarcely to be expected that the latter will oppose them. For on what principle can it be done? Duty to the authors of their

life, next to that which they owe to the Supreme Being, is the first lesson which should be instilled into the minds of children; in comparison of which, all other principles are of secondary value. My governess was not inattentive to the injunctions she had received: I was called on to entertain every visitor at the school with my recitations; and frequently read lessons to such of my companions as wished to be initiated in the art.

Scarcely had I reached my fifteenth year, when my mother died; and as I had ever been treated with the tenderest affection, I was deeply afflicted at her loss. For some time, indeed, I was inconsolable; and notwithstanding my attachment to plays, I had thoughts of renouncing them for ever. But the elastic mind soon regains its tone, and grief makes only an evanescent impression on youth. In the course of a few months, I recovered my natural vivacity, and my heart its peculiar bent; and being taken from school, at sixteen, to superintend the affairs of my father's house, I found the associates of my lost parent, eager to renew their acquaintance with me, and to fan the flame which had never been extinct in my breast. The mild easiness of my father's temper, added

to the fondness of his affection for me, prevented him from absolutely denying me the pleasure of the company for which I had a particular predilection; though he often tried, by distant hints, to recommend more rational and praiseworthy amusements, than those of spouting and acting; and more creditable friends, than the underlings of the theatres.

I was too much infatuated, however, to listen to such gentle admonition, and too much elated with my own imaginary importance, to think that I deserved censure for my taste. I was flattered by some whom the public flattered; and their good opinion I regarded as the highest eulogium. In a short time, our house was converted into a kind of private theatre, or rather a spouting-club. Heroes and heroines, tragic and comic, were continually exhibiting proofs of their art, or requesting my judgment, which they taught me to believe was supreme, on the merit of their performances. I frequently took a part in the most admired scenes; and without feeling the passion, often personated the ardour of the tenderest love.

One comedian, in particular, soon convinced me that he wished to be esteemed something more than an actor: he artfully drew me into

the most empassioned dialogues; and spoke his own sentiments through the medium of Shakespeare, Otway, and Congreve. I own I quickly felt the flame he strove to communicate; and I soon regarded Mr. Buskin as the most accomplished, the most agreeable of all who courted my smiles, or complimented my proficiency. In a short time he made no secret of his passion: I was addressed in all the gallantry that wit had invented, from Shakespeare to Sheridan; and those who could have resisted it, must have entertained a greater aversion for the actor and his profession, than I was likely to do from the early bias I had received.

About this time, a young merchant was introduced to me by my father; and if pleasing manners in a graceful form could have engaged affection, his addresses would not have been paid in vain: but he was no actor himself, nor did he compliment me on my abilities in that line. He studied only to recommend himself to my favour by every manly art; and never attempted to flatter me for what his better sense told him was either a foible or a misfortune.

Mr. Buskin had, therefore, a decided, though a secret preference; for my father little suspected that the play was turned to earnest, and that

the plot was about to be developed. However, he pressed me at last with more than common urgency, to favour the pretensions of Mr. Hartley, the gentleman he had fixed on for a son-in-law; and I saw no way left to escape a match, which at best was indifferent to me, and to secure an union, which I ardently wished, but that of closing with Mr. Buskin's proposal of an elopement, and finishing my career in the genuine style of comedy.

The plan was laid; the execution was concerted. I was to be dressed in character, in order to take a part, as I pretended, in a favourite play, which was to be performed that evening in a room, which was styled our theatre; but in reality to disguise myself the better, in case I should be pursued in my flight, which was to be attempted that very night with Mr. Buskin.

The day hung heavy on my hands: Mr. Hartley had in vain strove to divert my melancholy, which he could not fail to remark; and left me with a look of concern, mixed with unaffected love. I took a walk into the garden, purposely to amuse the lazy-paced hours; and coming up to a pedestal, on which a Mercury was formerly erected, saw a mask placed on its top, which

a short time before I knew was lying in the drawing-room. I was not a little surprised to think how it could get there; but judge my astonishment, when I took it up, and saw it lined with the following verses:

With all the charms that win the heart,
Why will Clarinda stoop to art,
And veil her sense, and shade her face,
Illum'd with more than mortal grace?
Believe the soul that bears no guile,
The breast that plots no deep-laid wile;
Deceit and danger round you wait—
You tremble on the verge of fate!
This emblematic mask will tell,
Who is the dupe, and break the spell,
Would fair Clarinda deign to hear
The counsel of a friend sincere.

HARTLEY.

I had already felt the greatest depression of spirits. Those lines touched the key of the moment. To be grave is to reflect; and this was an occasion that required it. The visions of bliss I had weakly indulged, suddenly disappeared. I shuddered at the reflection on my present situation; I anticipated the danger and disgrace which I was about to incur. I immediately resolved—and the resolution was kept sacred—to renounce my predilection for plays

and players, and conform myself to the maxims of prudence, and the wishes of my father.

Mr. Buskin was informed by a note, that I had changed my mind, and that I would see him no more; and though my fortune would not permit him to give up the pursuit without a few more efforts, he found that I was determined, and that all the eloquence of the stage could not move me.

Mr. Hartley appeared in my eyes, now no longer under delusion, the most amiable man in the world—a more virtuous does not exist. In proportion as I was more and more displeased with my former self, I became more attached to him. In a few months we were indissolubly united, to the mutual happiness of all parties concerned, and I have since had leisure to know and acknowledge—

> That woman, born to dignify retreat,
> Unknown to flourish, and unseen be great,
> To give domestic life its sweetest charm,
> With softness polish, and with virtue warm,
> Fearful of fame, unwilling to be known,
> Should seek but Heav'n's applauses and her own.

MORE.

THE WINTER EVENING'S AMUSEMENT.

PART I.

THE severer studies should be occasionally relieved by lighter subjects, or varied by harmless play; for the minds of youth cannot bear too intense application, without breaking their tone. At all ages, indeed, relaxation from serious business is not only necessary but commendable; but in the early period of life, when pleasure is so cheaply bought, and pastime so easily found, it is cruel to prevent the enjoyment, that is at once innocent and improving. Our happiest hours—the morning of life—are soon spent; and they can only be recalled in its subsequent stages, as a pleasing dream, which can return no more.

WILLIAM and his brothers had been very assiduous during the day. They had performed their tasks with credit to themselves, and had gained the applause of their instructor. They thought this was a good opportunity to prevail on him to produce some of those little helps to

an evening's amusement, which he constantly kept for their use. They made known their wish to meet with this indulgence, and were readily gratified.

First they had some dissected maps placed before them, which they speedily put together. They then played awhile at the Game of Life, and after that at Cent Dix, which gave them some notion of mathematical figures, and exercised them in numerical calculation. Next dissected puzzles were produced, and after them, the geographical cards of England and Wales contributed to their pastime. The Abbé Gualtier's very ingenious publications, which so happily blend the useful with the agreeable, were not forgot on the occasion.

Still, however, wishing for something farther to fill up the vacant space before supper—for long attention to any one subject would have been considered as a task—they asked for some enigmas. "I have already," said their father, who was also their tutor, "almost exhausted the contents of my portfolio, for your amusement or instruction, and I hope not without answering both purposes in some degree:—I will examine, however, if any riddles are left:

here is the whole remaining stock of this kind that is worth your acceptance; and I hope you will now permit me to close that subject for ever. Perhaps you may think I have been too liberal to you, before you can unravel them all."

I.

A PLACE there is, but tell me where,
Whether at sea, on earth, in air,
Of narrow bounds, yet oft replete
With wond'rous sights and turns of fate;
Where vassals claim the regal power,
And gain the homage of an hour;
Where penceless poverty can boast,
And generals beat, without an host;
Where love is but a poet's theme,
And misery—a passing dream;
Where reigns the laugh and flows the tear,
Without or joy, or grief, or fear;
And where,—to sum up in a word,—
Each quits his sphere, nor seems absurd.

II.

Deep in the bosom of the earth,
I lie conceal'd from sight,
Till man, who ransacks nature through,
Displays my form to light.

Yet when I first salute the view,
  I'm rude and void of use;
Till frost, which other objects binds,
  Assists to set me loose.

Then polish'd by the artist's hands,
  In wood I'm closely bound;
And where fair learning calls her sons,
  My ready help is found.

To me the sciences are known;—
  In algebra I shine;
In mathematics often deal,
  And make each problem mine.

To me the wisest heads submit,
  The deepest scholars bend;
And though I neither read nor write,
  I'm learning's common friend.

Of neither sense nor lore possess'd,
  The strongest sense I aid;
Relieve the mem'ry of its load,
  And ease the studious head.

Yet soon my knowledge is effac'd,
  And every trace is lost;
And soon again I'm fill'd with lore,
  Nor feel the conscious boast.

III.

Sometimes I'm high, and sometimes low,
Sometimes move swift, and sometimes slow;

Sometimes I ride, and sometimes walk,
And though I'm silent, often talk.
Sometimes I soothe the heart of pride,
And teach the beau a haughtier stride;
Sometimes I save the blush of shame,
And hide my real owner's name.
The great I greet with due respect,
And never can a friend neglect;
But every foe I pass with scorn,
And every wretch of fate forlorn.
To ladies I am wondrous civil,
Yet never meant them any evil;
For though in compliment I deal,
My heart no base deceit can feel.
Seek ye to know my real nature?
I owe my birth to many a creature.
I'm rough or smooth, or both together,
And form'd for any clime or weather.
I brave the sun on India's strand,
Nor shrink from winter's icy hand;
In front of battle I appear,
Nor ever knew desponding fear.
"But time that brings the mighty low,
And level lays the lofty brow,"
Relentless, silvers o'er my hair,
And leaves me quite worn out and bare.

IV.

Thin is the mask that I can frame,
When wit and beauty trace my name;
E'en Sphynx's riddle would appear,
Without an Œdipus, most clear.

From ether I derive my birth,
Though doom'd to visit humble earth.
Pure is my nature, fair my face
An emblem of unsullied grace,—
A simile for Chloe's breast,
By every love-sick swain confest,
When he is fond, and she is coy,
And damps the hope of mutual joy.
Yet guileless as my manners shine,
Though all my charms are deem'd divine,
No eye my form with rapture views,
No welcome sound my steps pursues;
But nature veils each blooming sweet,
Ere she expects my face to meet.

V.

High mounted in the rolling sphere,
I mark the seasons of the year;
All nature owns my equal sway,
And sun and shade my power obey.
But though the philosophic eye
Surveys my influence in the sky,
On earth my real form is known,
And JUSTICE claims me for her own.
Brought to my test, the laws of right
Appear disclos'd to open light;
Nor can I suffer base deceit,
And hide the meditated cheat.
The light, the heavy I expose,
Unwarp'd by friends, unaw'd by foes;
And commerce hourly seeks my aid,
And honour trusts me undismay'd.

THE WINTER EVENING'S AMUSEMENT.

PART II.

SUPPER being ready, before half the enigmas could be solved, the remainder were deferred till the next evening, when the affectionate tutor produced what follows, for the entertainment of his pupils:

I.

THERE's a certain production, dame Nature's confess'd,
That in none of her kingdoms was e'er seen express'd;
For it neither is born, nor springs from the earth,
Nor sleeps in the mine, nor in ocean has birth;
Nor to sex is this pleasing prodigy due,
But chiefly is known to exist 'twixt the two.
With height, length, or breadth, it never was found,
And yet it is often five feet from the ground.
A poison so subtle this wonder conveys,
That it wounds, while it charms—while it pleases, dismays;
The mighty it bends, the proud it controls,
And sheds an enchantment that raptures our souls.
Still, strange to be told! in the Scriptures we find,
It is mention'd with praise, and its practice enjoin'd;

Yet for love, friendship, falshood, it equally serves,
And as such our regard, or aversion deserves.

II.

No active virtue I require,
No bold exploit, no sounding speech;
I neither art nor lore desire,
That simple nature cannot reach.

And yet my value is confest,—
In every clime my worth is told;
The ancients lock'd me in their breast,
And bade their sons my precepts hold.

In modern times, alas! I find
More who commend than truly love;
For oft the tongue betrays the mind,
And blabs what I must disapprove.

The vain, the false, I justly hate,
My laws they always treat with scorn;
But none could ever guide a state,
Whose bosom I did not adorn.

Be silent, should you guess my name—
In silence lies my only art;
I ask no far-extended fame,
Let me but live within the heart.

III.

A faithful friend, a steady guard,
A constant watch, without reward;
I check the bold, the rash, the rude,
Nor suffer villains to intrude.

My guardian care the rich commend;
The wretched claim me for a friend.
My power prevails, when force retires;
My help, fresh confidence inspires;
To me his rest the miser owes:
From me the public safety flows:
E'en justice owns my greater might,
To save, untouch'd, the private right;
And law and property were vain,
Without my all-protecting reign.

IV.

The child of genius! I'm consign'd to fame,
By curious artists of no vulgar name;
The gay delight of laughing girls and boys,
In youth's blest prime, intent on fleeting joys;
Fond of th' illusions fancy's pencil draws,
And ever prone to view me with applause,
Averse to powerful Sol's profusive light
I fly to tapers, and the reign of night;
Like vice, suspicious of day's gairish eye,
In shades alone my boasted arts I try.
In close-shut room I take my passive stand;
Around me wait a gay expectant band,
Eager my pleasing mysteries to view,
And gaze with transport on the feats I shew.
By me display'd, before their wond'ring eyes,
The past, the present, and the future rise;
By me inform'd, they mark the virtuous deed,
Bright honour's fame, and bravery's well-earn'd meed;
By me they learn the infamy and shame,
That brands the villain's dark unhallow'd name;

While airs melodious wait my moral strain,
To charm beholders' ears, and win the blooming train.

V.

Without one feature to attract,
Or quality to win,
Mankind receive me as a guest,
And cherish me within.

But like the serpent when caress'd,
I sting the sheltering heart;
Corrode its frame with rankling tooth,
And leave the mortal smart.

When fortune, with benignant smile,
Illumes the wretch's breast;
When merit draws approving eyes,
Nor longer weeps distrest;

When favours on another fall,—
A neighbour 'scapes from ill;
I wake my scorpions, where indulg'd,
And every pleasure kill.

Both common blessings, common woes,
To me give equal pain;
Yet, shame on man! in many a mind
I boast despotic reign.

VI.

I'm the passport to honour, to pomp, pow'r, and fame;
I oft kindle love, and I keep up the flame:

To beauty I give its most ravishing charm,
And the ugly with killing attractions I arm.
O'er lost reputations I oft throw a veil;
And when eloquence fails, I am known to prevail.
I make the fool wise, and the wise I turn fool;
O'er worth, merit, virtue, despotic I rule.
The scoundrel, with me, need not doubt of respect;
The noblest, without me, is sure of neglect.
By me oft the gallows are robb'd of their due;
By me oft the ninny is plac'd up to view;
By me rank and titles and 'scutcheons are gain'd;
By me praise from fools, and ev'n wise men, obtain'd.
No fortress but GIB.* e'er resisted my power;
No lock can withstand me, no bolt can secure.
The gods know my force—Jove himself tried my arms,
And beauty that instant surrender'd its charms.
Yet the gods were too wise to expose me to view,
And mountains and rocks o'er my substance they threw;
But man, impious man! in despight of the skies,
Found out my retreat, and compell'd me to rise;
Hence half the vile crimes of humanity flow,
Yet from hence half the comforts that mankind can know:
For I, though a pest and a pleasure thus rated,
Am not by one mortal on earth truly hated.

VII.

My eldest patron on record
Was Sampson, Israel's potent lord;
And Solomon and Hiram too
Were said my practice to pursue;

* *Gibraltar*, so called by sailors.

And Virgil, prince of bards, 'tis known,
A favour for my art has shown:
E'en Homer, should report be right,
Became a martyr to my might:
For when the poet miss'd my clue,
Through grief, he bade the world adieu.
Yet truth obliges me to own
I'm only tempting while unknown;
I'm only valu'd in disguise,
And please, but while I cheat the eyes.

DETRACTION.

PHILIP, king of Macedon, hearing that he had been severely censured by the Athenian orators in a public assembly, with a magnanimity worthy of his character, overlooked the affront; and only declared "That his future words and actions, to the utmost of his power, should give the lie to their reproaches.

A person much inferior in situation to Philip, though not in magnanimity, when he was told by his friends of some false and injurious charges, that had been alledged against him, observed—"That his detractors were like chymists—they separated the froth of his ill actions from the

spirit of his good ones: the former they kept for their pains, the latter still remained with him; and that by these means, they left him better than they found him."

When a man can bring himself to this happy temper of mind, to profit by his revilers, and to despise their malice, he may certainly deserve the appellation of a philosopher. And why should he be rendered uneasy, by what he ought to regard as no mean compliment? Detraction is seldom the lot of the really worthless and insignificant. It is most commonly the tax which exalted merit is obliged to pay, to such as possess none themselves; and who are pleased to level, what they cannot endure to behold.

"Woe to you when all men shall speak well of you," is a sentiment uttered by lips that could not err. Our Divine Master himself, who was all purity and perfection, could not escape the revilings of hypocritical pharisees and bigotted high priests. He associated with publicans and sinners, with the benevolent view of bringing them to repentance; and the best of his disciples—for in his sight, the highest is no more than the lowest—need not be ashamed to tread in his steps, or to endure the same censures, if

they act from the same pure and disinterested motives.

I do not mean, however, that you should be indifferent to opinion, or careless about defending your character on necessary occasions; but it is beneath a truly noble spirit, conscious of right, to parry the thrusts of a cowardly assassin, or to heed the poisoned arrows which are shot in the dark, by such as are ashamed of an open, generous combat. Though they may occasionally wound, the cure is perhaps better left to itself. Half the malice of the calumniator will be defeated, if its effects are unknown, and supposed to be unfelt. When the malignity of a foe discovers latent errors to your view, profit by it in silence; and resolve to imitate Philip, in convicting your revilers of falshood, by your future conduct.

Falsus honor juvat, et mendax infamia terret,
Quem, nisi mendacem, et mendosum?

HORAT.

MORAL MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS—TO BE OBSERVED.

TEMPERANCE preserves the soul unclouded, and the body in health. It is one of the chief auxiliaries to independence and fortune, and the true guide to old age.

Non esse emacem est vectigal, cannot be too often repeated to the young and unexperienced. Some are continually squandering away their money, for what they do not want. Dress, frippery, pleasures without taste, and society without friendship, absorb more than would be sufficient to enjoy every rational delight, and at the same time to allow beneficence to the poor.

To husband well a small income is the best proof of good sense, good morals, and attention to duty. A man who has but little, and yet makes that little do, can neither be a drunkard nor a gambler, nor fond of indulging in vicious or expensive pleasures.

" I like society, but I detest company"—said a certain person; and his taste was right. Without the charms of society, and an unre-

served intercourse with those whom we can love or esteem, life is a melancholy blank; but a confused mixture of people, or company, as it is generally called, who have no common tie of union, no joint interest or pleasure in their association, presents to a wise man more to disgust than to charm.

Be cautious in forming friendships, but when once you have fixed with prudence, let not the tongue of malevolence or of guile separate you, from such as are worthy of esteem. The more intimate you are with any person, the more likely it is, you should be well acquainted with all his virtues and his weaknesses. How absurd, then, to be influenced in your opinion by those who, perhaps, scarcely know him.

Next to moral goodness, study the happy art of making yourself agreeable to others, by affability and pleasing manners. They who neglect paying that complaisance which they owe to others, will be sure to be neglected in their turn. Civility, in the first instance, is like putting out so much principal, which will duly be repaid with interest.

There are persons of such an unamiable temper, so totally divested of all that can do honour to humanity, that it is no more possible to love

them than to cherish a rattle-snake; yet they never fail to resent the slightest appearance of indifference, though their conduct might even justify aversion. It might be supposed no one would be proud of such an unlovely disposition, their own curse and that of all their connexions; but there is a pride in baseness, as well as a pride in worth.

There is a manifest distinction between good nature and good humour, though they are frequently confounded. The one is born with us; the other is the effect of education or reflection, and may be acquired. Good nature frequently savours of folly; but good humour is founded on principle, and will always be consistent.

Aim at perfection yourself, but expect not to find it in others; and let no slight defects or casual misunderstandings estrange you from your relatives and friends.

Be good, be virtuous for your own sake, without depending too much on any temporal recompence. An equal retribution, according to our deserts, belongs to another state, and is only to be found beyond the grave.

In every thing regard the end. Before passion has gained an ascendency, bring its suggestions to the test of reason. Let no fleeting pleasure

seduce you into imprudence; no temporary good lead you from a permanent one; nor any difficulty deter you, when it is your duty to persevere.

MAXIMS AND PRACTICES OF THE WORLD—TO BE SHUNNED.

LET the amassing of money be your only study; and to this sacrifice the feelings of the heart, the ties of nature, and the laws of honour.

Never notice a poor person, whatever merit he may possess; nor neglect to show respect to a rich one, though he may have as many vices as the hairs of his head.

When you see a worthy man run down, take a pelt at him with the rest, instead of defending or protecting him. If he is unfortunate, he cannot turn again; and it will show you possess spirit as well as your neighbours.

If you know a secret, keep it till it will answer your purpose to divulge it, and no longer. Every thing should be turned to interest; and honour and friendship are merely names.

If you suspect any of your friends of foibles,

accuse them loudly of crimes; for it is the modern way of reformation. Think and speak as ill as possible of every one, save yourself; and if they are not bad already, you are likely to have the satisfaction of making them so, when you deprive them of reputation.

It may suit you to be frugal and virtuous in reality, but not to appear so. Affect the rake and the spendthrift, in order to gain credit with the ladies.

Though it may be inconvenient and disagreeable to be quite ignorant, never study to be learned. Half the world will call you pedantic, if you never break Priscian's head; and the other half will spite you, for your superior knowledge.

If you receive good advice, never follow it, for it savours of arrogance to direct you; and it shows spirit to act as you think proper yourself.

It is better to beg your bread than to submit in the slightest degree, to those who have a right and ability to advise you. Obstinacy is a glorious character. When you suffer for it, think yourself a martyr.

Believe those only who flatter you, and study to mislead you; a real friend is often a disagree-

able monitor. He will not favour your prejudices, nor praise you when you are injuring yourself, which you have an undoubted right to do.

Make yourself as odious as you can to those who will not humour you in every thing. Affection may be forced by resistance; and you will become loved, in proportion as you deserve to be hated.

If you know any more respected than yourself, never try to imitate the good qualities which gain them good-will and esteem; but exert yourself to blacken their reputation, and to make them appear as unamiable as yourself.

If you cannot have every thing just to your wish, even if you should not deserve the comforts you may command, be quite miserable; and throw the blame on your friends and connexions, not on your own temper and conduct.

Let your own reason be the standard of right, and alone direct you what to do, or to leave undone. Who should know better than yourself what is prudent and expedient? Besides, when you please yourself, you have no one to blame, whatever may happen—a consolation of the highest importance to secure.

Be reserved to your friends, and confidential

only with your enemies. Make a mystery of every thing to fret and torment those who wish you well; and if you can make one feeling and honest heart unhappy, think you have not lived or acted in vain.

By following these maxims and practices, you will have the glory of being detested by every good and virtuous mind; and perhaps the notoriety of infamy is dearer in your estimation, than the silent consciousness of desert!

VIRTUE NOT EXEMPT FROM SUBLUNARY ILLS.

THE EARTHQUAKE*.

From the scourge of pestilence, the pinings of famine, or the devastations of an earthquake, even virtue must not hope for exemption, nor can innocence obtain security. "The ways of Heaven are dark and intricate;" the good and bad are alike involved in common calamities, and participate in common blessings; but the

* Suggested by an incident, recorded in Sir William Hamilton's Account of the Earthquakes, in Calabria and Sicily.

former enjoy the raptures of conscious rectitude, and they can look up to a "bright reversion in the sky;" while the latter are tortured with the stings of reflection, even amidst the sunshine of prosperity; and in the dark hour of adversity must feel the justice of their fate, and instead of the angel Hope, embrace the spectre Despair.

Signora Ramoni, the subject of this little history, was descended from the ancient family of Ramoni, in Sicily. She was fortunate in her connexions; she was favoured by nature; and the hand of diligent cultivation had, at an early period, rendered her mind as lovely, as her person was enchanting. Thus, with every advantage from fortune, and with every attraction that a polished understanding can confer on beauty, it is natural to imagine that the heroine of our melancholy tale could not long remain, unadmired and unsolicited. The richest and most accomplished youths of her native isle paid her the most flattering marks of attention, before she had completed her fifteenth year. But Providence seems to have reserved her for another love, which neither party at that time had ever conceived as probable, or considered as an object of hope.

Sevini was a young Sicilian of splendid talents,

but moderate possessions. He had studied at Rome, till the prize of literature fell to his lot, at almost every competition. His fame had reached the members of the conclave; his merits made an impression in his favour wherever they were known and recorded; and his manners conciliated esteem and friendship, wherever they were displayed. He was early devoted to the church, by the premature determination of his father; and he had already experienced that struggle between inclination and duty which is so frequently felt, when a path is chalked out by parental authority, in which a child cannot walk with pleasure, and from which he dares not deviate, without incurring the blame of disobedience.

After having completed his general studies, and before he applied himself to divinity as a future profession, a relaxation of a few months in his native country was wished for, and allowed. He set out for Messina, the place of his nativity, with that placid joy which ever pervades the breast, when we are about to revisit scenes endeared to us by early recollection, and to see persons united to us by the binding ties of nature; and he had the happiness to find, that the arms of his parents were extended to embrace him,

and the associates of his infancy anxious to recognise him.

The family of Ramoni had been settled in the vicinity of Messina, for at least three centuries; between whom, and that of Sevini there had always existed a friendly intimacy, notwithstanding a considerable disparity in their fortunes. The only daughter of Ramoni, who had just entered her seventeenth year, was a visitor of the aged Sevini, at the time of his son's arrival. We have already given a short description of the person and accomplishments of this lady; and, in the eyes of a youth of twenty, they did not lose their effect. He saw, and was enamoured, before he had time to think on consequences, or knew that he was really a lover. It was his study to pay every attention to the beautiful Ramoni; but this might be ascribed either to politeness of manners, or to the ardour of attachment, and excited no particular notice.

The innocent and amiable fair one, however, interpreted his assiduity as the proof of a growing passion, which she suffered herself to indulge; and young Sevini with transport perceived, that he was not indifferent in the eyes of his charmer.

If she sought the citron grove that communicated with his father's garden, during the sultry

hour of noon, he was sure to trace her steps, and to engage her in some interesting conversation. The conversation was, indeed, general; but the looks, which best explain the heart, were too particular not to be mutually deciphered. They were attached to each other by nature and sentiment; and on such attachments alone, Heaven can look down with approbation and delight.

Why are they not always propitious? why should the gross and selfish passions flaunt it in the face of day, without fear, and without shame; and genuine regard dread the eye of discovery, and seek the shade of concealment?

Sevini began to reflect—reflection only served to torment him; and he fled to the presence of his love, in order to avoid its monitions. His father, he well knew, had destined him to perpetual celibacy; and his affection was too sincere to permit him to think of dishonourable gratifications. He was reduced to the painful alternative of violating either his love or his duty. The first is the strongest sensation in the heart of man; and, consequently, when real, will always come off victorious, in the conflict with inferior passions. He now resolved to avow his flame, and sacrifice all to affection: but

though he had little reason to apprehend the neglect of his mistress, he had as little room to hope, that her family would ever consent to a match, which worldly prudence would deem so unequal. This increased his distress; but his resolution was fixed; and weak must that attachment be, which will not inspire a ray of hope amidst the deepest gloom, and smooth the aspect of conglomerated difficulties!

While the setting sun was one evening gilding the summits of Ætna, the young Sevini entered the garden, which lay at a small distance from the house; and, in order to indulge his reflections without interruption, sought an arbour, adapted by nature and art for pensive thought and secret retirement. At his approach, he found it pre-occupied by his dearest Ramoni. Her head reclined against the trunk of a tree that assisted to form the retreat; in her right hand she held a book; the left contained a handkerchief, which she frequently applied to her eyes, as she read; and so intent did she appear on the subject of her study, that she perceived him not till he spoke. Starting up, she exclaimed—"Is it you, Sevini! I thought myself secure from interruption, and I tremble to think what opinions may be formed of our private interviews, which

have been too frequent of late, to appear entirely accidental."

"Charming Ramoni!" replied the youth; "accident has little share in what you remark. My feet naturally conduct me to the person in whom my heart has reposed its eternal felicity! You cannot be wholly a stranger to the sensations of my breast: they sufficiently influence my external appearance, to witness that I sincerely and ardently love. Will Ramoni, without glancing disdain, permit me to avow myself her most passionate admirer; and will she deign to cast an eye of pity on the unfortunate Sevini?"—"Sevini is justly entitled to my most favourable opinion: his merit, his virtues, independent of his expressions of particular regard for me, claim my unreserved esteem; but I know too little of my own heart, to define the exact nature of the attachment I feel. Perhaps I have confessed too much; but I am unacquainted with the arts of dissimulation, and I am averse to learn their practice. Leave me, for the present, to recover myself from that flutter of spirits, into which this unexpected and unusual conversation has thrown me; and if you are studious to deserve, and anxious to possess them, be assured of the best wishes of Ramoni."

With these words she darted from his sight, before the pleasing impression they had made, would permit him to recover from his reverie of bliss, and to frame a suitable reply, or obey the injunction she had already rendered useless. However, he speedily recollected himself to follow her; and advancing towards the house, saw her enter the door, which was instantly shut; and thus he was, for this time, precluded from renewing his professions, or urging his plea.

But love had gained an equal ascendancy over the breast of Ramoni: their hearts beat in unison; their eyes, on every occasion, interchanged the sweetest effusions of mutual regard; and had not the destination of Sevini lulled the vigilance of his family, and the rank of the lovely Ramoni stifled conjecture, perhaps every spectator would have penetrated in the emotions of their souls.

Their interviews were now frequent, but cautiously private. Time flew on his swiftest wings; and the mournful day almost imperceptibly approached, on which Sevini was again to bid adieu to his native Messina, and Ramoni to revisit the seat of her sire. They well knew that a discovery would have blasted both their hopes; they reasonably concluded that entreaty

or expostulation would be in vain; they therefore agreed on a private marriage; and resolved, if possible, to conceal their connexion, till the death of one or both their fathers, who were far advanced in years; or till some more desirable occurrence, should justify its avowal. The marriage was solemnized the very day before Sevini set out for Rome; and such extreme caution was observed, that even suspicion slept.

The priest who joined them, was the only person privy to this transaction; and him they engaged to carry on their mutual correspondence. The melancholy moment of heart-rending separation at last arrived. The sun shot his fairest beams into the chamber of Sevini; the birds carolled their sweetest notes from the spray; the voice of cheerful labour resounded in his ears, and Messina seemed proud to feast his eyes, for the last time, with a display of her most magnificent structures. But he was to bid adieu to his mistress, his bride, his wife; he was to become an involuntary exile from all he held dear; and nature, to his gloomy apprehension, seemed dressed in her most forbidding garb, and every object to sympathize with his distress.

Ye who have felt the ardour of genuine regard, the extatic glow of original affection;—

ye who have tasted the luxury of love repaid; think, for ye know, what Sevini suffered at this crisis! what the beautiful Ramoni endured at the solemn word, Farewell!—To you I need not attempt to describe what the sterility of language denies; and to such as derive their happiness from insensibility, I disdain to address myself. This frame, which is feelingly alive to every touch of distress; this heart, which vibrates to every impulse of pity—wretched as it is from the keen reflection of losses not to be recovered, and the prospect of ills that still menace a fall—shall never pay homage to unamiable indifference, nor seek for shelter in sullen apathy!

Sevini reached Rome, without meeting any particular accident to retard his journey; and Ramoni bade farewell to the scenes which were no longer lovely, when deprived of her lord. But, alas! she carried her unhappiness with her. Sevini was ever present to her mind, though lost to her sight; and the tear was often ready to start, when she was invited to festivity and joy. Her father, who was not destitute of penetration, saw the anguish of his daughter's breast; but, as he could not possibly conjecture a probable cause at present, for what was too con-

spicuous to escape observation, he waited till some circumstance might occur to develope the mystery he could not comprehend, and which he was unwilling to investigate, by a formal inquiry.

Six months rolled away their melancholy hours, during which, Sevini and his bride regularly corresponded, and had hitherto escaped suspicion. This was remote from felicity; but it did not preclude hope. It did not, indeed, gratify the enthusiasm of love; but it repressed the arrows of despair. A time, they fondly imagined, would arrive, when it would be no crime to be known by one common name; and when one house, one table, one bed, would be neither criminal nor unlawful. The fond ideas of bliss they allowed themselves to indulge, Heaven forbade to realize. The storm began to collect, the clouds to impend, and all its combined vengeance at once to burst on their heads.

Signora Sevini began to feel that, if the name of wife might be concealed, she would soon become a mother. This she communicated to Sevini, with all that anguish which ought only to attend guilt. He endeavoured to console her; and, by a letter glowing with terms of the most ardent affection, proposed to her that he should

leave Rome, and return to that country and that society which was dearer to him than fame, and sweeter than life. She was musing on this letter, when her father entered her chamber; the tears were trickling down her cheeks, and seemed ambitious to obliterate the writing, to prevent a discovery. The old man saluted her before she suspected interruption—" And whence, my child, proceed these tears? Has your father ever shown himself indifferent to your happiness? And why should you brood over misery, without making him the confident of its cause?"—At this unexpected address she fainted away. The aged Ramoni was eager to restore her; but happy had it been for her, had she never opened her eyes again, as she only opened them to fresh scenes of distress. No sooner did her sire perceive his exertions for her recovery were likely to be crowned with success, than he snatched up the letter which lay on the table. He was soon informed of every circumstance attending her situation. He was too much affected to reason, or to upbraid her. His feelings wholly overcame him. The violence of his passion and his grief choaked the passage of respiration—he dropt lifeless down, and waked no more.

His daughter, with that duty which she still

felt, and that tenderness which was inherent in her nature, immediately alarmed the family. Her own sufferings were wholly absorbed in the situation of her sire, and for a while she forgot that she was wretched on her own account: but Ramoni was gone for ever; no arts could recal him, no stimulants bring back the suspended animation.

As soon as the mournful ceremony of interment was over—mournful to a daughter like Signora Sevini, even had it been occasioned by the gradual and irresistible decree of fate; but doubly mournful, from the reflection that she had too probably a considerable share in its acceleration—letters were dispatched by her to Sevini, informing him of the important revolution which had happened in their affairs; and urging him to return, and take possession of the fortune which was now unalienably her own. The letters arrived in due course; but they served only to recal him to a love of life, which he had for some days resigned. An epidemic fever, which at that time raged in Rome, had confined him fourteen days: his disorder was arrived at a crisis; and the agitation of mind into which this intelligence threw him, only served to hasten his departure. He died, imploring every bles-

sing from Heaven on her whom, last of all earthly things, he could bring himself to relinquish.

Too soon did the melancholy news reach the ears of the sole representative of the ancient family of Ramoni. Shall I attempt to describe her sensations? No! language may paint ordinary griefs; hers was beyond its most empassioned powers to reach. She was instantly seized with the pains of parturition; the natural strength of her frame assisted her in bringing forth;—a boy was announced to the world; and, for his sake, she began to cherish the hopes of life, which only the affection of a parent for her offspring could render supportable, after the death of a husband.

Time, whose lenient balm soothes and reconciles us to the most disastrous events, gradually brought Signora Sevini to herself. She suckled her little son; she already traced the similitude of his beloved father in his face; and she wearied Heaven with importuning its gracious benediction on his life.

Heaven, in its divine decrees, thought fit to reject her petitions. Several slight shocks of an earthquake had been felt at Messina, and in its vicinity. On the opposite coast of Calabria,

they were more violent; and even those who were in some measure habituated to these dreadful visitations of Providence, began to be alarmed. Signora Sevini was at her native seat. She had just put her little boy to bed, and was breathing out a prayer for his preservation, before she committed herself to sleep. A concussion of the earth interrupted her ejaculations; a more tremendous one succeeded; a third involved all, in one scene of undistinguished ruin. The solid earth rocked, like the brittle bark in a storm. Houses were lifted up from their foundations, and tossed in the air; or the yawning earth received them into its bosom. The mansion of Signora Sevini was in an instant raised from its site, and fell down at some distance, in one general mass of ruins. She lost the power of recollection; she lost the light of the day: the chasm which received her, closed a-top, and horror of the most dreadful kind surrounded her. The earth shook again; the ruins opened where the wretched widow of Sevini was confined; and she was violently thrown out into the space, which was once an area before the house. For some time she lay without any signs of life: every person was too much interested in providing for his own safety to think

of another; and she was at length awakened into the miseries of existence, by the heaving of the earth under her head.

No sooner had she recovered a dawn of recollection, than she distractedly inquired for her infant. Alas! who was able to give her any information! Terror and death stared every one in the face: thousands had taken their leave of sublunary fear, and its consequent misery; and it was not till the awful shocks began to abate, that she could prevail on some surviving labourers to dig into the ruins, in search of her child.

She attended their progress with the most anxious perseverance. Every stroke of their pickaxes to remove the rubbish, she watched with the eagerness of a person in search of an expected treasure; but her eagerness was of a more softened and impressive kind. Her features were marked with despair, but it was tinged with resignation; and she exhibited that sort of still grief, which is too deep and too sincere to be heightened, either by affectation or art.

At last some signs of a bed appeared: her eagerness and her distraction redoubled; and a few strokes more brought her lifeless babe to light. She reached forward to seize his remains;

but the violence of her grief, which she had restrained till hope was entirely lost, now totally overcame her. She dropped lifeless down; and, without a groan, her spirit winged its way to that heaven, where virtue will find its ultimate and eternal reward.

CANDOUR AND CHARITY RECOMMENDED.

THE STORY OF LYSANDER AND EUONOMUS.

LYSANDER had conceived prejudices, equally false and unjust, against his schoolfellow, Euonomus; and had frequently treated him with an illiberality, disgraceful only to himself. He had often been admonished to behave in a more respectful manner to his companion, and to show him that kindness, or at least that civility, which is always due from one person to another; but the mind of Lysander was not sufficiently enlarged by charity, nor enlightened by learning, to behold merit which eclipsed his own, without feeling the meanness of jealousy, and the ranklings of envy; and it was now become an indispensable duty in his tutor to expose

the baseness of such conduct, and to strive to inspire him with nobler sentiments and principles of action.

Euonomus possessed valuable qualities of the first order. Mild and complaisant, he assumed a superiority over no one; amiable in his disposition, and liberal in his conduct, he gained the affection of every generous soul: replete with the justest sentiments of moral rectitude, he pursued the even tenor of his way, without deviating from the path of right. The sensible and the good loved him with the most enthusiastic regard; and none but the worthless, the prejudiced, or the ignorant, could open their lips against his character, or even think of doing him harm.

Yet such is the jealous malignity of those who are conscious of a want of desert themselves, that what they could not equal, they pretended to despise; what they were unwilling to copy, they would not deign to acknowledge. Euonomus had every idle, every ill-disposed, every ignorant boy for his foe; but none so virulent as the worthless Lysander. His highest virtues, his best attainments, were frittered away by envious abatements; and when their existence

could not be denied, a train of imputed faults were placed in the balance against them.

Such continues to be the base conduct of the world, in the more advanced stages of life, for want of proper cultivation in youth. There are some, indeed, who without the advantages of early instruction, from a native goodness of heart, or strength of understanding, are capable of correcting the errors of prejudice, and love merit which they do not imitate; but the generality of mankind have neither charity enough to overlook harmless foibles in others, nor honesty enough to confess virtues, which they do not possess themselves.

The tutor of Lysander and Euonomus had used every mean in his power to encourage the laudable conduct of the one, and to reclaim the perverseness of the other; but the more he exerted himself for their mutual welfare, the more he was suspected by Lysander of partiality for his rival. He felt partiality indeed—it was impossible to do otherwise; but it was of such an honourable kind, that it could not occasion a blush; it was a compliment to industry, to talents, and to virtue; it was the homage which

will ever be paid to a good temper and guileless manners.

Finding, however, the lenitives of occasional advice ineffectual, and determined to reform or dismiss Lysander, he thus remonstrated with him for the last time:

"I am ashamed," said he, "of the perverseness of your disposition, and of your ill behaviour to Euonomus. I know the mean motives that influence your heart, and I blush for you, if you do not for yourself. His merits, which entitle him to universal esteem, cannot diminish yours. My favour to him is not the offering of a bounty, but the payment of a debt; my censures of you do not originate from ill will, but from a wish to serve and reclaim you.

"By persevering in such ungenerous treatment of Euonomus, you not only violate the laws of decent propriety, and render yourself an object of contempt; but you offend against the positive injunctions of Heaven. Charity, even to enemies, is the great duty of Christianity. How then can it be withheld from friends, without incurring a double share of guilt?

"You form a member of the same society with Euonomus, and not to meet is impossible;

let your intercourse, therefore, be civil and obliging, while fortune keeps you within the reach of each other. It is impossible to foretel where, or in what relations you may accidentally be thrown together in future life. You may probably be obliged to solicit his friendship —you may become sensible of the value of his acquaintance—O let not the present moments, which ought to be dedicated to happiness and improvement, embitter your recollection, when called to other scenes; nor give you a pang, when you contemplate the face of Euonomus!

"On his part I am convinced there is no enmity against you; and never believe me, for I know your heart, would you have harboured a prejudice against him, had he been the worthless character you have sometimes basely tried to represent him. Sorry am I to observe, that instead of aiming at *his* good qualities, you study only to bring them to a level with *your* imperfections: it is his worth that afflicts you; it is the few foibles from which neither he nor any mortal is wholly exempt, that alone console you.

"Impartiality and justice bid me confess this; but if Euonomus finds it easy, from his natural disposition, to acquit himself as he ought, I

shall be ready to allow you all the indulgence which is due to him, who has sense enough to see his errors, and sufficient goodness to amend them.

"Remember, you are now put on a state of probation; the society over which I preside shall not be rendered miserable by your wayward, malignant passions; but to encourage your laudable endeavours at reformation, shall be my pleasure and my study."

Thus spoke the tutor, and to enforce his arguments, he bade Lysander produce his Prayer Book. To the obligations of humanity, he wished to superadd those of religion; and entered the subsequent lines on a blank leaf, as a memento of what he had urged:

When sacred duties claim your pious care,
And the rapt soul pours forth itself in prayer,
Reflect—O learn! that Charity alone,
Can give a passport to th' Eternal's throne:
They who forgive, ALONE will be forgiv'n;—
Nor prejudice nor pride have place in Heav'n.

THE BOTANICAL WALK.

PHILO had deceived his children into a love of botany, under the mask of amusement. After having taught them the outlines of the Linnæan system, in their occasional walks, during that sweet season when plants and flowers are in the highest perfection, he encouraged them to run about, and try who could bring him the greatest number of different specimens.

No sooner was it supposed that this gave him pleasure, than they evinced their desire to oblige. They emulously strove, not only to bring him the most liberal handful, but the most rare species they could find; and frequently their researches were so close, and their eyes so quick, that they detected plants which had long escaped his notice. The hedge, the ditch, was explored with minute attention; and the approbation they received when they had been assiduous, or had discovered some uncommon vegetable, was a stimulus to fresh endeavours.

Their situation, indeed, was peculiarly favourable for botanical excursions. That en-

chanting spot Blenheim Park, lay open to them at all times, where they revelled among indigenous plants; while the gardens and pleasure-grounds supplied many curious and beautiful exotics, for their inspection.

When they returned from their walk, it was customary to spread their vegetable spoils on a table, and to examine them one by one, with references to books. This mode of proceeding, habituated them to the names and qualities of the plants they had collected; and without seeming to consider it as a study, they quickly became acquainted with a large number of species, and made a rapid progress in this delightful branch of natural history.

Philo was happy to see his wishes crowned with success; and in order to lead them to a more accurate examination of nature, and a more intimate acquaintance with her operations, he frequently pointed out to them the peculiarities in the growth of plants, in such a manner as rivetted their attention.

Nature, viewed in its full extent, presents a boundless field for observation or improvement; but if glanced at only by a cursory eye, half its beauties, and almost all its wonders, would never come to light.

Walking one summer evening in the garden, with his little pupils, Philo called their attention to the mode in which French beans (the phaseolus) twine round their supporters from right to left, and immediately after shewed them the nasturtium (the tropæolum of Linnæus), whose runners take a quite opposite direction, twining from left to right. This invariable uniformity of their respective modes of growth, astonished the young botanists, and they were eager to know the cause, why the one should take to the right, and the other to the left; but they were given to understand, that this was an inscrutable mystery in vegetation, which had never been satisfactorily explained; and was no more to be accounted for, than why different persons should pursue different routes, when they intended for the same place.

By chance the bind-weed attracted their eye, twisting round whatever it could lay hold of. "An important moral lesson," said PHILO, "is to be learned from the propensities of those slender plants. The weak are taught by nature to cling to the strong for assistance; and if they neglect this precaution, they are in imminent danger of being trodden under foot. Is it not so with our own species?" continued he.

"Without some support, what would have become of you, in the helpless years of infancy? Do you not naturally cling to your parents, as the limber vegetable to its hold; and ought you not to be grateful for the assistance you receive in helping you to rise? Even when you reach maturity, and perhaps may no longer have a parent to protect you, it is wise and necessary to connect yourselves with some friends who may be able to lend you aid, in the hour of difficulty or distress."

"Look!" cried GULIELMUS, "here is a natural kind of support. See how that honeysuckle (lonicera) plaits its runners together."—"I am glad," observed PHILO, "that you have noticed it. You see that this tender, but luxuriant plant, having in this instance no stronger support within its reach, seeks for strength from union. Does not this give you an impressive lesson, to cultivate brotherly love; and should you be destitute of other helps, does it not admonish you of the value of practising mutual good offices, which will at least keep you from sinking to the ground? Joined in amity and affection, you form a little phalanx of yourselves, while I am an insulated being, and have only some benevolent friends to rely on. Death

has robbed me of the bliss and happiness of fraternal assistance, which I trust you will long enjoy. May you, my dear boys, be duly sensible of your advantage; and should you be left alone, cling together like the tendrils of the honeysuckle, and you will be able to resist, or to overcome the common accidents of life!"

LETTER

TO

W. J. J. H. F. G. F. M.

TWO years have nearly passed away, since I presented you with a little volume on a similar plan with this, intended as a lasting pledge of my love, however limited the period of our union might be here. During that interval, amidst more serious engagements—in sorrow and sickness—the foregoing pages have gradually been accumulating; and, together with my former offering to you, constitute a series of papers on different subjects, many of which are intimately connected with your improvement,

your interest, and your happiness. I have now, by the indulgence of Heaven, had the good fortune to finish what I originally proposed on this head; and the time is at last arrived, when I am to bid you a public adieu. O, let the maxims I have delivered sink deep into your hearts; nor suffer the effusions of a father's love to be spent in vain!

What relates to science and learning, will be readily understood, to be no more than hints to stimulate your farther inquiries. Complete systems could not be expected in a work of this nature; and whatever I have written on such subjects, or merely to amuse you, will be appreciated as a mean, rather than an end. Other objects, more momentous to your happiness, prompted my pen, and animated my endeavours.

Next to religion and morality, or rather as the invigorating spirit of both, I have, under various disguises, most strongly inculcated the necessity of studying to acquire a good temper and amiable manners, a love of truth, and liberality of sentiment. Without those essential ornaments of human nature, man becomes a degraded and a despicable being: his existence is a pain to him-

self, and his social intercourse is the torment of others. No splendour of talents, no endowments of body or mind, can be put in competition with those humble but lovely virtues, which serve to make us endearing and endeared. Abilities alone, may excite admiration, the tribute of the understanding; but joined with amenity of manners, they never fail to conciliate affection,—the better tribute of the heart.

Another grand aim I have ever kept in view, was to bind you more firmly in the silken bands of amity, and to strengthen the natural ties of brotherly love. Should it be my infelicity to see you at variance, and abetting the malice of the world, which can seldom injure those whose mutual affection is active and ardent, I shall lament that I have lived too long. In every vicissitude of fortune, and in all the various relative situations into which you may be thrown, cultivate a pure and disinterested regard for each other's welfare, and you will be sure to reap an abundant reward.

This wish, so fond, so near my heart, I indulge the pleasing expectation will be fully realized, though it may not be my happy lot to enjoy the charming scene. Already a partial

separation has taken place: you are now no longer all under the paternal roof where you were born; and in all human probability, other uncontrollable events or prudential motives will soon occasion a farther dispersion, and lessen the probability, even should life remain, of our ever more being long together, at one and the same time. Let this affecting thought stimulate us to improve the fleeting moments of reciprocal endearment, and to lay the foundation for that unalterable love, which can survive absence, and bid defiance to intervening space; which will even become stronger from obstacles, and warmer from tender recollections.

Such are the hopes that invigorate my heart, when it is almost ready to sink; such are the soothing images of bliss I paint, when solitary and disconsolate. Wherever or howsoever Providence may dispose of us, I shall be ever present with you in these solemn testimonies of my regard. Humble as the merits of the composition may be, these pages are not unworthy your attention. The spirit that dictated them, the views they embrace, the objects they recommend, are all so many emanations of a heart, that centres its felicity in your welfare.

I have given you, my dear children, a public legacy, which you may early put to interest: perhaps it is the best inheritance I may be able to leave you. Receive it, O receive it, with the same willing mind it is conferred, and profit by the painful experience in life, of

Your most affectionate father, &c.

FINIS.

Printed by Slatter and Munday, Oxford.

V.

MODERN LONDON;
Being the History and present State of the Metropolis.
Illustrated with numerous Copper-plates,
Price 3l. 3s. in boards, 4to.

VI.

THE PICTURE OF LONDON,
For 1804.
A new edition, corrected to the present time,
Illustrated with a large modern map of London, with another map of the environs; and embellished with eight beautiful views.
Price 5s. bound in red.

VII.

GEOGRAPHY
Rendered popular for the Use of SCHOOLS and YOUNG PERSONS of both SEXES.
By the Rev. J. GOLDSMITH, A. M.
Price 10s. 6d. bound and lettered,
(Being one of the cheapest books in the English language),
Decorated with Sixty interesting Copper-plates.

VIII.

A GRAMMAR of the First Elements of GEOGRAPHY,
Practically adapted to the business of teaching, and simplifying the science of Geography, exactly in the same manner as the introductory Grammars of MURRAY, DEVIS, and ASH, simplify the study of the English language.
By the Rev. J. GOLDSMITH.
Price Half-a-Crown bound.

IX.

ANIMAL BIOGRAPHY.
By the Rev. W. BINGLEY, A. B.
Fellow of the Linnæan Society, and late of St. Peter's College, Cambridge.
In Three Volumes, 8vo. the Second Edition,
Price 1l. 10s. in boards.

X.

THE LIFE OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.
By JOHN MARSHALL,
Chief Justice of the United States, &c. &c.
Vol. I. and II. 4to. Price 1l. 11s. 6d. each, in boards.

Another Edition, in Octavo, Price 10s. 6d. each Vol. in boards.

XI.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF GEOFFREY CHAUCER.
By WILLIAM GODWIN.
In Two elegant Volumes, 4to. illustrated with portraits.
Price Three Guineas and a Half in boards.

The same Work, in Four Volumes, 8vo. Price 1l. 16s. in boards.

XII.

FEMALE BIOGRAPHY; or, MEMOIRS of the LIVES of ILLUSTRIOUS and CELEBRATED WOMEN,
Of all Ages and Countries.
By MARY HAYS.
In Six elegant Volumes, 12mo. Price 1l. 11s. 6d. in boards, elegantly bound and gilt, price Two Guineas.

XIII.

PUBLIC CHARACTERS of 1804—5.
Consisting of biographical memoirs of eminent living persons, faithfully and impartially compiled from authentic sources.
In One large Volume, 8vo. Price Half-a-Guinea in boards.
*** Also New Editions of the Four preceding Volumes, each at the same price.

XIV.

SCRIPTURE BIOGRAPHY,
For the use of Schools and moral Families.
By JOHN WATKINS, A.M. LL.D.
Price 4s. 6d. boards, or 5s. bound.

XV.

UNIVERSAL BIOGRAPHICAL and HISTORICAL DICTIONARY.
By JOHN WATKINS, A. M. LL.D.
A new and enlarged edition,
Price 14s. in boards, or 16s. calf lettered.

2