

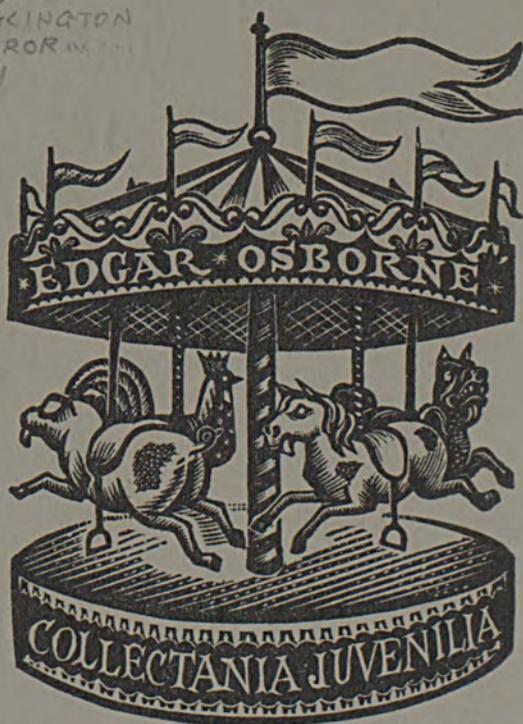


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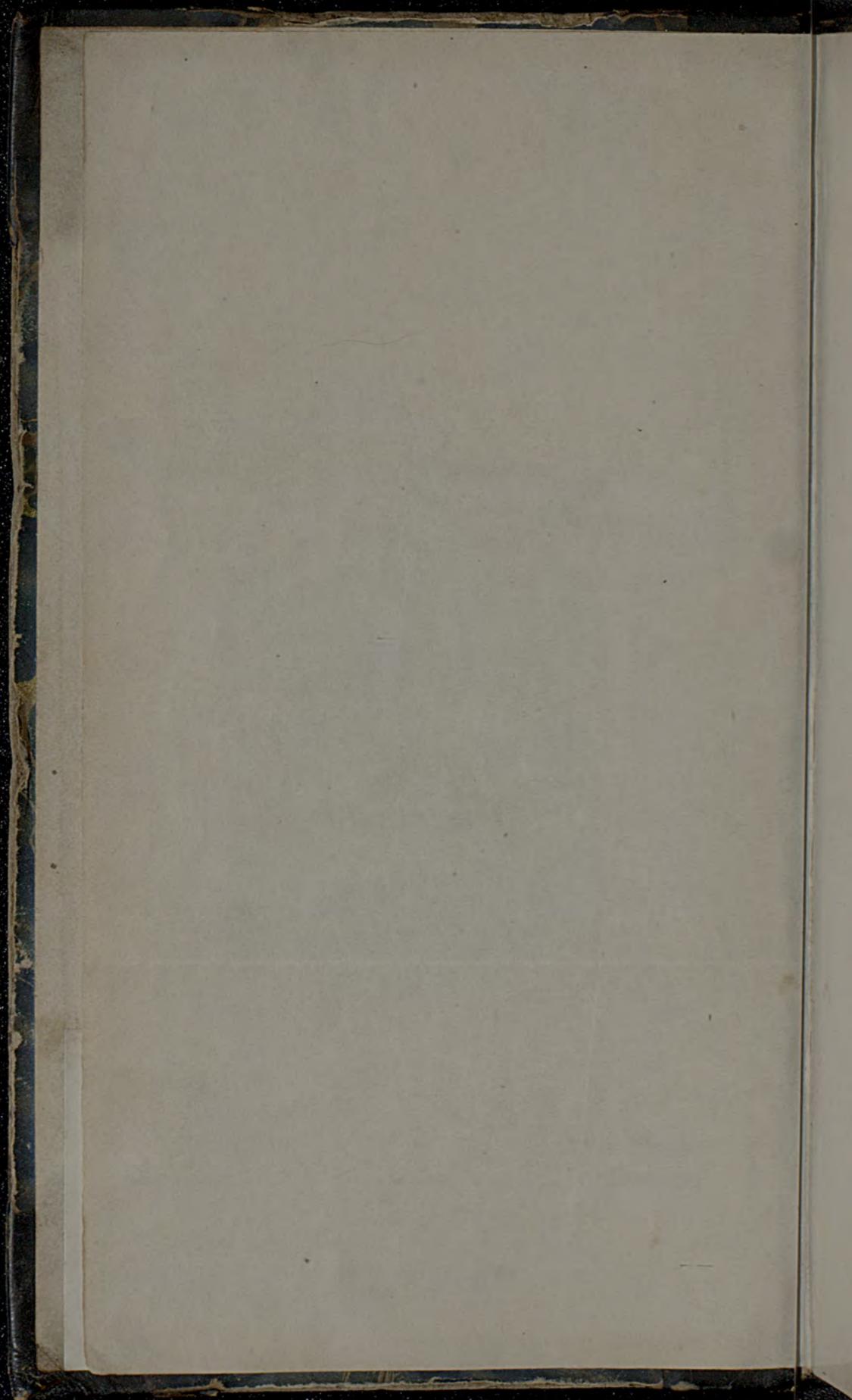
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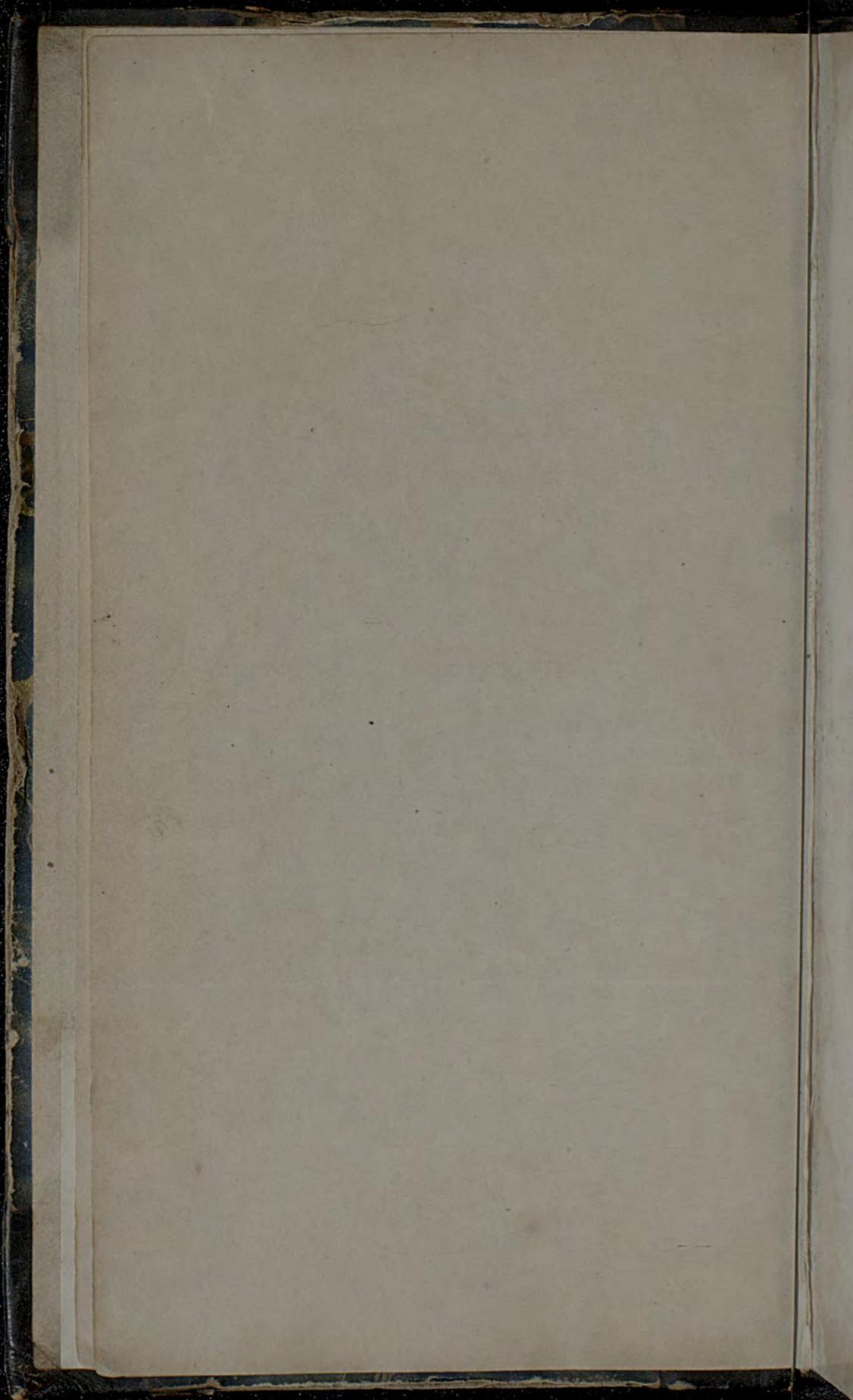
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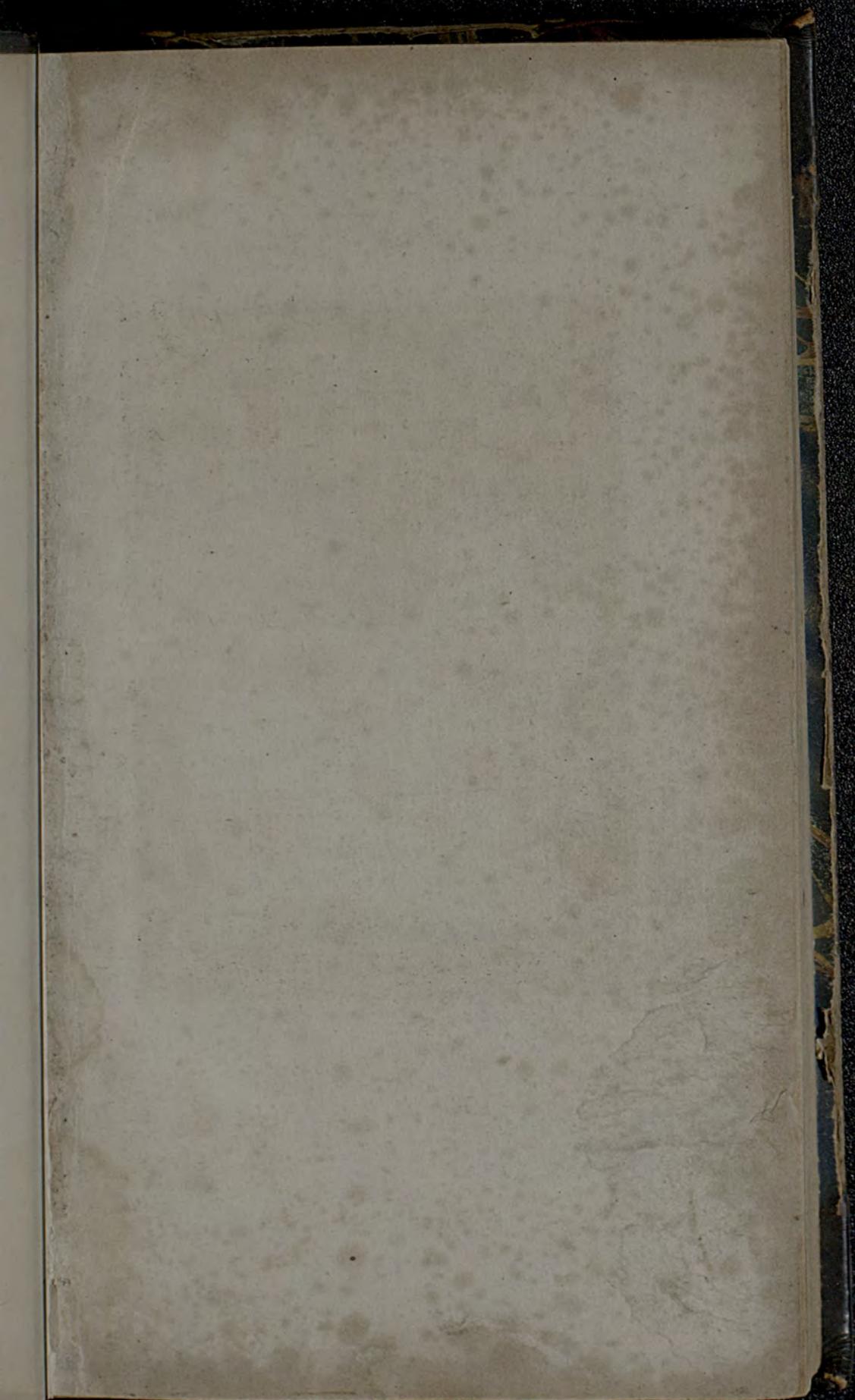
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FRONTISPIECE.



Thurston. Del.

Mackinnon. Sculp.

See *Fortitude*, page 21.

Published by Vernor and Hood, June, 1798.

A MIRROR FOR THE FEMALE SEX.

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HISTORICAL BEAUTIES

FOR

YOUNG LADIES;

INTENDED TO LEAD THE FEMALE MIND TO THE

LOVE AND PRACTICE

OF

MORAL GOODNESS.

---

When such a specious *Mirror's* set before ye, you needs must see yourselves.  
*Shakespeare.*

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DESIGNED PRINCIPALLY FOR THE USE OF LADIES' SCHOOLS.

By MRS. PILKINGTON.

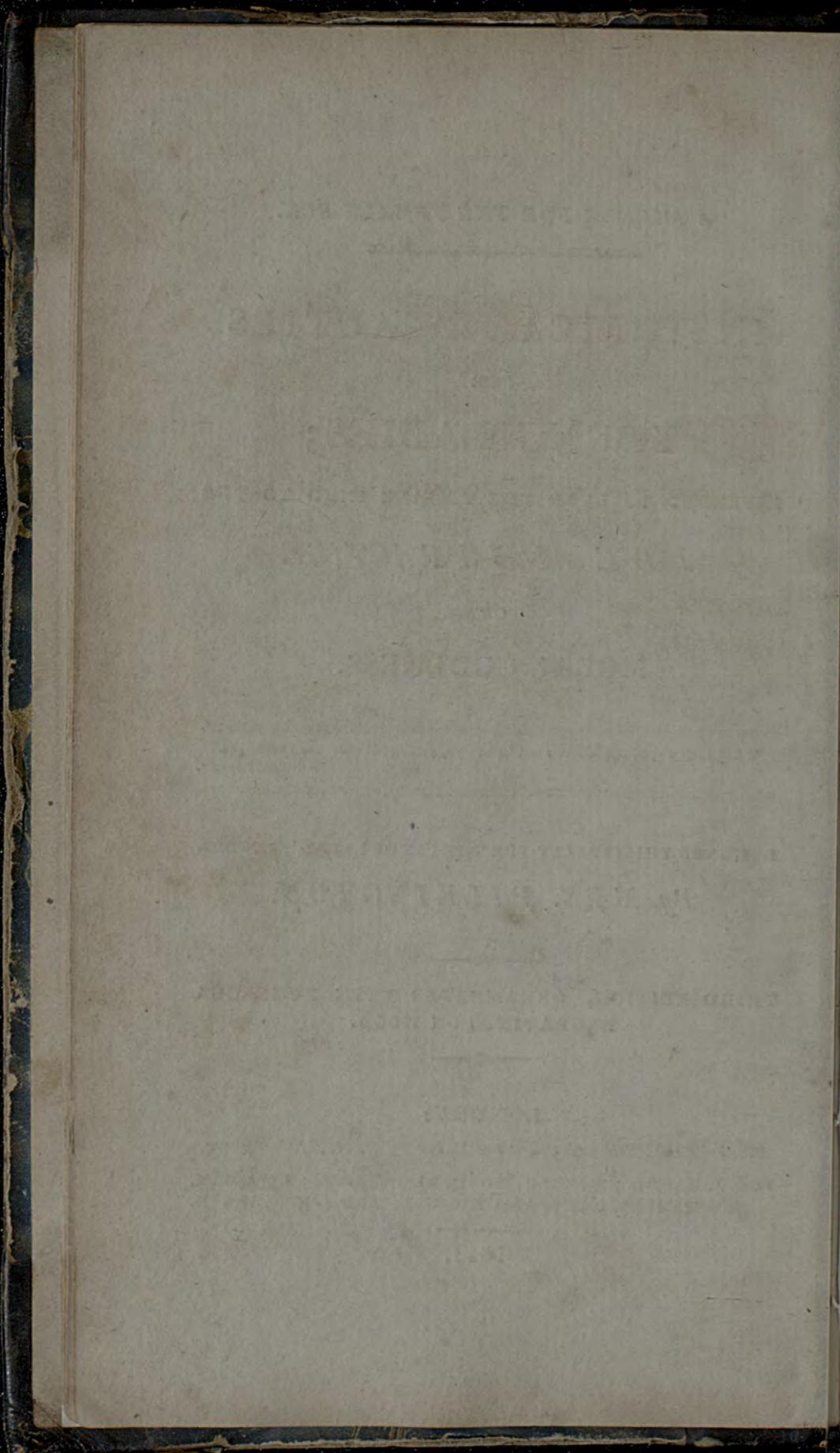
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FOR J. HARRIS; VERNOR, HOOD, AND SHARPE; LONGMAN,  
HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWNE; AND J. K. NEWMAN.

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1811.



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TO SUPERIORS  
OF  
FEMALE SEMINARIES.

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LADIES,

*THE Historical Beauties has a natural claim on some share of your patronage. It aims at the same objects with you, co-operates with all your labours in improving and polishing our sex; is the associate of your wishes; and facilitates their completion. What approbation it deserves, were as unnecessary for me to solicit, as unhandsome in you to refuse. I have done what I could, and you will judge as you ought. From that imperfection which tarnishes every human production, mine pleads no exemption; but has the less to fear, that my readers are more or less conscious of similar infirmity and experience, may have taught them the equity and necessity of shewing the same measure of lenity in my case they may wish in their own.*

To

To you it comes, with perfect confidence in your favourable or candid acceptance at least. It makes an humble tender of assistance, in disclosing for the benefit of your charming pupils, the purest sources of whatever is best calculated for amusing their fancies, informing their understandings, and bettering their hearts. The nature of the work will shew the close application and extensive reading it has cost me; and your acquaintance with the various authors from whom the selection is made, may enable you to give me credit for my strict adherence to correctness in every article extracted.

Should the Historical Beauties receive from you the least degree of attention, or gain admission into your elegant societies, the good intention with which it is published, leaves no doubt on my mind that it may be useful. In this hope, and with my best wishes for its success and yours, I have the honour to be,

Ladies,

Your most humble Servant,

M. P.

## PREFACE.

---

“THE task of an author,” says Doctor Johnson, “is either to teach what is not known, or to recommend known truths by his manner of adorning them; either to let new light upon the mind, and open new scenes to the prospect, or vary the dress and situation of common objects, so as to give them fresh grace, and more powerful attractions.”

This, however, can only be performed in works of originality; and is all that can be expected even from the most masterly of these. The range of genius, except, perhaps, in a few of the sciences, seems to be pretty generally monopolized by the writers of the classic ages; and little is left for us, but the gleanings  
of

of what yielded them so plentiful an harvest. The following pages, though professedly extracted from labours sanctioned by public approbation, are now, for the first time, applied to one specific object of improvement, and meant to operate in a new direction. The idea was suggested to my mind by a little very popular work; *Dodd's Beauties of History*. Yet, as this was evidently written for the edification of his own sex, and mine for that of ours, let me flatter myself the *Historical Beauties* will not be considered as wholly destitute of novelty; that its uniform aim is rather to amuse and instruct, than agitate or surprise.

Of the advantages to be derived from an acquaintance with history, every person of a liberal education, and an enlightened mind, must be sensible. The world at large has, indeed, been long convinced,

convinced, that it expands the intellects by anticipating the sources of experience; corrects and moderates our passions, by exemplifying the various excesses and obliquities to which they are liable; and lays a foundation for the culture and exercise of every noble virtue and honourable pursuit, by a series of moral painting in perfect unison with the original. And it must be acknowledged, all we perceive of human life, and the manners of the world, is calculated to teach us, that lessons of such an important tendency cannot be more indispensable to one sex than another. Poor, indeed, were our compensation for studying the best digested histories of ancient or modern times, were the information they afford confined to the competitions of nations, the treaties and alliances of courts, the projects and politics of princes, the improvement of tactics, the  
horrors

horrors of battles, the havock of sieges, the atchievements of heroism, and the bickerings of faction. Of all such shocking scenes and occurrences our own experience may furnish enough to tear and harrow up their souls, without subjecting us to the drudgery of traversing the world over, for what is so habitually transacting at our very doors. But though the present imperfect condition of our natures renders these, in some measure, inseparable from a faithful record of truth, the fates that accompany them, the causes in which they originate, the objects to which they are directed, the passions, the talents, the characters, the virtues, and the vices, most conspicuous in their accomplishment, are full of useful instruction, and lead to maxims of the soundest wisdom.

It has been long matter of general  
and

and sincere regret, that the exterior of female education is cultivated but too frequently at the expense of qualities more valuable; that a showy outside leaves hardly any taste for mental excellence; and that reality is every where avowedly sacrificed to appearance. The requisites for indulging this fashionable propensity, give young ladies, especially while at school, no time for acquiring the least idea of general history, as they enjoy no leisure for reading, or digesting what little they may read. To alleviate this inconvenience, and prevent, as much as possible, its pernicious influence on the feminine mind, these *selections* from ancient and modern authors, of established reputation and celebrity, are published for their accommodation; that, without intense application, or any superfluous waste of time, they may have the advantage of an early acquaintance with

such extraordinary characters in their own sex, as have either adorned or disgraced the page of biography. And while their young minds are thus occupied in the honest contemplation of great or good actions, it becomes them very maturely to consider, that they have it still in their power to imitate the virtues they admire, and avoid the vices they abhor.



## INTRODUCTION.

---

LADY Stanley was one of those amiable characters who consider the parental duties of such high importance as to demand a constant and unwearied attention, and therefore she retired to a small house within a few miles of the metropolis, and spent her whole time in the cultivation of her childrens' minds, and the improvement of their hearts.

Sir Edward Stanley had been appointed to an office of high importance in the East Indies; and not thinking it right to hazard the health of his children, by taking them to a climate generally unfavourable to an English constitution, had left them under the care of their  
excellent

excellent mother, who was anxious they should acquire those virtues, and excel in those accomplishments, that would be most likely to attract his affection.

Emily Stanley, at the time of Sir Edward's departure, had just entered her fourteenth year; Charlotte, her thirteenth; and Louisa, her eleventh. Their dispositions were naturally amiable; but there was an indolence of mind, and a distaste to study, in the two elder, which frequently gave Lady Stanley the utmost uneasiness.

Ever anxious to promote their happiness, as well as improve their understandings, she endeavoured to render her precepts both pleasing and instructive; and, by the gentle sweetness of her manner, made the path of knowledge appear an enamelled mead rather than a thorny desert. Although she was particularly

cularly anxious her children should be perfectly acquainted with both ancient and modern history, yet they had hitherto perused only that of England; and their natural dislike to application made her apprehensive they would feel a repugnance to the course of reading necessary for them to pursue. This circumstance induced her to select a variety of anecdotes from the different authors she had perused, and form them into a small volume, that, by reading an account of abstracted events, they might feel desirous of becoming acquainted with the *causes* which produced them.

On the morning of the new year, when the children entered Lady Stanley's apartment, she informed them she had been preparing a present, which, she flattered herself, would be more acceptable than toys and trinkets; because it would be an  
additional

additional proof to them of her affection for their persons, and her solicitude to promote the improvement of their minds.

“ From this little work, my dear girls,” said that amiable woman, addressing herself to her daughters, “ you will have an opportunity of drawing examples for the regulation of your future conduct; and likewise be enabled to form an opinion of the different virtues and vices which have embellished or deformed the female character both in the past and present ages.

“ A thorough knowledge of history is certainly one of the most essential parts of a girl’s education, and I confess myself very anxious to inspire you with a relish for the study of it; and if you have any ambition to render yourselves either pleasing or entertaining companions,

companions, you must endeavour to store your minds with a fund of useful knowledge; for that flippancy of conversation which flows from a prating tongue, and empty head, is disgusting to a sensible, and fatiguing to a rational, companion.

“ A young woman totally unacquainted with history must of course have her ideas bounded to the spot where she resides, and be incapable of deriving any advantage from a knowledge of the manners and customs of people who inhabit the different parts of the globe. But the most important point of view in which history appears so essentially necessary, arises from the impression which the perusal of great and amiable actions is so peculiarly apt to make upon the youthful mind. Not that I have merely selected such as appear under that denomination;

nomination; for I thought that, by contrasting vice with virtue, both would appear the more striking.

“ I have endeavoured to arrange my characters upon the principle of a work which was written by the late ingenious Doctor Dodd, and which has met with that universal applause it so justly merits: and though I know myself incapable of acquiring that degree of credit he obtained, yet, if I have the satisfaction of inspiring my childrens’ breasts with the love of virtue, it will be more gratifying than the voice of fame, or the sound of applause.”

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## HISTORICAL BEAUTIES.

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### RELIGION.

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#### SENTIMENTS.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge: but fools despise wisdom and instruction.

*Proverbs.*

A great, a good, and a right mind, is a kind of divinity lodged within us, and may be the blessing of the slave as well as the prince.

*Seneca.*

A good conscience is both the testimony and reward of a good life.

*Seneca.*

---

**I** SHALL commence my work, my beloved children, by introducing to your knowledge some of those characters who have rendered themselves conspicuous by the union of piety

and

and

and morality, and whose lives were spent in the performance of devotional exercises, and in the practice of benevolence to their fellow-creatures. I have always endeavoured to convince you, that piety towards God is the foundation of those virtues which will make you estimable in the eyes of men; and that to be void of it, evinces a cold heart, destitute of the best affections which can grace a youthful character. At your time of life it is natural for the heart spontaneously to rise into admiration at what is great, glow with the love of what is fair, and melt at the discovery of tenderness and goodness: and where can any object be found so calculated to kindle those affections, as the Father of the universe, and the Author of all your felicity? Untouched by gratitude, can you behold that profusion of good which his beneficent hand pours around you? Unmoved by veneration, can you contemplate that grandeur and majesty which his works every where display? Offer to  
God,

God, therefore, the first fruits of your affections and understandings; and be assured, that the more you increase in love to him, the more you will increase in happiness, excellence and honour.

The principles of piety and devotion have often been evinced at that early period of life, when it might have been supposed the infant heart was incapable of such exalted sentiments: a striking proof of the justness of this observation is recorded in the history of Lady Jane Gray.

Lady Jane Gray was eldest daughter to the Duke of Suffolk; a man whose mind was too much occupied by plans of ambition to be capable of admitting sentiments of tenderness. In her earliest childhood she was unaccustomed to receive those endearing caresses which are calculated to attract the affection of a youthful heart; and, instead of considering her father in

the light of a tender friend, she was compelled to behold him as a rigid judge, who, instead of palliating the trifling errors of childhood, magnified them into crimes, and condemned them with severity. This ill-judged rigour probably might have been the first incitement to that uniform piety which marked her future conduct; for being withheld, by fear, from expressing the effusions of a susceptible heart to her *earthly parent*, she sought consolation at the throne of her *heavenly one*, and poured out her sorrows to him who healeth the broken-hearted, "and raiseth up them whose spirits are cast down."

When she was arrived at an age to be informed of the ambitious views of the Duke of Suffolk, who taught her to aspire to the possession of a crown; instead of being dazzled by the glaring prospect, she foresaw the dangers with which it was surrounded, and, though Edward had declared her his successor, yet the superiority of his

his sister's claim made her strenuously refuse the proffered dignity: and when her father, and the Duke of Northumberland, (whose son she had married) compelled her to accept it, she expressed her fears that she was committing an action that would be displeasing to heaven, and usurping that to which another had a right. But if her humility and justice was conspicuously displayed in her manner of accepting an unwished-for dignity, her sweetness and humility were no less strikingly evinced in her manner of resigning it; for when she was informed that the body of the people had declared for Mary, she expressed her satisfaction at being relieved from the burdens of a crown, and rejoiced in the prospect of being able to devote her time to the service of her Creator, and the improvement of her mind. But, alas! these visionary prospects of future felicity were all suddenly and unexpectedly overclouded! The inhuman Mary, fancying herself insecure on the imperial seat whilst  
her

her rival was in existence, sent an order for her immediate imprisonment; and, lost to the voice of tenderness and humanity, decreed that Lady Jane and her unfortunate husband should both perish together.

It was at that dreadful period that the amiable Lady Jane found the inspiring aid of that rectitude, which had been the rule of all her actions, enable her to support with cheerfulness the rigour of her destiny, and meet her approaching dissolution with calmness and resignation.

Previous to her execution, several Roman Catholic priests were sent to her by the Queen, to attempt converting her to that religion to which she was so bigotted a zealot; but her faith was established upon too firm a basis to be shaken by the crafts of priesthood, or the persuasion of power; and she died a firm disciple to the Christian faith.

Her

Her person is described by historians as being exquisitely lovely; and her manners so strikingly engaging, as to attract the affection of all those who had the satisfaction of enjoying their influence. Her temper was naturally grave, yet blended with an uncommon share of ineffable sweetness. She was completely mistress of the Latin and Greek languages, and had made some proficiency in the Hebrew, when her inhuman persecutor decreed that her learning and virtues should perish together. The humility of her mind could only be equalled by its liberality; for she pardoned the greatest wrongs committed against herself, though her heart was incapable of injuring others. In short, whether she is viewed in the character of a daughter, a wife, a queen, or a prisoner, she appears adorned with such perfections as must command praise, and defy censure.

§ 4. When Virtue  
into the principles upon which her  
is founded.

“Virtue (says Seneca) is the only immortal thing that belongs to mortality: it raises the mind above griefs, hopes, fears, or chances; and makes us patiently submit to the decrees of heaven.”

The truth of this observation is fully exemplified in the history of a daughter of Sir Thomas Askew, whose sufferings and persecutions were of a nature to shake the firmest resolution, unless supported by the principles of virtue, and the aid of religion.

Anne Askew had been originally educated in the principles of the Roman Catholic persuasion; but having been at an early age forced into a marriage contrary to her inclination, her mind naturally acquired a tincture of seriousness, and she devoted many hours every day to the duties of religion. When she attentively examined into the principles upon which her faith was founded,

founded, she gradually became sensible of the errors that were connected with it; and abjuring it altogether, became an entire convert to Christianity. This circumstance was a pretence for her husband's treating her with the most barbarous cruelty, and refusing to support her in his own house: he turned her out of it, and abandoned her to the miseries of the world, defenceless, forlorn, and unprotected!

A woman reduced to so wretched a situation by the cruelty of him who ought to have shielded her from every kind of distress, one would have imagined had a claim upon the humanity of her fellow-creatures; but, alas! that religion which ought to have taught compassion for the unfortunate, breathed only oppression and persecution; and her having abjured *her faith*, was considered a crime of so heinous a nature, as demanded the vengeance of all those who wished to promote the Roman Catholic persuasion. She un-

fortunately went to London (with a view of suing for a divorce) at a period when the fanatic zeal for the Roman Catholic religion was raging with the utmost ardour, and became a cloke for the most unheard-of barbarities. The partizans of her husband were sufficiently powerful to controvert all the arguments she could adduce in favour of her own conduct; and she was not only arrested, and thrown into prison, but treated there with studied indignity, and premeditated insolence. Yet she submitted to the severity of her fate with the most cheerful resignation; and, sustained by that power who arms the afflicted with fortitude, and the oppressed with patience, endured the most exquisite tortures that human imagination could invent, rather than acknowledge herself the member of a religion that was established upon the foundation of cruelty, and the basis of oppression: When the moment arrived that destined her to fall a victim to persecution, she met her  
fate

fate with an heroism that would have done honour to the greatest general, and looked upon death as the *messenger of peace*, and the *harbinger of felicity!*

Thus you see, my dear girls, that religion prepares the mind for encountering with fortitude the most severe shocks of adversity; and those afflictions which appear to the wicked as messengers of the wrath of heaven, seem to the good as merciful dispensations, sent to make trial of their fortitude, their faith, or their resignation.

Catherine Parr, wife of Henry the Eighth, was a woman of the most exemplary piety, and refined morality. Amidst the gaiety and splendour of a court, her mind was occupied upon the duties of religion; and the variety of her compositions prove that to piety was united humility, and a perfect reliance upon the dispensa-

tions of Providence. From her earliest infancy her mind had been habituated to the practice of devotional exercises; and though the frequency of that practice was one of the failings alledged against her (by the Bishop of Winchester) to the King, yet, to preserve her life, she never remitted any of her duties, believing that if she *forsook her God*, he would also *forsake her*.

Catherine of Arragon, who was a former wife to Henry the Eighth, was also a woman of great piety and uncommon erudition: her education had been such as to enable her not only to indulge her taste for literature, but to become an excellent judge of the merits of those who trod in the path of science, and she was the universal patronness of learned men.

When the versatility of her husband's disposition induced him to search into remote causes or a pretence to annul his marriage, the arguments

ments she used in favour of its validity, are in themselves sufficient to mark the superiority of her understanding : but, admirable as it was, it could not preserve her from sinking under the severity of her misfortunes ; and when she was degraded from the dignity of a queen, the remainder of her life was spent in the practice of the most rigid devotion, and in the strict observance of those duties which she imagined would be most acceptable to Heaven.

From the instances I have represented of the powerful effect of Religion in enabling the mind to support afflictions, you are not to imagine that it will only be necessary to apply to its aid in the season of distress ; for the greater the benefits are which you receive from Heaven, the stronger must be your motives for the exertion of your piety and gratitude to the great Author of them, who, for all his mercies, re-

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quires no other return than that of a *grateful* and *pious heart*.

The late Lord Burleigh (who was one of the ablest politicians of the age in which he lived) used to say, that he would never trust any man whose actions were not governed by the principles of religion; and alleged as a reason, that those who were not *true to God* could never be so *true to men*.

Queen Elizabeth, who is universally allowed to have been one of the greatest characters that ever swayed the British throne, not only regularly devoted a portion of each day to acts of piety, but composed several treatises on religious subjects; and at the age of twelve years, she translated into Latin, French, and Italian, a book of prayers and meditations, which she dedicated to her father. Before she died, she had the happiness of seeing the Protestant religion

gion established throughout her kingdom; and the rage for the Roman Catholic persuasion, which had filled her predecessor's reign with such cruelty and persecution, was by her judicious conduct entirely subdued.

Though Queen Elizabeth had the happiness of establishing the Protestant religion in England, yet, *Christianity* was introduced into it many ages before her accession to the throne; for at the time this kingdom was divided into an heptarchy, Ethelbert, king of Kent, espoused Bertha, daughter of Carribert, king of Paris, who had been educated in the Christian religion. The sweetness of her manners, the superiority of her understanding, and the benevolence of her heart, all conspired to give her an ascendancy over Ethelbert's mind: and attached, as she was, to his person, it was natural for her to exert her influence in a cause wherein she conceived his present peace, and future felicity,

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was so entirely interwoven. As her own actions were guided by the mild influence of that religion to which she was so anxious her husband should become a convert, her persuasive arguments soon convinced him of its purity; and he not only embraced the Christian faith himself, but endeavoured to establish it throughout his kingdom.

Virtue has sometimes been imagined an hereditary possession, which, like an estate, descends from generation to generation. Though you will find, in the perusal of this work, that I have controverted that idea, yet in the instance I am about to record it is fully exemplified.

The uncommon care which the amiable Bertha bestowed upon the education of her child, and the advantages she derived from daily beholding instances of her mother's virtue, had

so happy an effect upon the mind of the young Ethelburga, that she not only endeavoured to imitate the bright example that was set before her, but, if possible, to surpass it. The fame of her virtues, and the account of her exemplary conduct, extended to a distant part of the country; and Edwin, king of Northumberland, was attracted by the universal applause. He saw Ethelburga; admired and married her; and, like Ethelbert, king of Kent, became a convert to the precepts of Christianity.

You must now, my dear girls, view a far different picture to that which I have just represented; and, instead of beholding Christianity adorned with that gentleness which its Divine Teacher inculcated, you must observe religion disguised in the veil of priestcraft, and superstition establishing her foundation in bloodshed, cruelty, and horror.

From

From having perused the character of Lady Jane Gray, the very name of Queen Mary must strike you with a sensation of abhorrence. Your knowledge of the History of England will almost render it unnecessary for me to tell you that she was daughter of Henry the Eighth, by Catharine of Arragon, who was particularly careful of her education, and engaged some of the most able men of the age for her instructors; and, if precept could have inculcated the principles of humanity, she would not have been regarded by posterity as Christianity's greatest scourge. Her mind was naturally weak; and acting under the influence of craft and priesthood, she authorized such atrocious acts of cruelty as would even make a savage nature shudder. During the three years that this persecution of the Protestant religion was carried on with its insatiate violence, it is computed that no less than two hundred and seventy persons were brought to the stake for refusing to acknowledge the

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the Pope's supremacy, and remaining firm to the Protestant faith; and amongst that number fifty-five were women, and four children! Upon how mistaken a principle must that religion have been founded, which was established upon the lives of the unoffending, and upon the blood of the innocent!

Tenderness and compassion are generally allowed to be the peculiar characteristics of the female mind; but Mary is not a single exception to that partial rule; for Catherine de Medici, widow of Henry the Second of France, was her equal in cruelty, though her superior in understanding.

Upon the death of Henry, his son Francis ascended the throne; and as he was a prince of very moderate abilities, he submitted entirely to the direction of his mother, whose policy in affairs of state, and ardour in the cause of the  
Roman

Roman Catholic religion, have rendered her a conspicuous character in the French history. The Protestants, during the reign of Francis, were treated with all the severity inquisitoria malice could invent ; but it was in the reign of his brother Charles that it was carried to the utmost extent of inhuman barbarism. Catherine, finding that all her attempts *entirely* to abolish the Protestant religion had proved ineffectual, suggested to her son the inhuman idea of having a general massacre throughout his dominions of all those who professed that persuasion. The cruel proposal met with a favourable reception, and orders were immediately sent to the magistrates of the different provinces to have it put in practice. In Paris the conspiracy was carried on with such a profound secrecy, that not the smallest suspicion was entertained of the inhuman design. The eve of St. Bartholomew's day was pitched upon for this barbarous undertaking, and the signal for the commencement of  
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it was the tolling of a bell. The guards and militia had been previously put under arms, and the command given to the Duke of Guise. The whole night, and part of the next day, was spent in this inhuman butchery; and in Paris, and the provinces, it is computed that upwards of thirty thousand souls perished. So execrable and bloody a design, formed by a woman whom the Protestants had never provoked, is one of those uncommon instances of barbarism which requires the utmost confidence in the historian's veracity to give credit to. But, alas! the different authors who have disgraced the page of history by a relation of it, are too consistent in the account of the fact, to leave a doubt upon the mind as to its authenticity!

I cannot, my dear girls, close a section which has so interesting a subject as religion for its theme, without endeavouring to point out the peculiar advantages which are likely to result from the practice of it.

You

You are not to imagine, that when I exhort you to be religious, I wish you to become more formal or solemn in your manners than others of the same years, or expect you to become their supercilious reprovers. On the contrary, I admire the volatility that is attendant upon youth, and would rather promote than lessen it: but the spirit of true religion breathes gentleness and affability; it gives a native, unaffected ease to the behaviour; is kind, social, and cheerful; and very different from that gloomy and illiberal superstition which clouds the brow, sharpens the temper, and dejects the spirits. It corrects and humanizes constitutional vices; and, above all, produces an universal charity and love to all mankind.






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 FILIAL DUTIES.
 

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## SENTIMENTS.

My son, hear the instructions of thy father, and forsake not the *law* of thy mother.

Whoso loveth instruction, loveth knowledge; but he that hateth *reproof*, is foolish.

Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work is pure, or whether it is right.

*Proverbs.*

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**I**N the catalogue of *human duties*, none have a stronger claim upon your attention than those which I mean to make the subject of this section; for next to your Maker your parents are

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are entitled to your veneration, gratitude, and esteem. Yet, with all these claims upon their childrens' affection, how often has the unhappy parent the misery of finding pertness substituted in the place of humility, arrogance in that of dependence, and indifference in that of duty! and, instead of their children submitting with docility to the experience of age, beholds them vain through ignorance, and presumptuous through folly!

Although, my beloved girls, I am not fearful of becoming one of those unhappy parents, yet I cannot help cautioning you against a contagious evil, which is the general source of all those calamities that are attendant upon the season of youth: I mean the degree of *self-conceit* which is usually attached to that period of life. But it is most peculiarly unfortunate that the *age* which stands most in *need of advice*, should be the most prone to reject it. In China, so great  
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is the veneration and respect in which the parental character is held, that an instance of disputing its authority is absolutely unknown. And the ancient Romans even gave parents a right over the lives of their children.

Mr. Addison, in his Spectator, has written an excellent paper upon the subject of filial respect, wherein he paints parental solicitude in those natural colours which cannot fail of touching every heart that is not lost to feelings of tenderness, and sensations of duty. But, as my memory is stored with many historical facts, in which the virtue of filial tenderness, and the barbarism of its deficiency, are both strongly exemplified, I shall relate them for your instruction; convinced, at the same time, that your own hearts will incline you to imitate the one, and abhor the other.

A Roman lady, of some rank, was accused of a crime against the state, for which she was

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tried,

tried, and condemned to suffer death. The keeper of the prison, who was ordered to be her executioner, not only felt a great degree of repugnance to the office, but was absolutely incapable of performing it; yet, aware that his own life depended upon the discharge of his duty, he dared not attempt preserving her existence. Thus circumstanced, the cruel idea (which yet had compassion for its foundation) occurred, of letting her remain without sustenance, knowing that she must then die *from want*, and that he should escape the pain of becoming her executioner. A man in that situation, who could shrink from the discharge of his duty from motives of humanity, it is natural to suppose, might easily be subdued by tenderness, and overcome by persuasion: and it is no wonder that he yielded to the entreaties of the daughter, and permitted her to visit her unhappy mother; though he was under the necessity of searching her, to prevent her being the conveyer of any  
kind

kind of nourishment. Several days elapsed without any striking alteration in the unfortunate woman's appearance. This circumstance called forth the keeper's astonishment so much, that he began to imagine the daughter had contrived some means of eluding his vigilance, and therefore resolved to watch them when the daily meeting took place. He did so, and beheld a sight that called forth his pity, and produced his admiration. An affectionate daughter was presented to his view, lengthening out her parent's existence by that nourishment nature had given for the support of her own offspring, and endeavouring to avert the decrees of justice by the nutritious qualities of the milk of tenderness! The humane keeper instantly flew to her judges, described the interesting scene he had beheld, and had the happiness of procuring a pardon for the unfortunate offender. The senate were so struck with this instance of amiable tenderness, that they ordered a temple to be erected to filial piety

piety on the spot where the prison stood, and both mother and daughter to be maintained at the public expence.

A similar instance to the one I have related is recorded in the Grecian history, with this single difference, that Euphrasia (which was the name of the Grecian heroine) sustained her *father* by the same nourishment which the amiable Roman had supported her *mother*.

At the siege of Troy, when every person was attempting to rescue their property from the fury of the flames, Æneas, the amiable son of Anchises, considering an aged parent the greatest treasure he possessed, placed him upon his shoulders, and, whilst others were bending under the weight of their riches and possessions, he triumphantly passed the gates of the city, exulting in the idea of having preserved the life of him to whom he was indebted for existence.

Many

Many years ago mount *Ætna* raged with such dreadful violence, that it was apprehended all the hamlets within its vicinity would be destroyed by the torrents of lava that it poured forth. The wretched inhabitants, terrified at the prospect of the approaching danger, secured their little property, and fled from a scene of such devastation and horror. Amidst the number of those who preserved their treasures, and escaped the threatened danger, were two brothers, whose names were *Anapias* and *Amphinomus*; who, instead of attempting to secure wealth, or protect property, those amiable youths thought only of preserving the lives of the authors of their being; and one taking their father, and the other their mother, on their shoulders, fled with them to a place of safety.

Filial tenderness is a sentiment so strongly implanted in the breasts of those whose hearts are particularly open to impressions of tenderness,

ness, that even cruelty and unkindness has sometimes been unable to eradicate it. A remarkable instance of the truth of this observation is recorded in the Roman history.

T. Manlius had from his infancy been treated by his father with a degree of inhuman severity; and when he arrived at the age of manhood, was even banished from his presence, without being conscious of having committed a fault. During the period of his estrangement from his parental abode, report whispered that the tribune of the people intended prosecuting his father for illegal practices. Forgetful of his own injuries, and solicitous to save his father from the misery of a public disgrace, he instantly flew to the tribune's house, and soliciting a private audience, presented a dagger to the breast of the astonished magistrate, and at the same time demanded him immediately to swear he would not prosecute his father, or  
else

else expect to receive the weapon in his own bosom. The tribune, unable to make any terms, and struck with the heroic proof of filial affection, took the oath that was extorted, and ever after became the young man's friend.

A gentleman of Sweden, who had for many years filled one of the highest offices in the state with credit and respectability, was at length accused of such illegal practices as demanded public scrutiny, and occasioned his condemnation. His son, a young man of nineteen, was at that period absent from Sweden, but being informed of his father's disgrace, and the punishment that awaited him, he travelled post, until he arrived at the house of the magistrate who had condemned his father, and throwing himself at his feet in an agony of grief, besought him to accept *his life* as a ransom for his father's! The judge, struck with such a proof of filial tenderness, immediately sent

sent an account of it to the king, who instantly ordered the father to be pardoned, and a title of nobility to be conferred upon the son. The humane judge, pleased at the opportunity of conferring happiness, went to the young man's house, and, after imparting the joyful intelligence of his father's pardon, saluted him by the title the king had bestowed. Grateful for the preservation of a life that was dearer than his own, the exalted young man expressed his joy in terms that evinced its sincerity; but that honour which would have been so flattering to a less noble mind he modestly declined, saying, he thought it would be a means of perpetuating his father's disgrace, which he was anxious should be buried in oblivion. This uncommon instance of refined delicacy was so pleasing to the king, that he sent for him into his presence, and bestowed upon him the applause he deserved, and made him his confidential secretary.

A young

A young Athenian, whose name was Cimon, voluntarily surrendered himself a prisoner to redeem his father's body for burial, who had died during the time of his confinement for debt; and though Athens was allowed to be the encourager of arts, and the rewarder of noble actions, *that filial son* was neglected by the state.

When Sir Thomas Moore, the great lord chancellor of England, was sent to the Tower for opposing the measures of that tyrant Henry the Eighth, his daughter, the amiable Mrs. Roper, forced her way through the guards that attended him, and throwing her arms round the neck of her unhappy parent, broke out into such agonizing expressions of tenderness and sorrow, as absolutely produced tears from the surrounding multitude: and when the fatal moment arrived that for ever robbed her of a father's love, her anguish had nearly proved fatal to her

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existence.

existence. By great interest she obtained permission to bury the body; but the head remained fourteen days upon London Bridge, and was with much difficulty then purchased, and inclosed in a small leaden box, which she preserved with the most pious care, and when she died it was buried in her arms.

The Countess of Pembroke, whose history has been recorded by a very able writer, has rendered her name no less immortal by her filial piety, than by her superior understanding and exalted virtues. A remarkable instance of her attachment to her mother is related by the author above alluded to.

The last parting which took place between the countess and her mother made so strong an impression upon her mind, that she had an elegant marble pillar raised upon the spot in commemoration of it; and at her death left a certain

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sum of money to be paid the poor of the parish of Broughton for ever on the anniversary of that day.

In the sacred history there is a very beautiful description of a young woman's duty and affection to her husband's mother, which met with that reward that generally attends virtuous actions in *this life*, but which they are certain of meeting with in the *next*.

Naomi (which was the name of the mother) had, by the severity of a famine in Bethlehem, been driven into a foreign country with her husband and two sons, but had not long been settled there, when death deprived her of the affection of a husband, and the tender assiduity of her children. One of the young men had married a beautiful girl, whose name was Ruth, who, upon the death of her husband, devoted her time to relieving the cares, and soothing the afflictions,

afflictions, of her mother-in-law; and when she proposed returning into her own country, resolved to follow her, thinking an old woman incapable of undertaking so long a journey without some one to support and protect her. It was in vain that Naomi endeavoured to dissuade the amiable Ruth from following the miseries of an unfortunate old woman, for a sense of duty made her resolute; and the desire of promoting her mother's happiness rendered her inflexible. When Naomi arrived in Bethlehem, she had the misfortune of hearing many of her relations were dead, and that the estate of her husband was in the possession of a stranger. Thus miserably situated, she was obliged to depend upon the exertions of her amiable daughter for the common sustenance nature required. It happened to be in the time of harvest, and Ruth daily gleaned in the fields of a man of fortune, who was a distant relation of her deceased husband. Boaz accidently  
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saw her at this menial employment, and charmed with the native loveliness of her appearance, made enquiries into her circumstances and connections; and the moment he was informed of her tender behaviour to her aged mother, he was so struck with the delicacy of it, that he resolved to make her an offer of his hand; and the amiable Ruth had by that means the power of raising the unfortunate Naomi from poverty, and supporting her in affluence.

If the actions which I have now related have inspired your breasts with sensations of pleasure, those which I am going to record must produce an effect directly contrary; and your minds will be struck with horror at the relation of circumstances that disgrace human nature, and shock humanity.

In the two hundred and twentieth year of Rome, Tullia, the wife of Tarquin, and daughter

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ter of Severus the king, had the inhumanity not only to approve her husband's intentions of dethroning her father, but absolutely persuaded him to embrue his hands in his blood. And when Tarquin had basely dragged him from the regal seat, and assisted at his murder, she was the first to enter the forum, and salute her husband by the title of king. Then mounting her chariot in triumph, she desired to be driven to her late father's palace. In one of the streets, through which the carriage passed, the murderers had left the body of the unfortunate king, which the chariotteer perceiving, was struck with horror at the sight, checked his horses, and was unable to proceed. "Why do you not go on?" cried the inhuman Tullia. "What stops you?" "The body of the king, your father," replied the man; "which I must drive over, if I proceed." "Drive on, then," she exclaimed in a rage; "and do not be afraid of a dead body:" and snatching up a stool that stood at the bottom  
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of the carriage, threw it at his head. The coachman obeyed the order, and the wheels of the chariot were stained with her father's blood.

Amidst the various misfortunes which Henry the Fourth, emperor of Germany, had to encounter, none affect a feeling mind with more tenderness than those which he endured from the turbulent and ungovernable spirit of his son, who was afterwards Henry the Fifth. That young man not only refused all submission to parental authority, but absolutely united with his father's enemies, and forced the sceptre from the hands of one of the most amiable princes that ever swayed it!

The unfortunate emperor, reduced to the most abject state of poverty by the intrigues of his son, and the oppression of the pope, wrote to the former, imploring his permission to retire to Liege, that he might no longer be compelled

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to wander about in search of a resting place in a country that had once owned him for its lawful sovereign, and where he once might have commanded any part of its possessions. This supplicating epistle was wholly unattended to, and the unfortunate prince was reduced to the utmost extremity of poverty and wretchedness. In this forlorn situation he applied to the citizens of Cologne for relief, who, compassionating his misery, instantly raised a body of troops, in order to enable him to re-instate himself in his dominions; but the unhappy prince, worn out by the severity of his misfortunes, was unable to avail himself of their friendly intentions towards him. His spirits forsook him, his health declined, and in the fifty-sixth year of his age he fell a victim to the barbarism of his son. That inhuman murderer, lost to the sentiments of humanity, and dead to those of nature, not contented with having shortened the existence of his father, continued his persecutions

tions even beyond the grave; for when he was informed that the emperor's body had been interred in an elegant sepulchre, he commanded it to be dragged out, and thrown naked into an open vault, where it remained uncovered five years.

When the Roman emperor Valerian, and his amiable wife Mariniana, were made captives by Sapor, king of Persia, the inhuman cruelty with which they were treated had such an effect upon the health and spirits of the empress, that death soon relieved her from captivity. When the nobility went to pay their visits of condolence to Gallian, Valerian's son, who was left guardian of the empire, he received them with the utmost unconcern; and, upon expressing their regret for the misfortunes that had attended the emperor and empress, he replied, with perfect coolness, "they were mortal, and therefore liable to misfortunes as well as others;" and,  
instead

instead of taking any pains to procure his father's deliverance, he passed his days in riot, and his nights in debauchery.

The emperor Nero had several times (but in vain) attempted poisoning his mother Agrippina. At length he resolved to have a vessel made with loose planks, supported by bolts, that were so contrived, as to be unfastened at the pleasure of those who would undertake the perpetration of the inhuman plan he suggested. Vice, supported by the aid of wealth and power, has little difficulty in finding tools ready to execute its designs; and Nero easily persuaded some of his associates to assist him in the inhuman plot. The empress, unsuspecting of her son's intentions, consented to go on board the vessel; the fatal bolts were soon undrawn, and she was precipitated into the sea. At that moment a ship appeared, the captain of which perceiving her situation, sent out his boat, and saved her life.

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Her son hearing of the failure of his diabolical plan, instantly became frantic with rage and disappointment, and, unable to disguise his feelings, sent for Amicetus, an officer of the guards, and commanded him immediately to go and put his mother to death. The moment the unhappy empress saw him enter the room attended by a party of his soldiers, she suspected his inhuman design, and pointing to her stomach, said, "Strike first *here*; for it gave birth to a monster."





## FRATERNAL AND SISTERLY LOVE.

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### SENTIMENTS.

We are all members of one great body; and tenderness, justice, and equity, ought to be the foundation that supports it.

Human society resembles an arch of stone: all would fall to the ground, if one piece did not support the other.

Of all the felicities attached to human nature, that of a firm and tender friendship ranks the first: it sweetens cares, dispels sorrows, and is an antidote against the severest calamities.

*Seneca.*

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**T**O strengthen the bonds of nature, and cement the ties of affection, I consider as one of the strongest duties a parent has to perform. How lovely and interesting a sight is it

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to behold a family mutually endeavouring to excel each other in the practice of tenderness, and in acts of affection, participating in each others joys, and lessening, by kindness, each others sorrows! The friendships of the world are often formed upon the basis of interest, and the structure of expectation: destroy either, and it falls to the ground. But the friendship which exists between brothers and sisters can have no such degrading principle for its foundation: no separate interest can weaken their attachment, no disappointed hope can lessen their tenderness; what promotes the happiness of one, increases that of the other: and the sorrows that gain admittance into the breast of either, bear an equal participation.

Thus, my beloved children, finding yourselves linked together by the chain of nature, how greatly does it behove you to strengthen the tender bond, and, by mutual offices of kindness and affection,

affection, render it invulnerable to the attacks of the interested, and the attempts of the artful! I shall now produce some examples of those who, by the practice of tenderness and affection, have rendered their characters respectable in the opinion of posterity; and of others who, from a deficiency in those amiable qualities, have entailed a disgrace upon their names, which *time itself* is unable to eradicate.

When the emperor Theodosius ascended the regal throne, he was not of an age to take the administration of affairs into his own hands; but, instead of appointing governors to direct the actions of the youthful monarch, his sister Pulcheria (though but a few years older than himself) was permitted not only to take the charge of the empire into her own hands, but was consulted upon all matters of importance to the state. When Theodosius was old enough to take an active part in the government, he

never

never transacted any business of moment without the concurrence and advice of his sister; and all historians agree in ascribing the great qualities which adorned his character to the prevailing influence of Pulcheria's example.

Eudisia, the daughter of Heraclitus, an Athenian philosopher, was, by her father's will, left joint sharer of his estate with her two brothers; but, instead of their fulfilling the desire of their deceased parent, and endeavouring to console their sister for the loss she had sustained, they not only treated her with studied neglect, but refused her the smallest share of that property which was by right her own.

Heraclitus had taken uncommon pains in his daughter's education; he had informed her understanding, embellished her mind, and refined her manners. Possessed of advantages far superior to wealth, she left Athens, and going to  
Constantinople,

Constantinople, was introduced to Pulcheria, the emperor's sister, to whom she related the situation of her affairs, and from whom she solicited redress. Pulcheria, struck with the delicacy of her sentiments, and the polish of her mind, instantly felt interested in her affairs; and, upon a more intimate acquaintance, discovered that she was possessed of such admirable qualifications, that she persuaded Theodosius to make her his wife. The moment her brothers heard of this unexpected turn in her affairs, they trembled at the recollection of their past conduct, and, dreading that vengeance they deserved, left their estate, and fled from Athens. Eudisia, with a generosity that is always attendant upon true greatness, felt the utmost concern at the terror she had unintentionally inspired, and, after taking every means in her power to convince them of her tenderness, at length prevailed with them to appear at Constantinople; and, after embracing them with  
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the utmost affection, raised them to some of the first employments about the court.

Anna Commena, daughter to the emperor Alexius, was indefatigable in her endeavours to persuade her father to appoint her husband his successor, and exclude a brother who had always treated her with the most unbounded affection: but though the emperor loved her with a tenderness she did not merit, yet he could not be persuaded to act with injustice to a son who had never offended him; and, at his death, John was proclaimed emperor. That amiable prince was informed, by some of his courtiers, of his sister's attempts to deprive him of the empire; but his heart was too noble to harbour resentment, or to retain a sense of injuries; and, with a generosity that was truly admirable, he not only avoided naming her former conduct, but loaded her with favours that evinced his affection: but her heart was too callous to be

subdued by kindness, and she actually headed a conspiracy to dethrone him!

Upon the discovery of this iniquitous plot, the emperor immediately ordered her into confinement; but, upon her writing him a penitential letter, and expressing her contrition for her past conduct, he not only forgave her crime, but restored her to the possession of his favour and affection.

A Portuguese vessel having for many hours encountered the fury of a violent storm, at length struck upon a rock. The love of life is a natural impression; and the hope of preserving it induced part of the crew to jump into the boat: but their situation was so perilous when they entered it, that they had not time to make preparations for their future support; and a few biscuits, and a little marmalade, was all the sustenance they secured for nature. Five days they

they encountered the fury of the elements, and endured the pressing calls of hunger; and as their little stock of provisions was just exhausted, they determined upon throwing one of their companions overboard, that his share of food might be divided amongst the rest. The idea was dreadful; but their situation demanded the sad alternative, and a lot was to decide who was to be the unfortunate victim. It fell upon a merchant who had a wife and several children that depended upon his exertion for their support, and who by his death would become destitute of the means of subsistence. The merchant had a brother with him, a youth about eighteen years of age, who feeling for their distress, and being incapable of beholding a brother whom he fondly loved fall a sacrifice to necessity, offered his life to redeem one he thought more valuable! The merchant, struck with the youth's generosity, and finding his affection increased by the proof he had given of it, strenuously refused the noble

noble offer: but the young man painted in such glowing colours the agonizing sensations of his brother's wife, and the misery of his children, that at length he was induced to accept the offered ransom; and, after taking a most tender farewell of his brother, the gallant youth was precipitated into the sea! Whether the near approach of death was the means of endearing life, or whether he repented having given so strong an instance of fraternal love, I cannot pretend to say, but he swam after the boat, called to the rowers, and at length caught hold of the rudder. One of the crew, whose heart was dead to humanity, and whose breast was a stranger to compassion, snatched up a hatchet, and aiming a blow at the extended arm, severed that limb from the body! Agonized by torture, yet desperate by despair, the miserable youth pursued the vessel, and with his other hand attempted to save his life. The inhuman monster, who had struck *one decisive blow*, now aimed a  
second,

second, and with the same success; and the hapless youth was seen struggling against the waves with the stumps of those unfortunate limbs his barbarity had robbed him of. At that moving spectacle humanity shuddered, and all the crew endeavoured to save his life. He was taken into the vessel, the bleeding limbs bound up, and each man offered his little share of food. The rowers continued at their labour, and a few hours after they were blest with the sight of land. A Portuguese vessel soon appeared, took them on board, and conveyed them to Lisbon; where the amiable young man's wounds were dressed, his fraternal piety applauded, and his person viewed with absolute veneration!

Eumenes, an Asiatic monarch, being engaged in a war with the Persians, and a report having been spread that he was killed, his brother Attalus, without enquiring into the truth of it, ascended the throne, and married his brother's  
wife;

wife; but in a short time was informed Eumenes was not only alive, but returning victorious to take possession of his kingdom. Alarmed at this intelligence, and apprehensive of encountering his brother's resentment, he dreaded the sight of a man whom he had injured: but the generous Eumenes discovered no symptoms of anger, when his brother, accompanied by all the men of consequence, went out to meet him, and congratulate him upon his safety; and only whispered in his ear, that he should not have married another man's wife, before he had assured himself her former husband had been dead.

Cató, the Roman censor, was so remarkably attached to his brother Cæpes, that, from the earliest days of childhood, he could never bear to be separated from him: and Plutarch, in his life of that great man, observes, that they were scarcely ever seen asunder: and when death deprived

prived him of his loved companion, he felt the blow as the greatest misfortune that could have befallen him.

Titus, the Roman emperor, one of the greatest men that ever adorned a throne, though he was informed that his brother Domitian had endeavoured to persuade the army to rebel against him, yet always treated him with the utmost tenderness, and with tears of regret would often solicit a return of that affection which he felt in so unbounded a degree towards his unworthy relation.

In the conduct of Timoleon, a Corinthian officer, you will find another charming instance of fraternal affection. Timoleon and his brother were both engaged in the same battle, and the fortune of war was unfavourable to both. Timoleon received a dreadful wound, but, smarting under the anguish, had the misfortune

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to see his brother fall! Unmindful of his own torture, he flew to the spot, and beheld a sight that called forth all his tenderness; a brother, whom he fondly loved, stretched bleeding on the ground, and no longer sensible of his sorrow, or capable of returning his unbounded affection! Instantly he spread his shield over the lifeless form, and, dead to a sense of his own sufferings, protected it from insult and plunder, until some of his friends appeared, who, struck with the greatness of the action, carried the body from the field, and then supported the amiable Timoleon to his tent.

These instances of brotherly love, which have been related by some of the ablest historians, are sufficiently numerous to convince you that fraternal affection adds lustre to the greatest characters, and that the virtuous have always considered the ties of consanguinity as demands upon affection, and claims upon tenderness;

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but it has always been found, that great virtues, and great vices, have embellished and deformed each succeeding age; and I shall now present to your view a few characters that come under the description of the latter. You will now behold affection sacrificed to interest, tenderness supplanted by envy, and cruelty substituted in the place of benevolence.

I shall begin with a story from the sacred writings, which, though it must frequently have met your eye, possibly might not have made a deep impression on your minds.

Joseph, the youngest but one of Jacob's twelve sons, was endowed by nature with a superiority of understanding, and a sweetness of disposition, that ensured him the love and esteem of all his friends. The filial respect he paid his aged father, and the tender solicitude he constantly evinced for his happiness, naturally im-

pressed the old man's heart with a greater degree of tenderness towards him than his other children; and, desirous of evincing this favourable impression, he bought him a very beautiful variegated coat, (which in those days was thought fashionable,) without purchasing his other sons one like it. This circumstance, united to some extraordinary dreams, which seemed to foretel Joseph's future greatness, inspired his brothers with such a malevolent hatred against him, that they resolved to become his murderers. However, one of them, who possessed more humanity than the rest, dissuaded them from this barbarous design; and, instead of murdering him, they sold him for a slave to some merchants who lived in a distant country. But, as the favour of heaven always attends those who merit it, Joseph was, by the hand of Providence, raised from the degrading situation of a slave to be the governor of Egypt; and in that station, instead of punishing his brothers  
for

for their inhuman conduct, treated them with the greatest kindness, sent for them into Egypt, and gave them some of the most valuable estates in that country.

Boleslaus, king of Poland, was one of those unfortunate characters who suffer their passions to acquire an ascendancy over their principles; and, upon his brother Stanislaus, bishop of Cracau, venturing to admonish him upon the impropriety of his conduct, he gave way to one of his paroxysms of fury, in which he terminated his brother's existence; but being unable to support the torture of reflection, and the pangs of remorse, he soon after became a self-murderer.

Amidst the numberless acts of inhumanity that disgraced the character of Queen Mary, that to her sister Elizabeth is a striking proof of the innate cruelty of her disposition. Wholly forgetful

getful of the relationship between them, she was not satisfied with having her treated with insolence and scorn during her imprisonment, (for no fault) but actually wished to find a pretence for taking away her life; and had not her husband insisted upon her sister's enlargement, in all probability she would have accomplished her detestable design.





## ON THE ADVANTAGES OF A GOOD EDUCATION.

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### SENTIMENTS.

If the mind is well cultivated, it produces a store of fruit: if neglected, it is over-run with weeds.

A wise man carries all his treasure within himself. What Fortune gives, she may take away: but a wise man does not depend upon her mercy, and is therefore beyond her reach.

*Seneca.*

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**T**HERE are many prejudices entertained against the character of a *learned lady*; and, perhaps, if *all ladies* were profoundly learned, many inconveniences might arise from it. But

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it does not appear to me that a woman will be rendered less acceptable in the world, or worse qualified to perform any part of her duty in it, by having employed her time from six to sixteen in the cultivation of her understanding. The literary education of women ought indisputably to be varied according to their fortunes and expectations. Much refinement, and too great taste for reading, will injure her whose time, from prudential motives, must be engrossed by economy. Few women are indeed entirely exempted from domestic cares; yet the opulent and unmarried have many intervals which ought to be devoted to improvement; and wherever a young lady of fortune appears to possess a genius and inclination for learned pursuits, she ought to be permitted to indulge it: for the mind of a female is certainly as capable of acquiring knowledge as that of the other sex; and the instances which I shall insert will possibly prove the validity of this opinion, and will be sufficient

cient to confute those authors who have taken so much pains to depreciate the capability of a female understanding. But if an enlightened mind must consequently be a conceited one, I should be a strenuous advocate for your remaining in ignorance. Or should I, by endeavouring to improve your understandings, attract your inclinations from the performance of those duties which are peculiarly attached to a female station, I should then have reason to lament my having bestowed the culture, and prefer a barren rock to a flowing mead. But as I dread no such melancholy effect from the improvement of your minds, and flatter myself I am laying a foundation for virtue, I shall persevere in the course I have began, and present to your view some examples of female characters, where humility is attached to *greatness*, gentleness to refinement, and genuine piety to scientific knowledge.

Calphurnia,

Calphurnia, the wife of Julius Cæsar, was at once the object of his love and admiration. Her wit amused, her understanding charmed, and her sweetness captivated the conqueror of the world. Her mind had been cultivated with the nicest care, and her manners were formed upon the most perfect model. Anxious to promote the happiness of her people, she in fact became their idol; and it is difficult to say whether she was most venerated, loved, or esteemed!

Plautina, wife to the emperor Trajan, was as much celebrated for the sweetness of her manners, as she was for the solidity of her judgment, and the refinement of her understanding; and so thoroughly was the emperor acquainted with the capability of her intellectual powers, that he always consulted her upon *affairs of importance*: yet this flattering compliment to her abilities neither filled her with  
pride,

pride, or puffed her up with presumption; for her humility was equal to her penetration, and her affability to her judgment: and so great was the ascendancy she obtained over the emperor, that historians ascribe many of his noble acts to the influence of her virtues.

Agrippina, wife of Germanicus, was a woman in whom were united great talents, exalted virtues, and refined delicacy. Her perfections were founded on an innate principle of virtue, which withstood the pernicious effects of bad example; for her mother's character was as much disgraced by censure, as her own was adorned *with praise.*

The Tartarian historians who are loudest in the praise of Tarmujin's virtues, unanimously ascribe them to his mother's influence. The tender age of that young prince at the death of his father, induced several of his tribes to place themselves

themselves under the protection of more experienced chiefs; but by the able conduct of his surviving parent, they were soon recalled to a sense of duty; and those who were deaf to the voice of persuasion, were compelled by the aid of force; for the young prince, by the advice of his mother, assembled his army, collected his forces, and, headed by his female general, easily conquered those who had been disaffected.

Amidst the various failings that disgraced the character of Henry the Eighth, that of inattention to his childrens' education was certainly not one of the number; and the Princess Elizabeth was known to have been put under the tuition of some of the most learned men of the age in which she lived. Her abilities were of that transcendent kind, as rather to astonish than to conciliate; and we find more to *admire* than to love in her character.

Sir

Sir Thomas Moore, Lord Chancellor of England, whose name I have before had occasion to mention, bestowed not only a liberal, but a learned education upon his three daughters; and they were all completely versed both in the Latin and Greek languages; yet I never heard those acquirements gave them a disrelish for domestic occupations; on the contrary, their biographer represents them as dutiful daughters, affectionate sisters, tender wives, and amiable friends.

The sixteenth century has been agreed by all authors to have been peculiarly distinguished by female excellence: It was at that period as much the fashion for men of fortune to give their daughters a *learned education*, as it is now the taste to give them a *polite* one: and amongst the number of those who might pride themselves upon their childrens' abilities, was Sir Anthony Cooke, one of the learned tutors to

King

King Edward the Sixth, who not only engaged the most able masters of the age to instruct his children in the learned languages, but devoted all his leisure hours to their advantage and improvement. The eldest, who afterwards married Lord Burleigh, was so great a proficient in the Greek language, that she wrote a most elegant letter in it upon presenting a Hebrew bible to the public library at Cambridge. His second daughter was united to Sir Nicholas Bacon, and, if possible, transcended her sister both in virtue and abilities; and to the ascendancy of her example, and the efficacy of her precepts, historians have ascribed the brilliant qualities that adorned her sons. His third daughter, who had a natural taste for poetry as well as science, was married to Lord John Russel; and equally proves that an attention to study does not unfit the mind for the more important duties of life; for Lady Russel was an excellent wife, a tender mother, and a sincere friend.

Although

Although education is allowed to have a most powerful influence on the youthful mind, yet there have been instances where the depravity of nature, and the force of appetite, have predominated over the most virtuous education; and where an innate propensity to vice has defied the power of precept, and the influence of example.

Augustus Cæsar was one of the most affectionate, and, at the same time, the most solicitous of fathers; and to have heard his daughter applauded for her virtues, or praised for her abilities, would have been one of the most gratifying sounds that could have reached his ear. But though Julia was educated with all the delicacy and refinement a parent's care could suggest, an innate principle of depravity prevented her reaping any advantage from his instructions; and her conduct at length became so publicly notorious, that he was forced to banish her to  
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the island of Pandeteria, where she languished several years the miserable victim of unconquered vice and illicit passion.

Olympia, wife of Philip, king of Macedon, had been educated by her parents with the greatest care, and the fondest solicitude; but, instead of her disposition being softened, and her nature humanized, by the enlargement of her understanding, it seemed only to have taught her the method of refining upon cruelty, and varying the art of barbarity. Not satisfied with employing agents to accomplish her barbarous designs, she inhumanly chose to witness the execution of them; and would frequently proportionate the tortures she inflicted to her opinion of the sufferer's ability to bear them; that, by lengthening out their miserable existence, she might have the gratification of beholding a repetition of their agonies. She was herself the murderess of two of her husband's children,  
one

one of whom fled for shelter from her fury into the arms of its unhappy mother: but the sacred repository was not able to arrest her inhuman hand, or save the wretched victim of her resentment. The dreadful blow was struck, although the distracted parent offered her life to save that of her child!

Irene, empress of Constantinople, though she had not had a learned education, yet had received such a one as would have fitted her for the exalted station she was destined to fill, had not the propensities of an over-bearing spirit counteracted all the attempts of her parents to render her an amiable character. Though she had always been treated with gentleness and kindness by her mother, yet, when she bore that endearing name, her breast was a total stranger to all those tender sensations that are usually connected with it; and, instead of treating her son Porphyrogenitus with that gentleness  
which

which would have ensured his affection, she adopted a mode of severity which was rather calculated to inspire his hatred. As the emperor died when his son was only ten years old, Irene took the administration of public affairs into her own hands; and, delighted at the homage she received in that situation, refused to relinquish it when her son was old enough to assume it himself; and, upon discovering that he was endeavouring to form a party of his own, she actually chastised him with her own hands, and confined him to his apartment. She then compelled him to marry a woman of low origin, although he was tenderly attached to a princess to whom he had long been betrothed. At length, finding that the army murmured against her authority, and were only inclined to acknowledge Porphyrogenitus for their sovereign, she procured some assassins to inhumanly murder the young prince as he was returning to Constantinople unattended by his guards.

An

An inhuman parent is certainly the greatest monster in the creation, and is an absolute contradiction to the very law of nature, which even inspires the brutes with sensations of love and tenderness for their offspring. Yet history has handed down to posterity a few instances of such degeneracy, to prove how completely depraved human nature can be, when left to the dominion of its own passions, and the entire guidance of its vicious propensities.

Cleopatra, widow of Demetrius, king of Syria, having assumed the reins of government during the minority of her son Seleucus, was so exasperated with him for attempting to diminish her authority, by taking them into his own hands, that, in a fit of rage and fury, she plunged a dagger into his bosom, to secure herself the continuance of her power.

E

Polydectus,

Polydectus, king of Sparta, not knowing that his queen was pregnant, ordained that his brother Lycurgus should become his successor. The queen, who had long felt a criminal attachment to that great lawgiver, upon the death of her husband, informed him of her situation, offering to kill the child, if he would not consent to marry her. Lycurgus, shocked at this proof of parental inhumanity, yet fearful of offending a woman capable of it, disguised his real intentions, and amused her with professions of his regard until the birth of the child, when taking it from its cruel mother, he presented it to the nobles as their future king, and resigned his claim to that title.

I have mentioned these instances of parental barbarity, to prove the necessity there is for endeavouring to subdue the passions, and to form the principles; for if parents can be forgetful  
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of the duties they owe their children, how much more likely is it that children should become forgetful of the duty they owe their parents! But human nature is composed of such fragile materials, that the most cautious conduct cannot preserve it free from blemishes; and so prone is it to error, and so liable to failing, that it is impossible to *attain perfection*: yet, where the passions are under the guidance of principle, and a virtuous intention inspires the conduct, vice can never find admission into the heart, nor depravity corrupt it by its baneful influence.






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 FORTITUDE.
 

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## SENTIMENTS.

To know how to support adversity, is to deserve prosperity. Afflictions are sent for the exercise of virtue.

We are all surrounded and beset with evils; and as they cannot be avoided, the mind ought to be prepared for encountering them. *Seneca.*

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**T**HERE are many things that are termed evils, which often turn out to the advantage of those that suffer them; but as they are appointments of heaven, they ought always to be

be supported with resignation and fortitude. Life has ever been considered as a state of uncertainty, full of vicissitudes, anxieties, and fears. The fairest prospects may be suddenly overshadowed, and the brightest sunshine obscured by clouds of darkness.

As you are placed in a state so full of variety, and as pleasure is allowed to be so transitory, how necessary is it that you should endeavour to arm yourselves against the approaches of misfortune, that you may rise superior to its attacks! A virtuous mind, struggling with affliction, has resources in itself, which the vicious are unacquainted with; and supports which they can never expect to receive. In prosperity they neglect their Maker, and in adversity they dare not hope for his assistance; they therefore sink under calamity, and tremble at the approach of distress.

Those

Those writers who have wished to exalt the abilities of their own sex, by depreciating the mental faculties of ours, have endeavoured to prove, that the female mind is neither calculated for sustaining misfortunes with resignation, or calamities with fortitude; imagining there must be a natural connection between delicacy of body and weakness of mind. Though softness and sensibility are certainly the characteristics of our sex, yet those amiable qualities are often united with a firmness to endure, and a capability to sustain, the greatest hardships: and history records many instances wherein feminine fortitude has not only learned to endure calamity, but to despise existence; of which the following are striking examples.

In the reign of Claudius, the Roman emperor, Arria, wife of Cæcinna Pœtus, was an illustrious pattern of magnanimity and conjugal affection. It happened that her husband, and  
only

only son, were both attacked with a violent and dangerous indisposition. The young man was endowed with every quality of mind and person that could endear him to a parent's heart, and render his loss one of the severest misfortunes it could sustain: but the unhappy mother was not only doomed to encounter it, but compelled to wear a smiling countenance when her heart was labouring under the most agonizing affliction; for had Pœtus known the calamity that had befallen him, in all probability it would have been fatal to his own existence; and whenever he enquired after the situation of his son, she endeavoured to quiet his anxiety by the pious deception of saying he was better; though, upon those occasions, she was always obliged to find some pretence for leaving the apartment, to hide her emotions, and disguise her tears; and would then return with a countenance composed by resignation, and a mind supported by fortitude!

Some

Some time after the misfortune of having lost his son, Pœtus was apprehended for having espoused the cause of Camillus Scribenianus, governor of Dalmatia, who had raised an army with an intent of deposing the emperor. When the guards were going to conduct him from Dalmatia to Rome, Arria besought their permission to be admitted into the same ship; and, upon their inhumanly refusing her request, she hired a small fishing boat, and, unmindful of the danger that attended the undertaking, boldly ventured to follow the ship, and then obtained the emperor's permission to accompany the object of her affection to the dreary dungeon that was prepared for him, where, by acts of tenderness, and proofs of affection, she endeavoured to make him forget his misfortunes. Whether it was the tenderness that Pœtus bore to the amiable Arria, or that death by the hand of an executioner appeared armed with an increase of terrors, I cannot pretend to say, but his

his mind sunk under his misfortunes; and all the exertions of Arria, to raise and support it, proved ineffectual. The day before that fixed for his execution, she endeavoured to persuade him to save himself the misery of a public disgrace, by a voluntary extinction of his own existence; but, finding her arguments fail, and that her husband's resolution was not equal to her own, she drew a dagger from under her robe, plunged it into her breast, and drawing it instantly out, presented it to him with a smile, saying, "*It is not painful, my Pœtus.*"

When the tyrant Nero had issued a warrant for the death of that great philosopher Seneca, (who had been both his friend and tutor,) his wife Paulina firmly resolved to die with the object of her affection, and all his arguments to dissuade her from her fatal purpose seemed but to strengthen it. At length he reluctantly yielded to her desire, and their veins were

opened at the same time. Paulina undaunted beheld the stream of life flowing in a rapid course, and appeared to hail the happy moment that would place her beyond the power of a tyrant, and eternally unite her to the husband of her love. This enlivening reflection was soon destroyed, by a total insensibility pervading her faculties, and a general lassitude seizing her frame. In that situation she was removed from the apartment where her husband was stationed, and carried into the air, where her domestics (by whom she was adored) resolved to try and preserve a life they so highly valued; and, after binding up her arms, they forced a reviving cordial into her mouth; and, by persuasion and intreaties, at length reconciled her to her existence.

Sabinus, a general in the Roman army, having attempted to gain possession of the empire, was frustrated in his designs by the discovery of his  
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plan, and was then forsaken by those very men who had aided his ambitious views. As a high reward was offered for apprehending his person, the forlorn Sabinus knew not where to secret it; but at length recollecting there was a remote cavern at no great distance from his country seat, he resolved to fly thither, in hopes of avoiding the emperor's fury. A servant, whose fidelity had long been tried, was the only person who was privy to his design, as his wife Eponia was not with him at the time the treason was discovered. As soon as Sabinus was lodged in a place of security, the servant was ordered to set fire to the house, that it might be generally imagined his master had perished in the flames. This plan succeeded, and that idea universally prevailed. Eponia, who loved her husband with the most unbounded tenderness, lamented his loss with an excess of sorrow that threatened to terminate her own existence; and the faithful servant, shocked at her altered appearance,

pearance, at length revealed the secret which had been committed to his trust. With a heart animated with joy, and glowing with affection, the amiable Eponia flew to the cavern, and in the embraces of the man she loved forgot all her former misery. It was impossible she could reside constantly with him, from an apprehension of creating suspicion; but she made frequent excuses to her friends for absenting herself from Rome, and then, by offices of kindness, and proofs of affection, made Sabinus's confinement lose all its gloominess. In this manner she passed nine years, and her frequent absence only then began to create suspicion: her visits were watched; and the unfortunate Sabinus discovered! The wretched Eponia, agonized with fear, and tortured with apprehension, instantly pressed through the guards, and, with a child in each hand, threw herself at Vespasian's feet, and, with all the eloquence of unfeigned sorrow, besought him to spare the father

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ther of her unfortunate children! The emperor appeared moved at the excess of her grief, and attempted to console it, yet rigidly adhered to the decrees of justice; which Eponia perceiving, rose from her posture of humiliation, and, after reproaching him with his inhumanity, told him, the affection which had induced her to share her husband's captivity, now urged her to become the partner of his sufferings; and though he had the means of taking away their lives, he should not have the power of *separating* them; for one sepulchre should contain them *both*.

When the Moguls were besieging Minchew (a Chinese city) the governor, after a valorous defence, at length found himself obliged to yield; but sending for his wife, he informed her his life must fall a sacrifice to his foes, yet that he had secured a place of safety for her and her sons, and a faithful guide would conduct them

to it; adding, that he was prepared to meet his fate with fortitude, now he had provided for her security. After expressing her thanks for that instance of his affection, she tenderly embraced him, declaring, at the same time, that no force should separate them; for as she had shared with him the *pleasures of existence*, so would she be his *partner in the pangs of death*.

The prince of Jaskes having refused to pay tribute to the emperor of Persia, the latter sent a large body of troops into his province, with orders to take the prince into custody, and bring him into the presence of his imperial majesty. The orders were rapidly executed, the prince's person secured, and the army on their return with the royal captive, when the princess of Jaskes overtook them. She had heard of her husband's misfortune, and having assembled all his troops, put herself at their head, and travelled with such astonishing rapidity, that in  
a few

a few days she came up with the emperor's guards, whom she surprised when they were sleeping, and having killed the general, and cut off the greatest part of his troops, she returned triumphant into Jaskes, accompanied by her husband.

In a contest between the emperor of Germany and the duke of Bavaria, the latter was obliged, with his followers, to retreat to the castle of Wensburgh, and solicit terms of capitulation. The emperor consented, and a truce was granted for the drawing them up: but the duchess of Bavaria, not possessing an exalted idea of the emperor's honour, presented herself before him, and requested that herself, and the ladies in her train, might have permission to leave the castle with as great a load as each could carry. And Conrade, imagining they intended conveying away their jewels and trinkets, politely gave them his permission: but how was his astonishment

ment called forth, at beholding them all tottering under the weight of their different husbands, and securing from his power the choicest treasure they possessed! It is said that he was so affected at the spectacle, that he burst into a flood of tears.

Seneca, in his account of the life of Octavia, says, there never was a princess more deserving of happiness, or one who possessed so small a share of it. Her whole life was one continued scene of misery and vexation; and it might be positively affirmed, that she died without having tasted *one day of happiness!* By the artful intrigues of her mother-in-law, she was prevented marrying the man whose virtues had made an impression on her youthful heart, and compelled to unite herself to one whose vices had created her abhorrence. Her beauty was as astonishing as her wisdom; and her virtue could only be equalled by her prudence. In a wicked  
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and abandoned age, surrounded by temptations, and beset with vices, her conduct was always irreproachable; and though every scene of depravity was practised in the court, her apartments were the abode of purity, and the receptacle of virtue. Yet these perfections were destined to be the possession of a man who could neither feel their value, or appreciate their worth; and, instead of cherishing them as a treasure above all price, he first despised, and then destroyed, them! Amidst the variety of enormities that disgraced Nero's character, none create a greater degree of abhorrence than his conduct to the amiable and much-injured Octavia. So greatly was she beloved, and so highly was she venerated, by all ranks of people, that the slightest murmur from her would have roused them against the author of her sufferings: but, instead of repining at the indignities she sustained, or attempting to injure her oppressor, she submitted with fortitude to the cruelty of her  
destiny,

destiny, and patiently waited the arrival of that period which would relieve her from the tyranny of an inhuman husband, who, desirous of raising an abandoned prostitute to the throne, had the inhumanity to accuse that virtue which was unspotted, and that delicacy which calumny could not stain! When the moment arrived that power triumphed over principle, and the unhappy Octavia's life was sacrificed to an unlawful passion, she met her fate with the calmness of a philosopher, and the composure of a saint.

In the examples of fortitude which have been presented to your view, I have chosen an exalted, rather than a common, station of life, to prove that an exemption from misfortunes is not the lot of humanity; and likewise to convince you, that, though a splendid situation is allowed to enervate the mind, and render it incapable of great exertions, yet, where the principles have been taught firmness, and the  
passions

passions subservience, it rather inspires than destroys greatness.

When you are admiring the conjugal affection of Arria and Paulina, it is necessary you should reflect that the same mode of conduct would be disgraceful in a Christian. To despise death, or meet it with open arms, was the grand basis of Roman virtue; and acts of suicide were dignified with applause: but in this enlightened age, both religion and revelation teach us the heinousness of the crime. To refuse supporting those afflictions which heaven decrees, and to rush uninvited into the presence of an offended God, can only be the action of a madman, or the premeditation of an atheist.





## BEAUTY.

## SENTIMENTS.

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll.

Charms strike the sight; but *merit wins the soul.* *Pope.*

Beauty, as a flowery blossom, soon fades: but the divine excellencies of the mind, like the medicinal virtues of a plant, remain in it when all *those charms* are withered.

**A**LTHOUGH beauty is allowed to be one of the most desirable, it certainly is one of the most dangerous, possessions that can fall to the lot of females. It lays them open to the malignancy

malignancy of the envious, the artifices of the profligate, and the temptations of the designing; and, unless it is guarded by principle, and defended by prudence, it becomes the destruction of virtue, and the ruin of innocence. Even when adorned with those attractive graces, it has sometimes been the source of the severest misfortunes. A remarkable instance of the truth of this assertion is to be met with in the early part of the History of England, which I shall relate for your amusement, amidst a variety of others, which will convince you that beauty derives its greatest ornament from virtue; and that loveliness, unattended by purity, is both the disgrace and the ruin of its possessor.

The heart of the youthful monarch Edwy was enslaved and captivated by the transcendent charms of the princess Egilve; but as ecclesiastic authority was at that time very powerful in England, it was necessary that he should obtain

tain the consent of the clergy before he ventured to espouse his cousin. Whether from pique, propriety, or prejudice, they opposed the marriage, it is not easy to determine; but the ties of consanguinity was the reason they alledged, and the king was threatened with ecclesiastical vengeance if he acted in opposition to their decree. It was in vain that this youthful monarch declared the strength of his attachment, and his inability to surmount it, or described the virtues and excellencies of the object who had inspired it; the fiat was given, and they were inexorable. Exasperated at their opposition, and enraged at their arrogance, the king resolved to brave their authority, and in an evil hour was united to the object of his love. As soon as the enraged bishops were informed of the measure he had adopted, their fury knew no bounds, and seducing the soldiery from their allegiance, they broke into the apartment of their sovereign, tore the terrified Egilve from the embraces of  
her

her lord, and delivering her to the infatuated guards, commanded them to destroy with burning irons those charms which had subdued their monarch's heart. After this act of inhuman barbarity had been executed, the unfortunate princess was sent over into Ireland, where the account of her injuries, and the affability of her manners, soon attracted the affections of the people. Her wounds were healed; and her beauty, though slightly obscured, was by no means effaced. A party of her friends attended her to England; and the prospect of once more beholding the husband of her affections rendered her superior to the dread of danger. But, alas! her security soon proved her destruction; for her enemies, having received information of her design, met her at Gloucester, and, with an inhumanity that would have disgraced a savage, not only deprived her of her existence, but made her suffer the most cruel and agonizing death.

Elfrida,

Elfrida, daughter to the earl of Devonshire, was a woman of such exquisite beauty, that its fame extended even to young Edgar's court. Being a great admirer of female beauty, and having at that time no prior attachment, he resolved to declare himself her suitor, if she really possessed those transcendant charms which rumour had ascribed to her. Not chusing to publish his intention until he was convinced it would not be likely to produce repentance, he made a confidant of the earl Ethelwold, desiring him to make a pretence for visiting Elfrida's father, and if he found the young lady as lovely as was reported, declare the honour that was intended her. Anxious to promote his royal master's wishes, Ethelwold immediately began his journey, and soon arrived at the earl of Devonshire's; but the moment he beheld the fair Elfrida, his fidelity became the sacrifice of his affection, and, instead of promoting his master's passion, he declared his  
own!

own! Ethelwold was the known favourite of his sovereign, and such a man was not likely to meet with a refusal from the earl of Devonshire, who not only consented to the union, but agreed that the marriage should remain private, until the Earl could formally obtain the king's consent. On his return to court, he informed Edgar, that it must have been the high birth and immense fortune of the earl of Devonshire's daughter that had occasioned the tongue of fame to be so loud in the praise of her charms, as they were *far inferior* to what he had expected, and by no means sufficient to attract the king's affection. Edgar, satisfied with his favourite's account, entirely relinquished his design, and new pursuits obliterated the fair Elfrida from his imagination. Some months had elapsed, when Ethelwold informed his sovereign, that, though the earl of Devonshire's daughter was not possessed of sufficient charms to render her a desirable match for a king, yet her immense

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fortune

fortune was sufficiently attractive to make her an object of desire to one of his subjects, and therefore requested his approbation to the alliance. Edgar instantly consented; and Ethelwold *publicly* received the hand which had before been bestowed upon him in *private*. A thousand pretences were formed for detaining the lovely bride in the country; for though Ethelwold had been blinded by the excess of passion before his marriage, he soon afterwards began to dread the effects of his sovereign's displeasure. To become the favourite of a monarch, is a certain method to obtain the disregard of his courtiers, and Ethelwold felt the truth of the observation; for those who envied the favour he possessed, were anxious to establish their own upon his ruin. Edgar was apprised of his favourite's conduct, and, exasperated at the idea of having been deprived the possession of so lovely an object, instantly resolved to have vengeance for the perfidy. Disguising his resentment, and smothering

smothering his rage, he one morning told Ethelwold that he purposed going to his castle, and paying his compliments to the bride, desiring him, at the same time, to prepare for *their immediate departure*. The affrighted earl, terrified at the apprehension of the king's displeasure, yet incapable of forming any plan by which he could avoid it, requested permission to precede his royal guest, and make preparations for the honoured visit. A few short hours was all the time that Edgar would allow, and those the earl employed in pleading the strength of his attachment to his wife, and urging her to veil (as much as possible) those charms that had robbed him of his fidelity. Though Elfrida's beauty was transcendent, her virtue was certainly obscured by vanity; for the idea of becoming mistress of a throne, and obtaining an ascendancy over the youthful monarch's heart, induced her to forsake her duty, and become regardless of her husband's safety! Instead of endeavouring

deavouring to obscure her charms, she studied the most likely method of making them alluring, and succeeded so effectually in her design, that the heart of Edgar was instantly enslaved! Burning with rage, and glowing with resentment, he invited the unsuspecting Ethelwold to hunt with him in a wood adjoining his castle, and there with a dagger avenged the injuries he had sustained. Elfrida was easily persuaded to accept the hand of her husband's murderer; and, when seated on a throne, totally forgot the inhuman means by which she had ascended it.

Cleopatra, daughter to Ptolemy, king of Egypt, and, joint successor with her brother to that throne, was a young woman whose beauty of person could only be equalled by the brilliancy of her understanding; in her were united all the perfections that allure, and all the charms that captivate and enslave the  
mind.

mind. Her wit was refined by judgment, her taste improved by science, and her manners formed by the hands of the graces. Thus favoured by nature, and improved by art, Cleopatra was at once the object of admiration and contempt: her virtue fell a sacrifice to her charms, and her innocence became the victim of her vanity.

Anna Bullen, wife of Henry the Eighth, was one of the most lovely women of the age in which she lived, and her beauty was at once the means of her exaltation and debasement. The inhuman being who had raised her to the possession of a throne, became suspicious of the charms which had attracted his capricious mind, and attributing the openness of innocence to the effects of guilt, he pretended to doubt the existence of her virtue; and, by the force of artifice, and the prevalence of power, at length convicted her for infidelity. The beauty which  
had

had once captivated, no longer charmed; and her accession to a throne was the fatal means that led her to the scaffold!

All authors have been unanimous in describing the person of Mary, queen of Scotland, as formed by elegance, and refined by grace. Had she been less beautiful, she might have been more virtuous; and had she possessed fewer attractions, she might have been more entitled to pity:

From the instances I have now related, you are not to imagine, my dear girls, that I think either vice or misfortune are peculiarly attached to charms; but I have selected them with the view of proving, that, though beauty is by many of our sex considered as an inestimable treasure, it often proves the bane of its possessors' peace, and the destroyer of their happiness.



## HUMILITY CONTRASTED WITH PRIDE.

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### SENTIMENTS.

Why should we value ourselves upon nobility of blood, when we consider that the original of all mankind was the same?

It is only a clear conscience, and an upright heart, that can make a man truly noble.

It is the part of a good and wise man to deal with his inferiors as he would wish his superiors to deal with him. *Seneca.*

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**A**S man is of all creatures the most dependent, how little pretence can he have for assuming an arrogant superiority over his fellows! for even the comforts of a prince are derived

rived from the services and attentions of his subjects. The higher a human being is exalted, the greater is his dependence upon the aid of others; for it has frequently been observed, that the mind, instead of acquiring independence by power, is apt to degenerate into total imbecility, and the most trifling efforts become absolute exertions.

Although the truth of this observation is universally allowed, how continually do we behold external grandeur disgraced by *overbearance*, and nobility debased by the practice of *superciliousness*!

But if pride and arrogance have the power of rendering age contemptible, they are the certain means of making youth despicable; for that is the period of life in which gentleness should be peculiarly cultivated, and *condescension* invariably pursued.

Amidst

Amidst the various calls upon your gentleness and kindness, few have stronger claims than those who are constantly contributing to the ease of your person, and the comforts of your existence. Seneca observes, that we should not only consider our servants as our fellow-creatures, but our humble friends, whom fortune has no more power over than their masters. "Why (says that great man) should not a brave action rather dignify the condition of a servant, than the condition of a servant lessen a brave action?"

If you would obtain the faith of servants, you must banish their fear; yet, by blending kindness with reserve, always insure to yourself their docility and respect.

The fidelity of a servant has frequently withstood the attacks of bribery, the persuasions

of power, and even disdained the preservation of existence; as I shall shew from the following examples.

A large reward was offered for apprehending the person of Charles the Second, at the time he had escaped from the pursuit of his enemies. Fatigued with travelling, and exhausted by fear, the king arrived at the castle of one of his followers. The moment he entered, he requested a tumbler of wine, to enable him to pursue his intended journey. The butler, not returning with it immediately, the king followed him into the cellar; but was terrified and astonished at beholding the man drop upon his knee, and present the glass. "Do you know me?" said the king. "Yes, and please your majesty," replied the man: "And know also how to preserve *my own honour*; for I would lose my life rather than become an informer."

Two

Two servants made their escape from a town that was besieged by the Romans, and immediately joined the enemy's forces. A short time after the place was subdued, and the Roman army entered in triumph. All the outrages that lawless fury could commit, the wretched inhabitants were destined to sustain; themselves, their children, and their property, fell victims to the rapacious soldiery! The men who had so lately joined the Romans, requested they might be allowed to punish the mistress they had served for her oppressive inhumanity towards them; and having obtained it, went directly to the house, possessed themselves of the most portable of her valuables, and then with scourges drove her through the ranks until they came to the city gate. As soon as they had passed it, and no one could witness their behaviour, they restored her treasures, intreated her forgiveness, and assured her it was the only method

method they could have adopted to save her from ruin, or preserve her existence.

In the civil wars of Rome, a party of soldiers went to the house of a man of quality, who was proscribed, with a view of fulfilling the orders of their commander, and depriving the unfortunate nobleman of his life. A servant, long tried in fidelity and attachment, perceiving them approach, and suspecting their designs, instantly flew to his lord's apartment, and hurrying on his robes, presented himself before them. The soldiers, deluded by the heroic deception, joyfully made him their prisoner; and, before the pious fraud could be discovered, his life was sacrificed to their fury and resentment.

These instances of fidelity and attachment are sufficient to prove that exalted sentiments are the gift of nature, not the fortuitous effects of chance or situation, and that a noble mind

may be the attendant of an humble fortune. If, by the practice of humility and kindness, you could obtain the attachment of such a character, even the base principle of self-advantage would point out the necessity for that mode of conduct.

But in no circumstance of life is condescension of manners so essentially necessary to be adopted as in the method of conferring favours; for a benefit bestowed with pride and ostentation, is the produce of *ambition*, not the *effect of benevolence*. Seneca observes, that no obligation can be perfect, unless it is bestowed with delicacy, humanity, good-nature, and address: and adds, it is so grievous a thing to say the word, "I beg," that the very mention of it puts a man out of countenance.

The fear of exposing poverty often deters the possessor from disclosing a situation that requires

quires the assistance of friendship; a remarkable instance of which is related by the author I have just quoted.

A Roman of some distinction was reduced from a state of affluence to one of absolute poverty; yet the same independence of mind which had attended him in an exalted, followed him into his humble, situation. But that pride which prevented him from soliciting assistance, could not guard him from feeling that he stood in need of it. His spirits sunk, his health declined, and nature languished for its accustomed supports!

A friend, whose delicacy of mind could only be equalled by the generosity of his heart, hearing, by accident, of the proud man's misfortunes, instantly went to visit him; but, instead of wounding his feelings by a display of benevolence, sat by his bedside, and administered

- cordials

cordials for the recovery of his health; and occupied in that tender employment, contrived to slip a purse under the pillow, containing a sufficient sum to supply him with present comforts, and prevent his suffering *future exigencies*.

How noble, how exalted, is such an action! How greatly to be admired the character which was capable of it! And how must the benefit have been augmented by the manner of bestowing it!

It is a general observation, that those who are raised from an humble to an exalted situation, are most apt to cherish pride, and practise arrogance; yet history records several instances which counteracts that received opinion.

Catherine the First of Russia, from a dependant on the parish, was exalted to the dignified station of an empress on a throne; yet, amidst  
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the splendour of a court, she never forgot the poverty of a cottage, and bestowed the greatest rewards upon those who had befriended her in distress.

One of the emperors of China having been captivated with the beauty of a mason's daughter, immediately made her the partner of his throne. The amiable empress, being thoroughly acquainted with the weakness of human nature, became apprehensive of her own imperfection, and, fearful that grandeur should efface humility, she constantly kept one of her father's trowels in her possession; and if ever her mind inclined to arrogance, she immediately looked at the trowel, and was *taught humility*.





## PRIDE.

## SENTIMENTS.

Pride is a vice which grows up so insensibly in society, steals into the heart so imperceptibly, that it requires the utmost vigilance to prevent its attacks, and the utmost caution to guard against its approach.

**P**RIDE is a passion so full of torment to its possessor, that even the inconvenience which attends it, I should imagine, would be a sufficient reason for endeavouring to eradicate

it

it from the breast: yet, surrounded, as it is, with thorns, and beset with vexations, it too often contrives to obtain admission, to the destruction of good-nature, the subversion of ease, and the total banishment of humility.

Despicable as it appears, attended with these consequences, yet it is frequently beheld under much greater disadvantages; and the two following examples will shew, that, instead of being merely contemptible, it has degenerated into atrocity.

The Marchioness de Tavera was a woman in whom was united an excess of pride, and an insurmountable share of ambition. Notwithstanding her being elevated to the rank of marchioness, yet her having any *superiors* was a constant source of disquiet to her; and she was continually tormenting her husband with complaints, and soliciting him to request the king to add to  
his

his dignities by conferring upon him a *dukedom*. In Portugal titles are not quite so easily obtained as in England; and, instead of their being the purchase of fortune, they are only the reward of merit, and therefore the marquis's solicitation was unattended to.

Mortified by a refusal, and exasperated against the author of her disappointment, the artful marchioness instantly began to attach herself to a party whom she knew were disaffected to the government; and when she had once discovered the nature of their sentiments, she ventured to disclose the horrid plan that had so long occupied her own ideas. Imagining her husband's claim to the desired dukedom would be acknowledged by the king's successor, she resolved to pave the way to the accomplishment of her ambitious views, by the murder of a prince whose virtues were calculated to inspire the affection of any but a very depraved mind. Not  
satisfied

satisfied with insuring her own ruin in the desperate undertaking, she contrived to involve that of her husband's and sons', by making them the agents of her iniquity. The scheme was well contrived, though Providence prevented its execution; and the king, instead of being murdered, was only slightly wounded. The Duke Aviero, the Marquis de Tavera, and two of his domestics, were the persons pitched upon for the perpetration of the horrid act, who, watching the king's return from visiting a favourite lady, were stationed on the road through which he was to pass, with the intent of firing into the carriage. The duke's blunderbuss happily missed fire; and the rapidity with which the postillions drove, prevented the second party from taking aim; but following the carriage, they fired into the back of it, and wounded his majesty in the arm. Instead of proceeding directly to Lisbon, as the assassins imagined (who had divided into three separate parties) he ordered

dered the drivers to go directly to the surgeon-general's house, which was a few miles out of the city, and by that means escaped the attack of the third firing. By great exertions, and wonderful secrecy, the whole of this detested plot was discovered: the marquis and his sons were broken on the wheel, and the detested marchioness was beheaded.

Poppæa Sabina, wife of the tyrant Nero, was as remarkable for pride as he was for cruelty: her mules were adorned with bridles of gold, and shod with shoes of silver; and every article of her dress was most expensively magnificent. Her vanity was not inferior to her pride; for, to preserve the delicacy of her complexion, and make it retain an appearance of youthfulness, she kept five hundred asses for the purpose of *bathing herself* in their milk.

The

The Spaniards are universally allowed to be the most haughty race of people in Europe: distress cannot lower, and poverty cannot abate, it. A proof of the truth of this assertion is fully exemplified in the following authentic little anecdotes.

A poor woman in Spain, who was reduced to the utmost extreme of poverty, found herself utterly incapable of providing food for her children; and, accompanied by three of them, besought relief from the liberality of a French merchant. As the eldest boy was a stout able lad, the gentleman (from motives of compassion) proposed taking him into his service: but the woman, with the most striking marks of disdain, refused the offer, saying, that none of her family had been *disgraced* by servitude.

A poor Spanish cobbler, being pronounced past recovery, his eldest son approached the  
bedside,

bedside, and humbly solicited his blessing and advice; when the dying man, with scarcely strength to articulate, earnestly besought him to be sure and retain *the majesty of the family*.

If the former instances of pride appear detestable, the latter are certainly ludicrous; and when it becomes the ruling principle of beggars and cobblers, it surely must be time for real gentlewomen to explode it.





## HUMANITY CONTRASTED WITH CRUELTY.

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### SENTIMENTS.

The merciful man shall obtain mercy.

He that hath pity on the poor, lendeth to the Lord; and that which he hath given, shall be repaid unto him again.

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**H**UMANITY is a virtue so frequently called into action, and so delightful in its offices, that, even from motives of self-gratification, I should suppose a susceptible heart and

must be inclined to cultivate it. But I flatter myself, my beloved girls, you will practise it from better principles, and become humane both from duty and inclination. Compassion for the afflicted, and a wish to relieve their sufferings, I consider as a kind of instinctive propensity, which Providence has implanted in every virtuous breast, for the comfort of the distrest, and the support of the unfortunate.

In the characters both of Lady Jane Gray and the Countess of Pembroke, compassion for the unfortunate appears as one of their brightest features; and history teems with a variety of instances of the practice of this amiable and attractive virtue; but, amongst the number, none can be more strikingly engaging than the following, which is recorded to the honour of Lady Pembroke's brother.

Sir Philip Sidney, exhausted by the fatigue of battle, faint with the loss of blood, and parched with the intensity of the heat, intreated one of his soldiers to endeavour to procure him a draught of water. Bountiful as nature is of her gifts, yet the plains of Zutphen partook not of them; no fresh springs meandered through or purling rivulets adorned them; and water, instead of being the bounty of nature, was the boon of man. The precious beverage, however, was obtained; and Sir Philip was in the act of putting it to his lips, when a soldier, languishing under the torture of a mortal wound, and gasping from an excess of drought, was by his comrades carrying to his tent. The generous hero beheld him with an eye of pity, and instantly withdrawing the cup from his own lips, humanely held it to the soldier's, saying, "Poor fellow! thy necessities are far greater than mine."

Henrietta

Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles the First, as she was one day walking in the environs of Exeter, had her footsteps suddenly arrested by the voice of distress, and the murmurs of complaint; and sending one of her attendants forward to enquire the cause, was informed that a poor old woman was lamenting her inability to supply her daughter (who was lying in) with the common necessaries of life. The queen, imagining the sum she had about her was not sufficient for that humane purpose, immediately took a chain of gold from her neck, and giving it to one of her attendants, desired they would take it to a goldsmith's, and appropriate its value to the supply of the poor woman's necessities.

Matilda, daughter of Malcolm, king of Scotland, and the amiable wife of Henry the First of England, was a woman in whose character was united refined humanity and exalted benevolence. She not only devoted great part of  
her

her private income to acts of charity, but herself witnessed that those acts were properly bestowed. What an interesting sight must it have been to have beheld a queen attending the sick, feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked!

When the incursions of the victorious Danes had compelled Alfred the Great to retire to Athelny, in Somersetshire, he was reduced to such extremity as only to be master of one single loaf of bread. But that vicissitude which would have depressed a weak mind, seemed to exalt that of Alfred's; for, instead of drooping under, he actually rose superior to his misfortunes; and though unable to assist himself, he stretched out his hand to relieve his fellow-creatures. An humble mendicant solicited the queen's assistance, who, knowing the scantiness of her own store, mildly denied the reiterated request. The king, finding the petitioner importunate, desired the *loaf* might be *divided* between *them*;  
saying,

saying, "He who could feed five thousand men with five loaves and two fishes, can certainly make that half loaf more than sufficient for our necessities."

If these instances of humanity are delightful even in contemplation, how much more gratifying must they have proved in the performance; and how wonderful is it that the human mind should ever become dead to such amiable sensations!

Softness and humanity are certainly the general characteristics of our sex; yet, alas! (to their disgrace) many instances prove the rule to be exceptional; and if once the female breast becomes deaf to the voice of humanity, or lost to the claims of compassion, insensibility easily degenerates into cruelty, and indifference into inhumanity.

How

How necessary, therefore, it is, my beloved girls, that you should encourage that amiable propensity to humanity which Providence has happily bestowed upon you! And whilst you are endeavouring to lessen the misfortunes of others, remember that you are laying up a store of comfort for the alleviation of your own; for those who have practised benevolence in prosperity, are certain of receiving its reward if they fall into adversity.

“ If I was desired to describe cruelty and revenge, (says Seneca,) I would draw a tiger bathed in blood, and ready to take a leap at its prey, as emblematic of those horrid passions; and yet, notwithstanding the disgrace that is attached to them, they contrive to gain admission into the mind, disgrace the heart, pervert the understanding, and render the whole character completely contemptible.” Some remarkable instances

instances of the truth of this assertion will be found in the following examples.

The Marquis d'Astrogus, a Spanish nobleman, being unfortunately united to a woman of unamiable manners, became violently attached to a beautiful girl, whose parents lived within the vicinity of his castle. The enraged marchioness, glowing with resentment against the object who had inspired her husband's breast with tenderness, and robbed her of those attentions she fancied herself entitled to, by the power of bribery, secured the fidelity of some of her domestics, who, lost to feeling and humanity, became the agents of her iniquitous design. It was not only resolved to deprive the unfortunate young woman of existence, but to add cruelty to the atrocious deed; and, instead of terminating her life by *one fatal blow*, to linger it out by a succession of tortures! The heart was at length torn from the beautiful

teous form that inclosed it, and presented bleeding to the inhuman marchioness, who, sending for her cook, desired it might be drest in a manner most likely to please the palate of his lord.

The savage banquet was immediately prepared, and the unsuspecting marquis swallowed it with delight! - But, what must have been his sensations, when his detestable wife, exulting in the success of her inhuman plan, informed him he had eaten that heart which he had taken so much pains to inspire with tenderness and affection!

Amestris, queen of Persia, having discovered that her husband was attached to his brother's daughter, a very lovely young girl, imagined her mother not only knew of his affection, but encouraged the indulgence of it; and, exasperated more against her than the object who had inspired

inspired it, was resolutely bent upon her destruction.

By an ancient custom amongst the Persians, the queen, on the king's birth day, was entitled to make a request, which could not be denied; and Amestris impatiently waited the anniversary of that day, for the accomplishment of her resentment, and the gratification of her design.

It was in vain that Xemes endeavoured to save the life of his injured sister, whose virtues were as exalted as her mind was pure, and who, so far from promoting his affection for her child, was even ignorant of its existence. However, the request had been made, and the king was compelled to grant it.

As soon as the inhuman Amestris found the victim of her wrath delivered into her power, she

immediately ordered her breasts, nose, and lips, to be cut off, and thrown to the dogs, and forced the unhappy sufferer to stand by, and see them devoured by those hungry animals.

When the head of Cicero was brought into Antony's presence, his wife Fulvia took it in her hands, struck it on the face, and, after uttering many execrations against it, placed it between her knees, and opening the mouth, tore out that tongue which could almost have softened cruelty by its eloquence; and spitting upon it with contempt, pierced it several times through with her bodkin.

Joan, queen of Naples, was possessed of abilities which were calculated to command respect, but her cruelty was such as to inspire abhorrence; and her unfortunate husband became its victim; for although the force of her eloquence, and the power of her bribes, induced her judges

judges to pronounce *her innocent*, yet there is no doubt remaining of her having been accessory to the king's murder.

These detached instances of inhumanity, I am convinced, are sufficiently numerous to inspire your breasts both with detestation and abhorrence; yet I cannot avoid mentioning a circumstance where the combination of numbers adds horror to atrocity, and where a cool premeditated design tends to *augment* the crime of *cruelty*.

In about the four hundred and twenty-eighth year of Rome, near three hundred ladies of the first distinction disgraced their nature, destroyed their fame, and cast a stigma on their sex, by entering into a conspiracy against their husbands' lives. An epidemic disorder favoured the inhuman plot, and many of the senators were the unhappy victims of art, who were  
supposed.

supposed to have fallen a prey to disease. Their numbers at length began to create suspicion; yet no one would have imagined a female arm could have been raised against the life of its supporter; or the insidious deadly draught be administered with smiles of affection, and appearances of tenderness, whilst the heart was the instigator of cruelty, and the inspirer of unheard-of barbarity. But a female slave, who had assisted her mistress in the preparation of the destructive dose, shocked at the part she had performed, and tortured by the pangs of remorse, confessed the whole of the iniquitous plot, and described the names of those who were then occupied in preparing the fatal poison. Officers of justice were instantly dispatched to the respective houses, and the ladies discovered at the dreadful employment. At first they attempted to deny the fact, pretending they were making an antidote to preserve them from the pestilential

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tial disease; but finding their assertions disregarded, and the sword of justice hanging over their heads, they swallowed the destructive draught, and by so doing escaped the blow.





## ON THE PROPER EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.

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### SENTIMENTS.

We complain of the shortness of Time, and yet have much more than we know what to do with; for our lives are either spent in doing nothing at all, in doing nothing to the purpose, or else in doing nothing that we ought to do.

*Seneca.*

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**M**ELANCHOLY as this picture appears, and disgraceful as it certainly is to a rational and reflecting being, I fear, if we were to take an impartial view of our lives, too many  
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of us would have reason to acknowledge the justness of the author's censure; but that you, my beloved girls, should avoid falling under so severe an imputation, and, instead of wasting, improve the time that is committed to your trust, has been one of the first wishes of my heart, and one of the greatest objects of my solicitude.

“Every fool (Lord Chesterfield observes) who slatterns away his whole time in nothings, has some trite observation at hand, to prove both its value and its fleetness; and though they pretend to feel the necessity of employing it *well*, they squander it away without considering that its loss is irrecoverable. There are two sorts of understanding (says that judge of human nature) which prevents a man from ever becoming considerable; the one is a lazy, and the other a frivolous, mind. The lazy mind will not take the trouble of searching to the bottom of any thing,

thing, but, discouraged by the slightest difficulties, stops short, and contents itself with easy and superficial knowledge, rather than submit to a small degree of trouble."

Although it is not necessary for a young woman to study with that closeness of application which is essentially requisite in the education of a boy, yet, whatever you pretend to learn, you ought to have ambition enough to desire to excel in; for mediocrity is a proof of weakness; and perfection may always be purchased by application. "Knowledge (says an elegant writer) is a comfortable and necessary shelter for us in an advanced age; but if we do not plant it while young, it will afford us no shade when we grow old." Yet I neither expect or require so close an application to the improvement of your minds, as to banish recreation, or exclude pleasure: I only wish that you should remember that your foundation of knowledge

ledge

ledge must be established before you are eighteen; for when you are once introduced into the world, your application will be incessantly interrupted, and your studies broken in upon. All difficulties may be overcome by perseverance; and even the defects of nature may be conquered. A remarkable instance of the power of perseverance is demonstrated in the conduct of Demosthenes, an Athenian orator, who, anxious to obtain perfection in the art of speaking, not only conquered an absolute impediment of speech, but, from being one of the most ungraceful, became one of the most graceful, orators in Athens.

In the distribution of your time, I scarcely need inform you, that the first hour of the day ought to be devoted to the service of your Maker. Accustom yourselves to the practice of religious homage, as a natural expression of gratitude to him for all his bounty and benevolence.

lence. Consider it as the service of the God of your fathers; of him to whom your parents devoted you; of him whom, in former ages, your ancestors honoured, and by whom they are now rewarded and blessed in heaven. Seneca tells us, that the first petition we offer to God, ought to be for a *good conscience*; the second for health of mind; and the third for health of body. After having offered these petitions, it will be necessary you should accustom yourselves to make a regular distribution of time, for the different avocations which are to occupy it: this will be found one of the best methods that can be adopted, both for the practice of youth, and those of a more advanced period. Doctor Johnson, who was rather a severe critic upon the failings of our sex, attributed most of them to habitual idleness; and was so great an advocate for a female's being taught every kind of needlework, that he absolutely fancied it a foundation for *morality*. In Poland, it is a custom

tom amongst the people in the middling ranks of life, that no young woman should be suffered to marry, until she has done as much work as will fill twelve large baskets, which on the wedding day is divided in presents to the different guests. Though I think needlework a *necessary*, I certainly consider it as a very inferior, kind of employment, when compared with the gratification you may enjoy, by spending your time in the practice of virtue, and in acts of benevolence; yet, as excellence even in trifles is praiseworthy, I shall in the following examples unite the names of a few females who have acquired it in that art, with those who have obtained applause for superior qualifications.

Andromache, wife of Hector, prince of Troy, was so beautiful an embroidress, that, after the death of her husband, and the destruction of the

the city, she amused her leisure hours by delineating the melancholy event with her needle upon white satin.

Anna Maria Shurman, a German lady, is, by the historians of that country, considered as an absolute prodigy; and the facility with which she learnt all female accomplishments was certainly most astonishing. At six years of age she could cut paper with a taste and elegance entirely her own; at eight she painted flowers in a beautiful style; at ten she was taught embroidery, and was only three hours in acquiring the art. Her writing was the most elegant that can be conceived, and she could imitate a variety of hands. The powers of her understanding were equal to the most metaphysical enquiries; and she was not only the most accomplished, but the most learned, woman of the age.

Penelope,

Penelope, wife of Ulyssus, king of Ithaca, whose character has been celebrated by historians for the strength of her affection and delicacy of attachment to her husband, has also been praised for her adherence to those duties which particularly belong to a female station; and, instead of interfering with affairs of state, we are told that her time was spent in the regulation of her family, and the employment of weaving.

Amidst those ladies whose names are rendered eminent by the number of their literary productions, the Duchess of Newcastle has certainly a title to pre-eminence, if variety can constitute merit, and application deserve applause; for her grace was so unwearyed in her labours, and so indefatigable in her endeavours to promote knowledge, that she would not even allow herself time to

read

read her works before they were sent to the press.

Queen Elizabeth, who is universally allowed to have been a woman of exalted genius and superior understanding, always allotted different portions of the day for arranging those affairs which were unconnected; and it was by that regular distribution of her time, that she was enabled to transact with ease a multiplicity of business, that must have distracted a mind which was devoid of regularity.

Elizabeth, countess of Bridgewater, was a woman whose time was spent in the performance of those duties which rendered her the object of universal love and admiration. She was the comforter of the afflicted, the supporter of the distressed, and the reliever of the unhappy. But I cannot give you a better idea of the perfection of her character, than by transcribing

scribing part of her epitaph, which was taken from her monument in Gaddesden church.

“ Sacred to the memory of the late transcendently virtuous lady (now glorious saint) the Right Honourable Elizabeth Countess of Bridgewater. She was a woman in whom all the accomplishments both of body and mind concurred to make her the glory of the present, and the example of future ages. Her beauty was absolutely so unparalleled, that neither pen or painting could describe it without disparagement. She had a winning and attractive behaviour, a charming discourse, a most obliging conversation. She was so courteous and affable to all persons, that it was impossible to avoid loving her. She was of a noble and generous soul, yet of so meek and humble a disposition, that never any woman of her quality was greater in the world’s opinion, or *so little in her own*. The rich at her table tasted  
her

her hospitality; the poor at her gate bore testimony of her charity. Her devotion was exemplary; and her writings upon religious subjects (which were only submitted to the eye of her husband) proved at once the purity of her soul, and the refinement of her sentiments. She was an affectionate wife, an indulgent mother, a kind mistress, and a sincere friend. In a word, she was so superlatively good, that language is incapable of expressing her deserved character; and her death was as religious as her life was virtuous."

I consider it impossible to read an account of such transcendent excellencies either with apathy or indifference; and the heart which is not totally devoid of sensibility, must feel an animating glow pervade it even in the contemplation of such exalted greatness! And when you consider that this amiable woman was a mere human being, subject to the failings and imperfections

fections of mortality, ought it not to be an incitement to your virtue?

It has always been allowed, that the desire of fame is universally implanted in the human breast; and that the wish of leaving a name unsullied, has been the foundation of many virtues. If you, my beloved girls, are sensible of that impression, or desire to leave a character spotless as Lady Bridgewater's, imitate her actions, and you will receive her praise.



POLITENESS OF ADDRESS, AND  
POLISH OF MANNERS.

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SENTIMENTS.

The desire of pleasing may be termed the happiest of all desires, because it seldom fails of attaining its ends, when not disgraced by affectation. *Fielding.*

'Tis a fair step towards virtue and happiness, to delight in the society of the good and wise; and if those cannot be met with, the next point is to keep *no company at all.* *Seneca.*

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**P**OLITENESS and good-breeding are such requisite introductions into genteel society, that it is absolutely astonishing any one can gain admittance into it who are deficient either in the one or the other.

I consider

I consider politeness as the child of good-nature; though there are instances where the one may exist without the other, yet it is almost impossible for a young woman, who is possessed of the latter amiable quality, to remain long deficient in the former, if she has any opportunities of mixing in genteel life; for a desire of pleasing, with the precaution of not being troublesome, is doubtless the best structure for true politeness. Lord Chesterfield, in his Letters on Politeness, says, that a friend of his has defined good breeding to be the result of "much good sense, some good-nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and also with a view of obtaining the same indulgence from them." As to absolute rules for politeness, I flatter myself, those would be unnecessary; for I have the pleasure of observing you possess a native civility, which I consider as its foundation; and, indeed, the modes of it must vary according to persons, places, and circumstances;

for

for the same behaviour that you would adopt to one who is *greatly* your *superior*, would be improper to use to her who is your inferior; therefore, observation and experience will be your best directors, and good-humour and civility your ablest guides.

The desire of being pleased is universal; and if the desire of pleasing was so too, politeness might then have its foundation in virtue, be considered as a moral duty, and be included in the principle of doing to others what one wishes they should do to us. There are, indeed, some moral duties of a much higher nature, but none of a more amiable one; and, like Lord Chesterfield, I am inclined to place it at the head of the minor virtues.

A studied attention to the little wants, and a desire to anticipate the wishes, of those which chance or inclination brings into your company,

pany, is one of the first duties which you owe society; and a careless negligence to please, is one of the most unpardonable things you can be guilty of; though, I grieve to say, it is a striking failing in the young people of the present age. But, in being civil, avoid being ceremonious; yet always beware of freedom and familiarity. Let your conduct to your superiors be respectful, but not humiliating; to your equals be courteous and affable; and to your inferiors, gentle and condescending.

Politeness, when attached to a virtuous character, actually embellishes that which seems not to require any other ornament; and so strong is its influence on the human mind, that it seems even to cast a veil over imperfections, as I shall shew in the two following examples.

Mary, queen of Scotland, whose misfortunes

tunes have been universally deplored, though her failings have been highly condemned, might have attributed the commiseration of the former, in a great measure, to the sweetness of her manners, and the affability of her disposition. Her behaviour to her attendants was at once so mildly gentle, and so sweetly condescending, that any of them would almost have sacrificed their lives to have preserved her existence.

Joan, queen of Naples, whose inhumanity and cruelty I have before had occasion to mention, was yet such an adept in artifice, and was so sensible that a polish of manners was a frequent apology for an abandoned course of life, that, by her condescension, persuasion, and politeness, she absolutely blinded the minds of her judges, and at length induced them to pronounce her innocent!

Bertrade,

Bertrade, wife of Philip the First, king of France, though unamiable in her character, and despicable in her conduct, yet was possessed of such an interesting sweetness of manner, that even those who despised found it impossible to avoid being pleased with her. So completely infatuated was Philip by this artful mode of behaviour, that, though he was acquainted with her endeavours to destroy the life of his son by a former marriage, yet he found himself incapable of withstanding the softness of her pleadings; and not only forgave the crime, but appeared to have his affection augmented by her pretended sorrow.

If polish of manners, and elegance of address, can have the power of making an unamiable character attractive, with what superior advantages must it be viewed when it is attached to goodness and virtue! and how desirable an acquirement ought it to be to  
young

young people, if they consider that a polite address is absolutely a general passport to universal favour!

It was the sweetness of Catherine's manners, more than the charms of her person, that enslaved the heart of the Emperor Peter. The latter might attract his eye, but the former secured his esteem, rooted his regard, and was the means of exalting her to the Russian throne!

All English historians are unanimous in their description of Lady Jane Gray, and all ascribe to her a sweetness of manner that at once captivated the mind, secured the heart, and called forth the admiration of all beholders.

In the exalted account which is given of the Countess of Bridgewater, the elegance of her manners, the sweetness of her behaviour, and the

the affability of her address, constitutes no trifling part in the praise which is bestowed upon her character; and if they are not the most striking features for admiration, they certainly are traits which must insure affection, and create esteem.

Octavia, the amiable wife of the inhuman Nero, has been more celebrated for the sweetness of her manners than for the superiority of her understanding; and though her conduct was calculated to call forth admiration, yet it was still more likely to inspire love.

If arguments were wanting to enforce the necessity there is for young ladies habituating themselves to the practice of politeness, I might urge as a motive, the strong influence they are universally allowed to possess over the minds of the other sex. Those men who are best judges both of the failings and per-

fections of human nature, are willing to ascribe the polish of their manners chiefly to the influence of virtuous and elegant-minded females, in whose society they have imperceptibly lost that innate roughness which is their peculiar characteristic; and I am sure you will allow the necessity of not being deficient in any accomplishment you may hereafter be called upon to *teach*.





## FRIENDSHIP.

## SENTIMENTS.

It requires time to deliberate upon friendship; but the resolution once taken, my friend is entitled to the secrets of my heart; and I look upon my thoughts to be as safe in his breast as my own.

Never condemn a friend unheard, without letting him know both his accuser and his crime.

*Seneca.*

THE ancients ranked friendship in the second class of human virtues; and many are the instances recorded in history, where its energy has produced effects that almost might  
be

be considered as divine. Of all the passions that adorn human nature, that of friendship is certainly the most sublime, because the least selfish affection of the soul: for honour, frankness, and generosity, are the superstructure on which it is established. Amidst the various ties and dependencies which constitute the happiness of life, it is the most delicate, and yet the most fragile. Wealth cannot purchase, titles cannot obtain it; and the great, alas! rarely enjoy the blessing! It cannot exist in a vicious mind, and only thrives in a sympathetic one.

The word friendship is at present generally understood to be a term of little import, or extending merely to a preference of liking or esteem. This I consider as a shameful prostitution of a word that ought only to be attached to an exalted character, and a soul capable of the most disinterested actions. In the choice of a  
friend,

friend, much care is necessary, and much precaution ought to be observed; but good sense, good-nature, and firm principles, are absolute requisites in the composition. A weak mind is incapable of attachment; a bad temper would soon weaken the strongest; and want of principle must destroy it. Dr. Johnson observes, that so many qualities are necessary to the possibility of friendship, and so many accidents must concur to its rise and continuance, that the greatest part of mankind content themselves without it, or supply its place with interest and dependence.

If friendship was really so extraordinary a production, and of so rare a growth, history would not teem with such various proofs either of its disinterestedness or existence; and those who have endeavoured either to lessen or debase the sentiments, are, in my opinion, guilty of an injury to society. Perhaps, you will be astonished

tonished that, in the instances I have selected for your observation, with the intent of controverting the Doctor's opinions, I should have drawn them from the *male* instead of the *female* character; but as history has not furnished me with proofs of such great and disinterested friendship in our sex as I have found in the other, I thought it right to record those which were most impressive; though, at the same time, I am inclined to believe, we are equally capable of an exalted attachment; and I have no doubt but if all the acts of refined friendship which the female heart has instigated, had been recorded in the page of history, it would have been as highly adorned by the account, as it has been by the following examples of the other sex.

The friendship of Damon and Pythias was founded on affection, established on esteem, and confirmed by principle. Damon had the misfortune to fall under the displeasure of Dionysius,  
the

the Sicilian tyrant, whose breast was a stranger to the sensation of compassion. To create displeasure, was to forfeit existence; and to murmur at a decree, was to insure its immediate execution. Damon repined not at the severity of his fate, yet ardently wished to award the blow. He had a wife and children in a distant part of the country, whom he longed to press to his tortured bosom before the dreadful moment arrived that was to separate them for ever! Pythias, apprised of his friend's desire, presented himself before his inhuman judge, and earnestly besought the indulgence Damon wished for, yet dared not expect, offering to surrender his own person as a pledge for his friend's return. The singularity of a man's offering his life in the place of a condemned criminal, when so many circumstances might prevent the punctuality of his return, made an impression on the callous heart of Dionysius, and he granted the request; but, at the same time, allowed so  
short

short a period for Damon's absence, that it appeared almost impossible for him to be back by the day fixed upon for his execution. The time for his return drew near, and the heart of Pythias exulted in his absence! To doubt the honour of his friend, or distrust his sincerity, was impossible; and he knew that adverse winds only could have prevented his punctuality. Curiosity induced the tyrant to pay a visit to the noble-minded Pythias, who, delighted at the idea of saving the life of his friend, ardently prayed that he might not return. It was in vain that Dionysius endeavoured to persuade him Damon was unworthy of his friendship, and had formed the excuse of visiting his family for the purpose of preserving his own life, and sacrificing that of his friend! He grew indignant at the base idea, and boldly vindicated the honour he had so often tried! The hour of execution at length arrived, and the intrepid hero ascended the scaffold with a heart animated  
by

by friendship, and glowing with affection. Death was robbed of all its terrors; and the prospect of saving the life of the man he loved, made it appear arrayed in smiles! The people had crowded around the scaffold, whilst astonishment and admiration was visible in every countenance. The executioner was going to strike the fatal blow, when the cry of "Stop," arrested his uplifted hand, and Damon rushed into the arms of Pythias breathless with haste, and tortured with apprehension! "You are safe, my friend, my much-loved Pythias!" he exclaimed; "and oh, ye gods! receive my thanks!"

"Oh fatal haste, and cruel impatience!" replied the dejected Pythias. "Triumphant had I fallen, if my Damon had been spared; but as the gods have opposed my wish of dying for thee, still I will not be wholly disappointed, for we will bleed together!"

So

So affecting a scene softened even the adamant breast of Dionysius; and the heart which had hitherto been insensible to pity and compassion, felt for once its divine influence! Rising from his seat, and approaching the two friends, he congratulated them upon the strength and delicacy of their attachment; and then, with a generosity wholly unexpected, bestowed *life* upon Damon, and happiness upon Pythias.

Alcander and Septimius were two Athenian students, whose mutual taste for the arts and sciences became the foundation of their future friendship, and they were scarcely ever seen apart. Although Alcander's breast was animated by that tender sentiment, a still more lively one found entrance, and the fair Hypatia became the object of his love. He declared his passion, and was accepted. Septimius happened to have left the city, when his friend first saw the blooming fair one, and did not return until the  
day

day fixed upon for his marriage. The moment that introduced him to the view of such perfection, was fatal to his peace; and the struggle between love and friendship became too violent for his resolution. A sudden and dangerous fever attacked him; and the unsuspecting Alcander introduced the object of his affection to assist him in his unwearied care of his friend. The moment the physicians beheld Hypatia enter, they were no longer at a loss to account for their patient's illness; and calling Alcander aside, they informed him of the nature of it, and also expressed their fears that Septimius's recovery was impossible! Tortured between the dread of losing the friend of his heart, and agonized at the idea of relinquishing the object of his affection, his anguish for some moments deprived him of utterance; but recovering that fortitude which had ever marked his conduct, he flew to the bedside of the apparently dying man, and promised to renounce his claim to

Hypatia,

Hypatia, if she consented to a union with Septimius. Whether Hypatia had not been strongly attached to the amiable Alcander, or whether compassion urged her to accept the hand of his friend, I cannot say, but they were united, quitted Athens, and went directly to Septimius's house at Rome. Hypatia's friends, imagining Alcander had relinquished his betrothed bride for the sake of a rich reward, commenced an action against him for a breach of promise; and the judges, biassed by the representations of his enemies, ordained that he should pay a heavier fine than his whole property amounted to. The wretched Alcander was now reduced to the most melancholy situation; his friend absent, his mistress lost, and his own character stigmatized with baseness! Being absolutely unable to pay the demand, his person became the property of his oppressors, and he was carried into the market place, and sold as a common slave. A Thracian merchant became his purchaser, and for several

several years he endured a life of torment. At length liberty presented itself to his view, and the opportunity of flight was not to be rejected. Alcander ardently embraced it, and arrived at Rome in the dusk of the evening. Friendless, hopeless, and forlorn, the generous Alcander had no place of shelter, and necessity compelled him to seek a lodging in a gloomy cavern. Two robbers, who had long been suspected to frequent that spot, arrived there soon after midnight, and disputing about their booty, fortunately did not perceive his presence. One of them at length was so exasperated against his companion, that, drawing a dagger from his side, he plunged it into his heart, and left him weltering in his blood at the mouth of the cave. Alcander's miseries had been so accumulated, and his distresses so undeserved, that his mind at length was worn down by his afflictions, and he became indifferent to every thing around him. In this situation he was discovered, and dragged

to

to a court of justice, as the murderer of the man whose body had been found in the cave. Weary of existence, he did not deny the charge; and sentence was going to be pronounced against him, when the murderer, smitten with a pang of conscience, entered the court, and avowed the fact! Astonishment seized *every mind*, but particularly that of the judge that was going to condemn him, who, examining the countenance of a man capable of such singular conduct, discovered the features of the once-loved Alexander! Rising from the throne of justice, and flying to the bar of guilt, he caught the unhappy sufferer in his arms, and, after shedding over him tears of joy and compassion, presented him to the senators as a man whose disinterested conduct had been the means of preserving his own existence.

Never was a stronger friendship between two men than that which subsisted between Cicero  
and

and Lælius; but, by transcribing the real sentiments of the latter upon that exalted subject, I shall give you a perfect idea both of its strength and delicacy.

“ Of all the gifts of nature or fortune, (says Lælius,) there were none, I think, comparable to the having Cicero for my friend. I found in our friendship a perfect conformity of sentiments in respect to public affairs, and an inexhaustible fund of council and support in private life; a tranquillity and delight not to be expressed. I never, to my knowledge, gave Cicero the least offence; nor ever heard a word escape him that did not please me. We had but one house, and one table; the frugality of which was equally the taste of both. In war, in travelling, and in the country, we were never separated. I need not mention our studies, and the desire of us both always to learn something; for this was the employment of all our leisure hours,

hours, whenever we were removed from the sight and commerce of the world."

Can you, my beloved girls, conceive any human felicity to be greater than that which Lælius experienced from such an exalted friendship? What a consolation is it to have a second self, from whom we have nothing secret, and into whose heart we may pour forth our own with a perfect effusion! Prosperity is imperfect to those who have no one to share their joys; and adversity is almost insupportable to them who have no one to pity it! Indeed, I am inclined to believe there is not a being in existence, who would deliberately accept of all the wealth and all the affluence this world could bestow, if offered them upon the severe terms of being unconnected with a single mortal whom they could love, or by whom they should be treated with affection. This would be to lead the wretched life of a detested tyrant, who, amidst perpetual  
suspensions

suspicious and alarms, passes his miserable days a stranger to every tender sentiment; and utterly precluded from the heartfelt satisfaction of pure friendship. But you, my dear girls, can never be strangers to that noble passion; the ties of consanguinity will strengthen the bonds of friendship, and the claims of relationship augment your tenderness.




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## INGRATITUDE.

### SENTIMENTS.

Ingratitude wounds the mind, pierces the heart, and does an irreparable injury to human nature.

Ingratitude is more baneful than a pestilential vapour, and more destructive to society than a band of *robbers*.

Ingratitude is so dangerous to itself, and so detestable to other people, that one would imagine nature had sufficiently provided against the practice of it, without the necessity of enforcing it by law. Not to return one good office for another, is absolutely inhuman; but to return evil for good, is diabolical.

*Seneca.*

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**A** MIDST the various vices to which human nature is prone, and which mark the degradation it has suffered, none more strikingly evince its debasement than the practice of *ingratitude*.

*gratitude.* For other vices, and other failings, reason may be able to assign a cause; but for *that* she must search in vain. That kindness should ever be returned with cruelty, or affection be treated with neglect, is humanity's shame, and man's disgrace!

It is certain that ingratitude can only find existence in a depraved mind, a corrupted heart, and the breast that is a stranger to every virtuous sentiment! There is something so contrary to honour, so repugnant to humanity, and so devoid of principle, even in the *bare forgetfulness of favours*, that those who are capable of practising such a mode of conduct, are thought of with contempt, and treated with scorn.

Seneca observes, that it is one man's *happiness* to give, and another's *misfortune* to receive; but the gratification which a liberal mind would enjoy from the power of conferring benefits,  
the

the ungrateful man totally destroys, and deprives benevolence of its just reward. In short, ingratitude is so contemptible in itself, and so generally despised by the world, that nought but authenticated facts could prove that so detestable a vice was really in existence; but, amongst the various instances which history has recorded to prove it so, none can be attended with more aggravating circumstances than a story accidentally met with in Sigon's account of Barbadoes, which Mr. Addison has given his readers in the author's words, and which I shall also begin with in relating the following examples of it.

Mr. Thomas Inkle, a young London merchant, was the third son of a wealthy citizen, who had carefully instilled into his mind a love of gain, and a desire of acquiring wealth; and this propensity, which he had imbibed from precept, and felt from nature, was the grand inducement  
for

for him to try his fortune in the West Indies. Inkle's person was absolutely the reverse of his mind; the former was manly and noble; but the latter, mean and contracted. During the voyage, the Achilles (which was the name of the vessel in which he had embarked) put into a creek to avoid the fury of a storm; and young Inkle, with several of the party, went on shore, to take a view of a scene so entirely new. They had not travelled far up the country before they were observed by a party of the Indians, and fear and apprehension lent wings to their flight. Inkle out-ran his companions, and, breathless with terror, sought security in the thicket of a forest. He had not long remained in that forlorn situation, when his astonishment was called forth by the appearance of a youthful female, whose benignant countenance seemed instantly to compassionate his forlorn situation. Gentleness and sweetness was displayed in every feature; and when Inkle, by signs, acquainted her

her with his forlorn situation, she evidently proved that sympathy was confined to no particular climate, and that humanity depends not upon the colour of the skin.

The generous Indian was a woman of high birth; and knowing that the tenderness she felt for the unfortunate stranger would be displeasing to her parents, she felt the necessity of disguising it. She carried Inkle to a remote cave, supplied his wants, and daily administered to his comforts. Her affection in time became so strong, that she scarcely could exist but in his presence. Fearful that he should grow weary of his confinement, she used to watch the opportunities of her parents absence, and then conduct him into the beauteous groves with which that country abounds; then persuade him to lie down and slumber, and anxiously watch by him for fear he should be disturbed! His little dwelling was adorned with all the art that native

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tive elegance could suggest, and unsuspecting innocence employ, to make it appear pleasing to her lover's eyes. At length Yarico had the happiness of finding Inkle understood her language, and had the felicity of hearing him express the strength of his gratitude, and power of his love. Inkle was constantly representing the joys that would await them if they could once return to England, and painted the excess of his passion in such glowing colours, that the unsuspecting Yarico could not doubt its sincerity, and at length promised not only to become the partner of his flight, but daily watch the arrival of some vessel to promote it. The wished-for object soon appeared; the unsuspecting Yarico left the abode of her doating parents, and, forgetful of her duty, thought only of her affection. The ship in which they had embarked was bound for Barbadoes, and all Inkle's ideas of acquiring wealth returned with double force. Love, which had been a transitory passion, and  
which

which had acquired its foundation in interest, now yielded to a superior claim. His freedom once obtained, the means were totally forgotten, and the unfortunate Yarico considered as a tax upon his bounty. As soon as the vessel arrived at Barbadoes, the merchants crowded round it for the purpose of purchasing their slaves. The despicable Inkle was animated at the sight, and resolving to relieve himself of what he considered as a burden, offered the beautiful Yarico to the best bidder. It was in vain that she threw herself on her knees before him, or pleaded her tenderness and affection; the heart that could be *dead to gratitude* was lost to love; and the unfortunate Yarico was doomed to a life of slavery!

A soldier, in the service of a Macedonian king, was shipwrecked on an island at some distance from the court as he was going to transact some business of importance for the  
general.

general. Although he was in a subaltern capacity, his bravery and courage had obtained him the favour of his sovereign; and the shipwreck happening at the time that he was expecting promotion, was a calamity of the severest nature. Forlorn and destitute, cast upon an unknown island, the sole survivor of the unfortunate crew, he found his spirits sinking under his calamities, when his hopes were revived by the appearance of a stranger, who accosted him with humanity, and saluted him with kindness. Hearing of his misfortunes, his heart sympathized in them; and inviting him to his house, he gave him the strongest proofs of his liberality. After having furnished him with clothes, and supplied him with money, he procured a vessel to carry him to the place of his destination, and desired that, whenever he wanted a home, he would consider the little farm he occupied entirely as his own. The soldier expressed his gratitude,

titude, admired the beauty of the place, and promised, when he made his sovereign acquainted with the misfortune that had befallen him, to mention the benevolence with which he had been treated. As soon as he had executed his commission, he returned to Macedon, and, after describing his distresses in the most glowing colours, requested, as a reward, the very farm which was occupied by the generous stranger. Philip, not suspecting such ingratitude could exist in a human breast, instantly ordered it to be purchased for him; and the amiable possessor was turned out of an abode which had been inhabited by his forefathers for several generations. As Philip was known to be the avenger of the injured, and the redresser of the oppressed, the farmer resolved to represent his guest's ingratitude, and, going to Macedon for that purpose, humbly solicited an audience. Fired with indignation, and exasperated with rage, the

the king instantly sent for the ungrateful soldier, and, after expressing his displeasure, and ordering him to restore the estate, he presented it as a *gift* to its former owner.



## TRUTH.

## SENTIMENTS.

When a man loses his *integrity*, he loses the *foundation* of his *virtue*.

TRUTH is so great a perfection, that an ancient philosopher observed, if the Almighty thought proper to render himself visible to man, he would choose light for his body, and truth for his soul. The advantages which are attendant upon an habitual love of truth, and a constant practice of its precepts, are so striking to every thinking mind, that it is absolutely astonishing, that, even from motives of policy, it is not universally practised.

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The happiness I have hitherto experienced, my beloved girls, from observing that you have a detestation to falsehood, and an abhorrence of every kind of deceit, was the reason of my not sooner entering upon a subject which I consider of the utmost importance; but as I was convinced your natures required neither examples to allure you to the habit of truth, or deter you from the practice of falsehood, I did not intend lengthening out my advice: but when I reflect that the strongest virtue may be shaken, and the firmest principles subdued, by bad example, I cannot resist the inclination I feel to strengthen the amiable propensity which nature has bestowed, and intreat you always to recollect that truth and sincerity are the basis of every virtue; and that deception and hypocrisy are the foundation of every vice. If at an age when the heart is warm, when the emotions are strong, and when nature is expected to shew herself free  
and

and open, you could then smile and deceive, what should I expect when you were longer practiced in the artifice of the world? Dissimulation in youth is the sure forerunner of perfidy in old age; and its first appearance is the fatal omen of growing depravity and future shame. The path of truth is plain and easy, but that of falsehood is a perplexing maze. One artifice unavoidably leads on to another, till, as the intricacy increases, you are lost and entangled in your own snare.

As you value, therefore, the approbation of heaven, the esteem of the world, and the affection of your friends, cultivate that love of truth which has hitherto been my gratification and *your* glory.

Amidst the various amiable qualities which have been attributed to Calphurnia, the wife of Julius Cæsar, that of her love for *sincerity*,  
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and adherence to truth, is particularly mentioned with the applause they merit.

Aristotle, the Macedonian philosopher, being asked what a man could gain by telling a falsehood, replied, "Not to be credited when he speaks the truth."

Petrarch, a celebrated Italian poet, resided in the family of Cardinal Colonna, by whom he was loved for his virtues, and esteemed for his abilities. A violent quarrel having happened which that nobleman was anxious to know the foundation of, that he might do justice to the injured party, he assembled all his household, and compelled them to take a solemn oath that they would represent the circumstances with fairness and impartiality; and even his brother, the bishop of Luna, was called upon to make the sacred assertion: but when Petrarch appeared, with an intent of following the bishop's example,

example, the cardinal instantly closed the book, saying, "As to you, Petrarch, your word is sufficient."

Zenocrates, an Athenian philosopher, was so highly celebrated for his truth and veracity, that one day, when he approached the altar, to confirm by oath the truth of what he had asserted, the judges unanimously declared *his word* was a *sufficient* evidence, and would not suffer him to take the oath.

Was I to write volumes with an intention of convincing you of the advantages which result from the habit of speaking truth, or the honour which is obtained by the practice of it, I could not convey a stronger proof of either; than what may be derived from the above little historical anecdotes of Petrarch and Zenocrates.



## VIRTUE.

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### SENTIMENTS.

There is so wonderful a grace attached to virtue, that even the worst of characters acknowledge its powers, though they are incapable of feeling its effects.

So powerful is the influence of virtue, and so gracious the design of Providence, that every man has a guide within his own bosom for the practice of it.

*Seneca.*

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**V**IRTUE is a word of such general acceptation, that it takes in all those qualities that adorn the mind, improve the character, and add a dignity to human nature. But in this section

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tion I intend confining its bounds, and merely naming it as the greatest ornament of the female character, and as the inseparable companion of modesty and delicacy.

The virtue to which I here allude, is composed of so fine a texture, that the breath of surmise would taint, and the blast of suspicion become its destruction.

Reputation is a female's choicest possession, and it is necessary to guard it with unremitting care. The slightest deviation from general forms has sometimes been the means of tarnishing it; and those errors which have had innocence for their foundation, have frequently been construed into indications of guilt.

As your conduct is liable to the severity of the morose, and the criticisms of the illiberal, how necessary is it, my beloved girls, that your  
actions

actions should be submitted to the guidance of caution, that they may never become the food of slander, or the sustenance of reproach! Yet do not imagine that I am endeavouring to rob the season of youth of those joys to which it is entitled, or substituting seriousness in the place of gaiety; for I think that innocent cheerfulness of heart, which is the natural attendant upon youth, one of its greatest ornaments; yet, in the midst of gaiety, I would have you attend to caution, and, *surrounded by pleasure, be guided by propriety.*

In your intercourse with the world, you may have the misfortune to meet with characters who, under the appearance of promoting your happiness, may be aiming at the destruction of your virtue; and whilst alluring you to a bed of roses, may be artfully concealing the thorns! But if, to obtain pleasure, they advise you to act contrary to principle, their society is contagious,

gious, and you ought to avoid it with as much caution as a pestilential vapour.

Let your manners to the other sex be open and unaffected, free from the embarrassment of prudery, or the freedom of familiarity: yet do not suppose I wish to prevent your receiving, with condescension, those little attentions which are the effect of politeness, or the efforts of good-nature; but beware of suffering the slightest deviation from respect, or the most trifling infringement upon delicacy.

The Romans had so high a veneration for the very names of virtue and chastity, that they erected temples and altars in honour of their existence; and so tender were the females of their character, and so anxious to preserve it from blemish, that they would have preferred *death* to the misfortune of having it tarnished. Amongst the numberless instances which might  
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be brought to prove the truth of this assertion, I shall give the story of Lucretia the preference.

Sextus Tarquinius, son of the inhuman Tullia, was a young man of the most depraved disposition: his passions had never submitted to controul, nor his inclinations to restraint; and if he felt an unlawful desire, his principles never opposed the gratification of it. Chance had introduced him to the acquaintance of Lucretia, the wife of Collatinus, a general in the Roman army; and all the schemes which artifice could invent, or passion suggest, were made use of to win her affection from the worthy Collatinus. At length finding that, instead of inspiring tenderness, he had created abhorrence, he resolved to adopt a different mode of conduct, and, unsheathing his sword, vowed he would bury it in her spotless bosom, if she did not consent to let him become the partner of her bed. Death the virtuous Lucretia would willingly have preferred

to

to dishonour; but the inhuman monster declared that he would kill her slave, lay him by her side, and then publish to Collatinus that he had committed the act to punish *his injuries*, and to *avenge his disgrace*. The unfortunate Lucretia too well knew the depravity of the wretch who threatened to doubt for a moment his intention of executing; and the horror of having her *fame traduced*, and her character stigmatized, at length induced her to consent to his base proposals: but the next morning she sent a messenger to the camp, requesting her husband would come to her immediately; and dressing herself in deep mourning, she went to her father's house, and there waited the general's arrival.

Collatinus, who loved his wife with the most unfeigned affection, instantly obeyed the summons; and, with a heart animated with delight at the prospect of beholding the object of his tenderness, flew to the house of her father, where

where he was told she had retired. But how was he shocked when he beheld her! Instead of the smile of joy, and the embrace of tenderness, with which he was accustomed to be greeted, his welcome was announced by a flood of tears, and a groan of anguish! Many minutes elapsed before she was able to account for this melancholy alteration, or reply to the tender interrogations of her tortured husband. At length checking the violence of her emotions, she began by assuring him of the strength of her affection, and the tenderness of her attachment, and then proceeded to describe the whole conduct of the inhuman Sextus; and, after declaring her inability to support a life that had been disgraced by dishonour, she drew a dagger from her robe, and plunging it into her bosom, fell lifeless at her distracted husband's feet.

An Arabian prince, of the name of Merwan, in his rage for plunder and persecution, made himself

himself master of a convent, and was so captivated by the beauty of one of the unfortunate nuns, that he resolved the sanctity of her character should be no protection against the brutality of his desires. The amiable young woman finding it impossible to make an impression on his principles, or elude his power, at length resolved to try the effect of artifice, and informed him she was in the possession of a secret to make an ointment that would render those invulnerable who used it, and requested permission to retire to her cell, and prepare it. Delighted at the prospect of becoming invincible, Merwan instantly permitted her to retire, and prepare for him the precious unction. In a short period she returned, displayed her throat covered with ointment, and desired he would draw his sabre, and prove the efficacy of the preparation. The vicious Merwan, incapable of an exalted action himself, had no idea of it in another; and  
not

not suspecting it possible that the beautiful nun could prefer *death to dishonour*, instantly drew the weapon, and aiming a violent blow at the part he imagined invulnerable, was shocked and astonished at beholding the object of his love instantly fall, deprived for ever both of sense and life!

When the prince of Thracia took possession of the city of Thebes, instead of becoming the protector of innocence and virtue, he inhumanly proved himself its destroyer; and, amongst those who fell victims to his lawless passion, was a young lady whose name was Timoclea. Shocked at the indignity she had received, and exasperated against the author of it, rage and resentment took possession of her mind; and inviting him to a room wherein there was a well, she informed him her riches were buried in it. The prince, unsuspecting of her design, instantly stooped down to gratify his curiosity;

and Timoclea, availing herself of his situation, instantly precipitated him to the bottom. The action being discovered, she was immediately apprehended, and carried before Alexander as the murderer of one of his captains; but the moment he was informed of the injury she had sustained, he not only pardoned the act, but restored her to liberty.

Peter, the Czar of Russia, was a man of great abilities, but very strong passions, and indulged them at the hazard both of his peace and honour. Having been captivated by the beauty of a young lady at Moscow, he made her the most splendid offers to induce her to listen to his love, and tormented her so continually with the declaration of his passion, that, to avoid his persecutions, she resolved to quit Moscow, and retire to some remote spot, where her virtue might be secure from his attacks, and her delicacy be spared the mortification it constantly received:

ceived: but being thoroughly acquainted with the czar's disposition, she was convinced, that if she informed her parents of her intention, it would be a means of involving them in difficulty and distress; and therefore she withdrew herself from their protection without giving them the slightest hint of her design; and going to the house of an old woman who had nursed her, described her situation, and intreated the husband to direct her to a place of safety, where she would be likely to be unsought for, and undiscovered. The man, who was a wood-cutter, advised her to secrete herself in a wood adjoining his cottage, and offered to build her a little hut to shelter her from the inclemencies of the weather. Accustomed, as she had always been, to the elegancies of life, how great must have been the alteration, and how melancholy the change! yet, supported by virtue, and protected by innocence, she forgot grandeur, and met poverty with resignation! Her parents  
were

were inconsolable for her loss; and the czar's disappointment was evinced in all his actions. Spies were sent into different parts of the country, and great rewards were offered for the discovery of her person. The unhappy father and mother were the first objects of his resentment: but when he became sensible they were unacquainted with their daughter's flight, he endeavoured to *console* instead of increasing their *sorrows*. Twelve months elapsed, and no tidings were heard; and it was universally imagined this amiable young woman had found some means of ending her existence to avoid the czar's persecutions: but at length she was discovered by a colonel in the Russian service, who, shooting in the wood, was struck with the sight of her humble dwelling, embosomed in the deepest recess. But if he was astonished at beholding an habitation in so unfrequented a spot, how much more so was he, when he viewed its lovely inmate, and heard her reasons for  
having

having chosen so forlorn an abode! The impression of astonishment was soon converted into sentiments of tenderness and esteem; and, after imparting the joyful intelligence of their daughter's existence to her disconsolate parents, he informed them of the impression her virtues and beauty had made upon his heart, and earnestly intreated their consent to his marriage. The parents considered themselves too much the colonel's debtor to deny their consent, and the czar was cautiously informed of the young lady's existence. Struck with so uncommon an instance of delicacy and virtue, he resolved it should not go unrewarded: and sending for the colonel into his presence, informed him he would not only attend the marriage ceremony, but bestow upon him the hand of the most virtuous woman in his dominions; and, in addition to it, gave him with her three thousand roubles a year.



## CONTENTMENT.

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### SENTIMENTS.

The foundation of content must spring up in a man's own mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing any thing but his *own disposition*, will waste his time in fruitless efforts, and *multiply* the *griefs* which he wishes to remove.

*Johnson.*

A contented mind is a continual feast; and the pleasure of the banquet is greatly augmented by knowing that each man may become his own entertainer.

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**A** CONTENTED temper is one of the greatest blessings that can be enjoyed, and one of the most material requisites for the discharge of social duties. The mind that is continually

continually repining at its lot, and lamenting the miseries of its fate, at length becomes so habituated to the practice, that it forgets its own unworthiness, and, by constant murmurings, grows impious towards its Maker. Discontent may be termed a gangrene, which preys upon the vitals, infects the whole constitution with disease, and at length totally destroys the pleasure of existence!

If I was desired to give an allegorical description of *contentment*, I should term it the offspring of Piety, the sister of Resignation, and the parent of Cheerfulness.

Mr. Addison, in one of his excellent discourses, observes, that there are but two things which ought to deprive us of cheerfulness of heart. The first of these (says that elegant writer) is a sense of *guilt*; for no man can be easy or tranquil whose conscience convicts him

of

of acts of impiety, or deeds of desperation; and the second proceeds from a doubt or disbelief of the existence of a Supreme Being. "There is something (says the author I have just quoted) so particularly gloomy in the last idea, that it is no wonder the being who indulges it should be incapable of cheerfulness."

For my own part, I consider contentment as a duty which *I owe my Maker*; and cheerfulness as another which *I owe society*. A repining, gloomy temper is, doubtless, one of the greatest misfortunes that can be attached to human nature, and yet certainly one that is least intitled to pity, because it is brought on by peevishness, and nurtured by caprice.

Can you, my beloved girls, look abroad into the world, and behold the miserable objects with which it abounds, without feeling your hearts

hearts glow with gratitude to the Author of your own felicity? Can you see wretchedness pining under want, disease struggling with poverty, and virtue bending under the tyranny of oppression, without adoration to your Maker for an exemption from such calamities?

Your situation has hitherto been so fortunate as to preclude the entrance of a repining thought; for, devoid of want, you must be happy; and, unused to disappointment, it is impossible you should complain. But the day of affliction may arrive, and the sunshine of prosperity may be veiled in a cloud of darkness! The prospect which is now so enlivening may be suddenly overshadowed, and a dreary gloom succeed the brilliant view! Then will be the time for the exertion of fortitude, and the practice of contentment; and till then neither can be called into action.

Little merit can be ascribed to those who are contented with a lot which abounds with felicity, or who appear satisfied because they have no opportunity for complaint. Contentment can only be considered as a virtue when trials have called forth fortitude, and misfortunes have produced resignation.

History abounds with instances of exalted characters, who, from habitual contentment, have despised wealth, disdained power, and even declined regal dignity, though their stations were humble, and their fortunes circumscribed. Highly as those actions have been applauded, and great as they certainly appear, I shall prefer giving you the history of a poor soldier, whom Doctor Goldsmith accidentally met with, to every other I ever read; as I consider it the finest lesson in favour of contentment that can be selected either from the past or present age.

“ No

“ No observation is more common (says the author I have just quoted) than that one half of the world are ignorant how the other half lives. The misfortunes of the *great* are held up to engage our attention, are enlarged upon in tones of declamation, and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble sufferers. There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude, when the whole world is looking on, and sympathizing in the distress: but he who, in the vale of obscurity, can brave adversity, who, without friends to encourage, acquaintance to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his misfortunes, can encounter them with fortitude and tranquillity, may certainly be considered as a truly great character.

*The Story of the disabled Soldier.*

“ Accidentally meeting (says Dr. Goldsmith) a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy,

boy, dressed in a sailor's jacket, begging at one of the outlets of the town with a wooden leg, I was anxious to become acquainted with the circumstances that had reduced him to his forlorn situation; for knowing him to have been both honest and industrious, I felt an interest in his *misfortunes*, which induced me to request he would oblige me with the relation of them."

"As to my *misfortunes*, Master," replied the heroic philosopher, "I can't pretend to have gone through more than other folks; for, except the loss of my limb, and the being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason (thank heaven!) that I have to complain. There is Bill Tibbs of our regiment has lost both his legs, and an eye to boot; but, thank God! it is not so bad with me yet.

"I was born in Shropshire. My father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old; and

and so then I was put upon the parish: but as he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish he belonged, or where I was born; and so they sent me to another parish, and then sent me to a third. I thought, in my heart, they kept sending me about so long, that they would not let me be born in any parish at all: but, however, at last they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved at least to know my letters; but the master of the workhouse put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet; and here I lived an easy kind of life for five years. I only worked ten hours in the day, and had meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away: But what of that! I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door; and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both  
early

early and late: but I ate and drank plentifully, and liked my business well enough, till he died, and then I was obliged to provide for myself, and so then I was resolved to go and seek my fortune. In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none. But happening one day to go through a field that belonged to a justice of the peace, I spied a hare crossing the path just before me, and, as ill luck would have it, without thinking what I was about, I threw my stick at the poor animal, struck it on the head, and laid it sprawling at my feet. Just as I had tucked it under my coat, who should I have the misfortune to meet but the justice himself! He called me a poacher and a villain; and collaring me, desired I would give an account of my breed, seed, and generation: and though I gave a true account of myself, the justice doubted it; and so I was *found guilty*

*guilty of being poor*, and sent up to Newgate, in order to be transported as a vagabond.

“ People may say this and that of being in jail, but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in in my life. I had my bellyful to eat and drink, and did no work at all. But this kind of life was too good to last for ever; so I was taken out of prison after five months, put on board a ship, and sent off with two hundred more to the plantations. We had but an indifferent passage; for being all confined in the hold, the greatest part died for the want of fresh air, and those who recovered were sickly enough, God knows. When we came ashore, those which remained alive were sold to the planters, and I was bound for seven years more. As I was no scholar, I was obliged to work amongst the negroes; but I served my time out, as I was in duty bound to do. When it was expired, I worked my passage home; and

and right glad was I to see Old England once again, because I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more, so did not much care to go down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs when I could get them.

“ I was very happy in this manner for some time, till one evening coming home from work, two men *knocked me down*, and then desired me to *stand*. They belonged to a press-gang, and I was carried before the justice; and as I could give no account of myself, I had my choice, either to go on board a man of war, or to list for a soldier. I chose the latter; and in this post of a *gentleman* I served two campaigns in Flanders; was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy; and received but one wound through the breast, which our doctor soon cured.

“ When

“ When the peace came, I was discharged; but as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes troublesome, I listed for a landman in the East India Company’s service. I have fought the French in six pitched battles; and I verily believe, that if I could read or write, our captain would have made me a corporal: but it was not my good fortune to *have promotion*; for I soon fell sick, and so got leave to return home again with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the present war; and I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money; but the government wanted men, and so I was pressed for a sailor before I ever set my foot on land.

“ The boatswain fancied I understood my business, (though God knows I was quite ignorant of it,) and used to flog me for faults I could not correct; but as I had still my forty pounds

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in my pocket, I looked forward to better days. But my happiness was of short duration; for our ship was taken by the French, and all my money torn from me.

“ Our crew was carried into Brest, and many of them died because they were not used to live in a jail; but, for my part, it was nothing to me, because I was seasoned. One night, as I was sleeping on my bed of boards with a warm blanket about me (for I always loved to lie well) I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark lanthorn in his hand. “ Jack,” says he to me, “ will you knock out the French centry’s brains?” I don’t care, says I, (striving to keep myself awake,) if I lend a hand. “ Then follow me,” says he; “ and I hope we shall do the business.” So up I got, and tied my blanket (which was all the clothes I had) about my middle, and went with him to fight the French. Though we had no arms, one Englishman is  
able

able to beat five French at any time. So we went down to the door where both the centries were posted, and, rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence nine of us ran to the quay, and taking possession of the first boat, got out of the harbour, and put out to sea. In three days we were taken up by the Dorset privateer, who was glad to meet with such a number of stout hands. But here Fortune did not favour us; for we fell in with the Pompadour privateer, of forty guns, which was seventeen more than the Dorset. But to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight lasted three hours; and if our men had not been all killed, I verily believe we should have obtained the victory! I was once more in the hands of the French, and fancy it would have gone hard with me, if I had not been retaken by the Viper. I had almost forgot to tell you, Sir, that in the engagement I lost  
my

my leg, and four fingers off my left hand: But if I had had the good fortune to have met with the accident on board a king's ship instead of a privateer, I should have been intitled to cloathing and maintenance all the rest of my life; but that was not my chance. One man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God, I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty and Old England! Liberty, property, and Old England for ever, huzza!"

Such an instance of fortitude, and such an example of contentment, I have scarcely met with in the page of history; and I am convinced, that if the unfortunate soldier had been placed in such a situation of life as to have rendered his conduct conspicuous, he would have immortalized his name by some heroic exploit: for the resignation with which he endured misfortune, the cheerfulness with which he encountered

countered adversity, and the contentment with which he supported oppression, could only have arisen from true greatness of mind.

But if an untaught, uneducated, and neglected being, could cheerfully encounter an accumulation of misfortunes, and gratefully acknowledge that others were more miserable than himself, what a lesson ought it to be to those whose minds have been informed by precept, and instructed by religion, to support adversity with resignation, and distress with fortitude! And if your situation, my beloved girls, should ever be such as to require the exertion of those qualities, I flatter myself with the hope, that the recollection of the poor soldier's contentment will inspire you with the wish of imitating his virtues; and at the same time remember that poverty can only be attended with shame, when vice accompanies the ac-

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tions of its possessor; for, as Mr. Pope justly observes,

Honour and shame from no condition rise:  
Act *weli* your part—there all the honour lies.



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 PASSION AND ANGER.
 

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## SENTIMENTS.

It is much easier to check our passions in the beginning, than to stop them in their course.

Our passions are a disease which, by frequency and neglect, become fatal. *Seneca.*

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**P**ASSION and anger are propensities so contrary to that softness which is a female's greatest ornament, that it even seems difficult to suppose it possible they could ever obtain admission into the mind: yet, unamiable as they  
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are in appearance, and dreadful as they have been in consequences, they too frequently have contrived to enter, to the destruction of gentleness, the banishment of peace, and the total overthrow of domestic comfort.

Doctor Blair, in his excellent discourse upon the Dominion of the Passions, says, "the history of all mankind has ever been a continual *tragedy*; and the world a great theatre, exhibiting the same repeated scene of the follies of men shooting forth into guilt, and of their passions fermenting by a quick progress into absolute misery." Melancholy as this picture appears, I fear there is too much truth in the observation: but if you would avoid falling under the disgraceful censure, always oppose the very beginning of passion; and as soon as you find the tempest rising, have recourse to every proper method of allaying its violence, or of escaping to a calmer shore.

Anger

Anger and resentment are so turbulent in their effects, so pernicious in their consequences, and so destructive to the peace and order of society, that it is wonderful the desire of self-gratification should not be sufficiently powerful to root out such troublesome companions from the human breast; yet, though all are willing to acknowledge the bad tendency of passion, few will take the trouble of endeavouring to eradicate the destructive evil; and though they blame the failings of their neighbours, they are partially blind to their own imperfections.

It has long been the subterfuge of the passionate and revengeful, to thrōw that odium upon *nature* which ought only to be attached to *themselves*, and to say they are born with passions which it is absolutely impossible for them to subdue; and therefore however outrageous their actions may appear to society, or

however destructive they may prove to the happiness of those with whom they are connected, still they are objects more deserving of pity than meriting blame.

This mode of arguing may be very satisfactory to themselves; but I am convinced that even you, my dear Louisa, (who are certainly prone to the indulgence of passion) will acknowledge both its weakness and injustice: for if as a child, you are capable of subduing resentment in the presence of those whose displeasure you stand in awe of, how much more able to acquire that ascendancy over their passions must those be, whose judgments are ripened by years, and improved by observation!

Let me then conjure you, my beloved girls, if you value my peace, or your own felicity, to endeavour to acquire an absolute ascendancy over your passions; and, instead of nourishing  
resentment,

resentment, check it in its first approach. Cultivate a kind, generous, and sympathizing temper, which feels for distress, and stretches out a hand to relieve it. Thus you will be kept free from that constant irritation which imaginary injuries are continually creating in a suspicious mind, to the destruction of its repose, and the banishment of its peace.

That weak heads or bad hearts should be under the dominion of passion, is neither extraordinary or uncommon; but that great talents, or superior abilities, should have been disgraced by the indulgence of so lowering a practice, is at once inexplicable and astonishing; yet, amongst the following examples, which I have selected from history for the purpose of inducing you to guard against the slightest appearance of passion, you will find that even royalty has been stained by its indulgence,

gence, and great abilities been disgraced by its practice.

Elizabeth, who, as a queen, stands unrivalled in the page of history and whose superior abilities were calculated to call forth universal admiration, tarnished her glory and disgraced her character, by the unjustifiable indulgence she gave her passions: for who can read of a queen having placed herself upon a level with one of the meanest of her subjects, by giving a blow to the favourite of her affections, without despising her fury, and feeling contempt for the being who, in defiance of all delicacy, was so great a slave to her passions!

In the life of Frederick, King of Prussia, there is a remarkable anecdote related of his sister, which neither tells to her honour, nor is recorded to her credit.

A custom-

A custom-house officer, in the discharge of his duty, seized some silks which were intended for the princess, because they had not been entered according to the established rule, and by that means had avoided paying the accustomed duty.

The princess, enraged that any of her brother's subjects should venture to detain *her property*, commanded the custom-house officer to appear before her; and, forgetting the softness of her sex, and the dignity of her character, upbraided him in no very gentle language for (what she termed) the impertinence of his conduct. The man, conscious that he had only properly discharged the duties of his station, presumed to remonstrate upon her displeasure; and this circumstance so entirely put the princess off her guard, that, running up to him with fury in her aspect, she not only  
loaded

loaded him with abuse, but struck him several blows upon the face.

Olympia, wife of Philip, King of Macedon, was a woman of so turbulent a spirit, and ungovernable a temper, that the king found it impossible to live with her upon terms of peace or cordiality; and though he once loved her with the most unbounded affection, yet the violence of her temper, and the depravity of her heart, soon taught him to conquer his tenderness; and finding she was neither to be won by persuasion, or intimidated by fear, he sued for a divorce, and was afterwards married to Cleopatra.

A lovely form is often the covering to a turbulent temper. Roxana, a Bactarian princess, whom Alexander the Great had brought into captivity, was so transcendently beautiful, that it was impossible to behold her without admiration;

admiration; and the hero who had subdued thousands, found himself enslaved by her charms. Too generous to take advantage of Roxana's situation, he sued for that which he had a right to demand, and fancied himself the happiest of mortals when Roxana consented to share his throne. But though her person was lovely, her mind was vicious, and her passions strong and ungovernable; and, after the death of Alexander, she rendered herself so obnoxious to the people, that a party was formed against her, and she was put to death.

Zenobia, wife of Odenatus, King of the Palmyrenians, was a woman endowed with a masculine greatness of mind; yet those historians who have extolled her for feats of bravery and acts of valour, cannot avoid censuring her for the indulgence of passion and the practice of cruelty; and though she possessed many virtues, yet those vices were sufficiently

ciently great to throw a shade over the brightest of them.

Zoe, wife to the Emperor Romanus, had, from her infancy, yielded to the dominion of her passions; and whoever opposed the gratification of them, were certain of feeling the weight of her resentment; for her anger was excessive, and her fury without bounds. Deaf to the voice of principle, and lost to a sense of virtue, she put no check to the violence of her desires; and even the life of her husband fell a sacrifice to their accomplishment; for having fallen in love with a young man whose person was attractive, she contrived to have the emperor murdered, and then made him her partner in the throne!

If to paint vice is to render it despicable, the instances I have now selected will be sufficiently numerous for that purpose; and you will

will feel as repugnant to the practice of it, as if I had written volumes upon the subject. Whilst I am anxious to guard you against the approach of passion, I am solicitous that you should correct every appearance of harshness. Let not ease and indulgence contract your affections, or wrap you up in selfish enjoyments: accustom yourselves to think of the distresses of human life; and though you are exempted from them, yet harden not your hearts against another's sufferings; but cheerfully contribute to the relief of woes you never felt, and miseries you have the good fortune never to have endured.

I have now only to conjure you, my beloved girls, to let truth be the guide of your hearts, and sincerity the dictator of your actions. Avoid artifice, adhere to honour, and uniformly practise the duties of benevolence. Impress your minds with the original and natural equality of

man, and by those reflections check the approaches of presumption. The advantages of birth and the splendour of fortune are trifles when compared with greatness of mind; and it is only those who can bear prosperity without arrogance, and *adversity* without *meanness*, who deserve to be *considered as truly great*.





ON FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

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SENTIMENTS.

Then Peter came to him, and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till *seven times*? Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee until *seven times*, but until *seventy times seven*.

*Matthew, chap. xviii. ver. 21, 22.*

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**A**CCUSTOMED, as we are, to offend our Maker, and to transgress the laws his wisdom ordained, how is it possible that creatures so frail can be dead to the voice of intreaty and supplication? Or how can we presume to beg remission of our sins, if we refuse our pardon to an offending brother?

Amidst

Amidst the various duties which our religion enjoins, none is more calculated to insure the happiness of its possessor, than the practice of that virtue which is to become the subject of the present section; for it exalts the mind, refines the feelings, and imparts to the whole character an appearance of perfection.

A virtue which had the sanction of our Saviour's recommendation, we might naturally imagine would be brought into universal practice; yet how seldom do we see that real Christian forgiveness which he so strongly recommended to his disciples! And how rarely do we find a mind that is capable of returning *kindness* for *cruelty*, or good for evil!

In that beautiful discourse which our Saviour delivered upon the Mount, he emphatically enforced the practice of this duty; and appealing to their feelings in the sublime language of scripture, he addressed his auditors in the following words: "Ye have heard that it hath been said, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil: but  
whosoever

whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him thy other also." And in another part of the same enlightened sermon he makes use of this strong and expressive language: "If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you: but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive you."

This instructive lesson of charity and forgiveness, the divine Author of it uniformly practised; for even at the awful moment of resigning his existence, he intreated the pardon of his inhuman murderers. "Father, *forgive* them, for they know not what they do!" were almost the last words our blessed Saviour uttered; and after such an instance of mercy and forgiveness, who can remain callous to the intercessions of a fellow creature?

History, which records both our virtues and our vices, gives many charming instances of females famous for this virtue. The first which I shall select for the observation of my children occurred so late as the fifteenth century.

Catherine

Catherine of Arragon, the unfortunate wife of that tyrant Henry, whose piety has been the subject of a former chapter, practised the virtue of *forgiveness* in a most eminent and refined degree; for though she had been degraded from her throne, banished from her palace, and deprived the affection of a man whom she loved with the fondest tenderness, yet, at the very moment of resigning her existence, she endeavoured to prevent the author of her misfortunes from experiencing that remorse of conscience which the death of a person we have greatly injured generally inspires; for she not only assured him of her entire *forgiveness*, but informed him she had prayed to the Almighty to pardon him likewise. The following letter, which was written a few hours before her death, will more fully evince the strength of her attachment and the forgiveness of her injuries, than whole volumes written upon the subject.

“ My most dear Lord, King, and Husband,  
 “ THE hour of my death now approaching, I cannot choose, but, out of the love I bear you, to advise you of the health of your  
 soul,

soul, which you ought to prefer above all considerations of the world or flesh whatsoever; for which you have cast me into many calamities, and yourself into many troubles: but I *forgive you all*, and pray God to do so likewise. For the rest, I recommend unto you Mary our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father to her, as I have heretofore desired. I must also intreat you respecting my maids, that you will give them in marriage; and to all my other servants a year's pay, besides their due; least otherways they should be unprovided for. Lastly, I make this vow, that my eyes desire you above all things! Farewel.

Catherine."

In this interesting epistle we can easily trace the charity of a Christian, the solicitude of a parent, the interest of a friend, and the care of a protectress; and no one act of this amiable princess's life does greater honour to her character, than that which she performed at the close of it.

It seems to have been the peculiar privilege of Henry the Eighth to convert *cruelty* into  
*kindness,*

*kindness*, and *injuries* into *blessings*; for Anna Bullen, the ill-fated wife of that insidious tyrant, even at the moment she was conducted to the scaffold for the purpose of resigning her situation to a *new favourite*, openly avowed her affection for her destroyer and her forgiveness of the *injustice* with which she had been treated; declaring, that as she had been condemned by the *law*, she submitted to it without a murmur; though she knew that at that period the *king's will* was the prevailing *law*, and that her judges knew no other guide. Her address to the people who attended her sacrifice, is a convincing proof of the force of affection, and the power of forgiveness.

“ Good Christian people, I am come hither to die; for, according to the law and by the law I am judged to die, and therefore I will not speak against it. I am come hither to accuse no man, nor to speak of that whereof I am accused and condemned: but I pray to God to save the king, and send him long to reign over you; for a gentler and more merciful prince there never was; and to me he was  
 ever

ever a good, a gentle and a sovereign lord; and if any person will judge my cause, I require them to judge the best; and thus I take my leave of you all; and I heartily desire you all to pray for me."

The lovely and unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, whose life was a model of human excellence, is described by her biographers as possessing the virtue of forgiveness in a most eminent degree; for she evinced no sign either of displeasure or resentment against the inhuman being who commanded her death, but resigned her existence to the will of the ensanguined Mary, with as much composure as she did her crown.

Although the duty of forgiveness is so strictly enjoined in many parts of the sacred writings, and our Saviour particularly enforces the practice, yet it is impossible to feel that regard for a person who has *injured* us, which we naturally experience towards those who have done us *kindness*; and though we are commanded to return *good* for *evil*, we are not expected to bestow *love* for *hate*.

Previous

Previous to the death of Mary de Medicis, she was anxious to receive the holy sacrament; and the pope's legate was accordingly sent for to perform the sacred rite which the church of Rome ordains. The misery she had endured through the intrigues of Richlieu was not to be effaced even at that awful moment; and it was some time before the legate could convince her of the necessity of being in charity with all mankind, if she expected to receive the mercy of heaven. At length, convinced of the duty of forgiveness by the forcible arguments of her august confessor, she assured him that she *pardoned* Richlieu's offences; but upon being intreated to send him some token of her *amity*, and present him either with a ring or bracelet, she exclaimed, "This is too much," and expired.

A beautiful instance of the *true spirit of forgiveness* is recorded in the life of the duke of Guise; and as it proved him possessed of true magnanimity of mind, I shall give it a place in my little history. The duke, being informed that a Protestant gentleman had obtained admission into his camp for the sole purpose of assassinating

nating his person, sent a messenger, requesting a private interview, and, in confidence, demanded whether the *report was true*? The man, who had thought it no dishonour to become a *murderer*, would have considered himself disgraced by uttering a *falsehood*, therefore candidly avowed the intended crime. The duke heard the assertion with surprise; but calmly enquired whether he had done him any *injury*, or whether any part of his family had been sufferers from his conduct? “Your Excellence (replied the infatuated man) never did me any kind of *injury*; but as you are a powerful enemy to my *religion*, I thought I should do a service to that by depriving you of life.” “Well, my friend, (said the great and truly religious man) if your religion incites you to assassinate me, my religion tells me to *forgive you*: therefore you have nothing to fear from my resentment.”

An anecdote, somewhat similar, though not so interesting as this, is related of the Emperor Adrian, who observing the embarrassment of a man that had been his greatest enemy previous to his obtaining the imperial diadem, exclaimed,

“My

“ My good friend, you have escaped ; for *I am an emperor.*”

The different stations which are marked for the two sexes, prevents females from being able to display this exalted virtue in that eminent degree which I have just described ; yet, in the beautiful language of scripture, “ *offences will come;*” and women, in the milder walks of life, have frequent opportunities of pardoning them, and of practising a duty which in either sex is amiable, but in ours *absolutely necessary.*

To observe a young woman nurturing resentment, or cherishing animosity, is one of the most unnatural objects in the creation : though history and observation too fully prove, that they are frequently both *hard-hearted* and *unforgiving.*

Olympia, daughter of the king of Epirus, was at an early age united to the Macedonian conqueror, who loved her with a most sincere and ardent tenderness, yet in a short time became so completely wretched, that he absolutely  
wished

wished for the termination of his life. Imperious, cruel, vindictive, and resentful, his home became a scene of disquiet; and not all the gratification he derived from conquest could compensate for the loss of *domestic bliss!* Harrassed by her petulance, and wearied by her caprice, he at length resolved upon an absolute separation; and, after going through the usual forms of a divorce, he made the niece of his general the partner of his throne.

Enraged at what she considered as a personal indignity, the haughty princess became cruel; and her hatred against the king arose to such an height, that it was generally believed she conspired against his life. Whether this crime is to be laid to her charge, none of the Grecian historians have been able to determine; but that she *applauded* the *conduct* of her husband's *murderer*, was fully proved by her own actions; for when the body was hung upon a high gibbet, for the purpose of deterring others from so atrocious a crime, she had the head adorned with a golden crown; and in a few days afterwards the body was taken down, and burnt with the same honours as were bestowed upon the king's.

A mind

A mind that was capable of such deep revenge, could doubtless perpetrate the most inhuman deeds; and some years after the death of Philip, when the competitors for the throne of Macedon, by the chance of war, fell into her hands, her conduct proved the depravity of her heart. The ill-fated Aridœus had been acknowledged king, and his union with Eurydice strengthened his claim to the throne; but, intimidated by the superiority of Olympia's army, the soldiers fled to her standard; and the royal captives were placed within her power. Then it was that the cruelty of her disposition, and the *unforgiving* propensity of her nature, were so wantonly and barbarously displayed; for the royal prisoners were not only inhumanly deprived the light of heaven, but were inclosed within so small a dungeon that they could not even turn their miserable bodies; and the scanty portion of sustenance that was allowed them, was thrown through a hole that admitted air. The barbarous woman, perceiving that this inhumanity to her unfortunate prisoners excited the compassion of her subjects, at length resolved to put them to death; and a band of Thracian

Thracian soldiers was ordered to enter the prison for the purpose of slaughtering the defenceless monarch. Not satisfied with a *single* victim, her resentment could *only be appeased* by the death of his wife, to whom she sent a poignard, a rope, and a bowl of poison, allowing her the privilege of choosing her instruments of death.

Resentment like this may be said to stain the page of history; and though there are few instances of such disgraceful characters, yet public justice is often made the dupe of private pique, and innate rancour supplies the place of rectitude. A remarkable instance of this nature is recorded in the history of the Empress Elizabeth, *unjustly* dignified with the title of *the Humane*.

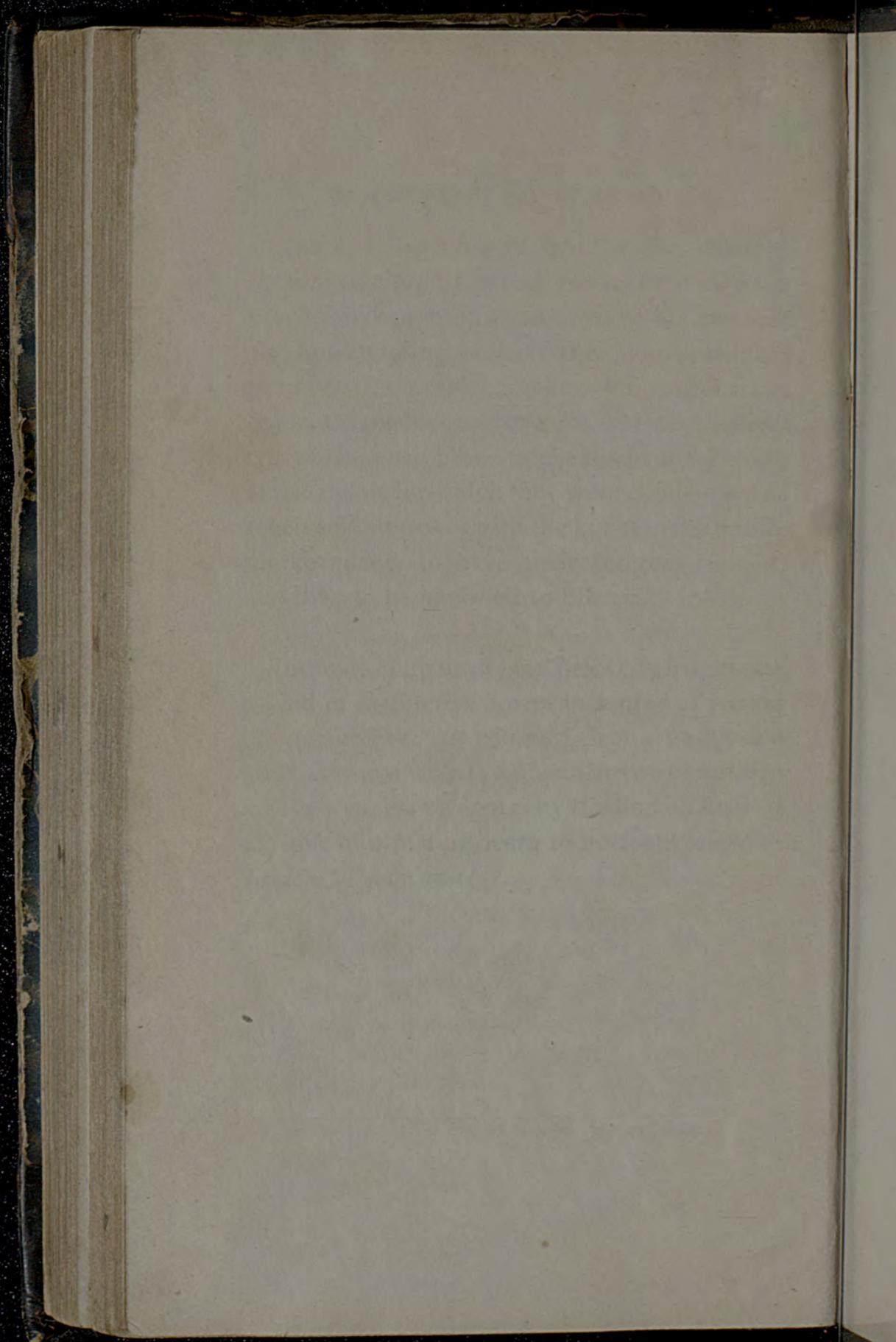
This princess, who was daughter to Peter the Great, immediately upon ascending the Russian throne, entirely abolished *capital punishments*, and by that means obtained the title just described; but though death was not suddenly inflicted, it was slowly insured; and the most studied tortures were substituted in the place of the fatal blow! The unfortunate Countesses of Bestuchef

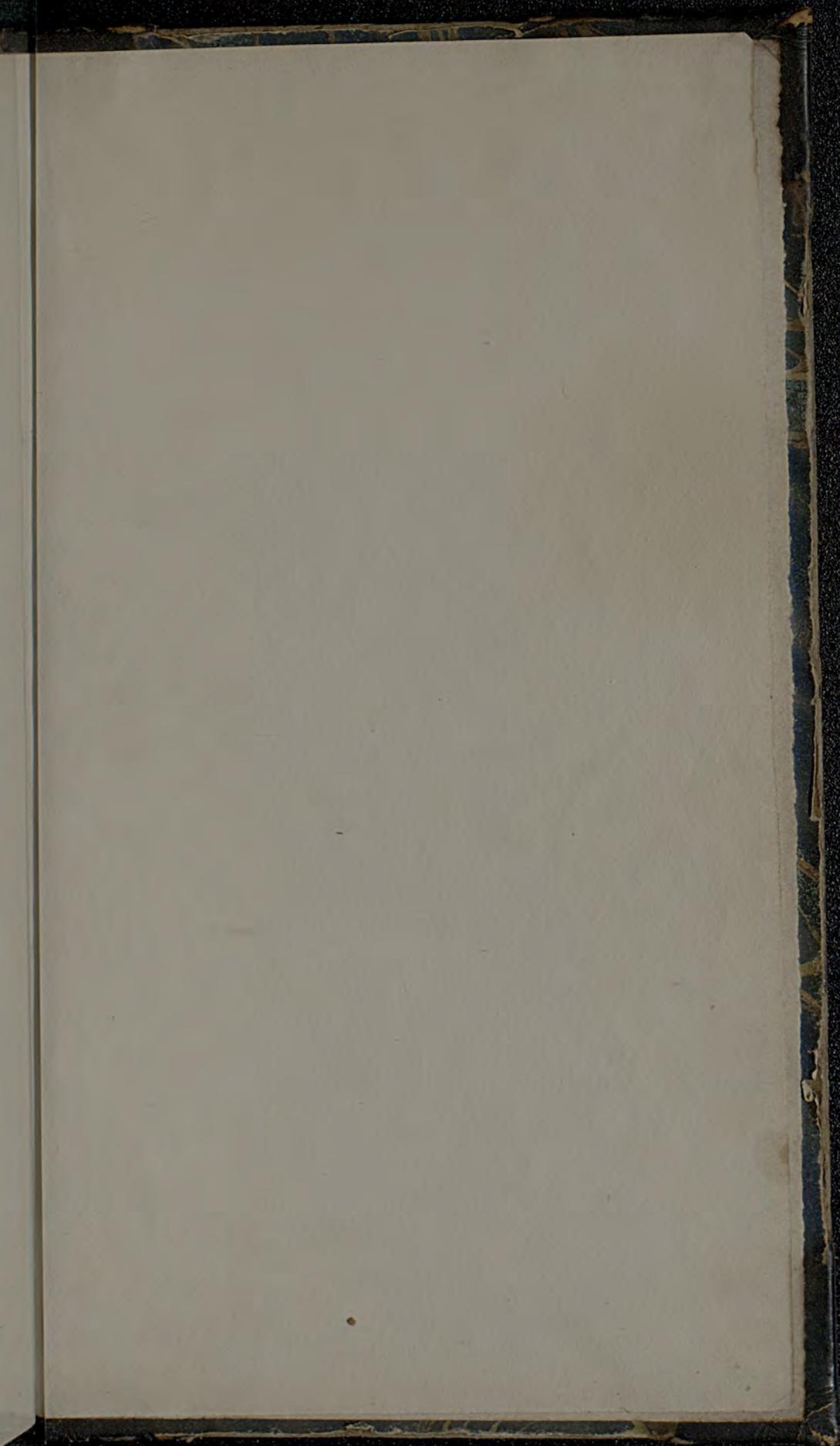
tuchef and Lapookin excited the resentment of their sovereign, by having commented with too much freedom upon the subject of her amours; and not choosing to make their conversation a pretence for accusing them, the treacherous queen pretended to have discovered a secret correspondence between them and the French ambassador, for which they were condemned to receive fifty strokes with the knout in the public market-place, to have their tongues cut out, and then to be banished to Siberia.

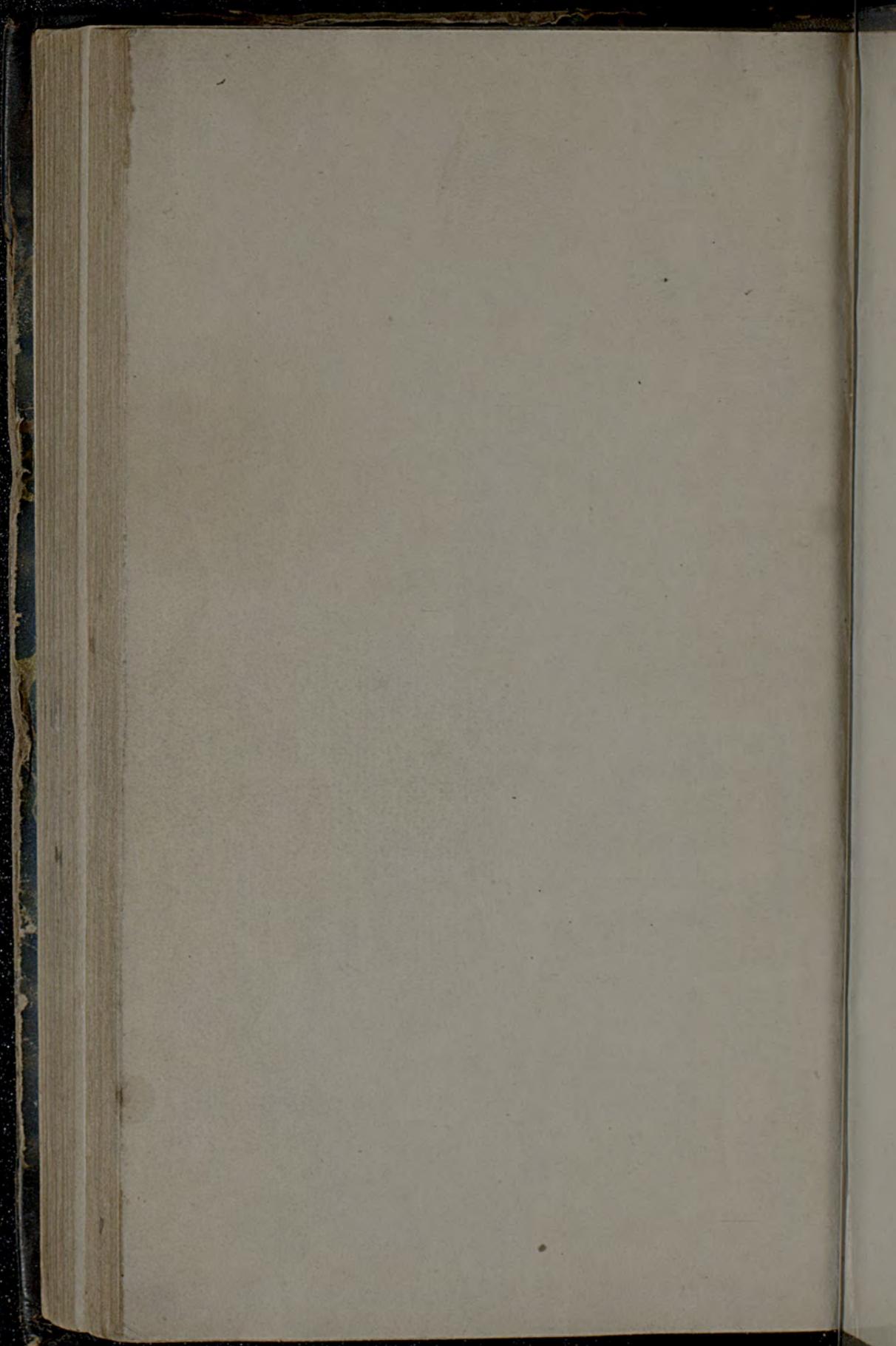
Instances like these, my beloved girls, create a kind of instinctive horror in a mind of feeling and sensibility; yet you may derive from them an instructive lesson; and whilst you observe to what an excess of depravity the human heart is capable of attaining, learn to correct the *imperfections of your own!*

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