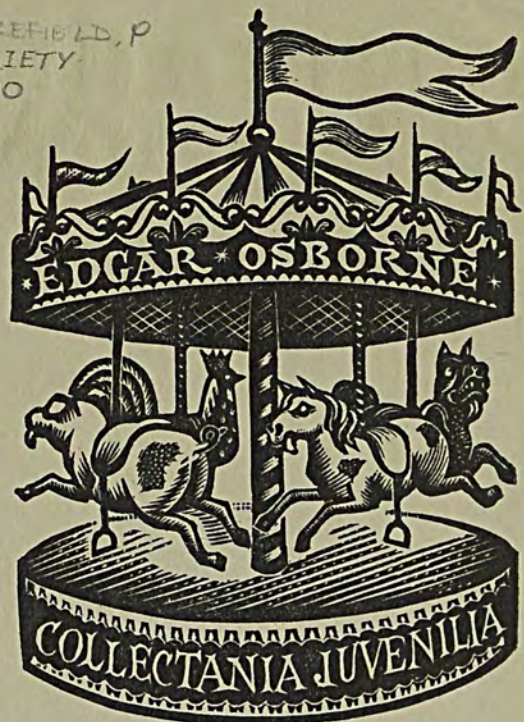




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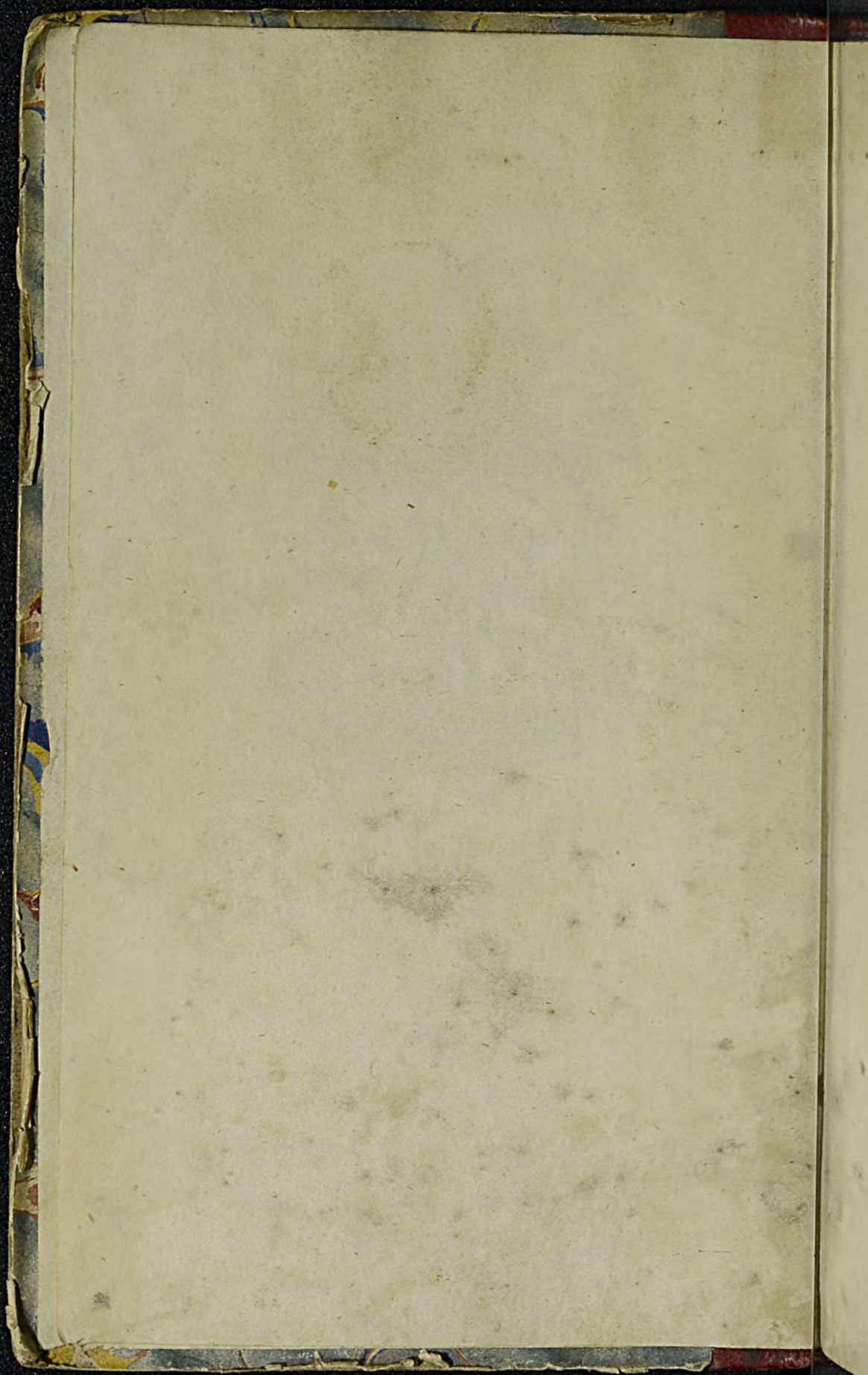
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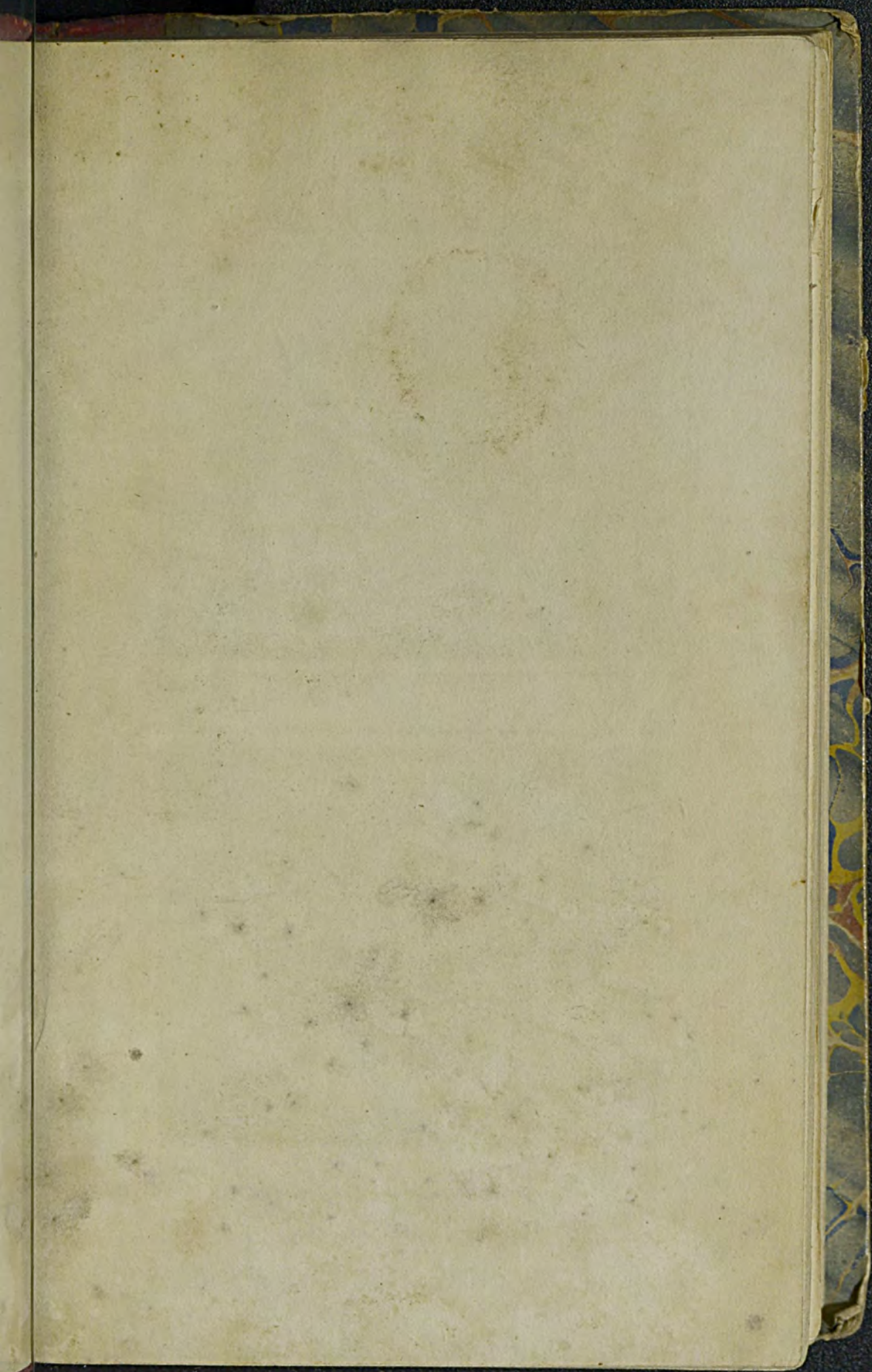
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E. W. Nesbitt

August 26th 1832

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Elijah & the Widow.



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Vicissitudes of Fortune.

London. Published by Harvey & Darton, 1830

VARIETY;
OR,
SELECTIONS AND ESSAYS,

CONSISTING OF

ANECDOTES,

Curious Facts, and interesting Narratives,

WITH

OCCASIONAL REFLECTIONS.

BY PRISCILLA WAKEFIELD.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
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INTRODUCTION.

It is natural that my young readers should desire to know some particulars of one who voluntarily comes forward to supply them with a miscellaneous collection of entertainment; and that having formed a sort of ideal acquaintance with the caterer, will give additional zest to the entertainment. I shall therefore gratify their curiosity, as far as shall be needful to produce a favourable opinion of my qualifications for the task I have undertaken.

I am the eldest daughter of a very numerous family, and received my education in the pater-

nal house, under the inspection of one of the most excellent of mothers, to whose incessant care and admirable example, I owe the foundation of any merit I may possess. From my earliest years she taught me the habit of industry, and employed me, whilst a child, to assist her in instructing my younger sisters. Being thus accustomed, from my cradle, to take an interest in the improvement of children, and to watch the progress of their understandings, I have formed an habitual attachment to youth—delight in the society of young people—and am never more agreeably employed, than in contributing to their stock of knowledge and amusement.

The universal approbation with which Miscellaneous Essays have been received by the public, has induced me to adopt a similar form, expressly applied to the service of those entering on the journey of life; as it will give me an opportunity of expressing either my own senti-

ment on any subject, or of presenting such matter as I may collect from others, adapted to my purpose, which is the improvement of youth in general, though the female sex will be the object of my peculiar attention.

Lest my juvenile acquaintance should suspect, that from years and experience, they can receive nothing but dry precepts, I can assure them, that I retain the native cheerfulness of my disposition, and am more inclined to divert, than disgust them by an ill-timed gravity. My bill of fare will consist of great variety: solid food must be prepared for the hungry, but kickshaws shall be interspersed to enliven the entertainment. To lay aside a metaphor, I shall endeavour to adapt my papers to the taste of my readers, by introducing "lively anecdotes, curious facts, or interesting narratives," that shall counterbalance a few of a more serious nature, to which, I persuade myself, they will have no objection.

Having sketched out my plan, I trust it will be received with candour and approbation, and that its ultimate design will be crowned with success.

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VARIETY.

THE

ADVANTAGES OF AN USEFUL LIFE.

THE retrospect of domestic and foreign occurrences, collected in many of the periodical publications, afford a variety of entertainment, by recording singular events, ludicrous marriages, and other odd circumstances that arise from the eccentricities of individuals; whilst, on the other hand, it supplies useful lessons concerning the vicissitudes and uncertainty of life. We there read a slight sketch of the havoc that death has made in the course of one month, amongst the old and the young, the worthy and the vile, the happy and the miserable; and frequently are we animated to a more arduous progress in the path

of virtue, by the noble example of departed excellence. Can a generous mind, at the outset of life, read the following paragraph without feeling a strong desire to become useful, to live for the good of others, and to be honoured by the public esteem.

“Died at Perth, Thomas Marshall, Esq. Provost of that city, where his name will long be remembered with affection and gratitude. His illness was originally occasioned by one of those magnanimous actions that marked his character. Seeing from a window which overlooks the river Tay, a man struggling for life in the stream, he ran across the bridge, and plunged into the water to save him. The extraordinary exertion proved fatal to himself, and brought upon him the complaint which ended only with his life.

“To his private virtues were added great activity and public spirit. His native town has been improved, ornamented, and extended in an astonishing manner, under his auspices; and the ground on which the seminaries are erected, was his gift. His death is regarded by his fellow-

citizens as a public loss. On the day of his funeral, all the shops were shut up, and ten thousand people followed him to the grave."

What an honourable testimony to the happy consequences of a well spent life! Such distinctions reflect more lustre on the individuals that obtain them, than the highest rank or titles can confer. Compare the obsequies of some profligate nobleman, who has devoted his life to the pursuit of pleasure, and spent his time and wealth in the indulgence of sensual gratification, with those of this excellent person, and a tolerable estimate may be formed of the superiority of virtue to every other consideration. The nodding plumes, the painted escutcheons, the hired mourners, follow the remains of the votary at the shrine of voluptuousness, with every appearance of grief, but without any sincere regret; whilst the heir secretly rejoices that the deceased has paid the debt to nature, and left him master of his treasures. No real grief is felt for the loss of him who lived for himself alone; whilst the ashes of the good man and public benefactor, are moistened with the tears of

those whom his bounty has relieved. The prayer of the widow and the orphan, and of the outcast ready to perish, has drawn blessings on his sick bed, and soothed the hour of death.

At that awful period can any reflection be more consoling, than that we have neglected no opportunity of doing good to our fellow-creatures? Every one cannot, like Mr. Marshall, build school-houses, enlarge towns, or save others from drowning, from want of means and opportunity; but none are so mean, so feeble, or so destitute, but, with a disposition to be kind, they may afford assistance and comfort on many occasions. A kind word, a sympathizing look, are testimonies of a good heart; and if we do not omit such opportunities of benevolence as lie within our reach, we shall stand acquitted with respect to those that are beyond our power. Let every one in his sphere feel for the sorrows of those with whom he lives, as relations, friends, and neighbours, and he will be at no loss for occasions of doing good.

The world furnishes us with many examples of the good effects of this disposition, considered

as the means of advancing a man's fortune; though this is a dishonourable motive for doing a benevolent action.

The late Lord Chedworth is supposed to have been influenced by gratitude, in the disposal of a large portion of his vast property to a mere acquaintance, who had no other claim upon his generosity than having pitied him, and shown him attention, at a time when his lordship was under disgrace, so that his equals and former associates shunned his company. When the humane feelings of this gentleman induced him to countenance one upon whom the world frowned, he was far from foreseeing that his compassion would be recompenced with two hundred thousand pounds. Though I would not be understood to recommend interested motives, as a proper incitement to the amiable virtues of kindness and good-nature, yet it must be allowed, that instances of the happy consequences of benevolence, are an encouragement to lose no opportunity of showing kindness to our fellow-creatures in all situations. Nor is this lesson any where more beautifully enforced, than in the

affecting story of the prophet Elijah and the widow of Zarephath. In their days there was a dreadful famine in the land. This poor woman's stock of provisions was nearly exhausted, and she had left her melancholy abode, in order to collect a few sticks, to make a fire to dress the last meal for herself and her son. In this immediate prospect of perishing with hunger, her humanity, and her faith in the promises of God, delivered by the prophet, not only induced her to share the scanty pittance with the stranger, but to make him a cake, before she or her son satisfied their craving appetites. This generous, humane, and pious action, did not lose its reward. The prediction of the holy man was accomplished. A miraculous supply was bestowed, not sufficient only for the support of this good woman and her beloved child, but also for the prophet, who became an inmate with her during the remaining time of scarcity; for we are told, "that the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruise of oil fail, till the Lord sent rain upon the earth." But great as was this deliverance, it was not the whole recompence of her charity

towards a stranger. Some time after, her only son, that dear child for whom she had already suffered so many anxious hours, fell ill, and so grievous was his malady, that all appearance of life was fled. In the depth of her affliction, to whom could she apply, but to the kind friend who had on a former occasion shown that power was given him from on high, to perform things beyond the course of nature. The holy man sympathized deeply with his benefactress, and without pretending to have any supernatural power within himself, prayed earnestly that the spirit might be permitted to reanimate the lifeless clay. His petition was heard, the child revived, and the prophet had the unspeakable delight of restoring the son to his happy mother, whose faith was confirmed, and her reliance on the divine power strengthened, by this happy event; besides the consciousness of a sweet reward for a disinterested action.

SURNAMES.

ONE of the recreations I most delight in, is to assemble a party of young people, and propose to them some subject that is adapted to exercise their faculties and ingenuity. I love to see the progress of my young friends, and am able to judge by these opportunities, whether their time is employed in the acquisition of knowledge, or spent in trifles that tend to no useful purpose.

My juvenile party were much diverted at our last meeting, by tracing the origin of surnames. In the early periods of society, when a small number of persons dwelt in the same community; whilst a scattered village supplied the place of a city, and a nation consisted of a small tribe only; it was easy to distinguish the members of this society by a single name. They were

generally known to each other; therefore, Abraham, Isaac, John, and Thomas, were sufficient: but as numbers increased, it became necessary to give a peculiar name to every family, that should be borne by all the individuals belonging to it, besides that which distinguished them from each other. At first the name of the father became that of all his household, whence come the surname of John, George, Thomas, William, Henry, and many more that will easily suggest themselves to remembrance. The next step was to mark the parent from the child, by adding, for the latter, the word *son* to the name of the father: thus, Thompson, Wilson, Williamson, Robinson, Robertson, Jameson, Johnson, Stephenson, Anderson, (for Andrew's son,) Phillipson, Collinson, Christopherson: others with the abbreviation of the father's name, as, Benson, Harrison, Jackson, Dickson, Dickenson, Hobson, &c.

The most illustrious families had no surnames before the twelfth century: the greatest lords expressed only the names they received at baptism, except adding, sometimes, the dignity of their

office. After the above-mentioned period, it was usual, in deeds, &c. to insert also the place of residence; and it was not till two centuries had elapsed that surnames became general in Europe.

Numbers still augmenting, further contrivances were required, and men were known by the profession or business they followed, such as Butcher, Baker, Brewer, Barber, Belman, Carpenter, Chapman, Collier, Cook, Cooper, Carter, Chandler, Dancer, Draper, Driver, Fowler, Fisher, Forester, Farmer, Glover, Gardener, Harper, Leadbeater, Merchant, Mercer, Miller, Piper, Pilgrim, Plumber, Shepherd, Smith, Singer, Taylor, Tyler, Wheeler, and others that do not occur to my recollection. As society advanced, and mankind was classed in different ranks, many assumed names from their dignity, office, or situation: as, King, Prince, Duke, Earl, Lord, Knight, Bishop, Dean, Deacon, Abbot, Prior, Monk, Friar, Nun, Chaplin, Priest, Clerk, Warder, Chamberlain, Champion, Masters, Squire, Sergeant, Steward, Burgess, Freeman, Bachelor, &c. Others were marked

by the qualities of mind or body, or some particular circumstance belonging to them; hence arose the names of Fairchild, Goodchild, Child, Wild, Good, Rich, Wise, Frank, Noble, Mildmay, Strong, Strange, Merry, Grace, Goodman, Wiseman, Fairman, Longman, Prettyman, Trueman, Smallman, Greathead, Younghusband, Cousins, Short, Long, Walker, Rider, Allright, and a long list which has escaped my memory. Others were denoted by their places of residence: as, Townsend, Church, Bridge, Chapel, Angle, Inns, Forest, Rivers, Brooks, Wood, Grove, Hill, Dale, Mountain, Banks, Heath, Ford, Meadows, Woodbridge, Woodford, Row, Gate, Style.

Natural objects, to which, perhaps, they showed attachment, supplied names to many: as, Hare, Lamb, Hog, Martin, Steer, Hawk, Sparrowhawk, Sparrow, Dove, Robins, Nightingale, Cock, Peacock, Drake, Gosling, Wren, Crane, Sperling, Tench, Salmon, Sprat, Herring, Rey, Bird, Fish, Bush, Rose, Barberry, Sycamore, Hawthorn, Pine, Vine, Flower, Hedge, Thorn, and Silverthorn, &c. We may conjecture that

the colour of their clothes gave names to others ; for who has not heard of Messrs. Brown, White, Blue, Green, Scarlet, Grey, Black, and Co. Amongst those for which we cannot account, may be reckoned such as express particular parts of the body, as Heel, Skull, Foot, Leg, &c. The cardinal points named four branches at least, probably from the situation of their habitations, North, South, East, and West. Materials furnished either by nature or art were adopted for the names of men ; for example, take Gold, Silver, Iron, Wood, Clay, Glass, Cotton, and Silk. Others seem chosen with reference to property : as, Chippenfield, Streetfield, and Wakefield, with many others that end with the same termination ; or the word *land*, as, Strickland, Morland, Noland, Bigland, &c. Those who had emigrated from their native country, or were fondly attached to it, adopted it as a surname : whence French, Scot, Welsh, Moor, Briton, Norman, London, Derby, Windsor, York, Rochester, Wiltshire, &c.

Multitudes of surnames sufficiently common, appear the result of arbitrary choice, for the sake

of the sound; though, perhaps, many of them had a significancy, when first applied as a distinction, which by length of time is forgotten.

The names of men in other countries, we may suppose, are derived from the same circumstances, though not so easily explained, from our ignorance of their language and manners.

Something more than mere amusement may be gained from this long string of names. It is obvious that many families who now live in splendour, have descended from a stock employed in menial offices; and those who were highest in rank, have sunk into a state of poverty. It is far from an improbable supposition, that Mr. Collier and Mrs. Cook may extend the hand of charity to the ragged children of Kings and Bishops. The descendants of Mr. Rich may occupy a workhouse, whilst those of Mr. Noland may occupy a large estate. All things are given to change: families and kingdoms rise and fall like the tide. Those names that were at first well adapted to their owners, may, considered as significant, be in time ridiculous. A fool would ill-become the name of Wiseman, or one re-

markable for deformity that of Prettyman. Still less the hardened sinner, that of Goodman or Thoroughgood.

Some of my friends have given the name of great men to their children, a custom that has something pleasing, and which may operate as a sort of pledge for imitating the model daily sounded in their ears; but should they perversely take the opposite course, the name is a tacit reproach.

It would not be amiss, were those who are decorated with the names of great and honourable men, obliged to exchange them for more appropriate appellations, as soon as they disgrace them by mean and base conduct; but this might cause some confusion, they must therefore be left to draw a comparison between themselves and their noble namesakes.

In the fanatical days of Oliver Cromwell, it was much in vogue amongst the self-deluded saints, to change their names from Henry, Anthony, or Edward, which they regarded as heathenish, into others more sanctified and godly to their apprehensions. Even the names bor-

rowed from the New Testament were not held in such esteem as those of the Old. Hezekiah, Habbakuk, and Zerobabel, were preferred to James, Andrew, John, and Peter. In their earnestness to be considered Puritans, they sometimes assumed a whole sentence as a first name. Hume, in a note, gives an example of this absurdity, in the names of a jury, said to have been enclosed in the county of Sussex, at that period, which are too droll to be omitted.

Assumed Names.	Real Names, and place of abode.
Accepted,	Trevor of Norsham.
Redeemed,	Compton of Battle.
Faint not,	Hewit of Heathfield.
Make Peace,	Heaton of Hare.
God Revived,	Smart of Twohurst.
Stand fast on high,	Stringer of Crowhurst.
Earth,	Adams of Wartleton.
Called,	Lower of the same.
Kill Sin,	Punple of Witham.
Return,	Spelman of Watting.
Be Faithful,	Joiner of Britting.

Assumed Names.	Real Names, and place of abode.
Fly Debate.	Roberts of the same.
Fight the good fight of Faith,	White of Emer.
More Fruit,	Fowler of East Hadley.
Hope for,	Bending of the same.
Graceful,	Herding of Lewes.
Weep not,	Billing of the same.
Meek,	Brewer of Oakham.

The choice of names, in many cases, have been dictated by whim, as in the instance of a gentleman whose surname was Champaigne, and had his son christened Burgundy; an union adapted only to a votary of Bacchus.

The fruiterer to George the Third was named Savage Bear, a ferocious combination that good taste would certainly have avoided.

It has been usual in most countries, for monarchs to have been distinguished by appellations expressive of their character, country, or personal qualities. We have had Edmund Ironside; William the Norman; William Rufus, from his red hair; Richard Cœur de Lion;

Henry Beauclerc, from his learning, &c. The French, Philip le Bel; Lewis le Debonnaire; and, above all, Lewis the Twelfth, who was dignified by the glorious title of Father of his People.

ANGER.

EXCESSIVE anger, or what is vulgarly called *passion*, is a weakness to which most, on very provoking occasions, are subject, and which it is the earnest endeavour of the wise to restrain.

Besides the prohibitions of the law that enjoins meekness and patience, many have been the means adopted to subdue this propensity, which attacks so suddenly as to leave scarcely any time to oppose it. I remember reading a fairy tale, many years ago, in which one of these imaginary beings is said to have contrived an ingenious expedient for checking the sudden bursts of anger habitual to a young monarch, who, though he had humanity and good intentions, was continually led into serious errors by this one fault, which took him, as may be said, by force, without giving him leisure for one mo-

ment's reflection. The fairy knew that was all that was wanting, as he sincerely wished to correct this defect. She therefore appointed, by her supernatural power, that whenever a gust of passion was rising in his bosom, a crystal vase, filled with pure water, should be wafted to his mouth, by four winged, rosy boys; and that he should sip three times of the water, resting a few moments between each sip. This gave the hasty prince an interval for reflection, and when he had time to listen to reason, he found no difficulty in subduing the enemy.

A very extraordinary method was chosen for the same purpose by an honest cooper, whose death was announced some time ago in the Monthly Magazine. This man found great difficulty in repelling the risings of anger, and was determined to find some means that should effectually restrain the consequences of his passion; he therefore provided a coffin, which he kept a long time ready prepared to receive his remains whenever he should want it, and as often as a fit of passion came on, he laid himself down in it, till the awful thoughts that this situation

suggested, cooled his violence ; and when he became calm, he rose and returned to his business.

Could any one in the utmost height of passion, be fully sensible of the shortness and uncertainty of life, and the small importance the matter that vexes him will have, in a period not far distant, there are few that would not instantly come to their senses, and at least keep their anger within the bounds of moderation.

It is a great misfortune when two persons between whom there is any subject of dispute, are angry at the same time. One of the two, at least, should be reasonable ; and he shows his superior wisdom, who, instead of irritating his adversary, endeavours to appease him.

A married couple, of considerable consequence, were once playing at piquet : the luck ran against the lady, who was very passionate, till she lost all patience, and forgetting her rank, the delicacy of her sex, and the affectionate respect she owed her husband, she rose hastily and gave him a box on the ear. Astonishment was the first emotion he felt, but subduing the sensations of anger which naturally followed, he immediately threw the

cards into the fire, saying, they should never again interrupt their harmony ; then, with an irresistible look of tenderness, he took her in his arms, and gave her a kiss.

She must have been of an obdurate nature, if she had not been won by such kindness. Her fault appeared to her in its true light. She was overwhelmed with confusion, and falling on her knees, besought him to forgive her. A reconciliation soon followed, which might justly be attributed to his coolness and condescension. Had he resented the insult she had offered to him with equal warmth, it is very likely that a separation would have ensued. In the commerce of life, there is no quality more valuable, than such a command of temper as gives the greatest advantage to the possessor in every contest. This rare attainment must be cultivated in youth, before the passions are grown too strong to be curbed, or there will be very little prospect of success. A generous nature often accompanies warmth of temper, which has made too many people who are subject to this defect, satisfied with themselves, by the idea that it is more

amiable to be passionate than sulky or malicious; but these are only comparative evils, and the nature of passion is not altered by such false reasoning. In the momentary paroxysms of this mental disease, how many, by one rash action, have laid the foundation for years of sorrow.

The unfortunate Earl Ferrars, who, in the prime of youthful manhood, forfeited his life to the laws of his country, was brought into that dreadful situation by a gust of passion, in which he shot his steward. Many other instances might be collected of the fatal consequences of this dangerous propensity; but enough has been said to prove, that he who suspends the use of his reason but for a moment, may lament the consequences to the end of his days.

MUNGO PARK.

THE world is apt to place enjoyment in riches, grandeur, honours, and the indulgences of a voluptuous life. Nice observers of their own feelings, however, will perceive that comfort is to be derived from many other sources, which, though less glaring, are not the less solid, and lie more within the attainment of the great bulk of mankind. The best gifts of heaven are generally health, light, air, fresh water, and a view of the visible creation, which are blessings daily enjoyed by millions of all ranks and circumstances. The same principle governs with respect to intellectual pleasures. Great talents are the portion of a few, but the satisfactions that arise from a well-regulated mind, are open to all who are not corrupted by bad example, or an ill-directed education. Amongst these pure sources of happi-

ness, may justly be estimated an habitual trust in the protection of Divine Providence, which will serve as a shield in the most trying moments of distress; and a taste for the beauties of nature, which tends to illustrate his wisdom, power, and goodness. These united have formed the consolation of many wise and good persons, in solitude, old age, and obscurity; which shows the advantage of cultivating these dispositions in early youth, as a means for providing a store against that period, in which pleasures of a grosser kind lose their zest.

As I love to confirm the truth of my remarks by some example, I shall conclude this paper with an anecdote extracted from the travels of Mungo Park, who attempted to explore the uncultivated parts of Africa, in order to gain a knowledge of their inhabitants, and open a way for their civilization.

At a moment when he seemed bereft of all human help, he drew consolation from a train of reflections, of which the origin would appear, to many thoughtless, inattentive persons, trifling and insignificant. He had just been met, and

plundered of every convenience he had provided for his accommodation during his long and dangerous journey, by a horde of the untaught savages who dwell in these deserts, and was left in the most forlorn situation imaginable, which he describes in such an affectionate manner, I shall quote his own words.

“Whichever way I turned,” says he, “I saw myself in the midst of a vast wilderness, in the depth of a rainy season; naked and alone, surrounded by savage animals, and by men still more savage. I was five hundred miles from any European settlement. All these circumstances crowded at once on my recollection; and I confess that my spirits began to fail me. I considered my fate as certain, and that I had no alternative but to lie down and perish.” In such deplorable circumstances there seemed indeed but little room for hope; but the traveller adds, “The influence of religion, however, aided and supported me. I reflected, that no human prudence or foresight could possibly have averted my sufferings. I was a stranger in a strange land; yet I was under the protecting eye of that

Providence who has condescended to call himself the stranger's friend.

“At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss in fructification, irresistibly caught my attention. I mention this, to show *from what trifling circumstances the mind will sometimes derive consolation*; for though the whole plant was not longer than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots, leaves, and capsula, without admiration.

“Can that Being, thought I, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after his own image? Surely not! Reflections like these would not allow me to despair. I started up, and disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forwards, assured that relief was at hand, and I was not disappointed.”

Had this man had no faith in the providence of God, it is most probable that he would have

fallen a victim to despair. Had he not had the habit of admiring the objects of creation, it is hardly likely he would have seen the moss, which suggested those ideas that gave him fortitude to use the means of overcoming his difficulties.

From this striking instance of deliverance we may learn, that there is no situation so deplorable as to exclude hope on reasonable exertions, which, under the divine blessing, may change the gloomiest prospects into sunshine.

SINGULAR VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE.

THE interest of novels and romances turns upon extraordinary and unexpected events. The heroes of the piece are frequently raised to the height of prosperity, or sunk into the depth of adversity. Yet there are few vicissitudes introduced into the works of fiction, that are not to be found in the circumstances of real life; for the trials of individuals are often as affecting, and far more instructive, than the many improbable adventures invented merely to amuse, and which mostly mislead by giving false views, and a false estimate, of the enjoyments and privations of our present existence. In order to convince my young readers that they may reap as much entertainment from anecdotes of real personages, as from those of imagination, I shall mention a few that I have selected for the purpose.

Can any imaginary love tale excite more sympathy and compassion, than the misfortunes of the innocent Arabella Stewart, daughter of the Earl of Lenox, who was younger brother to Lord Darnley, father to James the First? Her near relationship to the crown excited the jealousy of both Elizabeth and James, and construed her attachment to Sir William Seymour, afterwards Marquis of Hertford, into a crime.

A suspicion having arisen that the object of a conspiracy, for which Sir Walter Raleigh suffered, was to place this young lady on the throne, caused her to be confined to her own house; but their mutual affection outstripped the vigilance of her guards, and they contrived to be privately married. The discovery of the wedding was disastrous to both. He was committed to the Tower, and she to close custody, under the guardianship of Sir Thomas Parry at Lambeth, but was afterwards removed to Mr. Conier's house near Highgate. Whilst in this family, her engaging manners and submission to the authority of her keeper, so won his confidence, as to give her an opportunity of concerting a

plan with her husband to escape both on the same day, June 3d, 1611. The first part of their projects was successful; but it terminated most unfortunately, as is related in Winwood's Memorials, which I shall give in his words, making no alteration, but modernizing the spelling. Having disguised herself, by drawing a pair of great French-fashioned hose over her petticoats, putting on a man's doublet, a man-like peruke, with long locks, over her hair, a black hat, black cloak, russet boots with red tops, and a rapier by her side, she walked forth, between three and four of the clock, with Mr. Markham. After they had gone on foot a mile and a half to a sorry inn, where Crompton attended with their horses, she grew very sick and faint, so that the hostler who held the stirrup said, that gentleman would hardly hold out to London. Yet being set on a good gelding, astride, in an unwonted fashion, the stirring of the horse brought blood into her face, and so she rid on towards Blackwall; where, arriving about six o'clock, finding there in readiness two men, a gentlewoman, and a chambermaid, with one boat

full of Mr. Seymour's and her trunks, and another boat for their persons, they hasted from thence towards Woolwich. Being come so far, they bade the watermen row on to Gravesend. There the watermen were desirous to land, but for a double freight were contented to go on to Lee; yet, being almost tired by the way, they were fain to lie still at Tilbury, whilst the oars went on land to refresh themselves. Then they proceeded to Lee, and by that time the day appeared, and they discovered a ship at anchor a mile beyond them, which was the French bark that waited for them. Here the lady would have lain at anchor, expecting Mr. Seymour; but through the importunity of her followers, they forthwith hoisted sail to seawards.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Seymour, with a peruke and beard of black hair, and in a tawny cloth suit, walked alone, without suspicion, from his lodging, out at the great west door of the Tower, following a cart that had brought him billets. From thence he walked along by the tower wharf, by the warders of the south gate, and so to the iron gate, where Rodney was ready

with oars to receive him. When they came to Lee, and found that the French ship was gone, the billows rising very high, they hired a fisherman for twenty shillings, to set them aboard a certain ship that they saw under sail. The ship they found not to be it they looked for, so they made forwards to the next under sail, which was a ship of Newcastle. This, with much ado, they hired for forty pounds, to carry them to Calais; but whether the collier did perform his bargain or no, is not as yet known.

On Tuesday in the afternoon, my lord treasurer being advertised that the lady Arabella had made an escape, sent forthwith to the lieutenant of the tower to set strait guard over Mr. Seymour; which he, after his *yare* manner, would thoroughly do, that he would; but coming to the prisoner's lodgings, he found, to his great amazement, that he was gone from thence one whole day before. Now the king and the lords being much disturbed at this unexpected accident, my lord treasurer sent orders to a pinnace that lay at the Downs, to put presently to sea, first to Calais Road, and then to scour up the

coast towards Dunkirk. This pinnace espying the aforesaid French bark, which lay lingering for Mr. Seymour, made to her, which thereupon offered to fly towards Calais, and endured thirteen shot of the pinnace, before she would strike. In this bark is the lady taken prisoner, with her followers, and brought back towards the Tower; not so sorry for her own restraint, as she would be glad if Mr. Seymour might escape, whose welfare she protesteth to affect more than her own.—So far our ancient author.

Mr. Seymour reached Dunkirk in safety, and lived to be restored to the honours of his family, and became the faithful adherent of Charles the First. His unhappy wife languished four years in the Tower, brooding over her misfortunes, which, at length, deprived her of reason, till death released her from a life of misery; and, from the innocence of her character, we may trust she was admitted into that happy region, where all tears are wiped from the eye, and all sorrows lost in unfading joy.

The vicissitudes in the life of Jane, Duchess of Northumberland, can scarcely be exceeded by the most fertile imagination. She was descended from an honourable family, and married John, Duke of Northumberland, the ambitious father-in-law of Lady Jane Gray, and one of the greatest men of that age. She lived to see his schemes of aggrandizement overthrown, and his head severed from his body on the scaffold, as the punishment of his aspiring enterprises. She saw her son, the Lord Guildford Dudley, and his amiable, innocent consort, the Lady Jane Gray, suffer the same ignominious death; from which another son was rescued, only by his dying in prison; and the rest of her numerous progeny, living, as it were, by permission. As a wife and mother, what situation can be conceived more wretched, except the additional misery of poverty, to which she was reduced, by the confiscation of her property.

The firmness of her mind never deserted her in the time of her affliction, nor does she appear to have shown less stability of character when a happy change of circumstances followed these

misfortunes. Through the interest of some of the nobility, the queen reinstated her in part of her former possessions; and such was the wisdom and prudence of her conduct, that she was enabled to restore her desolated family, under the rule of the jealous, cruel, and tyrannic Mary. It is remarkable, that her surviving children were distinguished by the prosperity and honour that attended them. Ambrose was restored to the title of Earl of Warwick, and enjoyed many other benefits and preferments; Robert was created Earl of Leicester, and became one of queen Elizabeth's prime ministers; and her daughter Mary was the mother of the accomplished Sir Philip Sidney.

As some parts of her will strongly mark her turn of mind, besides affording a curious specimen of the manners of the age, I shall transcribe an extract or two from it.

To Sir Henry Sydney she bequeathed the gold and green hangings in the gallery at Chelsea, with the arms of her lord, and those of her own family. To her daughter, Mary Sydney, her gown of black barred velvet, furred with sables;

and a gown with a high back, of fair wrought velvet. To her daughter Catherine Hastings, a gown of purple velvet, a summer gown, and a kirtle of new purple velvet, and sleeves belonging to the suit. To Elizabeth, daughter to Lord Cobham, a gown of black barred velvet, furred with lizards. To the Duchess of Alva, her green parrot, having nothing else worthy for her. From these legacies, we may infer that an expensive suit descended from one generation to another, and that the changes of fashion were not in those times in an hundredth degree so variable as at present. The remaining extracts show that her sorrows had greatly humbled her, and tended to prepare her for that awful moment, that will unveil the most secret thoughts and propensities of the heart, and show us as we really are.

“ My will,” says she, “ is earnestly and effectually, that little solemnitie be made for me; for I had ever have a thousand foldes my debts to be paide, and the poor to be given unto, than any pompe to be showed upon my wretched carkes; therefore to the wormes will I goe, as I have

afore wrytten in all pointes, as you will answer yt afore God. And you breke any one jot of it, your wills hereafter may chaunce be as well broken." These solemn injunctions were, however, disobeyed, either by the affection or pride of her children; for she was buried with great parade, two heralds attending, with many mourners, six dozen of torches, and two white branches; and a canopy borne over her effigies in wax, carried in a handsome hearse, to the family vault at Chelsea, where she lies interred.

The life of Sir Richard Stainer would furnish good materials for a fiction of the marvellous kind, especially if the vicissitudes which befel his heirs are united with it. He was the commander of a ship of war during the protectorship of Cromwell, and distinguished himself by several gallant actions. In 1656, having three frigates under his command, he fell in with the Spanish flota, consisting of eight sail. Notwithstanding the disproportion of numbers, he attacked them,

and with such success, that in the space of a few hours he burnt one, sunk a second, captured two, and drove two on shore. The treasure on board his prizes amounted to 600,000*l.* sterling. His riches did not abate his activity in the line of his profession: the next year, in company with Admiral Blake, who had the chief command, he attacked and destroyed the Spanish flota in the Bay of Santa Cruz; an act so miraculous, says Clarendon, "that all who know the place, wondered how any man, with what courage soever endowed, could have undertaken it. Indeed, they could hardly persuade themselves to believe what they had done; whilst the Spaniards comforted themselves with the *superstitious* belief, that they were devils, and not men, who had destroyed their ships."

Stainer's bravery was rewarded by Cromwell with knighthood, and the dignity of a vice-admiral. He received additional honours from Charles the Second, whom he attended on his return to England. Death shortly deprived him of the enjoyment of his titles and wealth. Having no children, he bequeathed his large property to his

brother, who, by involving himself in a law-suit, lost the greater part of it, and sunk into poverty. His son, the nephew and representative of the distinguished, admired, and wealthy Sir Richard Stainer, was some years ago a pauper in Birmingham work-house.

Richard Lovelace, sometimes called Colonel Lovelace, was also a singular instance of the great transitions to which the most prosperous situations are exposed. After leaving Oxford, where the beauty of his person, and the variety of his accomplishments, procured him general esteem and admiration, he entered into the army; and having faithfully served his unfortunate master, Charles the First, he afterwards entered into the service of the French king, and was wounded at the siege of Dunkirk. He, however, recovered, and returned to England, where he found his beautiful mistress, Lady Sacheverel, who had supposed that he was dead, married to another; and his attachment to his

sovereign having rendered him obnoxious to the powers who then had the ascendancy, he was thrown into prison; from which having obtained a release, he wandered about in rags and poverty; and being broken down both in mind and fortune, died in obscure lodgings, in Gunpowder Alley, Shoe Lane.

The fickle goddess (Fortune) does not always abuse her power, by hurling down those to an abyss of misfortunes, whom she has first raised to the height of prosperity: she sometimes reverses her capricious decrees, and restores the unfortunate to affluence and comfort, as in the instance of Mrs. Anne Dash, better known by the name of Tolson. This lady having been twice married, was, in her second widowhood, reduced to narrow circumstances, and obliged to set up a boarding-school, as a means of procuring a livelihood; but blindness having disqualified her for that employment, she became an object of charity. In the meantime, Dr. Caleb Cotesworth,

a physician, who had married a relation of Mrs. Tolson's, died, having amassed, in the course of his practice, 150,000*l.*; the greater part of which, being 120,000*l.*, he left to his wife, who surviving only a few hours, died without a will, and her large fortune was divided between Mrs. Tolson and two others, as the nearest of kin. With a due sense of this deliverance from a state of humiliation and uncertainty, she appropriated, by a deed of gift, the sum of 5000*l.*, to be expended after her decease in building and endowing an alms-house at Isleworth, for six poor men, and the same number of women. What a transition must pass in the breast of this lady, from receiving a support from the bounty of others, to have been enabled to break her bread to the hungry, to have clothed the naked, and to have dispensed a permanent liberality to those unborn.

ON THE GRATITUDE OF DOMESTICS.

VIRTUE, in every form, is lovely and imposing; but the endearing qualities of fidelity and gratitude claim particular regard; as they express not only a sense of duty in those who practise them, but seem to flow spontaneously from the heart. A man may be honest, because he ought to be so, and because the laws will compel him to be so. Another speaks the truth, or is sober, from respectable motives; but he who is faithful and grateful, is so, because he is attached to his benefactor, and is impressed with a strong sense of the benefits he has received.

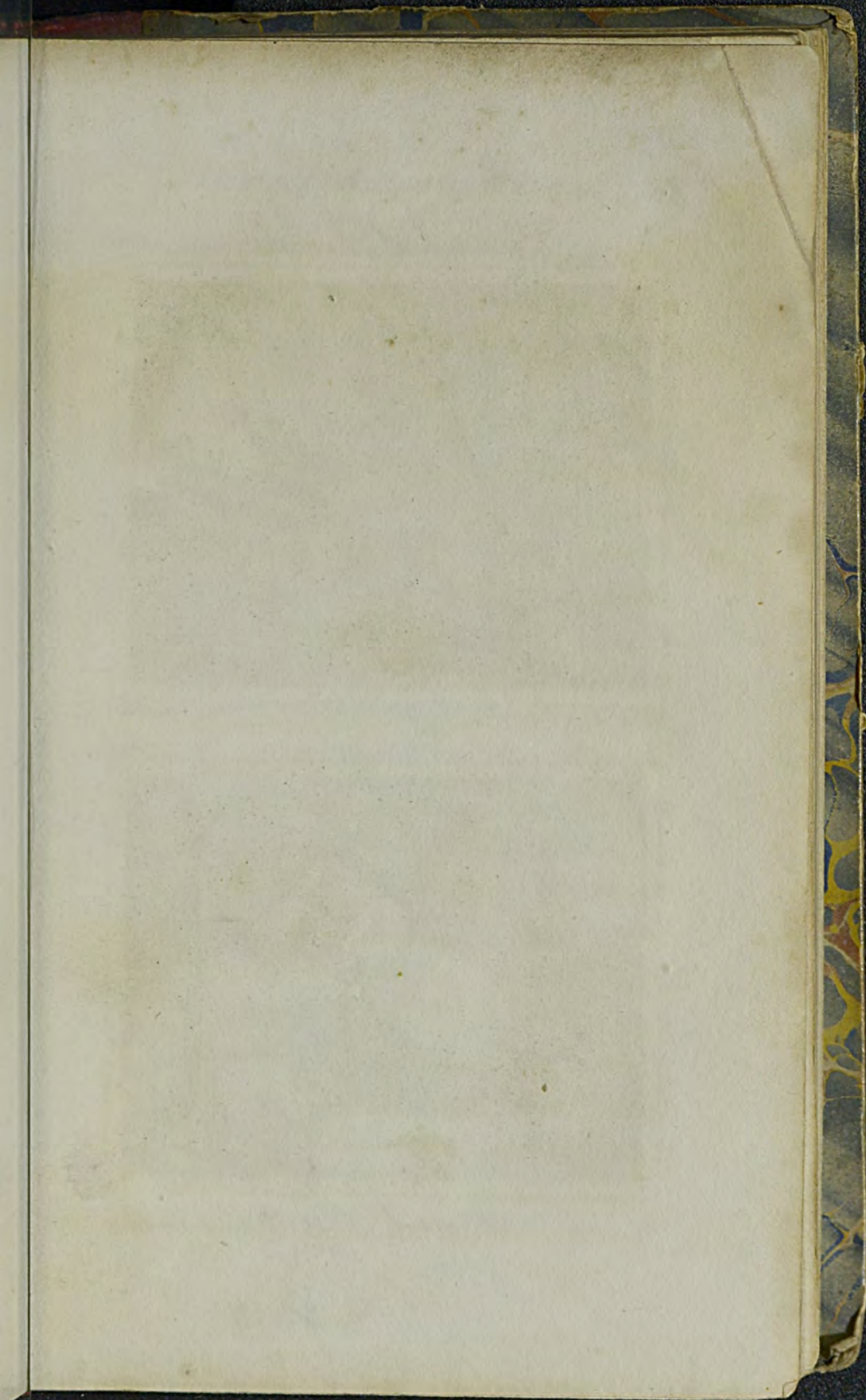
The wise Author of our nature has so connected men with each other, that no one lives for himself alone. He that is most rich and powerful, depends upon his fellow-creatures for a thousand comforts, which his wealth, however great,

could never procure for him in a solitary desert. The labouring hand, of every class, looks to the opulent for the reward of his toil, and assistance in the time of difficulty.

The relative connexions of magistrate and subject, parent and child, husband and wife, master and servant, mutually depend on each other for happiness and the performance of reciprocal duties, which opens a large field for the exercise of gratitude. History furnishes many striking examples of heroes who have devoted themselves to death, in the service of their country, as a grateful tribute for the benefits they have derived from it. The desire of transmitting a celebrated name to posterity, probably, had some influence in those illustrious deeds. Domestic life, though a less distinguished theatre of action, is fruitful in virtuous deeds which flow from a less suspected source; as, from their privacy, they cannot attract admiration, beyond the circle of those who are immediately concerned in them; and are of the highest value, from the frequent opportunities of performing them, and being within the reach of the lowest classes.

In civilized society the different degrees of master and servant are unavoidable: those who abound in wealth, will not labour; and those who are destitute, gladly exchange their industry for a share of the good things possessed by their neighbours. At the first view, this order of things excites pity for those who are obliged to devote their time and talents to the service of others; and their lot is considered as less fortunate than that of their employers: but, on further reflection, this variety of stations is a means of calling forth the most amiable dispositions in both parties: kindness and tender consideration, from the masters towards their servants; and fidelity and gratitude, from them to their benefactors and protectors.

Though an undistinguishing outcry of the ingratitude of servants is a common topic of discourse, it by no means follows that it is a universal fault. The want of it may often be attributed to a defect of education; a strong jealousy that prevails between the two ranks; and the inconsiderate unkindness of superiors, who too seldom think of cultivating a lasting friend-



Gratitude of Domeskis.



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Personal Exertion. Archimedes.

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ship with them. Inmates of a day, can they feel a strong regard for the interests of a master or a mistress, who will discharge them for the most trifling fault; and perhaps, for a hasty word, throw a helpless girl unprotected on the wide world? Numerous instances might be collected of servants, who, from kind treatment, have formed the strongest attachment to their masters, and have shown it at the risk of every thing that was valuable to them. Two shall suffice, as a proof that it is well worth the endeavour to win the regard of those people whom we proudly call our inferiors; though events may so turn out, as to convince us that we stand as much in need of their friendship, as they do of ours.

A gentleman was travelling, with his valet de chambre, in a sledge, through one of the extensive forests in Poland, when they were suddenly attacked by a number of wolves, which leaped furiously at the carriage. The servant, who instantly perceived that either he or the gentleman must fall a victim to their fury, exclaimed, "Protect my wife and children;" and without hesitation rushed into the midst of them, pe-

rished in a moment, and by this generous act saved his master, who fled from the danger, by driving on with the greatest rapidity.

When M. Barthelemy was sent, with several others, into banishment to Cayenne, his servant, Le Tellier, came running up, as he was getting into the carriage, with an order from the Directory, permitting him to accompany his master. He delivered it to Augereau, who, having read it, said: "You are determined, then, to share the fate of these men, who are lost for ever. Whatever events await them, be assured they will never return." "My mind is made up," answered Le Tellier; "I shall be but too happy to share the misfortunes of my master." "Well, then," replied Augereau, "go, fanatic, and perish with him:" at the same time adding: "Soldiers, let this man be watched as closely as these miscreants."

Le Tellier threw himself on his knees before his master, who felt exquisite pleasure, at this awful moment, to press so affectionate a friend to his bosom. This worthy fellow continued to show the same courage and attachment during

the voyage, and after they arrived at Cayenne; and was treated as an equal and companion, not by his master only, but by the companions of his exile.

There can be no doubt that the groundwork of the strong regard of these two domestics for their masters, was the kind conduct they had received from them: for who ever loved either a tyrant, or thoughtless, domineering fool, whose only consideration was the gratification of the present moment, without entering into the feelings or sufferings of those who minister to his pleasures? The Spanish grandees give a fine example of that gratitude that is due for faithful services: they seldom discharge a servant that is grown old, or disabled from performing his usual business; and in Spain, it is not extraordinary to see nobles impoverished by the great number of aged servants, transmitted, like an hereditary estate, from father to son, whom they maintain in all the comforts their declining years require.

SELECT EPITAPHS.

It is a common observation, that the affection or vanity of survivors, often flatter those who are no longer in a condition to receive gratification from fine compliments, by inscribing on their tombs a list of virtues, to which, when living, they had but a slender claim. In many instances this may be true, yet I am inclined to believe, that the living may gain advantage from the incense offered to the dead; and that it is often desirable to preserve the remembrance of an excellent or extraordinary character in an epitaph, as an example to survivors.

The records of the dead are by no means an un instructive lesson: they teach us the shortness of life, and the certainty of death; truths well known before we enter the church-yard, yet the

revival of them is at least wholesome. Nor can we examine the rude tombs of the most obscure burying-ground, without being forcibly struck with the number of those, who are either suddenly snatched away, or cut off in the bloom of life.

Impressed with the instructive tendency of such testimonials to deceased virtue, I have selected a few from Mr. Lyson's account of the Environs of London, for the benefit of my readers, who will, I trust, forgive me for having chosen a subject of such a sombre hue.

The celebrated Lord Bolingbroke spent the latter part of his life in elegant retirement, in the house of his ancestors at Battersea. His second wife was widow of the Marquis de Vilette, and niece of the accomplished Madame de Maintenon. She died a short time before her husband, and lies buried in the same vault with him in Battersea church; where, on the north wall, is a monument to their joint memory. The inscription on the lady I shall transcribe, as a model of female excellence:

In the same vault are interred the remains of
 MARY CLARA DES CHAMPS DE MARCELLY,
 Marchioness of Vilette, and Viscountess Bolingbroke,
 of a noble family,
 bred in the court of Louis Fourteenth.
 She reflected a lustre on the former, by the superior accom-
 plishments of her mind ;
 she was an ornament to the latter,
 by the amiable dignity and grace of her behaviour.
 She lived
 the honour of her own sex,
 the delight and admiration of ours :
 she died
 an object of imitation to both,
 with all the firmness that reason, with all the resignation
 that religion, can inspire,
 aged 74, the 18th of March,
 1750.

Dr. Parr was chaplain to Archbishop Usher:
 his monument is in Camberwell church-yard:
 the inscription upon it describes so much virtue
 in a concise manner, as to afford an instructive
 lesson to public teachers of every sect. After
 mentioning the death of his wife is added :

Here also lieth her husband,
 RICHARD PARR, D. D.
 Vicar of this place almost thirty-eight years,
 Ob. November 2nd, 1691.

He was in preaching, constant ;
 in life, exemplary ;
 in piety and charity, most eminent ;
 a lover of peace and hospitality ;
 and, in fine,
 a true disciple of Jesus Christ.

Lawyers may receive some instruction from
 the following honourable testimony to one of
 their profession, who lies at Cheam in Surrey.

Sacred to the memory
 of the Honourable
 SIR JOSEPH YATES, KNIGHT,
 of Peel Hall, in Lancashire,
 successively a judge of the courts of King's Bench and
 Common Pleas ;
 whose merit advanced him to the seat of justice,
 which he filled with the most distinguished abilities, and
 invincible integrity.
 He died the 7th day of June, 1770,
 in the 48th year of his age,
 leaving the world to lament the loss of an honest man and
 able judge,
 firm to assert,
 and strenuous to support,
 the laws and constitution
 of his country.

Let the young and amiable drop a tear of sympathy on the tomb of John Ayton Thompson, a youth of fifteen, whose virtues are commemorated by Murphy, in these lines :

If in the morn of life each winning grace,
The converse sweet, the mind illumin'd face,
The lively wit that charm'd with early art,
And mild affections streaming from the heart :
If these, loved youth, could check the hand of fate,
Thy matchless worth had claim'd a longer date ;
But thou art blest, while here we heave the sigh ;
Thy death is virtue wafted to the sky.
Yet still thy image fond affection keeps,
The sire remembers, and the mother weeps ;
Still the friend grieves, who saw thy vernal bloom,
And here, sad task, inscribes it on thy tomb.

Filial piety is exemplified in the following lines, written by the daughter of Mrs. Anne Cooper, who is interred at Pancras :

Ah ! shade rever'd, this frail memorial take,
'Tis all, alas ! thy sorrowing child can make,
On this faint stone, to mark thy parent worth,
And claim the spot that holds thy sainted earth.
This clay-cold shrine, the corpse enshrouded here,
This holy hillock bathed with many a tear ;

These kindred flow'rs that o'er thy bosom grow,
Fed by the precious dust that lies below ;
E'en these rude branches that embrace thy head,
And the green sod that forms thy sacred bed ;
Are richer, dearer to this filial heart,
Than all the monuments of proudest art.
Yet, yet a little, and thy child shall come
To join a mother in this decent tomb.
This only spot of all the world is mine,
And soon my dust, sweet shade ! shall mix with thine.

The epitaph on Lady Berry's monument in Stepney church-yard, forms a striking contrast to the assuming airs of a dashing female of the modern ton.

Come, ladies, ye that would appear
Like angels fine, come dress you here ;
Come dress you at this marble stone,
And make this humble grave your own ;
Which once adorn'd as fair a mind,
As e'er yet lodged in woman kind.
So she was dress'd, whose humble life
Was free from pride, was free from strife ;
Free from all envious brawls and jars,
Of human life the civil wars ;
These ne'er disturbed her peaceful mind,
Which still was gentle, still was kind.

Her very looks, her garb, her mien,
 Disclosed the humble soul within.
 Trace her through every scene of life,
 View her as widow, virgin, wife;
 Still the same, humble she appears,
 The same in youth, the same in years;
 The same in low and high estate,
 Ne'er vexed with this, ne'er moved with that.
 Go, ladies, now, and if you'd be,
 As fair, as great, and good as she,
 Go learn of her humility.

The elegant inscription on the tomb of Mrs. Newte, written by her husband, is not a testimony to her excellence only, but also to his affection.

I weep on earth, while thy triumphant soul,
 Best, dearest, lovely friend, is lifted high,
 To taste the peace of heaven, reserved alone
 For those like thee who live, like thee who die.

Thy eye was intellect, thy lip was love;
 Soon was the blessing from my bosom torn,
 When scarce possess'd, tho' innocence was thine,
 Mild as the lucid softness of the morn.

Yet was not innocence alone thy praise,
 'Twas virtue, active as the living fire
 That gilds the earth; 'twas charity divine,
 Bright like the bounty of thy matchless sire.

Bless'd be the day when love oppos'd thy fate,
Whose fond caress held back thy parting breath,
And in the tott'ring hour of mortal pain,
Which sooth'd with sympathy the pangs of death.

The word of the all-ruling God is past,
And now farewell, sweet partner of my life,
I must not mourn th' irreparable stroke :
Heav'n gains an angel, while I lose a wife.

The following, written by Gray, on Mrs. Jane Clerke, displays forcibly the virtues of a matron :

Lo ! where this silent marble weeps,
A friend, a wife, a mother sleeps ;
A heart, within whose sacred cell
The peaceful virtues loved to dwell :
Affection warm, and faith sincere,
And soft humanity were there.
In agony, in death resign'd,
She felt the wound she left behind.
Her infant image, here below,
Sits smiling on a father's woe ;
Whom, what avails, while yet he strays
Along the lonely vale of days ;
A pang to sacred sorrow dear,
A sigh, an unavailing tear,
Till time shall ev'ry grief remove,
With life, with memory, and with love.

Genius and virtue seem to have been closely united in the character of Dr. Rose of Chiswick, as commemorated by Mr. Murphy, in the following epitaph :

Whoe'er thou art, with silent footsteps tread
The hallow'd mould where Rose reclines his head.
Ah ! let not folly one kind tear deny,
But pensive pause where truth and honour lie :
His, the gay wit that fond affection drew ;
Oft heard, and oft admired, yet ever new ;
The heart that melted at another's grief ;
The hand in secret that bestow'd relief ;
Science untinged with the pride of schools,
And native goodness, free from formal rules ;
With zeal through life, he toil'd in learning's cause,
But more, fair Virtue, to promotethy laws ;
His every action sought the noblest end ;
The tender husband, father, brother, friend.
Perhaps e'en now, from yonder realms of day,
To his loved relatives he sends a ray ;
Pleased to behold affections like his own,
With filial duty raise this votive stone.

Flattery is so generally confined to the great, that we have but little reason to suspect the truth of those praises which are bestowed upon such as have lived in the humble rank of an obscure

situation. Dr. Hawkesworth did not think it beneath the dignity of his pen, to record the virtues of a person of this class, in an inscription on a tomb in Bromley church-yard, which runs thus :

Near this place
lies the body of
ELIZABETH MONK,
who departed this life on the 27th of August, 1753,
aged 101.

She was the widow of John Monk of this place, Blacksmith, her second husband, to whom she had been a wife near fifty years, by whom she had no children, (and of the issue of her first marriage none lived to the second;) but virtue would not suffer her to be childless. An infant, to whom, and to whose father and mother she had been nurse, (such is the uncertainty of temporal prosperity,) became dependent upon strangers for the necessaries of life : to him she afforded the protection of a mother. This parental charity was returned with filial affection, and she was supported in the feebleness of age, by him whom she had cherished in the helplessness of infancy. Let it be remembered, that there is no station in which industry will not obtain power to be liberal, nor any character on which liberality will not confer honour. She had been long prepared, by a simple and unaffected piety, for that awful moment, which, however delayed, is universally sure. How few are allowed an equal time of probation ! How many, by their lives, appear to presume on more ! To preserve the memory of this person, but yet more to perpetuate the lesson of her life, this stone was erected by voluntary contribution.

DUKE DE MONTPENSIER.

THE daily vicissitudes of human life present an inexhaustible theme for reflection. Youth, beauty, talents, grandeur, and riches, are often only the pageants of a day, and elude the fond grasp of their possessors: the young must become old; the handsome lose their charms, from disease, or the natural alterations of time; the wit becomes a dotard; and the rich often become poor. It is, however, a consoling circumstance, that adversity strengthens the mind, and sometimes counterbalances the sufferings it occasions, by the lessons it imparts. Many characters have shone with peculiar lustre in the most calamitous situations; and have displayed virtues that might have never been formed in prosperity.

Some anecdotes of the late Duke of Montpensier have excited these remarks; and, as they

afforded me pleasure and instruction, I persuade myself they will be an acceptable example to others, of virtue struggling with misfortune. This young prince was the second son of the Duke of Orleans, who was nearly allied to Louis the Sixteenth, by blood; and possessed of such immense wealth, that he might have been a powerful check to the spirit of faction, had he exerted his influence in favour of order and moderate reform, and have established a lasting fame for himself, as the true lover of his country and mankind. But, stimulated, as is supposed, at first by revenge, for some affront he had received, and afterwards actuated by ambition and sinister views, he joined the popular party in all its wild excesses, took the name of Egalité, and, having squandered his vast property amongst his partizans, fell a victim to the cruelty and ingratitude of Rosbepierre: leaving his family to seek protection and support amongst those who were willing to afford shelter to the unfortunate. The elder son, now Duke of Orleans, fled to America; the two younger ones, less successful in escaping from the power of their enemies,

were thrown into the dungeons of Fort St. John, at Marseilles, soon after the death of their father, which happened in 1793. Here they languished together during the tedious period of forty-three months, with scarcely a ray of hope that any thing but a public execution would put a period to their confinement.

In this dismal situation, their principal solace was the sympathy and tenderness of each other. Some favourable circumstances encouraged them to attempt an escape. Count Beaujolois, the youngest, succeeded, and had reached a place of security and concealment, when he discovered that his brother, the Duke of Montpensier, had fallen from the walls of his prison, as he was descending, and having broken his leg, was retaken, and again immersed in his former dreadful habitation. On hearing the fate of his unhappy brother, fraternal affection overcame all regard to personal safety: he determined to share his misfortunes, whatever they might be, and afford him that comfort that is found under all circumstances, in the society of an affectionate friend. He therefore surrendered himself, without delay,

and they remained together in this horrid place of confinement, till one of the many changes in the French government opened their prison doors; when, after encountering great hardships and difficulties, they repaired to America, in order to join their eldest brother.

On leaving that country they came to England; where their youth, their misfortunes, and their virtues, ensured them protection. They were received into circles of the highest rank, and generously noticed by the royal family: still they were exiles, driven from their country, separated from their kindred, stripped of their inheritance, and obliged to suffer many privations, which called forth the frequent exercise of patient fortitude. Amongst these brothers, the Duke of Montpensier was distinguished for his talents, and the constancy with which he bore these vicissitudes; a virtue more difficult to support than the heroic courage which he displayed at the tender age of sixteen, in Champagne, particularly at the battle of Jemappe.

Having undergone a life of trial, and, in the short space of thirty-two years, experienced the

extremes of prosperity and adversity, he was removed from his mortal career, and his remains were deposited amongst the illustrious dead in Westminster Abbey. His brother, the Duke of Bourbon, attended as chief mourner; and every mark of respect due to his birth and character was observed at the funeral ceremony.

The early death of this young man, his extraordinary story, unmerited misfortunes, and eminent virtues—the growth of these afflictions—call forth our commiseration, and afford a striking lesson to the gay, the prosperous, and unthinking, that nothing but virtue and conscientious rectitude are permanent in our present state of existence.

THE SLAVE-TRADE AND THOMAS
CLARKSON.

“ The crown of perseverance is success.”

IT seems incumbent on every one who labours for the instruction of the rising generation, to display the steps by which the British nation has emerged from barbarism, and attained that pre-eminence in morals, science, and freedom, that she now enjoys. From a horde of savages she is become the arbitress of Europe, the guardian of the weak, the scourge of the oppressor, and the powerful ally of those who struggle for independence.

This height has been gained by gradual means. The first seeds of civilization were sown by the Romans. The Saxons improved the civil polity

of the inhabitants; and laid the foundation for a free representation, the great bulwark of all our privileges. The augmentation of towns, and the increase of commerce, slowly, but with certainty, undermined the feudal system, and encouraged the love of liberty. The glorious Reformation diffused light and learning amongst the people, and prepared them for obtaining and enjoying the blessings of a free constitution, under which every member of the empire, the slaves in the West Indies excepted, has an equal claim to protection.

The Revolution in 1688 settled our government on fixed principles; but it did not put a boundary to the progress of improvement. Many have been the advances in science and morals since that time; amongst which, as one of the most striking, noble, and effectual, in enlarging the happiness of mankind, must be classed the Abolition of the Slave-trade—an act of the legislature, that passed on the 25th of March, 1807: a day to be commemorated to the latest posterity, by the virtuous of all countries, as putting a termination to the greatest mass of enormous

cruelty, injustice, and oppression, that ever disgraced a civilized nation.

Let the young, the generous, and uncorrupted, read attentively the histories of this diabolical trade, so long countenanced by the Christian kingdoms of Europe, that they may cherish an implacable hatred against the vices it occasioned, and be on their guard against any false reasonings that may be urged for its renewal. Let them trace the progress of a slave voyage, from leaving the African port, to landing the wretched freight in the West Indies; the inhuman treatment of the sailors employed in this nefarious traffic; the dishonourable frauds practised to entrap the negroes; the wars that have been excited amongst them; the separation of husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, when torn from every dear connexion; their sufferings on board the vessel, from ill usage, want of room, disease, and despair. Accompany them on shore, see them sold like beasts of burden, in public markets, and consigned to slavery for the rest of their lives: a misery that descends to their children. Behold the multi-

tudes that die either of broken hearts, hardships, or change of life, in what is called *the seasoning*. Cast your eyes on the survivors, dragging out the remains of their wretched existence, at the disposal of another, who contemptuously considers them as an inferior race, beneath his sympathy. Their treatment is generally consistent with this opinion; and, in many instances, has been stained with the most inhuman cruelty.

What humanity can be expected from masters who are capable of calculating the economical effects of preserving the lives of their negroes, by moderate labour, and plenty of wholesome food; or of wearing them out in a short space by contrary measures, and deciding in favour of the latter? It makes a feeling mind shudder to suppose, that there ever was a man who could coolly weigh the expediency of the gradual destruction of his fellow-creatures, as a means of enriching himself; and yet there have been many such. When we consider the hardness of heart this scandalous trade has occasioned, we must rejoice still more fervently that it is abolished; and, whilst we lament numberless instances of de-

praved barbarity recorded in the history of the Slave-trade, mourn over those whose unfortunate situations, by imperceptible degrees, has undermined every virtue; and rendered them, as candidates for immortality, greater objects of compassion, than the miserable wretches over whom they have tyrannized with such unfeeling brutality.

How many affecting narratives might be collected from the lives of negroes who have been inveigled or forced from their native country! (for we cannot suppose that any one ever voluntarily became a slave;) and, if our hearts could be wrung with the sorrows of an individual, what must we feel for thousands and tens of thousands, each of whose sufferings would "harrow up the soul?"

It is a triumphant and consoling idea, that Great Britain has given to the surrounding nations the first example of prohibiting this unjust and criminal species of commerce. America, in the same month, acted in the same manner: and as men become more enlightened, and more civilized, the Abolition will doubtless be generally

adopted ; and, in future ages, it will seem as incredible that Europeans once traded in men, forced or stolen from the coasts of Africa, as it now does to assert that the natives of our own island were transported to Rome, and sold in the Roman market.

We are greatly indebted to those individuals who have been the means, under Providence, of putting an end to a practice so disgraceful to humanity, so productive of wickedness and misery in all its stages, and so particularly reproachful to a people who idolize liberty. Many defenders of the oppressed Africans have arisen within the last half century ; and the circumstances attending the Slave-trade have been better understood by the world at large, from the writings and conversations of those who have interested themselves in its abolition. A few advocates appeared previously to that time, but their works are become obsolete.

Mr. Granville Sharp made the first successful effort to procure their relief, by asserting their claim to freedom when landed on the British shore : and, in order to qualify himself to plead

their cause effectually, devoted two or three years to the study of the law:—an idle man would have been deterred by the necessity of such an effort. After repeated attempts to rescue negroes brought to England, from being forcibly carried out of the kingdom, attended with much expense, fatigue, and difficulty, the opinion of the judges decided, that, *as soon as any slave sets his foot upon English territory, he becomes free.*

Many writers of the first eminence furthered the cause of humanity, and prepared the public mind to concur with the endeavours of individuals to terminate this commerce in human beings. The people called Quakers, as a body, discouraged their members from retaining slaves; and many instances among them occur of private interest being sacrificed to a sense of duty, both in America and England, by setting their slaves free. Anthony Benezet of Pennsylvania, and John Woolman of New Jersey, (both of that community,) were strenuous advocates for the negroes; and had considerable influence in improving their treatment in slavery, and in pro-

curing education for their offspring, as well as putting a stop to the trade.

No individual seems to have given up every other pursuit, and to have devoted his whole time, talents, and thoughts, to the accomplishment of this most desirable object, but Thomas Clarkson, a gentleman on whose mind an accidental circumstance made such an impression, as determined him to make the deliverance of Africa from the miseries of the Slave-trade the business of his life. The subject of a Latin dissertation which he wrote at college, gave him this bias, and led him to an investigation of the miseries and wickedness of this traffic. The further he enquired, the more strongly he felt an irresistible impulse to sacrifice every thing for its abolition. This is his own account of his feelings on this occasion:—"In favour of the undertaking, I urged to myself, that never was any cause, which had been taken up by man in any country, or in any age, so great and important; that never was there one in which so much misery was heard to cry for redress; that never was there one in which so much good could be done; never one,

in which the duty of Christian charity could be so extensively exercised; never one, more worthy of the devotion of a whole life towards it; and that, if a man thought properly, he ought to rejoice to have been called into existence, if he were only permitted to become an instrument in forwarding it, in any part of its progress. Against these sentiments, on the other hand, I had to urge, that I had been designed for the church; that I had already advanced as far as deacon's orders in it; that my prospects there, on account of my connexions, were then brilliant; that, by appearing to desert my profession, my family would be dissatisfied, if not unhappy. These thoughts pressed upon me, and rendered the conflict difficult. But the sacrifice of my prospects staggered me, I own, the most. When the other objections, which I have related, occurred to me, my enthusiasm instantly, like a flash of lightning, consumed them; but this stuck to me and troubled me. I had ambition; I had a thirst after worldly interests and honours, and I could not extinguish it at once. I was more than two hours in solitude, under this painful conflict.

At length I yielded; not because I saw any reasonable prospects of success in my new undertaking; (for all cool-headed and cool-hearted men would have pronounced against it;) but, in obedience, I believe, to a higher power. And this I can say, that both on the moment of this resolution, and for some time afterwards, I had more sublime and happy feelings, than at any former period of my life."

This good resolution, so well begun, was steadily pursued through every opposition and difficulty, till his health was so totally undermined by incessant application, that he was obliged to withdraw from public activity in the cause for a considerable time. The derangement of the nervous system was brought on by the severe labours attached to the service in which he had so ardently engaged. "For seven years," says he, "I had a correspondence to maintain with four hundred persons, with my own hand. I had some book or other, annually, to write in behalf of the cause. In this time I had travelled more than thirty-five thousand miles in search of evidence, and a great part of these journeys

in the night." Add to this, the weight of anxious thought that daily oppressed him, lest, after all, he should fail in the great point so near his heart.

After his recovery, he renewed his exertions with the same vigour as before; and, at length, had the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing all obstacles subdued, and the great and glorious cause gained, of a total and immediate abolition of the Slave-trade.

Judge of his sensations at this happy moment: gratitude to the great Giver of all Good; a delightful sympathy for those who were delivered from the dread of whips and chains; and a consciousness of having been enabled to have been a powerful instrument to produce these happy effects. Such feelings must have been a reward superior to the wealth of worlds. Young reader! imitate his unwearied perseverance in doing good, and the palm of peace will be thine.

DISGUISES.

STRANGE instances have occurred, in all ages, of persons who have affected the dispositions and employments of the opposite sex ; thus we read of females who have wielded the sceptre, headed armies, and forgotten the delicacy of their frame, and the innate modesty of their nature, in the field of battle. Some have indulged this propensity so far, as to assume the habit and character of the contrary sex ; and have carried on the imposture with such address, as to completely conceal their secret to the end of their lives. Where choice only has been the motive, one would almost conclude, that the mind and body had been mismatched, and by some mishap had been discordantly united.

In others, no doubt, it has arisen from some unusual train of circumstances, that has led to

this unnatural disguise, and offers the best apology that can be made for it. It is a folly that seems principally confined to low life; for I remember but few examples of such a depravity of taste, amongst those who rise to eminence of station.

One of these, nevertheless, is recorded on a monument in Chelsea church, commemorating the masculine courage of Ann Chamberlayne, only daughter of Edward Chamberlayne, doctor of laws. She seems to have caught the ardour of a naval spirit from her brothers, who had distinguished themselves as sea officers, for she put on the habit of a sailor, and entered on board a fire-ship commanded by one of them, and fought bravely against the French for six hours. This sounds very heroic; but it is unamiable, and would ill-qualify her for the endearing offices of wife and mother.

In the burial ground of Chelsea College was interred, with military honours, another female

warrior, called Christian Daries, alias Mother Ross; she had served in several campaigns under King William and the Duke of Marlborough.

Hannah Snell was, about the year 1750, actually put upon the out-pensioner's list at Chelsea, on account of the wounds she received at the siege of Pondicherry. Her singular story excited a considerable share of the public attention, and she was engaged to sing, and perform the military exercises, at various places of public entertainment.

A lady of fortune who admired the heroism and eccentricity of her conduct, became god-mother to her son, and contributed liberally to his education. Her pension was augmented, by a special grant, to a shilling a day, and paid regularly to the time of her death. In the latter part of her life she discovered symptoms of insanity, and died at the age of sixty-nine, in Bedlam.

The two latter, spending their lives in a camp, and being of an animated turn of mind, caught

a sympathetic spirit from their companions, and misapplied a courage and fortitude that would have been more characteristic if they had been exerted in giving assistance to the wounded and the dying.

The disguise of Mary East, a publican at Poplar, is more unaccountable. She supported the character of landlord of the White Horse Inn in that parish thirty-six years, and during that time served the office of headborough and overseer of the poor; and when accident obliged her to discover her sex, she was in nomination for churchwarden.

The death of a woman who had lived with her in the character of her wife, unravelled the secret; for feeling the approaches of dissolution, it became necessary to divide the property acquired by their partnership, and to bequeath her moiety to her relations.

Mrs. East, upon this *eclaircissement*, resumed the female dress, and soon afterwards prosecuted William Barwick, for having extorted consider-

able sums of money from her at various times for concealing her sex. He was tried at Hicks's Hall, on the 21st of October, 1766, and sentenced to stand three times in the pillory, and to suffer four years imprisonment. Mrs. East being a very ignorant woman, he, and a few others who were privy to the circumstance, terrified her by the assurance that she was liable to be hanged for the imposture she had practised. After the matter became public, she quitted business, and lived comfortably upon the fruits of her industry. The deception put upon the public by her and her supposed wife, was attributed to disappointments in love that had befallen them both; in order, therefore, to avoid all further addresses, they determined to pass for a married couple.

A most romantic sketch of the life and adventures of a person named Russel, who was buried at Streatham, is given by Mr. Lysons, who seems to have been at some trouble to collect an au-

thentic account of him. He lived to so great an age, that he declared himself to be a hundred and eight; and had the address to conceal his sex for so long a period, that, although born in the parish, none were able to detect the imposition. It is supposed that he assumed the name of a sister, who either died whilst young, or probably settled in some remote part of the country. Under the name of Elizabeth, therefore, he applied, in the year 1770, for a certificate of his baptism, nor was there any suspicion but that he was a female till his death. He attached himself early in life to the gipsies, and being of a rambling disposition, visited most parts of the continent as a stroller or vagabond. In many of his rambles he was the companion of the celebrated Bamfylde Moore Carew, who preferred the uncertain, disgraceful, wandering life of these people, to one of order and respectability, to which his birth entitled him. Perhaps our hero, Russel, admired the singularity of his taste, and was stimulated by the spirit of adventure which had misled Carew into such a bye path, to think there was merit in imitating him. It is likely that in some

of their exploits, the necessity of concealment, in order to avoid the hands of justice, might first induce him to assume the garb of a woman; but there seems no clue to discover the motive that influenced him to continue it.

When advanced in years, he settled at Chipstead in Kent, where he kept a large shop. Sometimes he travelled the country with goods, in the character of a married woman, having changed his *maiden* name for that of his husband, who carried the pack; and to his death was his reputed *widow*, being known by the familiar appellation of Bet Page. In the course of his travels he attached himself much to itinerant quack doctors, learned their nostrums, and practised their arts. His long experience gained him the character of a most infallible *doctress*, to which profession he added that of an astrologer, and followed both trades to great profit; yet such was his extravagance, that he died worth six shillings only. It was a common custom with him to spend whatever he had in his pocket at an alehouse, where he usually treated his companions. About twelve months before

his death, he came to reside at his native place. His extraordinary age procured him the notice of many of the most respectable families in the neighbourhood, particularly that of Mr. Thrale, in whose kitchen he was frequently entertained. Dr. Johnson, who found him a shrewd, sensible person, with a good memory, was very fond of conversing with him. His faculties, indeed, were so little impaired by age, that a few days before he died, he had planned another ramble, in which his landlord's son was to have accompanied him. His death was very sudden, and occasioned no small surprise, as may well be imagined, when a person so long taken for a woman was discovered to have been a man.

Amongst the precautions to prevent the discovery of his sex, he constantly wore a cloth tied under his chin, and after his death a large pair of nippers were found in his pocket, with which, it is supposed, he endeavoured to remove, by degrees, all tokens of manhood from his face. He had a mixture of the habits and employments of both sexes; for though he would drink hard with men, whose company he chiefly preferred, yet he

was an excellent sempstress, and was famous for making a good shirt. There was a wildness and eccentricity in his general conduct, that frequently bordered on insanity; yet, we must allow, that he possessed talents that would have honoured any station of life; and had his disposition been properly regulated in youth, the flexibility of his genius, that seemed adapted to every thing, might have rendered him a very useful character.

ON PERSONAL EXERTION.

A MAN of a humble, diffident temper, is apt to imagine, that his example or influence is too feeble to have any weight with others; much less does he suppose, that an obscure individual can have the power to produce striking effects on the public mind. "Can the voice of such an insignificant person as I am," exclaims he, "be heard in the cause of virtue?—To myself, the tenor of my actions is, indeed, important; but, to the world, of no consequence."

Such are the false reasonings of those, who are either too indolent, or too deficient in self-confidence, to aspire to the honourable distinction of benefactors to the human race. But let them turn to the page of history, and they will find, that the records of both ancient and modern times, teem with examples of the exten-

sive effects produced by individuals on society ; some tending to beneficial purposes, whilst others have acted in a contrary direction. Notwithstanding this difference in their consequences, they equally show the possibility of a whole kingdom's receiving essential advantage or injury from the interposition of a single man; and, in many cases, that man has emerged from an obscure station, which teaches us, that the meanest should not despair of being useful ; and though few may have an opportunity of performing great achievements, yet none can calculate the effects of a good example in any department of life.

When the city of Syracuse was besieged by the Romans, under the command of Marcellus, the mathematical genius of Archimedes was a stronger defence against the enemy, than the power of the soldiers. He continually invented new machines, that for a long time baffled the military skill of those veterans, and confounded

their greatest exertions; till, at last, a breach was made in the walls; the Romans entered the city; and this great man was put to death by a private soldier, who rushed into his apartment, and found him so intent in working a problem, that he was not aware of the misfortune of his country, till he himself became a victim to the calamity.

The discovery of the mighty continent of America, which has wrought such important alterations in the affairs of mankind, is due to the singular genius and undaunted perseverance of Christopher Columbus, who would not be discouraged, by any obstacles, from pursuing an object that engrossed all the powers of his mind. He had to encounter ignorance, incredulity, and envy; which were surmounted by the superiority of his designs, and the purity of his intentions. He attained his point after many difficulties; and, with a small equipment, landed on that continent, which confirmed the truth of those

conjectures he had conceived from his knowledge of the form of the globe. Posterity can never forget the obligation to which his memory has a claim; though he was deprived of the honour of giving his name to the new world, by a Florentine, Vesputius Americus, who only followed the path he had pointed out.

Towards the close of the eleventh century, all Europe was put into a ferment by the fanatical zeal of a monk, generally known by the appellation of Peter the Hermit; who, having made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, formed the wild, improbable design, of uniting the kingdoms of the Christian world in a league, to rescue the Holy Land from the possession of the Infidels.

Such were the powers of this man's eloquence, or rather the influence of superstition, that he assembled, under the auspices of Pope Martin the Second, a council at Placentia, consisting of four thousand ecclesiastics, and thirty thousand laymen. No building could contain so vast a

Personal Exertion. Peter.



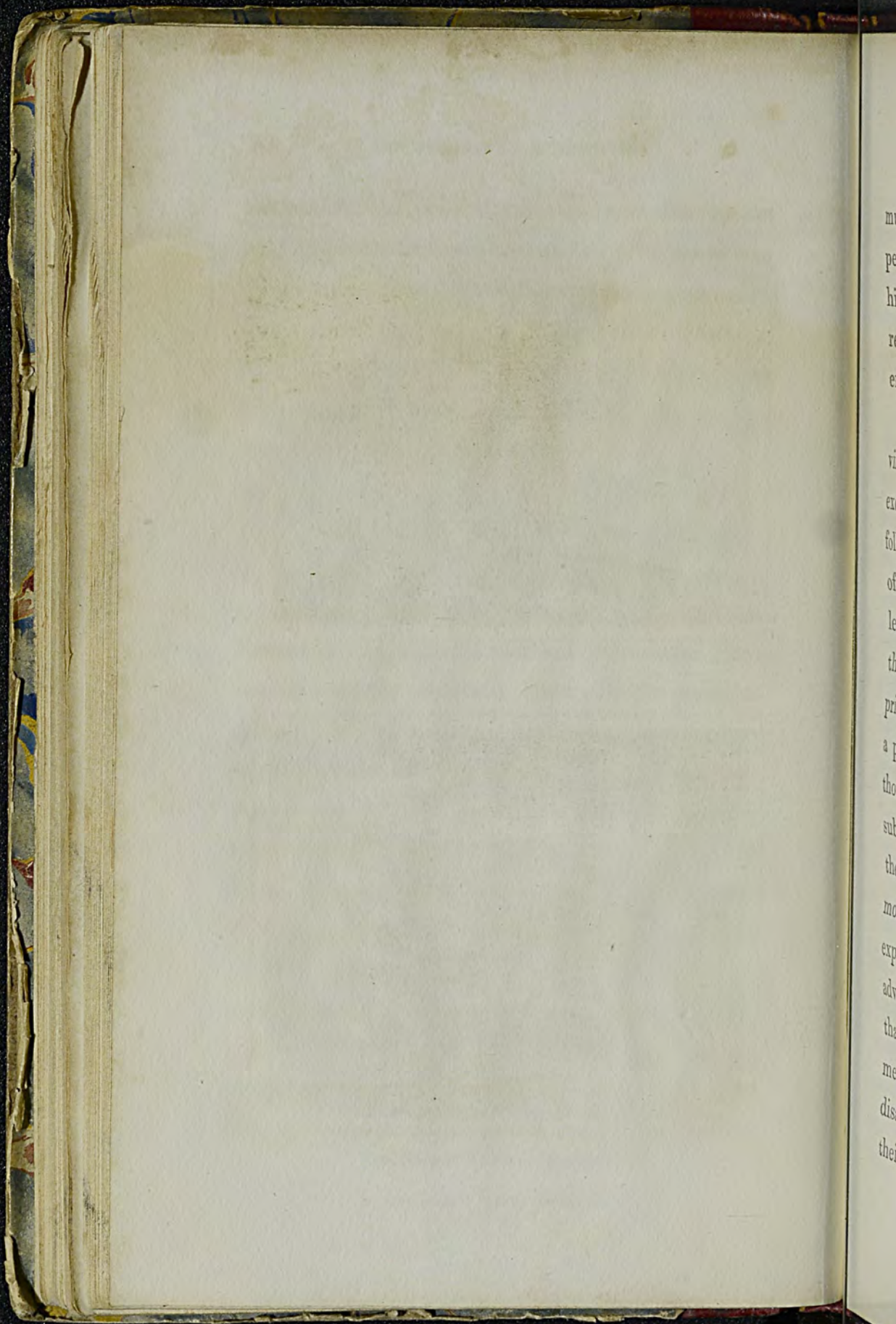
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Maria Antoinetta.

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multitude: they assembled on a plain, where the persuasions of the monk were so effectual, and his zeal so contagious, that he was honoured by repeated plaudits, and a resolution of his audience to embrace his proposal.

Peter, flushed with this success, ran from province to province, with a crucifix in his hand, exciting persons of all ranks and conditions to follow his standard. It is said that six millions of people assumed the badge of the cross. Peter led the way, at the head of an advanced body of three hundred thousand men. This wild enterprise had very durable effects on Europe. It was a present evil to nations, as well as individuals: thousands of the latter perished from want of subsistence and the dangers of the way; whilst the former exhausted their treasures of men and money, in a project from which nothing could be expected but disappointment. Many unexpected advantages, however, arose from it: the East, at that time, was the chief seat of arts and commerce; and the crusaders who escaped from the disasters of the expedition, made some amends to their desolated countries, by the improvements in

science and manners that they brought home with them. A general change in society gradually took place; and the present flourishing state of European civilization is much indebted to the crusades, and the frenzied reveries of Peter the Hermit.

A surprising alteration in the manners of the Russians, happened during the reign of the czar Peter the First. Before he ascended the throne, the inhabitants of this extensive empire might justly be termed a vast horde of barbarians; but, within the period of a few years, the genius of this wise sovereign enacted laws, raised disciplined armies, formed a navy, founded schools, opened an intercourse with foreign nations, and added a noble capital to his dominions.

The abolition of that inhuman traffic, the slave-trade, owes its completion to the virtuous

exertions of a few individuals; who, with unwearied firmness, defended the cause of their oppressed brethren the negroes, till their labours were crowned with success.

The names of Granville Sharp, Anthony Benezet, Clarkson, and Wilberforce, will ever stand high on this record, amongst the most laudable of those, who, with an enlightened policy, have promoted a practical benevolence towards the most oppressed and despised of the human race, which accords with that universal precept of our Divine Master, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

Enter the prisons in most parts of these kingdoms, and ask the forlorn inhabitants to whose humane and laborious endeavours they owe many unspeakable comforts and improvements in their condition, and they will not hesitate to reply, that it is to the great and good John Howard, who, with unexampled ardour, abandoned the

enjoyments of an affluent fortune, to seek out the miseries concealed within the prison grates, throughout Europe. No danger appalled, no fatigue deterred him from his purpose; which was, to investigate the abuses of these abodes of human wretchedness, and find the means of at least mitigating their severity.

The wisdom of his suggestions was too forcible to be heard with indifference. In many places he succeeded in arranging the system of prison management, on the most rational and humane principles; in most, he was the means of improving the condition of those unhappy persons, who, by the laws of their country, have forfeited their liberty. A general spirit of improvement, in this respect, is the visible fruit of his labours: his reward is on high; and his memory is consecrated in the breasts of the humane to the most distant ages.

The attention of the public, of late years, has been drawn to the importance of a rational edu-

cation to the lower classes, by the general adoption of Sunday-schools; which owe their rise, principally, to Mr. Robert Raikes, of Gloucester, a private gentleman of a benevolent character, who zealously promoted their establishment. Experience has shown the benefits of this system, which is likely to receive the greatest improvement from the introduction of a new mode of instruction, first adopted in this country by Mr. Joseph Lancaster; and now diffused, by his means, to the remote parts of the empire.

The attempt has succeeded, by its own merit, and the ardent efforts of its first patron, who enjoys the solacing reward, that he has been an instrument, in the hands of Providence, of conveying useful instruction to thousands and tens of thousands, who might otherwise have remained in the grossest ignorance.

Such are the deeds that claim the gratitude of posterity, and the esteem of the wise and virtuous of all sects and professions.

MARIA ANTOINETTA.

It is a more pleasing task, as well as a more amiable one, to display the bright traits of a character, than to expose the depraved inclinations of those who have made a distinguished figure on the great theatre of the world.

The late revolution in France has not only overturned the political system of government, but has brought forth to view latent qualities, both good and bad, that would otherwise have been for ever concealed from observation. Nay, in many instances, the circumstances in which it has placed individuals, may have changed their character, and made them beings of a different order to what they would have been, had they continued in a state of tranquillity. Till time shall have mellowed the asperity of party, those who were active in this turbulent period, will be

misrepresented by both friends and enemies. The late queen of France has been accused as a voluptuary, prodigal of the public treasure, and tyrannic in her resentments. Her conduct has been considered as one principal cause of the public discontent. This is her portrait drawn by her enemies. Her friends say she was compassionate, easily appeased, beneficent, and generous; an affectionate wife, a tender parent, and a gentle mistress. Impartiality steers a middle course, and whilst it attributes to her the endowments of an attractive person, engaging manners, and the train of amiable affections, admits that her situation had induced a taste for luxurious pleasures, mingled with a high sense of the dignity of her elevated rank, and the reverence she had been accustomed to receive. Let us form our judgment of this unfortunate princess by facts, which in such cases are the only tests of truth.

Whilst archduchess of Austria, she gained the love and attachment of the people, as was shown by the universal regret expressed at her departure. Monsieur Weber, who was nourished

with the same milk, relates, that the way through which she was to pass, when she set out for France, was lined with people, whose grief at first could not find utterance. No sooner did the princess appear, bathed in tears, reclining in her coach, covering her eyes to conceal her sensibility, and sometimes casting an affecting look, as a last farewell, on the palace of her ancestors, or making signs of gratitude to the people for this testimony of their regard, than a general sympathy appeared, and lamentations resounded through the streets of the city. On her arrival at the court of Versailles, she became the delight of all beholders. The same author tells us, that she charmed her husband; she charmed the king and all his family; the court and the town, the high and the low; each sex, all ranks, and all ages. From the same narrator we learn, that her amiable qualities rendered her as popular in Paris as she had been at Vienna.

She seems to have possessed great warmth of heart, with excessive quickness of feeling, to which many of her errors, as well as excellencies may be attributed. Alive to anger as well as

pity, she was liable to create enemies by her resentments, whose esteem she regained by the gracious manner of forgiving the offence. The Marquis of Pontécoulant, major of the life-guards, unfortunately gave some unimportant cause of displeasure to Maria Antoinetta, whilst Dauphiness, which, in the heat of anger, she declared she would never forget. Such an assertion from a person of her elevated station, was likely to make a lasting impression on the mind of the offender. When the death of the king had raised the Dauphiness to the throne, the Marquis determined to avoid the disgrace that he feared might now occur to him, by sending in his resignation to the Prince of Beauveau, at that time captain of the guards; acknowledging the cause of this measure, and his regret at withdrawing from the service of a sovereign whom he loved, and would still be happy to obey in any other line of employment. The captain of the guards, sensible of the merit of the Marquis, and the concern he felt on this occasion, as well as confident of the benignity of the queen's disposition, undertook to present the

resignation to the king; but privately resolved to wait first upon her majesty, and represent to her the distress with which her displeasure had overwhelmed the marquis, taking care, at the same time, to enlarge upon his talents and desert as an officer; and concluding his address, by requesting to know how her majesty chose the affair should terminate. The Prince of Beauveau knew well how to plead the cause of the unfortunate. The heart of Antoinetta was not inexorable. The example of Louis the Twelfth, no doubt, occurred to her at that moment. The queen said she had forgotten the quarrels of the Dauphiness; "and I now request that the Marquis of Pontécoulant will no longer recollect what I have blotted from my memory."

The following anecdote is so very interesting, that I think I shall be pardoned for extending my paper beyond the usual limits by its insertion.

"It happened, when Louis the Fifteenth was hunting in the forest of Fontainbleau, that a furious stag having been several times wounded, leaped over the low wall of a little garden at Achere, and springing on a peasant, who was

digging on the spot, thrust his horns into his bowels. Some of the neighbours, who saw the sad accident, thinking that the poor gardener was expiring, ran to tell his wife, who was working in a field, at the distance of a mile and a half from the place. The unhappy woman made the air resound with her cries, and showed every mark of the most violent affliction. The Dauphiness, who was passing that way in a chariot, to the rendezvous of the chace, hearing the lamentations of the disconsolate woman, stopped her carriage, and hastily getting out of it, flew across the vineyard to the assistance of the sufferer, whom she found in fits. She recovered her with hartshorn, sufficiently to relate the cause of her distress. The poor woman, when she revived, found herself in the arms of the Dauphiness, who was weeping over her, and offered her every consolation her imagination could suggest, besides all the money her purse contained. The Dauphin, with the Count and Countess of Provence, soon joined her, and sympathised in her benevolence and bounty. She then ordered the miserable woman, with her child, and two other

villagers, to get into the carriage, giving strict charge, at the same time, to the attendants, to convey the wife with all speed to her husband, and then to return, as quick as possible, to give her an account of the state in which they should find the wounded man.

Whilst the Dauphiness was waiting in the torture of suspense for the footman's return, the king came up, and hearing what had happened, exclaimed, "What a shocking thing it would be, were this man to die! How shall we ever console his wife and child?" "How, otherwise, my dear father," replied Antoinetta, "than by striving to provide for their wants? for shall we not, by this means, in some degree lessen the bitterness of their life?" The king immediately promised to give them a pension, and ordered his first surgeon to daily attend the wounded man, who was restored to his family, and lived to bless his illustrious benefactors.

ON A

SUPERINTENDING PROVIDENCE.

THE extreme heat of July 13th and 14th, 1808, and many following days, was so excessive and unusual, that numbers of labourers perished in the fields, horses fell down dead on the roads, and the thermometer was said, in some places, to have risen to 109 in the shade, and 140 in the sun. The vegetable world, as well as animals, felt the effects of this extraordinary temperature of the air: flowers withered, foliage languished, and many shrubs requiring moisture died.

Dr. Boerhaave has asserted, that if the temperature of the atmosphere exceeded that of the body, human creatures could not live; but the recent heat shows he was mistaken. Nor may it be easy to ascertain the exact degree which would destroy the whole race of man; but of this we are assured, that a small increase would over-

power every nerve, and that the same Being who regulates heat and cold, could raise either to that pitch that no human power could resist. The Psalmist says, "Our times are in his hand," and the smallest consideration confirms the assertion. A deluge is not a necessary instrument of destruction. Extreme heat or cold, without any more striking phenomena, would cause all animals to perish; where, then, would be the pride of the boaster, or the contumelious threats of the conqueror? The general and the common soldier, the prince and the peasant, the master and the servant, the overseer and the despised negro, the rich and the poor, the wise and the ignorant—would be alike unable to stop the progress of that overwhelming power, that was silently effecting the work of destruction. All must yield and perish together. Infinite are the means that might produce this awful consequence, and so beautiful and harmonious the arrangement of our system, that a small deviation from its original order might overturn the whole, and not only destroy the inhabitants of the earth, but also those of the planets and their

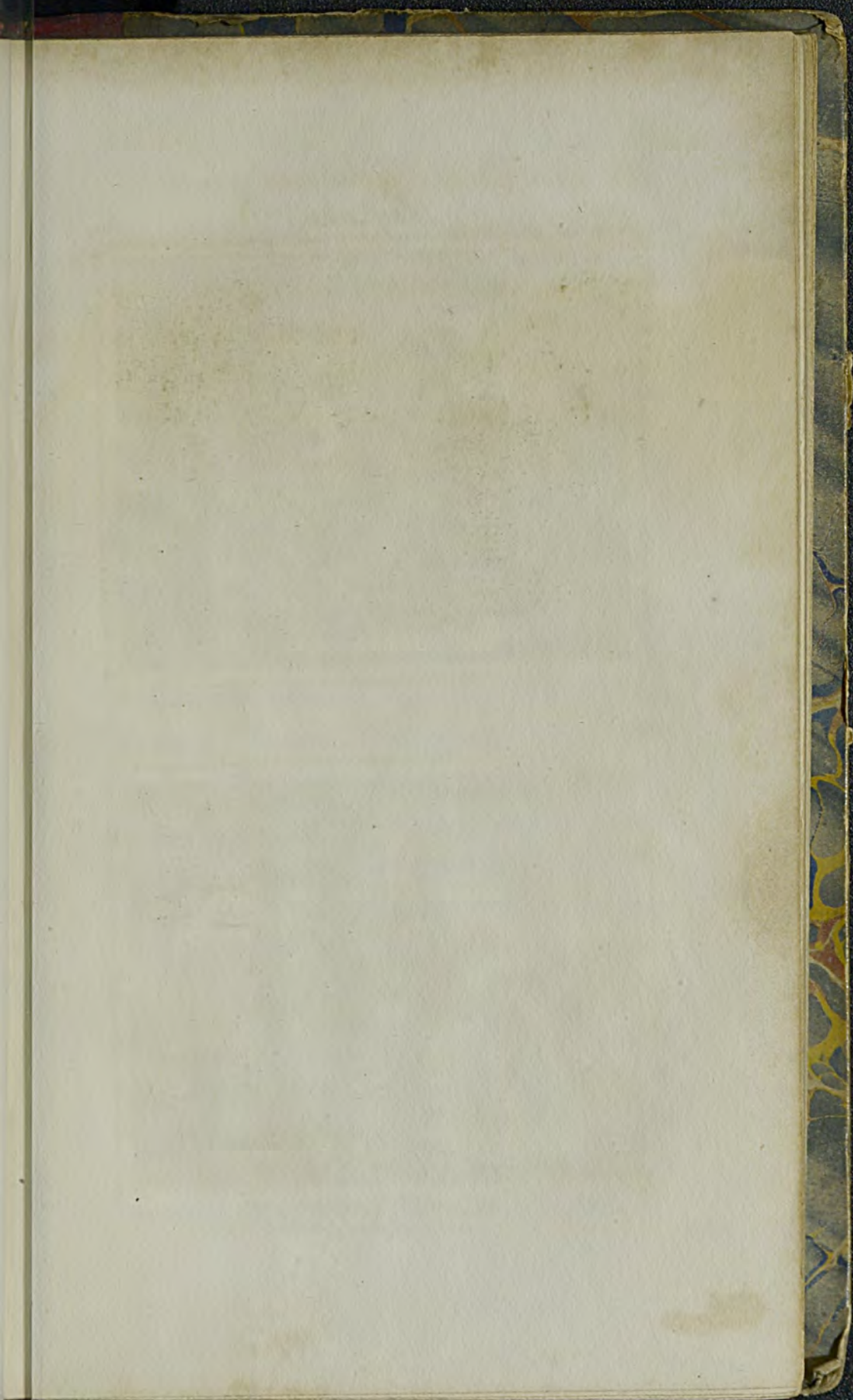
satellites. All power is with God, however He may permit feeble mortals to follow the bent of their corrupt inclinations for a time. The ravages of an Alexander, a Timur Khan, or a Bonaparte, are but instruments in his hand to promote his great and beneficent designs, however far from their intentions to do good; nor can they proceed one step beyond the limits He has appointed: "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." On what foundation, then, rests the pride of man? We perceive that he is a being wholly dependent on a superior Power, from day to day, for every comfort of existence, as well as for existence itself;—that he cannot secure to himself, or those dearest to his heart, one hour's safety from the attacks of the elements and other accidents: and yet how insensible to this state of dependence do we often see many who live without a proper religious acknowledgment of the superintending providence of God. They receive his daily blessings, and suffer his chastisements, without referring them to him as the disposer of all events; and too frequently ascribe the success of their under-

takings to their own exertions or abilities, forgetful of the donor of these endowments. They leave their beds of a morning, and view the rising of the majestic sun; they behold his enlivening rays diffused over the face of nature; they inhale the refreshing breath of a new day; the order of things is undisturbed; health, peace, and affluence are their portion; but not a spark of gratitude warms their heart. They enjoy the gifts of Providence, without one sentiment of that love and veneration that is due to the source of all good. How is this? It is strange to say, that the cause of this insensibility is, that these blessings are seldom interrupted, and that winter and summer, day and night, with all the beneficial vicissitudes of wet and dry, heat and cold, clouds and sunshine, succeed each other as things of course, and excite but little attention because they are common. An unusual phenomenon awakens the mind to an acknowledgment of our dependent state; a thunder-storm, a hurricane, an inundation, an earthquake, or the eruption of a volcano, makes us sensible that our preservation is not of our-

selves, and that all we enjoy, and all we possess, proceed from the bounty of an Omnipotent Being, who can deprive us of them in a moment. These considerations should teach us to cultivate an habitual dependence on his providence, with a grateful disposition for his bounty. The morning and evening sacrifice of thanksgiving should never be neglected; for no day of our lives passes without the enjoyment of innumerable blessings, the privation of which would make us know their value.

The insensibility that so strikingly prevails to the common daily benefits of the harmonious order of the seasons, and the accommodation of the atmosphere to our bodies, may be attributed to another cause, that, like the former, is an additional instance of Divine goodness. They are bestowed on all ranks and conditions. The sun rises and sets for the peasant as well as the monarch; and because all partake of the benefit, few think themselves favoured, and some, perhaps, feel no cause for gratitude, but when some unusual turn of good fortune, as it is

called, befalls them. Still more reprehensible are those who indulge a spirit of murmuring and discontent; for which of us is there, whatever may be his trials, who has not more bestowed upon him than he deserves?



Gipsies.



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The Sabbath.

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GIPSIES.

MR. LYSONS, in his entertaining work of the *Environs of London*, has given the following curious account of the Queen of the Gipsies, and the extraordinary people under her dominions.

From the register of the parish of Beckenham, in Kent; extract:—"Margaret Finch, buried October 24, 1740."—"This remarkable person lived to the age of 109 years. She was one of the people called Gipsies; and had the title of their queen. After travelling over various parts of the kingdom, during the greater part of a century, she settled at Norwood; whither her age, and the fame of her fortune-telling, attracted numerous visitors. From a habit of sitting on the ground with her chin resting on her knees, the sinews at length became so contracted, that she could not rise from that posture. After her

death they were obliged to inclose her body in a deep, square box. Her funeral was attended by two mourning coaches, a sermon was preached on the occasion, and a great concourse of people attended the ceremony. Her portrait adorns the sign-post of a house of entertainment in Norwood, called the Gipsy-house. In an adjoining cottage lives an old woman, granddaughter of Queen Margaret, who inherits her title. She is niece of Bridget, who was buried at Dulwich in 1768. Her rank seems to be merely titular: I do not find that the Gipsies pay her any particular deference; or that she differs in any other respect, than that of being a householder, from the rest of her tribe." He adds some leading facts concerning this extraordinary race of people, who are scattered over most parts of Europe, Asia, and America.

"The Gipsies," continues he, "in most places on the continent, are called *Cingari*, or *Zingari*: the Spaniards call them *Gitanos*. It is not certain when they first appeared in Europe; but mention is made of them, in Hungary and Germany, so early as the year 1417.

Within ten years afterwards, we hear of them in France, Switzerland, and Italy. The date of their arrival in England is more uncertain: it is most probable, that it was not till nearly a century afterwards. In the year 1530, they are thus spoken of in the penal statutes:—‘Forasmuch as before this time, divers and many outlandish people, calling themselves Egyptians, using no craft nor feat of merchandise, have come into this realm, and gone from shire to shire, and from place to place, in great company, and used great subtil and crafty means to deceive the people; bearing them in hand, that they, by palmistry, could tell men’s and women’s fortune; and so, many times, by craft and subtilty, have deceived the people of their money: and also have committed many heinous felonies and robberies, to the great hurt and deceit of the people they have come among,’ &c. It was afterwards made death for them to continue in the kingdom; and it remains on record, that thirteen were executed on this ground, a few years before the Restoration: nor was this cruel act repealed till about the year 1783.

“The Gipsies were expelled France in 1560, and Spain in 1591; but it does not appear that they have been extirpated in any country. Their collective numbers in every quarter of the globe, have been calculated at seven or eight hundred thousand. They are most numerous in Asia, and in the northern parts of Europe. Various have been the opinions relating to their origin. That they came from Egypt has been the most prevalent. This opinion (which has procured them here the name of Gipsies, and in Spain that of *Gitanos*) arose, from some of the first who arrived in Europe, pretending that they came from that country; which they did, perhaps, to heighten their reputation for skill in palmistry, * and the occult sciences. It is now, I believe, pretty generally agreed, that they came originally from Hindostan; since their language so far coincides with the Hindostanic, that even now, after a lapse of more than three centuries, during which they have been dispersed in various foreign countries, nearly one half of their words are pre-

* Palmistry is the pretended art of telling the future events of men's lives by the lines in their hands.

cisely those of Hindostan; and scarcely any variation is to be found in vocabularies procured from the Gipsies in Turkey, Hungary, Germany, and those in England.

“Their manners, for the most part, coincide as well as their language, in every quarter of the world where they are found; being the same idle, wandering set of beings, and seldom professing any ostensible mode of livelihood, except that of fortune-telling. Their religion is always that of the country in which they reside; and though they are no great frequenters either of mosques or churches, they generally conform to rites and ceremonies, as they find them established.

“Upon the whole, we may certainly agree with Grellman, who has written their history, in regarding them as a singular phenomenon in Europe. For the space of between three and four hundred years, they have gone wandering about like pilgrims and strangers, yet neither time nor example has made in them any alteration: they remain ever, and every where, what their fathers were. Africa makes them no blacker, nor does Europe make them whiter.”

It is not the least singular feature of this wandering race, that they should have so long maintained their credit for foretelling events, when the fallacy of their predictions must have been so often experienced, and their ignorance and want of principle so well known. What reliance can be placed on the oracular decisions of a man who has not sufficient foresight of his own affairs, to escape the hands of justice for robbing a hen-roost? And yet, the votaries of these itinerant prophets are not always wholly confined to the lowest classes of mankind, who are as ignorant as those they consult. Ill-educated Misses have been known to indulge their curiosity in enquiries concerning the features and complexions of their future husbands, by crossing the hand of an artful Gipsy with silver. I do not mean to infer, that young ladies of cultivated understandings ever descend to such an absurdity; but it is really astonishing, that any one, above the lowest vulgar, should be guilty of a folly that has no excuse. It is the half-educated, who have imbibed notions of gentility above their station, and are in hopes of making their

fortunes by what is called a lucky marriage, who are most likely to fall into this error.

The desire of prying into futurity seems a natural propensity. In the ancient world, the consultation of oracles, soothsayers, and augurs, divining by the flight of birds, the entrails of the victims, or the feeding of chickens, were so many efforts of a weak endeavour to withdraw that veil, that in mercy is appointed to conceal from our view the events that are to befall us.

In modern times, the imprudent pretensions of astrologers, conjurors, and fortune-tellers have deluded the credulous, even of that rank that should set a more rational example. About fifty years ago, a celebrated professor of this dark science lived in London, in a place called Fryingpan Alley; and crowds of carriages were daily seen waiting in the neighbourhood, whilst the artful impostor was distributing different allotments to their owners, according to his arbitrary caprice, or what he thought would bring most money into his purse.

Some young ladies of my acquaintance, observing in a gentleman with whom they were

very intimate, a strong propensity to know his future destiny, from any one who assumed the character of a fortune-teller, contrived an ingenious stratagem to cure him of his folly, though not without some sacrifice of truth. He had formed a strong attachment to a lady, with whom his success was long doubtful; and, as his hopes were the constant theme of his conversation, mixed with anxious wishes to foresee the termination of an affair, on which his happiness so much depended, these ladies told him, that a Gipsy had lately been stationed in the neighbourhood of the village where they lived, who was famous for the veracity of her predictions; and that, if he liked to consult her, they would appoint her to meet him, in a private place in their pleasure-grounds. He greedily swallowed the bait, and repaired, with great punctuality, to the spot proposed. One of those concerned in the plot was furnished with a mask, a hump, and tattered garments, that gave her so complete an appearance of a shrivelled old hag, that the unsuspecting youth never doubted that she was really the character she had assumed.

She personated the fortune-teller with such address, by telling some things that she knew, and by leading him to unbosom the secrets of his heart, that he was so well satisfied with her ambiguous promises, he agreed to give her a second meeting. The same farce was again repeated, and a handsome reward bestowed for telling what he wished to believe.

At length he was undeceived, by observing, on these occasions, the absence of the lady who had so cleverly imposed upon his credulity, and the general archness of the rest of the company, who could not restrain their risible muscles, on hearing him repeat the conversation that had passed in his interviews with the Gipsy, whom he pronounced to be most skilful in discovering the past, upon which he grounded his expectation of an equal share of knowledge of the future. The laugh ran against him: but, as he was good-natured, and conscious of having brought the trick upon himself, he heartily forgave them; and, probably, never afterwards was guilty of the same folly.

To say nothing of the utter inability of all

pretenders to disclose the secrets of futurity, the misery such knowledge would occasion is beyond calculation. Could most of us foresee, in the happy days of youth, the trials we should have to encounter in mature age, how would every joy be embittered by the pangs of anticipation. Were the result of every enterprise certain, it would damp much useful exertion, benumb the faculties, and diminish the active virtue that is stimulated by hope. Could the youth, whose prospect of long life sanctions the commencement of some noble design, be assured that he would fall an early victim to the tomb, he would relax every endeavour to prosecute his work, and pass the short space allotted to him in inglorious sloth.

The only view we can attain of future circumstances, is founded on probability and experience. From these we learn, that a diligent application of our faculties generally leads to success, whether the object be riches, knowledge, popularity, or that entire subjection of our temper and passions to the line of duty, that ensures happiness to its possessor. It is the part of wisdom, there-

fore, to lay aside an anxious curiosity respecting the future, and to enjoy with gratitude the blessings of the present time in their full extent; without being depressed by apprehension of misfortunes that may never befall us, or too much elated by the expectation of gratifications that may for ever elude our grasp.

The disposal of events is directed by Infinite Wisdom. Short-sighted man can only pursue those objects, which, to his limited capacity, appear desirable; and then resign himself and all his concerns, with perfect confidence, to the Father of the universe, who will cause all things to promote the good of his whole creation.

PERSEVERANCE AND SUCCESS ARE
CONSTANT COMPANIONS.

NATURE is ever bountiful in providing means to make up her own deficiency, and if she deprives an individual of a member or a sense, generally trims the balance with extraordinary gifts in some other quarter.

The endeavours that have been used of late years to instruct the deaf and dumb to read and speak, and the blind to exercise some mechanic trades, have shown that those unfortunate persons are capable, in a considerable degree, of overcoming the privation of their lot. It is well known that the blind have either a more exquisite sense of feeling, or by exercising it more frequently, and having their attention confined to it, attain a greater degree of perfection in that sense than other people. I think it probable, for the same reasons, that their hearing is also fre-

quently more acute; at least, they apply it to purposes to which others have never given attention.

Dr. Moyses could measure the size of an apartment by the sound; and, some time ago, I met a blind man walking alone in a country town with no other guide than a stick. In passing a long paved street, the means he used to know when he came to a part intersected by other streets, was to make a loud hem, and by the sound of his voice he was able to discover whether there was an opening or not.

The address of those born blind is often surprising, especially when poverty compels them to every possible exertion for a support. Mr. Lysons, who has furnished me with many entertaining anecdotes, relates, that at the time he wrote his "Environs of London," there was living in the parish of Hanwell, a man named John Diamond, who lost his eyesight when he was but a month old. His acquirements, under the accumulated disadvantages of blindness and poverty, form the singular part of his story. Though unable to read himself, he has learned the art of

teaching others, and actually makes it his profession. It must be premised, however, that his scholars ought previously to know their letters, and have some idea of the method of combining them; for the rest, his memory supplies the defect of eyesight, a faculty which he enjoys in great perfection, having spent the leisure of three years in calculating the number of times that some of the most common words occur in the Bible, with many other particulars relative to the middle chapter, verse, &c. These, however, are not the only calculations in which he has been employed. In June, 1790, he published an account of the solar eclipses for the two next ensuing years; and he is sufficiently versed in the doctrine of the celestial aspects, to profess the art of casting nativities, and passes, no doubt, as a fortune-teller of a very superior class, in the estimation of the vulgar.

Amongst the deaths recorded in the Monthly Magazine, for June, 1808, is the following

article: "Died at Bradford, in his 48th year, Mr. Joseph Firth, china and glass dealer. When about sixteen years old he was seized with a disorder in his eyes, the *gutta serena*, which entirely took away his sight. At this misfortune he was never known to repine. Five years after he lost his sight, his father died, and left him and his aged mother to struggle with the difficulties of getting a livelihood. Mr. Firth resolved to make the best of his situation. His first effort was to sell earthenware in small quantities: he afterwards visited the potteries of Staffordshire and Liverpool, and some of the principal glass manufactories, by which he was enabled to increase his stock; and by persevering in an upright and punctual attention to business, aided by a suavity of manners, which he possessed in an eminent degree, he gained the love and esteem of all who knew him. He died in the prime of life; leaving a striking lesson of what honesty, industry, and perseverance can perform, even when obstructed by one of the greatest of human privations."

A gentleman who resided in a village near London, had one eye put out by an accident, and lost the other from the anguish he suffered. This misfortune did not destroy the activity of either mind or body: he retained his cheerfulness to old age, and was such an ingenious mechanic, that he made a chest, with a variety of divisions in it, to contain his daughter's wedding clothes. He was able to ride on horseback, with no other precaution than a servant riding before him with a bunch of keys hung to his belt, and holding a strap fastened to his horse; and what seems unaccountable, he soon grew weary of going the same way.

An odd accident happened to two blind men who lived in the same neighbourhood: they met accidentally in the street, and one ran against the other, who was of a very irritable temper, with such violence as to knock off his hat. His passion rose at this cruel insult, as he thought it proceeded from some person who had done it by

design. He stamped and threatened, used ill words, clenched his fists, and asked how any one could serve a blind man so. The other, who was more composed, as soon as he could gain attention, cried out, "Patience, man, I am as blind as yourself."

On the authority of the writer already quoted,* I venture to relate some wonderful instances of the adroitness of persons born defective in their limbs, which I shall give in his own words, as I do not choose to vouch for their authenticity.

Several instances of such births have occurred, and the wonderful acquirements of persons thus maimed by nature, have often been the subject of public astonishment, and proved a source of gain to themselves or their relations.

"Giraldus Cambriensis speaks of a young woman born without arms, whom he saw at Chester, in the reign of Henry the Second. He

* Lyson's *Environs*, Vol. 4, page 473, note.

mentions her working very dexterously with her needle.

“Stowe gives an account of a Dutchman born without arms, who, in 1581, exhibited surprising feats of activity in London; such as flourishing with a rapier, shooting an arrow near a mark, &c.

“Bulwer, in his ‘Artificial Changeling,’ speaks of John Simons, a native of Berkshire, born without arms or hands, who could write with his mouth; thread a needle; tie a knot; shuffle, cut, and deal a pack of cards, &c. He was shown in public in 1653.

“I have a hand-bill of John Sear, a Spaniard, born without arms, shown in London in King William’s reign, who professes that he can comb and shave himself, fill a glass, thread a needle, embroider, write six sorts of hands, and play on several instruments of music.

“Matthew Buchinger, a German, born without arms or legs, who was in England the beginning of this century, wrote a good hand, (many specimens of which are extant,) and performed several wonderful feats. He died in 1722, aged forty-eight,

“ Thomas Pinnington, a native of Liverpool, born without legs or arms, performed much the same feats as Sear, in 1744, and several years ensuing; since which, a Miss Hawtin, from Coventry, born without arms, and others whose names have not been mentioned, have exhibited themselves at Bartholomew Fair and other places.

“ Thomas Ingleton, born without arms or legs, at Hook, in Hampshire, (anno 1769,) died a few years ago in London. He was not publicly shown, but got his bread by writing and drawing. There are two portraits of him, one of which was etched by himself.

“ There is now living a farmer, at Ditcheat in Somersetshire, born without arms, William Kingston, of whom frequent mention has been made in the public papers. He surpasses, according to accounts which seem very well attested, all that have been yet spoken of. He transacts all the business of his farm, can milk his cows, make his hay, catch his horse, bridle and saddle it, dress and undress himself, comb and shave, write out his bills, &c.”

These accounts are most wonderful, and would

have been more satisfactory, if the persons who relate such extraordinary facts had taken the pains to describe the manner in which those things that seem impracticable were performed. I should like to know by what means a man without arms can comb his head, or catch a horse; not that I mean to deny the probability of it, as I am fully aware that the resources of such persons are beyond what any one possessing the full use of their limbs can suppose. “Necessity is the mother of invention;” a proverb never more fully exemplified than in the cases above mentioned.

Habit early acquired and long practised, may render the toes almost as useful as the fingers: the lips also are endued with acute feeling and great flexibility, and may become powerful assistants where the hands are wanting. One lesson, at least, may be taught by this maimed tribe:—That few things are so difficult, that they cannot be acquired by perseverance and application.

FIRE.

As I was one evening sitting alone, in a thoughtful mood, I amused myself in fancying resemblances in the changes of a clear coal fire, that burned with great brightness. In the hollow of one part I saw a volcano, issuing out flames and smoke; in another, an old man leaning on a staff. Here were huge rocks and fantastic precipices, overhanging a vast cavern, fitted for the reception of a banditti; and there a warrior with a helmet on his head. Imagination was on the wing: one shape succeeded another, in which my mind's eye perceived a likeness to some known object; till at length fancy yielded to reason, and I began to turn my attention to the nature and qualities of fire, a subject that excited my curiosity the more I considered it. I had recourse to my library for information; and

having collected many particulars, I shall communicate them to my readers, to whom it is probable they will be as new as they were to me.

The ancients had very inaccurate ideas of this element: they viewed it with a degree of reverential awe, and attributed to it the principle of life and animation. In some of the nations of antiquity it was revered as the Supreme Deity; and was worshipped by the Egyptians and the Greeks under the name of Vulcan, who, by some, is supposed to have been the same person as the Tubal Cain of the Hebrews, who probably first applied it to the fusion of metals, and other chemical purposes. Nor is it very surprising, that in the days of religious ignorance, when every valuable object was converted into a divinity, that a principle so active and powerful should obtain this distinction. The source of light and warmth, diffusing its genial influence all over the earth, producing a change of seasons and climates, according to the proportions in which it is diffused, was too striking to escape notice, especially when united to the visible effects of fire applied to combustible substances. This subtle,

invisible agent, has the power of expanding bodies, and rendering them hot to the touch. It melts many solids into fluids, and changes fluids into steam or vapour. We know that it exists, because we see its effects; but whether it is a distinct substance subsisting by itself, or caused by the motion of the particles of other bodies, is a question that has long exercised the ingenuity of the greatest philosophers. Bacon, Boyle, and Newton, adopted the latter opinion; whilst Boerhaave, who gave particular attention to the subject, maintained the contrary doctrine, and drew his inference from the equality of the heat produced by striking steel and flint against each other, whether in Nova Zembla, or under the equator. He supposes, with several philosophers of later date, that fire exists in all bodies; but that it lies in a dormant state, till called forth by particular circumstances, and then its sensible effects are heat, light, colour, rarefaction, and burning. In the quiescent state, this invisible fluid is called latent heat: it admits of many modifications, and can produce all the above effects, together or separately, according to the

circumstances in which it is placed. Light is often perceived without heat, as in rotten wood, putrid fish, the focus of a burning glass exposed to the sun, or the mercurial phosphorus. At other times heat is found without light: boiling fluids, though intensely hot, cast out no light. Rarefaction takes place without either light or heat, as is shown by the thermometer during the night time. If it is allowed that fire is an independent substance, existing in all bodies in the form of latent heat, it follows, that some peculiar modifications are requisite to bring it into action, so as to render it perceptible to our senses. This is effected by collecting its exquisitely minute particles into rays or streams, which by accumulation become visible; as the heat of the sun, which reaches our earth in direct lines, or the light of a kitchen fire, a lamp, or a candle. Motion also produces sensible heat, as is seen by the well-known experiment of rubbing two pieces of dry, soft wood, the one pointed, the other flat, swiftly together, by which the savages in New Holland kindle a fire in two minutes. Sparks issue from a flint that is briskly struck with a

piece of steel. The axes of chariot wheels, millstones, ropes of ships, cannon balls, by friction become heated, and some of them burst into a flame. There are other means of eliciting fire, but the instances I have given may suffice to call your observation to the subject. Fire or heat makes bodies heavier than they were when cold. In a winter's day, if a plate of gold be briskly rubbed against another, both will grow hotter and hotter, till they gradually become red hot, and at the point of melting; yet the plates increase in weight and size, which shows that the particles of the gold are not converted into fire, but that an additional quantity of heat has been collected from the atmosphere. The fluidity of humours, juices, &c. vegetation, putrefaction, fermentation, animal heat, and numerous other chemical processes which contribute to the comfort of human life, depend upon this fire diffused throughout the universe.

A natural division takes place between fire that shines, and that which does not shine. A piece of iron taken out of the fire before it is red hot, gives no light, yet is capable of setting fire

to other bodies. Shining fire is of two kinds; one producing light only, the other both light and heat. Flame is the brightest and subtlest part of the fuel, ascending above it, and has been termed red hot smoke: it varies in colour according to the nature of what is burnt. Sulphur produces blue flame, copper-dust green, tallow yellow, and camphor white.

Soot is an earthy matter, formed by the fumes of coals, wood, or other fuel, adhering to the sides of the chimney. Smoke is a humid vapour exhaled by the heat, so nearly approaching to the nature of flame, that it readily ignites, and has been for some years past used to light our streets and houses, under the name of *gas*. Ashes are the earth and salts that remain after the evaporation of the other particles of the fuel. The subject admits of many more remarks, but they must be deferred to another paper.

ON THE SABBATH.

THE sound of the bells, on a Sunday morning, is a cheering melody to those who labour hard the other six days. What can be a more delightful consideration, than that a day of rest is come to the weary; that the poor, as well as the rich, have opportunity to perform their religious duties, and draw nigh to that beneficent Parent of the universe, who accepts the devotions of the heart, and looks with the same gracious goodness, on all nations and people, of whatever rank, situation, sect, or opinions? Not that I mean to say that all the wild notions of religion, that have been adopted by enthusiastic or superstitious minds, are as acceptable in his sight as the pure doctrines of Christianity. Such a sentiment would confound good and evil. Truth only He can approve; but, doubtless, where

there are sincere desires to do right, as far as knowledge is given, much allowance is granted to ignorance and circumstances unfavourable to virtue.

To return to the ordination of the Sabbath: let us take a view of its effects on the different orders of men. In all Christian countries, multitudes of different classes are assembled, at nearly the same time, to offer up praises and thanksgivings, as with the voice of one man; and were the heart always in unison with the tongue, it would present a spectacle the most solemn, affecting, and delightful, that could be seen on earth. As it is, the return of this day brings order, rest, cleanliness, and comfort, to millions whose whole lives, were it not for this merciful institution, would be passed in continual toil and suffering. Even the negro slave has reason to rejoice at the return of this religious festival. He is remitted from his usual task, and is allowed to toil for his own benefit. He may cultivate his little garden, or repose in the midst of his family, while the overseer's lash is laid by till the morrow. The prisoner, shut up by his

creditor from the common enjoyments of life, on this day enjoys a superior degree of comfort, and has the opportunity of listening to the consolatory promise, that the sighs of the prisoner shall ascend to heaven. The advantages of this day of rest extends, also, to the animal creation: beasts of burden rest from their work, though pleasure-horses have often double tasks; the precept enjoined in the fourth commandment being too frequently forgotten, that the cattle, as well as the servants and strangers, were to do no manner of work on the Sabbath.

In popish countries, after public worship is over, all kinds of diversions are admitted. Play-houses are open, mountebanks and tumblers perform their tricks, and the day is observed by a greater degree of dissipation than the other six. Amongst some sects of dissenters, as with the Jews, it is kept with the greatest strictness: devout exercises succeed each other, and scarcely a word is allowed to be spoken, in families of this description, that does not refer to religion. In this, as in most other things, there is a medium, that is the standard nearest perfection. The

popish Sunday is totally irreconcilable with the appointment of keeping one day in seven holy, for the purposes of meditation, as well as for the acknowledgement of our belief in God, and our confidence in him, by acts of public worship: whilst the rigid abstinence from society and moderate relaxation, seems as contrary to the Divine example of our great model, who declared it right to do good on the Sabbath-day, and reprobated the Pharisees for unreasonable strictness.

Amongst the recreations that appear unobjectionable, reliefs from too close application to religious subjects, especially amongst young people, may be named, friendly conversation, a walk, reading poetry of a serious cast, making well-chosen extracts, or examining the minute parts of creation with a microscope: but let not these supersede reading the Scriptures, visiting the sick and afflicted, or teaching the ignorant. Can those who have the advantage of a good education, spend their time more satisfactorily than in attending Sunday-schools, and laying a good foundation for the knowledge of religion and virtue, in the minds of those poor children,

whose parents are incapable of the task, both from ignorance and poverty?

Works of love and charity, of every kind, are adapted to the day; and, by their variety, afford an agreeable change. Sunday is too often felt as a burthensome, tedious opportunity, by the slothful trifler; but, if properly spent, will pass, like other time well employed, without satiety, and its return be sincerely welcomed.

ANECDOTE OF A MONKEY.

THE Monkey tribe, when domesticated, have so many entertaining tricks, from their faculty of imitation, that they have frequently been supposed to possess more sagacity than other creatures, and have been the peculiar favourites of those who delight in the playfulness of tame animals.

It is difficult to give a reason for the effects, though the fact is certain, that the most solemn actions, when mimicked with an exact imitation of attitude and grimace, become ridiculous, and excite laughter; especially when the creature is of an inferior nature. An oran-otan has great resemblance to a man in figure, and possesses the power of mimickry in a high degree.

A droll story is related of one of these creatures that had been long kept by Père Carbasson,

and was extremely attached to him. He followed him, if possible, wherever he went; and, one day, escaping the father's attention, who was generally careful to confine him when he wished to get rid of his company, he slyly attended him to church, and, mounting on the sounding-board above the pulpit, unperceived, he lay quietly till the service began. As soon as the preacher commenced the sacred ceremonies, Pug crept to the edge of the sounding-board, and, overlooking his master, imitated every gesture with such a solemn air, and in so grotesque a manner, that the whole congregation was in a general titter.

The father, insensible of the cause of such ill-timed levity, reproached his audience for their improper behaviour when commencing the duties of Divine worship. The mimic, above his head, continued to imitate every gesture with the greatest archness. The people could not compose their countenances; but, in spite of their utmost efforts, their risible muscles were set in motion again and again. The preacher now began to grow angry; and, in the warmth of his displeasure, redoubled his vociferations and his

gestures: he thumped the pulpit with earnestness, raised his hands on high, and accompanied their motion by a corresponding nod of the head. The oran-otan repeated all these actions with the most grotesque mockery; till at last the congregation had no power over themselves, but burst into one loud and successive laughter.

The preacher stood aghast at this unaccountable folly and disrespect, and would probably have left the church, had not one of his friends stepped up to him, and pointed out the cause of this extraordinary behaviour. On looking up, it was with the greatest difficulty he could command his own countenance, and preserve the serious aspect of his sacred character, whilst the officers belonging to the church were employed in removing this comical intruder from his situation.

A young lady happened to be employed in making tea for a very large company, to which Samuel Foote, the comedian, was accidentally introduced. He seated himself opposite to her, and, with unfeeling rudeness, began to imitate every action of the tea-table. He pretended to

drink when she drank, to pour out the tea when she raised the tea-pot; and so exactly mimicked all her actions, as excited the attention of the whole company, and raised a general laugh. The poor young lady was confounded, and scarcely had courage to retain her post.

In either of these cases, I am at a loss to discover the cause of the merriment of the spectators: there was nothing ridiculous, either in the conduct of the preacher or the employment of the young lady. The drollery must consist in the exact imitation, or in the confusion of the person who thus becomes the object of general observation and mirth.

If it be the latter, it is a pleasure founded on the painful feelings of another, and should be corrected by all persons of humanity. In whatever light it is viewed, the imitator is a proper object of ridicule; and so far from a mimic having the smallest pretensions to wit, he fails of originality, invention, and, almost of a claim to good sense. It is a dangerous, contemptible talent, and is sure to expose the possessor to hatred and contempt.

ON HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

ONE of the principal advantages of reading, is to learn wisdom from the experience of others, free from the sufferings that have given them a capacity to afford us the instructive lessons, which may be gleaned from books of history and biography especially. No path of literature seems better calculated to delight and instruct than the latter, which introduces us to the private acquaintance of the most distinguished characters that have ever lived.

The robe of disguise worn by many is stripped off, and we frequently perceive, in the retired scenes of a man's home and family, that great talents and the laurels of a high reputation, are tarnished by sallies of temper, littleness of mind, or peculiarities that mark a degree of imperfection, inconsistent with the dignity of such a character.

In other instances, the character of the great man is heightened by an investigation into the undisguised recesses of his private life, and his example rendered more useful by applying it to the daily occurrences in which we ourselves are interested. Considered in this light, the most minute habit is worth recording, if tending to the promotion of virtue. Thus, from the philanthropic Howard we may learn the most exact punctuality in all our engagements, the most abstemious temperance in the gratification of our appetites, and an indifference to personal indulgence: at the same time we are instructed by his universal benevolence, and most arduous and unremitting exertions, to promote, by the greatest private sacrifices, the happiness of our fellow-creatures.

Whilst we contemplate with admiration the steps by which Benjamin Franklin rose from a poor printer's boy, wandering, without friends or money, in a strange city, to be ranked amongst the most powerful benefactors to his country, and the greatest philosophers of his age; we are taught by his example to estimate the advantages

of patient industry; an independence of mind, that feels a higher enjoyment in moderate gains, earned by himself, than the rich gifts of fortune bestowed by another; and the solid advantage of applying our talents to purposes of utility rather than show.

The greatest genius that ever adorned this country or any other, Sir Isaac Newton, gave a most instructive lesson on the government of the temper, when his little dog, ignorant of the mischief he occasioned, tore to pieces a manuscript on which he had bestowed much time and application. Sir Isaac, instead of violent expressions of anger, or venting his resentment on the animal that had undesignedly injured him, picked up the fragments, and coolly said, "Alas! Diamond, thou hast destroyed, in a quarter of an hour, that which cost me many years to compose."

The generality of mankind cannot attain to distinction: they have neither the opportunity nor the qualifications to become legislators, philosophers, or public benefactors; but every one may imitate the instances of good-nature, condescension, moderation, regularity, exactness, and per-

severing attention, which add to the merit of characters rendered illustrious by more dazzling qualities.

History records the fate of nations; their form of government; their wars of ambition, by which one is augmented in power and territory at the expense of its rival, which, probably, is reduced to a tributary province, or so weakened and impoverished, that a course of years must elapse to restore its prosperity.

The characters that appear in the historic page, are mostly those who engage in politics or war, two departments that exclude the gentler virtues. Though its faithful pencil holds up the virtuous patriot to the admiration of distant ages, and exposes to deserved contempt the venal and the vicious; yet its general deportment seldom includes those virtues and vices which are connected with individuals, and upon which their merit and happiness depend.

It is biography that possesses this excellency, and for that reason is, when well selected, the most amusing, and the most beneficial instructor that can be chosen. Of all the writers that excel in this line, Plutarch is the most original, and

has contrived to blend, with the greatest ease, the public transactions in which his heroes took a part, with such anecdotes as exhibit the man in the familiarity of private life. We become acquainted with the characters he describes, and feel a lively interest in all their concerns. He carries us back to the remote ages of Greece and Rome, and delineates with such a masterly hand, that the distance of time and place is forgotten, and we seem as if we were spectators of the events he relates. Few books appear to have had a greater influence on their readers than Plutarch's Lives. Many persons of celebrity have acknowledged, that they owed great obligations to the early impressions made on their minds, by the pictures of public and private virtue he exhibited in his lives of great men.

It would be a fortunate circumstance, if some modern Plutarch would adopt his spirit, and transmit the great characters of the last century, in his manner, for the benefit of the rising generation, who have seldom sufficient application to wade through the fashionable quarto, in which it is now customary to detail the lives of extraordinary persons.

ON A DILIGENT PURSUIT OF ONE
OBJECT.

WHATEVER a man determines to be, that he may be, if he has sufficient perseverance.

If we look through the historical records of every part of the world, we shall find that few persons have attained to great celebrity in any profession, without devoting all the powers of their understandings to that one object. A man who is determined to become eminent in a particular line, must resolutely bend every action to that end, or he can have but little chance of success. Divided attention prevents that energy of endeavour that often leaves idle genius far behind. Great talents, united with diligence, certainly form the most perfect requisites for excellence; but as they are the lot of very few, it is happy for the rest of mankind, that a common

degree of intellect, seconded by unwearied perseverance, is sufficient for most purposes in life.

The same undeviating pursuit of a certain track, operate with equal success, whether the path lead to virtue and honour, or vice and infamy; therefore, a young person entering on the theatre of the world, should examine with a cautious eye the object that he chooses for his idol.

The mistress that Sir Isaac Newton wooed with unerring constancy, was philosophy; that of Mr. Locke, metaphysics; the love of conquest, Alexander's; the enslaving of his country, Julius Cæsar's; and an inordinate lust of rule, Bonaparte's. These men not only reached the goal they proposed to themselves at the outset of their career, but probably went beyond their own expectations, by casting aside every obstacle; overcoming every opponent; and disregarding labour, fatigue, and difficulty.

It is recorded of the philanthropic Howard, that, being passionately fond of music, he was once tempted, whilst in Italy, to spare a few hours to attend a concert of the first vocal and

instrumental performers that musical country afforded; but he perceived that this indulgence served to disturb his attention from the main object of his journey, and he never afterwards suffered himself to be drawn aside from his noble design of *alleviating the miseries of prisons*, by any of the specimens of art, though a connoisseur, that presented themselves in the course of his travels through the principal parts of Europe.

These great men, and a thousand others that might be named, outstript all their competitors, and reached the summit of their wishes, by the means of this undivided attention. Apply the maxim to private life; and you will see, that he who gives his days and nights to be rich, wise, learned, accomplished, or virtuous, scarcely ever fails to become so.

A young lady,* whom I shall introduce under the feigned name of Clorinda, was a striking instance, not only of the efficacy of this quality in gaining its end, but also of the strong bias habit gives to the mind, and of the necessity of weigh-

* These anecdotes are facts.

ing the consequences of any one mode of conduct ardently pursued.

Clorinda was the only child of a gentleman, who possessed an estate of twelve hundred pounds a year, and resided in the family mansion in a country village. Clorinda was the darling of her parents, and received the best education their retired situation afforded; but she displayed no remarkable talents in the early part of her life, except an adroitness in arithmetic, and fondness for reading plays. When she was about fourteen, it happened that a company of strolling players came to the village where this family resided; a circumstance, on which all the future events of her life hinged, and which drew out the predominant turn of her mind. The scene was new to her; she became a frequent and enraptured spectator of their performances; and when the time of their departure arrived, took the mad resolution of abandoning father and mother, and enlisting herself under their banners. Happily, this ruinous project was discovered in time to prevent it, though such was her obstinacy, that she yielded to

neither arguments nor entreaties. She was obliged to be confined, and persisted in declaring, that whenever she should become mistress of her fate, she would go on the stage.

In a few years she had the misfortune to lose both parents, and being sole heiress of their property, had an opportunity of realizing her wild speculations. The first act of her independence was removing to a residence in London, and appointing an agent to manage her estate. It was fortunate that this gentleman was an honest man and a sincere friend, or she must have been the victim of her own folly.

She took a house in the neighbourhood of the theatres, attended the representations constantly, and associated chiefly with players. The circle in which she had chosen to move, soon drew her into a very expensive mode of living. She patronised her favourite actors with a profuse liberality, made them valuable presents on their benefits, and spared neither money nor influence in recompensing their talents. Not many years passed in this manner, before her agent was under the necessity of advising her to re-

trench her expences, as she was living beyond her income.

Being unaccustomed to restraint, she resented his sincerity, protested she would make no alteration, and persisted in that determination, till she received a second visit from her steward, with the information that she was on the brink of ruin. Thunderstruck at the near approach of such a serious change of circumstances, she took a sudden resolve to withdraw from her present connexions, and for a year or two live in privacy, till her affairs should be retrieved. Accordingly, she hired a small house in a retired street, and reduced her establishment to two maids and a footman. At the end of the year she was agreeably surprised with the effects of her economy; and, that she might recover her former situation in a shorter period, determined to part with her man servant. When two years were elapsed, her relish for the theatre and the society of players was damped, and she had bent the whole force of her mind to the art of saving. She soon recovered the money she had overspent, but that did not hinder her from continuing to

gradually retrench her expences, till, from one step to another, she gave up housekeeping, and confined herself to one apartment, at the top of a tradesman's house in the Strand. Here she lived without a servant or attendant for many years, and was seldom better dressed than in an old bed-gown. Sometimes she would creep to the baker's to buy raspings, which served her for bread ; and more than once was addressed with offers of money from benevolent persons, who, from the air and manners of a gentlewoman, which her rags could not conceal, supposed that she was some unfortunate woman reduced from affluence. She always declined their bounty with thanks, and said she was not in want. She avoided going abroad as much as possible, from a wish not to be seen ; but one day a friend of mine, who had business at the shop where she lived, got a view of her, as she came down to ask the people of the house permission to dip a piece of bread in the liquor of their boiled beef, for her dinner.

She kept a sort of annual festival, when she met her steward, to audit her accounts, and receive her rents. On that day she dressed herself

in one of the richest suits amongst the relics of the finery of her halcyon times ; but as they received no alteration in shape or make, they made an antediluvian appearance. She completed her dress with rings, ear-rings, and other articles of jewellery. Thus equipped, she sallied out of her lodgings in a coach, and was driven to a tavern, where a capital dinner and a bottle of wine were provided for herself and her agent. When their business was transacted, she returned to her former obscurity till that day twelvemonth. In this manner she dragged out the remainder of her life, useless to herself and the community; occupied only in accumulating property for strangers to enjoy. Her end was consistent with her life, void of the common comforts that her situation required. As she was always accustomed to keep her door locked, the family belonging to the house did not offer to intrude, till they had observed that she had not left her room for several days, when they ventured to knock at the door, but received no answer. After the stroke had been repeated several times, it was thought necessary to break open the door,

when they found her stretched breathless on the bed.

On searching her apartment, vast sums of money were found concealed in the most extraordinary places. Her books were almost interleaved with bank-notes, and every cranny suited for a hiding-place was filled with them.

She had no heirs but very distant relations, who quarrelled about the division of what she had sacrificed so much to collect; and were on the brink of squandering it in a law-suit, but were at last persuaded by the wise counsel of the agent to take equal shares.

How different would her enjoyments and respectability have been, had she pursued, with the same avidity, the course of virtue, and a judicious distribution of her large possessions amongst the deserving and the needy.

As it was, she lived despised, and died unregretted; but she gratified her ruling passion, by never losing sight of the means of indulging it.

DISMAL SWAMP.

EVERY different part of the globe is characterized by some natural phenomenon. One place presents the beauties of subterranean grottos; another, the sublimity of mountains, or the tremendous fall of rushing cataracts; whilst the eye is regaled, in some other district, with the soft, peaceful vale, the tranquil lake, and the promise of abundant harvests.

The extensive continent of North America combines most of the various features of the gradations of climate, with numberless objects of admiration to the naturalist, peculiar to itself: amongst these may be classed the Dismal Swamp, a morass of an extent unequalled in any part of the world. It reaches from Albermarle Sound, in North Carolina, to the neighbourhood of Portsmouth, on the opposite side of the harbour

Dismal Swamp.

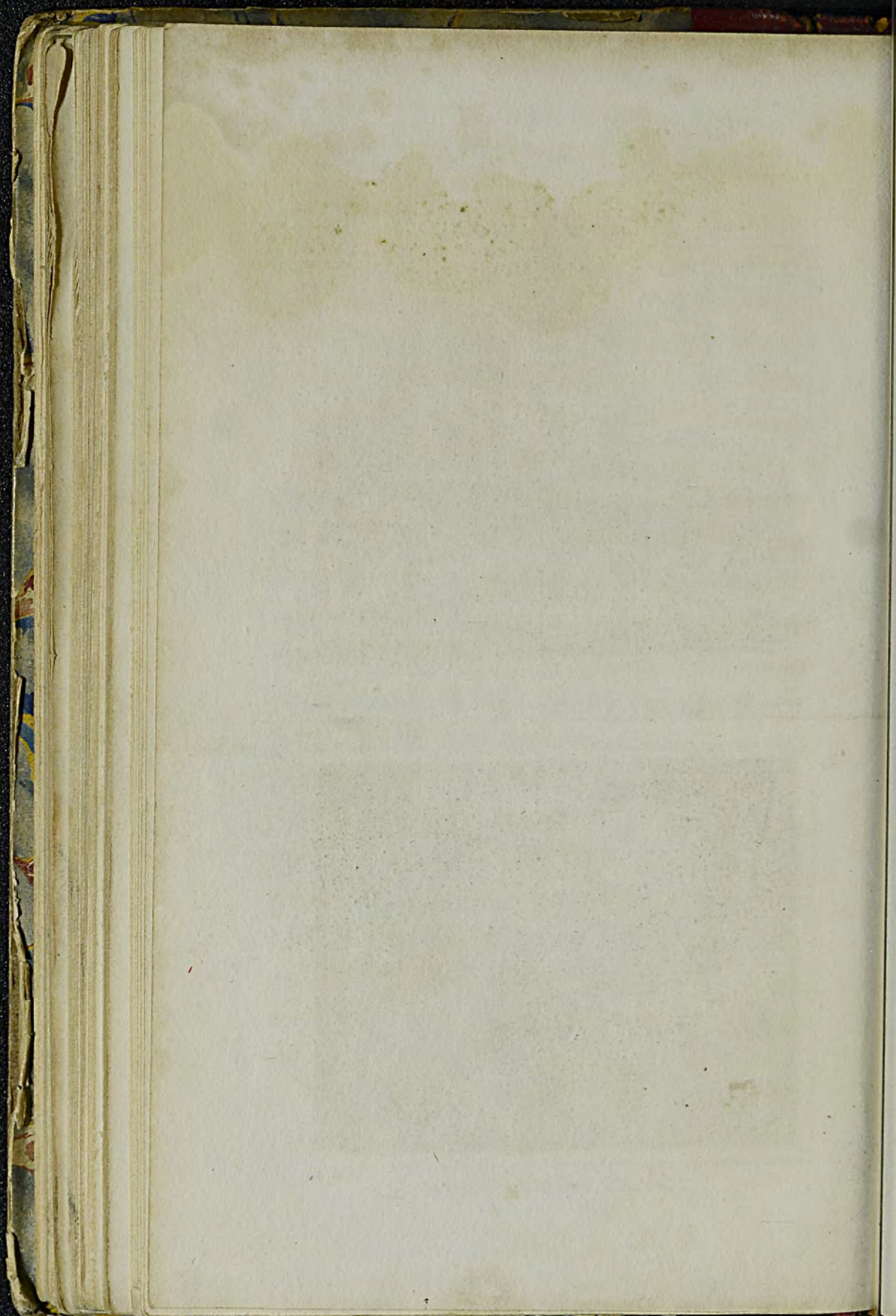


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Grotto of Antiparos.

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to Norfolk. It is supposed to contain about two hundred and fifty square miles, or one hundred and fifty thousand acres.

Some of the interior parts of this vast swampy plain is seldom explored, being full of danger; yet some adventurous huntsmen sometimes pursue their game within its precincts, but cannot advance far without great risk of forfeiting their lives to their temerity.

Mr. Janson, a late traveller, relates, that in one of these excursions he was often knee-deep; though, in other parts, the ground supported him firmly. In endeavouring to pass one of these fenny spots, he attempted to avail himself of a sort of bridge, formed of the body of a very large tree; when, to his surprise, he was suddenly immersed in dust, to his waist, the tree having become rotten, or probably gutted by insects, though it retained its shape, and appearance of solidity. Wild beasts lurk in this impenetrable recess: cattle also, stray there, and often become wild: hogs are turned into it by their owners, to fatten upon the acorns that fall from the oaks.

Lake Drummond is situated near the centre of the swamp, and is formed by the drainings of this immense bog. It is crowded with fish of various kinds, which, living unmolested, attain a prodigious size. Its surface is generally calm, being sheltered by lofty trees, which grow on its borders. The solitude and dangers of the place have given rise to romantic stories, that may have been strengthened by the vapours that are frequently exhaled from marshy ground, and are known by the name of Will of the Wisp, or *ignis fatuus*. An anecdote of this kind is currently related by the inhabitants of this dreary tract, that gave occasion to a beautiful ballad, called, "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp," written by Mr. Moore, the translator of Anacreon. The images are so appropriate, and the sentiments so pathetic, that it must please every reader of taste.

The story on which it is founded is simply as follows. A very strong attachment was formed by two young people, in the neighbourhood of the Swamp, when the death of the lady interrupted their prospects of happiness: an

event that made such an impression upon her lover, that he lost his senses. His mind being absorbed by her image, and familiar with the scenery of the place, he imagined that she was still alive, and dwelt upon this lake. Determined to find her on whom his soul was fixed, he went in pursuit of her; and, as he was never seen afterwards, it is supposed that he perished in some of the dangerous morasses that environ it.

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

“ They made her a grave too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true ;
And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where all night long, by a fire-fly * lamp,
She paddles her white canoe.

“ And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear ;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress-tree,
When the footstep of Death is near.”

* The fire-fly is an insect common in this part of the country ; in its flight, it sheds a beam of light, brighter than the glow-worm.

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds,
His path was rugged and sore ;
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen where the serpent feeds,
And man ne'er trod before !

And when on the earth he sunk to sleep,
If sleep his eye-lids knew,
He lay where the deadly vines * do weep
Their venomous tears, and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew !

And near him the she-wolf stirr'd the brake,
And the rattle-snake breath'd in his ear,
Till he starting cried—from his dream awake—
“ Oh ! when shall I see the dusky lake,
And the white canoe of my dear.”

He saw the lake, and a meteor bright,
Quick o'er the surface play'd—
“ Welcome,” he said, “ my dear one's light ;”
And the dim shore echoed for many a night,
The name of the death-cold maid !

Till he form'd a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from the shore ;
Far he followed the meteor spark,
The winds were high, and the clouds were dark,
And the boat return'd no more.

* A plant that grows wild in America, resembling the vine, but of such a poisonous quality, that it blisters the skin wherever it touches.

But oft from the Indian hunter's camp,
 This lover and maid so true,
Are seen by the hour of midnight damp,
To cross the lake by a fire-fly lamp,
 And paddle their white canoe.

ON VARIETY AND INCONSISTENCY OF
CHARACTER.

It has been said, that the knowledge derived from an acquaintance with mankind, is as useful an acquisition as that gained by the study of books. It is certain that it lies more within the general grasp, as it depends neither on wealth nor leisure, but on observation. Whether a person goes into company for amusement, or is thrown by business into familiar association with others of different ranks and pursuits, he has equally an opportunity of remarking the various shades of character that distinguish one man from another. All are influenced by the same principles: the pursuit of pleasure, and dread of pain, are the springs of human action; but they are modified by the difference of temperature, education, example, and association, which are

the causes of the variety of dispositions and habits found in the world.

I believe it will be acknowledged by those who have visited savage tribes, that there is a much greater uniformity of character amongst them, than is to be seen in nations highly refined. The life and occupations of savages are nearly alike, except the variations occasioned by climate and local situation. The prime object of solicitude is to procure food for the day : hunting or fishing, therefore, is the task of every individual ; and, when that is obtained, with a shelter from the weather, their principal wants are supplied ; they have no longer any thing to do, but indolently to recline and enjoy their pipe. Strangers to the elegant resources of literary attainment, they have scarcely an idea of cultivating their intellectual faculties, which, from disuse, are lost to their possessor, who is often but little superior to the most sagacious brutes. Unacquainted with the sweet influences of religious principle, they are guided by the impulse of passion, and love and hate most cordially. A portrait of one, will give a tolerable resemblance of the rest ;

but, in countries where the influence of religion, learning, education, and a laudable ambition to excel in different professions, bias the mind, the variety of characters is as great as that of countenances. No two faces are alike; nor can we find two men who exactly resemble each other in disposition and inclination. Nay, so powerful are these influences, that the same man often differs from himself; and it is no uncommon thing to perceive a strange mixture of vice and virtue in the same person. Charity leads us to hope, that, in such cases, the intentions are good, but that bad habits have inadvertently been adopted, from a want of impartial self-examination, and that strict guard that we should set over our words and actions, according to the divine precept: "Watch and pray always, lest ye enter into temptation."

I am led into these observations by an epitaph that accidentally fell into my hands, which delineates one of these half virtuous characters, who seem as if they intended to act wisely, but, from yielding to the sallies of ungoverned temper, so often deviate from the path of excel-

lence, as to cancel the esteem due to their good qualities.

Inscription on a Monument erected in Horsley-down Church, in Cumberland.

Here lie the bodies of

THOMAS BOND, and MARY his wife.

She was temperate, chaste, and charitable ;

But

She was proud, peevish, and passionate.

She was an affectionate wife and a tender mother ;

But

Her husband and child, whom she loved, seldom saw her countenance without a disguising frown,

Whilst she received visitors, whom she despised, with an endearing smile.

Her behaviour was discreet towards strangers ;

But

imprudent in her family.

Abroad, her conduct was influenced by good breeding ;

But

at home, by ill-temper.

She was a professed enemy to flattery, and was seldom known to praise or commend ;

But

the talents in which she principally excelled

Were difference of opinion, and discovering flaws and imperfections.

She was an admirable economist,

and, without prodigality,

dispensed plenty to every person in her family ;

But

would sacrifice their eyes to a farthing candle.

She sometimes made her husband happy with her good qualities,

But

much more frequently miserable, with her many failings ;

Insomuch, that in thirty years cohabitation, he often lamented, that, maugre all her virtues,

He had not, in the whole, enjoyed two years of matrimonial comfort.

At length,

finding that she had lost the affections of her husband,

as well as the regard of her neighbours,

family disputes having been divulged by servants,

She died of Vexation, July 20, 1768,

Aged 48 Years,

Her worn-out husband survived her four months and two days, and departed this life, November 28, 1768,

In the 54th year of his age.

WILLIAM BOND, brother to the deceased, erected this stone,

as a *weekly monitor* to the surviving wives of this parish,

that they may avoid the infamy

of having their memories handed down to posterity

with a *patch-work* character.

Domestic enjoyment is often blasted by an intermixture of foibles with virtues of a superior kind. The want of a certain polish of manner, towards near relations and those with whom we live on a very familiar footing, is apt to destroy

the value of essential good qualities. A wife may drudge all day, in taking care of the main chance; may superintend the affairs of her family with unwearied zeal, and relinquish every indulgence for its welfare; whilst she deprives herself of the love and esteem of those who depend upon her by ill-humour and petulance. Brothers and sisters have generally a tender affection for each other, which they evince upon extraordinary occasions; but how often do they corrode the mutual enjoyment of the domestic circle, by inattention to the mild graces of gentleness, and an endeavour to please. The same fatal mistake occurs frequently amongst other near relations. The restraint that is felt in the company of strangers, banishes, for a time, that rudeness that interrupts the peace of families; and which, like our best clothes, is too apt to be worn only occasionally.

The importance of cultivating true gentleness, as a habit, must be acknowledged by every one who has suffered from the neglect of it. And who is there that has not been stung by the contempt of the proud, the sarcasms of the ill-

natured, the sallies of the petulant, and the inconsideration of the selfish? An extract from Dr. Blair, descriptive of the amiable quality I wish to recommend, will form a suitable conclusion to my remarks, and enforce its advantages with more precision and elegance, than any addition I can make upon the subject.

“ True gentleness is founded on a sense of what we owe to Him who made us, and to the common nature of which we all share. It arises from reflection on our own failings and wants, and from just views of the condition and the duty of man. It is native feeling, heightened and improved by principle. It is the heart which easily relents; which feels for every thing that is human, and is backward and slow to inflict the least wound. It is affable in its address, and mild in its demeanour; ever ready to oblige, and willing to be obliged by others: breathing habitual kindness towards friends, courtesy to strangers, long-suffering to enemies. It exercises authority with moderation; administers reproof with tenderness; confers favours with ease and modesty. It is unassuming in opinion, and

temperate in zeal. It contends not eagerly about trifles: slow to contradict, and still slower to blame; but prompt to allay dissension, and to restore peace. It neither meddles unnecessarily with the affairs, nor pries inquisitively into the secrets of others. It delights, above all things, to alleviate distress; and, if it cannot dry up the falling tear, to soothe at least the grieving heart. Where it has not the power of being useful, it is never burdensome. It seeks to please, rather than to shine and dazzle: and conceals with care that superiority, either of talents or of rank, which is oppressive to those who are beneath it. In a word, it is that spirit, and that tenor of manners, which the gospel of Christ enjoins, when it commands us to bear one another's burdens; to rejoice with those who rejoice, and to weep with those who weep; to please every one his neighbour for his good; to be kind and tender-hearted; to be pitiful and courteous; to support the weak, and to be patient towards all men."

FRUITS OF EARLY GENIUS.

OLD nurses say, that children who possess the understandings of men, seldom live to maturity. This remark I take to be a superstitious notion, though it is probable that the taste for knowledge, and the vanity of parents coinciding, may in such cases often cause an application too close for the health of the body.

Thomas Dermody was the son of an Irish schoolmaster, at Ennis, in the county of Clare, where he was born on the 19th of January, 1775. He was a poet at ten years old, as appears by a copy of verses he wrote on the death of his brother, which I shall insert as a specimen of the powers of his imagination. When he grew to manhood, he associated with profligate company, and became a professed libertine. His genius attracted the notice of some powerful

patrons; but his vices counteracted their benevolent intentions, and brought him to an early grave.

*Thomas Dermody on the Death of his Brother,
written at ten years of age.*

What dire misfortune hovers o'er my head?
Why hangs the salt dew on my aching eye?
Why doth my bosom pant, so sad, so sore,
That was full blithe before?
Bitter occasion prompts the untimely sigh.
Why am I punished thus, ye angels, why?
A shepherd swain, like me, of harmless guise,
Whose sole amusement was to feed his kine,
And tune his oaten pipe the livelong day,
Could he in ought offend th' avenging skies,
Or wake the red-wing'd thunderbolt divine?
Ah! not of simple structure was his lay,
Yet unprofan'd with trick of city art,
Pure from the head, and glowing from the heart.
Thou dear memorial of a brother's love,
Sweet flute! once warbled to the list'ning grove,
And master'd by his skilful hand,
How shall I now command
The hidden charms that hush within thy frame,
Or tell his gentle fame?
Yet will I hail, unmeet, his star-crown'd shade,
And beck his rural friends, a tuneful throng,
To mend the uncouth lay, and join the rising song.

Ah, I remember well yon oaken harbour gay,
When frequent at the purple dawn of morn,
Or 'neath the beetling brow of twilight grey,
We sat like roses twain upon one thorn ;
Telling romantic tales of descant quaint,
Tinted with various hues, with Fancy's paint ;
And I would hearken, greedy of his sound,
Lapt in the bosom of soft ecstasy,
Till lifting mildly high,
Her modest frontlet from the clouds around,
Silence beheld us bruise the closing flow'rs,
Meanwhile she shed her pure ambrosial show'rs.

Thomas William Malkin, son of Mr. Benjamin Heath Malkin, of Hackney, was a more extraordinary and pleasing example of the early progress of genius : in him the best qualities of the heart, as well as the powers of the understanding, were unfolded with premature excellence. His course was short and brilliant, being removed at the age of six years and nine months, from the present scene, to a more pure state of existence, for which his dispositions seemed to be adapted. He was docile and affectionate to all, but in an eminent degree to his parents and brothers, for whom he showed the anxiety of a

father, taking an interest in their education suited to a more advanced age. The love of virtue appeared natural to him, grounded on piety to God, as he frequently referred his actions to that source. His reverential notions of the Deity were indeed extraordinary. His rapturous ideas of heavenly joys might be heightened by the warmth of his imagination, which was strong and lively, but the tenor of his short existence seemed tinted with a sweetness and benignity, that was like a foretaste of those divine enjoyments, to which the pious aspire in a future state. The superiority of his endowments did not deprive him of that playful cheerfulness so engaging in children, though many of his amusements formed the laborious tasks of other boys more advanced in age.

The acquisition of knowledge was his delight, and, under various forms, almost his constant pursuit. The change from one employment to another relieving him from the fatigue of application. As an instance of the quickness of his perception, I relate the following anecdote.

When he was little more than five years old,

as he was sitting at dinner with a knife in his hand, he said: "Pray, mother, what is the opposite to sharp?" She replied: "Blunt, my dear."—"Then," said he, "my knife is very blunt, for I cannot cut with it." His little brother Benjamin, two years younger, wishing to ask a question in imitation of his brother, enquired, "What is the opposite to a door;" which led his mother to remark, that opposites are generally expressed by adjectives, which mark the qualities of persons or things. Thomas immediately interposed with this remark: "But there are opposites among nouns, you know; at least among nouns of behaviour. Guilt is a noun, and it is the opposite of innocence."

He taught himself to write at three years old from imitation, and was able to express his thoughts in short lessons to his friends. At three-and-a-half he could read any English book without hesitation, and spell words of any length. He knew the Greek alphabet, and could read most Greek words under five syllables. His letter on attaining the age of four years, will afford a specimen of his ideas and mode of ex-

pression, when children in general are but infants, and can scarcely speak a compound sentence.

My dearest Mother,

I was four years old yesterday. I have got several new books: Mrs. Trimmer's English Description; Mental Improvement, by Mrs. Priscilla Wakefield; and a Latin Grammar, and English Prints. I think I have got a great many besides the old ones that I had before. Every day I lay up all my maps and chronological tables. My maps and tables are all dissected. I know you love me very much when I am a good boy, and I hope I shall be always a good boy. Benjamin knows all his letters, except one or two, and I hope he will know how to read soon. Papa is going to teach me to learn Latin on Friday, that will be to-morrow.

J. W. MALKIN.

October 31, 1799.

Besides the capacity of remembering whatever he had once known, and imitating with surprising

exactness whatever he had seen done, he possessed a strong imagination and the power of invention, as appears by the fac-similes of his drawings, and the map which he drew of an imaginary empire, called into existence by the creative powers of his fancy, for which he invented a long vocabulary of words; a form of government; the customs, dress, and manners of the people; and wrote short stories of some individuals of the kingdom of Alleston, as he called it.

To enumerate all his endowments, amiable propensities, and endearing behaviour, would fill a book, instead of a short essay; I must therefore refer those whose curiosity is excited to know more of this intellectual and moral phenomenon, to the affecting memoirs of him, published by his father.

VANITY.

VANITY is one of those evil propensities, that creep, almost unperceived, into the human heart. It enters into the most minute, as well as into the most distinguished of our actions; and has not unaptly been compared to the bindweed, that entwines itself round every stalk of the plant that supports it, till, by its close embraces, it crushes it to death.

This mean quality, though gratifying to the personal feelings of the possessor, renders him the object of ridicule to others; and is of such an insinuating nature, that superior talents are not always a defence against it. It seldom happens, however, that people are vain of those natural endowments or acquirements in which they excel, but rather of those in which they are deficient; which arises from a consciousness that

they are not exactly what they wish to be, and are therefore open to any flatterer, who persuades them that they have those qualities which they have not, and desire above all things to possess.

Queen Elizabeth might justly be complimented on her magnanimity, her heroic courage, her penetration of characters and choice of ministers, her skill in government, her learning, and many other noble qualities that would have done honour to the other sex; but her desire of being thought a beauty, to which she had never any pretensions, made her a just object of ridicule, even in advanced age.

Can we picture to ourselves any thing more absurd, than an old woman of sixty-six, with wrinkled face, red perriwig, little eyes, hooked nose, skinny lips, and black teeth, listening, with evident marks of pleasure, to the grossest flatteries? A Dutch ambassador, who, no doubt, was well acquainted with her prevailing weakness, had the boldness to assure her Majesty, that he had undertaken the voyage from the desire of seeing her, who, for beauty and wisdom, excelled all other beauties.

Besides her general ambition to be esteemed handsome, she was particularly jealous of the beauty of Mary, queen of Scots ; who was as superior to her, in the attractive graces of person and sweetness of temper, as she was in power and strength of understanding. At an audience of Sir Andrew Melville, ambassador from her charming rival, Elizabeth endeavoured to extort an acknowledgement, that his mistress was her inferior in beauty ; but the artful courtier evaded the question, which sharpened her desire to attract his admiration so much, that she appeared each day of audience in the new habit of some aoreign nation.

To so great a pitch did this mighty queen carry her coquetry and love of dress, that at her death were found in her wardrobe, three thousand different habits.

Whatever form vanity assumes, whether it be an affectation of beauty, learning, or gentility, it is equally ridiculous, and exposes its unfortunate possessor to mortification and contempt.

An old woman, who dresses as if she were young ; a plain woman, who courts admiration ;

an ignorant person, who displays a smattering of learning; and one of inferior rank, who mimics the dress and behaviour of her superiors; equally expose their particular defects, and like the ass in the lion's skin, so far from attaining their object, they excite contempt, when each would have been respected in their proper character.

SMALL CAUSES OFTEN OCCASION
GREAT EVENTS.

IT is curious to trace the minute causes from which many of the most important events that have been transacted on the theatre of the world have originated. Some of them are so trivial and obscure, that they elude the notice of common observers, and are perceived only by those who investigate things to their sources.

Destructive wars have been occasioned by the resentment of an individual, and nations laid waste from the caprice of a courtesan. Circumstances, apparently the most accidental, have prevented or accelerated the designs of princes, and have produced the most momentous consequences. This remark is by no means confined to public concerns: the prosperity or misfortune of private persons have likewise often hinged

upon incidents of a trifling nature, that have given a bias to their character for the remainder of their lives, and influenced the tenor of their future actions.

A few examples, that will confirm the truth of these remarks, shall supply this day's entertainment; from which this instructive lesson may be learnt:—That a superintending Providence can overrule the best-concerted plans; and that, sometimes, those who have formed designs, are the instruments by which their own projects are baffled.

When Vashti refused to obey the commands of her husband, she was not aware that she was raising a rival to the throne, whose influence over the mind of Ahasuerus enabled her to defeat the malicious designs of Haman, and save the Jewish nation from the destruction he had prepared for her countrymen. Nor did that haughty noble perceive, that his resentment against Mordecai, an obscure, despised captive, should bring him to an ignominious death, and ensure the royal favour to the very people he intended to destroy.

The enterprise of Darius against the Greeks, which laid the foundation for the final overthrow of the Persian empire, arose from the contrivance of Democedes, a physician of Cortona, who had cured Atosa, the wife of Darius, of a dangerous illness; and, from that circumstance, had acquired great influence over her. He burned with an ardent desire to return to his native country; and, finding it impossible to obtain permission to leave the Persian court, persuaded the queen, that it would be an easy and honourable achievement to invade the Grecian states. The queen, fired with ambition, seized a favourable moment to inspire her husband with the desire of becoming a conqueror. Darius assured her that he intended to make war against the Scythians. "The Scythians," replied the queen, "will be an easy conquest, and always within your power. I wish you to turn your arms against Greece, and bring me back female slaves from Lacedemon, Argos, Corinth, and Athens." The project succeeded: the Persians

and Greeks were involved in animosities, that were never long suspended till the Persian empire was destroyed.

An innocent jest fomented a desperate civil war between our Norman conqueror, William, and his eldest son Robert. The three princes, Robert, William, and Henry, resided at that time with their father, in the castle of L'Aigle, in Normandy. It happened one day, that, as they were amusing themselves with youthful frolics, the two younger took a fancy of throwing some water on Robert, as he passed through the court, on leaving their apartment; a freedom that he would doubtless have taken in good part, and returned by some jest of a similar nature, had it not been for the suggestions of Alberic de Grentmesnil, whose father had been deprived of his estate by William. The young man took this opportunity of revenge, by persuading the prince that the action was meant as a public affront, which it behoved him in honour to resent; and the choleric

Robert, drawing his sword, ran up stairs, with an intention of taking revenge on his brothers. The whole castle was filled with tumult, which the king himself found some difficulty to appease.

But the storm in Robert's breast could not be calmed: jealousy was excited: he accused his father of partiality; and, thinking that no sufficient atonement had been made for the insult he had received, left the court that very evening, and hastened to Rouen, with the design of seizing the citadel of that place. The precaution of the governor disappointed his project, and he fled to Hugh de Neufchatel, a powerful Norman baron, who gave him protection, which encouraged him to openly levy war against his father.

The Norman dominions of William, as well as his family, were, during several years, thrown into convulsions by the consequences of this trifling circumstance; nor could the war be terminated, till the English were called in to assist their sovereign to subdue his son and hereditary subjects.

The Protestants of Ireland were saved from destruction in the reign of Queen Mary, by the fraternal affection and presense of mind of an innkeeper's wife at Chester.

Dr. Cole, an intolerant bigot, was entrusted with this commission. In his way thither, he rested one night at Chester, where Elizabeth Edwards kept the inn in which he was entertained. The mayor waited on him, in his official capacity, and, during their conference, the Doctor unguardedly mentioned the murderous business which he had undertaken, and took out the commission, in the presence of his hostess, whose attention was excited by the solicitude she felt for her brother, who was a Protestant, and resided in Dublin.

When the mayor took his leave, Dr. Cole politely attended him down stairs. This was a moment not to be neglected: Mrs. Edwards adroitly took the commission out of the box, which had been inadvertantly left open, and placed in its stead a pack of cards, with the knave of clubs on the top of it.

Unsuspecting of what had happened, the blood-

thirsty zealot put up the box, and proceeded on his journey. On his arrival in Dublin, he presented it in form to the Lord Deputy and Privy Council. His lordship opened it; and the whole assembly were no less astonished than the commissioner himself at its contents. It appeared like the work of an enchanter. The Doctor gravely assured them, that it had contained a commission, nor could he divine by what means it was removed, and the cards substituted in its place.

Mortified and disappointed, he returned to the English court, in order to obtain a fresh commission; but Providence defeated his malevolent designs. Before he was able to reach Dublin, with his new ensigns of authority, the queen died, and her successor, Elizabeth, viewed the matter in a different light. The mystery was unravelled, and Mrs. Edwards rewarded by a pension for life, of forty pounds a year, for an action which, in the former reign, would most probably have brought her to the stake.

A recent occurrence in one of our courts of justice, is an instance, in private life, of the same kind. A person indicted for a capital crime, was released from the anxiety of his situation by an inadvertent error of the judge, who dated the indictment 1007; instead of 1807, and by that flaw put an end to all further proceedings in the same cause, and set the prisoner free from the effects of the law, which he was accused of having violated.

Thus we see, that the fate of nations and of individuals often depend upon minute causes, which human foresight can neither retard nor advance. The agents on these occasions are sometimes ignorant of the consequences of their own actions, and unintentionally contribute to the prosperity or misfortunes of others.

The heathens acknowledged a blind goddess, whom they called Fortune, to whose influence they attributed events that turned upon causes apparently accidental. The vulgar, even in our day, talk of chance, good luck, and bad luck, as governing the fate of men. But, to persons of reflection, there is no meaning annexed to these

terms. Nothing happens without an adequate cause: and we, who believe in a superintending Providence, must acknowledge, that the issue of all things depends upon the government of the Ruler of the Universe, who sometimes effects his will by the meanest instruments, and from the most trivial circumstances produces consequences of the most important and lasting kind.

GROTTO OF ANTIPAROS.

THE beauties of nature are profusely scattered all over the surface of the earth. Animals and vegetables, as well as the glories of the sky, display an infinite variety of elegant forms, and most attractive colours. The motions of the former, their curious economy, the exact proportion of their strength and capacities to their mode of life; the progress of vegetables, from the seed to the perfect plant, yielding seed in its turn for the renewal of the species; have always attracted the admiration of mankind, and excited the highest love and gratitude to the mighty Power that created them with such exquisite wisdom.

But these beauties are not confined to the objects that are always before us. We are told by those who have explored some of the interior caverns of our globe, that even there the same

traces of a Divine architect are to be found, and that the sparry congelations, especially in some subterranean grottos, present the most elegant designs.

A friend of mine* lately returned from visiting the remains of antiquity in the Archipelago, spent the day with me yesterday, and gave me the following interesting account of his terrific descent into the celebrated Grotto of Antiparos, so named from the small island in which it is situated.

“ Its entrance lies in the side of a rock, and is a spacious arch formed of rough crags, overhung with fantastic wreaths of climbing shrub. Our party were six, attended by the same number of guides, furnished with lighted torches. We presently lost every ray of daylight; but following our leaders, we entered into a low, narrow passage, lined on all sides with stones, that, from the reflection of the torches, glittered like diamonds, and displayed the colours of the rainbow. At the end of this passage, our guides desired us

* Charles Saunders.—See Encyclopædia Britannica.

to tie a rope about our waists, and then led us to the brink of a frightful precipice. The descent was steep, and the place dark and gloomy. The exchange of the lane of diamonds, for this abyss of darkness, was very unwelcome, but I had travelled far to gratify my curiosity, and I hazarded the event. The rope being held by the guides at top, I was first let down, and after dangling a minute or two, reached the bottom with my feet. My friends, encouraged by my example, followed, and we pursued our way under a roof of rugged rocks for thirty yards, hoping every moment to see the opening of the expected grotto; but our guides plainly told us we had far to go, and much to encounter, before we reached that, and those who wanted courage and perseverance had better return. None of us, however, would act so cowardly a part, though the sight of another precipice, much deeper and more formidable than the former, almost shook our resolution. By the light of the torches we could perceive that we were to plunge into a place encumbered with vast pieces of rough, rugged rocks, and that we should be

forced sometimes to climb over, sometimes to creep under them; and on the other side were numerous dark caverns, like so many wells, if one's foot should slip, that would swallow us up. Two of our guides went before us, and as we stood on the edge, we were terrified to see them go lower and lower, till they appeared at a frightful depth beneath us. When they were at the bottom, they halloed to us, and we very reluctantly followed. In the midst of the way we came to a place where the rock was perpendicular, and a vast cavern on one side threatened destruction, whilst a wall of rugged rock seemed impassable on the other. Here again we hesitated whether to proceed or not, but the guides assured us that they had often gone the same way with safety; we therefore took fresh resolution, and on we went to a corner where was placed an old, slippery, rotten ladder, which we ventured to descend. At the bottom we perceived ourselves at the entrance of another passage, which was rather dismal, but not wholly without beauty. A wide, gradual descent led us into a noble vault, with a bottom of fine, green,

glossy marble, over which we were obliged to slide on our seats, and with difficulty could keep ourselves from going too fast, and tumbling over one another. The walls and arch of the roof is as smooth in most places as if chiseled by a skilful workman, and are formed of a glistening red and white granite, supported in several places with columns of a deep, blood-coloured, shining porphyry. Here, to our terror, we lost sight of the two guides that went before us, and at the end of the passage found ourselves at the brink of another precipice, the bottom of which we reached by the help of a ladder, not much better than the former.

Had not the dread of falling taken up my attention, I should have admired many of the natural ornaments of this obscure cavity. The rock to which the ladder was fixed was one mass of red marble, covered with white branches of rock crystal, and might be compared, from the hue of the rock behind, to an immense sheet of amethysts. From the foot of this ladder we were compelled to slide, face downwards, through another shallow vault of polished green and white

marble, for about twenty feet, and we then rejoined our guides, who prudently gave us some refreshment, to enable us to face the dangers we had yet to encounter. After this we advanced through a narrow, slanting passage of rough, coarse stone, so much resembling snakes curled round, that nothing was wanting but a hissing sound to make us fancy that thousands of those noisome reptiles surrounded us. There was still another terrible precipice to pass; but as we heard that it was the last, we made no hesitation of descending the ladder. After this, we proceeded upon even ground for about forty yards, when we were again entreated by our guides to fasten the ropes about our waists; not for the purpose of suspending us over a height, but as a means of security against the lakes and deep waters that are numerous in this part of the cavern. At length we reached the last passage. The dismal gloom that prevailed here, might furnish images for a poetical description of Tartarus. The sides and roof were formed of black stone, and the way so rugged, that we were often obliged to slide upon our backs. The

angles of the rocks cut our clothes, and bruised our flesh in a miserable manner. Though I believed myself so near the object of my curiosity, I wished sincerely that I had never been allured, by the accounts of travellers, to venture into such a horrible place, when suddenly we lost sight of four out of our six guides. The want of their torches increased the melancholy gloom; and the supposition that they had fallen into some of the black pools of water that abound here, added to the apprehension for our own safety, as well as concern for their fate. The two remaining guides assured us that their companions were safe, and that we should soon be rewarded for all we had suffered, if we would but advance. Our passage was now become very narrow, and we were obliged to crawl on all fours over rugged rocks, when, hearing a little hissing noise, in an instant we were left in utter darkness. To our inexpressible terror, the guides told us that they had accidentally dropped their torches into one of the pools; but that there was no danger in crawling forward, as we should soon overtake their fellows. I gave myself up

for lost, and expected that I must perish in this dreadful cavern. Whilst I thus yielded to despair, one of the guides came to me, blindfolded me with his hand, and dragged me a few paces forward. I imagined his design was to rob and murder me; however, in the midst of my panic, he lifted me over a huge stone, and set me on my feet, withdrawing his hand from my eyes at the same time. What words can express my transport and astonishment! instead of darkness and despair, all was splendour and magnificence. The six guides welcomed me into the Grotto of Antiparos. Those whom we had missed, only went before to prepare the grotto for our reception, which was illuminated with fifty torches, and produced an effect no words can describe. Imagine yourself in an arched cavern, 485 yards deep, 120 yards wide, 113 long, and, as near as we could measure by the eye, about 60 yards high, lined on every part with brilliant crystallized white marble, and well illuminated. The roof is a grand vaulted arch, hung all over with pendant icicles of shining white marble, some of them ten feet long; and covered with clusters of

the same material, resembling festoons and garlands of flowers, glittering like precious stones. From the sides of the arch proceed fantastic forms of the same glittering spar, that fancy will easily shape into trees, entwined with flowers and climbing shrubs; and in some parts the congelations have taken the appearance of the meanders of a winding stream. The floor, though rough and uneven, is full of crystals of all colours.

“It is impossible to convey any adequate idea of the splendours of this natural temple, the ornaments of which are formed of the droppings of water, that, in great length of time, become congealed into a kind of brilliant spar.

“Having contemplated this charming spectacle with delight, and raised our aspirations to that Being, whose creative powers are displayed in the most obscure, as well as in the most visible part of his works, we returned, impressed with the conviction, that no good can be attained without difficulty and perseverance.”

ECCENTRIC CHARACTERS.

DECORUM is a quality adapted to every station in life. It consists of a conformity to order and consistency of character; and is equally becoming in high and low, old and young, and in either sex.

Decorum requires that every one should keep his own place, and not intrude upon the limits of another. The upper classes should preserve the dignity of manners that is the distinction of their rank: the lower, whilst they do nothing to debase themselves, should avoid aping airs of gentility, which they have never been taught to practise. The old vainly endeavour to conceal their wrinkles and grey hairs by paint and artifice, which only expose them to ridicule, where they might claim respect.

The absurdity of an effeminate man or mas-

culine woman, is too obvious to need observation. Yet, it must be confessed, that singularity is sometimes attached to a considerable degree of merit; which, in a few particular cases, may make an apology for deviating from the customary track. Though, let me warn my readers, that few indeed are the circumstances that authorise a man of sense to assume the title of an odd fellow.

Gilbert Wakefield, in his memoirs, mentions the eccentricities of the Rev. George Harvest, Fellow of Magdalen College, Cambridge, with so much humour, I cannot deny myself the desire of inserting them, nearly in his own words. This gentleman possessed a solid understanding, and strict moral rectitude; but exposed himself to the jests of his acquaintance, by an extreme absence to the objects before him, and an entire inattention to the common forms of behaviour.

“Mr. Harvest,” says Mr. Wakefield, “passed much of his time in the family of Lord O——, his parishioner, and was not unfrequently exhibited to the visitors as a subject of

merriment and curiosity ; but without insolence on one side, or servility on the other.

“ One night he was sitting with Lady O—— and the family, amidst the pageantry of politeness, in the front box of a London theatre. In this conspicuous situation, poor Harvest, on pulling out his handkerchief, brought with it *an old greasy nightcap*, which fell into the pit. “ Who owns this ? ” cries a gentleman below, elevating the trophy in full display, on the point of his cane: “ Who owns this ? ” The unaffected simplicity of our divine, little considering the delicate sensations of his friends, and overjoyed at the recovery of this valuable *chattel*, eagerly darts out his hand, seizes the cap, and, in the action, cries out, “ It is mine ! ” The party were utterly disconcerted at the circumstance, and blushed for their companion ; who, in the mean time, wondered at their confusion, and rather expected the sympathies of benevolence, with the joy of their friend, at this happy recovery of his property.

“ On another occasion, Harvest accompanied his patron into France ; and during the neces-

sary delay at some post-town, our contemplative parson rambled about after a bookseller's shop, and found one. Here he amused himself awhile with his favourite companions; but at last reflected that his friends were in haste to depart, and might be much incommoded by his stay.

“He had forgotten the name of the inn; and to expect him to find a road merely because he had traversed it before, was to expect that Theseus should unravel the Dædalean labyrinth, without the thread of Ariadne. Not a word of French could our traveller speak to be understood, but recollected the sign of the inn to be a lion. Still, how to make the bookseller comprehend this was the difficulty.

“Harvest however, tall and sturdy, raised himself, to the no small terror of the bookseller, with projecting and curvelling arms, into the formidable attitude of a lion-rampant; and succeeded, at length, by a repetition of this happy effort, in suggesting the idea of a lion to the staring Frenchman. But another difficulty, of a more arduous nature, now presented itself. There are *black* lions, and red lions, and white

lions; of which last colour was the lion in question.

“Now, no two-footed creature under the sun could less exemplify that admirable maxim of the Presbyterian divine, that ‘Cleanliness is next to godliness,’ than the hero of our story, who was *slovenliness in person*.

“Harvest, therefore, to complete the aggregate, and impress upon the sensorium of the bookseller the specific idea, not of a lion only, but of a *white* lion, unbuttons his waistcoat, and shows his shirt. Then, by woful experience, he was convinced, to his cost, of the truth of that Virgilian verse :

‘Such is the force of all prevailing time!’

For, alas ! like the raven of old,

‘That which had been white, was changed to a contrary colour.’

“In another region, our uncleanly countryman might have severely rued his inattention to

the decencies of life; but the polite Frenchman put a *candid* construction upon the case, and extricated the grim ecclesiastic from his distress, by a safe conveyance to the White Lion Inn.

“This unthinking visionary would stay at my father’s, day after day, totally insensible of the lapse of time; till, on the Saturday afternoon, it became necessary to admonish him of the expediency of returning to his Sunday’s duty.

“He once engaged to go with an acquaintance a journey of some extent. When the travellers had proceeded ten or twelve miles, they stopped at the inn of a country town. ‘I will step out,’ says Harvest, ‘for a few minutes, to see a friend, and will return immediately.’ He met with his friend; entered into conversation with him; thought no more of his fellow-traveller, who waited in vain, and was compelled to go on without him. Harvest returned home, as usual, at the call of his weekly functions on the sabbath.

“Our Adonis, early in life, was to have married a daughter of Dr. Edmond Gibson, bishop of London, (who afterwards, more happily, dis-

posed of her accomplishments to Dr. Wilson, who became bishop of Bristol,) and as the story goes, forgot the day of his intended nuptials. He overslept himself, and at twelve o'clock starts up, and cries, 'Bless me! I was to have been married to-day.' But Harvest denies the authenticity of this narrative. 'The truth was,' says he, 'I found myself unable to make good my engagements to the bishop.' For, it was commonly reported, that this guileless and upright Nathaniel had appropriated an independent fortune of his own, to discharge the debts of his father, who had been an eminent brewer at Kingston-upon-Thames; and in consequence of this truly noble conduct, never to be enough commended and admired, lived on a curacy of *less than one hundred pounds a year*, for the remainder of his days; receiving his money as he wanted it, *by half-crowns*, from his *banker* the clerk."

In contrast to this male oddity, I shall present my readers with a female phenomenon, not less eccentric.

Margaret Rich Evan was an inhabitant of Wales, and seems to have possessed a mind and body of masculine powers. She was passionately fond of the sports of the chase, and kept a great number of all the various kinds of dogs used in this amusement. She is said to have destroyed more foxes in one season, than all the confederate hunt's did in ten. She rowed well, and could play both on the harp and the fiddle. Margaret was also an excellent joiner, and, at the age of seventy, was the best wrestler in the country. She was likewise a good blacksmith, shoemaker, and boat-builder. She shod her own horses; made her own shoes; and, while she was under contract to convey the ore from the Llanberis copper-mine down the lakes, she built her own boats.

This extraordinary woman died at a very advanced age. Her capabilities were great; and in some situations she would have been dignified with the title of a heroine: though, as a woman, she must have failed in those endearing peculiarities that form the distinctions of the sex.

Mr. Hutton, of Birmingham, has commemorated the singularities of this Cambrian Amazon, in the following humorous lines.

“ 'Mongst the rocks of Llanberis, where foot comes not
nigh,
Nor eye sees their summit, except a bird's eye ;
Nor ought in the prospect appears to the sight,
But water and mountain, yet these give delight ;
Quite silent, for miles through these regions you go,
Except when the surly wind chooses to blow.

Robust are the females, hard labour attends them ;
With the fist they could knock down the man who offends
them.

Here lived Peggy Evan, who saw ninety-two ;
Could wrestle, row, fiddle, and hunt a fox too ;
Could ring a sweet peal, as the neighbourhood tells,
That would charm both your ears, had there been any bells ;
Enjoy'd rosy health in a lodging of straw ;
Commanded the saw-pit, and wielded the saw ;
And though she's deposited where you can't find her,
I know she has left a few sisters behind her.

ANECDOTES FROM INDIA.

ELEGANCE of manners, vivacity, and a desire of pleasing, united with the graces of conversation and a ready wit, are qualities that give their possessors great influence over their companions; and may be applied to excellent purposes, if their owner enjoys also a good heart, a sound judgment, and strict principles of morality. But it too often happens, that these attractive endowments, though dazzling, are dangerous; and few who have been distinguished for them in an eminent degree, have learnt the difficult lesson of restraining their gaiety within the bounds of moderation. "Gay and thoughtless" are kindred qualities, often seen in the same persons; and however engaging they may appear, have nothing desirable in them, unless they rest on a solid foundation.

The late Lieutenant-colonel John Mordaunt possessed all the talents of an agreeable companion. He had a fine person, a lively genius, a repartee always at hand, dexterity and address in most kinds of sports, and was an ardent votary to pleasure. In convivial companies in India, where he passed the chief of his life, the fascinating charms of his good-nature and vivacity, threw a veil over his gross ignorance, want of application, and general dissipation, the disadvantages of which, even interest could not surmount. He neglected his profession for pleasurable pursuits, and loitered away that time in which he should have advanced himself, in the luxuries and diversions of the Nabob's court at Lucknow.

During his stay with this prince, who was called the Nabob Vizier Asopt Ul Daulah, he became a very great favourite with him, and received a handsome salary and many distinguished privileges from his patron. The will of this sovereign was a law for his subjects, from which there was no appeal. Every thing they held dear was at the disposal of this weak, idle, contemptible man, who often abused his power in

the most wanton manner. Colonel Mordaunt sometimes humanely interposed the great influence he had over the mind of this tyrant, and saved the victims on the verge of being sacrificed to his rash vengeance.

Zoffani, the portrait painter, happened to be at Lucknow at the same time that Mordaunt was there, and, in a humorous moment, imprudently painted the Nabob at full length, but in high caricature. The picture being at Colonel Martine's, where old Zoffani resided, and the Colonel's house being the resort of immense numbers of the natives, especially of those, who, when the Nabob wanted money, took his jewels to the Colonel's to be pledged, it was not long before the prince was informed of the joke. In the first moments of irritation at the liberty taken with his august person, he was disposed to make the painter a head shorter for his trouble, and to dismiss the Colonel, who was his chief engineer, and had the charge of his arsenal; but as nothing could be done without his "dear friend Mordaunt," a message was dispatched, requiring his immediate attendance, on matters

of the greatest importance. This being a very stale mode of summoning Mordaunt, who would attend, or rather visit, only when it was agreeable to himself, would have probably been disregarded, had not the messenger stated that the Nabob was incensed against Zoffani and Martine.

Mordaunt found the Nabob foaming with rage, and about to proceed, with a host of rabble attendants, to the Colonel's. However, he got the story out of him as well as he could, and argued him into a state of calmness, sufficient to suffer his purpose to be suspended until the next day. So soon as it could be done with safety, Mordaunt retired, and, as privately as possible, sent a note to Zoffani, with intelligence of the intended visit.

No time was lost, and the laughable caricature was in a few hours changed, by the magic pencil of Zoffani, into a superb portrait, highly ornamented, and such an inimitable resemblance of the Vizier, that it has been preferred to all which have been taken when he sat for them.

The Vizier did not fail to come, his mind full

of anxiety for the honour of his dignified person, attended by Mordaunt, whose feelings for his friend's fate were speedily tranquillized, when, on entering the portrait chamber, the picture in question shone forth so superbly, as to astonish the Vizier, and to sully even the splendour which his whole equipage displayed on the occasion. Asopt was delighted, hurried the picture home, gave Zoffani ten thousand rupees for it, and ordered the person who had so officiously informed him of the *supposed* caricature, to have his nose and ears cut off. Mordaunt, however, was equally successful in obtaining the poor fellow's pardon; and as the Nabob would no longer retain him as a servant, very generously made him one of his own pensioners.

His power over the mind of this fickle potentate, which in the days of superstition might have passed for witchcraft, occurred on another occasion, in which he exerted his influence in the cause of humanity.

The hajah, or barber, who cut his excellency's hair, happened to draw blood, by going a little into the quick. This is considered as an offence

of the highest atrocity: because crowned heads, throughout India, become degraded, if one drop of their blood be spilt by a barber; over whom a drawn sword is always held while performing his office, to remind him of his fate in case of the slightest incision.

The Nabob, actuated by the common prejudice of his countrymen, had ordered the barber to be baked to death in an oven, when Mordaunt applied for his pardon. He could only obtain it conditionally; and, to be sure, the terms on which it was granted were both ludicrous and whimsical.

Balloons were just invented at the time this happened, and Colonel Martine being very ingenious, had made one which had taken up a considerable weight for short distances.

The Nabob changed suddenly from great wrath to a burst of laughter, which continued so long as to alarm Mordaunt; whose pleasure was extreme when he heard, that, instead of being baked, the barber was to mount in a balloon, and to *brush* through the air as chance might direct him.

It was accordingly settled, the balloon being sent off from his highness's fore court. The barber was carried, more dead than alive, at a prodigious rate, to Poliergurge, distant about five miles from the city of Lucknow.

It is with regret I must add, that the man who was so capable of compassion and sympathy, though a gentleman, had never had sufficient application to learn the common art requisite to write a letter; that he associated with gamblers and black-legs, and degraded himself with acquiring the knowledge of their tricks; was thoughtless in the extreme, indulging the inclination of the moment, unrestrained by prudence or consideration. He was beloved, admired, and pitied. Why was he so amiable, without approaching nearer to the perfect character of a man of religion and virtue? Honour was the rule by which he professed to act. He was a proof, that without a higher principle, it is an imperfect guide, and incapable of exalting a man to that degree of excellence which he is destined to reach.

FILIAL PIETY.

THERE are few virtues more amiable in young people than filial piety ; nor can any thing be more graceful or natural, than the return of a fond attachment, to those who not only gave us birth, but afterwards cherished us with the tenderest care. Some of our most eminent characters have been distinguished for this quality ; and it does honour to the female sex to remark, that many great men seem to have owed their excellence in different departments, chiefly to the culture of their talents in early life, by the solicitude and penetration of their mothers.

Sir William Jones is a striking instance of the admirable effects of maternal care. No doubt can be entertained, that, under whatever tuition his youth had been spent, his natural abilities would have raised him to distinction ; but I think it may

be questioned, whether the high degree to which his love of knowledge and virtue attained, was not the fruit of the early impressions and example of this honoured mother, who gave up every other pursuit and inclination, to conform herself to that plan of life that should best promote his education. It was impossible not to fix his affections on her, who had watched over him in sickness, instructed his infancy, and so blended delight with her lessons, that they formed the principal amusement of his vacations. To imitate those we love is easy, if not unavoidable; and he who passes the first years of his life in the society of an amiable and agreeable woman, can hardly fail to acquire virtuous habits.

Powerful as these impressions are, they are sometimes suppressed by an intercourse with the world, though it is often seen that even the contamination of profligate associates cannot eradicate them.

Colonel Gardiner was educated under the auspices of a mother and an aunt remarkable for their piety. During a course of years he slighted

their precepts, became the hero of a dissipated set of young men, derided religion, and professed the grossest libertinism. But under this disguise of hilarity and satisfaction, he endured the poignant agonies of remorse and self-reproach ; as he was all the time acting against the convictions of conscience, and the impressions of those principles he had imbibed in the cradle, which, with his utmost efforts, he could only stifle, but could never discard from his bosom.

In this distressing situation he was arrested in the midst of his vicious career, by the awful warning of a supernatural appearance, probably heightened by his heated imagination, that was continually accusing him of deviating from the known path of duty. He no longer dared to oppose the monitor within his breast, but became from that moment an altered character. He soon afterwards invited his libertine companions to dine with him, and, with magnanimous resolution, frankly told them, that he was determined to adopt a new course of life, and advised them to do the same. Some derided him, and endeavoured to parry his arguments with pro-

fane jests: the wiser part of the company applauded his design, though they wanted courage to follow his example. He therefore took a final leave of them, and was ever afterwards as eminent for virtue as he had been distinguished for immorality.

Hayley, the poet, suffered from a disease in his childhood, that not only threatened his life, but impaired the faculties of his mind; and he attributed the preservation of both, under Providence, to the unwearied care and tenderness of his mother.

Cowper, the author of the admirable poem called the Task, has celebrated the virtues and parental influence of his mother, in such a pleasing manner, in a copy of verses written on receiving her picture many years after her death, as a present from a friend, that I shall make no

apology for concluding my remarks on this subject with large extracts from it.

“ Oh that those lips had language ! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me ;
Voice only fails, else, how distinct they say,
Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away !
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

“ Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
Oh, welcome guest, though unexpected here !
Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own ;
And whilst that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief—
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

“ My mother, when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch, even then, life's journey just begun.
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unseen, a kiss ;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss.
Ah, that maternal smile, it answers, yes.
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nurs'ry window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !

But was it such? It was. Where thou art gone
 Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
 May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
 The parting sound shall pass my lips no more!
 Thy maidens, griev'd themselves at my concern,
 Oft gave me promise of a quick return.
 What ardently I wish'd, I long believed,
 And disappointed still, was still deceived.
 By disappointment every day beguiled,
 Dupe of to-morrow, even from a child.
 Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
 Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
 I learn'd at last submission to my lot,
 But, though I less deplor'd thee, ne'er forgot.

“ Where once we dwelt, our name is heard no more,
 Children not thine have trod my nurs'ry floor;
 And where the gard'ner, Robin, day by day,
 Drew me to school along the public way,
 Delighted with my bawble coach, and wrapt
 In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capt.
 'Tis now become a history little known,
 That once we call'd the past'ral house our own.
 Short-lived possession, but the record fair,
 That mem'ry keeps of all thy kindness there,
 Still outlives many a storm that has effaced,
 A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
 Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
 That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
 Thy morning bounties e'er I left my home,
 The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
 The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd,
 By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd:
 All this, and, more endearing still than all,
 Thy constant flow of love that knew no fall.

Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks
 That humour interposed too often makes.
 All this still legible in Mem'ry's page,
 And still to be so, to my latest age,
 Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
 Such honours to thee, as my numbers may :
 Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
 Not scorn'd in heav'n, though little noticed here.
 Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
 When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
 The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
 I prick'd them into paper with a pin,
 (And thou wast happier than myself the while,
 Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile.)
 Could those few pleasant hours again appear,
 Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here ?
 I would not trust my heart,—the dear delight
 Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
 But no !—What here we call our life is such,
 So little to be loved, and thou so much,
 That I should ill requite thee to constrain
 Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

“ Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast,
 (The storms all weather'd and the ocean cross'd,)
 Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle,
 Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
 There sits quiescent on the floods that show
 Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
 While airs impregnated with incense play
 Around her, fanning light her streamers gay ;
 So thou, with sails how swift, hast reach'd the shore
 Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar,
 And thy loved consort on the dang'rous tide
 Of life, long since, has anchor'd at thy side.

But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distress'd ;
Me howling winds drive devious, tempest toss'd,
Sails ript, seams op'ning wide, and compass lost,
And day by day, some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course ;
But oh, the thought, that thou art safe, and he !
The thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthron'd and rulers of the earth,
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.
And now farewell—Time, unrevok'd, has run
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done :
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again ;
To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine.
And while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft,
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.*

BISHOP OF LEON.

THE generosity of the English nation, and the Christian benevolence of individuals, were never more nobly displayed than in the hospitable reception of the distressed French emigrants. Driven by sanguinary factions, from the enjoyments of home and affluence, numbers of them took refuge on our shores, where, strangers and friendless, they were exposed to the greatest hardships. The spirit of enmity, so often cherished from earliest infancy, between Englishmen and Frenchmen, was forgotten at their approach; their misfortunes, not their country, was considered, and a general emulation prevailed, of holding out the hand of friendship to these forlorn wanderers.

The wealthy only could give large sums of money for their relief; but there were a thousand ways of alleviating their misery, that came within

the capacity of the middling classes. A cup of cold water, offered with kindness, we are told, will be accepted for its good intention; and doubtless there were many of these humble gifts, that were concealed from notice by the obscurity of the giver. The naked were clothed; the hungry were fed; and, to the sick, medicines and consolation were administered. Can there be a more beautiful picture of the amiable influence of humanity, than to see a whole nation, as with the voice of one man, extending commiseration to the unfortunate. On the other hand, the fortitude under such a transition of fortune; the patience, gratitude, and resignation of numbers of those afflicted persons, equally deserved admiration.

Perhaps none excelled the venerable bishop of Leon in these qualities. Though an exile in a strange land; stripped of his possessions; deprived of his relations; banished from his diocese, over which he had presided with the affection of a father; yet he was never heard to murmur, but, in the midst of such deep trials, preserved the equanimity of his temper unruffled.

He seemed to feel more for the calamities of others than for his own, and passed the remainder of his life in transferring his pastoral cares to his fugitive countrymen. He devoted most of his time to their service, in administering to their wants, and sympathizing in their afflictions; and so highly was he esteemed, that he was entrusted by our government to dispense part of its bounty amongst his brethren.

Besides his other virtues, he was distinguished by a liberality of sentiment, in which the Catholics are often, as a sect, thought deficient. In his addresses to the French clergy who were resident here, he urged them to avoid all interference in religion or politics; a precept that he enforced by his own example.

This excellent person died, November, 1806, in London, at the house of Mrs. Silburn, where he lodged during his residence in the metropolis; and who, though in narrow circumstances, found means of rendering this abode as comfortable to him as tenderness and sympathy could do.

It is but justice to her merit to quote some particulars of this lady, recorded by the biographer of the bishop.

Mrs. Silburn was the widow of a cooper, who had left no children of his own, but had supported those of his brother, two sons and two daughters, and had died in indifferent circumstances. Notwithstanding which, his widow continued, after his decease, to maintain and educate them, though she had hardly any other means than those of letting lodgings : but her character, her economy, her benevolence, and exemplary conduct, had created her numerous friends.

The rent of the bishop's room was not high ; but she demanded nothing, and received from him less than her accustomed rent. The bishop's lodgings became the general rendezvous of all the French clergy ; and her house was filled with the distressed from morning to night. Her charitable exertions were unremitted, and her assiduities incessant, in affording all sorts of comfort, particularly to the sick and infirm. For some weeks, the abode of this worthy woman was more like an hospital than a private lodging.

Such was the pious conduct of Mrs. Silburn, and peace of mind her bright reward.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

THE mental characteristics of the sexes are as distinct as those of their outward form: both are adapted, with the most nice exactness, to that department which they are destined to fill.

Sensibility is a most striking trait in the characters of women, and peculiarly adapted to enable them to fulfil the whole circle of tender offices that domestic connexions require. The rearing of children from the cradle to maturity; the attendance of the sick; the soothing the cares of a husband, and rendering his fire-side cheerful—cannot be effectually performed without this enchanting quality, which throws a charm upon the most trifling actions, and cements that friendship between husband and wife, that can only be enjoyed where each is more desirous of expressing their own wish of pleasing their

companion, than of exacting to themselves the same attention.

The Duke de Rochefoucault, in his exile, speaks most feelingly of the delights of female friendship. I quote his remarks. "He who has never experienced the friendship of a woman, knows not half the charms and delights of friendship. Men, undoubtedly, are capable of making great sacrifices; but, while a woman is capable of the same attachment and sacrifices—while a female friend will cheerfully meet the same dangers as men—she possesses, besides, the art of embellishing and brightening the saddest moments of our life, by unutterable sweetness of temper, constant care, and unwearied attendance on her friend. She can sympathize in his sufferings, mingle with his pleasures, and comprehend and divine all his projects. She can pour balm on his wounded sensibility, raise his dejected spirits, unburden him of the load of sorrow, and thus reconcile him to himself. Well can she soften the harshness of advice, which she has the courage to offer at a seasonable interval; and can inspire a boundless confidence, without cre-

ating pain or causing exertion. She bids defiance to obstacles; is discouraged by no accidents, not even by absence itself. In short, female friendship is a divine feeling, and the sweetest charm and comforter of life: when deprived of it by misfortune, the bare remembrance of it will still afford us moments of refined pleasure."

Consistent with the above representation is the charming picture of an amiable woman, grown old in the practice of the tender duties of her sex, sketched by an anonymous hand.

"See that old man, stretched on his couch: he vegetates: he scarcely lives. If he is sensible of existence, it is through discontent and peevishness: if he speaks, it is to complain. By his side sits his ancient wife, ever attentive, anticipating his wants, listening to his complaints, and divining his caprices. She alone can arrange the pillow on which he reclines his head, or the footstool on which his aching feet repose. She it was who invented this piece of furniture, which holds collected all that he is accustomed most to require; and that warm garb

is for him, about which her hands are so busily employed.

“ Without doubt, the object of so many cares, and of so much zeal, was also that of the tender sentiments of her heart ; and, happy in recollections of what she owes him, she finds her only pleasure in the attentions she now pays to him. Common life presents many similar characters, whose unremitting concern for every individual of the household, renders them essential to the comfort of the whole. Thus, we often behold the mother of a family, even as long as life remains, appear to be the soul of a body, which is ready to dissolve as soon as she ceases to exist.”

Sensibility, all soft, gentle, and endearing as it is, gives energy to the most heroic courage and undaunted fortitude that can animate the hero. Not that sudden, transitory, start of exertion, that faces danger for a moment ; but that steady, persevering, determined resolution, which encounters evils of various kinds, undismayed ; nay, braves death itself, in its most terrific form, when duty and tenderness require it.

Such was the courage of Lady Harriet Acland and Madame La Fayette, whose conjugal affection has been sometimes equalled by those whose virtues have been concealed by the obscurity of their circumstances; whilst the high rank of these ladies, has served to hold them forth as models for their sex.

In the year 1775, during the unhappy contest between this country and America, the regiment of which John Dyke Acland, Esq. was major, was ordered on the American station. No entreaties or arguments, presenting the danger of the enterprise, could deter his wife, Lady Harriet, from accompanying him. Her resolution was formed; and, in the beginning of the ensuing year, she went to Canada, where, during the first campaign, she traversed a vast extent of country, in defiance of the extremes of heat and cold, encountering difficulties entirely unknown to a European traveller, supported by her attachment to her husband, who was confined by sickness in a wretched hut at Chamblée.

On the opening of the campaign in 1777, the major imposed his authority so forcibly, that she

was obliged to restrain her feelings, and give up her inclination to share the fatigue and hazard that would probably attend the attack on Ticonderago. The day after the conquest of that place, he was badly wounded, and she lost no time in crossing Lake Champlain to join him. As soon as he recovered, she prevailed with him to suffer her to follow him through the campaign. The only carriage she could procure was a two-wheeled tumbrel, made for her by the artificers of the artillery.

Major Acland commanded the grenadiers, who were always the advanced post of the army. From their situation, these troops were obliged to be so often on the alert, that none of them pulled off their clothes whilst they slept. Under these circumstances, the tent in which the major and Lady Harriet were in bed, accidentally took fire. He was saved by the activity of a grenadier; but not without being severely burnt in searching for his wife, who had made her escape from the back part of the tent. From this disaster, they lost every accommodation they had with them.

This misfortune neither diminished the resolution nor the cheerfulness of Lady Harriet; and she continued her progress, sharing on every occasion the fatigues of the advanced corps.

Her fortitude had greater trials still to encounter, which she bore with equal magnanimity. On the march of the 19th of September, the grenadiers became exposed to the hazard of an action every hour: in compliance with the major's directions, she followed the route of the artillery and baggage, as the most secure situation. At the commencement of the action, she alighted at a small uninhabited hut, which served her as a retreat in this calamitous moment; when her ears were assaulted by the continued report of cannon and musquetry, for hours together, with the most anxious apprehensions for her husband's safety; knowing that his post at the head of the grenadiers exposed him to the enemy's fire.

The hut that sheltered Lady Harriet, as soon as the engagement became general and bloody, was used by the surgeons to dress the wounded. Three ladies shared with her in the horrors of

this day: the Baroness of Riedesel, and the wives of Major Harnage and Lieutenant Reynell. Who can paint the consternation of these heroic women, when Major Harnage was brought in very badly wounded, and soon after a messenger arrived with the terrible intelligence, that Lieutenant Reynell was shot dead.

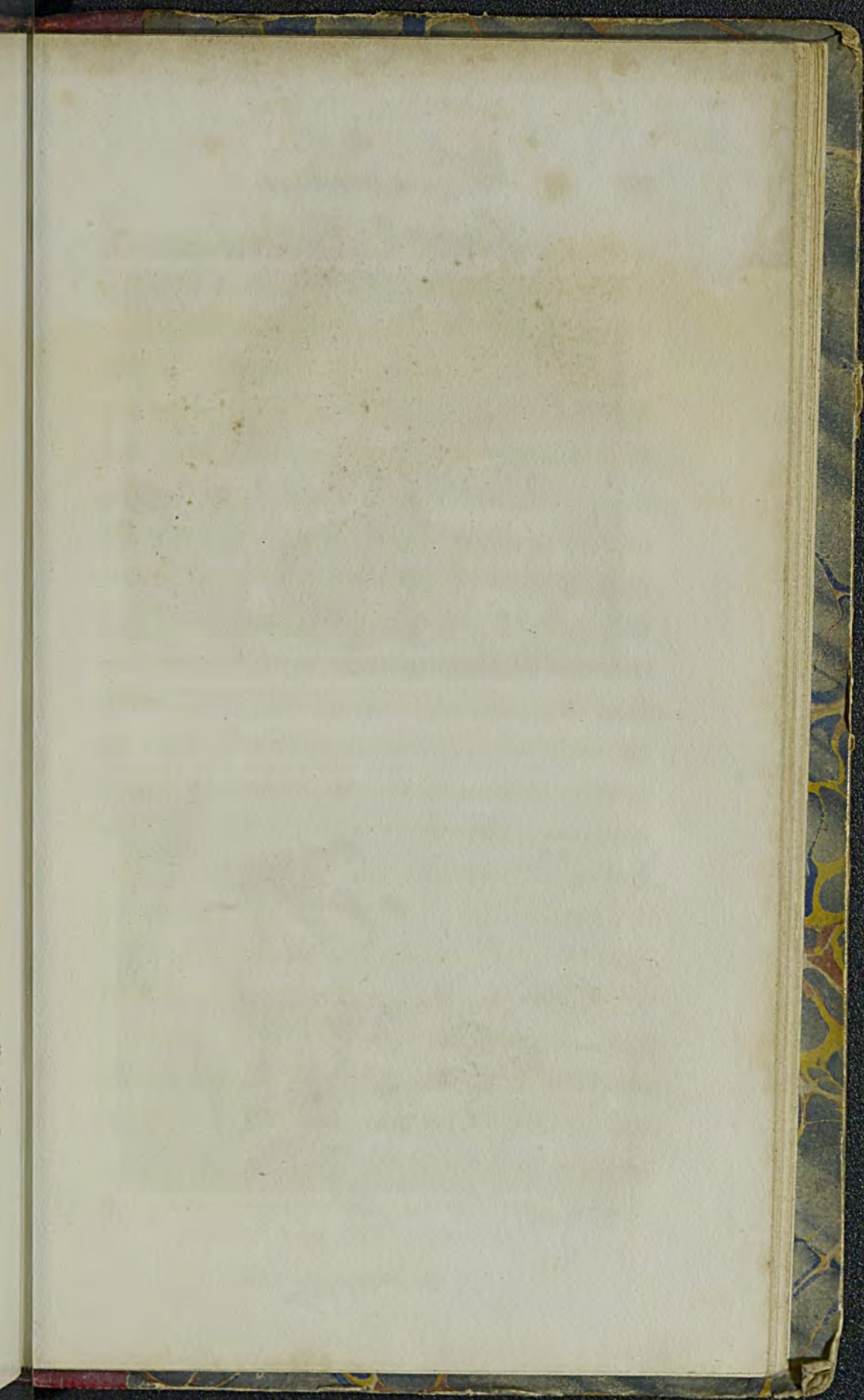
From this day to the 7th of October, Lady Harriet stood prepared for a succession of new trials, which were more severe than any thing that had yet befallen her. She was again exposed to the dreadful sounds of another action; and to feel in her own person the misfortunes she had deplored for her friends. She had to sustain at the same time, the news of the defeat of the troops, and the captivity of her husband, who was desperately wounded.

The next day, this excellent woman and her fellow-sufferers, underwent inexpressible anxiety. Not a shed, not a tent, was standing, except what belonged to the hospital: their refuge was among the wounded and the dying. At night the army retreated, and at break of day reached very advantageous ground.

After halting for refreshment, they were on the point of setting again in motion, when Lady Harriet sent a message to General Burgoyne, who was the commander in chief, expressing her earnest desire of passing to the camp of the enemy, to request the permission of General Gates, to attend her wounded husband. The magnanimity of this undaunted heroine astonished General Burgoyne. He could hardly conceive how a woman, brought up in the luxury of high life, after so long an agitation of spirits—exhausted not only for want of rest, but absolutely for want of food—drenched in rain for twelve hours together—should have sufficient courage remaining, to deliver herself into the hands of the enemy, probably in the night, and uncertain what treatment she might receive. He sympathized in her affliction, but had very little power to assist her. He had not even a cordial or a cup of wine to revive her. All he could do, was to provide an open boat, and to give her a few lines, written upon paper that was wet and dirty, addressed to General Gates, recommending her to his protection.

She was accompanied in her enterprise by Mr. Brudenell, the chaplain to the artillery ; besides her own female servant, and the Major's valet de chambre, who then had in his shoulder a ball, received in the late action. The night was advanced before the boat reached the outposts of the enemy ; and the sentinel refused to let it pass, or even to come ashore. In vain Mr. Brudenell offered the flag of truce, and represented the circumstances of the extraordinary passenger on board : the guard suspected treachery ; and, faithful to his orders, threatened to fire into the boat if it stirred before daylight.

What a situation for a delicate female, accustomed to every indulgence, to pass seven or eight tedious hours in an open boat, bereft of every accommodation, exposed to the accumulated terrors of the most cruel anxiety, the inclemencies of an American sky, hunger, fatigue, darkness, cold, and rain ! What could support her in this dreadful moment, but the consciousness of doing her duty, and the height of her affection for her husband ! Blush, ye votaries of pleasure, who neglect your families, and lose the serenity



Conjugal Affection.



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Virtue, the Voice of Nature.

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of your countenances on the slightest opposition.

What joy must she have felt at the first dawn of morning! Her situation having been made known to General Gates, he gave immediate orders that this magnanimous woman should be conducted to his quarters, where every refreshment he could procure was set before her; and she received the most generous tokens of his esteem and humanity, for which he was justly celebrated. She was then conducted to her husband, who, without these trials, could not have fully known the value of the heart he possessed. She had the happiness to see her husband recover; to which, no doubt, her tender care greatly contributed.

The virtue of Madame La Fayette was put to a trial as difficult to sustain, though of a different nature. Her husband, General La Fayette, languished, a prisoner, for several years, in the citadel of Olmutz. She not only obtained per-

mission to share his captivity ; but, when her constitution was sinking under the baneful effects of confinement, and she had liberty to leave the prison, though with the prospect of being separated from her husband for ever, she bravely determined to meet a tedious, lingering death, rather than to leave him to pine alone, whilst she enjoyed the pleasures of health and liberty.

Let these brilliant examples of conjugal affection, rouse those thoughtless wives to greater propriety of conduct, who lay aside the attractions of tenderness and good-humour, when they assume the name of wife ; forgetting, that the secret of domestic happiness consists not in gaining a husband, but in retaining his affections.

VIRTUE THE VOICE OF NATURE.

Nothing is more grateful to a generous mind, than to see the influence of a virtuous action upon men in general, and especially upon those whose interest or prejudices warp them against the person who has performed it. It is a demonstration, that a sense of what is right and just is implanted in every human breast, which though stifled by vicious inclinations, can never be extinguished; and whenever it is called forth, by admiration for that excellence in another which the owner has not courage to practise, it bursts out in loud applauses.

Times of difficulty and disturbance call into action the magnanimous virtues of patriotism, disinterestedness, and generosity, which might have been unknown in the tranquillity of a happier period.

The object of the Scotch rebellion, in 1745, was to place Charles, the son of James the Second, on the throne; who by his ill-conduct, lost the affections of his people, and he, with his descendants, were declared by the public voice incapable of reigning. This unfortunate young man received the name of the Pretender, and being unsuccessful in his attempt to regain the crown his father had so foolishly abandoned, underwent great hardships and dangers before he could find an opportunity of returning to France. He was often obliged to conceal himself in the humblest cottages, and sometimes to lie hid in woods and morasses, without any shelter from the weather. It happened, whilst he was a wanderer and fugitive, driven from haunt to haunt, that he was received with humanity at the house of a gentleman of good family, though reduced to a narrow situation. The circumstances soon became known, and involved the host in some trouble for his hospitality. He was apprehended as a disloyal person, (though he had taken no part in the rebellion,) and was obliged to answer for his conduct in a

court of justice. The judge demanded, in an austere voice, how he dared to give assistance to the king's greatest enemy; and whether he could urge a substantial reason why, as one who had always conducted himself with loyalty, he had not delivered up the Pretender, for which he would have received the thanks of the nation, and been rewarded with thirty thousand pounds, (the price offered by government for his person.) The prisoner, with a calm and dignified countenance, replied, that he had afforded him only that humanity which one man owes to another, and given him those refreshments that nature requires, a night's lodging and a frugal repast; and who is there among my judges, continued he, were they as poor as I am, that would have deigned to become rich by violating the rights of hospitality, in order to earn the price of blood?

The simple eloquence of this untutored orator, enforced conviction on the minds of his hearers. The court was filled with confusion and amazement; reproaches were turned into plaudits; the suit was dismissed, and the prisoner set at liberty; it being impossible to condemn a man

who was neither deterred by the fear of punishment, nor prevented by the hope of a great reward, from acting with compassion towards a fellow-creature in distress.

Sympathy with the afflicted shows an amiable disposition, which is much stronger in some people than in others ; but, like the rest of our natural propensities, it may be cultivated and cherished by exercise, till it becomes one of the most exalted of virtues. When benevolence is the rule of a man's life, and, without any view to gaining a great name, he steadily pursues a course of doing good, and voluntarily undergoes fatigue, faces danger, exposes himself to reproach, and thwarts his own inclinations to serve others, who cannot repay him—he deserves the title of a truly benevolent character. His kindness is disinterested, and claims the admiration and esteem of all beholders. A nice sense of honour, that, amidst the most tempting circumstances, can preserve the hands clean and the heart pure, likewise entitles its possessor to great respect, whatever station he may fill in society.

An anecdote is related, upon the best autho-

rity, that reflects high credit upon the national character of our English soldiers, during the late attack on Copenhagen. A party of our countrymen had taken possession of the villa of a gentleman of condition, about five miles from the city. The owner was obliged to fly with so much precipitation, that he left the plate on the table where he was dining. The love of life supersedes all other considerations: he abandoned his possessions, and gave them up for lost; but when the attack was over, private property was restored, and, in confidence of that permission, this gentleman returned to his house, and finding it guarded with soldiers, demanded an entrance, declaring that he was the rightful owner of the house, and every thing belonging to it.

The sentinel replied, that he had no authority to admit him or any other person; that his orders were to keep a vigilant guard upon the property; and that, unless he brought the permission in form from his commanding officer, he should resolutely oppose his entering the gate. The gentleman persisted in asserting his right, till the

sentinel threatened to shoot him on the spot if he did not retire.

Thus repulsed, he had no resource but to go to Copenhagen in search of the colonel, when, having procured a formal order from him, he returned, expecting to find his house plundered of all such valuables as were portable. The sentinel, on seeing the note, instantly admitted him, when, to his astonishment, he found every thing exactly as he had left it—not a spoon or salver was missing. He admired the honesty and discipline of the English troops, though enemies; and acknowledged the propriety of the sentinel's conduct, which at first had so greatly offended him.

The applause due to virtue cannot be withheld: it is the spontaneous tribute of every rational being. Even the vicious are sensible of its beauty, and, notwithstanding their opposition to its dictates, pay it that homage that they are not able to refuse. Though a consistent and strictly virtuous character is rare; yet, virtuous dispositions frequently appear in individuals of every class, that seem to issue directly from the

heart, as if they were the effects of a natural law imprinted by the great Creator.

The magnanimous generosity of a sailor during the present war, is well adapted to confirm this pleasing truth. It happened, as one of our vessels was sailing pretty briskly in the night, a man fell overboard. A sailor on deck instantly gave an alarm for assistance. "Never mind him," replied another who was present, "it is only a Frenchman." "He is nevertheless a *man*," said the first, and immediately plunged into the water, at the risk of his own life, to save his perishing fellow-creature, though an enemy.

THE TRAVELLER.

AMONGST the many noble families of France which suffered from the atrocities of the revolution, was that of the philosophic Count Honorée, whose penetrating judgment foresaw that a long period of anarchy and tyranny must overwhelm his country, before tranquillity, order, or liberty, for which so much had been risked, could be attained. From inclination, he preferred ease and the pursuits of science to the turbulence of political squabbles; yet he would have sacrificed his personal gratification to the interests of his country, if he had not been convinced that the contending factions were too powerful to be harmonized, and felt the difficulty of acting in opposition to the opinions of a beloved brother, who espoused the cause of the ancient *regime*, and being strongly prejudiced

in favour of the rights of nobility, and particularly attached to his sovereign, supported the measures of the court with all his influence, became a distinguished leader amongst the Royalists, and finally lost his life under the guillotine. This melancholy event determined the Count to put in execution a scheme he had before had in contemplation, which was to convert his property into ready money, and place it, through the interference of a friend, in the English funds; and then, before it was too late, to make his escape from his native country, that was every day becoming more the victim of rapine and bloodshed. He disguised his person under the appearance of a pedlar, which enabled him to carry with him a few valuable articles, that might be converted into a present supply of cash: and was so fortunate as to secure a passage in a vessel in the port of Toulon, destined for Leghorn, without being detected. The first sensations after the ship got under weigh, was that of a deer escaped from his pursuers; for he had certain information that his name was in the list of the proscribed. The regret of

leaving the country that gave him birth, was diminished by the crimes that defaced it, and the remembrance of his brother's fate. For awhile he was a prey to melancholy reflections; but, convinced of the inutility of unavailing sorrow, he endeavoured to recall the wonted activity of his mind, and turn his thoughts to the objects around him. He looked upon himself as a single, isolated being, devoid of friends and country; a citizen of the world, with no peculiar home, and therefore free to inspect and examine the different advantages presented by each that accident or inclination should lead him to visit. Italy opened an extensive field for the indulgence of his taste in the different branches of art, whether he preferred the relics of antiquity, or the productions of modern times. Temples, palaces, pictures, statues, and vases, solicited his admiration in all quarters. At Rome, the monuments of former ages, when that city was mistress of the world, excited in his mind reflections on the vanity of human greatness, and the vicissitudes that states and individuals undergo. He beheld the seat of consuls

and senators converted into the abode of slothful monks, and the respect paid to the statues of Jupiter transferred to the wooden images of saints. He lamented the depravity of human nature, which in both instances had offered the incense of adoration to the workmanship of men's hands, which was due only to the King of Heaven.

Naples presented many attractions; a serene climate, prospects of exquisite beauty, magnificent buildings, and a people devoted to pleasure; but it was not his design to fix his resting place so near the country he had left.

The picture galleries of Florence delighted his eye: the landscapes around were still more captivating. Some time was bestowed upon this charming city. The collections of rarities and the productions of art, were too numerous and too excellent for a slight survey. Grand squares, noble palaces, pillars, statues, pyramids, and fountains, are to be seen in most parts of it.

Bologna abounded also in similar specimens of the artist's labour; therefore, after the usual visits to the cabinets of the curious, he entered

the houses of the manufacturers of silks and velvets, and wandered amidst its delightful vineyards, where he regaled on the rich clusters, that hung in festoons from the mulberry and elm trees that divided the possessions of one man from those of another.

Venice presented a scene of great novelty: a city built in the midst of the sea, being founded on seventy-two islands, in the gulph that bears its name. No sound was to be heard but the splashing of gondoliers, as they paddled their boats along the muddy canals that run through the streets. No cheerful footsteps, nor the tramping of cattle, nor the clattering of carriages, disturbed the melancholy stillness. The Rialto, a noble bridge of one vast arch, thrown across the grand canal, afforded a pleasing contrast, by the lively view of the water covered with boats and gondolas, and bounded on each side by magnificent palaces, churches, and spires. The approach of the carnival detained the Count, who inclined to be a spectator of the humours of this season of festivity. St. Mark's Place, which is a grand square, formed of the

ducal palace and other buildings of marble, was filled daily with people in masks, whose licentious manners disgusted our traveller so much, that, after having seen a few of the diversions, he quitted Venice, in order to explore the fragments of antiquity in the Greek Islands, most of which afforded some vestige of ages that are past. The mutilated columns of the temple of Apollo at Delos, brought to his view the priests in their sacred vestments, and the impositions of the oracle. The curious Grotto of Antiparos, with its numerous apartments, adorned with various and beautiful petrifications, exceeded all the descriptions he had read of it, and filled him with reverence for the Divine architect. In the barren isle of Patmos, he was shown the cavern in which St. John is supposed to have penned the mystical book of Revelations.

The city of Constantinople was the next object of his curiosity: its fine situation on a neck of land projecting between the Black Sea and that of Marmora, with the luxuriant shades of the gardens of the Seraglio, ill agreed with narrow streets, and miserable wooden buildings,

with scarcely any windows. A few magnificent mosques appeared in different parts of it; but the contrast only served to increase the mean appearance of the dwelling-houses. The despotism of the government, which is equally dangerous to the Grand Signior and his ministers; the general ignorance and superstition of the people; and the frequency of the plague, which is principally occasioned by uncleanness, and the dangerous doctrine of fatalism; were so contrary to the Count's ideas of virtue and happiness, that he was glad to remove to Moscow, the ancient capital of the Russian Empire. Here he found great variety. Some of the streets are paved; others floored with planks, or formed with trunks of trees. Wretched hovels and splendid palaces are mixed together, without order or regularity. The glittering of the steeples, some of copper, some gilt, or painted of different colours, had a pretty effect. The inhabitants, like their dwellings, partake of the extremes of poverty and wealth, gross ignorance and knowledge. From this motley city he accompanied a Russian nobleman to Petersburgh,

the present capital, founded, on the banks of the Neva, by that patriot emperor, Peter the Great. It is not much more than a hundred years since the site of this noble city was a vast morass, with no other buildings than a few scattered huts belonging to fishermen. In 1703, Peter built a cabin for himself, where he might overlook the labourers that were to raise his projected capital. It now vies in magnificence and useful establishments, with the grandest cities in Europe. Amongst its decorations is a circular winter garden belonging to the palace, inclosed with glass, in which the flowers of summer are contrasted with the snows on the outside. The court presented the brilliancy of Asiatic luxury, combined with the refinement of European manners.

The sudden banishment of a nobleman to the deserts of Siberia, for a freedom of sentiments too boldly expressed, determined the Count to leave a court abruptly, where it was dangerous not to acquiesce in its measures. He crossed the Gulph of Finland, and arrived at Stockholm, a city in the form of an amphitheatre, built upon

rocky isles scattered in the lake Mæler, and surrounded with romantic scenery. He was fond of the manly, independent character of the Swedes, and frequently entered the cottages of the peasants, and made a hearty meal on their black bread. He now turned his thoughts to the new world, and hearing that a vessel was just on the point of sailing to Philadelphia, he embarked in it, hoping in that country to find the liberty he so fondly wished to see realised. He felt some disappointment on his arrival, at seeing that luxury had made a rapid progress, and that the factions of the state endangered its happiness. He took leave of the city, and directed his course northward, and arrived in time to enjoy the novel spectacle of a Canadian winter. For some months the ground was covered with deep snow, the sky was clear, the frost intense, and the most agreeable diversion the sledge-race. Warm furs, large fires, and sociable friends, made ample amends for the rigour of the season; and on the return of spring he visited the celebrated falls of Niagara, in the mighty river St. Lawrence, before which the boasted works of

man are nothing. He admired the inexpressible grandeur of the scene in silence, for words could not make known his feelings. He next indulged his curiosity amongst the tribes of Indians that dwell near the vast chain of lakes that stretch out towards the west, and found a mixture of virtues and vices that arise from their mode of life. Ardent lovers of independence; patient of suffering hunger, cold, and fatigue; dexterous in bodily exercises; attached to their tribe; and believers in a superintending Providence, though their religion is defaced by superstition and error; these children of Nature are cruel to their enemies, and inflict those tortures without remorse, which they bear themselves with surprising fortitude. Slothful, improvident for the future, and artful, they excited the pity of the Count, who feared that they had reaped no solid good from their European neighbours, because they had fomented wars amongst them, and taught them to drink spirits.

During his journey through these uncultivated parts, the natural beauties both in the animal and vegetable tribes delighted him. Sometimes

he wandered through extensive forests, composed of trees of various kinds and forms, but most of them of majestic height and grandeur of foliage. At other times he coasted along the shores of noble rivers, full of a diversity of fishes; the birds and beasts were equally numerous, and of as great variety. He traversed the Alleghany Mountains, visited the new settlements of Kentucky, and once thought of purchasing an estate, and settling as an American farmer; but the occupations of the solitary life of this pursuit, did not satisfy the cravings of his mind, which had been accustomed to the refinement and intelligence of polished society. He determined, therefore, to fix his residence in England, where the moderation of the government accorded with his idea of the happiness of the people: where the laws are paramount to every other authority, and the poor man is as much under their protection as the prince. He accordingly took a favourable opportunity of crossing the Atlantic, and arrived at London, which, though he had seen so much, astonished him by its magnitude, its riches, its commerce, and the multitude of re-

sources it supplies to the man of science. He passed a winter in the metropolis, fully occupied in examining every thing in it worth his attention; and having met with a lady of a taste congenial to his own, married her, and purchased an estate in Hertfordshire, where he finished his wandering course of life, and enjoyed a large share of felicity in the character of a country gentleman.

SELF-DENIAL THE TEST OF VIRTUE.

THERE is but little virtue where there is no self-denial ; or merit in acting well, whilst it accords with our interest and inclination. But a character rises to eminence, that sacrifices self-gratification to a sense of duty, especially when custom and example authorise a deviation from that nice path of rectitude prescribed to us by delicacy of sentiment.

The truth of an opinion is confirmed more forcibly by incidents from real life, than by fictitious ones ; I shall therefore relate an anecdote, in support of what I have advanced, on the credit of Frances Countess of Hertford, who, for talent and virtue, was one of the brightest ornaments of the court of George the Second.

“ A gentleman of Suffolk, possessed of an estate of two thousand pounds a year, had an

only son, who was brought up with the expectation of inheriting that fortune after his father's death. This event took place when he had attained the age of four and twenty. As soon as his grief gave him leisure to examine the situation of his affairs, he found the property so much involved, that no more was left for him than four hundred pounds a year, which consisted of church lands.

“The young man lived on this income for twelve months; but was observed, during that time, to be much depressed in his spirits; which was probably attributed, by his acquaintance, to his disappointment. Little were they aware of the true cause of his melancholy; for it proceeded from a delicacy of conscience, that would not suffer him to be supported by a revenue that he considered to belong to the church.

“At length he took courage to declare to his friends the grounds of his uneasiness; and to assure them, that he should be happier to be confined to an annuity of fifty pounds, which was all that remained after he had restored the lands, than he could possibly be in

the enjoyment of a large fortune, with a wounded conscience. All arguments to dissuade him from such an extraordinary measure was fruitless: he had taken his resolution, which nothing could alter.

“ Though his friends did not unite in this measure, they could not refuse their esteem. Amongst them was a very worthy man, whose business obliged him to go into Yorkshire, always once a year, and sometimes twice. During his stay in this county, he was accustomed to visit a certain family on the most intimate terms of friendship, which was composed of an old gentleman of good fortune, and an only daughter, who was to be his heiress. The young lady was elegant in her person, of accomplished manners, and sweet disposition.

“ In the freedom that subsisted between them, the traveller one day remarked to her father, that it must be very desirable for him to see his daughter united to a husband whom he could approve. The old gentleman replied, that it was his most earnest wish to promote this event, provided he could meet with a person whose princi-

ples he esteemed, that would be willing to settle upon the estate : and added, that if he could find him such a son-in-law, he would bestow his daughter upon him, though he were not worth a shilling. The traveller related the history of his neighbour ; and the father of the young lady was so charmed with such a singular instance of virtue, that he desired his friend would bring him to his house the next time he came ; and that, if the young people were agreeable to each other, they should have his consent to the marriage.

“ The benevolent projector of this alliance returned home with a joyful heart, not doubting that he had found an honourable means of increasing the fortune of a man, whom he lamented to see labouring under the depression of poverty, from an adherence to the dictates of conscience. But here an unforeseen obstacle arose : the same principle of rectitude that had forbidden the enjoyment of that which had been devoted to sacred purposes, restrained him from accepting this proposal. He positively refused to go ; declaring, that he preferred living on his scanty income all his days, to marrying a woman for whom he had

no affection, though she possessed the dower of a princess.

“When the time approached for his return into Yorkshire, his friend not only exhausted his own powers of persuasion, but applied to a relation of the young gentleman’s, in whose house he lived, to add his, to prevail with him to go and see the lady at least; showing several letters he had received from her father, requesting him to fulfil his promise. The youth was at length obliged to yield to their joint importunity; and consented to accompany him, on condition that he should be introduced under a feigned name, as an acquaintance, met by chance upon the road.

“This agreement being made, they set out together, and arrived in due time at the old gentleman’s house; when the congeniality of their dispositions and turn of thinking, laid a foundation for mutual esteem between the father of the young lady and his new friend. The young people found it no difficult task to form an attachment for each other, which soon after occasioned a happy marriage, by the consent of all parties.”

ON THE
DISCOVERIES OF THE CURIOUS.

MANKIND are much indebted to those persons who have made great sacrifices for the promotion of virtue, knowledge, or an increase of the comforts of human life.

The legislator, the magistrate, the philosopher, the minister of the gospel, and the schoolmaster, are honourable and useful characters; whose labours contribute to civilize the ferocious, to restrain the vicious, to enlighten the ignorant, and to protect and encourage the virtuous.

There are other departments also, in which essential services have been rendered to the world, by the patriotic exertions of private persons. Many advantages have accrued from the discoveries of navigators, who have left a comfortable home, to venture the perils of the deep,

in search of unknown countries. Through their adventurous endeavours, an intercourse has been established between distant nations, from which both have derived benefit; animals and plants, of much utility, have been transferred from their native soil, and domesticated in different climes. The catalogue of fruits for our desserts would be very small, were it restricted to those only that are the natives of our island: perhaps the crab, the sloe, and a few berries, would be our whole produce. But, thanks to the attentive care of travellers, we now enjoy the refreshment of a variety of wholesome, delicious fruits, differing in form, colour, and flavour, grateful to the eye and pleasant to the taste.

The same observation applies to the vegetables that add to our repasts both pleasure and advantage. That wholesome root, the potatoe, which, next to bread, may be justly termed the staff of life, especially amongst the poor, was brought from America about the year 1623.

Several kinds of our domestic poultry, also, are descended from a foreign stock, introduced by visitors to distant climes. The peacock came

originally from India; and flocks of them, in a wild state, still abound in Ceylon.

Pheasants were the inhabitants of the banks of the river Phasis, near the city of Colchis.

Common fowl were brought from India and Persia.

The pintado, or Guinea-hen, is a native of the country from which it derives its name; and was first carried to America with a cargo of negro slaves, in the year 1508; though they are now so numerous on that continent, as, by many, to be supposed an original inhabitant.

Turkeys are said to have been natives of the new world only. They were brought into Europe first from Mexico, by the Spaniards; and were probably imported into England from Spain. The first recorded to have been eaten in France, was at the nuptial feast of Charles the Ninth, in 1590.

That valuable insect, the silkworm, was originally found in China; though now naturalized in several parts of Europe.

Much light has been thrown on various branches of natural history, by the observing

eye of travellers, impelled rather by curiosity than avarice, to explore unknown countries; and many discoveries of animals and plants, new to our collectors, have enriched the journals of attentive voyagers, that at once amuse and instruct those who delight to study Nature and the wonders of creation, under the different forms in which she diversifies her productions.

A curious instance of this occurred to Monsieur Peron, in his voyage from Europe to the Isle of France. Between three and four degrees north latitude, during the obscurity of a night intensely dark, the wind blowing a hurricane, and the vessel making a rapid progress, he was struck by the sudden appearance of a vast sheet of phosphoric fire floating before the ship, and covering a considerable space. The vessel presently made its way through this inflamed part of the sea, which enabled the observant navigator to discover that this prodigious light was occasioned entirely by an immense number of small animals, which swam at different depths, and appeared to assume various forms. Those which were most immersed in the water, looked like great red-hot

cannon-balls; whilst those on the surface resembled cylinders of red-hot iron. Some of them were soon caught, and found to vary in size from three to seven inches. All the outside surface of the animal was bristled with thick, oblong tubercles, shining like so many diamonds; and these seemed to be the principal seat of its wonderful phosphorescence. The inside, also, appeared furnished with a multitude of little, narrow, oblong glands, which possessed the phosphoric virtue in a high degree.

When in a tranquil state, the colour of these brilliant inhabitants of the ocean is an opal yellow, mixed with green; but on the slightest movement of those voluntary contractions exercised by the creature, or those which the observer can at pleasure excite by the least irritation, the animal seems to inflame, and becomes instantly like a piece of red-hot iron of the most vivid brilliancy. When its phosphorescency declines, it assumes a succession of light, elegant tints, that are very pleasing to the eye; such as red, aurora, orange, green, and azure blue: the last is particularly lively

and pure.* The organization of this animal, which is called the *Pyrosoma Atlanticum*, ranks it amongst the most singular of the zoophite tribe; whilst its extraordinary phosphoric powers render it the most beautiful that has yet been seen.

Such are the wonders of the great deep; which must have been for ever lost to the inquisitive notice of man, had not an insatiable spirit of curiosity and enterprise, implanted in his nature, impelled him to venture across that unstable element; to face dangers unknown, to climb mountains, ford rivers, and cultivate an acquaintance with savage tribes. By this impelling principle, bestowed for no vain purpose, the productions of the whole world are brought into view; the peculiarities of each country become common; and the book of nature, that amusing and inexhaustible volume, is laid open to every one who will read, study, and admire the works of creation; that never-ceasing fund of novelty and variety, to which the works of art bear no proportion, either in number or quality.

* Note to Parke's Chemical Catechism.

Our cabinets have been enriched with multitudes of plants and animals unknown to Europeans, by the assiduity of voyagers and travellers, to whom we are greatly indebted for an increase of knowledge in this delightful branch of science, both by the specimens they have preserved, and the descriptions they have presented to the public.

TRUE AND FALSE GREATNESS.

IT is rather a humiliating consideration, that, amongst the innumerable millions that have been born, reached maturity, and fallen into the grave, so very few have been sufficiently distinguished to rescue their names from that profound oblivion that covers the names of the multitude. It is still more mortifying, that, amongst the limited number thus held up to the view of posterity, the greater part have attained this pre-eminence from having been the scourges, rather than the benefactors of the human race.

Alexander the Great had the advantages of inheriting not only the kingdom of Macedon, but the great power his father, by policy and arms, had gained over the Grecian states. He

possessed noble endowments of body and mind, and was educated under one of the wisest men* of his age: but did these privileges contribute to his own happiness or that of his fellow-creatures? He was the slave of his passions. His insatiable ambition prompted him to continual wars: his anger madly deprived him of his best friend: his vanity led him into the impious absurdity of receiving the homage of divinity; and his debaucheries brought on a mortal disease in the meridian of life. Had this celebrated conqueror turned the powers of his mind to do good, instead of inflicting misery, he would have received the voluntary incense of universal esteem, and have enjoyed a serenity and peace, to which it is most probable he was a total stranger.

The traits of character of Julius Cæsar are far more engaging. It is impossible to read his story, and not lament that a man of so much magnanimity, generosity, clemency, and energy, should have been ambitious; and that this one passion, improperly indulged, should impel him

* Aristotle.

to aggrandize himself at the price of enslaving his country. He had some faults, and many virtues; but they could not make atonement in the eyes of those who were jealous of his power. He died by the weapons of his former friends, in the midst of the senate. His death did not restore the republican form of government. The Romans were grown corrupt, and wanted a master. Cæsar had opened the path to royalty, and others reaped the fruit of his intrigues.

The military successes of Louis the Fourteenth, king of France, rank him amongst the great warriors, and procured him a renown very flattering at the time; but his victories exhausted the public treasury, and produced no solid advantage to his people.

Gustavus Adolphus* was too fond of martial glory, and spent the chief of his short life in the field of action; but he made an apology for his conduct, as he professed to make war in order to secure the liberties of Europe, and defend the Protestant religion. His piety, his

* King of Sweden.

moderation, his patriotism, and love of truth and order, constitute him a hero in the best sense of the word.

Bajazet, when taken captive by Tamerlane, had a just idea of the interference of a superintending Providence in these matters; for, observing that the tyrant laughed as he stood before him, he said, "Do not laugh, Tamerlane, at my misfortunes: God has subdued me, and not you. He is able to reverse our situations, and undo to-morrow what he has decreed to-day." Tamerlane assumed a more serious countenance, and replied thus: "I laughed with no design to exult over you, but from a sudden impression of the low estimation thrones and kingdoms are held in heaven, since royalty has been bestowed on such a blink-eyed man as you are, and such a limping one as myself." If we regard the characters of those who have wielded the sceptre, in general, we shall agree with Tamerlane, that there are no grounds to believe they are bestowed on the favourites of heaven; yet there have been some glorious examples of monarchs, and others

in illustrious stations, who have devoted themselves to augment the virtue and happiness of mankind.

Alfred the Great was one of the wisest and best sovereigns mentioned in history. He never drew his sword but to defend his country; yet he rose like a luminary in a dark night, to dispel ignorance and vice. He was almost adored by the people he governed, and his name will be honoured to the latest posterity. His civil institutions effected a great improvement in a short space of time. He divided the kingdom into counties, the counties into hundreds, and the hundreds into tithings, for the advancement of order and justice; in which he so well succeeded, that he hung up bracelets of gold in the highways, and they remained untouched. But the most invaluable gift he bestowed upon England, is the trial by jury, still held dear by the admirers of our constitution.

Charlemagne, in France, was, in degree, similar to Alfred in England, the promoter of learning and national improvement; but he was infected with that bane of kings, the ambition of

conquest, and, in many instances, his victories were stained with inhuman cruelty.

Henry the Fourth of France, from his own excellent dispositions, and the wise counsel of his minister Sully, merits the title of a patriot king. The good of his people was the favourite object of his pursuit; and the plan he was on the point of putting into execution at the time of his assassination, for the harmony of all Europe, shows that he extended his beneficent views beyond the limits of his own empire.

Russia presented only a vast extent of country, inhabited by barbarians, till Peter the Great held the reins of government. This original genius was not only endowed with a capacious mind and solid judgment, but also with the extraordinary talent of patiently applying himself to different branches of knowledge, till he made himself master of them, and was qualified to teach them to others. By this conduct he wrought a greater change in the manners and respectability of his subjects, than could have been effected in a long course of time by the ordinary methods. In support of this opinion,

I shall run over a few of the surprising effects of his labours. When a boy, he formed a band of soldiers, and entered himself as a drummer, rising through the different ranks as a soldier of fortune, in order to teach his nobles that merit was the only title to command others. The sight of a Dutch vessel, on a lake belonging to one of his country seats, inspired him with the desire of creating a navy; and, for the purpose of gaining a knowledge of naval affairs, he passed two succeeding summers on board different vessels belonging to the Dutch or English. But not satisfied with this apprenticeship, he went *incognito* to England, and afterwards to Holland, where he worked in the yard at Amsterdam as a common ship carpenter. By these arduous exertions he raised a navy, and built a capital, that, in a few years, changed the face of a morass into one of the noblest cities of the northern part of Europe. He invited foreigners of intelligence and learning to his court, and allured them by rich offers of settlement in his dominions. He formed an army that defeated the Swedes in the decisive battle of Pultowa.

He erected fortresses, made harbours, cut canals, founded schools, and introduced arts and sciences; which laid a foundation for further improvements under the august Catherine, who, though very defective as a woman, as a sovereign deserves great praise. She laboured incessantly to perfect what Peter had begun. She reformed abuses; composed a new code of laws; established institutions for the education of youth; and promoted general civilization, by the refinement of her court, which softened the manners of her nobility, and diminished the ferocity of the people.

I will close my list of worthies with General Washington, who, though he was never decorated with the crown and sceptre, attained to a height of power and popularity that would, in all probability, have raised him to the empire of the American states, had not his moderation and sincere love of liberty prevented him from using those intrigues to obtain it, which, with less delicate characters, have succeeded. He served his country, as her defender and assertor of her independence, as long as she stood in need of

his assistance. His wisdom in the senate established the government on a solid basis; and when he was no longer necessary in the active departments of public life, he retired to the enjoyment of family privacy, and, like another Cincinnatus, cultivated his farm.

THE END.

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