

Inscribed August 1820

VACATION EVENINGS;
OR
CONVERSATIONS
BETWEEN A
GOVERNESS AND HER PUPILS,

With the Addition of

A Visitor from Elton:

Being a Series of

ORIGINAL POEMS, TALES, AND ESSAYS,

Interspersed with

*Illustrative Quotations from various Authors,
Ancient and Modern,*

Tending to incite Emulation, and inculcate moral Truth.

BY CATHARINE BAYLEY.

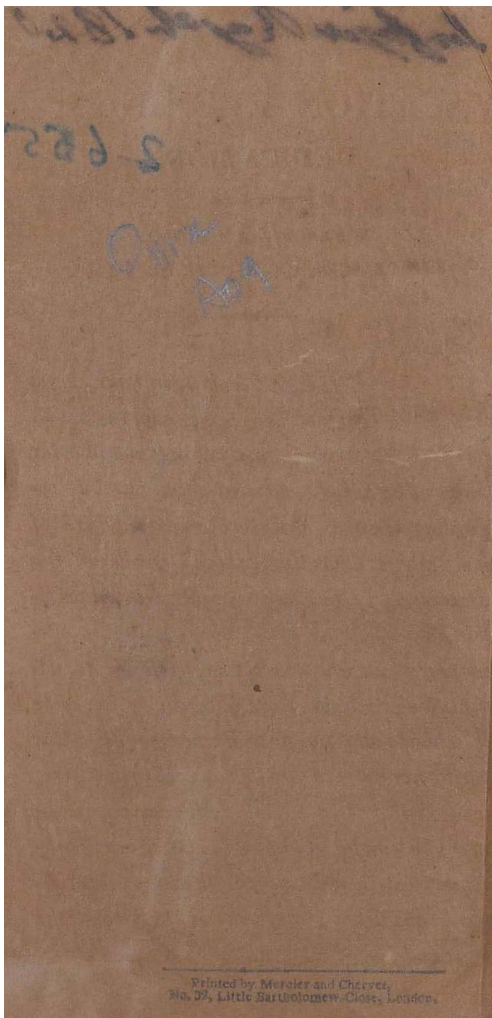
IN THREE VOLUMES.

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1809.



## DEDICATION.

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TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS  
THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES.

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MADAM,

*WHEN I look upon your Royal Highness, I cannot help being impressed with awe and admiration; not on account of your Royal Highness's elevated situation, but regarding you as the lineal representative of your august Grandfather, the Defender of the Protestant Faith; and of your truly illustrious Father, whose character rises in the estimation of all who know him, superior to adventitious rank, or worldly fortune; for as he is undoubtedly the first Prince, so he is the most accomplished Gentleman in Europe.*

*You, Madam, having such examples, must needs be emulous to uphold what has so firmly established the first in the hearts of his subjects, and what has rendered the second the hope and idol of all men.*

*These Volumes, Madam, are designed to inculcate moral truth, and to impress the youthful reader with a perfect idea of that benign religion, through which your Royal Ancestors were placed upon the throne of these Kingdoms, to reign, not only over, but in the hearts of a free, brave, enlightened, and loyal people*

*The Widow of a Field Officer has given herself the honour to address your Royal Highness, and with the most unfeigned loyalty and regard, presumes to subscribe herself,*

*Madam,*

*Your Royal Highness's*

*Most respectful and most devoted*

*humble Servant,*

*CATHARINE BAYLEY.*

## PREFACE.

---

OUR minds are formed for research, and truth ought ever to be the object. The infant no sooner speaks, but it reasons; *Why? what for?* are its simple, but intelligent interrogatories. Since, then, even babes think and reason, ere speech fully confirms the creative powers of the soul—it is surely laudable to stamp the impressive wax at once. Error imbibed in youth, confirms with age, and we remain, during life, the dupes of sophistry, superstition, and folly.

The greatest pleasure the mind ever receives results from the conviction of truth, which, when demonstrated to

reason, either by being contrasted with falsehood, or rendered visible by experiment, leaves doubt in the rear, and banishes altercation.

How pleasing it is to reflect that we have obtained knowledge by our own immediate application; with what satisfaction we dwell on the remembrance of it, and rejoice in the hope, that we shall attain still further perfection, from every future endeavour. "The brightest, and most valuable diamond in the world," says Voltaire, "was once a grain of sand."

What can we seek that is so valuable as truth? Let me intreat the youthful reader to commit to memory, as an infallible axiom, that *opinion is the result of instruction, or example; but that what*

*can be demonstrated to reason, as truth, must abide so for ever.* It will incite the mind to such researches as will amply reward the labour.

Superstition and ignorance magnify every thing into the marvellous; on the contrary, demonstrative truth will not admit of disguise; the only auxiliary it ever seeks is ornament; a superfluous aid, for truth, like beauty, is—

“ When unadorn’d—adorn’d the most.”

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ERRATA, Vol. I.

---

Page 10, line 16, *for just read past.*

81, line 18, *for or read and.*

141, line 7, *after gives, insert that.*

Ib. line 8, *for accounts, read account.*

124, line 20, *dele Toulouse and the parentheses.*

135, line 13, *dele your conduct.*

Ib. line 15, *for engraft, read engrave.*

Ib. line 20, *after merit insert and.*

150, line 5, *dele so.*

193, line 21, *for smile read look.*

194, line 12, *for with read without.*

197, line 5, *for his read its.*

212, *Evening the Fourteenth*, should have been  
inserted before the first line, "So teach," &c.

218, line 20, *for are read it is.*

# VACATION EVENINGS.

## EVENING THE FIRST.

It was in one of those dismal afternoons, just before Christmas, when the evening sun scarcely gleams through the encumbered atmosphere of London, that Mrs. Mordant, and her young pupils, the three daughters of Mr. Denzel, were seated around the fire, when a servant announced the arrival of their brother, Edmund Denzel, from Eton school. The young ladies rose to receive him, while he hastily saluted them with the most tender affection.

They took tea, and, after conversing sometime on indifferent subjects, the young gentleman proposed a *game at cards*, to

which Mrs. Mordant instantly gave a negative. "We will find diversion without cards, Sir; the young ladies shall play, and sing; or, perhaps, *you* will exert yourself for our entertainment, and read to us a few pages from some classic author, or a scene or two from one of Shakspeare's plays."—To the latter proposal the young gentleman willingly assented, and opening a volume of our immortal dramatist at the play of King Henry the Sixth, read, until he came to the scene between Margaret and the wife of Duke Humphrey—when Mrs. Mordant said, "You will pardon me for this interruption; I wish to comment on that passage, in which Shakspeare has committed an anachronism; for the wife of Duke Humphrey was in disgrace nearly four years before Queen Margaret came to England."

"I thank you, Madam," replied the young gentleman, "but that does not signify."

"Not considering the play as a poetic

composition," said Mrs. Mordant; "but lest it should confuse in your minds the poet's detail with the real history of your native country, in which it is material you should be particularly correct, since, next to a perfect knowledge of your mother tongue, it is essentially necessary for you to be acquainted with *that*. An error in judgment is readily passed over, but a mistake in history, more especially if of our own country we were speaking, would subject us to the smile of derision, than which nothing is more offensive to the feelings."

"Pardon me, Madam," said Miss Maria Denzel (Mr. Denzel's second daughter), but I think I recollect you told me, the other day, that the use of uncommon, or technical words, was a great affectation, and by all means to be avoided; since the beauty of speaking consisted in giving to all our ideas a simple and elegant clothing, such as that with which we ought to adorn our persons, and that nothing was more distaste-

ful than singularity, either in dress or language, which betrayed either great weakness or great affectation. I think those were your words; and, as I never heard the word *anachronism* before, it called to my mind your sentiments and instructions; and I beg you will please to tell me the meaning of that word, and if there be no other to express it."

"I thank you, Miss Maria," said Mrs. Mordant: "you please me infinitely when you remember my sentiments and instructions; and I beg you will always ask questions, and explain your sentiments in the same way, when you want information."

"*Anachronism* did not appear to me either a hard or technical word. I shall illustrate it by a reference to the history."

"The Duchess of Gloucester was condemned to perpetual imprisonment 1441. Margaret of Anjou did not arrive in England until May 1445. So that Shakspeare has placed events previous to the

time they could possibly have happened, granting *they were facts*. These are denominated anachronisms—*poetic anachronisms* only are admissible.”

“Thank you, Madam; now I perfectly understand it.”

“And I too,” said Miss Sarah. “And *all of us*,” rejoined Edmund, “for I declare I did not perfectly comprehend it before!”

“I am happy to hear you have obtained the least information in our society, Sir. My ladies may find the derivation of the word in their Johnson’s folio. You have the advantage of them, and may refer to your Greek Lexicon.

“We ought, at all times, to be anxious after knowledge; and I entreat you will never be diffident in inquiry. I flatter myself we may all profit by our winter evening’s amusements; and that delight may be combined with instruction is most certain.

“It is my wish that each of you will endeavour to select something from history, biography, poetry, or any miscellaneous

matter, in which you find yourselves interested, and *that* without fear or reserve; for the timidity that shrinks through fear, or shame, from research into science, or truth, is the worst kind of cowardice; and the reserve that withholds from another the treasures of knowledge, the most vicious and dangerous of all monopolies."

The ladies now repaired to the piano; and, after entertaining their brother, and amusing themselves for some time, retired to their chambers, first affectionately taking leave of Mrs. Mordant, and each other.

## EVENING THE SECOND.



ON the second evening, when the young gentleman joined his sisters, and their governess, he entered with an air of such entire satisfaction, that they not only loved him, but themselves, the better; for nothing has the charm of binding us so effectually to each other as the power of receiving and communicating pleasure.

“ I have been thinking, Madam,” said Edmund Denzel, “ it would be very proper for us to begin Shakspeare’s historical plays, and correct, by the History of England, all his errors.’

Mrs. Mordant smiled—“ The only way to do so, Sir, is to begin with history; when you are well versed in *that*, you will, in an instant, perceive the poet’s fiction.”

“ Aye, but I think there is no need

of fiction when a man writes about history," replied the Etonian.

"Granted, Sir—when a man writes about history, as you say; but a poet and an historian are widely different. You, however, are not singular in a mistake of this kind. The great Duke of Marlborough read but little, and conversing once with Dr. Burnet, the celebrated historian, he quoted the first part of Shakspeare's Henry the Sixth, as the real history of his country. The doctor, who was not apt to deal in fiction, recurred to reality, and confused the hero, whom an embattled host could never intimidate. It is therefore requisite that you should fully comprehend the distinction. The province of the poet is to add to,—to diminish, or embellish, according to his fancy, genius, or taste,—to give (to use the words of the immortal genius in question),

' To give to airy nothing

' A local habitation, and a name.'

“ Consider the words of Dr. Johnson, when speaking of Shakspeare :

‘ Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign.’

“ An historian, on the contrary, ought to be at once concise and perspicuous, a most strict adherent to truth, and very sparing of embellishment. When, however, he is describing the mighty efforts of contending navies, or the onset of prodigious armies, he would be a mere niggard in prose, not to indulge himself in metaphor; but similes are ever dangerous engines in history, serving rather to confuse, and lead from, than to convince us of the fact, or illustrate either the story, or the action.

‘ Nothing extenuate,  
Nor set down aught in malice,’

ought to be the motto of all historians. When we suffer the mind to be biassed by party dissensions, we are unfit for so sa-

cred a trust; but party-headed people will cavil at the most evident facts. Envy and interest are the great perversers of truth in all things.

“ I shall now present you with a quotation from Cervantes, as translated by Jervis, which is so infinitely superior to any thing I have said, or can say, on the subject, that I give it without apology.

“ ‘ *Historians* ought to be precise, faithful, and unprejudiced, and neither interest nor fear, hatred nor affectation, should make them deviate from the way of truth—whose mother is history, the rival of time, the depository of great actions,—the witness of what is just,—the example and instruction to the present, and a monitor to the future’.”

“ Is not Lord Clarendon’s *History of England* esteemed very faithful, Madam?”

“ Generally, Sir, but it was attacked so illiberally, that its defence was undertaken by Bishop Atterbury, and his tract

on that subject is said to be the most eloquent and elegant composition in our language."

"Will you indulge us with a sight of that tract, Madam?" said Miss Denzel.

"I have never been able to obtain it. The disgrace of Atterbury during the reign of King George the First, and his subsequent banishment, tended to suppress the writings of his lordship. A banished man is soon forgotten—prosperity has many admirers—adversity rarely one—I have, however, so high an opinion] of the veracity of Bishop Atterbury, that I am inclined, in all matters of fact, to abide by the statement of Clarendon. Nevertheless, I advise you to peruse, with care, *all* the histories of England that are held in any estimation."

"You have no preference then, Madam."

"It is hard to say which we ought to prefer; we are apt to think our ancestors turbid and verbose; and, indeed, the easy harmonious periods of the present

day, frequently impel us to give up the pure gold for the more gaudy tinsel. We will, however, begin with M. Rapin de Thoyras, an historian of high authority and great information, whose candour, in most points, ought to be an example for all men."

"I thought Hume was esteemed the most elegant and comprehensive historian," said the Etonian.

"It may be so, Sir; and, with their papa's permission, my young ladies shall read his work, after they have carefully perused Rapin. Hume is an excellent logician. I will give his definition of virtue as an example in point.

"*Virtue is nothing more than an enlightened and cultivated reason; and never flourishes to any degree, nor is ever founded on steady principles of honour, except where a good education becomes general; and where men are taught the pernicious consequences of vice, treachery, ingratitude, and immorality'.*"

"Why are we to ask papa before we

read Hume?" said Miss Denzel—"Papa has frequently told us, Madam, that respecting what was proper for us, as we had lost our dear mamma, he never presumed to have an opinion in opposition to yours."

"Your papa's liberality demands that deference more than if he enjoined it. Hume is thought to philosophise too much; and Voltaire has said, that *he wrote to be admired, not to inform*. We shall appreciate the justness of that remark hereafter.

"Voltaire fully verified Gay's moral to one of his fables:

'Each author will abuse his brother;

'Wits are game cocks to one another'."

"You were speaking of Bishop Atterbury, Madam!" said the Etonian—"pray was not he a man of extreme arrogance, although of very obscure birth?"

"Persons, Sir, who are confident of

their own integrity and abilities, are very apt to forget the lowliness of their origin, and to expect a deference which the world is too generally negligent in paying. So many illustrious characters now no more, and so many now in existence, have arisen from among what is called *the common people*, that it is rather illiberal to reflect on Atterbury. The greatest poets, the greatest patriots, the most illustrious legislators, the most profound philosophers, the most comprehensive naturalists, the most learned lawyers, the most eloquent divines, the most able physicians, the most accurate algebraists, logicians, mathematicians, navigators, commanders by sea and land, grammarians, lexicographers, masters in all sciences and in all arts, in all kingdoms and in all ages, have sprung from what is called *the common people*."

"How do you account for that, Madam?" said Miss Denzel.

"The mother of invention was necessity, says the proverb. There is not any rea-

soning so demonstrative as *facts*. I will therefore illustrate by anecdote.

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## CONTRASTED CONDUCT OF THE PERSIAN YOUTHS.

### AN HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

\* Mitranes, first minister to Cosroes, king of Persia, retired from court, at his own earnest request, for the purpose of educating his only son; a charge he did not think proper to intrust to any other man.

\* Cosroes in vain caressed and bribed his minister to stay; and, when he found that his entreaties were of no avail, he reluctantly permitted the favourite to depart, on condition that he would take with him the son of the King, and educate him with his own son. To this Mitranes readily consented, and promised to be equally assiduous about the improvement of the

young prince, as of his own child. The King took an affectionate leave of them, and Mitranes retired with the youths to his country seat, where he continued six years, and then returned to court with his own son, and the son of his sovereign.

‘ Cosroes was overjoyed at their first meeting; but, after having conversed with the young men, he found the prince so very far inferior in acquirements to the son of his minister, that he complained to him of the striking difference; on which the virtuous Mitranes made this reply: —“ Think not, O King! so meanly of me, as to suspect that I have not equally divided my attention between them; but my son knows that his dependance must be on mankind, while I never could conceal from yours, that men, and a mighty empire, would be dependant on him”.”

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“ Hah!” said the Etonian, the application is easily made.”

“ Yes,” rejoined Miss Maria, the son of the minister knew that *he* had his fortune to make, while the son of the king knew that his was made already.”

“ Certainly, Maria,—and I must further illustrate by a quotation from a late noble author, the Duke of Buckinghamshire, who says,—‘ The world is ever inclined to consider those persons vain (though never so far from it) who have either such talents, or such good fortune, as would make a great many others so.’ I have given you this quotation from his grace, in reference to my apology for Bishop Atterbury.”

“ I should like to have the lives of all the persons who have raised themselves by their own talents,” said Miss Denzel.

“ I will endeavour to recollect and enumerate a few of them, some future evening,” replied Mrs. Mordant; “ it cannot injure the dead, and will, I trust,

inspire the living with a laudable emulation and liberality of sentiment toward genius and industry, let who will possess them."

"What then," said Miss Maria; "there are persons of great talent now living, who were lowly born."

"Undoubtedly, my dear, many, among the most illustrious; but we will leave to posterity the appreciation of their talents and labours. 'Eminence,' says Doctor Johnson, 'will be sure to make its way, and folly and frivolity to die of themselves'."

"Aye," rejoined the Etonian, "now you speak of Dr. Johnson, I recollect I have heard at Eton that he was very low himself once."

"Your language, Sir, wants respect; there is a deference due to so illustrious a character, that, where it is not paid, must be exacted: and, when I enumerated the other arts, sciences, and accomplishments, in which genius has excelled, I ought not to have omitted moralists, in

submission to so eminent a personage as Dr. Samuel Johnson; who was indeed no more than the son of a bookseller; but in a commercial country, like this, it is hard to draw the line. Some adventitious good, or casual circumstance, not connected with a man, frequently gives him great influence, while the efforts of another individual, however meritorious he may be, are considered as presumptive, or wholly disregarded. But as you spoke of Eton (with due deference to all that may be said in favour of that seminary), I have heard, I hope *untruly*, that there exists an invidious sentiment of disapprobation toward students born out of a certain rank in life. Gentlemen who are guilty of such illiberality would do well to recollect their *patron founder*."

"Pray, Madam," said the young gentleman, "who was he?"

"John Lion, Sir, an humble yeoman in the parish, both founded and endowed it, as a public charity; but the value of the lands he bequeathed for that purpose

have risen, with the estimation of all other property, to a sum that far exceeds the original intention of the pious founder, who only meditated and instituted the charity, to prevent that *lower order of people*, its present inmates affect to despise, from wanting those aids which might enable them to render the talents of advantage, with which God Almighty had blessed them."

The Etonian making no reply, Mrs. Mordant continued—

"There is an anecdote of Lewis the Eleventh of France, which conveys an excellent lesson to those who prefer empty title to real worth."

"Will you tell it to us, Madam?"

"With pleasure; but I do not detail it as a commendable or praise-worthy action of that monarch, whose panegyric would be no easy task, but to evince the little value of *mere title*."

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## THE ANECDOTE.

Lewis the eleventh paid particular attention to commerce; and often distinguished, by some mark of his royal approbation, a merchant named John, who, flattered by this distinction, determined to ask of his sovereign *letters of nobility*. The king granted them, but from that time took no notice of him; at which the new-made nobleman ventured to express his surprise. "When I noticed you before," said the king, "you were the first of your class; you are now the last; and it would be an injury to others if I still did you the same favour".

"It is not the possessing an empty title that renders us of estimation; but of possessing one earned by merit.

"Monarchs can confer titles on the most dissolute and worthless, and frequently have done so; but virtue and

abilities are a stretch beyond their power."

"You seem to despise nobility, Madam," said young Denzel.

"By no means, Sir; honours worthily won must sit gracefully on the wearer. What, when worthily won, wins them? Knowledge and virtue; these therefore must ever rate before nobility, because, if worthily noble, from these the nobles sprung. To be well born is certainly an adventitious good, not connected with a man, yet it serves him as a passport upon all occasions; and, while he acts consonantly to the dignity of his birth, his situation is certainly desirable. A noble and virtuous ancestry may well be our boast, and incite in us an ardent wish to follow the illustrious example of those who have gone before us; and I am afraid, those who attempt to degrade noble birth, envy it to its possessor. On the other hand, reflections on a person's origin are both ungenerous and cruel.

We cannot command, we can only deserve fortune.

“ Miss Maria, read those lines I gave you, a day or two since; they are at once elegant and just.”

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EXTRACT FROM GAY.

‘ The tree’s distinguish’d by the fruit,

Be *virtue* then your first pursuit;

Set your great ancestors in view,

Like them deserve the title too;

Like them ignoble actions scorn,

Let virtue prove you greatly born.

‘ Whence had you this illustrious name?

From virtue, and unblemish’d fame.

By birth the *name* alone descends,

Your *honour* on yourself depends:

Think not a coronet can hide

Assuming ignorance and pride;

Learning by study must be won,

’Twas ne’er entail’d from *son* to *son*;

Superior worth your rank requires,

For *that* mankind rever’d your sires;

If you degenerate from your race,

Their merits heighten your disgrace.’

“ You have done the poet great justice, my dear: correct emphasis, and graceful delivery, are superior acquirements. A mouthing, or slovenly reader, can never communicate the just sense of his author, or give any pleasure to his hearers. Endeavour, at all times, to comprehend the full meaning of what you read; you will then seldom fail in commanding the attention of those around you, if they have common sense. You might as easily engrave figures on the waves, as arrest the wanderings of an idiot. *These*, and persons of low breeding, generally estrange, or interrupt, others, while they are either speaking or reading. Such companions are pitiable; and only fit to associate with the labourers at the building of Babel.

“ But to return for a few moments to our forsaken subject.—I lately met with a family anecdote that would half persuade me, there are some persons in humble life content with their lot, and devoid of

ambition. It is of the family of Wapshot, who now reside between Chertsey and Egham, where they have possessed a farm from father to son, ever since the reign of King Alfred, by whom it was granted to Reginald Wapshot, the lineal ancestor of the present family.

“ What an amiable picture does this present to the imagination ! Generation after generation, humbly content to plough the paternal field. Who among us can boast a lineage more worthy?—and, if *honesty* be estimated, as it undoubtedly ought to be, *true honour*,—who more honourable? The wreck of empire has not disturbed their lowly, but delightful haunts,—virtuously disdaining uproar, anarchy, and war, delighting only in a sylvan life,—labour, health, and hardiness, the portion of their sons,—innocence, peace, and contentment, the dowry of their daughters, for nearly a thousand years !—Good night, my dear children ; if I reflect longer on the Arcadian-minded Wapshots, I shall grow romantic.”

“ It is yet quite early,” said Miss Denzel; “ a little longer, dear Madam.”

“ I consent, my dear; but you must read me Lady Burrell’s Fable once more. You are much obliged to your friend for it: I have never yet seen it in print. It is perfectly appropriate to our present subject.”

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## THE MOUSE WHO WISHED TO SEE THE WORLD.

### A FABLE.

SAID TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY THE FIRST LADY BURRELL.

“ A MOUSE, the sleekest of the train,  
That ever stole the farmer’s grain,  
Grew tir’d of acorns, wheat, and peas,  
And long’d to feed on sav’ry cheese.

“ A travel’d Sir, a mouse of spirit,  
Endow’d with wit, but little merit,  
In evil hour a visit paid,  
And turn’d his inexperienced head  
With stories of I know not what,  
The comforts of the shepherd’s cot;

The plenty of the farmer's barn,  
And granaries replete with corn ;—  
But most the luxury, and waste,  
Of houses own'd by men of taste,  
Where a man-cook consumes the meat,  
Yet leaves enough for mice to eat,  
And in whose pantry cheese and ham  
Invite a colony to cram.

“ The longing mouse the story hears,  
He feels alternate hopes and fears ;  
His friend's advice he dares pursue,  
And bids his rural chums adieu !

“ When night her sable curtain spread,  
And all was silent as the dead,  
Our hero crept along the way  
His friend had pointed out by day ;  
And, ent'ring at the cellar door,  
Ascended to the pantry floor ;  
Behind a table there he lies,  
And thinks himself secure and wise.

“ At morn a plenteous scene appears,  
Enough to serve him many years ;  
The relics of a sumptuous dinner,  
Are tempting to a young beginner ;  
He peeps, and thinks he may come out,  
To taste a bit, and look about.

No foe appears—and, bolder grown,  
He swears the treasure is his own ;  
Then sallying forth, in open day,  
Eats all that comes within his way.

“ But soon the cook appears—I ween  
The mouse looks pitiful and mean ;  
Scouts from the dresser, in a fright,  
Yet does not 'scape his watchful sight ;  
The gnaw'd remains of viands rare  
Are taken from the shelf, with care,  
And, in their place, a trap is set,  
To make the thief repay the debt.

“ The mouse at evening dares to peep,  
And thinks his foe is fast asleep ;  
'The Cheshire cheese his fancy draws,  
The trap distends its wiry jaws ;  
He finds, too late, his error there,  
And dies within the fatal snare.

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“ A martyr unto bad advice,  
A lesson to imprudent mice,  
Who, ever discontent at home,  
To gayer scenes delight to roam.”

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THE MORAL BY C. B.

‘ Forsaking Britain’s peaceful plain,  
‘ For those where war and rapine reign,

‘ Th’ advent’rous youth too oft explores  
‘ Th’ Eastern India’s plunder’d shores,  
‘ Feasts on their fruits, devoid of fear,  
‘ And dies *alone—unpitied there.*  
‘ Fair Delia, whom he left behind,  
‘ Upbraids the youth as most unkind ;  
‘ Unweeting that he gasping lies,  
‘ Without one friend to close his eyes,  
‘ Without one friend to deck his bier,  
‘ Or place a sad memorial there.  
‘ No setting sun has mark’d the gloom,  
‘ That here pervades a lover’s tomb ;  
‘ One hour alone is given to death,  
‘ The next he lies the sands beneath,  
‘ Where the wild waves still lash the shore,  
‘ Still streaming with its native gore.

‘ The fleet arrives, no tablets come,  
‘ Nor has her lover ventur’d home ;  
‘ His former letters oft she reads,  
‘ Her eyes are clos’d—her bosom bleeds ;—  
‘ The flowing mead, beneath her care,  
‘ Has ceas’d to scent the balmy air ;  
‘ June’s freshest rose has lost its bloom,  
‘ She throws it on the mould’ring tomb.  
‘ Her clasped hands are rear’d in air,  
‘ And *now* her spirit hovers *there* ;  
‘ But soon to reach the youth it flies,  
‘ She deems his haunt above the skies :

- ' Her constancy, her ceaseless prayers,
- ' Her suppliant plaints, her contrite tears,
- ' Were register'd—where all accord,
- ' And *truth* shall claim her full reward.'

" We did not expect such a serious moral, Madam."

" Probably not, my dear; I composed it for you, to enforce the lesson of *contentment*; and I can assure you, from my own positive knowledge, that many of the young adventurers, who have voluntarily transported themselves, would be happy to submit to much inconvenience, if they could honourably return."

" Do pray, Madam, allow me to ask you one other question before we retire," said the Etonian.

" Certainly, Sir."

" What is your opinion of that curious poem called *Batrachomyomachia*, as written by Homer?"

" That some insolent, tasteless Zoilus, either had written a satire on the *Iliad*, or had threatened to do so. The last

conjecture is the most probable; and therefore the poet, to spare another the trouble, did it himself. It has never been sufficiently commended, for it is an inimitable performance; and Parnell has trodden so nearly on the heels of Pope, that I half suspect the wily editor of Parnell's posthumous poems to have been himself the author of it. At your leisure you may compare it with the Iliad, when, I am persuaded, you will be of my opinion."

## EVENING THE THIRD.



SOON after the little social party were seated on the third evening, Mrs. Mor-dant said, it would give her great pleasure to hear the opinion of Miss Denzel, respecting some portion of history; or, if she recollected no passage that struck her at present, that subject should be waved until another opportunity; in the mean time, she begged her, or one of the other young ladies her sisters, to repeat something that had either interested their feelings, or incited their curiosity.

“ I do not recollect any thing at present, Madam,” replied Miss Denzel, “ unless it be a poem called the *Negro Boy*.”

“ I think I have heard of it.”

“ It is anonymous, Madam, and has, my papa says, been much improved since its first appearance.”

“ Favour us by repeating it, my dear ;  
Mrs. Opie's Negro Boy has great merit.”

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“ The African Prince, who was some years since in England, being asked what he had given for his watch ? replied—‘ What I will never give again for one ; I gave a fine *boy* for it.’ Which answer suggested the idea of the following

## POEM.

## THE NEGRO BOY.

‘ When avarice enslaves the mind,  
And selfish views alone have sway,  
*Man* turns a savage to his kind,  
And blood and rapine mark his way.  
Alas ! for this poor senseless toy,  
I gave the hapless *negro boy*.

‘ His father's hope, his mother's pride,  
Tho' black, yet comely to the view,  
I tore him helpless from their side,  
And gave him to a ruffian crew.  
To fiends that Afric's coast annoy.  
I gave the hapless *negro boy*.

‘ From country, friends, and parents torn,  
His tender limbs in chains confin’d,  
I saw him o’er the billows borne,  
And mark’d his agony of mind.  
Yet still relentless, for a toy,  
I gave the wretched *negro boy*.

‘ ‘Mid isles that deck the western wave,  
I doom’d the hopeless youth to dwell,  
A poor forlorn insulted slave,  
A beast that *Christians* buy and sell,  
And, in their cruel tasks employ  
My poor unfriended *negro boy*.

‘ His wretched parents long shall mourn,  
Long shall explore the distant main,  
In hopes to see their child return ;  
But all their hopes, and sighs are vain.—  
Detested be this worthless toy,  
For it enslav’d the *negro boy*.

‘ Beneath a tyrant’s harsh command,  
He wears away his youthful prime,  
Far distant from his native land,  
A stranger in a foreign clime,  
Lost to his friends, to hope and joy,  
A branded wretched *negro boy*.

“ But He who walks upon the wind,  
Whose voice in thunder’s heard on high,  
Who pours destruction o’er mankind,  
And darts his lightning thro’ the sky,  
With signal hand may yet destroy  
Th’ oppressor of the *negro boy*.”

“ I thank you, Miss Denzel; in your recitation you have evinced both feeling and taste. The poem is natural and affecting; and the youthful heart that is not interested by it, need not be complimented on its sensibility.”

“ Do you think there is so hard a heart in the world, Madam?” said Miss Maria.

“ Undoubtedly; or would so many thousands be engaged in the horrid traffic? It is a subject that has recently arrested the attention of the British parliament, and a bill has at length been passed for its total abolition. Indeed, it is wonderful to think how the interested conduct of individuals has been able so long to repress the efforts of benevolence. But we have now set the praise-worthy

example to the surrounding nations, many of whom still continue to trade in the wretched Africans.

“ ‘ A long while ago (says Ozell), the Christian princes set free all the slaves in their dominions, saying that Christianity rendered *all men* equal; it is true, indeed, this act of devotion was of great service to them in their secular concerns, as it humbled the lords, by withdrawing the common people from their obedience. Afterwards they made conquests in countries where they found it *convenient* to have slaves; and then, they allowed the buying and selling of them, forgetting that principle of religion that had before touched them so closely.’ By this rule, *truth at one time, is error at another.*”—*Persian Letters, translated by Ozell, 1722.*

“ From what language did Ozell translate, Madam?”

“ From the French, my dear; I have altered his words very slightly, for the reasons you will find on comparison. The Persian Letters would be more ac-

ceptable, if the characters of women were rendered less licentious. Qulema's tale has not a single sentiment congenial with the bosom-feelings of a woman. I speak from my own—*her* ideas of happiness fill me with horror and disgust.

“ But to return to the subject of slavery. What the Persian author is pleased to say, had certainly many exceptions, even in Europe; for it is a lamentable fact, that slavery was not abolished entirely in Austrian Poland, until May 26, 1781.

“ The cruelties of the French to their slaves, as related by a French officer, in a book entitled a Voyage to the Isle of France, meaning the Mauritius, and those of the Dutch, as recently related by Æneas Anderson, in his visit to Batavia, exceed all I have ever heard of in our English settlements. I will not harrow up your sympathetic feelings, by giving you extracts from the more than horrible cruelties there detailed; but those who wish to weep, I refer to the twelfth chapter of that book, as translated by Mr. Parish.

“ The Dutch, to this hour, have not abolished the iron collar with spikes, and frequently flog their fellow-creatures almost to death for accidentally breaking a plate. The cruelties exercised at Demarara alone ought to awaken the indignation of every civilized state in Europe.”

“ Don’t you think the negroes inferior to white people in understanding, Madam ?” said Edmund Denzel.

“ No, Sir; ‘ when Jupiter,’ says Homer, ‘ reduces a man to the condition of a slave, he takes from him one half of his understanding.’ Where the heart is without hope, the faculties may well rest in supineness—galled, lashed, and insulted; slaves ourselves, our children to be slaves, and our children’s children, well may the soul sink into that sloth which renders its possessors apparently degenerate.

“ Where the social contract is distended equally between man and man, as in Great Britain, where the poorest peasant

is equally under the protection of the law with the most noble person in the realm, see how the blessing of hope dilates the understanding ! We have men in the most common walks of life as eloquent as statesmen, and bating, perhaps, some trivial refinement in accent, nothing less than them ; possessing all the powers of head, heart, and hand :—heads to plan, hearts fraught with courage and integrity, and hands to execute their just designs. ‘ *Man*,’ says an illustrious French author, who was bred a watch-maker, ‘ man is but man. I am ambitious in my career ; for why should my equal go further than I ?’

“ It is a virtue to be willing to surpass in noble actions ; but oppression is prone to extinguish all the fire of the soul. The poor negro-slave has nothing to foster this praise-worthy emulation ; his hopes must centre above mortality :

‘ No longer fame the drooping heart inspires,

‘ For rude oppression quench’d its genial fires.’

“ A lady, who lately conversed with a negro girl at Jamaica, in whose mind she wished to plant the germs of truth, received this pertinently severe answer :

“ ‘ We all go heaven ; we all believe your God ; we all be alike ; we go there : why your God no tell you to make poor black girl happy here ? ’

“ A negro boy also once said to the same lady, when she attempted to reason with him on some impropriety he had been guilty of, ‘ White man go heaven, me no want go there. ’ ‘ Why ? ’ ‘ Cause white man no love black man ; no let black man sit down : me want go where all alike ; where they talk, and laugh, and work, and dance, and sing, and eat together, and *all love one another.* ’ Lay your hands on your hearts, my dear young friends, and consider the sensibility, truth, and justice, of these more than apposite replies. The poor boy had a soul to comprehend the dignity of his nature, but he was withheld from exerting it. He wanted to go where reason links man to

man in the social chain; where all equally partake the blessing of life, and *love one another*. He felt himself a poor, forlorn, insulted slave, and panted for that freedom which was his undoubted birth-right."

"Black people are certainly very ugly, Madam," said Miss Denzel.

"There you are the slave of opinion, Miss Denzel. Beauty does not consist in colour; it is of a higher order; symmetry, shape, and grace, constitute its perfect character. It is as exquisite in bronze as in marble; in a print, or mezzotinto, as in the finest painting. Europeans connect perfection in beauty with whiteness. Why? Because that is the idea they imbibed in their infancy. Let a baby be nursed by a black servant, if he or she be kind to it, it will extend its little arms to clasp, and will alway weep after its beloved guardian and friend. The African, by the same rule, finds jet black beautiful: opinion, as I have often told you before, is not truth. We are frequently the slaves of the grossest error from mere habit.

Many have the art to advance specious arguments, which tend to dazzle the understanding, without convincing the reason. Place an elegant *Eperne* on the table of a person not accustomed to such ornamental appendages, it will attract the eye in preference to the wholesome viands which are set around it for his health and comfort: and thus it is with *all* that flatters the self-love, vanity, and weakness of human nature."

" But blacks are quite savage in their own country, Madam."

" All nations were, at one time or other, in a state of nature :

- ' With rude simplicity Rome first was built,
- ' Which *now* we see adorn'd, and carv'd, and gilt.
- ' That lofty pile, where senates dictate law,
- ' When Tullus reign'd, was poorly thatch'd with straw ;
- ' And where *Apollo's* fane refulgent stands,
- ' Was heretofore a tract of pasture lands'."

" The coin we have, called a guinea, is named after the country of the negroes, Madam ; is it not ?"

“Certainly, Miss Sarah, from the purity of the gold found in that part of the world; ignorance alone subjugated the poor Africans to the European nations.”

“But surely, Madam, they could not be ignorant of the value of gold.”

“They doubtless were in the first instance; gold was to them like the pearls found by the victorious soldier, who carefully preserved the *leather bag* which contained them, as a thing to which he attached value and use; the beads he threw away as valueless lumber\*.

“We had been taught, by chemical processes, to sublimate and refine gold, while the natives of *Guinea*, seeing it in its natural state, had no consciousness of its value. They preferred a looking-glass, a string of glass beads, or a small bird-organ, to all their native treasure, and innocently resigned *that*, which now enslaves them, for *beads and baubles*; but this is no proof of their want of intellect.”

\* Gibbon's *Rome*, vol. ii. p. 148.

"It is a pity that they did not know the value of gold, Madam," continued Miss Sarah.

"Granted, my dear child, if gold could obtain happiness; but I had rather see them free,

As nature first made man,

When in the woods the noble savage ran,  
than see them the mere slaves of pelf."

"But gold is necessary to our very being, Madam," said the Etonian.

"Undoubtedly, Sir, it is now become so; and, when it is possessed by the truly charitable and humane, it is a blessing that dispenses blessings: but to see the inordinate desire of it urge men to deal out desolation and destruction, as the Spaniards and Portoguese did in the southern parts of America, and as the Dutch did at Amboyna, is enough to make us wish it had been ever hidden from mankind. Cromwell, however, made gold the medium of a compensation for the latter, by compelling the Hollanders to pay three hundred thousand pounds,

for the lamentable and merciless massacres they had committed thirty years before.

“Many persons, possessed of wealth, are ostentatious and vain-glorious; others are the slaves of pleasure, merely for its name; others are abandoned to the grossest dissipation. But, in my eyes, either of these characters appears comparatively bright, when contrasted with the wretch who is penurious amidst plenty; whose covetous soul repels the incitements to innocent enjoyment, and every comfort of life. Of this kind was the late Mr. Ostervalt, the banker at Paris, who died in the month of December 1790.

“Ostervalt was possessed of immense wealth: he was, nevertheless, so very miserable, miserly, and penurious, that he actually perished for want.

“This man, originally of Neufchatel, felt the violence of the disease of avarice (for surely it is a disease rather than a passion) so strongly, that, within a few

days of his death, no importunities could induce him to purchase a few pounds of meat for the purpose of making a little soup for him. ‘It is true,’ said he, ‘I should like the *soup*, but I have no sort of appetite for the *meat*; what, then, is to become of *that*?’

“At the time of his refusing himself this nourishment, for fear of being obliged to give away two or three pounds of overdressed meat, there was tied round his neck a silken bag, which contained eight hundred assignats of one thousand livres each.

“At Ostervalt’s outset in life, it is recorded, he drank a pint of beer, which served him for supper, every night, at a house much frequented, from which he constantly carried home all the bottle-corks he could collect. Of these, in the space of eight years, he had hoarded as many as sold for twelve louis d’or, a sum that laid the foundation of his future fortune, the superstructure of which was rapidly raised by his uncommon success

in stock-jobbing. He died possessed of three millions of livres.

“As a contrast to this contemptible character, I shall present you with that of the reverend John Beighton, who was forty-five years vicar of Egham in Surrey :

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EPITAPH ON THE REV. JOHN BEIGHTON,

WRITTEN BY GARRICK.

‘Near half an age, with every good man’s praise,  
Among his flock the shepherd pass’d his days.  
The friend, the comfort of the sick and poor,  
Want never knock’d unheeded at his door.  
Oft, when his duty call’d, disease and pain  
Strove to confine him, but they strove in vain.  
All moan his death ; his virtue long they tried,  
And knew not how they lov’d him—till he died.’

“Good night.—Commend your pure spirits to God Almighty’s protection. May we meet in health to-morrow.”

“You promised me I should read the ballad this evening, Madam.”

“ I did so, Miss Sarah ; I had indeed forgotten it ; but there is yet time enough ; I will not forfeit my word : those who get a habit of doing that for trifles, will soon hold it lightly in more momentous things ; it is a vile, abominable practice, and ought, on all occasions, to awaken our detestation.

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### THE OLD MAN'S TALE,

A BALLAD NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

‘ Ah! pity me, a poor old man,  
Be neither proud, nor vain:  
Like you, my youthful race I ran,  
We all are heirs of pain.

‘ But three years wed, my lovely Nell,  
My heart’s supreme delight,  
Like the pure dew-drop droop’d, and fell,  
And vanish’d from my sight.

‘ Up labour’s hill, so rough, so steep,  
For twelve long years I toil’d,  
My beauteous babes in bread to keep,  
While hope those toils beguil’d.

‘ When now my boy by rapine’s hand  
Was press’d and forc’d to sea,  
In vain to thwart the dire command,  
I bent the suppliant knee.

‘ He fought, and for his country fell,  
For him I wept alone——  
To heaven’s fair guest, my lovely Nell,  
That sorrow was unknown.

‘ My daughter, beauty’s fairest flow’r,  
Was cropt and cast away,  
The blossom scarcely bloom’d an hour,  
That might have liv’d a day.

‘ For what is life? A transient day,  
By storms and clouds o’ercast,  
Where myriads flutter life away,  
The sport of ev’ry blast.

‘ May he who basely woo’d and won  
My girl’s too gentle mind,  
Like me forlorn, like me undone,  
Have cause to curse mankind.

‘ And, as he cast away my child,  
May mercy mock his claim,  
In youth be all his hopes beguil’d,  
And memory blast his name.

‘ May he—but wherefore need I curse ?  
Can gold or power impart  
To him the store I still possess,  
An unpolluted heart ?

‘ Then let me pity e’en the fiend,  
Who, to an early grave,  
Compel’d my ruin’d child to bend,  
Nor reach’d a hand to save.

‘ Some scores of acres tho’ he range,  
And I am old, and poor,  
I’d scorn my humble lot to change  
For his, with all his store.

‘ With conscious rectitude of heart  
I raise my humble eye ;  
Can gold that rectitude impart,  
Or countless millions buy ?

‘ Yet—pity me—a poor old man,  
Be neither proud, nor vain ;  
Like you my youthful race I ran,  
We all are heirs of pain’.”

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“ ‘ We all are heirs of pain ! ’—too true,

my dear.—‘Nature,’ says Doctor Young, ‘entails the mother’s throes on all of mother born.’ The ballad reminds me of one, which was written by the Reverend J. Moss, beginning ‘Pity the sorrows of a poor old man.’ But if that suggested the idea of this, the latter is no servile imitation, and it has some stanzas superior, in my opinion, to any in Mr. Moss’s composition.—Once more, good night.”

*EVENING THE FOURTH.*

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WHEN Mrs. Mordant and her pupils assembled the fourth evening, the conversation of the preceding one was resumed with avidity. The precepts that had been inculcated had expanded the hearts of the youthful party: they had reflected on the African Boy; and gladly would they have contributed their united mites to set him free.

“To restore him to his friends, and country,” said young Mr. Denzel, “I think I could risk my life.”

“Those are the dictates of nature and truth, Sir,” replied Mrs. Mordant. “It is thus the human heart would always feel, were it not sophisticated into brutality. To consider only for self, is the province of mere instinct; unworthy a creature stamped with the divine image of

the Almighty, and possessing a portion of his wisdom ; that portion how small, and yet how great !

“ There is a sensible gradation in all the works of nature, excepting only man. What an immense distance between him and the most perfect animal in the creation ! Intellectual powers, employing only reason to obtain what all animated nature subjugates by force. He only, within himself, is possessed of every source of pleasure ; capable of memory, reflection, hope, and expectation,—heir to immortality, and only less than God,—how does he debase his image, when he assumes the manners of a fiend ! and not content with the severest lash of justice, exercises that of cruelty and oppression.—‘ If any thing that I can write, (says the amiable Frenchman, whom I mentioned yesterday,) will save the miserable negro from one stroke of the whip, and induce the polished Europeans, who so loudly exclaim against tyranny, and among whom such delight-

ful treatises of morality are written, from being in India the most barbarous of all tyrants, I have done a good work.' Such are nearly his expressions—I speak from memory.

“ When we quit our native land voluntarily, in pursuit of either knowledge, pleasure, or fortune, whether we are natives of the Southern or Northern shore, how does absence soften the heart ! surrounded with delicacies and comforts for the body, the soul finds no solace ; its pleasurable excursions, quick as the wings of imagination carry, are made at home. What, though we held neither rank nor fortune in our native place, it was there we learnt to lisp our mother tongue ; it was there we recollect the first impression of the light of reason dawning on our infant souls ; it is there we have spoken the genuine sentiments of our hearts, and plucked the first violets of the spring ; it is there we have sported ; it is there we have been caressed ; it is there we have loved.—Ah, tyrant ! bethink

thee, feels not the poor negro slave all this? and is it not enough, but you must goad him to the goal, where his spirit, seeking its God, shall at the last confront thee?—My subject so interests me,” said Mrs. Mordant, “that I continually apostrophize. But to illustrate further what I have said, I shall give you an extract, being the conclusion of a letter from the celebrated French general, TALLIEN, to his wife, when he was absent with a victorious army in a foreign land, which will exemplify the feelings of all mankind when estranged from their native country, and those they love.”

“Pray do, Madam,” said Miss Denzel, “your sentiments impress me so forcibly, that I am sure I shall always think as you do.—Pray give us the extract.”

“With pleasure; you will see in it, on the instant, the tender husband, and the affectionate father—more, it demonstrates the genuine workings of the heart. We behold the great warrior, divested of his

plumes, lonelily weeping over a sheet of paper, destined, as he thought, to reach that dearly-beloved home for which his soul sickened.

THE EXTRACT.

‘Adieu! my love, my best Theresa; my paper is drenched with my tears,—the delightful remembrance of thy goodness, and of thy love,—the hope of meeting thee again,—still amiable,—still faithful,—and of embracing thee, and our dear, dear daughter, are the sole support and stay of thy absent husband—the unfortunate

‘TALLIEN.’

“And now I am on the subject of French letters, I must inform you that Camille Desmoulins’ last letter to his wife is one of the most elegant, natural, and affecting, that can possibly be conceived. The husband, the father, the lover, the son, and the friend, are so powerfully evinced in it, that every pulse of the

feeling frame beats in unison to the agonies and sentiments it details."

"Who was Camille Desmoulins, Madam?"

"Camille Desmoulins was a gentleman, one of the many unfortunate victims immolated to gratify the tyranny of Robespierre: Desmoulins' beautiful wife was executed, to the astonishment and horror of all Paris, only a week afterward."

"Could we not see Desmoulins' letter, Madam?"

"Yes, in the European Magazine for July 1795: and for the more than tragical death of Madame Desmoulins I refer you to the letters of Helen Maria Williams.—But I must return to General Tallien."

"Pray do, Madam," said Miss Maria; "I hope he arrived in safety."

"I believe he did, Maria, and that he is now living.—I am about to tell you, that it was General Tallien who behaved in that signally gallant and humane man-

ner when Bourdeaux surrendered to the conventional troops; repelling by his bravery, eloquence, and example, the licentiousness of the soldiery, who were eager for desolation and plunder. Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles, will long have to lament, that the terrific bands, which overran, despoiled, and depopulated them, had not such a man as General Tallien for a leader. The generosity and magnanimity of the commander inspired his soldiers with admiration; they felt themselves dignified as men, in being like him; and proudly emulated their exalted general. At a time when all was rapine, anarchy, and uproar, Tallien dared to be virtuous. He led the conventional forces as the bearer of the olive-branch; 'Peace on earth, and good-will to man,' was the motto of his standard. I watched those awful times; I well remember them; and to set Tallien's conduct in the fairest light, I must contrast it with that of General Carriere, the sanguinary monster that sacked the city of Lyons,

who, in the plenitude of his power, spared neither infancy nor age ; upwards of five hundred babes, from two to seven years of age, who were collected in a square for safety, were fired on by his command ; and, when the screaming innocents whom this first barbarous butchery had spared, ran for protection and grasped the knees of the soldiers, they were dashed to the earth, and murdered by the bayonet ! ‘ In describing this event,’ said Mr. Counsellor Mackintosh (when arguing in favour of Peltier), ‘ must we stifle those expressions of indignant horror, such a dreadful (I may add unparalleled) massacre excites ?’

“ General Tallien only did his duty as a gentleman and a soldier, when he entered Bourdeaux ; but it was at a time, when the example he set was above all praise ; at a time, when every manly and generous sentiment seemed to have flown from his degraded nation, and he alone was virtuous ; for I am ignorant of it, if any such conduct can be adduced, at

that period, in favour of another man in France."

"He seems to have had a very feeling heart for a warrior, Madam," remarked Miss Maria.

"A cruel heart ill suits a manly mind.—Maria, bravery and feeling are not incompatible; on the contrary, the bravest men are commonly the most compassionate."

"Edward the Third was a very brave man; but surely he was very cruel," said the Etonian.

"He was so in many instances," rejoined Mrs. Mordant; "and I have often felt astonishment that his son, the Black Prince, as he is called, did not reflect that his father laid claim to the crown to which he had no right, and butchered the innocent people without mercy over whom he sought to rule. But Prince Edward probably thought it his duty to submit his feelings even to the authority of his sovereign and father."

"When I consider the conduct of the

victors at the famous battle of Cressy, where the conquered had no quarter, and thousands were slain after they had lain down their arms, I cannot help feeling, or expressing, the indignant sentiments of horror and abhorrence such actions excite. I cannot so far pervert my reason, as to applaud such atrocities, because I am reading the exploits of a King of England. I feel as humanity ought to feel for humanity. Edward the Third had no excuse for invading France : he was neither actuated by right nor resentment ; he invaded his neighbour's territories, because it was his pleasure to invade them. My soul must be reorganized, ere I can cease to express my detestation of such a war.

“ Many circumstances that we read of, in the early periods of our history, tend to cherish the belief that our morals have kept pace with our other improvements.

“ Detailed instances of barbarity agonize the feelings ; but they neverthe-

less tend to harden the heart, as the gentler traits do to harmonize and amend it. So much power of exercising mercy belongs to men, even in the most humble station of life, much more so as they are advanced in dignity, that the abuse of it is an evident dereliction from the beneficence of the Almighty, who created man in his own image, and endowed him with his own attributes. A virtuous man delights in diffusing blessings, and will rather be subject to some deprivation himself than he will utterly discomfort others. Pride partakes of this divine feeling but little; penuriousness less: the first has never enough of praise, nor the second of self.

“ Every instance of active benevolence places human nature in a superior view; because reason only can teach us to exert it. The poor affectionate dog that stands by his dying master, cannot fetch him a drop of water from the spring, or lift him from the ground when he has fallen; but he will guard him from out-

rage, and even, from the exercise of that instinct, is the superior of those who offer to commit it.

“ I was delighted when I was in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen, by the conduct of a Scottish hind, a vassal to the laird of Frazier’s field, whom I saw lift the panniers off from the back of a poor fatigued ass, and run into the neighbouring field (there called a park) to collect from under the hedge two or three handfuls of the fresh verdure, which he gave to the poor animal, with such kindly compassionating looks, and considerate pats, that, from the mere pleasure I had in witnessing the urbanity of his heart, mine throbbed with delight. I felt a sort of gratified exultation, and my eyes were suffused with tears. This man did not know he was observed ; for I saw him from an oblique casement. Had he been the leader of an army, would he have destroyed the defenceless ? No ; he who pitied the stranger’s ass, would have had compassion on the stranger. And if,

as all nature cries aloud, there be retributive justice and mercy, that Power who exalts and humbles, in whose hand is life and death, shall set such deeds as these so fairly foremost, that the oppressor, however great and glorious here, abashed by a consciousness of his own unworthiness, shall involuntarily give place to the irradiated virtue he had not grace to imitate."

"The ass did not belong to the poor hind, then, Madam?" said Miss Sarah.

"No, my dear; it belonged to some inconsiderate and unfeeling wretch, who was gone to regale himself, leaving his poor beast bridled and bitted under its burden."

"That poor animal, the ass, is very badly used, I think, in and about London," said Miss Maria.

"It is; and in my opinion is well worthy the attention of the legislature."

"'Thou shalt not muzzle the ass,' said Moses to the Jews—a sentiment worthy of its source, worthy of the lawgiver of the children of Israel; worthy of the

sage who avowed himself the prophet of the Almighty, the everlasting Jehovah, the God of the Hebrews.

“ History informs us, that cruelty to animals was more than barely censured in the early ages of the world. The court of Areopagus, a Grecian legislative body, expelled one of its members for inhumanly denying shelter in his bosom to a bird, that sought it as an asylum from the talons of its pursuer. Need the more polished Briton blush to follow such examples? But I am sorry to say, we are actively barbarous to animals, without any benefit to ourselves. Our horses nicked and docked, and our dogs without ears or tails, the tortured sport of every unfeeling wretch, ought to awaken the indignation, as it surely merits the detestation, of the enlightened individual; and, if the State imposed an enormous tax on the miscreants keeping horses or dogs so bereaved, it might forward the cause of humanity, and bring a few mites to the treasury of the nation.

“ Bloomfield, with the humanity of a man, and the eloquence of a poet, has endeavoured to befriend the most useful and most unmercifully treated of all animals :

- A moving mockery, a useless name,
- A living proof of cruelty and shame ;
- Shame to the man, whatever fame he bore,
- Who took from thee what man can ne'er restore,
- Thy weapon of defence, thy chiefest good,
- When swarming flies contending suck thy blood’.”

“ You astonish me by what you just now said about the Black Prince, Madam ; I thought his character was faultless.”

“ It was his perfect character that awakened my remark, Miss Denzel ; and when I see him with

‘ Sable arms and snowy crest,’ (PYE).

following the foe, I forget the origin of the war ; but when I am conducted by the historian through depopulated provinces, where there was not even a single

arm to oppose King Edward's progress, or that of the Prince, and see them ravage, without mercy, the innocent and defenceless, I lose remembrance of the heroes, and only look for the men.

“ Young Edward's behaviour to his prisoner King John, was so exemplary, that it can never be too much praised or commented on; and there are other actions in the life of this prince, that are marked by such heroic traits of honour, as no well-authenticated history beside can parallel; and the most extravagant romance can only produce his compeers in virtue.

“ He loved his beautiful cousin, the celebrated Maid of Kent, but was diffident in avowing either his passion or pretensions, and Joan was affianced to Sir John Holland, ere Edward divulged his passion to the king his father, who offered to disannul that contract; but the magnanimous youth refused to gratify his love on terms he deemed injurious to his honour. Lady Holland became a widow

very early in life : his constancy is another proof of his virtue ; Edward then married her. I can give you a poem that was written at the tomb of this prince. Miss Sarah will favour us with it from the MS."—The young lady took the paper and read.

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### A POEM,

WRITTEN NEAR THE TOMB OF EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE,  
IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

' By fortune doom'd life's wild'ring paths to  
stray,

A youthful pilgrim, journeying on her way,  
Rested awhile, to greet with curious eye  
The sacred tomb where Edward's ashes lie ;  
And, while in fond reflection rapt, she view'd,  
'That mould'ring mansion of the great and good,  
Anew, by memory, all his virtues brought,  
Possess'd her mind with energetic thought,  
Taught her the treasure of the soul to scan,  
And bade her emulate that god-like man.

' In that proud age, when justice, law, and  
right,

Were all the vassals of superior might,

The youthful hero felt the sacred flame,  
That nature prompts, and blushing joys to  
name ;

Say, did that treasur'd passion thence impart  
A purer essence to the purest heart :

Ere Edward made the sacred secret known,  
Another claim'd the peerless maid his own ;  
When he, 'fore whom th' embattled legions flew,  
In honour's cause made passion subject too.

‘ Should some gay chieftain of the present day,  
Lead past this pilgrim's haunt his proud array,  
Tho' flush'd with victory, bid reflection here  
Point out the spot, and wring the empassion'd  
tear,

Still the loud din of arms, and trump of fame,  
For milder virtues grace our hero's name.

Lo ! fancy bids the vision rise to view,  
And Edward's actions are beheld anew.

Yes ! we behold the royal soldier wait  
To serve the vanquish'd John in kingly state,  
Still on his person see the prince attend,  
And treat his prisoner like a royal friend.

Then while that gen'rous picture charms the  
mind,

Let him proclaim the lesson to mankind,

“ That virtue still upholds her glorious state

“ And lives beyond the reach of time or fate.”

While malice, envy, and o'erweening pride,

Slander, and falsehood, sham'd as soon as tried,

Vice, folly, passion, and insidious art,  
With all the base alloy that loads the heart,  
Like some rude pirate wreck'd upon the shore,  
Sink in oblivion's gulph to rise no more.'

"You exhaust your voice before you come to a period, my dear; it is a fault you must endeavour to correct, for the sense is rendered imperfect by the indistinctness of the last sounds. We will practise on the verses you have just read to-morrow."

"What could induce Edward the Third to put all the Welsh bards to death in that inhuman manner, Madam?" said the Etonian.

"It was Edward the First, Sir, not Edward the Third, who destroyed the Welsh bards; I thought, when you spoke of the cruelty of Edward the Third, you alluded to the stratagem he made use of to decoy the scattered remains of the French army, by placing the standards the bearers had lost in battle on the field of Cressy, on an eminence, and when the

poor fugitives flew thither, thinking to meet a party of their comrades, they were all inhumanly butchered. Courage to the assailant, and mercy to the vanquished, was evidently not the sentiment then."

"Merciful powers!" exclaimed the young ladies.

"You may well exclaim, my dears," said Mrs. Mordant.

"Still, Madam," continued Edmund, I wish to know what could induce Edward the First to put all the Welsh bards to death. I made a sad mistake in imputing it to Edward the Third."

"The mistake, Sir, fully evinces the great necessity there is to study the history of our own country.

"The influence the bards had on the minds of the people in those early periods of our history, is the only reason I can assign for Edward's cruelty. Bards were then the most dignified persons in the realm. They were generally, it is

said, legislators and generals, as well as poets and musicians.

“ ‘ It was the high spirit of liberty that was inculcated by the Welsh bards, that induced Edward to put them to death,’ says Doctor Gregory.”

“ Gray wrote an ode on that occasion,” said Miss Denzel.

“ He did ; and it may be termed their apotheosis, for it is more durable than marble or brass, and one of the most elegant and sublime compositions in any language. But let me call your attention to the description of Fingal, in the days of his joy.—‘ His thousand bards bent forward from their seats to hear the voice of the king. It was like the music of the harp on the gale of the spring. Lovely were thy thoughts, O’Fingal ! why had not Ossian the strength of thy soul ?’


“ A sovereign entertained a thousand bards at that period, who were all seated in the presence of their king ! A solitary laureat serves us now, and two odes a

year ! The decline of poetry does not augur much for the virtue of a people, for where there are true patriots, or true heroism of any kind, there will always be that divine and energetic enthusiasm, without which poetry has little or no merit; insipid verses being the very dregs of literature, as good ones are the very spirit and essence of it."

" I have some lines, Madam, which were found (written with a pencil) in the poets' corner of Westminster Abbey," said the Etonian; " I should like to hear your opinion of them."

" Oblige me by reading them, Sir; when I criticise severely it is for your improvement, not with an intention to depreciate the praise-worthy efforts of any one; there is great merit even in attempting to do well."

The young gentleman read—



## LINES

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL IN THE POETS' CORNER  
OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

“ Ambition here abash'd thy wishes hide;  
Here satiate envy; here ‘ take physic pride;’  
Here nurse reflection; here the soul arraign;  
Here, school'd by reason, break the sceptic's chain.  
What! shall the sacred spark of heav'nly flame,  
That gave to Shakspeare his immortal name,  
Melt into airy nothing, like a sigh?  
And with this pulsate frame, be doom'd to die?  
Ah! no; above this mortal mound it soars,  
And seeks that source which reason still explores;  
O'er passion's lapse, repentance drops a tear,  
Earth, and its gauds, are all beneath our care;  
While stealing time o'er nature's proudest bourn  
Whispers—‘ Ah! never! never to return!’  
Grated to nothing—this stupendous pile  
Shall melt away! nay this triumphant isle,  
The queen of nations, which in power supreme,  
Like mighty Rome, is now the poets theme,  
Shall be alike extinct!——  
Myriads of ages, countless worlds to come,  
Myriads succeeding these shall meet their doom;  
Yet, shall the soul in renovation soar—  
The thought o'erpowers the sense, and reason toils  
no more.”

“ Your approbation of these lines, Sir, gives me a very favourable idea of your taste; and I beg you will endeavour to compose a verse, or two, against some future evening. You too, ladies, would oblige me much by any effort of this kind.”

“ Mr. Addison laughs at the poetry of the ladies, Madam,” said the Etonian.

“ His illiberality does no credit to his understanding. His prose is exquisite; ere I venture to speak further of his poetry, I will quote Dr. Johnson. ‘ His poetry is first to be considered, of which, it must be confessed, it has not often those felicities of diction which give lustre to sentiment, or that vigour of sentiment that animates diction.’ At one place he talks of *bridling* his *muse*; it is evident that at this time the poet needed a *spur*, of which in a subsequent page he seems sensible, for he there entreats you will attend to what a lesser muse indites. Your youngest sister, Sir, Miss Sarah,

who is not yet nine years old, could correct this line without Mrs. Devis.

“ Surely it evinces a very unseemly littleness of mind, when men are jealous of the talents of women. The late Duke of Buckingham politely, and considerately, says, ‘ Women are generally thought to be inferior to men in the powers of the mind ; but I think the difference lies chiefly in the inferiority of their education, by which, it must be allowed, we take very great odds.’ Dr. Johnson too, with a liberality becoming his superior genius, has combated the assertions of those witlings who would either degrade or debase our powers, and has given the following lines to his Irene :

‘ Nor has impartial Nature’s frugal hand,  
Exhausted all her nobler stores on you :  
Do we not share the comprehensive thought,  
Th’ enlivening wit, the penetrating reason ?’

“ And once again,” my dear girls, “ I charge you never to be deterred by wit,

or ribaldry, from pursuing those studies that are the amusement of our youth, and the solace of our age: for you may depend, you are equally endowed by our beneficent Creator, portioned abundantly with his divine wisdom, and want nothing but industry to aid your genius.

“ We are exempt from the Salique law in our earthly inheritance, by those who, less liberal to the immortal part, would cramp the powers of the soul. To what humiliating degradations did the daughters and grand-daughters of Milton submit, because he debased them by neglecting to give the former education, which he thought unnecessary for a woman. How unworthy is this sentiment in man! Whence had he the example? The lowest animal in the creation can give him an instructive moral lesson, to controvert the justness of his conduct; nay, to condemn it: for even the wild ass leads its foal to browse on the freshest pasture; and the poor sparrow, on the house-top, woos its scarcely

fledged brood when the casual crumbs are thrown. They make no distinction, perhaps unweeting the sex of either. This baseness alone belongs to man.

“Milton wrote the History of Britain; his book is little read. Page the sixth, he describes Earl Godwin's daughter, as commended much for her beauty and modesty, and ‘beyond what is requisite for a woman,—LEARNING.’ The late Mr. Gilbert Wakefield wrote this apostrophe with his pencil opposite the above sentence—‘O, John! John! how I blush for thee!’

“Gibbon too, before whom millions of scribbling whipsters must bend the hallowing knee, has done us justice. Gibbon allows us liveliness of imagination, firmness of mind, and strength of judgment. Where is the genius that may contend with Gibbon to controvert his applause?

“Among the giddy and little-minded of our own sex, the fear of being thought inferior to some who have more rational ideas creates invidious distinctions. ‘This

is not a fit study for a woman,' and 'that is an improper study for a woman.' Let these ladies be told, in the words of a celebrated French author, 'Knowledge never did any harm; it is ignorance alone that is turbulent and presumptuous.'

"We are infinitely obliged to some very good authors who have described us all as fools. The writer of the celebrated Persian Letters says, 'Some men have a very extraordinary talent, that of talking for two or three hours together, and all the while rendering it impossible for a man to come at their meaning; but these great talkers are adored by the women.' Volume 2d.—It is a truth, I have known gentlemen, and ladies too, who possessed this very extraordinary talent, and had the art of blotting paper with it, both in verse and prose; but the women were not adored by men of sense; neither were the men by women of understanding.

"Warburton, bishop of Gloucester,

somewhere says, 'Women, whatever they may pretend to, are always ignorant, vain, and foolish.' I fear his spiritual lordship was in the naughty habit of keeping very bad company.

"The justly celebrated author of the *Whole Duty of Man*, who also wrote the inimitable book, called, 'The Government of the Tongue,' has written of women in the second and third page of that work, elegantly commensurable to their merits and endowments.

"It is recorded of Anne Le Fevre, the celebrated Madame Dacier, whose father was Greek professor of Saumur, where she was born 1651, that she was bred, like other young ladies, to domestic employments, and that she was very frequently seated in her father's study, while he gave lessons in literature to her brother; and particularly strove to inspire him with a delight in the *Belles Lettres*, and the learned languages, in which pursuits he (the professor) had no idea of encouraging his daughter. Anne Le Fevre

had now attained her eleventh year, and was engaged on a piece of embroidery, while her brother was receiving his lesson; to which it seems he was not so attentive as the little embroideress, and his father asking him a question respecting it, he made him an erroneous reply, on which Anne Le Fevre pointed out to him his mistake. The professor, charmed with her voluntary attention, resolved from that day to instruct her himself, and as a reward for his labour, she made such uncommon progress, that, in a very short time, she was first upon the list of the literati of Europe. Her translations from the Greek and Latin languages are almost innumerable. Among them is the *Iliad* (or, I believe, all the works of Homer), which has hitherto established her fame above all competitors. In addition to her translations of Homer into her native tongue, from the Greek language, are the works of Aristophanes, of Anacreon, and various others. Her commentaries are almost innumerable; the

the moral reflections of Marcus Aurelius; the comedies of Plautus, and those of Terence. Nothing can be more cruel and unjust than the conduct of Mr. Pope, and his contemporaries, Addison, Moore, &c. with respect to their comments and reflections on the writings of women; and more particularly on this lady. We are, generally speaking, sneered at for wanting those acquirements the other sex arrogate to themselves; although we are precluded from the means of acquiring them. This is a species of injury combined with insult, to which the mildest nature cannot willingly submit. That Pope owed much to Madame Dacier is well known, since he made, at least, as much use of the French translation as of the Greek original; yet his notes on the Iliad are replete with attempts to throw ridicule on the superior talents and accomplishments of that singularly illustrious woman. Madame Dacier died at Paris, in the year 1720. She needs neither monument nor

epitaph; but if you wish to write the latter, I can inform you she had modesty equal to her merit. She had one son, who happily emulated his mother's fame, and is said to have read the Greek language at four, and to have written it at seven years of age.

“ It is worthy of remark, that Charles the Seventh of France ennobled the Maid of Orleans, and all her family, males and females; and gave them the title of Du Lef; but a subsequent edict excluded her female relatives: perhaps the most unjust counter-law that ever was legislated. France, saved by an illustrious woman from utter destruction, refuses her female kindred either honour or bounty! The bigoted and dastardly generals that commanded the English armies, when the unfortunate Joan was so unjustly and barbarously immolated, hardly did more outrage to her person, than, by this law reversed, her ungrateful country has done to her memory. The cruel and ignominious death of the Maid of Orleans,

of Wallace, and of Raleigh, are three of the greatest stains on the history of our country. Wallace was executed by order of Edward the First; another proof of that monarch's sanguinary disposition."

*EVENING THE FIFTH.*  


AFTER the usual compliments, Miss Denzel reminded her governess of the promised list of those persons who, although humbly born, had attained the highest honours.

“ I will recollect a few of them, my dear, some other evening; for the present I must request you to be satisfied with one of them, the celebrated Linnæus, who was about to be put apprentice to a shoemaker.”

“ To a shoemaker! what Linnæus, the great naturalist, Madam?”

“ Linnæus, the great naturalist, Sir; I will give you a slight sketch of his life.”

“ I shall be very much obliged to you indeed, Madam; I have heard him very often named, but I know very little about him,” said the Etonian.

“ Mrs. Mordant took a manuscript from her portfolio, and read as follows:

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### SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF LINNÆUS.

‘ Linnæus was the son of very indigent parents, who were about to put him out an apprentice to a shoemaker in their neighbourhood ; but a neighbouring physician, named Rothman, frequently meeting the boy alone in the fields, and under the hedges, not at play, but in examining insects, plants, and flowers, had the curiosity to converse with him, and thus learned his aversion to the trade to which his father was about to breed him.

‘ This worthy Doctor then sent for the old man, and offered to take his son into his own house ; which being agreed on, the youth went thither, where he was generously supplied with botanical books, and gratuitously instructed in the first rudiments of physic.

‘ In the year 1727, he was sent, by the advice of his friend the Doctor, to the

University at Lund; and in 1728, removed to that of Upsal, where, notwithstanding his narrow circumstances subjected him to great inconvenience and distress, he founded and rendered perfect a science then hardly known to that world, to which his researches have hitherto given law.

‘ In 1732, he was deputed by the Royal Society of Sciences at Upsal, to go to Lapland, and investigate the then unknown natural history of that frigid region. As a gratuity to undertake this journey, he only received eight pounds; and was consequently obliged to travel on foot the whole of the way. He commenced this expedition on the 11th of May 1732: visited various parts of Lapland; underwent the greatest hardships; escaped the most imminent perils; and returned to Upsal in the month of October the year following; having wandered over nearly four hundred miles.

‘ In 1741, he was made professor of botany in the University of Upsal; which,

by his incomparable lectures, he rendered of the highest repute. He was always attended by a numerous audience, and was accompanied by a band of trumpets and French horns, as it has been suggested, to call those together who made excursions from the main body, when they were making researches in the woods, meadows, or fields; for Linnæus was constantly at the head of between four and five hundred students, among whom were noblemen and gentlemen from all the European nations. His reputation was so extended, that he received invitations from Petersburg, Gottingen, and Madrid; the King of Spain, in particular, offered him a considerable salary, with the rank of nobility, and the toleration of his religion; but no offers, however honourable, could seduce him from his native land; where, at length, in the year 1753, he was created a knight of the Polar Star; and in 1756, was called to the peerage, and had a superb palace erected for him at the public expense’.”

“And were all these rewards and honours conferred on him merely for his knowledge in botany?” asked the young gentleman.

“No, Sir,” replied Mrs. Mordant, “natural history in general; but more particularly birds, insects, plants, and flowers.

“Linnæus, too, was the discoverer of the method by which the pearl-oyster is fed, so as to increase the size and beauty of the pearls. He presented a pearl of extraordinary beauty and magnitude to the Queen of Sweden, in the year 1760.

“Linnæus was possessed of the most captivating eloquence. His voice was tuned to persuade, his reasoning to fascinate, and his arguments to convince. He was always spirited, always animated, and by the depth of his insight, and the justness of his conception, he not only arrested the curiosity, but fixed the attention of his hearers, all crowding around their master, and listening with the most respectful silence.”

“Pray, Madam, at what age did he die?”

“ At the age of seventy, or in his seventy-first year, of a paralytic stroke, attended with a dropsy. Extraordinary honours were paid him during life, and even after death; for immediately, subsequent to his disease, the King of Sweden ordered a medal to be struck, expressive of the dejection of science upon the death of Linnæus. A superb monument was erected at the public expense, and, as a still higher tribute to his memory, his Majesty, in the year 1778, lamented his death in a speech from the throne; an honour never before, or since, that I know of, conferred on any subject.”

“ What a loss to the world it would have been had this man been bred a shoemaker!” said Miss Denzel; “ perhaps many have been lost to it for the want of so kind a friend as Dr. Rothman. Gray says,

‘ Full many a flow’r is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air’.”

“ He does so, my dear girl; I thank you

for your very apt and appropriate application. Some future evening, I will shew you, by quotations from various authors, how many poets have used that figure, perhaps without being conscious that each was almost literally using the words of the other. We have not yet done with Linnæus; for I have to inform you, that the mere catalogue of his works would almost fill a volume; and that three large volumes would hardly be sufficient to trace the outline of his system, now distinguished by the appellation of the Linnæan, which may be said to have methodized and reformed the whole compass of natural history."

"The Linnæan system, then, extends to all the insects, plants, and flowers, in the known world, Madam."

"I hardly think that," replied Mrs. Mordant; "for when Monsieur de Tolbac sent to Linnæus some plants from the Cape, he found them so very different from those known in Europe, that this great naturalist wrote to him, saying words to this

effect: ' Sir, you have conferred on me the greatest pleasure, but you have thrown my whole system into disorder'."

" I cannot see any great use in natural history," said young Mr. Denzel.

" Natural history, Sir," replied Mrs. Mordant, " is a science that teaches us to hallow the wisdom, power, and universal goodness of the Almighty. ' Only let us reflect,' says an anonymous writer, ' on the vast profusion of azure, green, vermilion, and gold, silver, gems like diamonds and pearls, beautiful fringe, and exquisite plumage that adorns the wings, heads, and bodies of insects, how will it awaken our wonder of Omnipotence! and how can we enough admire the goodness of their Creator, who has given them natural arms against the assaults of their enemies! Most of them are provided either with teeth, a saw, a sting, or claws; and a scaly coat of mail generally defends their whole body. The safety of others consists in the quickness of their flight; some by the help of their wings; others by the assist-

ance of a thread, that supports them, by which, from the leaves that sustain them, they instantaneously drop themselves to a sufficient distance from their enemy; and others, by the spring of their hind-feet, the elasticity of which darts them at once out of the reach of their enemy. How can we sufficiently admire the infinite wisdom that appears in the contrivance of the various organs and implements given them for their support and convenience in the different occupations of life! Those that spin, have a distaff, and fingers to form their thread; those that weave, have clues of thread, and shuttles fit for the purpose; some build in wood, and are supplied with bills proper for piercing it; others make wax, and have literally store-houses, furnished with rakers, ladles, and trowels. Some have their heads armed with a trunk, a saw, or a pair of pincers, and by those means dig commodious habitations for their families in the heart of fruits, in the leaves, or under the bark of trees, and frequently in the hardest wood. Others,

which have tender eyes, have the benefit of horns to defend them, which, as the creature moves along, especially in the dark, make trial of the way, and discover, by a quick and delicate sensation, what would defile, drown, or harm them.' So far the unknown pen.—Those who consider these creatures insignificant, because they are minute, have reflected little indeed: on the contrary, for that very reason, says Mr. Boyle, 'their mechanism is the more astonishing:' in allusion to which, he once said, 'that his wonder dwelt not so much on nature's clocks as on her watches.'

"The famous Leuenhoeck, as I have read, attempted to use the eye of an insect for a microscope, and found it magnify to that extent, that a grain of the finest sand appeared as large as an orange. How then may we presume on the power of that insect's eye to itself; that eye which is not the thirty thousandth part of an inch in length, may probably enjoy sights far above our compre-

hension. How may he, the happy possessor, solace himself; how may he select and chase his prey, unseen, and impervious to the august and intelligent eye of humanity!

“ Good night, my dear young friends; it now grows late; to-morrow I will give you a quotation to illustrate this subject from Mr. Baker’s book on microscopes.”

“ Nay, now, dear Madam; do pray, give it us now,” said Miss Denzel.

Mrs. Mordant proceeded—“ Mr. Baker’s comparison of the elephant and the mite, from his book on the powers of the microscope, published 1755.

“ The largeness and strength of the elephant may strike us with wonder and terror; but we shall find ourselves quite lost in amazement, if we attentively examine the minute parts of the other. For the mite has more limbs than the elephant, each of which is furnished with veins and arteries, nerves, muscles, tendons, and bones; it has eyes, a mouth, and a proboscis too, as well as the ele-

phant, to take in its food ; it has a stomach to digest it, and intestines to carry off what is not retained for its nourishment ; it has a heart to propel the circulation of the blood, a brain to supply nerves every where, and is, in all its parts, as perfect an animal. Let us now look back, and consider, as far as our abilities can extend, the excessive minuteness of all these parts ; and, if we find them astonishing, and beyond our ideas, what shall we say of those many species of animalcules to which a mite, in proportion, is as it were an elephant.

• Bow down, ye elephants, submissive bow  
To Him who made the mites ! Tho' Asia's pride,  
Ye carry armies on your towered backs,  
And grace the turband tyrants, bow to Him  
Who is as great, as perfect, and as good,  
In his less striking wonders, till at length  
The eye's at fault, and seeks th' assisting glass.'

*See Mr. SMART'S Poem on the Divine Goodness.*

“ I have taken the liberty slightly to abbreviate Mr. Baker's remarks. You can

ask your papa for the volume, if you wish for more of it. I am quite weary ; once more, Good night."

" I am very much obliged to you, indeed, Madam," said the Etonian ; " I was very presumptuous to question the use of natural history. I am now abashed, for having spoken with so little consideration."

" Your apology is quite sufficient, Sir. We will now retire to sweet sleep, which always succeeds rational enjoyment."

*EVENING THE SIXTH.*

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THE youthful party were assembled early this evening, and anxious for further entertainment. The speech of the King of Sweden from the throne, on the death of Linnæus, was respectfully requested.

“It is not in my possession,” replied Mrs. Mordant; “but I can present you with something that I think you will find equally interesting. It is a letter written by his queen, Louisa Ulrica, to her son: and I am the more inclined to give it you, as to-morrow is Sunday, and I know not where to find a more beautiful moral lecture.

“This letter,” continued Mrs. Mordant, “is not only an honour to the Queen Louisa Ulrica, but calculated to uphold the dignity of human nature. I advise you to read it often, and endeavour to re-

tain it by rote ; after you have completely treasured it in your memories, commit it to paper, and you will assuredly never forget it. This is the art by which I have been able to remember all I have detailed to you from time to time, and all I may detail from various writers hereafter, for I seldom copy verbatim. The following letter is, however, I believe perfectly correct :



## ORIGINAL LETTER

FROM LOUISA ULRICA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN, TO HER SON GUSTAVUS, HEIR APPARENT TO THE THRONE, AFTER HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS HAD COMMITTED A FAULT. WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1754, WHEN HER MAJESTY WAS ON A JOURNEY WITH THE KING THROUGH THE PROVINCES.

‘ I did promise you, my dear son, a longer letter by the last courier, and I now take delight in keeping my word. I shall not entertain you with a detail of the fine things that are to be seen in the provinces, nor dwell upon their situation, their commerce, or manufactories ; the

subject I intend to write upon is infinitely more interesting: it is the inhabitants, and the excessive zeal and love they express for the king. What would these vain titles, and grandeur, and splendour, avail us, if they were not accompanied with the affection of the people? They would be crowns of thorns, burdens too heavy to bear! True felicity, dear son, consists in being able to render others happy; and happy is he who has the power to do this! But, however small the power may be, we ought always to have this subject in view. Princes who deviate from these maxims, are tyrants whom God Almighty raises up to be the instruments of his wrath; and whose very names are abhorred by mankind. God has graciously given you talents, and a sensible heart; be therefore always upon your guard, lest this heart become the dupe of your passions; a rock on which the fairest characters have often been wrecked. Let your heart have piety for its guide; this is the surest re-

medy against all errors. Continue, dear son, to make virtue your study. Would you know what success attends it, it will be proportionate to your efforts: there is no hesitancy in this case; no one is wise, or learned\*, by mere chance. Riches, honours, and dignities, may come forth to meet you, but neither knowledge nor virtue will ever, of themselves, make a single step toward you: they are to be obtained only by labour; but ought this labour to daunt you, when it obtains you the possession of every thing that is truly valuable? Never hope to reconcile indolence with glory, or inordinate indulgence with the rewards of virtue. I have perhaps moralized too much for a letter; and therefore will conclude this, by expressing my

\* Laborious and vexatious are the inquests that the soul must make after science. Long and tedious attendances must be given, and the hardest fatigues endured and digested. The most pregnant wit in the world never produced any thing great, lasting, or considerable, without pain and trouble.

*Rev. Dr. SOUTH.*

satisfaction at your letters. Your sincerity partly atones for the fault you have committed, since whoever owns his fault is in the road to amendment. Behave in such a manner, dear son, that you may have no more occasion to make the same confessions; and, by your conduct, give me convincing proofs of your affection: be assured of mine, which will only end with my life, being ever,

‘ Your tender and kind mother,

‘ LOUISA ULRICA.’”

“ Pray, Madam,” said Mr. Denzel, “ what age was the prince when her majesty addressed him in this manner ?”

“ Gustavus was born in June 1745, and the letter was written 1754, so that the prince was only nine years old. He had committed a fault, but was evidently contrite and ingenuous, when he confessed it to his royal mother, who, from these considerations, freely forgave him. Had he attempted subterfuge, pallia-

tion, or excuse, his character would appear far less amiable :

‘ Be truth the purchase, though the price be life’.”

“ Of what nation was the Queen of Sweden, Madam?”

“ A princess of Prussia, born the 24th of June 1720; married to Adolphus Frederick, king of Sweden, the 17th of July 1744.”

“ Did the Prince Gustavus, her son, turn out any thing extraordinary, Madam?” said the Etonian.

“ He succeeded his father on the throne, Sir, and abolished the Swedish senate, rendering himself absolute. Gustavus was shot on the 18th of March 1792, by a disappointed Swedish officer named Ankerstrom. For further particulars I refer you to the history of his reign.”

“ His rendering himself absolute, I presume, made him disliked by his subjects.”

“ I cannot answer in that respect for

the Swedes at large," said Mrs. Mordant; "but there is an anecdote told of one of the nobles, the Baron de Mizelandwitz, that does not augur much in favour of their being satisfied; and, as I fancy you will not find it recorded in history, I shall give it you in a few words:

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## ANECDOTE

OF THE SWEDISH BARON DE MIZELANDWITZ.

"Upon the memorable revolution of the government of Sweden, the baron was possessed of an estate equal to ten thousand a year in England; but on that event he fled his country, saying, he would suffer the most wretched exile abroad, rather than remain a slave where he had a right to freedom. He took up his residence at Hamburg, where he was living not long since, in extreme poverty, lodging in a very miserable apartment, and waiting entirely on himself. Not long previous to the king's assassination,

his majesty wrote to the baron, in the most flattering manner, cordially inviting him to return to his estate and honours. Gustavus condescended to write a second, and, it is said, a third letter, but no notice was taken of them by the haughtily indignant de Mizelandwitz. The king then sent him a remittance, to enable him to live more comfortably, and consonant with his rank: this present the baron sternly refused, saying to the messenger, 'I will die of want rather than receive a dollar at the hands of the man who has enslaved my country.'

"It is not my intention to enter into the merits of the legislative question; but I cannot help thinking, that in this instance the King of Sweden's character appears particularly amiable; and I am inclined to think there are few better men than he was: at all events, his premature death must awaken our sensibility and commiseration. An assassin is, in my opinion, the most criminal and contemptible of all human beings.

“ I have appointed to-morrow to visit a sick friend. You will be guided by your papa, and conduct yourselves so as to merit his approbation. I shall not see you till late in the evening.”

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*Sunday*, in the absence of their governess, the youthful party passed some hours with their father; and prevailed on him to take them to the theatre the following evening.

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*Monday*, Mrs. Mordant, Mr. Denzel, and the young family, passed the evening at the representation of Shakspeare's *Henry the Eighth*.

*EVENING THE NINTH.*  


ON this evening when the conversation commenced, it naturally turned on the entertainment of the preceding one. The characters of King Henry, of Queen Catharine, of Wolsey, and of Cromwell, were particularly commented on.

“Here then,” said Mrs. Mordant, “are two other men, of the most obscure birth, who signalized themselves in a manner rarely witnessed: and although they served a base and capricious tyrant, it does not take from their merit.”

“You abominate the character of King Henry the Eighth, Madam,” said Miss Denzel.

“Undoubtedly, my dear, and with good cause.”

“ He abolished the catholic faith, Madam.”

“ He did so, to serve his own vile purposes; not to forward the cause either of morality or religion. I am not singular in my detestation of his character; Sir Walter Raleigh says, ‘ If all the crimes of the most cruel and unprincipled princes that ever reigned in the world were collected together, something might be found to parallel them in the annals of his reign.’ And Mr. Moser has recently drawn his character in colours as dark and abominable. I refer you to the European Magazine, vol. li. page 169.

“ His father too, Henry the Seventh, was, in many of his actions, as unpardonably flagitious. Richard the Third, whom he dethroned, could not have been well more abominable than he was. His extortions, and cruelties of all kinds, are enough to make the most abandoned blush for the depravity of human nature. I will only wring your tender hearts, my

dear children, by instancing one action of that sovereign :

#### HISTORICAL FACT.

“A worthy member of the community, named William Tillsworth, of Dunstable, in Bedfordshire, was burnt alive, by order of Henry the Seventh, his young daughter being compelled, on pain of suffering the same fate, to pile the faggots round her tortured and expiring parent. A stretch of power and barbarity that I hope, for the honour of human nature, has very few parallels in this country.”

“Gracious Heaven !” exclaimed Miss Denzel, “who could pronounce or execute such a barbarous sentence ?”

“The sentence was confirmed by the king, my dear, whoever awarded it. And I can further inform you, that it was strictly enforced by Doctor Smith, then Bishop of Lincoln.”

“You say, Madam, that, for the honor of human nature, you hope it has few

parallels in this country. I hope it has no parallel in any country in the world."

"I am sorry to say it has. The dealers in African slaves thought nothing of barbarities like these. But what will you say to Lewis the Eleventh of France, who caused his own cousin, a lineal descendant of King Clovis, to be executed at Paris, and ordered the sons and daughters of the miserable man to be placed under the scaffold, so that the sacred blood of their august and immolated father might run upon their innocent heads."

Here the young ladies burst into tears; while young Mr. Denzel, violently blowing his nose, to repel his, exclaimed, "Poor children! What did he do with them then?"

"He sent them in that bloody condition back to the Bastile; and shut them up in separate iron cages until the day of their death."

"After hearing such things as those, Madam, who can help rejoicing that the Bastile was razed to the ground."

“With good cause, Sir; not but I think Lewis the Sixteenth, under whose reign that event took place, was one of the gentlest and mildest princes that ever governed in France; for, if you read the history of that kingdom attentively, you will find that very few of the princes, who successively became its monarchs, merit commemoration for their virtues. Sigebert, Charles Martel, Pepin, Lewis the Ninth, with the exception of his bigotry, and Henry the Fourth, are exceptions; the crimes of most of the other kings of France are too horrible to detail. To deluge the lands they governed, or sought to govern, with human blood, wantonly shed, seems to have been the sole object for which far the greater part of them enjoyed existence.

“Catharine de Medici, wife of Henry the Second, mother to Francis the Second, Charles the Ninth, and Henry the Third, who succeeded each other as kings of France, under her influence were, if possible, more sanguinary and cruel than any of their predecessors. The reign of

Francis was so short, that she had scarcely time to organize her powers, for the completion of the crimes, and more than terrific murders, which she caused her infatuated and bigoted adherents to commit. On the ever memorable eve of Saint Bartholomew's day, 1570, a massacre of all the protestants in the French king's dominions was secretly premeditated: Charles, in conjunction with his mother, and ministers, entered into a deceptive truce with the protestants, and proposed to bestow his sister on Henry King of Navarre, afterwards Henry the Fourth; then, under pretence of inviting them to be present at the ceremony, and the feast to be given on the occasion, which, he said, was to extend to all ranks, that all might partake of his joy and bounty, he insidiously inveigled all the protestant nobility and gentry, with their families, to Paris. When thus brought within his toil, the king gave the fatal signal; the catholic troops fell on them, and inhumanly murdered them all, without distinction of rank, age, or sex. Language

has no words in which I can express my soul's detestation of this barbarous outrage—this complicated, horrible combination of treachery, massacre, and villainy. The King of Navarre escaped; but such grace was not designed him: he abjured, or pretended to abjure, his religion. The whole of that day and night of tenfold terrors, and seven subsequent days and nights, were occupied by this never sufficiently execrated, unmanly, unprincely, dark, designing, perfidious, and, I fear me, inexpiable butchery!

“ Fifty thousand innocent persons were then immolated to gratify the bigotry and cruelty of this most horrid woman, and her infatuated and unworthy offspring. The pope caused public illuminations and great rejoicings to be made at Rome on this occasion; and is it not horrible to reflect, that many of the French historians exultingly commemorate this execrable villainy? to condemn and reprobate which there are not, as I before said, adequate expressions in language. A prince

is placed on a throne as the guardian and protector of his people; their numbers and strength are his glory; he is at variance with his own interest in injuring one of them. A husbandman would act as prudently in screening his lands from the showers that propel their increase, as a prince in depopulating his provinces and destroying his people.

“When the Duke d’Alençon, brother to Henry the Third, of whom we have just been speaking, was general in the Low Countries, during the years 1582 and 1583, he signed a ratification of peace with the town of Antwerp, and immediately afterwards, on the 17th of January 1583, attacked it by surprise, violating this solemn agreement, and pillaged and put to death all the protestants he could find in that city. The Duke de Montpensier, to his immortal honour, reprobated this barbarous baseness, and positively refused to join in the outrage; telling the Duke d’Alençon, that, instead of murdering the innocent protestants, he

ought to have turned and torn out the hearts of those who advised him to be guilty of so vile, so unmanly, and so barbarous an action!

“When the Spaniards had subjugated some hundreds of poor Indians, in the Western hemisphere, they prevailed on them to abjure their own religion, and to be baptized; to which the poor wretches had no sooner submitted, than they were inhumanly put to death. This was assuredly the utmost refinement of Christian charity. The catholic priest had given them absolution, and the passport being signed, they hurried them on their awful journey. The religion that divests us of our humanity and morality cannot be too much exploded.

“When that inhuman and unprincipled tyrant, Lewis the Fourteenth, without any provocation, overran great part of Holland, his army was encouraged in the perpetration of such horrid cruelties, that, says the historian, there is no pen or

pencil that can be found to describe or delineate them.

“Mary the First of England, as you well know, inherited all her father’s barbarity; and her husband, Philip the Second, of Spain, used to say he would rather be no king, than have heretics\* for his subjects.

“Doctor Watson’s History of the Reign of Philip the Second may be advantageously read, by those who either wish to strengthen or confirm their detestation of all persecution in matters of faith.”

“Pray, Madam,” said Miss Maria, “tell us something that is humane now; for indeed my heart quite aches to reflect on all those horrid cruelties, although they were perpetrated so long ago.”

“Your sensibility becomes you highly, my dear little girl, and I will endeavour to recollect something to gratify your gentle heart by an amiable contrast to

\* Catholics denominate *all* so, who are not of their individual faith.

these scenes of barbarity. I will present you with a trait in the character of a savage prince, or at least of a man we term so, which will impel you to acknowledge, that even the untutored Indian may demonstrate such feelings as the more polished Europeans ought to imitate:

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### ANECDOTE OF THOMO CHACHI,

KING OF ONE OF THE TRIBES OF THE WILD NATIVES OF AMERICA.

“I visited the wild natives of America, in the year 1735. They then trod the flowery paths of peace; they were hospitable, generous, and humane. They received me in a little hamlet, whither I went, unarmed, with all the courtesy and politeness of Frenchmen. I saw some of them, not long afterward, at Savannah, with their king, Thomo Chachi, who ran in between a criminal and the correcting

officer, exclaiming, 'No more! no more! lash me; not him!'

"This worthy Indian chief had complained of the offender, who was an Englishman, that had insulted and ill-treated a poor Indian woman, one of Chachi's subjects; yet his heart relented when he witnessed the severity of the chastisement; and he took shame to himself for having been the instrument of it, which is evidently implied by his saying, 'Lash me, not him!'—I give you this from memory; you will find it in Thicknesse's Travels.

"Thomo Chachi felt for him as his brother man; and, rather than not mitigate, would have partaken of his sufferings. This man wanted no argument, no particular religious system, to teach him humanity:

'He look'd thro' nature, up to nature's God.'

"But what had he said, had he been witness to the innumerable tortures that

have been inflicted on innocent persons, merely because they were not of the same opinion in matters of faith?

‘ I will compel you to believe as I believe, or I will torture you, and put you to the most excruciating death!’ Is it possible that such tenets as these, says dispassionate reason, can be cherished by any reasonable creature? Tenets that cannot be absolved in any church, much less in that denominated Christian, the characteristic of which is, UNIVERSAL CHARITY AND BROTHERLY LOVE.

‘ Do unto all men as you would they should do unto you; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us;’ are commandments directly opposite to the spirit of persecution.

I dwell much on this subject, my dear young friends, because I wish you to possess that enlightened liberality which becomes, and that sound universal morality which adorns, human nature. ‘ He shall have judgment without mercy, that

hath shewn no mercy ; and mercy rejoiceth against judgment.'

" ' What doth it profit, my brethen, though a man say, he hath faith without works ; can faith save him ? '—*Gen. Epist. James*, chap. ii.

" A truly pious person can worship the Almighty as devoutly in one temple as another ; and here I must digress to say, there is a passage in Miss Hatfield's novel, which I will give you some other evening."

" I thought you were no friend to novels, Madam."

" Not in general ; but it matters little what a book is denominated, if its end be morality and virtue. Much that has been written had better have been lost. Authors pass over the errors of their books, as parents over the faults of their children. Among these the celebrated Voltaire is very conspicuous ; but the last production of his immortal pen deserves to be translated into all languages, for the benefit of the universe."

“ Pray, Madam, what is it?”

“ It is called, *Prix de la Justice et de l'Humanite*; and is intended to expose the ignorance, superstition, mal-administration, persecution, and abominable barbarity, of the Roman church.

“ It is here that he gives heart-rending accounts of the execution of the young men at Abbeville.”

“ What was it, pray, Madam?”

“ My dear, I shall not descant on the particulars of it, for the causes I have before assigned; the reason I enter into these details at all, is to enlarge your hearts. I wish you to look on the world as one family, the children of one God, and to emulate, as much as in your power, his goodness and beneficence. Good night, my dear children; the remembrance of every charitable action will comfort and console you in the hour of death. May our recollective faculties be forcibly alive to all the good we can recall! May that account be large!

Virtuous actions are a certain inheritance. 'To be good is to be happy; guilt is the source of sorrow'."

"Good night, dear Madam."

*EVENING THE TENTH.*

THE youthful party had not long been seated, when one of them said, ‘Although Mrs. Mordant did not like to tell them the manner of the execution of the young men at Abbeville, which she recently mentioned, surely she would be so good as to inform them why they were executed:’—on which she proceeded as follows:

“ They had shewn some irreverence to a wooden image of the Virgin Mary: and such was the abominable bigotry and superstition of the people, that years afterward a postboy would turn short out of the road, to avoid the place where, after they had been so inhumanly tortured as they were, their poor mangled bodies were burnt. The ashes even were

not suffered to be buried, but were left as a memento, to shew where Christian charity had regaled itself with an Auto da fe.

“ It is in the book, entitled, *Prix de la Justice et de l’Humanite*, that Voltaire gives the moderate computation, as he calls it, of all the persons who have been barbarously murdered since the catholic church has been established in Europe: and asserts, that upwards of one hundred thousand have suffered death, merely for their opinion in matters of faith.

“ ‘ To what purpose did God Almighty give me a conscience of my own,’ said the celebrated John Gerson, ‘ if I am to live and die according to the conscience of another man ?’

“ In the city of Tholouse alone (Toulouse), upwards of two thousand persons were massacred in the year 1562, only because they were not of the catholic church; and, at stated periods, there is still, to this day, a grand

procession of all the clergy, the magistrates, the bourgeois, and, in short, all the inhabitants of that place, to commemorate—what? Why, that, two hundred and forty-seven years since, their streets were drenched with rivers of human blood! the innocent blood of their brother citizens! The unfortunate Calas suffered at Toulouse, and was doubtless guiltless of the crime of which he was accused. I refer you for a full account of his trial, condemnation, and death, to Mr. Thicknesse's Travels through the Pays-bas."

"I hope," said Miss Denzel, "the catholics are more tolerant now."

"I would fain indulge myself in that hope too, Miss Denzel; but that I know tracts still continue to be written, and published, to exculpate, nay more, to defend, such barbarities, even to this day.

"The Abbé de Ceiverac, very recently, published a pamphlet to justify the massacre at Paris; which I reprobated, with such detestation, under those cruel and misguided monarchs, Charles

the Ninth, and his brother Henry the Third. And here I must digress again, to say, that it seems as if the Almighty was pleased to punish them, even in this world, with signal vengeance and retributive justice; for the husband and children of Catharine de Medici were all swept from the earth in their youth, by assassination, or diseases uncommon to mankind; Charles by one so horrid, that nature recoils and shudders at the retrospection of it; from his agony, it is recorded, blood oozed from every pore in his body. It should seem, this deluded prince repented of his murderous crimes, from his words to the King of Navarre, a few hours before his death; and it is evident, he neither loved nor had confidence in his barbarous mother. I refer you to Beckford, page 210. Henry the Third died by an assassin, and the queen-mother lived to see herself bereft of all; and, more to mortify her bigoted and cruel nature, to see a protestant prince seated on that throne which she had so recently

polluted by the innocent blood of tens of thousands of her fellow-creatures, to establish the catholic faith.

“ Henry the Fourth succeeded these misguided princes, a man perhaps more worthy of a throne than any man that ever filled one.”

“ I think I have heard of very great weaknesses attached to his character, Madam,” remarked young Mr. Denzel.

“ The weaknesses, as you term the lapses of Henry, Sir,” replied Mrs. Morand, “ were specks in the noon-day hemisphere ; those of common men are seen but in a cloudy twilight. The king was not perfect ; man was never yet perfect ; but whatever he gained, he gained honourably, and he governed equitably : the duplicity of his opponents never rendered him perfidious ; he repaid fraud with generosity, and falsehood with truth. His heroic exploits in the field are only to be equalled by his wisdom, benignity, and lenity, in the cabinet. A column of darkness rising before the sun

attracts the eyes of the world, and creates its wonder; but the transcendent powers of the luminary remain the same.

“ Henry wept when he heard of the fate of the Count de Montgomeri, one of the greatest chieftains of that age, who was promised his life on condition of surrendering; but Catharine, negligent of honourable engagements, even when they regarded life, caused him to be executed.

“ Henry, to stem the torrent of civil war, abjured the protestant faith; and his friend, the gallant Duke of Nevers, fell at the feet of Pope Clement the Eighth, and besought him, with tears, to put an end to its miseries; but the arrogant and presumptuous pontiff peremptorily refused him with the highest disdain, although the king had received absolution at his hands full six months before. The great and gallant prince might well regret, as he did, the death of Pope Sextus the Fifth, a man who would have graced any station: his death

was the greatest calamity at the time that could possibly have happened to Europe. Were I a catholic, I would remember him in my prayers.—He is one, among the many, who have raised themselves by merit to the highest dignities and honours.

“ Henry summoned his peers, and proposed a deputation to every state in Europe, entreating his brother monarchs to depute deputies also,—to stop the further effusion of human blood,—to establish a moral creed, in which all men should be taught to do as they would be done by, and love each other as brethren : a thought worthy of his power as a prince, and of his benevolence as a man. The greatest, the most magnanimous, of all heroes, sought to subdue by the mild art of eloquent persuasion.

“ When this august monarch had taken immense treasure, it was his practice to lavish it all on his officers and soldiers ; and being once reproved for it by the immortal Sully, who alone dared to reprove him, he replied, ‘ The wealth

of princes is the glory resulting from their actions.' This monarch was so extremely indigent, that he was frequently subjected to the want of an abstemious dinner; for no man had more moderation in the food he partook of. 'My most ardent prayer to God Almighty is,' said the king, 'that he will preserve my sense and strength to the hour of my death; that he will at all times give me his grace and spiritual assistance; that I may live to see the protestant religion fixed on a secure basis, and to see my protestant subjects reduced to obedience without recurring to force; to restore France to its ancient splendour; to recover Navarre from Spain; to gain a battle in person against the King of Spain, and another against the Grand Seignior; to humble the turbulent and rebellious dukes; and then to live in peace, and educate my children myself.'

"It is recorded of this great monarch, that a nobleman, who one day waited to obtain an audience, thought he heard the king's voice in an adjacent chamber,

and the door being ajar, he looked in, and was observed by his majesty, who was riding round the room on a stick to teach his infant son: ‘Come in, my Lord,’ said he, ‘have you any children?’ The nobleman answering in the affirmative: ‘Then,’ said the king, “I shall make you no apology; you can pardon the weakness of a father.”

“Even that gloomy tyrant, Philip the Second of Spain, of whom I have before spoken, could not forbear his applause, when speaking of the character of Henry the Fourth. I refer you to De Sully’s Memoirs, chapter the eighty-sixth: it is true, Philip imputes more to his good fortune than to his great merit; the way of all, who are either vicious or indolent. Philip could admire what he durst neither emulate nor imitate; he was too pusillanimous for the first, and had too much knavery for the latter. Fortitude and magnanimity are jewels of countless wealth in the possession of a prince. Amelot de la Houssaie addresses Henry

as king of kings; 'for, if ever there was a prince,' said he, 'endowed with all royal qualities, it is yourself.' Flattery is the daily food of the great; but in this instance the most extravagant eulogy can only attain to scrupulous truth. Generous, merciful, and magnificent; candour and courage were among the least of his princely perfections. Misfortune or mischance could not damp his glorious ardour. Those who can read a detail of his conduct, on almost innumerable occasions, without a feeling of exulting admiration, need not compliment themselves on their sensibility. I shall detail his exploits and manners at the battle of Yvry, on the 14th of March 1590. The Duke of Mayenne was besieging Milan, to the instant relief of which the king marched in person, at the head of a very small force. The duke retired on his approach, when his majesty made an addition to the garrison, and withdrew; on which the duke beset its gates anew, but without effect, for King

Henry returned to the onset with only the residue of his small party, when the duke flew from the encounter as before. The king now recruited his forces, and besieged Dreux, when the duke collected upwards of sixteen thousand men, and flew to the relief of the place; he thought to have avoided Henry, but met him on his passage at Yvry: the king was only twelve thousand strong, yet the duke strove, by every means in his power, to avoid an engagement; but the monarch prepared for battle, and Mayenne had no alternative. His majesty taking off his hat, waved it in the air, and addressed his soldiers; this hat was adorned with a large plume of white feathers: ‘Children!’ said Henry, ‘if you should at any time lose sight of your colours, look about for this. You will assuredly find it in the way to victory, and honour. God is with us!’ On which he instantly rode to the charge, exposing his person to the utmost. He charged the Walloon horse, and slew the Duke of Egmont; on which the wing broke

immediately. The king then turned toward the Duke of Mayenne, who instantly fled, leaving his soldiers, his baggage, his artillery, indeed all he had to lose in the field but his life; which he retained on terms disgraceful to a private man, much more to a general. His forsaken comrades, a body of brave men, arranged themselves in a close column without their commander, and remained firm to the last! On which the magnanimous, and never enough to be admired, prince mildly addressed them; saying, he should be sorry to put them to the sword. Henry complimented them on their bravery, invited them to his standard, assured them of their safety and future welfare, and finally said that their fate and fortune entirely depended on themselves. On which they, to a man, threw down their arms, and were instantly embodied with, and shared the spoil of the field with the royal army.

“ The manner of this august monarch’s oath will ever be a subject of lamenta-

tion; the anniversary of his immolation ought to be noticed by the whole of the enlightened world.

“ Had Henry the Fourth of France had the royal signet given into his hands with the words that Lewis the Sixth used when he resigned it to his son, he would have been the exact prototype of that sacred charge. ‘ Remember! yes! ever keep it before your eyes! that the royal dignity, to which you are called, is but a public employment, for your conduct in which you must be answerable, in a future state, to the Divine tribunal.’ Princes should indelibly engraft this sentence on their hearts, as a memorial that they are the delegates of Heaven; and that they ought, on all occasions, to temper justice with lenity, to reward merit, to incite, by example, to such actions as are laudable in themselves, and beneficial to their subjects.

“ Tyranny of all kind is abominable; cruelty and massacre never yet forwarded the cause of truth. It is hard to submit to any outrage on our feelings, even

from a rightful sovereign ; but surely they may be more easily taught to submit to him than to an arrogant, presumptuous, and over-bearing priest. The conduct of Pope Gregory the Fifth to Robert, the first king of France ; that of Hildebrand, called Gregory the Seventh, to all the princes and potentates in or under the papal dominion, which depopulated kingdoms, and deluged them with human blood ; the conduct of all who have ever acted under the Roman pontiff ; will surely, at all times, warrant and confirm the English nation in proclaiming their Sovereign—Head of the Church.

“ When you read the history of France, and compare it with that of your native country, you will see, and judge for yourselves, respecting what I affirm. The religion that tolerates no other, is not a religion to be tolerated ; so as to permit those who profess it copartners in the state. Those we willingly receive and protect, as our brother citizens, by the civil jurisprudence of the

land, we will not submit to as our governors. Charles the Great, or, as he is more commonly called, Charlemagne, commanded his son Lewis to place the diadem on his own head, ‘implying, says the historian, ‘that he held it independent of any earthly power.’ But the subsequent popes disregarded this implied independency; for, during the reign of Philip the Fair, Boniface the Eighth published a bull, which affirmed, that ‘he was vested with full authority over all the kings and kingdoms of the earth, to disperse, to destroy, and to elevate!’ Ought not the whole enlightened world to remember such insolence with the most fervid indignation? and, actuated by that remembrance, ought we not to assert our religious independency, and the dignity of the princes whom we depute to govern us? Yes; and tenaciously to guard that birth-right which was purchased by the suffering and blood of our forefathers.

“Innocent the Third issued a bull to

incite the catholics to murder all who deviated in their opinion of religion from the tenets of the Roman church, and rendered murder an action of merit in the perpetrator!"

"How dreadful!" said Miss Denzel: "but I hope there are catholics of a humane and charitable disposition."

"Far be it from me, my dear, to insinuate to the contrary: I will give a magnanimous instance of forgiveness, charity, and brotherly love, in the conduct of one of the Dukes of Guise, who was a catholic. His grace being informed that a protestant gentleman was in the camp, who intended to assassinate him, instantly sent to the suspected person, who attended him in his tent. They were no sooner alone, than the duke questioned the stranger, if what he had heard was true. The man, who had premeditated murder, disdained falsehood, and with some hesitation owned that such had been his intention. 'Have I done you wrong, Sir; or who of your family have I

injured, that you should wish to deprive me of life?'—'You have neither done wrong to me nor mine, my Lord,' replied the humbled stranger; 'but as you are the enemy of my religion, I thought your death might facilitate its progress.' 'If your religion teaches you to assassinate me,' exclaimed the generous duke, 'mine instructs me to pardon you. Go! repent of your crime, and know me for your friend.'

'O could I call Time to so strict account,  
That he should render ev'ry glory up'—

he would produce few parallels to this;—it was indeed worthy of Him who said, 'But I say unto you, Love your enemies, and He who seeth thee in secret shall reward thee openly.'"

"O, dear! Madam, we have been very serious this evening."

"It is proper we should be so sometimes, Miss Denzel; we will conclude our conversation with a hymn, which I

have taken the liberty to borrow, arranging it to the measure suitable to the music of the Evening Song :

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## HYMN TO THE DEITY.

IN IMITATION OF THAT TO BE FOUND IN THE LATE DAVID LEVI'S ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF THE HEBREW PRAYERS ; ADAPTED TO THE MUSIC OF THE EVENING SONG : ' GLORY TO THEE, MY GOD, THIS NIGHT.'

' He lives! my great Redeemer still,  
My shelter in affliction's hour,  
My rock, my refuge, to his will  
My soul submits, which owns his power.

' Jehovah, who the sceptre sway'd,  
Ere nature's wondrous form was fram'd,  
When, by his will all things were made,  
Th' Almighty was his name proclaim'd.

' He lives! &c. &c.

' When all shall cease, and worlds be o'er,  
Tremendous He alone shall reign,  
Who was, who is, and will e'ermore,  
In boundless glory still remain.

' He lives! &c. &c.

‘ Sole God, and still beyond compare,  
Without division infinite;  
Unknown in date, or final year,  
For ever is his regal state.

‘ He lives ! &c. &c.

‘ My immortal spirit I consign,  
Or when I sleep, or when I wake,  
My mortal frame, too, I resign,  
My trust in God no fears can shake.

‘ He lives ! my great Redeemer still,  
My shelter in affliction’s hour,  
My rock, my refuge, to his will  
My soul submits, and owns his power’.”

“ We must sing this hymn to papa, Madam,” said Miss Sarah : “ he likes the Evening Song so much ; he will be so pleased.”

“ Sarah is a good girl ; she is ever rejoicing in something that she thinks will give her papa pleasure. I have noticed that disposition in her on many occasions, and, as it merits, it has my particular commendation.”

*EVENING THE ELEVENTH.*

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THE youthful party took tea with their governess, and conversed on various subjects.

“ I have been conversing with my father, Madam,” said the Etonian, “ on the subjects of the last evening ; and he was, as Sarah predicted, particularly pleased with the hymn she read to him ; and said he would visit you, and hear the ladies play the music, to which it is appropriated, some future evening. Among other things, Madam, we conversed on the pope’s supremacy ; and I asked him how it came to be acknowledged in England ? but he referred me to you.”

“ I will give you a short detail of that business some future day, Sir : I have previously promised your sisters an anecdote, which I think will throw a further grace on our subjects of last evening ; a

trait in the character of the late benevolent Mr. Howard, which is not, I believe, generally known :

## AN ADDITIONAL PROOF

OF THE CHARITY AND EXTENDED BENEVOLENCE OF THE LATE  
MR. HOWARD.

‘ His wide extended arm, and ardent eye,  
Proclaim’d his hallow’d mission from the sky.’

POETIC TOUR.

“ It was the practice of the late Mr. Howard, yearly, to build a neat cottage, which he gave as a habitation to some poor family. The greater its distress, the stronger the plea ; and the only injunction for the insurance of its perpetual inheritance was, that all the members of that family must, once every sabbath, attend some place of divine worship ; either church, mass, mosque, synagogue, or meeting-house.—This was indeed an example to be emulated. Such actions are worthy of the immortal soul ; which, by this universal munificence, emulates

the boundless and impartial goodness and ubiquity of God.

“ I shall contrast this fact with another, and quit the subject:

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## CONDUCT

OF THE CATHOLICS AT HUY, NEAR LIEGE, TO THE CORPS OF  
GENERAL LLOYD.

“ In the year 1786, General Lloyd died at his house at Huy, about five miles from Liege. The general was an Englishman and a protestant, and consequently was not allowed to be interred in consecrated ground; but was buried privately in a field near his house. The catholics, however, hearing of it, would not let his remains rest there; they assembled the next evening, and dragged him out of his grave, scattering the planks he was enclosed in about the road, and left his body exposed, naked, to human and brute beasts (says Mr. Thicknesse), till he was devoured by the

latter. Nor did the Christian bishop resident there, who was so very polite to all British travellers on their way to Spa, take any notice of these atrocious insults offered to the remains of a man when dead, whom he had caressed and flattered exceedingly while living."

"I never heard of any thing so scandalous and horrible," said Edmund Denzel. "The wretches to insult the remains of a British general in that manner!"

"Had it been a British private soldier, Sir, his remains ought to have been sacred. The grave surely levels all distinctions; and we ought to hallow the ashes of our fellow-creature, be he who or what he may.

"Those who deface the tombs, or wantonly disturb the dust, of the departed, ought, in my opinion, to be driven from the haunts of men:

'One sad farewell—one last embrace we take—  
Forlorn of hope'—

W. FALCONER.

and then consign our precious relatives, or friends, to their parent clay ; and forever palsied be the sacrilegious hand that attempts to disturb them there."

" Amen !" said the Etonian ; " but pray, Madam, let us quit this melancholy subject. The play of the Merchant of Venice is to be performed on Saturday evening. My father has half promised us that, if you request it, he will permit us to go."

" The Merchant of Venice, Sir," said Mrs. Mordant, " is a play not greatly in my favour. The character of the Jew is, in my idea, an outrage on human nature : and even, although it were possible for man to be so unnatural as Shylock is there represented, there is surely no excuse for the applause that is, through the whole piece, bestowed on the conduct of his daughter. That falsehood, fabricated on the instant, and told her father to his face, should be considered a subject for moral approbation, is surely a strange

dereliction from those sentiments which virtue inculcates and reason approves.

“ Shylock’s paternal affection, and excessive solicitude for Jessica, ought to have awakened in her gentle bosom (for gentle she is represented) far other sentiments than those of robbing and forsaking her fond old father, who makes her the confident of his heart, and the keeper of his treasure. She is dissolute, undutiful, and unprincipled.”

“ But she runs away with a Christian, Madam,” said Miss Denzel.

“ That rather aggravates than extenuates her crime, in my opinion, Miss Denzel; for it does not appear that it was from a conviction of the truth or purity of the Christian faith; and if it did, Christianity would claim no worthy proselyte in such an unnatural and undutiful daughter. A girl who can behave as Jessica does to her father, is no great acquisition to a man as a wife: wilful falsehood never yet had root in the bosom of

honour; for where it once is planted, it soon poisons the soil.

“ Lorenzo’s conduct too, properly considered, will produce an instantaneous flash of indignation in a strictly honourable mind. What is he?—an adventurer, and a needy one, supported we know not how, appertaining to we know not whom; a fellow who, in a state like that of Venice, seems, with youth, health, strength, and all the requisite powers for his own support, to be living, like a locust, on the labours and property of others; to use the words of our immortal bard, ‘A mere sponge;’ and, to amend his circumstances, he runs away with a young woman of a different religion, or no religion at all, and receives from the hand of his immaculate mistress the spoil of which she has plundered her too indulgent parent. The lady is the thief, and her paramour the receiver, of treasures stolen from the coffers of an aged father, by his only child. If such scenes are entitled to applause, adieu to morality.

“ Jessica evinces a promptitude in falsehood that ought to awaken the most lively detestation of her character. When her father desires her not to look out at the window, after night-revellers—certainly a very parental and proper request—she turns familiarly to a menial lacquey, to signify her intended disobedience; and when questioned by her father as to what the servant said, she tells another falsehood, calculated to soften his displeasure, because it implied kindness to herself.

“ Suppose we turn the tables; the picture will then, perhaps, be thrown into a clearer light. You, Miss Denzel, we, for one moment, consider as your papa's only child; he loves you tenderly, most tenderly; he intrusts you with the master-key of all his treasures; we do not ask you, for whom is he so anxiously preserving them? You disregard his commands, and paternal solicitude; and go off in boy's clothes with a Jew in the

night, robbing your father at the same time."

"O, dear Madam, say no more; I see Jessica's conduct now in a hideous light. I would not behave so to my father, as she does to hers, for the whole world. I shall never like the play again."

"Be not so abrupt in your awards, Miss Denzel; have reason on your side for all you approve, and all you denounce. Be always able to give a reason for all you say you like, and all you dislike. 'You like it, because you like it;' or, 'you dislike it, because you dislike it:' are as weak and insipient, as they are unsatisfactory. The play in question abounds with beautiful passages; but its absurdities could never have been reconciled to reason, in my opinion, but by the magic of Shakspeare.

"I will give you an historical character of a young Jew, as an amiable contrast to the fictitious one of Jessica; for you will please to remark, that what I

am about to tell you is a well-authenticated fact:

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## ANECDOTE OF ISHMAEL,

## THE FILIAL JEW.

“ In the year 1762, a young Jew, named Ishmael, was thrown into the prison of the Inquisition at Seville, in Spain, with his father, who was a rabbi. They had been confined together four years; during which time Ishmael, with infinite labour, had made a hole, through which he crept, and climbed to the battlements of the tower, where he fastened a rope, he had by some stratagem provided, and let himself safely down; but, when he arrived at the bottom, he wrung his hands, in the deepest anguish, and exclaimed, ‘ My father! O! my father! how art thou about to be tormented at Madrid! Shall Ishmael leave the revered author of his being to perish? No! we will live, or die together.’

“ Having made this resolution, he, with the utmost difficulty, re-ascended the tower, and entered once more the horrid dungeon; almost forcibly dragging his aged parent from it. When they had passed the aperture, he took his father on his shoulders, and, thus encumbered, climbed once again the turret-wall: having reached the top, he wept for joy; and, embracing his father, raised his eyes to that God, who is the judge and dispenser of all goodness, who delights in virtue, and is its sure rewarder; and then, taking his parent once again on his shoulders, and bidding him be of good cheer, committed himself, so burdened, to the friendly rope.”

“ Oh! I hope he got in safety to the bottom!” said Miss Maria, wiping her soft and tearful eyes.”

“ He did, my dear,” replied Mrs. Mordant, “ and escaped his cruel persecutors, for both father and son died in England.”

“How happy they must have been when they got here,” said Miss Sarah.

“Doubtless; and how happy must the rabbi be in such a son, and what a noble sense of having done his duty must have been the portion of Ishmael!

‘Such joy as guilty pleasure never felt.’”

W. FALCONER.

“Thank you, Madam,” said the young gentleman: “Ishmael is, indeed, a proper contrast to Jessica. I think the two might be subjects for a painter of eminence.”

“Jessica’s conduct, Sir, cannot be so well delineated on canvas. Ishmael might be rendered highly interesting, under the title of filial love; and might companion the Grecian daughter. Truth is always superior to falsehood, which renders even a sketch of real life so very interesting. We feel for the object of our research, because we can apply his feelings to ourselves. He is at home in our own bosoms; we realize both his pleasures and his

sorrows. Is his virtue rewarded here—we exult in it, and are inspired with the most lively and laudable hopes. Do his prospects terminate in despair—we have the consolation to know, that we are not the only wanderers on the rugged way; but that those who had still greater expectations, and perhaps merited much more, have experienced calamities to which ours, when weighed in the just balance of impartial reason, appear as nothing.

“ I have meditated, since we were at the representation of Henry the Eighth, on the lives of Wolsey and Cromwell. The former, in my opinion, has been much obscured by prejudice. I will take a review of it historically some future evening. Envy, bigotry, and faction, either cloud or pervert all they ought to hold sacred. If they delineate the beautiful bend of the rainbow, they wilfully forget its colours. If we are favoured with its tints, the arch is represented as a crooked or disjointed curve. We will, if possible,

catch the focus of the glass, and place both in the full glare of the refracted rays."

" You promised us an interesting story, Madam."

" I have two or three I mean to give you; in the meantime I can but regret, that you will not endeavour to contribute your portion to our entertainment: I will give you a tale to morrow evening; but must insist on your favouring me with something now; either what has particularly attracted you, or of your own composition."

" The Elegiac Stanzas, written on the lamented Death of the late Captain George Hanway Sergeant, have been particularly commended by my father, Madam," said the Etonian; " he desired me to insert them in my common-place book, and I wrote them out of the European Magazine this morning, while I was in his study; will you permit me to read them?"

" You will much oblige me, Sir: I cannot think that destitute of merit, which

has been honoured with such flattering approbation." Mr. Denzel, Junior, read.

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## ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE CAPTAIN GEORGE HANWAY  
SERGEANT, OF THE NINTH REGIMENT OF FOOT, WHO WAS  
SHOT BY A HIGHWAYMAN, WHOM HE HAD OVERTAKEN IN  
PURSUIT, AND WHOSE LIFE, WHEN IN HIS POWER, HE  
HAD HUMANELY SPARED.

*European Magazine, Nov. 1807.*

- ' The voice of horror loads the wintry blast,  
The murd'rer's victim grasps the sea-worn shore;  
Thus, by the board, the tempest rends the mast,  
While Hope's last anchor falls to rise no more.
- ' Too vent'rous champion, ever just as brave,  
Still first to climb the steeps that lead to fame,  
Thy blooming manhood found an early grave,  
A villain's hand has left thee but a name :
- ' That name, alas! dear gallant, hapless youth!  
What wondrous actions might have grac'd a scroll!  
Now seal'd for ever by all sacred truth,  
But fancy's piercing eye explores the whole.
- ' Her length'ning page records thy glorious deeds,  
Thy country's idol! bulwark of her throne!  
Such is the tale th' inspired sibyl reads,  
To ages yet unborn, and worlds unknown.

‘ Yes ! generous youth ! Apollo’s image here,  
 Had time o’er those bright ringlets thrown his  
     snows,  
 Thine might have vied with Wolfe’s or Nelson’s  
     bier,  
 And half th’ enlighten’d world had wept our woes.’

“ The elegiac track has been so much beaten, that an uncultured flower is scarcely left in the path, to strew the grave of departed virtue.

“ Few have succeeded either in elegy or eulogium ; and such pitiable trash is sometimes exposed to the public, that instead of awakening the tear of sensibility, it impels us to turn from the monumental record with contempt and derision. Mediocrity is bearable in any thing but poetry ; unless that has excellence, it is only the insipient vehicle for ribaldry and nonsense.”

“ O dear ! Madam, I was just going to read you a Sonnet ; but what you have said half deters me.”

“ It pains me to hear you say so,” replied Mrs. Mordant ; “ I am always

more inclined to encourage than repel those efforts, though ever so trifling, which tend to root out the weeds from the soil, and plant it with flowers. Permit me to request that as a favour, which you would withhold through diffidence." Miss Denzel courtesied, and produced the following Sonnet.

"I hate Sonnets!" exclaimed the Etonian; "there is an implied affectation in the very title of them."

"Is it the title *only*, Sir, that displeases you? I could have wished for a more reasonable cause of disapprobation. Proceed, Miss Denzel; we must commit a little outrage on this young gentleman's feelings for once. He affirms he hates Sonnets, and yet we presume to repeat one."

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## SONNET TO THE VIOLET,

WRITTEN IN THE SPRING OF ———, WHEN THE VEGETATION  
WAS UNUSUALLY LATE.

‘ I travers’d round the briery dell,  
Delightful flow’r, in search of thee—  
And to thee strike my artless shell,  
And bid the wand’rer list to me.

‘ In thee I hail the Power Supreme,  
That bids thy beauteous form appear,  
And, from thy glad approach, I deem,  
His bounty yet shall bless the year.

‘ Sweet flower! beneath thy purple vest,  
A bed of brightest verdure grows,  
Where, when by stealing time undress’d,  
Thy modest beauties seek repose,  
To rise, perchance, in brighter bloom,  
Like Virtue’s spirit from the tomb.’

“ Much as you dislike Sonnets, Sir, I perceive Miss Denzel has commanded your attention. Prejudice has done infinite mischief in the world. The Sonnet just read possesses sweetness

and simplicity. The poetry is good, and the moral is better. We will snatch another from the wreck of time, with your leave, Sir: Miss Maria will read it."

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### SONNET TO PITY.

\* Ah! what may soothe the tort'ring pangs,  
No mortal hand has power to move,  
When o'er the couch affliction hangs,  
Where death has silenc'd those we love?  
'Tis Pity's task, upon my breast,  
Some precious opiate deign to throw,  
Some aconite of certain rest,  
A draft oblivious to my woe:  
Or, hither bring thy charming lute\*,  
Enchant me with thy starry tear,  
And still, when hope prefers her suit,  
Be thou a smiling votary there;  
Amid my path thy roses strew;  
With thee I'll bid my woes adieu!

"I pray you will pardon me, Madam,"  
said the Etonian; "but all those little

\* And who has not been soothed by Pity's lute?

poems called Sonnets, are so melancholy, that, be they ever so beautiful, I can't endure them."

"We are not so fastidious, Sir, as to disdain a little innocent mirth; will you favour us with something more to your taste?"

"Perhaps what I think very diverting, would be far from pleasing to you, Madam; but I lately laughed very heartily at a translation of a Latin poem of Angelo Politian's, a Tuscan writer of the fifteenth century. I am to premise that the poet was poor; which you know is commonly the case with your rhyming gentry—you smile, Madam."

"I did so, Sir; but pray proceed. Miss Denzel will not be deterred from her love of the Muses, by the fear of poverty."

"I mean no offence, ladies, and, if Mrs. Mordant deems the poem I am about to repeat too free, I shall be very sorry."

“ Proceed, Sir, I beg,” said Mrs. Mor-  
dant; “ where offence is not even implied,  
it cannot surely be taken. The duty a  
gentleman owes to himself will always  
restrain him from offence to a woman.  
A deference to the sex is the only loss  
we have sustained by the obsolescence of  
chivalry.”

“ You half deter me, Madam. I hope  
I have the ideas of a gentleman; it would  
give me a very shrunken opinion of my-  
self, if I thought I had not.”

“ Much is comprehended in the word,  
Sir; yet its definition may be comprised in  
few words. A greatness of mind, that  
propels to seemly, and withholds from  
unseemly, actions, is felt by a sudden  
impulse, as I presume, in the breast  
of every man possessed of manliness;  
we then dignify his conduct with the  
epithet of manly. Education, and re-  
finement, can only give those manners  
a higher gloss, when we, voluntarily,  
add honour to dignity. Your implied

fear of error convinces me you will not wilfully err. The poem—the poem.”

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## TRANSLATION

OF A LATIN POEM OF POLITIAN'S TO LORENZO DE MEDICI.

“ While burning with poetic fire,  
To thee I tune th' applausive lyre.  
The jeering rabble slyly note,  
(And well they may) my thread-bare coat;  
My shoes, that, gall'd by constant wearing,  
Threaten to give my toes an airing;  
The rogues but ill conceal their smirking,  
When they remark my ragged jerkin,  
And cry, 'He's but a scurvy poet,'  
And swear my shabby tatters shew it.  
While you, Lorenzo, so bepraise me,  
Your flattery sure's enough to craze me;  
But, prove your eulogies sincere,  
Have mercy on my character;  
And (no great boon your bard beseeches)  
Give him, at least, a pair of breeches.”

“ Now, isn't it very good, Madam,”  
said the youthful Etonian.

“ It is droll, Sir; but I am concerned  
that Politian had occasion to remind the

benevolent and munificent Lorenzo of his necessities. The poetic talent is evidently not in your favour; and I entreat that, some other time, you will oblige us with an essay in prose."

"You promised us a tale to-morrow evening, Madam."

"I will not forget my promises; and, when it is in my power, will ever fulfil them: when I cannot, I will give you such reasons why I do not, as I hope will be ever satisfactory. A habit of promising what we have no intention to perform, is a combination of premeditated chicanery and falsehood; and the palliation of it can never expunge the crime, it only tends to multiply falsehoods. Every avenue to an untruth will awaken a sentinel to guard against its entrance in the soul of honour. It is our duty, as it ought to be our will and pleasure, scrupulously to adhere to truth in the lightest and slightest matters: the appetite soon becomes depraved; food deliciously seasoned, is often taken by the in-

considerate, although it contains a latent poison ; and the seductiveness of language is frequently more regarded than its innocency. But be not you, my children, like Solomon's fools, who, having wantonly toyed with untruths, wiped their mouths, and deemed themselves guiltless. I have read, that a scholar of Plato's murmured much at being re-proved for a slight lapse from truth. 'It will grow into a custom,' said the heathen philosopher, 'and then it will be no small matter.' When we deviate from truth, even to obtain an imagined good, we are not unaptly compared to Æsop's dog, who greedily catching at the shadow, lost the substance. Truth!—the best treasure of mankind.

“ There is an old story of a friar, who bade his *capon* be *carp*, because he was weary of Lent ; and then, saying grace, very canonically eat it. But if he believed it was his duty to abstain from flesh during that season, this witty priest told a lie to his conscience, and

jested with the Almighty. This man was but a flight of steps from that deadly chamber where he would have administered poison in the Eucharist; a sin in him, who believes in its efficacy, which surely no sin can parallel. Be not therefore laughed out of the truth. The corporeal eye is not more tender than its spirit; the down of the moulting moth can wound the one, miraculously made, and endowed, canopied, and fringed, by the Almighty as it is. Guard the soul from the inroads of falsehood, as scrupulously as you do the eye from annoyance. Good night, my dear young friends."

"Madam, we will practise our hymn, once or twice, if you please, that we may be quite ready when papa asks us," said Miss Maria.

"Do so, my dear; it is admirably calculated to inspire those thoughts with which we best retire to rest."

*EVENING THE TWELFTH.*

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AS soon as the party were assembled and seated, Mrs. Mordant addressed her youthful hearers as follows:

“ Ere I begin to read you the tale I promised, I wish you to understand, that the idea of writing it was suggested to my imagination long before the abolition of the slave trade, and that the outline was drawn for the purpose, and under the laudable hope of being able to contribute a little to the never enough to be applauded efforts of my benevolent countrymen, who have, at length, succeeded in ameliorating an evil, which one of the first writers of the present day justly terms the most criminal that ever degraded human nature. ‘ Law,’ says this gentleman, ‘ had enabled barbarism to become

more barbarous, and to add to the want of political freedom, the most dreadful and debasing personal suffering.'

"The powers of language, and the cries of struggling nature, were too long disregarded. The war that was waged against the hapless Africans was a 'non-descript in iniquity, urged by unprovoked strength against uninjuring helplessness.' I cannot forbear to quote from memory sentiments so congenial to my own feelings. Had the following tale been extended according to my first idea, it was my intention to have inscribed it to the Reverend T. Clarkson, M. A. to whose labours my individual applause is ever tributary."

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## HENRY TRUEMAN, AND CONSTANTIA THE GENEROUS SLAVE.

A TALE.

"Henry Trueman was a native of Devonshire; he lost his father at the age of

fourteen; and, by the speedy second marriage of his mother, he was efficiently deprived of both his parents.

“Sensible of some little superiority, a menial employment was repellant to his feelings; he therefore prevailed on his friends to fit him out for the sea: and, at the commencement of this narrative, he had served four years as a midshipman in the royal navy, and was about to embark in a frigate to the East Indies.

“There are no circumstances either interesting or material, although it is probable some that might have been held instructive by seamen, to detail in the life or conduct of Henry, until the ship had been some months at sea, when she sprang a leak, which resisted all the efforts of her gallant crew, and each thought of providing for his own safety. Having got out one of the boats, Henry and ten others betook themselves to her. Every man had stored himself with such things as he judged best calculated to assist him in his perilous undertaking. They had been

beating about four days, and were nearly exhausted by hunger and fatigue, when they espied a sail at a great distance. They plied their oars, and at length had the satisfaction to find they neared the object of their wishes; they had cause to think that the vessel slackened sail, to facilitate their nearer approach; and they were, after some hours hard rowing, within hail. The officer who hailed them used the French language, which Trueman spoke sufficiently to inform him of their peril and present distress. They were instantly welcomed by a hearty cheer, the joyful triumph of humanity. In that all petty considerations were forgotten; they rejoiced to find they were the happy means of rescuing their brethren. The sea ran so very high, it was with the greatest difficulty they got on board. Henry Trueman was the last, as he had bruised his left side in a very dangerous manner on first entering the boat; and, having from necessity laboured ever since, he was now almost incapable of

assisting himself. It was on this account, or perhaps because he understood the French language, that he was indulged by the officers of the ship in a manner that incited the resentment of his comrades, so as almost to estrange him from their society ; and he particularly attached himself to a gentleman on board, who was an officer in the infantry ; he had returned to Europe for his health, and was now to resume his command at the Mauritius, whither they were bound. Trueman was particularly beholden to Colonel Le Clerc, and he was not remiss in demonstrating his gratitude. They were now intimate, and, at their leisure, mutually assisted each other in the acquirement of their native language. Trueman made great progress in the French, and Le Clerc said, ‘ Yes, if you please,’ much better than he did, ‘ No, I thank you.’ He, however, was perfectly satisfied with what he learnt, and emulous of speaking English.

“ In due time they landed, and Le Clerc prevailed upon Henry to remain in his suite. As it was not probable that he should immediately obtain a passage from the Isle of France (as the Mauritius are there called), he made a virtue of necessity, and had promptitude enough to shew an alacrity in accepting that which would not otherwise have been his choice. Colonel Le Clerc almost immediately gave him the entire charge of a pleasure-boat, or rather yacht, in which there was a commodious cabin, with boudoirs and recesses for wines and provisions; it was also furnished with nets for fishing, fishing-tackle, &c.

“ This was delightful avocation for Henry; he had ever been accustomed to it, as an amusement, in his boyish hours of recreation, and evinced a dexterity and judgment that constantly commanded success.

“ As the season advanced, hunting was now and then the diversion. Henry

Trueman was mounted, attended as a companion on his friend and protector, and partook of the sports of the field. In one of these excursions they met with a runaway negro, at whom the French officer wantonly presented his piece, when two negro women rushed out of the wood, and fell at his feet. The man seized the moment of their parley as a favourable one, and instantly effected an escape; but the two generous helpless females were immediately seized as the spoil of the day; and, being sent to the garrison, were owned by a planter as his slaves. They were about to be very severely bastinadoed, but that Trueman interfered, and actually paid a small sum, which prevailed in remission of their punishment.

“ They were now at Port Jaconet\*, which runs up into the land, forming a circular bay, in the middle of which is a small island. This creek is surrounded

\* See Mr. Parish's description of this port.

by a rising ground, that gives it the appearance of a bason : it is open only at the entrance ; at the other end it receives a number of rivulets that run over a fine sand, from a piece of fresh water above. Around this piece of water are several little hills, rising one above another in the form of an amphitheatre, and crowned with clumps of trees, some shaped like pyramids of yews, and others like umbrellas ; under one of these Henry delighted to repose.

“ Behind, and far above, there grew a wood of palm-trees, the towering tops and bending branches of which looked like plumes of feathers. This delightful assemblage of verdure joined to a forest, the sombrous shade of which enscened that part from further view ; between this and the mountain, to the left, ran an arm of the river. The murmuring of the springs, the beautiful greenness of the waves, the constant and gentle whistling of the winds, the smoothness of the plain, with the pleasing umbrage of the high

lands, and the grateful smell of the odorous plants and flowers, diffused around Henry, when there, peace and happiness. How often he regretted that he was there alone ! A variety of objects suggested themselves to his imagination, and he thought he could have relinquished all beside, could he have called competence and this spot his own. How often he wished for company ! The society of some chosen and beloved object ; perhaps that object was woman : an amiable virtuous woman, with whom he could pass his days to come in this delightful retreat. He had, one sultry day, retired to this scene as usual ; he felt an inquietude he could not readily account for, as inquietude was not frequently his associate. He threw himself on the enamelled carpet, but felt listless and uneasy : ‘ What ails me ? ’ said he ; ‘ I must quit this delightful scene, although I leave it with reluctance. ’ He went, and, before he had gone three hundred yards from it, there met him a troop of negroes armed with

fusees. Upon their nearer approach, he observed them to be a party sent out by the police of the island. They stopped when they came to Trueman. One of them led a very young woman, tied by the neck with a cord; another carried two small puppies in the shell of a gourd. This was the booty they had taken from a camp of Maroon negroes, which they had routed; they had killed one man; his life was seemingly of less value than the preservation of two puppies.

“The poor negro girl seemed overwhelmed with grief. Trueman asked her some questions, but her sorrow refused her utterance: she carried over her shoulders a small bag made of vacoo; he had the curiosity to examine its contents—what was his horror, surprise, and anguish, to find it contained the still bleeding head of a man\*! He dropt it again into the bag, and casting an eye of

\* A similar circumstance occurs in the voyage to the Isle of France.

sympathy on the poor female, she instantly fell at his feet. ‘What wouldst thou ask of me? wretched creature!’ said Trueman, vainly endeavouring to suppress his emotion; ‘what wouldst thou ask of me?’ Her prayer was, that he would enable her to fetch the body and bury it, and that she might be his slave. She was wounded in the arm; it had bled much, it still bled. She appeared sickly, was very slim, and incapable of much labour. He requested to know her price; it was more than he could immediately command. He offered his all for her. The dealer hesitated; he was going, and, jerking the string that was round the poor girl’s neck, he brutally drew her after him. Her still streaming eyes were fixed upon Henry. His manly heart, internally cursed the cruel policy of the polished Europeans. ‘O!’ ejaculated he, ‘when shall I again breathe the perfume of the wild rose and the honeysuckle? again repose myself upon the living verdure in my native land of

freedom? and once more hear Aurora welcomed by the cheering song of the peasant, blessed with freedom and content? O, ye fair daughters of Europe! ye whose lovely bosoms heave the sigh of sensibility at the death of a fly, know that the luxuries you delight in are moistened by the tears, and purchased by the blood, of tortured and expiring millions! How would it wound the gentle bosom of Sophia—did she reflect on this! The sugar that sweetens thy morning repast was obtained thee by the wantonly sacrificed lives of men!"

"Trueman detained the owner of the weeping girl. 'Will you accept of nothing as an equivalent for gold? my hat\*, it is a good one.' The chapman took it, and asked for the gold brooch from his bosom: he gave it, and with it all his cash, even to the last sous; and Henry was the owner of a slave. He instantly cut the cord from her neck, with an in-

\* A valuable present in the East Indies.

dignant expression of countenance, and threw it after the departing troop; he then knotted the cross ends of his handkerchief, hung it over her neck, and rested her wounded arm in a sling, motioning to her to follow him. He took her to the yacht, made her attire herself in a pair of trowsers, caused her to wash her wound with pure water, and to dress it with a plentiful handful of wet rice, which had been boiled for a parrot. Trueman assisted to dress the wound, and poured a small quantity of oil on the rice to prevent it from drying and excoriating the tender part. The poor girl was next furnished with a check shirt, a black handkerchief for her neck, and an old blue jacket, and assumed the appearance of a lad of sixteen. He now made her comprehend she was not to discover her sex, and that she must conduct herself as he directed whither they were going. She was then taken to Colonel Le Clerc; when Henry enhanced the value of the

bargain he had made, and begged to have the lad as an assistant in the boat. His request was immediately granted."

"Let not the youthful or inconsiderate reader impute sinister motives to the conduct or generosity of Henry Trueman. The deception he practised was for the young slave's sake, that she might not, in the lonely situation, where perforce he must leave her, be exposed to seduction or insult. The garments he gave her were ready, without either trouble or cost. Nothing was farther from his intention than the society of the poor girl as a woman; humanity alone had actuated him in favour of a helpless, wounded, and seemingly heart-broken creature, unknown and unprotected by all the world beside. Could he have obtained her a kind and considerate master, he would have parted with her without the least reluctance. The soul of Henry Trueman was too refined to seek solace in the society of an uneducated slave; those gross and

debasement materials that form common men, had, in his composition, been for the greater part discarded.

“ On the third evening, after the poor girl became his property, he returned to the boat to fetch something he had forgotten, and to give her two or three oranges, as there was no sort of provision but parched rice in the store, and he felt pity and commiseration for a creature so lonely, uncomfortable, and unfortunate. He called, he hallooed till he awoke the echoes, but she came not. He felt abashed for her apostasy; and was half inclined to curse the deceitful slave, whom he had now little doubt had absconded to her former companions. He loitered some time, called again, received no answer, and was returning. He had proceeded about half way between the boat and his habitation, when he was startled by a deep groan. He listened—the sound died on his ear. He waited some moments longer. He heard a female voice; the tones were those of

plaint and anguish. He followed them, and was led to a thicket, where he beheld the poor forlorn negro girl on her knees, caressing and talking to the bloody distorted spectacle he had seen in her wallet of vacoo. 'Poor wretch! how have I wronged thee!' Trueman understood but little of her language, but enough to be impressed with a very high sense of her constancy and fortitude. He shewed himself, and she feared his anger; she threw herself before him; she bowed the ghastly head to his feet; she would fain have placed its lips upon them. Trueman retreated with horror; his mind had been long sophisticated by the tales of weakness superstition engenders, and his sense revolted at the sight of death. The more philosophic, and in that sentiment happier negro, although untrammelled and untaught, considered it as a relief from evil: so should virtuous wisdom think. Death is only terrible to the depraved heart. The oppressor fears it; the oppressed regard it as the end of that

weary journey which relieves them of their burden.

“ Trueman scraped the earth ; he motioned her to bury the hideous object she now held to her bosom ; she pointed to the distant wood ; she again knelt at his feet. He remembered he had given her an indirect promise. He pointed toward the East, intimating, that he would fulfil it in the morning ; she understood him, and expressed her thanks by gestures nearly as impressive as eloquence ; for her whole soul was in them. She replaced the ghastly head in the vacoo-bag, and, hiding it in a cleft of the earth, she covered it with leaves and flowers, and followed Henry. He again reproved himself for having doubted her fidelity, and named her Constantia. As they walked toward the boat, he taught her to pronounce the sounds, and called her Consta ; to this name she ever after replied, or attended. He now made her describe how far they had to go to fetch the body ; and she delineated the circuit of the river. He therefore repaired to

his lodgings, provided himself with such necessaries as were needful in case of accident, and returning very early, unmoored the boat, and steered onward as she directed; but not without a helpmate, for her arm was now better, and her dexterity in the management of the oar astonished him. They had gone, as Trueman supposed, nearly three leagues, when the day beamed full upon them, and Consta, divesting herself of her jacket and trowsers, without permission or hesitancy, jumped into the stream, and swam on shore. Henry called after her, but to no purpose; he therefore paddled in, and lay to, to wait the event.

“ Nearly an hour had elapsed, when he saw the faithful Consta bearing the headless body of a man: as she approached he was horror-struck, and turned away in pity, confusion, and disgust; till hearing a violent percussion in the water, he looked again, and found she had thrown it into the river, and was swimming with it to the boat. His distress was excessive;

he had not foreseen the awkwardness and indelicacy of his situation ; it was however partly relieved by the wretchedness and horror he experienced. Consta threw herself into the boat, still holding one hand of the floating body ; having gained her feet, she seized the other hand, but her feeble powers were, for the moment, unequal to the raising of it. Trueman had no power to assist her, but the boat shelved from the preponderating balance, and a wave assisting her, in an instant the body was hove into the vessel.

“ The actions of Consta were extravagant, even to frenzy ; she caressed the corpse, which she called Banni, and seemed too much estranged by her feelings to think of aught beside ; but a cloak was in the boat, and Trueman instantly threw it over the hideous spectacle before him, with motions indicative of disgust : on which she instantly attired herself, and resumed the oar.

“ They reached the place of their destination in due time, when Henry left the boat, and all the refreshments with which

he had stored it for the voyage they had just taken. His soul partook of Consta's distress, and he retired as unwilling to share it, first giving her what she deemed of inestimable price, a look of sympathy.

“ He returned early in the evening; the boat was on shore, and the body was gone. He called, but receiving no answer, he repaired to the spot he had left the preceding day. Consta had carried it thither, and had already scooped a grave nearly a foot deep. Henry soon obtained a spade, and alternately toiled with Consta; at length, at the depth of four feet, they deposited the remains of the unfortunate Banni. She had previously collected a quantity of wild balm, on which she pillowed the ghastly head, and then entirely covered the body with it, ere she suffered the mould to fall on him. Consta then covered that with a thousand aromatic shrubs, and odorous flowers. It was now that she indulged in all the luxury of sorrow; she threw herself at length on the grave, and embraced it with the fervour of a lover. She arose;

her tears were copious; she flew to the feet of Henry; threw herself again on the earth, and laying her forehead in the dust, put his foot on her neck in token of subjection. He besought her to return to the boat; his entreaties were of no avail; on the bare earth he left her, submitting to her earnest petition, and there he found her in the morning. Conscience had not disordered her imagination; she was without fear, excepting only of man.

“ She heard a footstep; she conjectured it was Trueman, and she rose to receive him, and instantly ran forward to the boat, where, throwing off her clothes ere he arrived, she jumped into the stream, in which she desported like a dolphin, diving and swimming in all directions.

“ When she returned, she employed herself in cleaning the boat, and other menial services; indeed, more than was required of her. Her brow no longer retained the appearance of sorrow:

some of yesterday's repast still remained; Trueman made her finish it; in general a handful of rice, and a small fish, which she caught herself, and then dried in the sun, was to Consta a luxurious repast. Water from the spring was all she required as beverage. Whatever she found on the sea-shore, that was either curious or luxurious, she reserved for Trueman; shell-fish, and beautiful shells in great abundance, with pebbles of a thousand varied veins.

“Wandering often on the shore, she frequently collected trifles that were neither interesting nor valuable, and Henry testified an indifference suited to such objects. He had taught her to name the ship, or boat, and all that appertained to them, in English; as also the various words indicative of action or properties. Substantives, adjectives, and verbs, were familiar to her; the other parts of speech had little use or application in Consta's vocabulary. She smiled with her master:—was he serious,

she was melancholy; was he in haste, she flew to obey him; did he wish to saunter, she stepped to the placidly sedate measured footfall of the lowest dead march; nay, like a well-disciplined troop, she could raise and point her foot, and yet be stationary.

“ ‘What hast thou gotten there, Consta?’ said Trueman, observing her over-anxious to polish something which he knew she was about to present him. ‘Fine ting, Massa; fine ting, Sir!’ said Consta. Henry was astonished; she presented him with an ingot of gold. ‘Wind blow, sea roar, great wave, great stone, much sand, fine ting come, gold wood—No gold wood; gold, Sir—No; no gold, Sir?’ Henry examined it: ‘I don’t know, Consta; it looks like it: if it be, it will buy you liberty.’—‘No! Consta no liberty! Consta no go; no! me no go! O! oh! No! me no go!’—‘What ails thee?’ said Trueman, seeing her burst into tears. ‘Me no go! me no go!’ she repeated again and again, still

sobbing: at length she threw herself on her knees; she had no words to disclose her sentiments, but he urged her to speak; at length she made him comprehend she wanted the ingot. ‘What wilt thou do with it, Consta?’ She rose suddenly, and with the most powerful expression, picked up a stone, and threw it with all her strength into the sea. ‘Me no go! Me no liberty!’—‘And you wish to throw this wedge of gold again into the sea: no, Consta, you must not do that; you must watch the tide, and look for more; cease to seek for shells and pebbles, look for diamonds and gold.’—‘Yes, me look, me find, me no go!’ Trueman assured her of his protection, that no price should pay for her; that he should take her with him to Europe when he went, that she should then be dressed in clothes such as she saw worn by the ladies where they now were. This was humanity, but its action was powerful on the poor girl; she knew not how to evince the overwhelming gratitude that pervaded her bosom. To

watch the surf as it rose with the tide, and the pebbles that fell from the retreating wave, was now the most welcome of all her employments. After some anxious months her labours were rewarded; the sea threw up a jewel appended to a bracelet, which Consta, overjoyed in the hope of its being valuable, presented to her master. Her constancy was ever unshaken, her assiduity ever unvaried. Henry never lost her a moment but he knew where to find her. On the grave of the departed Banni this attention, however, had recently declined entirely, and was wholly devoted to Trueman, and every effort in her power was exerted for his service.

“ Consta was solely confined to the boat; and, although Trueman had constantly the command of two men slaves belonging to Colonel Le Clerc, he frequently observed she rarely, if ever, spoke to them; on the contrary, she evinced a solicitude to avoid their society as much as possible: this Trueman imputed to the desire of concealing her

sex; he therefore accorded with the feeling she demonstrated, and protected her by placing her at a distance from them. The offspring of nature, where the heart is concerned, is as intelligent as the pupil of art. It is probable Consta might appreciate this sentiment at a price we cannot calculate. At all events, it is certain, she frequently was heard to sing the following song. English had been many months her language; she now spoke no other: some slight deficiencies have been supplied; its substance was, however, her own.

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### THE NEGRO GIRL'S SONG.

- \* Henry my master, and Henry a good man;  
The moon-beam it spangle so soft on the sea,  
His eye like the moon-beam that shine in the water,  
It sparkle so bright, and so soft upon me.
- \* His voicelike the breeze on the flowers in evening;  
He say the great load be too heavy for me;  
But he who look down from the sky shall reward  
him,  
And save him from danger by land and by sea.

‘ Our boat be at home, she has come to her moorings,  
 My master command her, she sail on the sea;  
 She go where he lead her, she go where he bid her,  
 But she no feel the joy to obey him like me.

‘ Ah! Consta will die when she go from her master,  
 His frown break her heart, he no frown look at  
 me;

Me pray, and me run, and me dive for my master,  
 No slave in the world be so happy as me.

‘ The fire-fly my lamp till the daylight be dawning:  
 Me watch Henry sweet sleep, and he smile upon  
 me;

Me watch the musketa from night till the morning,  
 Me no kill him, he sting my dear master and me.

‘ Ah! die then, so cruel, so cruel musketa,  
 My master he no set his foot upon thee;  
 Ah! die then, so cruel, so cruel musketa,  
 My master has mercy to thee and to me.’

“ Consta rose from her pallet each day to the same avocations. Variety was no part of her diurnal journal. She strove to give satisfaction; she succeeded, and the placid smile of approbation amply repaid her; as she knew no plea-

sure superior to his benignant and interesting smile.

“ At length Colonel Le Clerc solicited Henry to undertake for him a confidential service. Le Clerc had tried Henry Trueman; he had found in him unshaken courage and constancy, ardour of imagination, and strength of reasoning, with a taste more correct and more refined than any of his associates; besides, in them he apprehended rivalry, in Trueman he had a friend with a compeer.

“ On the utmost verge of the island there was an immense plantation, occupied by a young heiress, whom fame reported to be beautiful. Her possessions were desirable to Le Clerc, and, after much instruction, he deputed Trueman to go thither, as a gentleman who had permission to explore the island for his diversion and improvement in the study of botany. In his peregrination he was to see and converse with the lady, and report her as he found her.

“ Trueman was provided with all ne-

cessaries, and had two sturdy slaves, and Consta to attend him ; for Le Clerc had never suspected her sex. Trueman journeyed on foot, and frequently rested on the way up, and over the hills, which are immensely steep, or loitered for rest, relaxation, or pleasure, in the vallies. On these occasions Consta ever assisted, and instantly made him a temporary tent, by fastening his boat-cloak over the branches of two contiguous trees; and then going to some distance, frequently gathered sticks, caught and cooked him his dinner, and delighted to wait and behold him enjoy it.

“ When they forded a river, which they did often, Consta, who was more than commonly expert, swam and dived to discover the part which was most easy and commodious for crossing. Ofttimes, when he wandered onward in quest of a human habitation, and night overtook him ere he found one, Consta flew around for dried leaves, to make him the under mattress of his bed; and faithfully watched

by his side, as her song implies, while he, favoured mortal! slept. She bore fatigue, hunger, and even thirst, with patience, cheered by the humanity of her owner.

“ Trueman's two men slaves too were ever faithful; they were treated by him as men, and were happy even as slaves. In addition to the labours of these poor fellows, they had upwards of a hundred weight of luggage constantly to carry, among which were wine and brandy, with biscuits, &c. lest, from a defection of provisions in the wilds through which they went, they might have perished of actual want.

“ It is astonishing how people can labour that are habituated to fatigue. Custom is, indeed, every thing; even a mere piece of mechanism rusts for want of use: moderate exercise is the health of the body, as researches into learning and truth are the solace of the soul. Minds enveloped in sloth are fraught with ignorance and error; bodies supine in indolence, and undue indulgence,

are consumed with diseases. Labour conduces to health ; but the most ponderous cable can be stretched beyond its powers ; and surely that heart must be a very base one that would so exert the sinews of his fellow-creatures. ‘ The labourer is worthy of his hire,’ is one of the most humane and dignified texts we use in common, inasmuch as it evinces charity and justice. The reciprocity of our wants is demonstrative of that divine wisdom, which is apparent in all the works of the Almighty. We are as much dependant on our servants, as they are on us ; we can hardly exist without their means ; and while they behave with honesty and propriety, they are entitled to our protection, nay more, to our friendship. But we will return to Trueman.—When he awoke, it was always his practice to insist on Consta’s reposing herself on the same couch on which he had previously slept, while he explored the dells and recesses of the surrounding scenery, abounding with plants and

trees in infinite variety, unknown in Europe, and some, but very few, that were familiar to him.

“ He had risen, one morning, rather early ; he thought to angle : he urged Consta to repose herself, and he left her sleeping. He had not been long absent, when the incumbent clouds indicated an impending storm, and he returned to the temporary tent.—Here Consta still slept ; but he thought her waking, and was astonished at the familiarity of her salute as he entered—when she emphatically pronounced, ‘ Trueman ! Henry Trueman ! ’——He approached her, he gazed upon her—‘ Trueman ! Henry Trueman ! ’—‘ She sleeps,’ said he, ‘ she dreams of me ! How feminine and harmonious are the tones of her voice ! ’ Again she ejaculated his name ; he drew still further forward. Henry was young, he was in his twentieth year ; he felt a passion new to his heart, and he approached until he hung

over his sleeping and unconscious slave.—

‘ Poor girl !’ said he, ‘ thy colour is nature’s fault ! thou hast a soul to shame too many of the pallid children of a northern clime : thy tender, thy over-anxious solicitude, might long since have convinced me I was beloved.’—‘ True-

man ! Henry Trueman !’ repeated Consta : he was riveted to the spot. A sudden flash of lightning pervaded the recess—the thunder followed—he started—his conscience smote his heart. ‘ It is the voice of my guardian angel,’ said Henry.

‘ Poor girl ! sleep on, unmolested by me ; shall I suffer vicious inclination to wrestle with honour ? What can I purpose but baseness ? Can I marry her ? Can I own her ? Should I not blush to be seen with her when in Europe ? Much more to acknowledge her as a wife ! as the mother of my children ! harmless creatures, bearing the marks of infamy, although innocent as light, who would never have had being but for my crimes ; marked with the indelible stain of my vice, and thrown, if

discarded by me, on a world of oppression, bitterness, and woe!—And what else can I promise them? I have no fortune, no inheritance—bating that Consta is here mine, and the treasure she has found on the shore, which, honestly speaking, is hers, I am as poor as Consta.’ He sighed; a flash of lightning, more vivid than the former, darted around him. ‘Alas! there is danger here!’ He flew from the covert—there was safety in the open plain. ‘Consta is beneath the trees and temporary canopy—my fusil too is there and near her—she is in danger!—Consta! Consta! Consta! awaken, and come forth—Consta!’ She ran forward to face the impending tempest; to her it was terrible; her terrors were not to be exceeded: she saw her god in the storm; he walked upon the wings of the wind. She threw herself on her knees in the utmost devotion; she besought Henry to pray; she clung to the hillock where he was seated; she turned her petitionary eyes upward. The storm abated; her

look was fraught with gratitude unspeakable.

“ They were near the sea ; Trueman’s garments were drenched by the rain, which had fallen in torrents, and he repaired to the shore with an intention to bathe and refresh himself, after the hours of inquietude and discomfiture he had experienced. Consta followed to take care of his clothes, and to dry them ; but, above all, to be within call if Henry required her attendance. The two black men were also within hearing. Trueman swam well, and ventured far from the shore. Consta darted her peering eye after him, far over the expanse. A shark approached ; she saw the fatal enemy, and communicated her fears : the attendant slaves held her idea in derision ; she screamed, she called on Henry ; he heard her not ; she threw off her garments, and plunged into the stream ; she swam with incredible velocity ; she overtook the unconscious youth, caught him by the hair, and threw him before her toward the shore.

Her comrades there were sensible of their error now. Her screams were terrific; the waves were tinged with blood; and Consta's legs were no more a part of her; they were voraciously bitten from her now helpless body close above the knees. Henry reached the shore; he bore her to a flowery hillock—his shirt was instantly torn in half to stanch the blood; he wept, he held her to his heart—‘ And didst thou throw thy tender form before the ravenous shark to save me, Consta?’ He wept again; he gave her a cordial; it precipitated circulation, and she bled still more profusely. In vain they attempted to stanch the flood; life was retiring fast; a tensity that looked like death pervaded her forehead, now comparatively pale; she turned her eyes upwards—Henry's were streaming with tears. ‘ Poor Consta! Speak to me, Consta! hapless, faithful, inestimable girl! the grateful Trueman feels he loves thee now! Speak! O, speak to me!’ —‘ Trueman!—He-n-r-y Tr——n!’

The sound died on her lip ; it quivered  
‘ Trueman ! ’—till it closed in death.

“ He kissed her with the tenderness of a brother ; he was convinced that she had been sensible of his gratitude. She expired with her arms clasped around his neck ; her eyes fixed on his face, attempting to pronounce his name. O, how he wept ! How many virtues he now found in his slave ! How much constancy ! how much beauty ! Yes, he now found she had beauty. ‘ Her teeth, how white, how even, how beautiful ! Her black eyes, how expressive they were ! Her voice, how harmonious ! Her arms, how long and elegant ! how agile were her movements ! How gracefully she swam ! how delicate was her form ! with what velocity she cut the waves ! The last effort of her life had preserved his ! his life ! that she valued more than her own. Yes, he owed it to Constantia ! How amply she had repaid his humanity !—Alas ! ’—he wept anew, and folding her body in his calico wrapper,

he bore her in his arms to the bed of leaves on which he had so recently beheld her asleep. Her voice still vibrated on his ear. ‘It was here that, in her slumbers, she had called upon his name.’ He wept until he could scarcely discern his path, or the wild herbs and flowers which he now plucked to cover her. ‘The wild balm! Yes! Consta delighted in its odour; it was this she collected for the pillow of Banni: it shall pillow thee, strewn with roses, hapless, faithful girl!’ He clasped the handful he had collected to his bosom; he now fancied it had a peculiar fragrance—‘Consta had loved it!’ Once more he clasped it to his heart.—He accused himself of apathy, that he had not taken a more tender interest in her story. He, for the first time, questioned the two men slaves respecting her: the man she had interred was her brother. The men, Creba and Santa, both wept over her; well then might Henry Trueman. They represented her virtuous to a proverb: they had always

known her to be a woman.—Henry was compelled to retire: her voice still vibrated in his ear; he yet heard her shrieks in the water, and his heart was wrung with inexpressible anguish; she was still before him. ‘How placid, how innocent was her sleep! How many weary, tedious hours she had watched him while sleeping!—O! virtue!’ continued he, ‘thy semblance, as thy reality, still is woman!’

“Beneath the trees, on the very spot where she had last slept, Henry buried Constantia—on her grave he planted all the flowering shrubs of the surrounding borders; he passed the whole of that night on the now sacred mound, and continued near it for three days.

“Under the shelter of a little stone edifice, which he reared at the head of her grave, he left the following verses, written on parchment, and secured to the best of his ability:

\* Marble bears no Eulogy more sacred  
than this humble mound

reared to the

MEMORY

OF

CONSTANTIA.

\* A youth, delighting oft his limbs to lave,  
Sought on one fatal morn the briny wave;  
Upon the beach his faithful negro maid,  
Still over anxious for his safety stray'd.  
Her piercing eye, long practis'd, could explore,  
Far o'er th' expanse whate'er approach'd the shore,  
At distance she discern'd the murd'rous foe,  
And felt, and look'd, unutterable woe—  
Heedless of self she cut the yielding wave,  
And swam the unsuspecting youth to save;  
Her ready fingers grasp his braided hair,  
Onward she thrusts the object of her care;  
'Fore the fell shark her taper form she threw,  
And screen'd her Henry from the monster's view.  
He hears her screams, and struggling gains the  
shore;

The hair she grasp'd his suffering burden bore;  
The arms, the face, and faultless form came on,  
The graceful, active, pliant legs were gone:  
Weeping he clasp'd her, caught her latest breath,  
And saw the hapless victim smile in death.

Here, urn'd in earth, truth's martyr'd slave she  
lies,

But virtue's sacred memory never dies.

‘ Henry Trueman piled this humble monument,  
and he will ever remember,  
with the most lively gratitude,  
that he owes his life to the virtue of  
CONSTANTIA,  
His heroic and generous slave.’

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“ Trueman soon afterward returned to his employer, Colonel Le Clerc, who relinquished the idea of the lady, from Henry's report of her. He had seen her in the act of lashing a naked female slave. Le Clerc was a gentleman, and could not, for one moment, entertain an idea of a woman who at once forgot the tenderness and delicacy that are the true characteristics of what Heaven designed its last best work.

“ The Colonel very soon returned to Europe, and was accompanied by Trueman, who sojourned but a short time in France, and now resides in England.

“The jewel and the wedge of gold produced a sum that, properly employed, obtained Trueman a competency, with the character of an honest man. He is still unmarried, and only wishes to find an amiable woman that would think well of him. He were ambitious, indeed, did he hope to find more than a moiety of that fortitude, constancy, and virtue, which was possessed by the departed Constantia, his ever-regretted and generous slave.”

The tears of the youthful party were more genuine, as nature's tribute, than the loudest applauses.—After a short pause—

“I suppose it would be impossible for a person to live after their legs were bitten off in that manner, Madam?” said one of them.

“I deem it reasonable to think so,” replied Mrs. Mordant; “and the intense fever the patient must sustain, with the best assistance it would be possible to obtain, would be inimical to the powers requisite

to support life. As the human heart, in one hour, is said to beat, when in a state of convalescence, 3650 times, and that during so short a period it discharges 7200 ounces of blood, conveying through it the whole mass in the body not less than twenty-five times; as in the space of twenty-four hours the whole circulates upwards of six hundred times through the heart; notwithstanding which, I dare not affirm it to be impossible, since a gentleman, a very few years ago, wrote a book, or pamphlet, the title of which I have forgotten, to prove that a man might exist after he was beheaded! And, as I always understood that Doctor Farmer wrote seriously, it has somewhat puzzled me. Seeing, tasting, hearing, and smelling, must be wholly inert, and bereaved so far of the bounty of heaven, I can have no idea how feeling can be assimilated with sense.

“ It is astonishing that gentlemen will deign to devote their time to the composition of books that are calculated

to lead the understanding from truth. It is depriving us of all the pleasure we should otherwise derive from them:

"Such subtle questions rais'd among  
Those out of their wits, and those in the wrong."

"Books illumine the understanding; they give it majesty and strength, and animate the energies and properties of the soul, by stimulating the powers of reflection, and inciting it by example. If we make proper books our study, they repulse our imprudent inclinations, and they are ever our friends. Adversity has no power over them; they walk with us, and delight us, when we are only canopied by heaven; they too visit, soothe, and tranquillize us, even amidst the dungeon's gloom. On them we may ever depend, as faithful counsellors; they teach us science, wisdom, and eloquence; they empower us to store up treasures for the memory, to judge of all properties, opinions, and conditions, and justly to

judge, without the bias of interest or faction; they reveal the whole arcana of truth, resolve all our perplexities, ameliorate, by their powerful fascinations, the rackings of pain, and the heart-beatings of anguish, and eventually lead us on to happiness, if not to honour. I must now bid you good night; yet, ere we retire, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of apprizing you, that your papa has engaged us all for to-morrow evening to see *Cymbeline*; we shall doubtless be highly gratified; I promise myself much pleasure."

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Evening the Thirteenth was passed at the play; the merits of *Cymbeline* were not canvassed, as the next day was Sunday; and after the usual conduct and avocations of the day, it was concluded by Mrs. Mordant in the following discourse:

‘ So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom: and the glorious majesty of the Lord our God be upon us. Prosper thou the work of our hands upon us, O Lord ! prosper thou our handy-work.’ Psalm xc.

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“ ‘ Prosper thou our handy-work !’ says the Psalmist, devoutly wishing for the blessing of the Almighty on all our endeavours. Our handy-works are indeed more than wonderful, and volumes might be written on the properties and perfections of the human hand, and all to the glory of God.

“ David was fully aware of those properties and perfections; he therefore only petitioned the Lord of Hosts to prosper its works, well knowing it to be guided by the Almighty wisdom in its operations and government, which extend as far as the productions of nature. Look round the world, and consider the

effect of its powers, and surely you will feel exultation, awe, and admiration, at its innumerable and exquisite achievements and performances. What has it not attained? what has it not completed? Look at the stone in the quarry, and see it assume majesty and life. Regard the garments you wear, the utensils you use, the houses you inhabit, the temples whose turrets, domes, and spires, approach the clouds; gaze on the arches which join two banks of a mighty river by an almost impregnable link, making a commodious way, that shall be passable for a thousand years; see mountains levelled, mighty rivers directed in their course, the bowels of the earth explored, and roads made far, very far, under the level of the sea! Behold the vast navies that are built, and navigated to all parts of the accessible globe; and, if the hand be not yet an object of your admiration, consider with what aptitude it turns every thing to its profit or pleasure; and, although it produces nothing it makes use

of, when we cast our eyes upon its productions and victories, it seems only inferior to the hand of the Almighty.

“If you are not yet impressed with admiration of its powers, consider the minuter works of genius and art, and also how wonderfully and admirably your hands are formed to assist and sustain you in the exigencies, conveniencies, and arts, necessary for your advantage, accommodation, and comfort. Again, when I put my hand on the paper, and reflect on its power, which communicates my sentiments, and details my wants and wishes, I drop the tear of gratitude on the expressive characters, and can hardly have an idea of a more sublime feeling.”

“But people in general, Madam,” remarked Miss Denzel, “do not think as you do.”

“People in general, my dear, do not think at all. Thinking is the result of habit; accustom yourself to reflection, and you will very seldom feel lonely, or uncomfortable. After what I have said

on the properties and perfections of the human hand, we might suspend our admiration; but when we consider the wonders of geometry, which measures extension, or mechanics, which, aided by the hand, weigh all things in the balance, we may well exult in our strength, and glorify and praise the Almighty for our wisdom."

"I seem always very much puzzled on reading questions relative to geometry and mechanics, Madam," said the Etonian.

"I did not mean to enter into disquisitions on this subject, Sir; but as you have led to it, I shall tell you that the elements of the arts are very simple; not that I mean to teach you so much as the elements, for indeed I do not deem myself competent; I shall rest content with telling you, what I beg you will remember, that the right line, the curve line, the lever, and the inclined plane, are able to perfect innumerable operations; these direct the performance of the

hand of man, and reward his efforts by satisfactory knowledge, and often by unexpected discoveries and perfect demonstration."

"But all this is the result of reason, Madam," said the Etonian.

"Assuredly, Sir; our reason is scarcely circumscribed by the earth we inhabit, for by that we communicate our ideas to each other from one end of the globe to the other, painting, as I said before, our very thoughts, and making our wills and opinions known at the distance of thousands and tens of thousands of leagues, as familiarly as if we were seated in the same room. It is by the aid of reason that we are enabled to keep up an intercourse with the whole world; to develop the powers of all languages and all arts; and, when combined with genius, are capable of entertaining to the latest posterity.

"Reason is the centre of God's works, the chief end for which they were created, and she it is that constitutes their

order and beauty: were we but for a moment to take reason from the world, there would be no harmony in the works of nature. The sun, it is true, would still communicate his light, and with the rains and dews, rear and sustain the trees, plants, and flowers; but, without reason, the treasures and beauties of nature would be produced in vain; animals would ravage her stores improvidently without a master, and every good with which the Almighty has endowed the universe would become useless. The brute creation are entirely ignorant of their own use; diamonds, pearls, and gold, are as ignorant of their value. The rose has no sense of her breathing sweets; the sun himself knows not his maker. It is reason only that can discover the Supreme Being—ought she not then to glorify, and still pay her tribute of gratitude and adoration to her liberal benefactor? Reason alone is conscious that the eye of the Almighty is upon her; she alone

is sensible of the favours received at his hands ; and she alone enjoys the inexpressible satisfaction of being qualified to adore the divine Majesty. Let us then endeavour to emulate his perfections, and constantly, with all humility, commend our spirits to his gracious favour, still trusting in his unerring wisdom and goodness ; still hallowing his holy name, and to the last do our best to obey that conscience, which he has graciously given us for our guide, secretly to whisper to our hearts the ways of virtue, and point out the paths of peace.

“ What I have said on the powers and perfections of the hand, aided by reason, was originally suggested to my mind by a writer on their insufficiency. I met with his essay in a miscellany for the year 1753.

“ Comparisons between the properties and endowments of human nature, and those possessed by the rest of God’s creatures, are never pleasing, unless it be to de-

monstrate how very unequally he has allotted their various gifts and perfections, still to aggrandise humanity. Man cannot fix his feet on the wall or ceiling, and sleep there, as a fly does: his Majesty, erect when waking, is supine only while he sleeps. You would not debase yourselves to be flies, because you have not their glewy feet; or wish for any property that is foreign to your nature, which is evidently so very superior and pre-eminent. Had you talons instead of fingers, or wings instead of arms, you would not be those perfect creatures you are; you would be monsters, and alienated from your kind. Remember that I tell you, to debase the divine dispensations, by attempting to depreciate them, is not among the least of our licentious immoral crimes.

“ We will conclude the evening with our new Hymn to the Almighty, which we have so happily adapted to the tune

of the Evening Song; some future day, we may probably get it harmonized with some slight additions, by a composer of feeling and taste. I think the chorus capable of great improvement.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.