

With self conceit and confidence impress'd,
His enterprising men he thus address'd :
" Let us from Indian climes their name efface,
" Nor spare a soul of yon detested race."
" Yon alien race, whom now your eyes explore,
" Youths ! laid your fathers in their smoking gore !
" Once by their arms our martial bands were slain,
" A feast for vultures on the reeking plain.
" Let big revenge now ev'ry bosom fire,
" The old who wail'd a friend, or young a fire.
" The Prophet wills——I here his will impart,
" I feel his holy impulse at my heart.
" Regain the glory lost on CUTTURA's day,—
" Let your avenging swords the BRITISH slay—
" Bring the dissever'd heads*——there shall be told
" For ev'ry head it's double count in gold.
" ROHILLAS ! think on the ROHILLA name,

* The Rohillas, having an army treble in number to that of the English, were confident of victory. As an encouragement to slaughter the Europeans in particular, Gholam Mahomed had promised two gold mohurs for every " Fee-ringy head," which accounts for their taking away the heads. This circumstance was afterwards confirmed to me by several Rohillas who fought that day against the English.

“ And raise this day a monument of fame ! ”
They all by one consenting buzz reply,
And raise their various standards to the sky.

Who can forget that memorable day,
Both armies met in terrible array,
GHOLAUM commenc'd the fight—his cannons roar'd—
But harmless fire on our battalions pour'd.
The signal given—we mov'd in *firm* advance,
And dar'd the sabre's edge and murd'rous lance.
The armies clos'd—what carnage then was view'd—
The field of battle soon a field of blood !
What conquer'd foes in fireaming gore were laid !
How groan'd the dying and how fell the dead !
O'erpow'r'd at length we saw their dire defeat—
And mark'd them seeking safety in retreat.

BUT still the men of ROHILCUND may claim,
Intrepid men, the honors of a name ;
None better know, from peasant to the lord,
To dart the shining lance or wield the sword.

High beat your bosoms with courageous zeal !
High glow your passions for the common weal !
Who fell, tho' conquer'd in their slow retreat,
If fall'n in honor's cause, fell truly great.

H——, when WAR shall cease, and WAR'S alarms,
And the contending pow'rs lay down their arms,
When smiling PEACE shall raise an olive wand,
And sign the treaty with her snowy hand,
Will you an hour from fav'rite studies spare,
To think of battles past, and read of war !
To YOU the Muse this tuneful tribute pays—
To YOU she looks, ambitious of your praise.
But may she ne'er intrude upon that hour,
You wish to give to philosophic lore !
Nor when the families of green have caught,
Arrang'd in classes, your attentive thought :
Nor when the birds whose plumage beauteous shine,
Or curious fossils from the myslie mine,
Or glitt'ring insects from the shady wood,
Or finny natives from the silver flood.

Are sent by friends to your judicious view,
 As NATURE, smiling, shew'd herself to you.
 The virtuous man to harmless study giv'n,
 Enjoys such mental bliss as seems a Heav'n!

*Camp Puttah, }
 November, 1794. }*

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Written in Doctor Stuart's History of Scotland.

1 7 9 6.

LONG had the name of MARY borne the stain
 Of blasting Infamy—but now convinc'd
 By STUART'S truth searching pen, we gladly see
 Th' unmerited dishonour wip'd away.

O FAIREST flow'r that e'er in SCOTLAND grew!
 O star of beauty, soften'd and refin'd
 With ev'ry polish'd grace——the GRACES' selves
 Own'd thee their better sister, nor cou'd cope

With thee, in perfect symmetry of form :
Nurs'd in the soft and warmer climes of FRANCE,
Thy native elegance too easy shone
To the rough, ruder children of the North ;
For they, uncouth, thy ev'ry pleasing grace,
Branded with levity's mistaken name.
Fair Queen, unrivall'd in the rol's of beauty !
Sad Queen, unparallel'd in misery's annals !
Now with a double sceptre in thy hand,
The darling consort of a pow'rful King—
Now in confinement's gloom, capricious sport,
For an imperious, subtle, rival Queen,
But thy exalted soul was ne'er confin'd,
For great ideas never felt a shackle,
No fear can bridle them—they sudden burst,
On the quick ears of an admiring world.
MARY, the pride of SCOTLAND dy'd a Queen,
And ev'n in death was charming and serene,
Not death, impending death, in terrors clad
Cou'd alter her firm face—religious smiles—
The mildest smiles—which shew contempt of death—
Religious smiles—which shew our hope in Heav'n,

Still sweeter made her face—already sweet——
For Christian Charity was there pourtray'd,
And a forgetfulness of all her wrongs—
O you, who caus'd her wrongs, dark and malign !

As diff'rent passions sway the human bosom,
So diff'rent authors diff'rently relate
MARY's sad story, big with pompous woes !
The splendid pen of ROBERTSON mislead,
By priestly bias writes a priestly tale ;
But STUART, guided by TRUTH's glitt'ring star,
Unprejudic'd in principle o'er turns
That shining fabric once so much admir'd.
Lo ! MARY's virtues blooming from the tomb,
Tho' wrap'd in slander for two hundred years !
Rejoice, ye nymphs of SCOTIA, let your hearts
With exultation beat, behold that Queen,
So much abus'd in life, bely'd in death,
Shine more resplendent now, from censure free'd :
Like the great Lord of Day, who screen'd by clouds,
Seems doubly lustrous, when the clouds have pass'd.
Weave with your own fair hands, Nymphs of the North !

With your own mountain flow'rs let it be form'd,
A wreath of honor for th' historian's brow,
Which while your mountains last, shall flourish green,
In the unperishable book of TIME.

OF T storms in life compel the human mind,
To petty deeds, which when the gale's o'er-blown,
We can't believe we e'er cou'd have perform'd :—
Such was the fate of SCOTLAND'S Queen, whene'er
By vassals forc'd to stoop beneath herself,

MOBARUCK UL MULK.

INSCRIBED TO
THE LADIES AT FUTTY GHUR.

1796.

O B S E R V A T I O N.

GHOLAUM KHADIR, the son of Zabda Khan, was expelled from parental presence, on account of his enormities. --- The present Emperor took him under his protection, and at length, created him Ameer ul Omrah; notwithstanding the high obligations he owed the Monarch, after a series of leading events, he entered the Imperial Residence in arms, cut out the King's eyes, and treated the young Princes with the most degrading indignities. --- Not stopping there, he violated the forbidden recesses of the Zenana, that highest insult to an ennobled Mussulman; exposed and even robbed the Imperial Ladies. But the lovely Mobaruck ul Mulk, the most beautiful and accomplished of the Royal Daughters, he endeavoured to soothe into a submission with his will. She, driven to despair, drew a concealed poniard, and buried it in her bosom. --- This latter circumstance furnished the hint for the annexed poem.

MOBARUCK UL MULK,
INSCRIBED TO
THE LADIES AT FUTTY GHUR.

How many Heroes of eternal fame,
In DELHI liv'd, when DELHI was a name !
O BABER, ACKBER, mighty names ! O come,
And snatch the glory from immortal ROME !

Stop ! ---and is glory but to man confia'd ?
Yes, surely, glory burns in woman kind.
Young ROME may justly boast her chaste Lucrece,
And zealous matrons raise the name of Greece ;
But modern story can with ancient vie,
As well in honor as in infamy.
Hear me, ye Fair ! for you I write the verse,
Proud---shou'd your rosy lips my name rehearse.

WHERE the MOGUL once pond'rous sceptre stood,
When DELHI smil'd on JUMNA's holy flood,

Shah Allum reigns—a second Priam he,
His counterpart in kingly misery :
Both broke with sorrows—bow'd with weight of years,
Both truly venerable with silver hairs ;
Both doom'd alike—so Heav'n's severe decree,
Their kingdom's fall and children's end to see.
Where Chiefs have blaz'd in deeds of blood expert,
A subtle statesman sapp'd this Sov'reign's heart,
SEJANUS-like, he grasp'd at pow'r too high,
SEJANUS-like, behold the villain die ;
Who try to tear, may a like fate arrest !
Virtue's fair flow'rs from woman's lovely breast.

HEAR me, ye Fair ! a pleas'd attention bring,
While of the blameless MOBARUCK I sing.
Hear me, ye Fair ! for you I write the verse,
Proud—shou'd your rosy lips my name rehearse.

RAIS'D from a cypher by th' Imperial hand,
To splendour, dignity and high command ;
Was GHOLAUM KHADIR—first unknown to fame,
AMER UL OMRAH last — a mighty name—

And never cou'd one kind idea move,
His stubborn bosom to just, gen'rous love ;
Nor human ties, nor duty e'er cou'd bind,
A merciless heart, so cruelly unkind :
Yes ! his accursed hands, in brutal whim,
Dar'd cut those eyes which pity beam'd on him,
O Heav'n ! dar'd give the light-depriving wound,
And strike his sceptred master to the ground.
A feeling fact--impearl it with your tears,
A youth thus racking age of sev'nty years !
But more he dar'd---he gave the shameful word,
To force the soft Zenana with the sword,
Expos'd the golden rooms to vulgar sight,
The happy feats of innocent delight ;
Sacred to love, and love's harmonious pow'rs,
Where the tir'd Monarch pass'd the purple hours.
From these recesses torn by ruffians rude,
The lovely *MOBARUCK* a victim stood,
A bashful virgin, trembling and afraid,
In snowy robes of innocence array'd.
Of all the daughters of th' Imperial race,
She far outshone in comeliness of face.

The throbbing loves in her soft bosom rov'd,
And when she mov'd, th' attendant graces mov'd :
Sweet offspring of the fun ! our eyes adore
Thy various beauties, but thy virtues more.

At such a form of symmetry amaz'd,
Struck with stupidity, the savage gaz'd,
Nature impell'd, for as he silent view'd,
Quick trills of feeling trembled thro' his blood ;
With innate rage soon from himself he shook
The tender thought—the scarcely soften'd look,
And dar'd to touch, with passion rudely warm,
The royal robe which veil'd her lovely form.
O race of TIMUR ! how cou'd hands profane,
On your exalted persons fix a stain ?

IN MOB'RUCK'S breast contending passions roll'd,
Inspiring honour made the virgin bold.
" Sooner," she cry'd, " eternal pow'rs believe,
" I'll spotless die, than e'er polluted live ;
" Sooner in floods of gore, the friendly knife,
" Shall terminate my yet unblemish'd life,

“ As soon wou'd Heav'n the love of right forego,
“ As I'll sublunary dishonour know.”
With such immortal sentiments impress'd,
She plung'd the murd'rous poniard in her breast,—
Will not the cause her name from death retrieve?
While virtue's name's rever'd, her name shall live.

SAY, GREECE and ROME, if ever ye beheld,
This maid in manly fortitude excell'd.
Was ever one with higher glory fir'd,
Was ever one with purer thoughts inspir'd!
By you, sweet PAINTING! be the story told,
Let us on canvas the great deed behold:
PAINTING! sweet nymph, this fact thy pow'r invokes,
—The virgin bleeding!—and the monster's looks.

JUST Heav'n, or soon, or late, will always pour,
On man's unrighteous head destruction's show'r;
KHADIR at length, check'd in his black career,
Meets a dread end, yet scarcely too severe.
Behold this premier ruffian of his age,
The sport of children in an iron cage!

So was the captive BAJAZET erst view'd,
By the great father of the TIMUR blood.
Nor did you, warlike SCINDIA, deem complete,
The vengeance due to villainies so great ;
Till the despoiler lay, no more to rise,
With hands and feet dissever'd and sightless eyes !
Think you on this, whose wish your pow'r exceeds,
When mad ambition fires to daring deeds.

O HEAV'NS ! how bright the pearls of virtue shine,
Out-blazing diamonds from Golconda's mine.
Virtue ! the source of bliss, of boundless worth---
The lamp of reason on th' enlighten'd earth.
May it, while woman is, for ever rest,
On the soft convex of her heaving breast,
Be such it's place till rev'rend time expires,
While man, proud man, beholds it and admires !

Ye charming fair ! for whom the lyre I've strung,
Ye all accomplish'd beautiful and young !
Say, may a bard once smil'd on in the West,
Ask Favor's myrtle in the softer East ?

The pleasing gift his pensive Muse demands,
Gift doubly sweet, if giv'n by your fair hands.
Read this, ye Fair! to whom I write the verse,
And let your rosy lips my name rehearse!



EFFUSIONS,

Written after the manner of the Persians.

FAIR city of BENARES, sweet is the remembrance of thee: thou first introduced me to Hafiz!

SWEET rolled the days I walked in thy gardens: not SHIRAZ delighted it's poet more!

CAN I forget that bright moon, in which the enchanting charms of JULIA struck me motionless!

I TRIED to speak, but I only looked inexpressible language.

METHOUGHT I said, fine formed daughter of the Sun, may you ever flourish under the auspices of the gracious ALLA!

I PRAYED her eternal felicity, --- The holy IMAUMS heard my prayer.

BRIGHT is the Musnud of authority; but she is brighter than it, she out-shines the SHAH in all his splendor.

SWEET are thy roses, O PÆSTUM! — sweet are thy gardens, O CEYLON! — but she is more sweet; she even looks sweetness, nor requires the vain aid of superfluous air.

ALAS, alas, my soul! have I not breathed it away! — is not my whole soul borne away on the silver pinions of the Zephyrs!

ON the top of yonder mangoe tree sits the dove, the emblem and messenger of soft desire; how sweetly plaintive he complains; he seems to sympathize in unison with me.

BUT ah! sweet are such pains, and far be away the flaming scymitar of AIZAZELL!

OBSERVATIONS
IN
REAL LIFE.

WRITTEN IN LONDON.

What a large volume of adventures may be grasped within this little span of life, by him who interests his heart in every thing; and who, having eyes to see what time and chance are perpetually holding out to him, as he journeyeth on his way, misses nothing he can fairly lay hands on.

STERNE.

CONTENTS.

- 1 On Fashions.
 - 2— The Adulation of Authors.
 - 3— Physicians.
 - 4— Extraordinary Politicians.
 - 5— Novels.
 - 6— The unhappiness of Genius.
 - 7— Saint Athanasius.
 - 8— Mr. Kirwan.
 - 9— Imperinent Interruption.
 - 10— National Reflections.
 - 11— Rome.
 - 12— Butler's Thought, &c. &c.
 - 13— Suicide.
 - 14— Horses.
 - 15— Gratitude and Flattery.
 - 16— Modesty.
 - 17— Pride.
 - 18— Diffimulation.
 - 19— The Reverend Mr. H.
 - 20— Authors.
 - 21— Eunuchs and Priests.
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D E D I C A T I O N.

To —————

I BEG leave to dedicate to you, my dear Brother, the following Remarks, which are deduced from what I observed in the various circles of life I moved in. You are now approaching your sixteenth year, the crisis in life at which you ought to endeavour at rapid strides in the ample field of liberal improvement. What you now learn will weigh too strongly on your memory to be ever disremembered ;—what you now learn will be retained to the last lingering years of your life,—Court Virtue, and shun the depravities which I have fallen into.—I wish I could re-call my earlier youth, that I might live better ; but not through a mean desire of life,—See and profit by my example.

RECEIVE this Epistle in our native bowers of MER-
RION ; sweet seat of innocence and beauty—fairy seat
of my infancy and youth—in the recollection of which
now my faculties become deadened, and my soul swells
with satiety of anguish.

RECEIVE this Epistle, not from your young, your
gay, your dissipated brother ; but from a returned pro-
digal, and penitent profligate, whom, as the Ladies assert
a reformed rake to be the best husband, I assert to be
the best of instructors.

RECEIVE this as a pledge of fraternal affection.—I
write it with a feeling superior to friendship's warmth ;—
accept it with as much good nature ; and assure yourself,
I am,

Your affectionate Brother, &c.

OBSERVATIONS IN REAL LIFE.

1789.

FASHIONS.

GREAT men are aped, not only in their actions, but in their dress. The Society of Barbers, to encrease trade, petitioned a King to wear a wig; when the good and condescending Monarch graciously put it on, one half of the Court followed his example. But the Barbers still murmur, as many young people have arose since, and it is rumoured will present a similar petition to His Royal offspring. Should they be successful, we will soon see the face of twenty-one, encircled with the wig of fifty-five.

How is it possible the desire of glazing in the blaze of fashion can be apparently as strong as that of a thirsty man for a cup of water?—Some people could not evince more seeming felt pain, if walking on spikes of iron, than they do when treading out of the road of fashion.

Will Britons mangle themselves as a child mangles a doll, to make it sufficiently pleasing to its varying disposition?

ADULATION OF AUTHORS.

It disgraces Authors to pour forth servile adulation, to burn smoking volumes of incense on the gaudy altars of Opulence, when the heart cannot move in concurrence with the pen which writes the flattering panegyric.—Great men ought to be esteemed when they acquire the appellation of *good*, by the sweat of diligence in their upright administration, in whatsoever station fortune allots them; and not till then. But we too often see the names of noblemen degrade the page of erudition, and lessen her sublime dignity. They are exalted virtues which they are ignorant of, and made crazy by parasites, who would sap their very marrow if it was profitable. O shame to wisdom! O scandal to the liberal mind! May the bays wither on the head of that author, however meritorious, whose panegyric flows not with feeling warmth from the inmost recesses of the heart.

PHYSICIANS.

GRAVITY ought to be the concomitant of a physician; and did the MODERNS erect a statue to Hippocrates, I doubt not but he would have a *wig on*. Yet many are to be found who can shew doctor's degrees, and wear *no wigs* at all; but appear with their hair in balloon style, and the rest of their dress adequate in foppery to their foretops.

LET us not trust ourselves, when on the bed of sickness, to such pseudo-æsculapian gentlemen—Let us rather abide by the dictates of the rural votary of Hygeia, simply skilled in the herbs of the field.

WHEN the philosopher, divine or physician, affect the air of puppyism, from that moment they forfeit the name, which is most certainly incompatible with the character of any of them.

EXTRAORDINARY POLITENESS.

WHEN men are so extraordinary polite as to become the talk of the circle they associate in, I have often doubted the integrity of their intentions. True politeness generally ingratiates in the favor of others, and has a most irresistible and bewitching power: Men admire it in Man, and Women adore it; but when carried to excess, I imagine something screened beneath, of which prudence ought ever be cautioned. My remark is strongly exemplified in many, but particularly in the conduct of the late George Robert Fitzgerald, a man of the most extraordinary politeness and winning address, joined to the most engaging powers of person—brought up amid the nobles of his own country, and polished in the Courts of foreign Kings—Yet this accomplished man *politely* stooped to insinuate himself in the favour of the widow, to sap her substance and rob her orphans.

VILLAINY, masked by politeness, may prosper for a little, but the chariot of reeds must soon break. He fell a victim to the laws he audaciously violated, and few, very few, bewailed his exit.

NOVELS.

I do not approve of Novels for the study of youth; they corrupt the mind, and vitiate the taste; while the Story of truth catches the heart, and is remembered with pleasure. The annals of the world furnish the young student with sufficient entertainment to feast and even satiate the mental appetite. Why then are so many gratified with the tale of fiction, when every thing tortured invention can present to imagination, is to be found exemplified in a superior degree in real life. The Historian unfolds to us the wonders of the world. The Poet allures to virtue by the ~~harmony~~^{harmony} of his verse—The book of the Philosopher exalts the mind, and the Essayist instructs in Morality; but the Novellist tries to undo what the other writers have so studiously done; his romance shews incredible wonders, and generally terminates with the union of two lovers after a series of adventures, which strains the youthful understanding to think on; for they are no less surprising

than false. It is a shame to see such libraries of per-
nicious fill the place of the Spectator, the Rambler and
the Adventurer.

UNHAPPINESS OF GENIUS.

THE unhappy fate of literary men casts immortal
scandal on the annals of polished nations. To enu-
merate the melancholy list, would be calling to memory
what is already known and reflected on with pity. We
very seldom find men dignified by birth with hereditary
honor, possessed of true genius:—if they have it by na-
ture, they ~~prevent~~ ^{pervert} it by their manners, which are detest-
ed at the very moment they are praised by the parasites
who surround them. Flattery makes great men think
they *are* what they *are not*;—they die unlamented, tho'
the best sculptors are employed to raise monumental
trophies to their praise.

In middle life is true genius mostly found, and I am
sorry to find it so often unhappy. Genius and Impro-
vidence have gone hand in hand since the creation, and

the unhappiness of it generally originates from itself; it disdains the scrutiny of the important matters of life, nor ever raises a fortification against approaching calamity; it is either too indolent to act, or above treading in the steps of ordinary people.—Proceed from what cause it may, Genius has hitherto been unfortunate.

HUMANITY says, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. But notwithstanding his failings, I am unwilling the name of *William Pilkington* should be disremembered. This Gentleman (the son of the famous *Latitia Pilkington*, the companion of *Swift*) enjoyed a small curacy in Ireland. His congregation always departed charmed with the energy of his discourse, which conveyed his ideas in neat and comprehensive language; neither too eloquent, nor too mystical, but properly adapted to country auditors. He justly considered, his abilities and attention would attract the notice of the Bishop, and advance him to a Living. He passed twelve years in this pleasing expectation, and when all dreams of future promotion were ~~fixed~~ in his bosom, he poured forth

still

78 OBSERVATIONS IN REAL LIFE.

poetical ejaculations, of which I recollect some broken couplets, repeated to me by the inhabitants of that country.

" Five helpless children, servant and a wife,

" To furnish with the requisites of life.

" ——— ——— ——— ———

" We starve genteel on fifty pounds a year.

" Gone all my dreams of bliss, my early hope.

" 'Twould scarcely keep six chickens in a coop."

At length his mind, deadened with disappointment, and the thoughts arising from ungratified expectation, the neglected man grew a sloven, and sought comfort in *usquebaugh*. We must commiserate his unhappy end, and shed a tear of pity on the reflection.—At an assizes held in the town, the judge waited a considerable time for the appearance of the magistrate (he being the only one); at last he sent a messenger, but *Pilkington* was in bed. The Judge with great warmth exclaimed, "What but one magistrate in town, he in bed, and I on the bench!—Go, tell him to appear." *Pilkington* attended,

at the second summons, but in a most wretched garb. His coat and linen shamefully dirty, and his cravat worn to ribbands. The Judge stared as the crier made way, and said to *Pilkington*, when he approached, "Begone, you stink of liquor." He immediately retired home, ashamed of such a reproof in public court, and drank a quantity of spirits, which almost immediately terminated his life.

UNHAPPY catastrophe for a man who might have shone an ornament, not only to his gown, but to human nature!

MANY obscure men, who if ushered into life might adorn it by an exertion of their latent abilities, fall victims to that chagrin a neglected man of merit always feels. I have known too many examples.

ST. ATHANASIUS.

RELIGIOUS subjects ought not to be treated ænigmatically, but in such language as the most simple understanding might easily comprehend.

THE creed which bears the name of Athanasius is unjustly called so, for he died long before it publicly appeared. It was written by some subtle bigot, conformable to the Athanasian doctrine, and thence undoubtedly derived it's name.

BUT supposing it to be written by Athanasius himself, his character was, not such as to demand respect: he was a young petulant archdeacon, who waded thro' a deluge of blood, to the Bishopric of Alexandria, from whence he was expelled for shameful misdemeanours. By subtlety and address he again recovered his mitre, and glutted his sanguinary disposition with more human slaughter.

IN the Irish Parliament, a Bishop of Clogher made a most eloquent, learned and elaborate oration against this creed, for which he was very near suffering the deprivation, not only of his mitre but his head.

YET there are many who would join with that prelate, in abolishing it from our Liturgy.

MR. KIRWAN.

THE eulogium bestowed on the Reverend Walter Black Kirwan's eloquence is not exaggerated. I heard him at St. Peters, and he swelled my soul to sublimity. With an energy not inferior to Demosthenes, he instructed his congregation, how philosophers pompously preach to the understanding, but God's Gospel to the heart. The most irreligious departed not unimproved, so mighty the powers of divine eloquence !

As the beautiful woman, with love for whom we are prepossessed, can lead us agreeable to her pleasure, so

82 OBSERVATIONS IN REAL LIFE.

Mr. Kirwan with his auditors—as he thinks, they must think—he enchants them to Religion.

YET this great man has glaring failings. His action is too theatrical for the pulpit, and I fear proceeds from affectation—He is not the model of that humility he instructs us to follow—He treads more in the blaze of fashion than his sacred calling can decently permit. Such are the general objections to the greatest divine orator in the everlasting annals of Religion.

IMPERTINENT INTERRUPTION.

Two people can never meet together but the devil sends in a third to disturb them. This was the case with B—and I, when discoursing on Liberty and the Bastile; the insignificant S—bounced in, who immediately interrupted my friend, by telling him, “An apothecary’s shop is an excellent place to make punch in, on account of the succedaneums, if there be a deficiency of the proper requisites.” He enumerated the substitutes, with many etceteras, which I now disremember; when

his discourse came to a period, he sat silent for a moment, wrapped in the dignity of self importance, awaiting the applause due to his discovery and information.

S—— is one of the most noble order of bucks, and it would have been dangerous to have interrupted him, as the consequence might possibly have been a challenge.

CONVERSATION in politer life is too often intruded on by the numerous S——'s who come from the gilded alcoves of Folly. In politeness we cannot shew apparent inattention to discourse in a circumscribed company; but when chatterers are never encouraged by answers, they quickly become inoffensive mutes.

NATIONAL REFLECTIONS.

ARE not national reflections unworthy of a liberal and refined people? It casts a stigma on Britons to practice the *diversion* of such low satire. The *Scotsman* is the jest of the people he speaks with, and his countrymen are shamefully caricatured. It is still worse with the *Irishman*. — He is reflected on as a

blunderer, because a native of one of the most glorious Islands in the universe. — What does England owe her sister? Is she not the supporter of her rights? Does she not furnish her with brave armies, — soldiers studiously fought, by all the other powers of the world? O shameful return to a great and spirited people! O unmerited reward for steady loyalty!

R O M E.

TIME causes mighty revolutions, not only in states, but in the dispositions and manners of men. Rome, the great mistress of the world, who once saw her streets crowded with heroes, whose very names kept the fiercest nations in awe, experiences a sad reverse of fortune. Where the Horatii conquered—Where Brutus destroyed Tyranny—Where Camillus nobly fought, and where the immortal Tully thundered—degenerate people walk, pregnant with superstition; the bigots of folly, and enthusiasts of their own blindness. Yet the self flattering mortals boast their ancestors' glory to be their own.

BUTLER'S THOUGHT, &c. &c.

THE thought on death, after hearing of the murder of King Charles I. written by the immortal Butler, is, methinks, replete with instructive morality, and fully marks the insignificancy of human grandeur. As it is very short, I will transcribe it.

THE glories of our birth and state,
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against Fate,
Death lays his icy hand on Kings;
Sceptre and Crown,
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal laid,
With the poor crooked scythe and spade,

SOME men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill,
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still;

Early or late,
They stoop to Fate,

And must give up their murmuring breath,
While the pale captive yields to death.

THE Garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds,
Upon death's purple altar now,
See where the victor victim bleeds :
All heads must come,
To the cold tomb ;
Only the actions of the just,
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

HERE is laconically told what divines expatiate on from the pulpit ; it is here expressed in neat and simple language, without their prolix redundancies, which often explain their original meaning beyond comprehension. It shews the *nothingness* of human life, unless virtue guides our actions—the unerring guide, which alone can procure that reward, the beneficence of Heaven has promised the man “ *that hath not walked in the council of the ungodly, nor stood in the way of sinners.*”

S U I C I D E.

SUICIDE is often the consequence of disappointed love: young men suffer their reason to be hurried away by the idea of an object, which steady deliberation would inform them to be unattainable, by their most industrious endeavours and rigorous perseverance. When the expectation of the enjoyment of any object becomes deeply rooted in the mind, it preys on it, and a settled melancholy is the consequence. Life then becomes insupportable, and we see the desperate resources of the pistol and the knife.

THERE is no book I would so carefully debar from the perusal of youth, as the "*Sorrows of Werter*." The author is surely the apologist of suicide; his language is tender and too alluring; it charms away the youthful senses. This pernicious volume was found under the pillow of a beautiful young lady, immediately at her decease.

88 OBSERVATIONS IN REAL LIFE.

THOUGH none of the commandments *expressly* forbid *Selfdeprivation of existence*—tho' St. Paul, who reprobates every other error, in his epistles to the Corinthians, omits this, yet it cannot in reason be considered justifiable to take from ourselves what Heaven bestowed. The ancients called the suicide *a glorious hero*—the moderns term him a *cowardly fool*; as that very adversity, which drives so many to desperation, may be the inscrutable way intended by Providence for the enjoyment of greater succeeding felicities.

But after all can be said, if we call the man a coward who deliberately claps a pistol to his head, we must call him a coward with great resolution.

MR. Budgell, who leapt into the Thames at the beginning of the present century, left after him this remarkable distich.

“What Cato did, and Addison *approved*,

“Cannot be wrong ———.”

BLAIR'S strong disapprobation of suicide, is admirably expressed by a single line, in that elegant and nervous poem 'The Grave.'

"The common damn'd shun their society."—

Of all suicides, I consider the dullest the blackest; he deliberately flies in the jaws of death, and braves God with an angry countenance: he is most inexcusable when, perfect in health, master of his senses, blessed with fortune, he sacrifices all to the turbulence of passion, and headlong jumps in the irremediable abyss of eternity.

I maintain, the man who declines a challenge is no coward for that reason, but on the contrary deserves commendation; while the *Wound* who gives it, ought to be expelled from society, in which he is only a dangerous incendiary.

CHALLENGES in modern days are given through ostentation, consequently by narrow-minded men,

HORSES.

WHAT a most noble animal the horse is! God has bestowed him on man, to lessen labour in procuring the conveniencies of life; but his purpose is perverted and abused by the butterflies of fashion, who spur and gallop away beyond what humanity can easily conceive.

IN a journey the horse is patient of thirst and hunger, cold and heat.—He exerts himself for our gratification—he is glorious in war—useful in peace—and profitable to the whole community,

YET his various perfections are insufficient to screen him from the injurious caprice of the temper of man. When we do not use him, we abuse him. He is galloped, posted and spurred into infirmities, and becomes at last a feast for the hounds.

GRATITUDE AND FLATTERY.

GRATITUDE is the sweetest incense man can offer to man ; it is ever acceptable, because it comes sincerely from the heart ; but oily flattery slips from the mouth, and is mostly given to the superior by the inferior, not often *vice versa*.

THE language of gratitude is rough, warm and unpremeditated. The language of flattery is smooth, chosen and pointed ; this heart stealing daughter of cunning, too often accomplishes her purposes, even where reason fails in persuading.

I HAVE known *great* men* praised for *bon mot*, which did they proceed from the lips of inferior personages would create against them the hoarse laugh of ridicule. Good God ! will men pay such respect to man, as must be considered in a degree very little short of idolatry !

MODESTY.

THAT Modesty is the great characteristic of the lover sex, cannot be disallowed. Yes—it is the loadstone awes the most profligate, at the very moment it attracts. As courage is natural to man, so is modesty to woman, and education heightens and improves it to perfection. The number of profligate females, who disturb the quiet of London, although vicious living has degenerated them to brutes, once possessed this amiable virtue. Their first practices in vice, which repetition raised to enormity—which carried from reflection the power of retrospective observation, made them forsake this lovely concomitant. We view them at once with horror and pity. The sense of the finest virtue is lost by evil association; it taints imperceptibly; and that pitch of vice is at length attained, we imagined ourselves could never arrive to.

No man ever presumed to declare a passion for a married woman, without first understanding his approaches would meet success;—here man is cautiously

timid, and here woman is to blame. Modesty is her impenetrable shield. Through a negligence to it, alone, is the peace of families disturbed, and expensive law suits commenced, which involve all parties in the labyrinth of perpetual disgrace.

PRIDE.

NOTHING hurts ~~the~~ dignity and deportment of man so much as pride, the ~~professor~~ ^{professor} of it acts as if under constraint; and, while he imagines himself the very mirror of superior politeness, he is the object of public remark. *Pride hurts the beauty of the countenance, and it becomes what nature never intended it.*

LET the proud man consider attentively, the twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth verses of the eleventh chapter of Acts, "and as Peter was coming in, Cornelius met him, and fell down at his feet and worshipped him; but Peter took him up, saying, stand up, I myself also am a man."—The proud expect the same reverence from *common mortals*, which Cornelius paid to Peter; our approaches, they conceive should be with submission, or in plebeian

94 OBSERVATIONS IN REAL LIFE.

language, *cap in hand*.—But let them consider, *they also are men*.

WHY people are proud, I could never discover the reason; the man of exalted ideas is above pride; the blunt fellow despises it.—It must then be engendered in the head of emptiness, or where the brain thinks too much to think any thing at all.

LET us avoid this most contemptible of all things, which takes away our true relish, for the enjoyment of life. — A proud man is a tennis ball of ridicule, at once the sport and pity of the world.

DISSIMULATION.

DISSIMULATION is a mask of the most dangerous nature, and uncommon prudence is required to guard against those who put it on; it keeps the heart from public inspection, nor can the nicest eye see beneath it. Dissimulation proceeds from cunning, and cunning is beneath the dignity of wisdom.—I have seldom known men of this description, successful in life: he who lives by

dissembling, must certainly suffer the fear of him, who had a sword suspended over his head, by a single horse hair; his situation, believe me, is not very dissimilar.

THE REV. MR. H.

It is observed, that he whose actions correspond not exactly with his praises of virtue, is incapable of instructing others: but if a moral discourse is pathetically delivered, what avails it to you as a mere auditor, who the man in the pulpit may be, whether a free liver or a rigid moralist?—Let it not be concluded from this, I aim at traducing religion and virtue; I am sensible, no man can step forward as the apologist of immorality; when virtue is found to contribute so much to sublunary happiness, that he who possesses it not really, must assume it's appearance.—The Rev. Mr. H. assumes the appearance of that virtue, which the pious prelate his father actually possesses:—though young H—is a profligate character, the auditor, obedient to his lessons, will never deviate from the paths of rectitude.

I met him one Sunday, after divine service, in the church portico,¹ relieving the distressed of the blind, and

the cripple; — “Ho! says he, how did you like my sermon?” Very well, — “Then I got it for a penny at the fair, in which I purchased my bay hunter.”

AUTHORS.

IF Prime Ministers are despots, booksellers are the same; the first impoverish, and oppress the King's subjects by excise and taxation; the latter sway the sceptre over unfortunate authors, and keep them *dabbling* in the poverty they originally found them, while their land and their carcasses satten with the labour of every poor petitioning brainweaver's productions. — In life, mechanical merit never fails of meeting pecuniary reward; while literary merit is heaped with admiration, and left to drink the waters of Helicon, and feast on the apples in the garden of the Hesperides, without our once considering the dragon who guards them. — Some writer humorously observes,

Who e'er yet did see,

Wit in embroid'ry or smart toupee?

What are the Mules which the poets brag on?

Nine shuffling gypsies, that have scarce a rag on;

Bold girls half naked — *— EN!* 'so strange a sight,
 Wou'd put a GENTLEMAN into a fright.

ADMIRATION is what the tuneful tribe generally
 feast on ; but it is too aerial a Diet to be very fattening.

EUNUCHS AND PRIESTS.

IN Turkey, men are made eunuchs, to guard the
 Harams, and keep the ladies of the Seraglio from vulgar
 insult. — In Italy, men become eunuchs to encrease the
~~harmony~~ *modesty* of the voice ; in Rome, particularly, they ought
 to be eunuchs ; I mean the numerous devotees of religion,
 for I suppose only the *meek passions* lodged in their clem-
 ent bosoms.

JOHN LAMBERT, who was burned in Smithfield, in
 the reign of Henry VIII. alledged in answer to the
 forty-five articles of his impeachment, before Warham,
 the then Archbishop of Canterbury ; “ that every priest
 and nun is bound to marry, to avoid sin ; that all men
 should enter the holy state of wedlock, as God's design
 was evidently that his people should encrease, And the

martyr Paphnutius, before the Nicene council, when all the Bishops purposed to have enacted that Priests and Nuns should live unmarried; resisted with such strength of reason and authority of scripture, that the law was not enacted, and priests were allowed matrimonial privileges, as other men.

I HAVE known of several servants of His Holiness the Pope having had long dialogues of *consolation*, with *plaus nunt*, who came to confess and beg absolution, yet started at the word matrimony. --- The papal law is a bad one, and as St. Paul says, though *the device may have the semblance of holiness, it is indeed the destruction, and undoing of the same.*

WHEN I fill the chair of St. Peter, I will either be *an eunuch* or a husband.

CURSORY REMARKS ON UTOPIA.*

UTOPIA is a country of vast extent, under the dominion of foreigners.—The present Lords Paramount in *this* soft, luxurious and debilitating climate, were first invited thither by COMMERCE: under her *auspices*, they left the happy *Island of the Moon*, where mild gales refresh the senses; to dare the intolerable *Suns* of *Utopia's* feverish region. The ambitious aliens, whose first views were only commercial, observed the debility of the natives; and the country at length became their own, by the arts of policy and conquest.—The mildness of their government-endear'd it to the *Utopians*, who remain happy under the equitable laws, and benign sway of such humane and wise conquerors.

THE inhabitants of *Utopia*, are as dark in complexion as *the people of Hindostan*, whom they resemble

* It is to be observed, *Utopia* is a word of Grecian derivation. It comes from *OU* not and *TOTOS* a place; it there, fore implies *no where*.

in every respect, except language, their dialect being more discordant than the vulgar *Hindoostanee*.—The inhabitants from *the Island of the Moon*, who govern them, are of a fair complexion, possessing high abilities, but ambitious to an extreme.—They have all the wit of Europe, and might justly be stiled the Chiefs of the human race, were they not too desirous of that pageantry and pomp, so conspicuous among the imperious Ottomans, and too eager after riches, even as much so as the inhabitants of India; but still their exalted merits cover failings, which for time immemorial have been deeply radicated in the bosoms of all mankind.

To make their authority respectable among the *Utopians*, as well as to preserve their acquired territories from the incursion of their neighbours, it became necessary to establish a standing army. Battalions were accordingly formed of *Utopians*, but commanded by officers from amid the commercial natives of *the Island of the Moon*.

For a series of years the army stood, with little variation, as at first organized. Time and experience shewed where it was defective, and a new military arrangement was finally determined on by the council of THE TWENTY-FOUR.

THIS memorable revolution in the *Utopian* Military System, took effect in the year of their Nomad 1568, which answers to the year of the Hegyra 1210, to the year of the Fusilee 1203, and to the year of Christ 1796.

By the 'SNOITALUGERWEN' (which *Utopian* word, according to the best dictionaries, may be translated 'NEW REGULATIONS') a battalion consists of one thousand men, in ten companies, with ten officers and a commandant.

LET us make a few observations on an *Utopian* battalion thus organized; but it first becomes necessary to consider the powers surrounding *Utopia*, their manner of fighting, as well as the disposition of it's own natural inhabitants.

UTOPIA is surrounded by warlike states, some of which have been initiated in the use of artillery, by a people called Europeans, others of which are expert with the scymitar and pike above all the rest of mankind. The whole are strangers to luxury, inured to labour, agile in motion, and as savage in disposition as the Wogul Tartars, who say their prayers but once in a year, and then to a dead horse.

SURROUNDED by such warlike and ferocious powers, it behoves the rulers of *Utopia* to bestow the most unremitting consideration to their military establishment, on the strength and respectability of which even their very existence depends.

THE ~~native~~ *Utopians*, in the military service of the people from the *Island of the Moon*, are in general vehement of temper; which alone, in polished and refined kingdoms, is sufficient to disqualify a man for the honourable profession of arms:—they are trained to fight, not with the sabre, after the manner of their progenitors, but with small pieces, similar to the musquet of

the English armies: in battle, they are too impetuous, and under their present ill-modelled system, the most dangerous consequences must attend the state, when one man in action commands one hundred irrefrainable soldiers; and one commandant, one thousand.

BUT if confusion is to be apprehended in victory, what must be expected when fortune is adverse? Can those alien commanders, in the moment of retreat, enforce obedience on such an unwieldy and voluminous body? It is impossible!—Any man intelligent in the present Utopian Military System, without hesitation must pronounce it impossible.—Even on a military parade, where silence and attention are supposed to prevail, the voice of a commandant is not heard on the flank, or at best but very indistinctly. How then is it possible, in the field of battle, when the elements are rent with mimic thunder, that obedience will ensue a word of command, unheard by the fortieth man from the captain? O New System! may a New System rectify your redundant errors!

304 OBSERVATIONS IN REAL LIFE.

COMMANDER OF THE CHRISTIAN ARMY, you are
naturally disposed to do good! Ask your heart if AL-
LEGORY writes truth; and point, for you can, the road
TO JUSTIFICATION!

Fatty Ghur, October, 1796.



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