

REMARKS ON THE BENEVOLENCE
OF MR. FOX.

[From a new publication, by Miss Hannah Moore, intitled, "Thoughts on the Importance of the Manners of the Great."]

MAY I venture to be a little paradoxical; and while so many grave persons are descanting on the mischiefs of vice, may I be permitted to say a word on the mischiefs of virtue; or, rather, of that shining counterfeit, which, while it wants the specific gravity, has much of the brightness of sterling worth? Never, perhaps, did any age produce more beautiful declamations in favour of virtue than the present; never were more polished periods rounded in honour of humanity. An ancient Pagan would imagine that Astrea had returned to take up her abode in our metropolis; a primitive Christian would conclude, that 'righteousness and peace had there met together.' But how would they be surprised to find that the obligation to these duties was not always thought binding on their eloquent encomiasts! that universal benevolence may subsist with partial injustice, and boundless liberality with sordid selfishness! that one may seem eager in redressing the injuries of half the globe, without descending to the petty detail of private virtues; and burn with zeal for the good of millions one never saw, and yet spread vice and ruin through the little circle of one's own personal influence!

When the general texture of an irregular life is spangled over with some constitutional pleasing qualities; when gaiety, good humour, and a thoughtless profusion of expence, throw a lustre round the faultiest characters, it is no wonder that common observers are blinded into admiration; a profuse generosity dazzles them more than all the duties of the decalogue. But though it may be a very useful quality towards securing the election of a borough, it will contribute but little towards making sure the calling and election to the kingdom of heaven. It is somewhat strange that extravagance should be the great criterion of goodness with those very people who are themselves the victims to this idol; for the prodigal pays no debts if he can help it: and it is notorious, that in one of the wittiest and most popular comedies* which this country has ever

* It is with pleasure we give a place to these very sensible remarks upon 'The School for Scandal,' which we have always considered as an audacious attempt to sacrifice the interests of virtue to a partiality for an abandoned character.

produced, those very passages which exalt liberality at the expence of justice, were nightly applauded with enthusiastic rapture by those deluded tradesmen, who, perhaps, that very sentiment helped to keep out of their money.

HISTORY OF NED DROWSY.

[From the fourth Volume of 'The Observer' by R. Cumberland, Esq; author of 'The West-Indian, &c.']

*A life from cares and business free,
Is of all lives the life for me.*

NED DROWSY came into possession of a good estate at a time of life, when the humours and habits contracted by education, or more properly by the want of it, become too much a part of the constitution to be conquered but by some extraordinary effort or event. Ned's father had too tender a concern for his health and morals to admit him of a public school, and the same objections held against his university: Not that Ned was without his pretensions to scholarship, for it is well known that he has been sometimes found asleep upon his couch with a book open in his hand, which warrants a presumption that he could read, though I have not met any body yet who has detected him in the act itself. The literature of the nursery he held in general contempt, and had no more passion for the feats of *Jack the giant-killer*, when he was a child, than he had for the labours of Hercules in his more adult years: I can witness to the detestation, in which he held the popular allegory of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and when he had been told of the many editions that book has gone through, he has never failed to reply, that there is no accounting for the bad taste of the vulgar. At the same time, I speak it to his honour, I have frequently known him express a tender fellow-feeling for the *Sleeping Beauty in the Wood*, and betray more partiality, than he was apt to be guilty of, to the edifying story of the *Seven Dreamers*, whom I verily believe he held in more respect than the Seven Wonders of the World. Rural sports were too boisterous for Ned's spirits; neither hares nor partridges could lay their deaths at his doors, so that all the country neighbours gave him their good word, and poached his manors without mercy: There was a canal in front of his house, where he would sometimes take up with the placid amusement of angling from an alcove by the