

always met with in one person, sensible girls are much better as they are; and so advises George Crabbe, the poet, who died the other day—

A lover lost is not a fortune,
One goes, another comes; and which is the best,
There is no telling—set your heart at rest;

and don't let novel reading and nonsense make you, my dear young madam, work yourself into love and discontentment with your condition as long as you have a loose foot and little to care for. Meditation upon this, and the subjects connected with it, and upon all the sad cases that the world presents, of dear and lovely young women throwing away their whole life's happiness at the shrine of twenty follies, and passions, and fatal mistakes, of themselves or parents, would make any man serious, if not melancholy; and induce him to write, line upon line, and proverb upon proverb, if, by any means he might prevent any sweet tender unexperienced creature's tears and sorrows. How prettily and quaintly sings the amiable, and himself unfortunate, author of the *Fairy Queen*—

Nought is there under heaven's wide hollowness,
That moves more dear compassiune of mind,
Than beauty, brought t' unworthy wretchedness,
Through envy's snares, or fortune's freaks unkind.
I—whether lately through her brightness blind,
Or through allegiance and fast fealty—
Which I do owe unto all womankind,
Feel my heart pierc'd with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pity I could die.

But of all the sad 'haps that, in a woman's life, are to be lamented, is that when, under the influence of some of the powerful but less amiable passions of the moment, as resentment, pride, jealousy, &c., she rashly throws herself away, where *she knows* she never can love; and thus wilfully weds herself to misery and regret. A woman is the victim of her own feelings; and cannot be too often guarded against any rash step, when under their immediate influence; for saith Crabbe, the poet again