

which render life a scene of wretchedness and discontent. Of this too fatal truth, Mr. Pope has given us an elegant and charming picture in that enchanting poem, entitled *Eloisa to Abelard*.

“Love free as air, at sight of human ties,
Lifts his light wings and in a moment flies.
The jealous God when we profane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
Which make perverse and erring mortals groan,
Who look for aught in love, but love alone.”

In order to prevent unnatural unions, such as youth with age, health with sickness, vigour with imbecility, and sanity with dotage, was *charivari* intended. Who, then, will deny that the intention of this ludicrous custom is not truly laudable, having, as has just been observed, the fairest object in view; namely, the securing of conjugal felicity by the prevention of unequal matches? For, since the law has not provided any remedy to check the evils in question, is it not just that ridicule, which has been found, on many occasions, potent and successful, should be used as a proper application to those distempers which destroy the vital springs of matrimonial happiness? Nor are the benefits derived from a *charivari* confined solely to what we have already mentioned. It embraces another object worthy of the commendation of every good man; which is the relief of the indigent children of misfortune, by applying to their use whatever money is exacted from the sons and daughters of Mammon, who, by their unhallowed unions, violate the laws of nature, and profane the mystery of love. Reflecting on these and other mischiefs that have at all times been occasioned by avarice, with the poet I am ready to exclaim; “*Auri sacra fames, quod non mortalia pectora cogis?*” But to resume the

Well may it be said of such as barter love for money, that with them

“Gold is a sovereign precious metal,
That solders sexes like a kettle.
And Cupid sly oft takes his stand
Upon a widow’s jointure land—
His tender sigh and trickling tear,
Long for five hundred pounds a year;
And languishing desires are fond
Of statute, mortgage, bill and bond.”

Literary Miscellany.

There is a sentiment too, in a stupid, rhyming, tragedy of Sir Charles Sedley, called *Antony and Cleopatra*, on this subject, which is one of the only two passages in that play, I have marked in my commonplace-book as worthy of preservation:

“*Cesar*. Th’ unable, sure, the ugly, or the old,
First in affairs of love made use of gold,
Then, princes, to outbid them, threw in power;
Now, heart for heart’s, the traffic of the poor.”