

In travelling towards that capital, the indisposition of one of the Princesses having constrained her to stop at Newstadt, the King asked, if there were in the neighbourhood hounds and people fond of hunting, with which he might amuse himself. An old butcher was mentioned to him, who was fond of fox-hunting. His Majesty desired that he might be brought. The butcher came, and expressed his happiness at being useful to his Majesty. "No Majesty for me," said the King, in very indifferent German, "I am a hunter as well as yourself—Come along." He accordingly took him by the arm, and desired him to hunt with him; after

which he made him a present of 50 ducats.

In the stables there is a young Polish saddle-horse, which has not yet been thoroughly broken, and which a few days ago he desired might be brought to him. The King of Naples hearing the order, came down stairs in his night-gown and slippers, and getting to the foot of the staircase, the moment the horse arrived instantly leaped upon his back, and managed him in all his leapings and turnings with as much ease as the most able jockey. So much ease surprised without displeasing, because the vivacity of this Prince is accompanied with great goodness of heart.

## IMPORTANT CONSIDERATIONS ON MATRIMONY.

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Hail! wedded Love, mysterious law!

MILTON.

IT has ever been a complaint exhibited against moral writers, that they are too apt to blame the present times, and extol those that are past; to represent the one as the period of all vice, and the other as the blameless and golden age. Perhaps this observation may not be wholly unfounded; and the remark made by others, of more acute penetration, may be just—that all ages will, if accurately examined, be found equal in their virtues and their crimes; and that the world is neither better nor worse now than it was three or four thousand years ago.

It may, however, I think, be with much truth declared, that every age, though on the whole neither more virtuous nor more vicious than the preceding, has its characteristic faults and excellencies; which flourish and decay, and gradually give place to others of a newer fashion. It has been said, that the fashionable virtue of the present age is Charity; and which I sincerely wish may be true, since there are certainly a multitude of sins among us which require to be covered by her extensive mantle. Were I to venture to point out the prevailing vice (and which alone even Charity herself can scarcely be hoped to hide entirely) I should name that most heinous one, conjugal infidelity.

My proposition will perhaps be allowed to be just when I state, that under this term of infidelity I mean to include every breach, the least as well as the greatest,

of that solemn vow and promise which is made, before the altar of God, by both parties who enter into this important (let not my readers smile when I say) this *holy* state of life; and that I consider the smallest breach of love and duty, reciprocally due from the husband and the wife to each other, as almost undoubtedly introductory of the greatest crimes that either of them can be guilty of against God and mankind.

When a heart of true sensibility and feeling, trained up in the love of religion, of decency, of private domestic happiness, and of all those nameless innocent pleasures which the virtuous only know how to value, and which they alone are capable of enjoying; when such a heart places its unadulterated affections on a mind seemingly sympathetic, what chartered rapture does it not hope to experience in the obtaining that partner for life, without whom Adam in Paradise was acknowledged by his Creator to be destitute of complete happiness!—But how cruel is the sting, how bitter the disappointment, when, in lieu of an affectionate companion, the soother of his distresses, the calmer of his pains, he finds himself united to an artful woman, who, with sense enough to counterfeit for awhile the most engaging mildness of manners and tenderness of disposition, after marriage throws off the mask; and valuing herself on preserving her *virtue*, thinks herself at liberty to disregard