

to remember, that all stand in the same degree of affinity to God. If the weak are less happy than the wise, this weakness is their calamity, and ought to be regarded with pity:—if they are less useful or ornamental to society, it ought not to be forgot, that it is their misfortune, not their fault. Let us remember, that, as the Creator is all wisdom, there can be no doubt but that for wise purposes these dissimilarities are designed, that thus the different avocations of life may be filled up, and each may be adapted to act contentedly in his proper sphere."

"All this may be very true," said Melville, "but let men be content then to keep in their proper spheres: I don't know what business such blockheads have to move in my vortex."

The petulant vivacity with which this was uttered, had an effect like the farce or pantomime after a tragedy, and all Gravely's moral sentiments seemed forgotten in a minute: the men turned round upon their heels and laughed; and Flavia, patting his cheek with her fan, told him, with a smile, that his vanity was as incorrigible as the aversion for fools which it occasioned.

"True," said he, with sarcastic pleasantry, "sooner shall the fair cease to delight in novels, their hearts forget to glow at the mention of a masquerade, their ambition of outshining their rivals at a ball be forgotten, and the love of flattery and admiration cease to be the ruling passion of their bosoms, then Melville shall forego that vanity which makes him despise the fool and the blockhead, and spurn at the idea of concealing his sentiments from any one."

"Or of relinquishing the gratification of his own pride in reverence to the feelings of another," added Gravely, sarcastically.

"So," said I, "you, who set yourselves up as moralists, and would each of you *find infidel* and improve mankind, cannot determine whether it be more amiable to disguise your feelings, or publicly to announce your sentiments. How great must be the advantages which the world will receive, from your moral writings! and how clear, undoubtedly, the opposite demonstrations with which you will enrich the regions of ethics!"

THE MIMIC.

Featherbrain, and a whole train of ladies, together with Gaylove and some other young fellows, were now arrived, and the talent for imitation which Gaylove began to indulge, gave a new turn to

the conversation: some were loud in condemnation of mimicry, as degrading to a mere ape the being who condescended to practise it, and injuring, by cruel caricature, the feelings of those who were its objects: others as strongly defended it as an innocent and lively fallacy of fancy: some protested that it was sanctioned by the sentiments of antiquity, and justified, by the practice of Cicero himself. Claremont would give no opinion upon the subject, but satisfied himself with observing, that one of the most excellent mimics of the present day, and whose imitations were of the most unexceptionable kind, was a Mr. W—t, of Tottenham-court-road. "I went," said he, "a few days ago, with a friend to Mr. W.'s house, and found him at home, practising some imitations on the violin for his own amusement. As he is a gentleman of independent fortune, and an author, he received us very politely; and, on our expressing a wish to hear his performances, entertained us with several imitations. In the first place, he gave us a specimen of cathedral music, imitating a chamber organ, and singing in several voices part of the *Jubilate Deo*. After this, he played the beginning of Handel's *Te Deum*, and accompanied it with imitations, with his voice, of the kettle-drum, trumpet, and French horn, singing between whistles in treble, tenor, and bass voices, *We praise thee O God, &c.* Afterwards, he gave us an imitation of a solo air in a treble voice, accompanied with the organ, ending with a chorus. He then sung *The trumpet shall sound*, out of the oratorio of the Messiah; and imitated the trumpet and kettle-drum; and finished his surprising performance with Handel's grand *Coronation Anthem*, in full chorus, with all proper accompaniments. The whole was truly wonderful, pleasing, and melodious. I need not add, we left him with astonishment and regret."

Thus did they rove from subject to subject, positive upon all, but agreeing in none, till tired and disgusted, I retired awhile to meditate on their arrogant folly, and transmit their discordant sentiments to paper.

THE FAREWELL.

O! thou vain fleeting form of promised Joy! say in what fantomed cell—what cloud-built castle shall we seek thee next?—in what insatiating form, O! thou vain empty mist! wilt thou yet delude the eager impetuosity of Youth? Over what barren crags, wild heaths, and rending briars, shall the Iris-trail of Hope continue