

forgot my wisdom for a while, and felt such a glow of delight in my bosom as had used to warm it while I was yet ignorant enough to think, that the possibility of a man's being benevolent, for the mere love of benevolence, might be demonstrated.

'Gave your purse to the clergyman! (echoes Mordant,) I should have thought him too proud to take it.'

'I knew he had *too much delicacy* to take it as a gift. I therefore imposed upon him with the feigned tale that I had received the few pieces it contained upon his account, as subscriptions towards a work for which he some time since had published proposals.

'So then, Sir, you are one of those jesuitical moralists who think you have a right to violate one virtue for the sake of exercising another?' said the surly Mordant; then muttered in a lower tone, 'Such quackery in ethicks! such modern empirical morality!'

'Your Johnsonian censures, Mordant (replied Lewson, without appearing to be the least affected by what he said) will not convince me that we ought not, at any rate, to be careful, while we are endeavouring to relieve a man's pecuniary distress, not to plunge him into mental anguish by wounding his sensibility. Much as I venerate truth, God forbid that I should ever forbear to relieve the misfortunes of my fellow creatures, because I will not submit to make use of that address which would render my assistance acceptable.'

'Why then, Sir (replied the other,) throw down at once the eternal boundaries of right and wrong—forego the sacred mandates of the Decalogue—renounce the demonstrations of truth and moral philosophy, and let that inconstant mass of animals, which we call mankind, be governed by those ridiculous prejudices, called their feelings, till all the regions of ethicks become a trackless chaos!'

'Plague take your chaos, and your quacks, and your ethicks, and all this crack-jaw rigmoroll!' (said Gaylove, who was quite fatigued with the serious turn of the conversation,) why, Deuce take your logic and your philosophy, and your you don't know what!—where can be the harm in telling a little lie, or so, my lads, if you do no one any harm?—Na! na!—na!—na!—now, do have done with it, there are good lads.'

'I do not much admire confounding the discriminations of vice and virtue in this manner' (said Gravely to Lewson;) and yet I know not how a man of fine feelings, however amiable his heart, and

how clear soever may be his judgment, can at all times avoid it. But at any rate, if we allow the man of feeling this privilege, it is certainly a liberty to be always kept under the sacred regulation of his feelings. For he who deviates from truth, not because his tender heart shrinks from the reflection of the unhappiness his blunt veracity might occasion to others, but because he thinks he has a right of judgment to pronounce when truth shall be adhered to, and when not, will soon lose all respect for truth as an independent principle, and thinks he wants the aid of some other virtue, to make it a duty to observe her dictates. This seems to be the case with my friend,—turning round to address himself to Gaylove. But he had stolen off, as soon as Gravely began this serious harangue.

### The Return of the STREET WALKER.

As our homes lay different ways, and we were not yet willing to part, we had continued to parade backwards and forwards, blending the pleasures of exercise and of conversation. At this time I was seized with one of those reveries common as (I have heard) to most of my sect, when our wishes are struggling to get the better of our wisdom. In this state of mind I had stopped; and, without perceiving it, suffered my companions to walk away without me. Just at this minute the female, from the meditation of whose strange appearance the disputants had digressed into the above mentioned argument, turned round the corner of the street, and seeing me alone, made up to me. She did not speak. She put her arm within mine, and languished in my face with more the appearance of sorrow than desire.—My heart throbbed with unusual sensation.—I am inclined to think there was nothing of impurity in the throb!—it was a painful sensation.—Had not the principles of my philosophy been so deeply rooted, I should at that instant have exclaimed with the confidence of a Sterne, 'I am conscious I have a soul *now stirring within me—I am certain that soul was formed for pity—for society—for active exertion.*' But these were delusions of the moment.

I turned round and walked with her towards a tavern. 'Child! said I, when we had got to the door, it is not my intention to enter this place. My curiosity is the only passion which one so evidently unhappy can gratify. Pray, thou child of misery, how couldst thou think of arraying thyself in the garb of sorrow, when thy business is to excite desire?'

She seemed to shudder as I pronounced the