

lowed by a very rapid recital of some verses from Homer. 'That figure, said the gentleman, whose clothes are bedaubed with snuff, was a schoolmaster of some reputation: he came hither to be resolved of some doubts he entertained concerning the genuine pronunciation of the Greek vowels.—In his highest fits, he makes frequent mention of one Mr. Bentley.

But delusive ideas, Sir, are the motives of the greatest part of mankind, and a heated imagination the power by which their actions are incited: the world, in the eye of a philosopher, may be said to be a large mad-house. It is true, answered Harley, the passions of men are temporary madneses, and sometimes very fatal in their effects.

"From Macedonia's madman to the Swede."

It was indeed, said the stranger, a very mad thing in Charles, to think of adding so vast a country as Russia to his dominions; that would have been fatal indeed; the balance of the North would then have been lost; but the Sultan and I would never have allowed it.—Sir! said Harley, with no small surprise on his countenance. Why, yes, answered the other, the Sultan and I; do you know me?—I am the Chan of Tartary!

Harley was a good deal struck by this discovery; he had prudence enough, however, to conceal his amazement, and bowing as low to the monarch as his dignity required, left him immediately, and joined his companions.

He found them in a quarter of the house set apart for the insane of the other sex, several of whom had gathered about the female visitors, and were examining with rather more accuracy than might have been expected, the particulars of their dress.

Separate from the rest stood one, whose appearance had something of superior dignity. Her face, though pale and wasted, was less squalid than those of the others, and showed a dejection of that decent kind, which moves our pity unmixed with horror; upon her, therefore, the eyes of all were immediately turned. The keeper, who accompanied them, observed it: 'This, said he, is a young lady, who was born to ride in her coach and six. She was beloved, if the story I have heard is true, by a young gentleman, her equal in birth, though by no means her match in fortune: but Love, they say, is blind, and so she fancied him as much as he did her. Her father, it seems, would not hear of their marriage, and threatened to turn her out of doors, if ever she saw him again. Upon this the young gentleman took a voyage to the West Indies, in hopes of bettering his fortune, and obtaining his mistress; but he was scarcely landed, when he was seized with one of the fevers which are common in those islands, and died in a few days, lamented by every one that knew him. This news soon reached his mistress, who was at the same time pressed by her father to marry a rich miserly fellow, who was old enough to be her grandfather. The death of her lover had no effect on her inhuman parent; he was only the more earnest for her marriage with the man he had provided for her; and what between her despair at the death of the one, and her aversion to the other, the poor young lady was reduced to the condition you see her in. But God would not prosper such cruelty; her father's affairs soon after went to wreck, and he died almost a beggar.'

Though this story was told in very plain language, it had particularly attracted Harley's notice: he had given it the tribute of some tears. The unfortunate young lady had till now seemed entranced in thought, with her eyes fixed on a little garnet-ring she wore on her finger; she turned them now upon Harley. 'My Billy is no more! said she, do you weep for my Billy? Blessings on your tears! I would weep too, but my brain is dry; and it burns, it burns, it burns!—She drew nearer to Harley.—Be comforted, young lady, said he, your Billy is in Heaven. Is he, indeed? and shall we meet again? And shall that frightful man (pointing to the keeper) not be there?—Alas! I have grown naughty of late; I have almost forgotten to think of heaven; yet I pray sometimes; when I can, I pray, and sometimes I sing; when I am saddest, I sing:—You shall hear me, hush!

"Light be the earth on Billy's breast,
"And green the sod that wraps his grave!"

There was a plaintive wildness in the air not to be withstood; and except the keeper's, there was not an unmoistened eye around her.

"Do you weep again?" said she; "I would not have you weep: you are like my Billy; you are, believe me; just so he looked when he gave me this ring; poor Billy! 'twas the last time we ever met!"

'Twas when the seas were roaring—I love you for resembling my Billy; but I shall never love any man like him.' She stretched out her hand to Harley; he pressed it between both of his, and bathed it with his tears—'Nay, that is Billy's ring, said she, you cannot have it, indeed; but here is another, look here, which I plaited to-day of some gold thread from this bit of stuff; will you keep it for my sake? I am a strange girl; but my heart is harmless: my poor heart; it will burst some day; feel how it beats!' She pressed his hand to her bosom; then holding her head in the attitude of listening—'Hark! one, two, three! be quiet, thou little trembler; my Billy is cold!—but I had forgotten the ring.'—She put it on his finger. 'Farewell! I must leave you now.' She would have withdrawn her hand; Harley held it to his lips.—'I dare not stay longer; my head throbs sadly:—farewell!'—She walked with a hurried step to a little apartment at some distance. Harley stood fixed in astonishment and pity; his friend gave money to the keeper.—Harley looked on his ring.—He put a couple of guineas into the man's hand: 'Be kind to that unfortunate.'—He burst into tears, and left them.

THE MAN OF FEELING.

VARIETY.

FROM A LATE LONDON JOURNAL.

Instructions to Novel Writers on the use of Names.

Finding you cannot be too particular about names, the reader must be sufficiently aware that the common names to be found in the Directory, such as Jones, Brown, Smith, Tompkins, Jenkins, Perkins, &c., are perfectly anti-sentimental; and the only way to avoid plunging into so fatal an error, is to ring the changes on such names as Melville, Belleville, Delville; after which, by the exchange of the last note you may form another set, such as Belford, Melford, Delford; always while you live attend to names. Juliet says—

"What's a name?"

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Wrong—quite wrong! Juliet was in love, and therefore disturbed in her ideas. The Christian name of a novel hero, must be Charles or Henry; but I prefer Charles, so do all the French dramatists and novelists of the present time. There is no name so sweet and mellifluous in all the volumes of circulating inspiration.—John manifestly belongs to a coachman or a footman; convert it into Jack, and observe the result—you instantly conjure him up without further trouble the personification of a sailor. Again combine it with the prefix Sir, and you represent a gouty old Squire, who is at the same time a justice of the peace, and intimately acquainted with the game laws, and the art of brewing strong October. Affix the diminutive *ny*, and you make it Johnny; while drop the prefix, Sir, and you create the petted, tall, family looby. Something of the same process occurs in the name of William—William is a confidential Secretary; a modest youth, of strict integrity. With the prefixed Sir, that is to say, Sir William, you indicate old age, good ale, blood hunters, an excellent pack of hounds, and an unincumbered estate. James and Thomas must take their station in the kitchen; and Robert, when the young lady takes an airing, may take his gold-headed cane, and place himself in the rear. Francis is a good name, provided it be spelt Frank, because Frank vividly suggests the idea of a young rattle-brain and careless debauchee. But oh! my worthy pupils in the mystic art of Novel Writing, carefully, most carefully, avoid the names of Peter, Nathaniel, Joseph, and Job. Obadiah is a Quaker, as Hezekiah cannot avoid being a Methodist. As to Christopher, you might as well admit Belzebub to privilege as him. Again, there is Jeremiah for a hero! better were it to dissolve Nicodemus in fine emotions, and melt Moses or Mordecai in sentimental sorrows.

The same distinction holds with regard to female names. Betty is an intriguing chamber-maid; make the name Betsey, and you convert the character into a smart, pert little grissette. The same graduated ascent of dignity may be traced from Dolly, the dairy maid, through Dorothy, the maiden aunt, up to Dorinda, the heiress and fine lady. But Eliza, oh! there you have at once a sentimental heroine; whilst Elizabeth, with the prefix Lady, is always an Earl's daughter and Right Honourable.—As to Susan, you can make nothing of the wench whatever above the rank of a laundry maid; but Lucy is of higher rank—something between a cousin and a younger sister; make the name Lucinda, and the girl may pass for a third rate heroine, and do in an under plot. Deborah is only passable as a maiden aunt. Grace, Temperance, and Prudence, must be kept at a proper distance by any one who knows what's what. Polly, Jane, Barbara, Rebecca, Sarah, confine them all without mercy to the servants' hall. No person, who has the feelings of sentiment above a cheesemonger, or a butcher, or a blacking-maker, would think of weeping over the vulgar woes of such sentimental names.

But, oh! what tears, what tender agonies, what weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth—what handkerchiefs are steeped, and what pillow cases