

O fureur de se distinguer, que ne pouvez vous point!

THE labour and anxiety, the enterprizes, and adventures, that are voluntarily undertaken in pursuit of gain, are out of all proportion to the utility, convenience or pleasure of riches. A competence to satisfy the wants of nature, food and cloaths, a shelter from the seasons, and the comforts of a family, may be had for very little. The daily toil of the million, and of millions of millions, is adequate to a complete supply of these necessities and conveniences. With such accommodations thus obtained, the appetite is keener, the digestion more easy and perfect, and repose is more refreshing, than among the most abundant superfluities and the rarest luxuries. For what reason then, are any mortals averse to the situation of the farmer, mechanic or laborer? Why do we tempt the seas, and encompass the globe? Why do any men affront heaven and earth, to accumulate wealth, which will forever be useless to them? Why do we make an ostentatious display of riches? Why should any man be proud of his purse, houses, lands, or gardens? or in better words, why should the rich man glory in his riches? What connection can there be, between wealth and pride? The answer to all these questions is, *because riches attract the attention, consideration and congratulations of mankind*; it is not because the rich have really more of ease or pleasure than the poor. Riches force the opinion on a man that he is the object of the congratulations of others; and he feels that they attract the complaisance of the public. His senses all inform him that his neighbors have a natural disposition to harmonize with all those pleasing emotions, and agreeable sensations, which the elegant accommodations around him are supposed to excite.

His imagination expands, and his heart dilates at these charming illusions: and his attachment to his possessions increases, as fast as his desire to accumulate more: not for the purposes of beneficence or utility, but from the desire of illustration.

Why, on the other hand, should any man be ashamed to make known his poverty? Why should those who have been rich, or educated in the houses of the rich, entertain such an aversion, or be agitated with such terror, at the prospect of losing their property? Or of being reduced to live at a humbler table? In a meaner house? To walk instead of riding? Or to ride without their accustomed equipage or retinue? Why do we hear of madness, melancholy and suicides, upon bankruptcy, loss of ships, or any other sudden fall from opulence to indigence, or mediocrity? Ask your reason, what disgrace there can be in poverty? What moral sentiment of approbation, praise or honor, can there be in a palace? What dishonor in a cottage? What glory in a coach, what shame in a waggon? Is not the sense of propriety, and the sense of merit as much connected with an empty purse as a full one? May not a man be as estimable, amiable and respectable, attended by his faithful dog, as if preceded and followed by a train of horses and servants? All these questions may be very wise; and the stoical philosophy has her answers ready. But if you ask the same questions of nature, experience, and mankind, the answers will be directly opposite to those of Epictetus, viz. that there is more respectability in the eyes of the greater part of mankind, in the gaudy trappings of wealth, than there is in genius or learning, wisdom or virtue.

The poor man's conscience is clear; yet he is ashamed. His character is irreproachable, yet he is neglected and despised. He feels himself out of the sight of others groping in the dark. Mankind take no notice of him: he rambles and wanders unheeded. In the midst of a crowd, at church, in the market, at a play, at an execution, or coronation, he is in as much obscurity, as he would be in a garret or a cellar. He is not disapproved, censured or reproached: he is only not seen. This total inattention is to him, mortifying, painful and cruel. He suffers a misery from this consideration, which is sharpened by the consciousness that others have no fellow feeling with him in this distress. If you follow these persons however into their scenes of life, you will find that there is a kind of figure which the meanest of them all, endeavors to make; a kind of little grandeur and respect, which the most insignificant, study and labour to procure, in the small circle of their acquaintances. Not only the poorest mechanic, but the man who lives upon common charity, nay the common beggars in the streets; and not only those who may be all innocent, but even those who have abandoned themselves to common infamy as pirates, highwaymen and common thieves, court a set of admirers, and plume themselves on that superiority, which they have, or fancy they have, over some others. There must be one indeed who is the last and lowest of the human species. But there is no risque in asserting that there is no one, who believes and will acknowledge himself to be the man.—To be wholly overlooked, and to know it, are in-

tolerable. Instances of this are not uncommon. When a wretch could no longer attract the notice of a man, woman or child, he must be respectable in the eyes of his dog. "Who will love me then?" was the pathetic reply of one, who starved himself to feed his mastiff, to a charitable passenger who advised him to kill or sell the animal. In this "who will love me then," there is a key to the human heart; to the history of human life and manners; and to the rise and fall of Empires. To feel ourselves unheeded, chills the most pleasing hope; damps the most fond desire; checks the most agreeable wish; disappoints the most ardent expectations of human nature.

Is there in science and letters, a reward for the labor they require? Scholars learn the dead languages of antiquity, as well as the living tongues of modern nations. Those of the east as well as the west.—They puzzle themselves and others with metaphysics and mathematics. They renounce their pleasures, neglect their exercises, and destroy their health; for what? Is curiosity so strong? Is the pleasure that accompanies the pursuit and acquisition of knowledge so exquisite? If Crusoe, on his island, had the library of Alexandria, and a certainty that he should never again see the face of man, would he ever open a volume? Perhaps he might: but it is very probable he would read but little. A sense of duty; a love of truth; a desire to alleviate the anxieties of ignorance, may, no doubt, have an influence on some minds. But the universal object and idol of men of letters is *reputation*. It is the *notoriety*, the *celebration*, which constitutes the charm, which is to compensate the loss of appetite and sleep, and sometimes of riches and honors.

The same ardent desire of the *congratulations* of others in our joys, is the great incentive to the pursuit of honors. This might be exemplified in the career of civil and political life. That we may not be too tedious let us instance in military glory. Is it to be supposed that the regular standing armies of Europe, engage in the service, from pure motives of patriotism? Are their officers men of contemplation and devotion, who expect their reward in a future life? Is it, from a sense of moral, or religious duty, that they risk their lives, and reconcile themselves to wounds?

Instances of all these kinds may be found.—But if any one supposes that all or the greater part of these heroes, are actuated by such principles, he will only prove that he is unacquainted with them. Can their pay be considered as an adequate encouragement? This, which is no more, than a very simple and moderate subsistence, would never be a temptation to renounce the chances of fortune in other pursuits together with the pleasures of domestic life, and submit to this most difficult and dangerous employment. No, it is the consideration and the chances of laurels, which they acquire by the service.

The soldier compares himself with his fellows, and contends for promotion to be a Corporal: the Corporals vie with each other to be Serjeants: the Serjeants will mount breaches to be Ensigns: and thus every man in an army is constantly aspiring to be something higher, as every citizen in the commonwealth is constantly struggling for a better rank, that he may draw the observation of more eyes.

## LONDON.

The purchase of Mr. Hastings's Town-house was not quite 10,000l. but the furniture is costly in the extreme; and there are suits for the different seasons. The beds prepared for casual summer visits to the metropolis are of the finest book muslin, exquisitely wrought, and lined with India diaper, dyed of various colours, and of a peculiarly beautiful texture; and one set of chairs in particular, which are of carved ivory, cost 300l. each chair, in India.

## DISINTERESTED GENEROSITY.

WHEN METASTASIO's circumstances were far from affluent, and he was only known at Vienna, as a writer for the opera, under Apostolo and Zeno, a person with whom he had contracted a great intimacy, left him at his death 15000l. sterling. But Metastasio hearing that his friend had relations at Bologna, went thither in search of them; and having found such as he thought best entitled to these possessions, told them, that though the deceased had bequeathed to him his whole fortune, he could suppose it to be no otherways than in trust, till he should find out the most deserving of his kindred, in order to divide it equally among them, which he immediately did, without the least reserve in his own favor.

## SHAKESPEARE.

To the very many editions of our immortal bard, one is in agitation by the BLUE-STOCKING CLUB, which consists of many of the first rate male and female geniuses, to be entitled, "The Ladies Shakespeare." The plan of this edition is to be a familiar criticism on the sensibilities, rather than the language or learning of the author—Something in the stile of ADDISON's critique on MILTON—to be useful to all who have any relish for the poet, or moral writer.

## THE DEBTOR. (By Sir John Moore.)

CHILDREN of Affluence! hear a poor man's prayer,  
O haste, and free me from this dungeon's gloom;  
Let not the hand of comfortless despair,  
Sink my grey hairs with sorrow to the tomb!  
Unus'd Compassion's tribute to demand,  
With clamorous din wake charity's dull ear,  
Wring the slow aid from Pity's loitering hand,  
Weave the feign'd tale, or drop the ready tear.  
Far different thoughts employ'd my early hours,  
To views of bliss, to scenes of affluence born,  
The hand of Pleasure strew'd my path with flowers,  
And every blessing hail'd my youthful morn.  
But ah! how quick the change! the morning gleam,  
That cheer'd my fancy with her magic ray,  
Fled like the garish pageant of a dream,  
And sorrow clos'd the evening of my day.  
Such is the lot of human bliss below,  
And hope a while the trembling flow'ret rears,  
Till unforeseen descends the blight of woe,  
And withers in an hour the pride of years.  
In evil hour, to specious wiles a prey,  
I trusted—(whom from faults is always free?)  
And the short progress of one fatal day,  
Was all the space 'twixt wealth and poverty.  
Where could I seek for comfort or for aid?  
To whom the ruins of my state commend?  
Left to myself, abandon'd and betray'd,  
Too late I found the wretched have no friend!  
E'en he, amid the rest, the favour'd youth,  
Whose vows had met the tenderest warm return,  
Forgot his oaths of constancy and truth,  
And left my child in solitude to mourn.  
Pity in vain stretch'd forth her feeble hand,  
To guard the sacred wreaths by Hymen wove,  
While pale-eyed Avarice from his sordid stand,  
Scowl'd o'er the ruins of neglected love.  
Though deeply hurt, yet, sway'd by decent pride,  
She hush'd her sorrows with becoming art,  
And faintly strove, with sickly smiles, to hide  
The canker-worm that prey'd upon her heart.  
Nor blam'd his cruelty—nor wish'd to hate  
Whom once the lov'd—but pitied and forgave,  
Then unrepining yielded to her fate,  
And sunk in silent anguish to the grave.  
Children of affluence! hear a poor man's prayer,  
O haste, and free me from this dungeon's gloom  
Let not the hand of comfortless despair,  
Sink my grey hairs with sorrow to the tomb!

## THE UNITED STATES.

"TIS but the morning of the world with us,  
And Science yet but sheds her orient rays—  
I see the age, the happy age, roll on—  
Bright with the splendours of her mid-day beams—  
Those beams of virtue, honor, knowledge, truth,  
That scatter'd thro' long periods, have illum'd  
The happiest days of Empires, now no more,  
Shall meet, and mingle in one glorious blaze—  
And shew the world to what supernal heights—  
PEACE, LAWS, and FREEDOM can exalt mankind!

## ADVERTISEMENT.

BY order of the honorable John Slofs Hobart Esquire, one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of Judicature of the State of New-York. Notice is hereby given to Paul Deyrell, now or late of Long Island, Esquire, an absconding debtor, and to all others whom it may concern; that upon application and due proof, made to the said Justice, pursuant to an act of the legislature, entitled "an act for relief against absconding and absent debtors," passed the fourth day of April, 1786, by a creditor of the said Paul Deyrell, he the said Justice has directed all his the said Paul Deyrell's Estate, real and personal, within this State, to be seized; and that unless he shall discharge his debts within three months after the publication of this notice; all his Estate real and personal will be sold for the payment and satisfaction of his creditors. Dated at the city of New-York, the twenty-seventh day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and ninety. March 31. 1793m.

## William Taylor,

Has for Sale, at his EAST-INDIA GOODS STORE,  
No. 3, QUEEN-STREET,

## A General Assortment of EAST-INDIA GOODS.

Among which are the following Articles:  
BOOK Muslins 8-4 6-4 5-4 || HUMMUS,  
Jackonet do. || Long Cloths,  
Hankerchiefs, of various kinds, || Calfas,  
Chintzes, || Seerluckers,  
Ginghams, || Boglapores.

A Variety of handsome painted MUSLINS.  
With many other Articles, which will be sold by the Piece or Package, low for cash.

## A Morning School is opened,

by the Subscriber, for YOUNG LADIES, at Harmony Hall, adjoining the Baptists burying ground, in Gold Street. Hours of attendance are from 6 till 8.—For further particulars, please to enquire of the Public's Obedient Servant, GAD ELY.

N. B. The Young Ladies School which has been kept at No. 219 Queen-Street, is removed to the above place. New-York, May 8, 1790.

## James F. Sebor, and Co.

Have removed from No. 59, to No. 187, Water-Street, near the Fly-Market,

WHERE they negotiate all kinds of PUBLICK SECURITIES—BILLS OF EXCHANGE. &c. as usual. New-York, April 8, 1790. tf.

## Moses Rogers, and Co.

HAVE removed their STORE to the New Building, corner of Golden-Hill and Queen-Street, fronting Burling Slip. New-York, May 5, 1790.

CASH, and a generous price given for Continental, New-Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Rhode-Island securities, of every denomination, by EBENEZER THAYER, jun. No. 59, Water-Street. New-York, April 17, 1790.

THE MAIL DILIGENCE for Philadelphia leaves the Ferry-Stairs at New-York, forty minutes after Seven every Morning, except Sunday. Dines at Brunswick, and reaches Trenton before dark.