

THE whole house was alarmed upon this occasion, and every one busied in assisting the stranger; but most of all the mistress, who was indeed of a humane disposition, and who, perhaps, had other thoughts to disturb her than the mere feelings of humanity. In a few minutes, however, and with the proper applications, Mrs. Wilson began to recover. She looked round her with amazement at first, not recollecting where she was; but seeing herself supported by her rival, to whose care she was so much obliged, and who in the tenderest distress was enquiring how she did, she felt herself relapsing into a second fit. It was now that she exerted all the courage she was mistress of, which, together with a flood of tears that came to her relief, enabled her (when the servants were withdrawn) to begin as follows.

"I am indeed, madam, an unfortunate woman, and subject to these fits; but will never again be the occasion of trouble in this house. You are a lovely Woman, and deserve to be happy in the best of husbands. I have a husband too; but his affections are gone from me. He is not unknown to Mr. Roberts, though unfortunately I am. It was for his advice and assistance that I made this visit; and not finding him at home, I begged admittance to his lady, whom I longed to see and to converse with." Me, madam! answered Mrs. Roberts, with some emotion, had you heard any thing of Me? "That you were such as I have found you, madam, replied the stranger, and had made Mr. Roberts happy in a fine boy. May I see him madam? I shall love him for his father's sake." His father madam! returned the mistress of the house, his father did you say? I am mistaken then; I thought you had been a stranger to him. "To his person I own," said Mrs. Wilson, but not to his character; and therefore I shall be fond of the little creature. "If it is not too much trouble, madam, I beg to be obliged."

THE importunity of this request, the fainting at first, and the settled concern of this unknown visitor, gave Mrs. Roberts the most alarming fears. She had, however, the presence of mind to go herself for the child, and to watch without witness the behaviour of the stranger. Mrs. Wilson took it in her arms, and bursting into tears, said, "Tis a sweet boy, madam; would I had such a boy! Had he been mine I had been happy!" With these words, and in an agony of grief and tenderness, which she endeavoured to restrain, she kissed the child, and returned it to its mother.

It was happy for that lady that she had an excuse to leave the room. She had seen and heard what made her shudder for herself; and it was not till some minutes, after having delivered the infant to its nurse, that she had resolution enough to return. They both seated themselves again, and a melancholy silence followed for some time. At last Mrs. Roberts began thus.

"You are unhappy, madam, that you have no child; I pray heaven that mine be not a grief to me. But I conjure you, by the goodness that appears in you, to acquaint me with your story. Perhaps it concerns Me; I have a prophetic heart that tells me it does. But whatever I may suffer, or whether I live or die, I will be just to You."

MRS. Wilson was so affected with this generosity, that she possibly had discovered herself, if a loud knocking at the door, and immediately after it the entrance of her husband into the room, had not prevented her. He was moving towards his mistress with the utmost cheerfulness, when the sight of her visitor fixed him to a spot, and struck him with an astonishment not to be described. The eyes of both ladies were at once rivetted to his, which so increased his confusion, that Mrs. Wilson, in pity to what he felt, and to relieve her companion, spoke to him as follows. "I do not wonder, sir, that you are surprized at seeing a perfect stranger in your house; but my business is with the master of it; and if you will oblige me with a hearing in another room, it will add to the civilities which your lady has entertained me with."

WILSON, who expected another kind of greeting from his wife, was so revived at her prudence, that his powers of motion began to return; and quitting the room, he conducted her to a parlour below stairs. They were no sooner entered into this parlour, than the husband threw himself into a chair, fixing his eyes upon the ground, while the wife addressed him in these words.

"How I have discovered your secret, or how the discovery has tormented me, I need not tell you. It is enough for you to know that I am

miserable—for ever. My business with you is short; I have only a question to ask, and to take a final leave of you in this world. Tell me truly then, as you shall answer it hereafter, if you have seduced this lady under false appearances, or have fallen into guilt by the temptations of a wanton?" I shall answer you presently, said Wilson; but first I have a question for You. Am I discovered to her? And does she know it is my wife that I am now speaking to? "No, upon my honour, she replied; her looks were so amiable, and her behaviour to me so gentle, that I had no heart to distress her. If she has guessed at what I am, it was only from the concern she saw me in, which I could not hide from her." You have acted nobly then, returned Wilson, and have opened my eyes at last to see and to admire you, And now, if you have patience to hear me, you shall know all.

He then told her of his first meeting with this lady, and of every circumstance that had happened since; concluding with his determinations to leave her, and with a thousand promises of fidelity to his wife, if she generously consented, after what had happened, to receive him as a husband. "She must consent, cried Mrs. Roberts, who at that moment opened the door, and burst into the room; she must consent. You are her husband and may command it. For me, madam," continued she, turning to Mrs. Wilson, he shall never see me more. I have injured you through ignorance, but will atone for it to the utmost. "He is your husband, madam, and you must receive him. I have listened to what has passed, and am now here to join my entreaties with his, that you may be happy for ever."

To relate all that was said upon this occasion would be to extend my story to another paper. Wilson was all submission and acknowledgement; the wife cried and doubted, and the widow vowed an eternal separation. To be as short as possible, the harmony of the married couple was fixed from that day. The widow was handsomely provided for, and her child, at the request of Mrs. Wilson, taken home to her own house; where at the end of a year she was so happy, after all her distresses, as to present him with a sister, with whom he is to divide his father's fortune. His mother retired into the country, and two years after, was married to a gentleman of great worth; to whom, on his first proposals to her, she related every circumstance of her story. The boy pays her a visit every year, and is now with his sister upon one of these visits. Mr. Wilson is perfectly happy in his wife, and has sent me, in his own hand, this moral to his story.

"That though prudence and generosity may not always be sufficient to hold the heart of a husband, yet a constant perseverance in them will, one time or other, most certainly regain it." [The World, N^o. 4. & 5.]

CIVILITY and **GOOD-BREEDING** are generally thought, and often used, as synonymous terms, but are by no means so.

GOOD-BREEDING necessarily implies **CIVILITY**; but **CIVILITY** does not reciprocally imply **GOOD-BREEDING**. The former has its intrinsic weight and value, which the latter always adorns, and often doubles by its workmanship.

To sacrifice one's own self-love to other people's, is a short, but I believe, a true definition of **CIVILITY**: to do it with ease, propriety and grace, is **GOOD-BREEDING**. The one is the result of good-nature; the other of good sense, joined to experience, observation, and attention.

A **PLOUGHMAN** will be civil, if he is good-natured, but cannot be well-bred. A courtier will be well-bred, though perhaps without good-nature, if he has but good sense.

FLATTERY is the disgrace of **GOOD-BREEDING**, as brutality often is of truth and sincerity. **GOOD-BREEDING** is the middle point between those two odious extremes.

CEREMONY is the superstition of **GOOD-BREEDING**, as well as of religion; but yet, being an out-work to both, should not be absolutely demolished. It is always, to a certain degree, to be complied with, though despised by those who think, because admired and respected by those who do not.

The most perfect degree of **GOOD-BREEDING**, as I have already hinted, is only to be acquired by great knowledge of the world, and keeping the best company. It is not the object of mere speculation, and cannot be exactly defined, as it con-

sists in a fitness, a propriety of words, actions, and even looks, adapted to the infinite variety and combinations of persons, places, and things. It is a mode, not a substance: for what is **GOOD-BREEDING** at St. James's, would pass for foppery or banter in a remote village; and the homely civility of that village, would be considered a brutality at court.

A **CLOYSTERED** pedant may form true notions of **CIVILITY**; but if amidst the cobwebs of his cell he pretends to spin a speculative system of **GOOD-BREEDING**, he will not be less absurd than his predecessor, who judiciously undertook to instruct Hannibal in the art of war. The most ridiculous and most awkward of men are, therefore, the speculatively well-bred monks of all religions and all professions.

GOOD-BREEDING, like charity, not only covers a multitude of faults, but, to a certain degree, supplies the want of some virtues. In the common intercourse of life, it acts good-nature, and often does what good-nature will not always do; it keeps both wits and fools within those bounds of decency, which the former are too apt to transgress, and which the latter never know.

COURTS are unquestionably the seats of **GOOD-BREEDING**; and must necessarily be so; otherwise they would be the seats of violence and desolation. There all the passions are in their highest state of fermentation. All pursue what but few can obtain, and many seek what but one can enjoy. **GOOD-BREEDING** alone restrains their excesses. There if enemies did not embrace, they would stab. There, smiles are often put on to conceal tears. Injuries are intended; and there, the guile of the serpent simulates the gentleness of the dove: all this, it is true, at the expence of sincerity; but upon the whole, to the advantage of social intercourse in general.

I would not be misapprehended, and supposed to recommend **GOOD-BREEDING**, thus prophand and prostituted to the purposes of guilt and perfidy; but I think I may justly infer from it, to what a degree the accomplishment of **GOOD-BREEDING** must adorn and enforce virtue and truth, when it can thus soften the outrages and deformity of vice and falsehood.

I am sorry to be obliged to confess that my native country is not perhaps the seat of the most perfect **GOOD-BREEDING**, though I really believe that it yields to none in hearty and sincere **CIVILITY**, as far as **CIVILITY** is (and to a certain degree it is) an inferior moral duty of doing as one would be done by. If France exceeds us in that particular, the incomparable author of *L'Esprit des Loix* accounts for it very impartially, and I believe very truly. If my countrymen, says he, are the best-tempered people in the world, it is only because they are the vainest. It is certain that their **GOOD-BREEDING** and attentions, by flattering the vanity and self-love of others, repay their own with interest. It is a general commerce, usefully carried on by a barter of attentions, and often without one grain of solid merit, by way of medium, to make up the balance.

It were to be wished that **GOOD-BREEDING** were in general thought a more essential part of the education of our youth, especially of distinction, than at present it seems to be. It might even be substituted in the room of some academical studies that take up a great deal of time, to very little purpose; or at least, it might usefully share some of those many hours, that are so frequently employed upon a coach-box, or in stables. Surely those who by their rank and fortune are called to adorn courts, ought at least not to disgrace them by their manners.

But I observe with concern, that it is the Fashion for our youth of both sexes to brand **GOOD-BREEDING** with the name of ceremony and formality. As such, they ridicule and explode it, and adopt in its stead, an offensive carelessness and inattention, to the diminution, I will venture to say, even of their own pleasures, if they know what true pleasures are.

Love and friendship necessarily produce, and justly authorize familiarity; but then **GOOD-BREEDING** must mark out its bounds, and say, thus far shalt thou go, and no farther: For I have known many a passion and many a friendship, degraded, weakened, and at last (if I may use the expression) wholly flattered away, by an unguarded and liberal familiarity. Nor is **GOOD-BREEDING** less the ornament and cement of common social life: it connects, it endears, and at the same time that it indulges the just liberty, restrains that indiscreet licentiousness of conversation, which alienates and

provokes. Great talents make a great merit makes him respected, and being makes him esteemed; but good alone can make him be loved.

I RECOMMEND it in a more particular manner to my country-women, as the great to such of them as have beauty, and to fug for those who have not. It is victories, decorates the triumphs, and conquests of beauty; or in some degree the want of it. It almost deifies, and procures respect at least to those not charms enough to be admired.

Upon the whole, though **GOOD-BREEDING** not, strictly speaking, be called a virtue, productive of so many good effects in opinion, it may justly be reckoned mere accomplishment.

[The World, N^o. 148.]

From the LONDON GAZETTE

H A G U E, September

WE have received Letters To-day from us, that Marshal Broglie, on the Night of the 12th, quitted his Camp at Hausen, and had fallen back with his wards Cassel, where he was making to strengthen himself. Prince Xavier had been recalled from the Neighbourhood of Gen, and had retired to Munden and Sen. By Accounts from Ferdinand's 14th, it appears, that his Serene Highness the Dymel that Day, with the Regiment of the Marquis of Gravel, was expected the whole Army would next Day, or the 16th. Major Bull sent upon an Expedition against the F. Side of Marbourg, has, it is said, been entering that Town, destroying Cloathing, spare Arms, and other French Army; that he took eight Officers and Men Prisoners, with a great Number of missaries and their Train; and made it; and that he pushed Parties forward, and afterwards retreated toward Frank.

Our last Account from Glogau mentions the King of Prussia was encamped, between Striegau and Schweidnitz, was between the last mentioned Place and Friedberg, and according to Appell laid aside for the present his Design on Schweidnitz; and that the Russians were staid, and pushed their Light Troops forward, Time to Time, to the Oder; so that yet entered Poland. General Hulshoff himself at Torgau.

Head Quarters of Prince Ferdinand, September 8, 1760. The Grand Army of France are on the Point of making a cannot advance but by going to join Lusatia, in the Neighbourhood of Glogau; if we may credit some intercepted Letters, should pass the Weser. Upon the M. Broglie must either retire, and pass or come and attack us.

L O N D O N, September

Some Letters from Silesia mention Prussians had gained considerable Advantages two different Actions with the Austrians, particulars of which were impatiently expected that the King of Prussia has detached into Saxony.

Letters from Vienna hint, that G would soon be created a Field Marshal, Count of the Empire, and take the command of the grand Austrian Army, in the Daun.

And a Postscript of a private Letter Hague asserts, that they were well in Marshal Daun was recalled, and had out for Vienna, to give an Account of the Empress Queen, after resigning the command of the Army to General Laudon.

B O S T O N, November

By Captain Webster, who is arrived in 44 Days from Fyall, we learn, that Advice there from the Brazils, that the licence of the King of Portugal's Jesuits from his Dominions, those of who were Missionaries in those Parts, was into a Combination with the Indians, feared would occasion a Revolt.

Extra^d of a Letter from a Gentleman dated October 10, 1760.

"This Court seems to be steadfast