

MARYLAND GAZETTE

Containing the freshest Advices, Foreign and Domestic.

TUESDAY, August 4, 1747.

Sunt ingenii simili, qui quod huic donant, auferunt illi, famaque liberalitatis avaritia punit. PLINII Epist. Lib. IX. Epist. 30.

and will not add nigh so much to the Load, at the Time when they shall wish they had been more diffusive in their Charity. STIMPLICIUS.

TRULY generous Conduct is an amiable Object, and strikes us with the most pleasing and agreeable Sensation. We enjoy exquisite Pleasure in the Survey of it's Beauties, and the most charming Face that ever was cannot boast half it's Attraction. Indeed I look upon true Generosity to be the sanie among the Moral, as Charity among the Evangelical Virtues; and no Man can be really benevolent and generous, who has not all those excellent Qualifications, which St. Paul declares are the constant Effects and Attendants of Charity; and his description must be allowed the most beautiful and perfect Description, that was ever given us of any Virtue. Happy, then, and much beloved must that Man be, who has Benevolence for his governing Principle; and happy indeed is that Community, who sees the blessed Effect of that Principle, in the Conduct of the Men of Power and Interest within it.

BUT as the real Possession of this Virtue is the greatest Honour, so a Pretence to it, upon mean and base Motives, and for the Support of any vice and iniquous Purposes, shews a Man in the most odious Light, and makes him justly obnoxious both to our Scorn and to our Hatred. When I am only generous because I gain my End by being so, and not from a Reflection of the Service I do the Person I'm generous to, 'tis so far from being Virtue, that 'tis it's direct Opposite; and Vice is always the more notorious, the more it assumes the specious Character of Virtue. A painted Face is not half so disagreeable, as a false and affected Generosity; and Hypocrisy here, as well as in Religion, is a certain sign of a villainous Soul: Such Generosity as this is, in a true Sense, its potissimum denare, qui donare maxime possunt; to give merely to those, who are not able to give again. For, if a Man bestow his Favours as most to advance his own Desire, whether they are agreeable to Justice or no, let the Objects of his Favours be in what Capacity they may, he gives only to receive, and is a vile Hypocrite in his Generosity.

BUT there is still a viler Abuse of this Virtue, an Abuse so monstrous, that the Heart of that Man must be absolutely foolish, as well as wicked, that would endeavour to impose upon the World in so glaring a Manner: And this is a Giving to others what is none of one's own, being generous at another's Expence; and at that Man's Expence too, whose Necessity obliges him to submit to the hard Measures this generous Wretch is pleased to impose on him; nay more, being generous in this Manner to the wilest of People, and withal on the most shameful Accouns: What can be more shocking than this? What more unbecoming any Creature, that has the least of Humanity about him? What Abhorrence ought every good Man to have of the Man shall I call him? of the Monster rather, who should thus vilely employ his Power, thus basely degrade his Nature, thus wickedly pretend to that glorious Virtue? Must not the Sight of him be as offensive as a putrid Sore; and will not his Memory sink in the Community where he liv'd?

CERTAINLY yes; he must be the utter Aversion of all good Men; and as his Wickedness must be of the blackest Dye, equal to the Guilt will be the Odium, the Detestation that attends it. Surely then, all those, whose Wealth or Power enables them to shine forth in the Exertion of this Virtue, will endeavour to avoid this glaring Abuse of it. Will think they beautiful, how lovely they will be in the Eyes of their Fellow countrymen, when their Benevolence only engages them in acts of Generosity: Or at least, will think it self Costly, as well as more Prudence, not to give at all, than to give of that which certains not to them. This last, tho' it will not certainly gain them much Respect, is however but an evasive Guilt,

From a late Virginia GAZETTE. DO as you would be done unto, is the Golden Rule of Action, and has a Divine Sanction to enforce it: What numberless Evils and Absurdities in the Conduct of Life would be prevented by a due Attention to this, inestimable moral Precept? And how easily might a Man discover his Duty to others, even in the most nice and difficult Cases, by only substituting himself in their Room, and making the Case his own? The following STORY is a lively Instance of it, and needs no Application.

MIRABEL, a Gentleman of two thousand Pounds a Year, in a neighbouring County, was left a Widower about the Age of thirty five, with one Son, an only Child, whom we shall call Valentine. His Affection for this Boy made him resolve never to marry again. He bred him up with all imaginable Tenderness; kept Masters in the House, because he could not bear him from his Sight; and gave him an Education suitable to his Birth and Expectations: The Father's Fondness increased with his Son's Years, and the only Wish he had at Heart was to make him rich and happy.

ABOUT the Age of twenty two, either Love or Ambition made Valentine fix his Eyes on the Daughter of a noble Family, with a Fortune answerable. Mirabel was now the unfaithful Man alive, lest his Son should be disappointed. He negotiated the whole Affair: He seemed himself the Lover, and with the utmost Readiness gave up his whole Estate to Valentine; reserving only for himself a scanty Maintenance. The Son was married according to his Wish; and the Father became a Lodger in the House that was once his own.

FOR the two or three first Years, Mirabel was treated by his Son and Daughter with all possible Marks of Affection and Respect; but, by Degrees, the Lady began to think him an Incumbrance; the Smoke of his Tobacco became insufferable; he was always spitting about her Parlour; dirtying her clean Rooms, and misbehaving to her: In short, the Husband was continually made uneasy by her Complaints against the Father; inso much, that at last he contrived a civil Way to get rid of him, in some Measure, by building him an Apartment a little Distance from the House, where Mirabel might spend his Times as he pleas'd, and only come into the Family at Meals.

THIS Alteration occasioned Mirabel several severe Reflections; however he kept them in his own Breast; since they would only serve to aggravate the Evil; and the same paternal Affection, which made him before give all to Valentine, made him submit to this Unkindness without once upbraiding him, or shewing any visible Discontent.

WORKMEN were employed, and the Building almost finished; when Valentine going one Morning to give some needful Directions about it, his little Boy, about four Years old, came after him, enquiring what that new House was for? My Dear, says Valentine, tis for your Grand-Papa to live in. The Child, replied, tis for your Grand-Papa to live in with us. He said to Mirabel, in that great House yonder? Because, says Valentine, he is now an old Man, and smokes a great deal, and tis hard on his Tobacco to trouble those to other People. Well then, says Mirabel, replies the smiling Innocent very earnestly, tis for your Grand-Papa, and tis for your Grand-Papa to live in. This unexpected Speech, like a Voice from Heaven, wak'd Valentine to Reflection: He even wept with Shame and Confusion; and embraced his little Instructor with more than usual Fondness.

THE first Thing he did was to seek his Father, and with sincere Contrition beg Pardon for his Ingratitude: He then commanded the Building to be taken down, and going to the