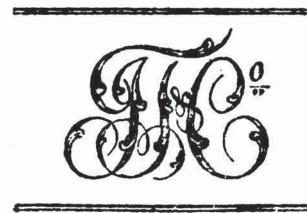


IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

[Walliams Hill German]

FAIN would he firew Life's thorny Way with Flowers, And open to your View Elysian Bowers; Catch the warm Passions of the tender Youth, And win the Mind to Sentiment and Truth.



PRINTED at BOSTON,
BY ISAIAH THOMAS AND COMPANY.
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YOUNG LADIES,

OF

United Columbia,

These VOLUMES,

Intended to represent the specious Causes,

AND TO

Expose the fatal Consequences,

OF

SEDUCTION;

To inspire the FEMALE MIND

With a Principle of SELF COMPLACENCY,

AND TO

Promote the Economy of Human Life.

Are Inscribed,

With Esteem and Sincerity,

By their

Friend and Humble Servant,

Восток, Дал. 1783.

The Author.

and her only consolation is the simplicity and goodness of her heart.

THE story of Miss Whitman* is an emphatical illustration of the truth of these observations. An instated fancy, not restricted

Before her death she amused herself with reading, writas g and needlework, and though in a state of anxiety, prealived a cheerfulness, not to much the essect of insensibil-

THIS young lady was of a reputable family in Cone. Elicut. In her youth she was admired for beauty and good sense. She was a great reader of novels and romances, and having imbibed her ideas of the characters of men, from those fallacious sources, became vain and coquetish, and rejected several offers of marriage, in expectation of receiving one more agreeable to her fanciful idea. Disappointed in her Fairy hope, and finding her train of admirers less solicitous for the honour of her hand, in proportion as the safes of youth decayed, the was the more eafily persuaded to relinquish that stability which is the honour and happiness of the sex. The consequences of her amour becoming visible, she acquainted her dover of her situation, and a hushand was proposed for her, who was to receive a confiderable fum for preferving the reputation of the lady; but, having received fecuraty for the payment, he immediately withdrew. She then left her friends, and travelled in the stage as far as Watersown, where she hired a young man to conduct her in a Daile to Salm. Here the wandered alone and friendlefs. and at length repaired to the Bell-Tavern, in Danvers, where the was delivered of a liteless child, and in about a Sortright after (in July, 1788) died of a puerperal fever, aged about 35 years.

firicled by judgment, leads too often to difappointment and repentance. Such will be the fate of those who become (to use her own words)

"Lost in the magick of that sweet employ,"
"To build gay scenes and fashion future joy."

" WITH a good heart she possessed a poetieal imagination, and an unbounded thirst for
novelty; but these airy talents, not counterpoised with judgment, or perhaps serious reflection,

ity, as of patience and fortitude. She was fensible of her approaching face, as appears from the following letter, which was written in characters.

"MUST I die alone? Shall I never see you more? I know that you will come, but you will come too late: This is, I scar, my last ability. Tears fall so, I know not how to write. Why did you leave me in so much disserts? But I will not reproach you: All that was dear I lest for you; but do not regret it.—May God forgive in both what was amiss: When I go from hence, I will leave you some way to sind me; it I die, will you come and drop a tear over my grave?"

In the following Poem, she, like the dying Swan, singe her own Elegy, and it is here added, as a forrowful in-Lance, how often the best, and most pleasing talents, now accompanied flection, instead of adding to her happiness, were the cause of her ruin."

" I CONCLUDE

accompanied by virtue and prudence, operate the defruction of their possessor.

The description of her unfortunate passion, will remind the critical reader of the samous ode of Sappho. In genius and in missortune, these poetical ladies were similar.

"DISAPPOINTMENT.

I figh'd, and wish'd the lingering hours away;
For when bright H. sper led the starry train,
My shepherd swore to meet me on the plain;
With eager haste to that dear spot I slew,
And linger'd long, and then with tears withdrew;
Alone, abandon'd to love's tenderest woes,
Down my pale cheeks the side of sorrow flows;
Dead to all joys that fortune can bestow,
In vain for me her useless bounties flow;
Take back each envied gift, ye pow'rs divine,
And only let me call Fidelio mine.

"Ah, wretch! what anguish yet thy foul must prove, Ere theu canst hope to lose thy care in love; And when FIDE 1.10 meets thy tearful eye, Pale fear and coli despair his presence fly; With pentice steps, I fought thy walks again, And kits'd thy token on the verdant plain ; With fond it hope, thro' many a blissful bow'r, We gave the foul to fancy's pleafing pow'r; Lot in the magick of that sweet employ, 'I o build gay scenes, and fashion suture joy, We saw mild peace o'er fair Canaan rise, And show'r her bleffings from benignant skies; On airy hills our happy mansion rose, Built but for joy, no room for future woes; S vect as the fleep of innocence, the day, (By transports measur'd) lightly danc'd away;

"I CONCLUDE from your reasoning," said I, "and it is, besides, my own opinion, that many fine girls have been ruined by reading Novels."

" AND

To leve, to blifs, the union'd foul was given,
And each! too happy, ask'd no brighter heaven.

"And must the hours in ceaseless anguish roll?
Will no fost funshine cheer my clouded sou!?
Can this dear earth no transient joy supply?
Is it my doom to hope, despair and die?
Ois! come, once more, with soft endearments come,
Durst the cold prison of the sullen tomb;
Through savour'd walks, thy chosen maid attend,
Where well known shades their pleasing branches tend,
Shed the soft poison from thy speaking eye,
And look those raptures lifeless words deny;
Still be, though late, reheard what ne'er could tire,
But, told each eye, fresh pleasures would inspire;
Still hope those scenes which love and fancy drew;
But, drawn a thousand times, were ever new.

"Can fancy paint, can words express; Can aught on earth my woes redrefs; I en thy fort finiles can ceafeless prove i hy truth, thy tenderness and love. Once thou couldit every blifs inspire, Transporting joy, and gay DESIRE: Now cold respain her banner rears, And PLEASURE flies when the appears; Fond HOPE within my bosom dies, And Agon't her place supplies: O, thou! for whose dear sake I bear, A doom to dreadful, fo fevere, May happy fates thy fatthers guide, And o'er thy peaceful licine preule ; Nor let ELIZA's early toub infect thee, with its baleful gloom."

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