

MR. MILES,

AN affectionate interest in all that concerns the fair inhabitants of Kingston, has induced me to offer, through the medium of your paper, a few hints on a subject which, if personally mentioned, might draw on me the imputation of impertinence—I mean on the late summer's fashionable amusement of swinging: an exercise which, though allowably beneficial to the health when practised in a proper place; loses that merit when a delicate girl mounts a lofty and dangerous swing just after leaving a warm tea room, and at that hour of all others when the chilly dew is most prejudicial to even a strong constitution. I confess I have shuddered in broadcloth at the very moment when an apparently delicate female stood to all appearance insensible of cold at my side, her dress so freely answering the purpose of a covering. Independent of these reasons there are others which are sufficient to prevent a young lady, after a few minutes consideration, from mounting a swing in the presence of a gentleman. My last visit to Kingston was made early in last autumn, and I confess to the young ladies to whom I had the honor of being introduced just as they were preparing for a party to the swing, that I had at that moment no very favorable opinion of their characters, though I had heard them mentioned a few hours before by my friend Mr. R——, as women possessing every amiable quality; since then a maturer acquaintance with some of these ladies has convinced me of the correctness of my friend's judgment. My motive then can scarcely be mistaken in offering to their perusal a few lines, written after my return to my lodgings that evening, as the season for this amusement is again advancing; yet I do not flatter myself, Mr. Miles, that I shall have influence sufficient to prevent young ladies so inclined, from again displaying the elegance of their figures in a swing, yet it may not be amiss to inform them that my "prose run mad" speaks the sentiments of almost every gentleman in Kingston, as well as those of

FERDINAND FRIENDLY.

*Hail art contriv'd, our helles divine to raise;  
To height deserv'd, though never known before;  
Who, as admiring crowds beneath them gaze,  
Above our heads in graceful motion soar.*

*To growling souls who shrink from flights so high,  
And seek on kindred earth for mortal's praise,  
Say, do ye not sometimes in secret sigh,  
As high in air your fearless sisters raise?*

*As Lucia rises from the lower world,  
Observe her form, to what advantage seen;  
Her robe transparent by the breeze unshad'd,  
As high she flutters midst the foliage green.*

*Beware, adventurous maid, that felseome dress  
May like its wearer aim at station high;  
Ere the soft, dear nymph, my meaning guess,  
Nor seek, as yet uncall'd, you promis'd sky.*

*But hear once more a stranger's well meant song,*

*Nor frown indignant when these lines you see—  
That reptile man still wields a lawless tongue,  
Though by your frown his pen may silent be.*

For the KINGSTON GAZETTE.

RECKONER—No. 59.

The writer of the following letter tells me that he was encouraged to send it by reading my 47th paper, and to say the truth, I am not a little proud of his correspondence.

Sir—I was till very lately one of those persons, who, tho' not infidels, live without any particular regard for religion. I never despised or ridiculed piety in others, nor thought those hypocrites who attended regularly upon divine ordinances, but I seldom appeared at public worship myself, and experienced no fervency of devotion when I happened to be there. As a subject of reasoning however, religion frequently employed my thoughts, and I could argue about its doctrines and precepts with a considerable degree of fluency and correctness.—If I was not thought to be a devout man, I nevertheless passed for the friend of christianity, for I commonly spoke in its defence, because my reason

found more satisfaction in appearing on its side, yet my affections remained neutral. But no man can have any conception of the real power and excellence of christianity, till his feelings are mingled with the deductions of his understanding—it consists not of a few truths to which we may give a cool assent and then dismiss them from farther attention—we must feel an interest in them—they must be truths to us—truths which we are convinced concern us most nearly. In this indifferent state of mind, I met with two occurrences which induced me to reflect more seriously upon Religion, not as a spectator, but as a party, and this new view of the subject hath opened my eyes to my former negligence, and stirred up, I trust, a better spirit within me. Perhaps some of your readers will compare my change to the conversions so frequently related in the Millionary Magazine, and condemn me at once as a canting methodist, but let them be as merry as they please on the subject, I shall not be laugh'd out of my religion, and I hope that what I have to say will make an impression upon some who have been hitherto as careless as myself.—Last summer I happened to be travelling through Vermont with a Clergyman of very affable and agreeable manners. He was a perfect stranger whom I met by accident, but as we were both going to Montreal, we resolv'd to travel together. Finding the roads bad towards the lines, we hired a boat to St. Johns, but a storm coming on, we were oblig'd to put ashore at a small tavern, about noon, which happened to be full of raftsmen. The conversation of these men was the most profane that I ever heard—every sentence accompanied with the most tremendous oath—execration following execration, and blasphemies resounding from every corner of the house. My companion appear'd to take no notice of these things, which, cold as I felt towards religion in general, made me shudder, and I could not help being surpris'd at his seeming apathy. There was indeed no probability that any thing which he could have said to men of such abandoned characters, and so totally destitute of moral and religious feeling would have been of any use, and a direct address might have provok'd insult, but I tho't that he should have left the house and not allowed his ears to be polluted by their abominations. As we had been failing all the morning, we were very hungry, but here we could get nothing unless we chose to eat with the banditti who were just sitting down to dinner. To this my companion readily assented. Every person appear'd ready to seize upon whatever was next him, and I expected to see nothing but confusion, vulgarity and oaths. The Clergyman seated himself at the head of the table where there was a large dish of fish, and regardless of the tremendous imprecations utter'd on every side, pronounced with much solemnity, and in an audible voice, a short grace. The effect was instantaneous—it operat'd like magic—the raftsmen star'd at one another; not a word was spoken—they all appear'd confus'd, and turned their eyes with hesitation upon my Reverend friend. Taking advantage of their

silence, he began with much politeness to distribute the fish, and altho' each was going to help himself, now every one wait'd his turn—an attention to cleanliness was observ'd—some put the dirty knives which they were accusom'd to use back into their pockets, and procur'd clean ones from the hostess; some ran to put on their coats, others to put on their neckcloths, and the utmost decency prevail'd during the repast—not an oath was heard, and little was spoken, and that little chiefly in whispers. After our departure, I could not help noticing the great effect of the grace. All men, said my companion, acknowledge the excellence of religion, and at times they feel its force; these poor men are more to be pitied than blamed, for they are still more ignorant than wicked. Had I address'd them on the gross impropriety of their conduct, they might have insulted me, or heard me with negligence, but they were not prepar'd to hear the blessing pronounced on sitting down to dinner, and coming unexpected, it made the greater impression. I have been often astonish'd that this homage to the Supreme Being should be so frequently omitted, for surely we ought to feel grateful to our benefactor at the moment that we are partaking of his benefits. Even the Heathen nations were careful to pronounce some pious ejaculation to their Deities at every meal, and to offer sacrifices, and to pour out libations; how much more diligent ought we to be to discharge a duty so becoming rational beings. Thanks and adoration are surely due to the Being who made us, and who is every moment making us partakers of his infinite goodness. If the man is abhorred who is not grateful to human benefactors, how much more guilty is he who neglects to be grateful to that Being to whom he owes every thing which he now possesses, or hopes hereafter to enjoy. I confess, Mr. Reckoner, that I was never so much affected with religion before, and I vow'd in my heart, never to eat a meal without testifying my gratitude to God.—My business to Montreal was to visit an old school-fellow. The evening after my arrival, my friend's oldest son, a little boy four years of age came into the room, saying Papa wont you come and hear us say our prayers?—This is a most agreeable part of my duty said he which I commonly perform when at home—it will only detain me a few minutes, and in the meantime you will find amusement in some of these books. I begged to accompany him to the nursery, to which he willingly agreed. Here I received a lesson for which I shall be better as long as I live. Three children in succession repeated the Lord's prayer, and one or two pious sentences besides, with so much solemnity and correctness that I was quite delighted, and felt my heart exceedingly interest'd—even a little child in the cradle just beginning to articulate, made an attempt to repeat after the rest had finish'd, and actually pronounced indistinctly a couple of sentences. Some persons of obtuse feelings may accuse me of weakness, but I was never so sensibly struck with the excellence and necessity of prayer before. Here I saw the first fruits offer'd up, and I could

not help thinking that if all those excellent affections which are call'd forth by sincere prayer grow in the hearts of those children, as they grow in age and stature, they will become a great blessing to their parents and insure their own felicity. And why should we doubt that such will actually be the case? Our Saviour was particularly attentive to little children—he took them up in his arms and blessed them—he declares that we must have acquired the docility of a little child before we can receive the truths of the Gospel. We are command'd to remember our Creator in the days of our youth, and when we are old we shall not depart from him. My friend takes care that this heavenly exercise shall not be a task or burden to his children—they feel a pleasure in performing it, and it appears an indispensable duty which they soon feel that they ought not to omit. These two occurrences, Mr. Reckoner, have turn'd my attention to religion, and I now feel my affections and my understanding mingling together. I am neither weak nor credulous, a seamer of dreams or given to superstition or enthusiasm, but I am not cool and indifferent as heretofore—I crave a blessing when I sit down to meat—I am careful to follow the example of Jesus in pouring forth my heart in prayer—An exercise which afford'd him such consolation must be of infinite advantage to us; it enlightens, enlarges, elevates and ravishes the soul; brings us into the immediate presence of our Creator; presents his ineffable perfections before us, and gives full scope to every pious and grateful affection. I might enlarge further on this important subject, were not my letter already too long, but I hope you will bestow one or two papers upon it, and shew its great advantage in public as well as in private, in the midst of our families, and secretly in our closets.

Yours, RENOVATUS.

FOR THE KINGSTON GAZETTE.

TO THE MOST AMIABLE.

*TO thy praise the shades of the Avon's banks  
With pompous adulation's empty sound,  
Each bard will oftimes lend his sportive tongue,  
Nor heeding sacred truth's revered bounds,  
Not so to thee, Elvira, ever dear,  
Endear'd to all by thy sweet artless grace,  
Would I an accent other than sincere  
In those incoadite lines afford a place.  
But though more polish'd lays thy praise de-  
mands,  
Than those which humble reverence dictates  
me,  
Yet still each verse some partial care com-  
mands,  
Since ev'ry sentiment's inspir'd by thee.  
For sure no theme could ever bard inspire,  
Whose charms more perfect excellence can  
boast  
Than thine, whom all with rapture do ad-  
mire,  
And all in utterance of their praise are lost.  
Truth, goodness, honor, harmony and love,  
Heaven's richest gifts, bountiful and kind,  
In native purity thy thoughts improve,  
And joy each one that knows thy worth of  
mind.  
Thy lovely form with modest neatness dress'd,  
Thy humid eye that beams with love around;  
With admiration fills each yielding breast,  
And charms the senses while it deals a wound.  
O may kind Heaven on those virtues smile,  
And grant to you throughout connubial life,  
A husband void of infamy and guile,  
And worthy thee a sweet obedient wife.  
So shall thy days, with social pleasures blest,  
Unnotic'd pass, and unperceiv'd convey  
Thy kindred soul where sister angels rest,  
And glad the Heav'n's with thy eternal stay.*

LYSANDER.

*Who equally with — despises flattery.*

Printed and Published  
By STEPHEN MILES,  
A few doors East of WALKER'S Hotel.