

POWER OF SYMPATHY:

OF THE
TRIUMPH OF NATURE

FOUNDED IN TRUTH

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

[William Hill Brown]

FAIN would he strew 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.



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1797

TO THE
YOUNG LADIES,
OF
United Columbia,
These VOLUMES,
Intended to represent the specious CAUSES,
AND TO
Expose the fatal CONSEQUENCES,
OF
S E D U C T I O N ;
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,
The Author.

BOSTON, Jan. 1783.

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 inflated fancy, not restricted

* THIS young lady was of a reputable family in Connecticut. 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 roses of youth decayed, she was the more easily persuaded to relinquish that *stability* which is the honour and happiness of the sex. The consequences of her amour becoming visible, she acquainted her lover of her situation, and a husband was proposed for her, who was to receive a considerable sum for preserving the reputation of the lady; but, having received security for the payment, he immediately withdrew. She then left her friends, and travelled in the stage as far as *Waterstown*, where she hired a young man to conduct her in a chaise to *Salem*. Here she wandered alone and friendless, and at length repaired to the *Bell-Tavern*, in *Danvers*, where she was delivered of a lifeless child, and in about a fortnight after (in *July*, 1788) died of a puerperal fever, aged about 35 years.

Before her death she amused herself with reading, writing and needlework, and though in a state of anxiety, preserved a cheerfulness, not so much the effect of insensibility,

stricted by judgment, leads too often to *disappointment* 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 poetical 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 sensible of her approaching fate, 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 fear, my last ability. Tears fall so, I know not how to write. Why did you leave me in so much distress ? But I will not reproach you : All that was dear I left 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 find me ; if I die, will you come and drop a tear over my grave ?”

In the following Poem, she, like the dying *Swan*, sings her own Elegy, and it is here added, as a sorrowful instance, how often the best, and most pleasing talents, not
 accompanied

flection, instead of adding to her happiness, were the cause of her ruin."

" I CONCLUDE

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

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

" *DISAPPOINTMENT.*

" WITH fond impatience all the tedious day
I sigh'd, and wish'd the lingering hours away ;
For when bright *Hesper* led the starry train,
My shepherd swore to meet me on the plain ;
With eager haste to that dear spot I flew,
And linger'd long, and then with tears withdrew ;
Alone, abandon'd to love's tenderest woes,
Down my pale cheeks the tide 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 soul must prove,
Ere thou canst hope to lose thy care in love ;
And when *FIDELIO* meets thy tearful eye,
Pale fear and cold despair his presence fly ;
With pensive steps, I sought thy walks again,
And kiss'd thy token on the verdant plain ;
With fond st hope, thro' many a blissful bow'r,
We gave the soul to fancy's pleasing pow'r ;
Lost in the magick of that sweet employ,
'To build gay scenes, and fashion future joy,
We saw mild peace o'er fair *Canian* rise,
And show'r her blessings from benignant skies ;
On airy hills our happy mansion rose,
Built but for joy, no room for future woes ;
Sweet as the sleep 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 love, to bliss, the union'd soul was given,
And each ! too happy, ask'd no brighter heaven.

“And must the hours in ceaseless anguish roll ?
Will no soft sunshine cheer my clouded soul ?
Can this dear earth no transient joy supply ?
Is it my doom to hope, despair and die ?
Oh ! come, once more, with soft endearments come,
Burst the cold prison of the sullen tomb ;
Through favour'd walks, thy chosen maid attend,
Where well known shades their pleasing branches bend,
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 redress ;
If in thy soft smiles can ceaseless prove
Thy truth, thy tenderness and love.
Once thou couldst every bliss inspire,
Transporting JOY, and gay DESIRE :
Now cold DESPAIR her banner rears,
And PLEASURE flies when she appears ;
Fond HOPE within my bosom dies,
And AGONY her place supplies :
O, thou ! for whose dear sake I bear,
A doom so dreadful, so severe,
May happy fates thy footsteps guide,
And o'er thy peaceful home preside ;
Nor let ELIZA'S early tomb
Infect thee, with its baleful gloom.”