

# Wilmington Centinel,

## AND GENERAL ADVERTISER.

W E D N E S D A Y, JULY 9, 1788.

### M I S C E L L A N Y.

#### Prospect of Human Life.

AROUND us we every where behold a busy multitude. Restless and uneasy in their present situation, they are perpetually employed in accomplishing a change of it; and, as soon as their wish is fulfilled, we discern by their behaviour, that they are as little satisfied as they were before. Where they expected to have found a paradise, they find a desert. The man of business pines for leisure. The leisure for which he longed, proves an irksome gloom; and through want of employment, he languishes, sickens, and dies. The man of retirement finds no state to be so happy as that of active life; but he has not engaged long in the tumults and contests of the world, until he finds cause to look back with regret on the calm hours of his former privacy and retreat.

Beauty, wit, eloquence, and fame, are eagerly desired by persons in every rank of life. They are the parent's fond wish for his child; the ambition of the young, and the admiration of the old;—and yet in what numberless instances have they proved, to those who possess them, no other than shining snares: seductions to vice, intigations to folly, and in the end, sources of misery? Comfortably might their days be passed, had they been less conspicuous. But the distinctions which brought them forth to notice, conferred splendor and withdrew happiness.

Long life is, of all others, the most general, and seemingly the most innocent object of desire.—With respect to this too, we so frequently err, that it would have been a blessing to many to have had their wish denied. There was a period when they might have quitted the stage with honour and in peace. But, by living too long they outlived their reputation; outlived their families, their friends and their comfort; and reaped nothing from a continuation of days, except to feel the pressure of age, to taste the drags of life, and to behold the wider compass of

our years, are often as vain as our wishes. As what flattered us in expectation, frequently wounds us in possession, so the event to which we look forward with anxious and fearful eye, has often, when it arrived, laid its terrors aside; nay, has brought in its train unexpected blessings. But good and evil are beheld at a distance, through a perspective which deceives. The colours of objects, when nigh, are entirely different from what they appeared, when they were viewed in futurity.

We are not sufficiently acquainted with ourselves, to foresee our future feelings. We judge by the sensations of the present moment; and, in the fervour of desire, pronounce confidently concerning the desired object. But we reflect not, that our minds, like our bodies, undergo great alterations from the situations into which they are thrown, and the various scenes of life through which they pass. Hence, when we view a condition which is yet untried, we conclude with a certain

In this imagination, we carry our wishes and sentiments into the state of life to which we have not yet entered on it, than in reality. New wants and desires are suggested, which require to be gratified, and which we are not prepared to return, and the disappointment is as great as it was the expectation.

The earth is full of shadows, and therefore to a being who is mortal, we shall pass into a state of realities, where human desire is never fully satisfied. Where bliss shall be found, and where only where no fallacious expectations shall any longer appearances betray us, and where truth shall be inseparably united with pleasure, the perfect knowledge of good, with its full and perpetual employment.

#### A SCRAP for the

EXPERIENCE has often shown, that green love, like green fruit, produces acids instead of sweets. The mind, as well as the body, should attain maturity before a union should be attempted, to which, if the mind does not assent, the probable consequence is a series of unhappiness to each of the contracting parties.

But on the other hand, delay is equally dangerous; and when young ladies attain an age when it may be supposed they are equal to the duties inseparable to a wife and a mother, parents should not protract, but facilitate their marriage.

A man of reflection must feel severely for the number of old maids (in which may be included every unmarried woman above twenty-five) which are to be found in every part of America—the proportion is not less than five virgins to one matron.

The cause of this extraordinary celibacy, must be owing, in a great measure, to coquetry.

I appeal to the bosoms of my fair countrywomen, the maidens of America, if they are not maidens against their inclination.

They answer, O no, Sir, we all could have married had we chosen it.

I reply, the truth is, you have refused against your wishes—

Vanity has superceded passion—if not, from whence proceeds that fire in the eye, that blush on the cheek, that heave of the bo-

dom? They are all the offspring of passion; and could we but see your hearts, they are surrounded by tender wishes, that sport along and circulate through every vein and artery.

Is it your fears prevail? No—for your mothers married before you, and brought you into the world, and tell you, that so far from there being danger in matrimony or its consequences, "it is a consummation devoutly to be wished."

I say, ladies, when the fault is on your side, the cause is vanity—you look for general admiration, and prefer the empty compliments of a number to the sincere professions of an individual, until he being teized out of all patience, flies from your persecution, and leaves you to repent, or perhaps to despair.

It will be sufficient, without enlarging on this subject, to refer my fair readers to the Fate of CORINNA, which is described in the following lines:

CORINNA, aged forty-five,  
Did not of marriage yet despair,  
Tho' she her charms had kept alive,  
Ten years at least, by art and care.  
Full oft she many a generous youth  
Had trick'd, and treated with disdain,  
But now she wif'd in earnest truth,  
To add a link to Hymen's chain.  
To Strephon then, who day and night,  
Did heretofore sincerely woo,  
She condescended thus to write,  
"You've conquer'd fir, I yield to you."  
Strephon, whose mind sweet peace possess'd,  
Who long had ceas'd to love and sigh,  
Gave quick for answer, thus distress'd,  
"Read it, Corinna, and apply."  
"The rising sun I've oft admir'd,  
"Till pleasure has to rapture grown,  
"His noon-tide beams my breast has fir'd,  
"With glowing bliss to words unknown."  
"But Sol, at eve, so bright declines,  
"When all men see his course is run,  
"With ruddy face still, still he shines,  
"But ah! his heat and beams are gone!"  
She read—she paus'd—reflexion's glaze,  
Quick as the forked lightning's dart,  
Shew'd her with painted, baggard face,  
O sad conviction to her heart!  
No more at balls or dance she's seen,  
No more each borrow'd art she tries,  
A victim now to care and spleen,  
All day she bides—all night she sighs.  
Then let not slip, ye fickle fair,  
Youth's prime and beauty's blissful date,  
To generous lovers be sincere,  
Lest you should meet Corinna's fate.

From a late VIRGINIA PAPER.

#### The NEW LITANY.

FROM all evil and mischievous members of the State Legislature, from the sin of ingratitude, from the powers of *ex post facto* laws, and from everlasting condemnation,

From such laws as do discriminate in favor of sheriffs and others who are in arrears for taxes; from all pompous and inaccurate statements of the public debt, and from such statements as may tend to soothe and flatter the people into a willingness to remain in their present state, rather than to adopt the new government,

From intestine war; from the assemblies of such clubs as are gathered to oppose the new Constitution; and from the rage of those who burn with cholera, as knowing their consequence will be lessened by the adoption thereof,

That it may please thee to keep and strengthen in the true knowledge of thy ways, thy servants WASHINGTON, RANDOLPH and MADISON, and all that are put in authority under them, and to enable them to be instrumental in promoting such wise government as may best tend to the peace and happiness of all thy people.

That it may please thee to incline the hearts of thy people to adopt the new Federal Constitution; to endow the president thereof, vice-president, senators, and house of representatives, with grace, wisdom, and understanding, to make and execute such laws as will best tend to secure to thy people, the blessings of liberty, peace and concord in these states, and that they may so far retrieve their lost credit, that they may no longer be a reproach and hissing among the nations of the earth.

That it may please thee to shield us from the rage of malicious and disappointed men, and to strengthen us in the principles of the Federal Constitution, so as to enable us to triumph over all the enemies thereof, that so hereafter we may attain to a government which will have such energy and stability as will be adequate to the exigencies of the union.

That it may please thee to save from anarchy all thy people.

A M E N.

A well authenticated account of the dying words and actions of ISABELLA LIMUEL, Maid of Honor to CATHERINE DE MEDICIS.

THIS young and beautiful lady's charms had, by the address of the Queen, been prostituted to the Prince of Conde, by whom she had a child, and actually was brought to bed at Court. Her exquisite beauty, however, obtained her a husband of both rank and fortune. She was a woman of ready wit, and often exercised her pen in writing a lampoon; nor could the hour or minute of her death deprive her of that GAIETE DE COEUR which added so much to her beauty in health. During her illness she was continually exercising her satirical wit; and when she found her dissolution was near, she called to her valet: "Julian (said she) take your violin and play till you see me dead, (for I am going) the defeat of the Swifs, in the best manner you can, and when you come to the words "all's lost" play it over four or five times, in the most doleful tones you can;" which he did, and she assisted with her voice, and when they came to "all's lost," she repeated the words twice, then turning herself to the other side of the bed, she said to her companions, "all's lost this instant in good earnest," and so expired.

A FEW QUARTER CASKS OF Madeira Wine,

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May 21. 12—

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June 18, 1788. 16—18