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Massachusetts Magazine
FOR SEPTEMBER, 1793.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.
DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATE.

THE present plate exhibits a delightful view of Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania, the principal residence of the Moravian Society. The figures from number 1 to 17 inclusive, point to the following places. Number 1, Lehigh Mountain. No. 2, Lehigh river. No. 3, Brewery. No. 4, the Widow's house. No. 5, House for young Women. No. 6, Boarding School for Misses. No. 7, Congregation Hall. No. 8, School House for Boys. No. 9, Young Men's House. No. 10, Store House. No. 11, Farm Houses. No. 12, Tavern. No. 13, Grist Mill. No. 14 and 15, Tan Yards and Houses. No. 16, Oil Mill. No. 17, Water Works.

Those who are desirous of perusing a beautiful description of Bethlehem and its environs; with a particular account of the religious customs and social polity of the brethren, are referred to the Massachusetts Magazine, vol. 2, 1791, page 366, under the signature of *Constantia*.

THOUGHTS ON SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

NOBODY but a blockhead proves tedious to a company. A man of the world presently comprehends, whether he ought to stay or go; and knows to a moment the time it is fit for him to leave those who wish him at a distance.

If we were seriously to consider how uninteresting, frivolous, and puerile we generally are in ordinary conversation, we would be ashamed both to speak or to listen, and perhaps condemn ourselves to a perpetual silence.

The spirit of polite conversation does not so much consist in shewing we have some wit, as in behaving in such a manner that others may think they have some themselves. He that goes out of your company well pleased with himself, and with his own parts, is perfectly pleased with you. Men do not love so much to admire others; but they are disposed to draw approbation themselves, and chuse not so much to be instructed as to be applauded. The most delicate pleasure is that of contriving to please others.

It is both irreligious and shocking to suppose all we say in common conversation, be it ever so uninteresting, by much swearing and repeated oaths. An honest man, who says yes or no, deserves to be believed. His character favours for him, gives credit to what he says, and makes every body trust him.

He who is unceasingly affirming, that he is a man of honour and integrity, and wishing that he may suffer all the evil he would do to others, and



A View of BETHLEHEM, in Pennsylvania.

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No. 9, Young Men's House
No. 12, Tavern. No. 13,
Houses. No. 15, Old Mill.

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vol. 2, 1791, page 161, un

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN SCENERY.

THE Susquehanna river enters the state of Pennsylvania about twelve miles from the Delaware, and after winding among lofty hills, turns at the GREAT BEND, to the north, and three miles further passes again through the state line at the twentieth mile stone. On the south west side of the Great Bend, stands a handsome little village. At this place the turnpike road to Newburg, in the state of Newyork, crosses the river, and is carried up the valley formed by the Salt-Lick creek, a part of which is seen in the annexed sketch. The county to which the Susquehanna has given a name, was formerly a part of Luzerne.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO—AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

HE who is at all acquainted with my inquisitive humour and my studious habits, will promptly credit me, when I assert that I am not absolutely a stranger to the comedies of Terence, and the fragments of Menander, and that the sublimity of Grecian tragedy is perfectly familiar to my memory and my heart. But all the plays of Plautus, merry as they unquestionably are, and all the scenes, however solemn, of Eschylus and Euripides, are less than nothing, and altogether vanity, in comparison with the sterling gold of Shakspeare. But the bard of Avon, like every other erring mortal, has his egregious faults, and in the middle of his brightest rainbows we sometimes painfully discern the offensive vapour and the murky cloud. For the most part, no writer is more unequal; but, sometimes, like his own sublime eagle, in his pride of place, the Muse of the poet wings the boldest flight of elevated dignity. She scorns the base earth, and rises on sustained pinion to the brilliant zenith of sunny glory.

The peerless tragedy of Othello justifies these preliminary remarks. There is scarcely a character of minor importance in the whole play. We are introduced to the company of gallant