

*Vida*

WHAT a consolation for an aged parent to see his child, by the efforts of his own merits, attain from the humblest obscurity to distinguished eminence! What a transport for the man of sensibility to return to the obscure dwelling of his parent, and to embrace him, adorned with public honours! Poor *Vida* was deprived of this satisfaction; but he is placed higher in our esteem by the present anecdote than even by that classic composition, which rivals the Art of Poetry of his great master.

*Jerome Vida*, after having long served two Popes, at length attained to the episcopacy. Arrayed in the robes of his new dignity, he prepared to visit his aged parents, and felicitated himself with the raptures which the old couple would feel in embracing their son as their bishop. When he arrived at their village, he learnt that it was but a few days since they were no more! His sensibilities were exquisitely pained. The muse, elegantly querulous, dictated some elegiac verse; and in the sweetest pathos deplored the death and the disappointment of his parents.