Geo: Walker
Edinburgh
March 5th
1805.

BEAUTIES

OF

EMINENT WRITERS;

SELECTED AND ARRANGED

FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF YOUTH

IN THE PROPER

READING AND RECITING

OF THE

ENGLISH LANGUAGE:

CALCULATED ALSO

To inſtil into the Mind the Principles of Wiſdom and Virtue, and to give it an early Taſte for the Acquiſition of Uſeful Knowledge. To which is added, a conciſe SYSTEM of ENGLISH GRAMMAR, with EXERCISES in ORTHOGRAPHY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

SOLD SEPARATELY OR TOGETHER.

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS AND PRIVATE CLASSES.

SIXTH EDITION.

BY

WILLIAM SCOTT,

TEACHER OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND GEOGRAPHY IN EDINBURGH.

VOLUME FIRST.

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INTRODUCTION:

INTRODUCTION:

CONTAINING

A FEW GENERAL RULES TO BE OBSERVED IN READING AND SPEAKING,

WITH CONCISE EXERCISES IN EACH.

RULE I.

PRONOUNCE the words audibly and distinctly; giving the letters in each word their proper sounds, and placing the accent on the proper syllable and letter *.

EXERCISES.

I. AN EXEMPLIFICATION OF THE SOUNDS OF THE VOWELS.

Key to the Sounds.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Lad	lade	met	mete	fin	fine	hop	hope	cub	cube

11	12	13	14	15	16	17
far	call	full	join	rout	million	quart †.

No. 1. Bad am stab map hat tax sack hand thank cash match banner amaranth comparative umbrella.

No. 2. Made blame shape state brave take pale came place labour combination haste change bathe paid frail claim day way stray vein reign eight they whey prey.

* The exercises annexed to this rule will tend to give foreigners and provincials, (particularly North Britons) the proper sounding of the vowels, which is the principal difficulty in English pronunciation. They may also be read with advantage by youth in general.

† In these words the various sounds of the vowels are heard. Being perfectly acquired by the pupil, the sounds are to be applied, in the succeeding classes of words, as the numbers direct.

No. 3. Set beg step well mend fetch hence pledge sense guest twelve better emblem element ebon delicate ingenuous sedentary bread stead meant breast.

No. 4. Theme eve here he she we ingenious cathedral feet need steel mean dream fear chief field grieve.

No. 5. Sin bid will gift print which nymph lynx prince rinse bridge singe sinner cinnamon visibility mystery.

No. 6. Mine ride smile pipe like gybe sight sign mild mind pilot fire size eye try thy shy violent variety society hyacinth supply defy specify specifies specified.

No. 7. Crop fond cloth song thong lock morn gorge solve form horse sorry costly constant competence.

No. 8. Mope globe home cone smote vocal memorial go so lo quarto virtuoso bold sold jolt colt roam throat coal doe sloe foe blow grown suppose overthrow.

No. 9. Drub mug nut dull drunk blush such trust blunt church dunce judge purse plunge curve furze supper substance her verb search earnest stir first worth worm favour glorious unjust unequal surgeon.

No. 10. Tube mule fume tune cure lute infuse conduce evolution confusion feud deuce few new pew review hue due blue unanimous universal enthusiasm.

No. 11. Star hard marl charm scarf sharp dark part calf half calve halve balm calm path bath can't shan't large carve parse farce partial barbarous demand.

No. 12. Hall scald chalk halt watch wash thwart war warn swarm swan wand fraud cause taught vaunt sauce law saw fawn lawn scrawl inthral almighty.

No. 13. Pull bull bully pulley hopeful mindful fool school room moon good hood stood wood wool.

No. 14. Loin join void oil boil coil spoil joint anoint noise choice rejoice boy cloy employ enjoy destroy.

No. 15. Stout noun loud foul ounce rouse mouth round lound vouch vow allow clown town down crowd.

No.

No. 16. Billion filial brilliant convenient dominion pinion rebellious harmonious cordial guardian meridian immediate obedient question celestial subterraneous mediterranean righteous bounteous hideous.

No. 17. Quell quit quack equity pasquinade linguist languish extinguish languid assuage persuade.

II. ANOTHER EXEMPLIFICATION OF THE SOUNDS OF THE VOWELS, CONSISTING OF WORDS, IN THE PRONOUNCING OF WHICH THE NATIVES OF NORTH BRITAIN ARE PARTICULARLY LIABLE TO ERR.

No. 1. An man have wax swam matter manner valiant vanity value statue patent talent family palace majesty famine gradual cabal canal cavern tavern establish natural alum saddle passion action imagine companion Spanish Adam Athens Samuel Daniel Africa America.

No. 2. Prate parent matron fatal acorn ancient amen baby cradle wary cambric Cambridge David Saturn ere e'er ne'er bear wear swear pear forbear neighbour.

No. 3. Bless jest slept wept edge preface method second pebble pedant echo ever never every several sincerity necessary evident elegant epitaph deaf realm head thread instead dead death cleanse cleanly endeavour weapon jealous zealous measure pleasure treasure peasant pleasant pheasant cheerful friend level barrel sudden.

No. 4. Glebe scheme sphere scene serious previous tedious female fever hero period precept secret superiour inferiour reprieve retrieve either neither theatre.

No. 5. Dinner image privy privily privity tribute tribune sublimity conspiracy conspirator visible ability religion official proficience suspicion ambitious division provision tyranny tyrannise tyrannous envy April.

No. 6. Library trifle idea idolatry itinerant licentious criterion vibration gigantic horizon stipend twilight finite decisive exercise paradise disciple appetite genii radii height satiety sky tyrant tyrannical type multiply edify magnify hyphen Michael Anchises Elijah Elisha.

No. 7. Long throng strong gone lord god lodge born proverb providence prophet novice common modest moral progress profit jocund solemn closet olive foreign forty body topic logic extol homage Ovid Horace Trojan broad ought thought fought knowledge.

No. 8. Whole forth force gross sloth more most only dome poet poem holy holiness glory towards Job echo motto octavo door floor toast coast coat road cloak mourn mould moulder shoulder poultry bowl.

No. 9. Sup sum plum upon supple sublime suburb unable undone under were stern nerve observe verse person servant learn heard search early Sir third bird dost doth does word world work wonder among comrade compass comfort constable nothing govern none above courteous southern southerly utmost valour grievous heinous stupendous mountainous.

No. 10. Plume unanimity accusative constitution resolution usual mutual actual habitual perpetual juice.

No. 11. Card guard are arm army parson harbour charge large regard farther farthing father Charles master ah ha command gape jaunt flaunt papa mamma.

No. 12. What want all already reward alderman because author authority audience austere audacious audacity.

No. 13. Grateful merciful bountiful bullion bullock bulwark bullet pullet pulpit bush push put puss bushel butcher ruthless cushion huzza ambush pudding true truth rule rude fruit who whom whose lose loose move prove pour tour wound through accoutre.

No. 14. Voice moist joist anoint avoid recoil cloy annoy.

No. 15. Thou bough couch our out about without devout drought down town how now enow endow.

No. 16. Peculiar familiar auxiliar menial congenial genius extraneous grandeur beauteous piteous cameleon.

No. 17. Language languor anguish distinguish banquet conquest marquis equipage message.

III.

III. WORDS IN WHICH NORTH-BRITONS ARE APT TO ERR IN SOUNDING SOME OF THE CONSONANTS.

C like sharp S.—Twice thrice entice rejoice attendance occurrence December Nancy Scythia Scipio.

G sounded.—Mingle single wrangle anger finger hunger younger youngest longer longest stronger strongest.

P sharp.—Cupid captain captive baptism September.

S sharp.—Crisis us base cease lease transact transit transition dissemble amusive persuasive curiosity generosity philosopher precise concise dose verbose jocose morose profuse recluse abstruse obtuse design persist emphasis Mars Asia Persia Dionysius.

S flat.—As houses noise casement crimson damsel palsy disable disarm disaster dismay dismiss disgrace.

T sounded.—Act fact suspect construct tempt exempt contempt precept.

X sharp.—Excite excel luxury.

Ch like k.—Chasm monarchy anarchy architect Bacchus.

Th flat.—Thence though thither beneath underneath laths paths oaths mouths with within without.

IV. WORDS IN WHICH THEY USUALLY MISPLACE THE ACCENT.

SUBSTANTIVES.—Ex'cellency rema'inder success' prov'erb prec'edent prin'cess gazett'e lev'ee commit'tee ref'ence pref'erence excess' sub'altern interrog'atory div'idend ad'miralty com'monalty cas'ualty sov'ereignty adver'tisement mat'tress in'dustry dispu'te pursu'it inqui'ry access' event' nov'el res'pite mis'chief al'abaster ally' hori'zon nom'inative suppo'rt an'ecdote arith'metic asy'lum bar'rier ap'erture ut'ensil mank'ind men'ace dif'ficulty con'test incre'ase disci'ple ef'fort artif'icer ped'estal mas'sacre balcony architecture agriculture repub'lic adept' es'cort lu'-

 natic

natic complaisan'ce esquir'e pa'tron levi'athan capri'ce Caper'naum July' Deb'orah Al'exander.

ADJECTIVES.—Big'oted blas'phemous corrupt' in'terested in'teresting com'parable cor'rigible irrep'arable irrev'ocable el'ligible intel'ligible es'timable inev'itable com'fortable lam'entable compar'ative unprec'edented rep'utable defec'tive respec'tive derog'ative derog'atory ad'mirable a'lienable elect' select' sin'ister ad'verse pref'erable inex'orable pol'itic splen'etic perver'se dif'ficult mis'chievous complaisant' consum'mate ag'ile doc'ile sono'rous sol'emn ad'equate lu'dicrous en'terprising Ar'abic.

VERBS.—To sen'tence, to si'lence, to in'fluence, to rev'erence, to expe'rience, to cou'ntenance, to rec'ompense, to rec'oncile, to res'pite, to can'vass, to com'pass, to tres'pass, to har'ass, to embar'rass, to car'ol, to trav'erse, to a'lienate, to crit'icise, to hu'manize, to civ'ilize, to ag'grandize, to sac'rifice, to prac'tise, to adverti'se, to consum'mate, to metamor'phose, to in'terest, to sol'ace, to per'jure, to in'jure, to ran'sack, to gov'ern, to com'fort, to contrib'ute, to distrib'ute, to con'strue, to bi'as, to en'vy, to man'ifest, to li'cense, to can'cel.

RULE II.

KEEP the voice within its natural compass; pause at the proper places; and proportion the pauses justly.

EXERCISES.

1. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. *Addison.*

2. We are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them. *Addison.*

3. Nothing in this life, after health and virtue, is more estimable than knowledge. *Sterne.*

4. The

4. The first ingredient in conversation is truth; the next, good sense; the third, good humour; the last, wit. *Art of Thinking.*

5. So much injustice and self-interest enter into the composition of the passions, that it is very dangerous to obey their dictates; and we ought to be on our guard against them, even when they appear the most reasonable. *Rochefoucault.*

6. Few things are impracticable in themselves; and it is for want of application, rather than of means, that men fail of success. *Rochefoucault.*

7. My young readers must excuse me for calling upon them to acquire, while their minds may be impressed with new images, a love of innocent pleasures, and an ardour for useful knowledge; to remember, that a blighted spring makes a barren year; and that the vernal flowers, however beautiful and gay, are only intended as preparatives for autumnal fruits. *Johnson.*

8. He that would pass the latter part of life with honour and decency, must, when he is young, consider that he shall one day be old; and remember, when he is old, that he has once been young; in youth, he must lay up knowledge for his support, when his powers of acting shall forsake him; and, in age, forbear to animadvert with rigour on faults which experience only can correct. *Johnson.*

9. Modesty is not only an ornament, but also a guard to virtue. It is a kind of quick and delicate feeling in the soul, which makes her shrink and withdraw herself from every thing that has danger in it. It is such an exquisite sensibility as warns her to shun the first appearance of every thing which is hurtful. *Addison.*

10. In most things, the manner is as important as the matter. If you speak the sense of an angel, in bad words, and with a disagreeable utterance, nobody will hear you twice who can help it. If you write epistles as well as Cicero,

Cicero, but in a very bad hand, and very ill spelled, whoever receives, will laugh at them; and if you had the figure of an Adonis, with an awkward air and ungraceful motions, it will disgust instead of pleasing.

Chesterfield.

11. Men are much oftener led by their hearts than by their understandings. The way to the heart is through the senses; please their eyes and their ears, and the work is half done. I have frequently known a man's fortune decided for ever by his first address. If it be pleasing, people are hurried involuntarily into a persuasion that he has a merit which possibly he has not; as, on the other hand, if it be ungraceful, they are immediately prejudiced against him, and unwilling to allow him the merit which it may be he has. Nor is this sentiment so unjust and unreasonable as at first it may seem; for, if a man have parts, he must know of how much consequence it is for him to have a graceful manner of speaking, and a genteel and pleasing address; he will cultivate and improve them to the utmost. *Chesterfield.*

12. Nothing, says Longinus, can be great, the contempt of which is great. The possession of wealth and riches cannot give a man a title to greatness of mind; because it is looked upon as a greatness of mind to contemn these gifts of fortune, and to be above the desire of them. *Spectator.*

13. Complaisance is an honest condescension, by which we bend our wills to render them conformable to those of others. I say an *honest* condescension; for basely to give way to the will of another in criminal instances, is to be an accomplice in his vices, rather than complaisant.

Manners.

14. The best resolution we can take, is to suffer with patience what we cannot alter; and to pursue, without repining, the road which Providence, who directs every thing, has marked out to us; for it is not enough to follow; and he is but a bad soldier who sighs and marches on with reluctancy. We must receive the orders with spirit

spirit and cheerfulness, and not endeavour to slink out of the post which is assigned us in this beautiful disposition of things, whereof even our sufferings make a necessary part. *Bolingbroke.*

15. As our parts open and display by gentle degrees, we rise from the gratifications of sense, to relish those of the mind. In the scale of pleasure, the lowest are sensual delights; which are succeeded by the more enlarged and gay portraitures of a lively imagination; and these give way to the sublimer pleasures of reason, which discover the causes and designs, the frame, connection, and symmetry of things, and fill the mind with the contemplation of intellectual beauty, order, and truth. *Guardian.*

RULE III.

DISTINGUISH the most important words by due degrees of emphasis or force.

EXERCISES.

1. Apply yourself more to acquire knowledge than to show it. *Art of Thinking.*

2. To be angry is to punish myself for the fault of another. *Swift.*

3. Reading makes a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man. *Bacon.*

4. Indigence and obscurity are the parents of industry and œconomy; these, of riches and honour; these, of pride and luxury; these, of sensuality and idleness; and these, of indigence and obscurity. Such are the revolutions of life. *Goldsmith.*

5. Alexander demanded of a pirate whom he had taken, by what right he infested the seas. By the same right (replied he boldly) that you enslave the world: but I am called a robber, because I have only one small vessel; and you are stiled a conqueror, because you command great fleets and armies. *Cicero.*

6. If

6. If you wish to please in conversation, never speak to gratify any particular vanity or passion of your own; but always with a design to divert or inform the company. *Guardian.*

7. We should talk extremely little of ourselves. Indeed, what can we say? It would be as imprudent to discover our faults, as ridiculous to count over our fancied virtues. *Guardian.*

8. A man may equally affront the company he is in, by engrossing all the talk, or observing a contemptuous silence. *Guardian.*

9. Nothing is more insupportable to men of sense than an empty formal man, who speaks in proverbs, and decides all controversies with a short sentence. This piece of stupidity is the more insufferable, as it puts on the air of wisdom. *Guardian.*

10. Raillery is no longer agreeable, than while the whole company is pleased with it. I would least of all be understood to except the person rallied. *Guardian.*

11. Self-denial is the most exalted pleasure; and the conquest of evil habits is the most glorious triumph. *Rule of Life.*

12. A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong; which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday. *Swift.*

13. Personal deformities are not objects of ridicule. The Dutchess of Burgundy, when she was very young, seeing an officer at supper who was extremely ugly, was very loud in the ridicule of his person, "Madam," said Louis XIV. to her, "I think him one of the handsomest men in my dominions; for he is one of the bravest." *Voltaire.*

14. The next thing to the choice of your friends, is the choice of your company. Endeavour, as much as you can, to keep company with people above you. There you rise as much as you sink with people below you; for you

you are whatever the company you keep are. Do not mistake when I say company above you, and think that I mean with regard to their birth; that is the least consideration: what I mean is with regard to their merit, and the light in which the world considers them.

Chesterfield.

15. To be angry about trifles is mean and childish; to rage and be furious is brutish; and to maintain perpetual wrath is a-kin to the practice and temper of devils: but to prevent and suppress rising resentment, is wise and glorious, is manly and divine. *Watts.*

16. We are here, says Epictetus, as in a theatre; where every one has a part allotted to him. The great duty which lies upon a man is to act his part to perfection. We may indeed say, that our part does not suit us, and that we could act another better. But this, says the philosopher, is not our business. All that we are concerned in, is to excel in the part that is given us.

Addison.

17. Great part of our British youth lose their figure and grow out of fashion by the time they are five-and-twenty. As soon as the natural gaiety and amiableness of the young man wear off, they have nothing left to recommend them, but lie by the rest of their lives among the lumber and refuse of their species. It sometimes happens, indeed, that, for want of applying themselves in due time to the pursuits of knowledge, they take up a book in their declining years, and grow very hopeful scholars at threescore. I must, therefore, earnestly press all those who are in the flower of their youth, to labour at those accomplishments which may set off their persons when their bloom is gone, and to lay in timely provision for manhood and old age. In short, I would advise the youth of fifteen to be dressing up every day the man of fifty; or to consider how to make himself venerable at threescore. *Addison.*

18. False hopes and false terrours are equally to be avoided. Every man who proposes to grow eminent by learning, should carry in his mind, at once the difficulty

of

of excellence, and the force of industry: and remember that fame is not conferred, but as the recompense of labour; and that labour, vigorously continued, has not often failed of its reward. *Johnson.*

RULE IV.

LET the movements, tones, and variations of the voice be natural; pleasing, and animated.

EXERCISES.

1. Virtue is to be considered, not in the light of mere innocence, or abstaining from harm, but as the exertion of our faculties in doing good. *Connoisseur.*

2. There is as much eloquence in the tone of voice, in the look, and in the gesture of an orator, as in the choice of his words. *Rochefoucault.*

3. A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured: it will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction; convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable. *Tatler.*

4. It is insolent, as well as unnatural, to ridicule the venerable decays of human nature. He that acts in this manner, does but expose his own future condition, and laugh at himself beforehand. *Spectator.*

5. Nobility is to be considered only as an imaginary distinction, unless accompanied with the practice of those generous virtues by which it ought to be obtained. Titles of honour, conferred upon such as have no personal merit to deserve them, are, at best, but the royal stamp set upon base metal. *Tatler.*

6. When Aristotle was once asked what a man could gain by uttering falsehoods, he replied, Not to be credited even when he shall tell the truth. *Adventurer.*

7. Positiveness is a most absurd foible. If you are in the right, it lessens your triumph; if in the wrong, it adds shame to your defeat. *Sterne.*

8. It

8. It costs men more to be miserable, than it would do to make them perfectly happy. How cheap and easy is the service of virtue! and how dear do we pay for our vices! *Fuller.*

9. A conceited gnat, fully persuaded of his own importance, having placed himself on the horn of a bull, expressed great uneasiness lest his weight should be incommodious, and with much ceremony begged the bull's pardon for the liberty he had taken; assuring him that he would immediately remove if he pressed too hard upon him. Give yourself no uneasiness on that account, replied the bull, I beseech you; for, as I never perceived when you sat down, I shall probably not miss you whenever you think fit to rise up. *Esop.*

10. Periwigs being first used to cover baldness, a certain cavalier had one for that purpose, which passed for his own hair. Riding one day in company, a sudden puff of wind blew off his hat and wig, and discovered his bald pate; which provoked a loud laugh. He fell a laughing with the rest; and said merrily, How could I expect to keep other people's hair, when I could not keep my own? *Esop.*

11. Women were formed to temper mankind, and sooth them into tenderness and compassion; not to set an edge upon their minds, and blow up in them those passions which are too apt to rise of their own accord. *Addison.*

12. Compassion is an emotion of which you ought never to be ashamed. Graceful in youth is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of wo. Let not ease and indulgence contract your affections, and wrap you up in selfish enjoyment. Accustom yourselves to think of the distresses of human life; of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan. Never sport with pain and distress in any of your amusements, nor treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty. *Blair.*

13. The laws of self-defence undoubtedly justify us in destroying those animals which would destroy us, which injure our properties, or annoy our persons; but not even these, whenever their situation incapacitates them from hurting us. I know of no right which we have to shoot a bear on an inaccessible island of ice, or an eagle on the mountain's top; whose lives cannot injure us, or deaths procure us any benefit. We are unable to give life, and therefore ought not wantonly to take it away from the meanest insect, without sufficient reason; they all receive it from the same benevolent hand as ourselves, and have therefore an equal right to enjoy it. *Jenyns.*

14. Justice seems most agreeable to the nature of God, and mercy to that of man. A being who has nothing to pardon in himself, may reward every man according to his works; but he whose very best actions must be seen with grains of allowance, cannot be too mild, moderate, and forgiving. *Addison.*

15. I must desire my fair readers to give a proper direction to their passion for being admired, and to endeavour to make themselves objects of a reasonable and lasting admiration. This is not to be hoped for from beauty, or dress, or fashion, but from those inward ornaments which are not to be defaced by time or sickness, and which appear most amiable to those who are most acquainted with them. *Addison.*

16. In order to render yourself amiable in society, correct every appearance of harshness in behaviour. Let that courtesy distinguish your demeanour which springs, not so much from studied politeness as from a mild and gentle heart. Follow the customs of the world in matters indifferent; but stop when they become sinful. Let your manners be simple and natural, and of course they will be engaging. Affectation is certain deformity. By forming themselves on fantastic models, and vying with one another in every reigning folly, the young begin with being ridiculous, and end in being vicious and immoral. *Gregory.*

17. The

17. The soul, considered abstractedly from its passions, is of a remiss and sedentary nature, slow in its resolves, and languishing in its executions. The use, therefore, of the passions, is to stir it up and to put it upon action, to awaken the understanding, to enforce the will, and to make the whole man more vigorous and attentive in the prosecution of his designs. *Addison.*

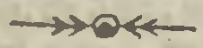
18. How many fox-hunters and rural squires are to be found in Great-Britain who are ignorant that they have all this while lived on a planet, that the sun is many thousand times bigger than the earth, and that there are other worlds within our view greater and more glorious than our own! "Ay, but," says some illiterate fellow, "I enjoy the world, and leave others to contemplate it." Yes, you eat, and drink, and run about upon it; that is, you enjoy it as a brute: but to enjoy it as a rational being, is to know it, to be sensible of its greatness and beauty, to be delighted with its harmony, and, by these reflections, to obtain just sentiments of the Almighty Mind that framed it. *Spectator.*

PART I.

PIECES IN PROSE.

SECTION I.

FABLES, STORIES, AND FAMILIAR ESSAYS.



I. THE BOY AND THE BUTTERFLY.

A BOY, greatly smitten with the colours of a butterfly, pursued it from flower to flower, with indefatigable pains. First he aimed to surprise it among the leaves of a rose; then to cover it with his hat, as it was feeding on a daisy; now hoped to secure it, as it rested on a sprig of myrtle; and now grew sure of his prize, perceiving it loiter on a bed of violets. But the fickle fly, continually changing one blossom for another, still eluded his attempts. At length, observing it half buried in the cup of a tulip, he rushed forward, and, snatching it with violence, crushed it all to pieces. The dying insect, seeing the poor boy chagrined at his disappointment, addressed him with all the calmness of a stoic, in the following manner.—Behold now the end of thy unprofitable solicitude! and learn, for the benefit of thy future life, that all pleasure is but a painted butterfly; which, although it may serve to amuse thee in the pursuit, if embraced with too much ardour, will perish in thy grasp.

Dodsley.

II. THE

II. THE FARMER AND HIS SONS.

A WEALTHY old farmer, who had for some time declined in his health, perceiving that he had not many days to live, called his sons together to his bedside. My dear children, said the dying man, I leave it with you as my last injunction, not to part with the farm which has been in our family these hundred years; for, to disclose to you a secret which I received from my father, and which I now think proper to communicate to you, there is a treasure hid somewhere in the grounds; though I never could discover the particular spot where it lies concealed. However, as soon as the harvest is got in, spare no pains in the search, and I am well assured you will not lose your labour. The wise old man was no sooner laid in his grave, and the time he mentioned arrived, than his sons went to work, and with great vigour and alacrity turned up again and again every foot of ground belonging to their farm; the consequence of which was, that, although they did not find the object of their pursuit, their lands yielded a far more plentiful crop than those of their neighbours. At the end of the year, when they were settling their accounts, and computing their extraordinary profits, I would venture a wager, said one of the brothers, more acute than the rest, that this was the concealed wealth my father meant. I am sure, at least, we have found by experience, That industry is itself a treasure.

Dodsley.

III. THE LION AND OTHER ANIMALS.

THE tyrant of the forest issued a proclamation, commanding all his subjects to repair immediately to his royal den. Among the rest, the bear made his appearance; but, pretending to be offended with the steams which issued from the monarch's apartments, he was imprudent enough to hold his nose in his majesty's presence. This insolence was so highly resented, that the lion, in a rage, laid him dead at his feet. The monkey, observing what had passed, trembled for his carcass;

and attempted to conciliate favour by the most abject flattery. He began with protesting, that, for his part, he thought the apartments were perfumed with Arabian spices; and, exclaiming against the rudeness of the bear, admired the beauty of his majesty's paws, so happily formed, he said, to correct the insolence of clowns.—This fulsome adulation, instead of being received as he expected, proved no less offensive than the rudeness of the bear; and the courtly monkey was, in like manner, extended by the side of Sir Bruin. And now his majesty cast his eye upon the fox. Well, Reynard, said he, and what scent do you discover here? Great prince, replied the cautious fox, my nose was never esteemed my most distinguishing sense; and, at present, I would, by no means, venture to give my opinion, as I have unfortunately got a terrible cold. *Dodsley.*

IV. THE CLUB OF FAT MEN.

I know a considerable market-town, in which there was a club of fat men, that did not come together, as you may well suppose, to entertain one another with sprightliness and wit, but to keep one another in countenance. The room where the club met was something of the largest, and had two entrances; the one by a door of a moderate size, the other by a pair of folding-doors. If a candidate for this corpulent club could make his entrance through the first, he was looked upon as unqualified; but, if he stuck in the passage, and could not force his way through it, the folding-doors were immediately opened for his reception, and he was saluted as a brother. I have heard that this club, though it consisted but of fifteen persons, weighed above three tons. *Addison.*

V. THE DUTIFUL SON REWARDED.

Frederic III. king of Prussia, one morning rang the bell of his cabinet; but, nobody answering, he opened the door of the antichamber, and found his page fast asleep upon a chair. He went up to awake him; and, coming nearer, observed a paper in his pocket, upon which

which something was written. This excited his curiosity. He pulled it out; and found that it was a letter from the page's mother, the contents of which were nearly as follow: "She returned her son many thanks for the money he had saved out of his salary, and had sent to her; which had proved a very timely assistance. God would certainly reward him for it; and if he continued to serve God and his king conscientiously, he could not fail of success in the world."——Upon reading this, the king stept softly into his closet, fetched some ducats, and put them, with the letter, into the page's pocket. He then rang the bell, till the page awoke and came into his closet—"You have been asleep, I suppose," said the king. The page could not deny it; stammered out an excuse; put, in his embarrassment, his hand into his pocket, and felt the ducats. He immediately pulled them out, turned pale, and looked at the king with tears in his eyes—What's the matter with you?" said the king.—Oh!" replied the page, "somebody has contrived my ruin; I know nothing of this money."—"God has given it you," said the king: "send the money to your mother; give my respects to her, and inform her, that I will take care of both her and you." *Adams' Anecdotes.*

VI. CARD-PLAYING RIDICULED.

Mr Locke, having been introduced by Lord Shaftesbury to the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Halifax, these three noblemen, instead of conversing with the philosopher, as might naturally be expected, on literary subjects, in a very short time sat down to cards. Mr Locke, after looking on for some time, pulled out his pocket-book, and began to write with great attention. One of the company, observing this, took the liberty to ask him what he was writing. "My Lord," says Locke, "I am endeavouring, as far as possible, to profit by my present situation: for, having waited with impatience for the honour of being in company with the greatest geniuses of the age, I thought I could do nothing better than to write down your conversation; and, indeed, I have

have set down the substance of what you have said this hour or two." This well-timed ridicule had its desired effect; and these noblemen, fully sensible of its force, quitted their play, and entered into a conversation more rational, and better suited to the dignity of their characters. *Adams' Anecdotes.*

VII. FORGIVENESS OF ENEMIES.

A CHINESE emperour, being told that his enemies had raised an insurrection in one of the distant provinces, "Come, then, my friends," said he, "follow me, and I promise you that we shall quickly destroy them." He marched forward, and the rebels submitted upon his approach. All now thought that he would take the most signal revenge, but were surprised to see the captives treated with mildness and humanity. How!" cries his first minister, "is this the manner in which you fulfil your promise? Your royal word was given, that your enemies should be destroyed, and, behold, you have pardoned all, and even caressed some!"—"I promised," replied the emperour with a generous air, "to destroy my enemies: I have fulfilled my word; for, see! they are *enemies* no longer; I have made *friends* of them." *Goldsmith.*

VIII. STORY OF WILLIAM TELL.

THE inhabitants of Swisserland continued long under little more than a nominal subjection to the Burgundians and Germans, till about the year 1300, when the emperour Albert treated them with so much rigour, that they petitioned him against the cruelty of his governours. This served only to redouble the hardships of the people; and one of Albert's Austrian governours, Grisler, in the wantonness of tyranny, set up a hat upon a pole, to which he ordered the natives to pay as much respect as to himself. One William Tell, being observed to pass frequently without taking notice of the hat, and being an excellent marksman, the tyrant condemned him to be hanged, unless he clove an apple upon his son's head, at a certain distance, with an arrow. Tell had the dex-

terity

terity to cleave the apple, without hitting the child. The tyrant, perceiving that he had another arrow stuck in his belt, asked him for what purpose. To which he boldly replied, "To have shot you to the heart if I had had the misfortune to kill my son." The enraged governour ordered him to be imprisoned. But he soon made his escape; and his fellow-citizens, animated by his fortitude and patriotism, flew to arms, attacked and vanquished Grisler, who was shot to death by Tell; and the independency of Swisserland, under a republican form of government, took place immediately. *Guthrie.*

IX. THE GENEROUS COMMANDER.

DURING the war between the Portuguese and the inhabitants of Ceylon, Thomas de Susa, who commanded the European forces, took prisoner a beautiful Indian, who had promised herself in marriage to an amiable youth. The lover was no sooner informed of this misfortune, than he hastened to throw himself at the feet of his adorable nymph, who, with transport, caught him in her arms. Their sighs and their tears were mingled, and it was some time before their words could find utterance to express their grief. At last, when they had a little recovered, they agreed, that, since their misfortunes had left them no hopes of living together in freedom, they would partake with each other all the horrours of slavery.

Susa, who had a soul truly susceptible of tender emotions, was moved at the sight.—"It is enough," said he to them, "that you wear the chains of love; you shall not wear those of slavery. Go, and be happy in the lawful embraces of wedlock."

The two lovers fell on their knees. They could not persuade themselves to quit so generous a hero, and thought themselves happy in being permitted to live under the laws of a nation which so nobly knew how to make use of victory, and so generously to soften the calamities of war. *Adams' Anecdotes.*

X. EXCESS OF CEREMONY RIDICULED.

My Lord Froth has been so educated in punctilio, that he governs himself by a ceremonial in all the ordinary occurrences of life. He measures out his bow to the degree of the person he converses with. I have seen him in every inclination of the body, from the familiar nod to the low stoop in salutation. I remember, five of us, who were acquainted with one another, met one morning at his lodgings; when a wag of the company was saying it would be worth while to observe how he would distinguish us at his first entrance. Accordingly, he no sooner came into the room, than, casting his eye about, "My Lord Such-a-one," says he, "your most humble servant—Sir Richard, your humble servant—Your servant, Mr Ironside—Mr Ducker, how do you do? Ha! Frank, are you there?" *Guardian.*

XI. AN INCIDENT RELATING TO ALFRED THE GREAT, KING OF ENGLAND.

Alfred, reduced to extremity by the Danes, who were spreading devastation all over England, was obliged to relinquish the ensigns of his dignity, to dismiss his servants, and to seek shelter, in the meanest disguise, from the pursuit and fury of his enemies. He concealed himself under a peasant's habit, and lived some time in the house of a neat-herd, who had been entrusted with the care of some of his cows. There passed here an incident, which has been recorded by all the historians, and was long preserved by popular tradition; though it contains nothing memorable in itself, except so far as every circumstance is interesting, which attends so great virtue and dignity, reduced to so much distress. The wife of the neat-herd was ignorant of the condition of her royal guest; and, observing him one day busy by the fire-side in trimming his bow and arrows, she desired him to take care of some cakes which were toasting, while she was employed elsewhere in other domestic affairs. But Alfred, whose thoughts were otherwise engaged, neglected this injunction; and the good woman, on her return, finding

finding her cakes all burnt, rated the king very severely; and upbraided him, that he always seemed very well pleased to eat her warm cakes, though he was thus negligent in toasting them. *Hume.*

XI. A STRIKING REPROOF OF FLATTERY.

CANUTE, who was the greatest and most powerful monarch of his time, sovereign of Denmark and Norway, as well as of England, could not fail to meet with adulation from his courtiers; a tribute which is liberally paid to the meanest and weakest of princes. Some of his flatterers, breaking out one day in admiration of his grandeur, exclaimed, that every thing was possible for him. Upon which the king, it is said, ordered his chair to be set on the sea-shore, while the tide was making; and, as the waters approached, he commanded them to retire, and obey the voice of him who was lord of the ocean. He feigned to sit some time in expectation of their submission; but, when the sea still advanced towards him, and began to wash him with its billows, he turned to his courtiers, and remarked to them, that every creature in the universe was feeble and impotent, and that power resided with one Being alone, in whose hands were all the elements of nature; who could say to the ocean, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther;" and who could level with his nod the most towering piles of human pride and ambition.

Hume.

XII. AWKWARDNESS IN PUBLIC SPEAKING.

NOTHING can be more ridiculous than the gestures of most of our English speakers. You see some of them running their hands into their pockets as far as ever they can thrust them, and others looking with great attention on a piece of paper that has nothing written in it; you may see many a smart rhetorician turning his hat in his hands, moulding it into several different cocks, examining sometimes the lining of it, and sometimes the button, during the whole course of his harangue. A deaf man would think he was cheapening

a beaver, when perhaps he is talking of the fate of the British nation. I remember, when I was a young man, and used to frequent Westminster-hall, there was a counsellor who never pleaded without a piece of pack-thread in his hand, which he used to twist about a thumb or finger all the while he was speaking: the wags of those days used to call it the thread of his discourse, for he was not able to utter a word without it. One of his clients, who was more merry than wise, stole it from him one day in the midst of his pleading; but he had better have let it alone, for he lost his cause by the jest.

Addison.

XIV. PLATO'S TEMPERATE FEAST.

TIMOTHEUS, an Athenian commander, of the most distinguished reputation, was invited to sup with Plato. The philosopher entertained him with a decent, but frugal repast; seasoned, however, with such cheerful and instructive conversation, as made the general highly delighted with his reception. When he met Plato, the succeeding day, in the city, he accosted him in a most friendly manner, and thanked him for the peculiar entertainment which he had enjoyed: "For your feast," said he, "was not only grateful while it lasted, but has left a relish which continues to this moment." *Cicero.*

XV. THE GENEROUS LION.

A CERTAIN person inhumanly cast a poor little dog into the den of a lion, in full assurance of seeing him immediately devoured: contrary, however, to his expectation, the noble animal not only spared the victim, but soon honoured him with particular affection. He regarded the dog as an unfortunate fellow-prisoner; who, on his part, from motives of gratitude, was constantly fawning about his generous lord. They long lived together in uninterrupted peace and friendship: one watched, while the other slept. First the lion fed, and then his humble companion. In a word, the magnanimity of the one, and the gratitude of the other, had united them in the closest manner. But a careless servant, forgetting that other creatures required food as well as himself, left the two friends

friends twenty-four hours without victuals. At last, recollecting his charge, he brought them their usual provision; when the dog eagerly catched at the first morsel. But it was at the expense of his life; for the hungry lion instantly seized his poor companion, and killed him. The perpetration of this horrid deed was instantly succeeded by a severe and painful repentance. The lion's dejection daily increased. He refused his food with heroic obstinacy; and voluntarily famished himself to death. *Count Tessin's Letters.*

XVI. AN AFFECTING ANECDOTE.

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY was one of the brightest ornaments of queen Elizabeth's court. He was an active supporter of the cause of liberty in the Low Countries, where he had a command in the English forces employed against the tyrant Philip II. of Spain. In the battle near Zutphen, he displayed the most undaunted and enterprising courage. He had two horses killed under him; and, while mounting a third, was wounded by a musket-shot from the trenches, which broke the bone of his thigh. He returned about a mile and a half, on horseback, to the camp; and, being faint with the loss of blood, and probably parched with thirst through the heat of the weather, he called for drink. It was presently brought to him; but just as he was putting the vessel to his mouth, a poor wounded soldier, who happened to be carried by him at that instant, looked up to it with wishful eyes. The gallant and generous Sydney took the bottle from his mouth, just when he was going to drink, and delivered it to the soldier, saying, "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine."—During sixteen days great hopes were entertained of his recovery; but the ball not being extracted, and a mortification ensuing, he prepared himself for death with the utmost piety and fortitude; and expired on the 17th of October 1586, in the thirty-second year of his age. He is said to have taken leave of his brother in these terms: "Love my memory; cherish my friends; but, above all, govern your will and affections by the will and words of your Creator."

British Biography.

XVII. THE COMPLAISANT GUEST.

NOTHING is so effectual towards raising a man's fortune as complaisance; which recommends more to the favour of the great, than wit, knowledge, or any other talent whatsoever. This consideration is prettily illustrated by a little wild Arabian tale, which I shall here abridge for the sake of my reader; after having warned him that I do not recommend to him such an impertinent or vicious complaisance as is not consistent with honour and integrity.

Shacabac, being reduced to great poverty, and having eaten nothing for two days together, made a visit to a noble Barmecide in Persia, who was very hospitable, but withal a great humourist. The Barmecide was sitting at his table, that seemed ready for an entertainment. Upon hearing Shacabac's complaint, he desired him to sit down and fall on. He then gave him an empty plate, and asked him how he liked his rice-soup. Shacabac, who was a man of wit, and resolved to comply with the Barmecide in all his humours, told him it was admirable; and, at the same time, in imitation of the other, lifted up the empty spoon to his mouth with great pleasure. The Barmecide then asked him, if he ever saw whiter bread? Shacabac, who saw neither bread nor meat, "If I did not like it, you may be sure," says he, "I should not eat so heartily of it." "You oblige me mightily," replied the Barmecide, "pray let me help you to this leg of a goose." Shacabac reached out his plate, and received nothing on it with great cheerfulness. As he was eating very heartily on this imaginary goose, and crying up the sauce to the skies, the Barmecide desired him to keep a corner of his stomach for a roasted lamb fed with pistachio-nuts; and, after having called for it, as if it had been really served up, "Here is a dish," says he, "that you will see at nobody's table but my own." Shacabac was wonderfully delighted with the taste of it; "which is like nothing," says he, "I ever ate before." Several other nice dishes were served up in idea, which both of them commended, and feasted on after the same manner.

ner. This was followed by an invisible dessert; no part of which delighted Shacabac so much as a certain lozenge which the Barmecide told him was a sweetmeat of his own invention. Shacabac, at length, being courteously reproached by the Barmecide that he had no stomach and that he ate nothing, and, at the same time, being tired with moving his jaws up and down to no purpose, desired to be excused, for that really he was so full he could not eat a bit more. "Come then," says the Barmecide, "the cloth shall be removed, and you shall taste of my wines, which I may say, without vanity, are the best in Persia." He then filled both their glasses out of an empty decanter. Shacabac would have excused himself from drinking so much at once, because he said he was a little quarrelsome in his liquor. However, being pressed to it, he pretended to take it off, having before-hand praised the colour, and afterwards the flavour. Being plied with two or three other imaginary bumpers of different wines equally delicious, and a little vexed with this fantastic treat, he pretended to grow flustered, and gave the Barmecide a good box on the ear. But, immediately recovering himself, "Sir," said he, "I beg ten thousand pardons; but I told you before, that it was my misfortune to be quarrelsome in my drink." The Barmecide could not but smile at the humour of his guest; and, instead of being angry at him, "I find," says he, "thou art a complaisant fellow, and deservest to be entertained in my house. Since thou canst accommodate thyself to my humour, we will now eat together in good earnest." Upon which, calling for his supper, the rice soup, the goose, the pistachio-lamb, the several other nice dishes, with the dessert, the lozenges, and all the variety of Persian wines, were served up successively one after another; and Shacabac was feasted in reality with those very things which he had before been entertained with in imagination.

Guardian.

XVIII. THE VISIONARY PROJECTOR.

MEN of warm imaginations and towering thoughts are

apt to overlook the goods of fortune which are near them, for something that glitters in the sight at a distance; to neglect solid and substantial happiness, for what is showy and superficial; and to contemn the good that lies within their reach, for that which they are not capable of attaining. Hope calculates its schemes for a long and durable life; presses forward to imaginary points of bliss, and grasps at impossibilities; and, consequently, very often insnares men into beggary, ruin, and dishonour. What I have here said may serve as a moral to the following story.

Alnaschar was a very idle fellow, that never would set his hand to any business during his father's life. When his father died, he left him to the value of an hundred drachmas in Persian money. Alnaschar, in order to make the best of it, laid it out in glasses, bottles, and the finest earthen ware. These he piled up in a large open basket; and, having made choice of a very little shop, placed the basket at his feet, and leaned his back upon the wall, in expectation of customers. As he sat in this posture, with his eyes upon the basket, he fell into a most amusing train of thought, and was overheard by one of his neighbours as he talked to himself in the following manner:—"This basket," says he, "cost me at the wholesale merchant's an hundred drachmas, which is all I had in the world. I shall quickly make two hundred of it by selling it in retail. These two hundred drachmas will, in a very little while, rise to four hundred; which, of course, will amount, in time, to four thousand. Four thousand drachmas cannot fail of making eight thousand. As soon as by these means I am master of ten thousand, I will lay aside my trade of a glass-man, and turn jeweller. I shall then deal in diamonds, pearls, and all sorts of rich stones. When I have got together as much wealth as I can well desire, I will make a purchase of the finest house I can find, with lands, slaves, and horses. I shall then begin to enjoy myself, and make a noise in the world. I will not, however, stop there; but still continue my traffic until I have got together an hundred thousand drach-

mas.

mas. When I have thus made myself master of an hundred thousand drachmas, I shall naturally set myself on the footing of a prince, and will demand the grand visier's daughter in marriage, after having represented to that minister the information I have received of the beauty, wit, discretion, and other high qualities which his daughter possesses. I will let him know, at the same time, that it is my intention to make him a present of a thousand pieces of gold on our marriage-night. As soon as I have married the grand visier's daughter, I will buy her ten black servants, the youngest and the best that can be got for money. I must afterwards make my father-in-law a visit, with a great train and equipage: and, when I am placed at his right hand (which he will do of course, if it be only to honour his daughter), I will give him the thousand pieces of gold which I promised him; and afterwards, to his great surprise, will present him with another purse of the same value, with some short speech; as, "Sir, you see I am a man of my word; I always give more than I promise."

When I have brought the princess to my house, I shall take particular care to breed her in a due respect for me. To this end, I shall confine her to her own apartments, make her a short visit, and talk but little to her. Her women will represent to me, that she is inconsolable by reason of my unkindness, and beg me with tears to caress her, and let her sit down by me; but I shall still remain inexorable. Her mother will then come and bring her daughter to me, as I am seated on a sofa. The daughter, with tears in her eyes, will fling herself at my feet, and beg me to receive her into my favour. Then will I, to imprint her with a thorough veneration for my person, draw up my legs, and spurn her from me with my foot, in such a manner that she shall fall down several paces from the sofa.

Alnaschar was entirely swallowed up in this chimerical vision, and could not forbear acting with his foot what he had in his thoughts: so that, unluckily striking his basket of brittle ware, which was the foundation of

all his grandeur, he kicked his glasses to a great distance from him into the street, and broke them into ten thousand pieces. *Spectator.*

XIX. ACCOUNT OF THE SPECTATOR'S CLUB.

THE first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great grand-father was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour; but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms, makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in Soho-Square. It is said, he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him youngster. But, being ill-used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse; which, in his merry humours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; is a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young

young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company. When he comes into a house, he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit, that Sir Roger is a justice of the Quorum; that he fills the chair at a quarter session with great abilities; and, three months ago, gained universal applause, by explaining a passage in the game-act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us is another bachelor, who is a member of the Inner Temple; a man of great probity, wit, and understanding: but he has chosen his place of residence, rather to obey the direction of an old humoursome father, than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke. The father sends up every post questions relating to marriage-articles, leases, and tenures, in the neighbourhood; all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully, but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool, but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable. As few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste of books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients, makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic; and the time of the play is his hour of business. Exactly at five he passes through New Inn, crosses Russel-court, and takes a turn at Will's till the play begins: he has his shoes rubbed and his periwig powdered at the barber's as you go

into

into the Rose. It is for the good of the audience when he is at a play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London; a person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous; and (as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts; and will tell, that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms; for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue, that if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove, that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valour, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims; amongst which the greatest favourite is, 'A penny saved is a penny got.' A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortune himself; and says, that England may be richer than other kingdoms, by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though, at the same time, I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass that does not blow home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the club-room sits Captain Sentry; a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges; but, having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit,

merit, who is not a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament, that, in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose, I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess, that he left the world because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty, and even regular behaviour, are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds, who endeavour at the same end with himself, the favour of a commander. He will, however, in his way of talk, excuse generals for not disposing according to men's desert or inquiring into it; for, says he, that great man who has a mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me as I have to come at him; therefore he would conclude, that the man who would make a figure, especially in the military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders, by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candour does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company: for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious, from an habit of obeying men highly above him.

But, that our society may not appear a set of humourists, unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have among us the gallant Will Honeycomb; a gentleman, who, according to his years, should be in the decline of his life, but having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but very little impression either by wrinkles on his forehead, or traces in his brain. His person is well turned and of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usual-

ly

ly entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge have been in the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you when the Duke of Monmouth danced at court, such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the Park. In all these important relations, he has ever, about the same time, received a kind glance or blow of a fan from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present Lord Such-a-one. If you speak of a young commoner that said a lively thing in the house, he starts up, 'He has good blood in his veins; that young fel-'low's mother used me more like a dog than any wo-'man I ever made advances to.' This way of talking of his, very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn; and I find there is not one of the company, but myself, (who rarely speak at all) but speaks of him as of that sort of man who is usually called a well-bred fine gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of, as one of our company, for he visits us but seldom; but, when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good-breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution, and, consequently, cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his function would oblige him to; he is, therefore, among divines, what a chamber counsellor is among lawyers. The probity of his mind, and the integrity of his life, create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in years, that he observes, when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which

which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interests in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and who conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions. *Spectator.*

XX. THE SPECTATOR'S RIDE WITH SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY TO THE COUNTY ASSIZES.

A MAN's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next to escape the censures of the world. If the latter interfere with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but, otherwise, there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind, than to see those approbations which it gives itself, seconded by the applauses of the public. A man is more sure of his conduct, when the verdict which he passes upon his own behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those who is not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind, in the returns of affection and good-will which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighbourhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shewn to the good old knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble and myself with him to the county assizes. As we were upon the road, Will Wimble joined a couple of plain men who rode before us, and conversed with them for some time; during which my friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their characters.

The first of them, says he, that has a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about an hundred pounds a-year, an honest man. He is just within the game-act, and qualified to kill a hare or a pheasant. He knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a-week; and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbour if he did not destroy so many partridges. In short,

short, he is a very sensible man, shoots flying, and has been several times foreman of the petty jury.

The other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for taking the law of every-body. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter session. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the widow. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments. He plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, that he was forced to sell the ground it inclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution. His father left him fourscore pounds a-year; but he has cast and been cast so often, that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the willow-tree.

As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will Wimble and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will told him that Mr Touchy and he must appeal to him about a dispute that arose between them. Will, it seems, had been giving his fellow-traveller an account of his angling one day in such a hole; when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Mr Such-a-one, if he pleased, might take the law of him for fishing in that part of the river. My friend Sir Roger heard them both, upon a round trot; and, after having paused some time, told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that "much might be said on both sides." They were neither of them dissatisfied with the knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it. Upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

The court was met before Sir Roger came: but, notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them; who, for his reputation in the country, took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear, "That he was glad his Lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit." I was listening to the proceedings

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of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance and solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws; when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed, to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, until I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences, with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising, the court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country-people that Sir Roger was up. The speech he made was so little to the purpose, that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and to keep up his credit in the country.

I was highly delighted, when the court rose, to see the gentlemen of the country gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage, that was not afraid to speak to the judge.

In our return home, we met with a very odd accident, which I cannot forbear relating, because it shews how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem.—When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the knight's family; and, to do honour to his old master, had, some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door; so that the knight's head had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew any thing of the matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and good-will, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment; and, when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added, with a more decisive look, That it was too

great an honour for any man under a duke; but told him, at the same time, that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly, they got a painter, by the knight's directions, to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and, by a little aggravation of the features, to change it into the Saracen's head. I should not have known this story, had not the inn-keeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing, That his honour's head was brought back last night, with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this, my friend, with his usual cheerfulness, related the particulars abovementioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary, upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but, upon the knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied, "That much might be said on both sides."

These several adventures, with the knight's behaviour in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels.

XXI. WONDERFUL EFFECTS OF TROPHONIUS'S CAVE.

An eminent Italian author, speaking of the great advantage of a serious and composed temper, wishes very gravely, that, for the benefit of mankind, he had Trophonius's cave in his possession; which, says he, would contribute more to the reformation of manners than all the work-houses and bridewells in Europe.

We have a very particular description of this cave in one of the ancients, who tells us that it was made in the form of a huge oven, and had many particular cir-

cumstances which disposed the person who was in it to be more pensive and thoughtful than ordinary; insomuch that no man was ever observed to laugh all his life after, who had once made his entry into this cave. It was usual in those times, when any one carried a more than ordinary gloominess in his features, to tell him that he looked like one just come out of Trophonius's cave.

I was yesterday meditating on this account; and had no sooner fallen into my usual slumber, than I dreamt that this cave was put into my possession, and that I gave public notice of its virtue, inviting every one to it who had a mind to be a serious man for the remaining part of his life. Great multitudes immediately resorted to me. The first who made the experiment was a Merry-Andrew, who was put into my hands by a neighbouring Justice of the Peace, in order to reclaim him from that profligate kind of life. Poor pickle-herring had not taken above one turn in it, when he came out of the cave like a hermit from his cell, with a penitential look, and a most rueful countenance. I then put in a young laughing fop, and, watching for his return, asked him with a smile, how he liked the place? He replied, Pr'ythee, friend, be not impertinent; and stalked by me as grave as a judge. A citizen then desired me to give free ingress and egress to his wife, who was dressed in the gayest-coloured ribbons I had ever seen. She went in with a flirt of her fan and a smirking countenance, but came out with the severity of a vestal; and, throwing from her several female gewgaws, told me with a sigh, that she was resolved to go into deep mourning, and to wear black all the rest of her life. As I had many coquettes recommended to me by their parents, their husbands, and their lovers, I let them all in at once, desiring them to divert themselves together as well as they could. Upon their emerging again into day-light, you would have fancied my cave to have been a nunnery, and that you had seen a solemn procession of religious marching out, one behind another, in the most profound silence and the most exemplary decency. As I was very much delighted with so edifying a sight, there came to-

wards me a great company of males and females, laughing, singing, and dancing, in such a manner, that I could hear them a great while before I saw them. Upon my asking their leader what brought them thither? they told me all at once, That they were French protestants lately arrived in Great-Britain; and that, finding themselves of too gay a humour for the country, they applied themselves to me in order to compose them for British conversation. I told them, that, to oblige them, I would soon spoil their mirth; upon which I admitted a whole shoal of them, who, after having taken a survey of the place, came out in very good order, and with looks entirely English. I afterwards put in a Dutchman, who had a great fancy to see the Keldar, as he called it; but I could not observe that I had made any manner of alteration in him.

A comedian, who had gained great reputation in parts of humour, told me, that he had a mighty mind to act Alexander the Great, and fancied that he should succeed very well in it, if he could strike two or three laughing features out of his face. He tried the experiment; but contracted so very solid a look by it, that I am afraid he will be fit for no other part hereafter, but a Timon of Athens, or a mute in the Funeral.

I then clapt up an empty fantastic citizen, in order to qualify him for an alderman. He was succeeded by a young rake of the Middle Temple, who was brought to me by his grandmother; but, to her great sorrow and surprise, he came out a Quaker. Seeing myself surrounded with a body of Free-thinkers and scoffers at religion, who were making themselves merry at the sober looks and thoughtful brows of those who had been in the cave, I thrust them all in, one after another, and locked the door upon them. Upon my opening it, they all looked as if they had been frighted out of their wits, and were marching away with ropes in their hands to a wood that was within sight of the place. I found they were not able to bear themselves in their first serious thoughts; but knowing these would quickly bring them to a better frame of mind, I gave them into the custody of

of their friends, until that happy change was wrought in them.

The last that was brought to me was a young woman, who, at the first sight of my short face, fell into an immoderate fit of laughter, and was forced to hold her sides all the while her mother was speaking to me. Upon this, I interrupted the old lady, and taking the daughter by the hand, Madam, said I, be pleased to retire into my closet, while your mother tells me your case. I then put her into the mouth of the cave, when the mother, after having begged pardon for the girl's rudeness, told me, that she often treated her father and the gravest of her relations in the same manner; that she would sit giggling and laughing with her companions from one end of a tragedy to the other; nay, that she would sometimes burst out in the middle of a sermon, and set the whole congregation a-staring at her. The mother was going on, when the young lady came out of the cave to us with a composed countenance, and a low curtsy. She was a girl of such exuberant mirth, that her visit to Trophonius only reduced her to a more than ordinary decency of behaviour, and made a very pretty prude of her. After having performed innumerable cures, I looked about me with great satisfaction, and saw all my patients walking by themselves in a very pensive and musing posture, so that the whole place seemed covered with philosophers. I was at length resolved to go into the cave myself, and see what it was that had produced such wonderful effects upon the company; but, as I was stooping at the entrance, the door being something low, I gave such a nod in my chair, that I awaked. After having recovered myself from my first startle, I was very well pleased at the accident which had befallen me, as not knowing but a little stay in the place might have spoiled my Spectators. *Addison.*

XXII. GIL BLAS' ADVENTURES AT PENNAFLOR.

I arrived in safety at Pennaflor; and, halting at the gate of an inn that made a tolerable appearance, I had no sooner alighted than the landlord came out, and re-

ceived me with great civility; he untied my portmanteau with his own hands, and, throwing it on his shoulder, conducted me into a room, while one of his servants led my mule into the stable. This innkeeper, the greatest talker of the Asturias, and as ready to relate his own affairs, without being asked, as to pry into those of another, told me that his name was Andrew Corcuelo; that he had served many years in the army, in quality of a sergeant; and had quitted the service fifteen months ago, to marry a damsel of Castropol, who, though she was a little swarthy, knew very well how to turn the penny. He said a thousand other things, which I could have dispensed with the hearing of; but, after having made me his confident, he thought he had a right to exact the same condescension from me; and, accordingly, he asked me from whence I came; whither I was going, and what I was? I was obliged to answer, article by article, because he accompanied every question with a profound bow, and begged me to excuse his curiosity with such a respectful air, that I could not refuse to satisfy him in every particular. This engaged me in a long conversation with him, and gave me occasion to mention my design, and the reason I had for disposing of my mule, that I might take the opportunity of a carrier. He approved of my intention, though not in a very succinct manner; for he represented all the troublesome accidents that might befal me on the road, recounted many dismal stories of travellers, and I was afraid would never have done: he concluded, at length, however, telling me, that if I had a mind to sell my mule, he was acquainted with a very honest jockey, who would buy her. I assured him he would oblige me in sending for him; upon which, he went in quest of him with great eagerness.

It was not long before he returned with his man, whom he introduced to me as a person of exceeding honesty, and we went into the yard all together. There my mule was produced, and passed and repassed before the jockey, who examined her from head to foot, and did not fail to speak very disadvantageously of her. I own there was not much to be said in her praise: but,

however,

however, had it been the pope's mule, he would have found some defects in her. He assured me she had all the faults a mule could have; and, to convince me of his veracity, appealed to the landlord, who, doubtless, had his reasons for supporting his friend's assertions.—"Well," said this dealer, with an air of indifference, "how much money do you expect for this wretched animal?"—After the eulogium he had bestowed on her, and the attestation of Signior Corcuelo, whom I believed to be a man of honesty and understanding, I would have given my mule for nothing; and therefore told him I would rely on his integrity; bidding him appraise the beast in his own conscience, and I would stand to the valuation. Upon this he assumed the man of honour, and replied, that, in engaging his conscience, I took him on the weak side. In good sooth, that did not seem to be his strong side: for, instead of valuing her at ten or twelve pistoles, as my uncle had done, he fixed the price at three ducats; which I accepted with as much joy as if I had made an excellent bargain.

After having so advantageously disposed of my mule, the landlord conducted me to a carrier, who was to set out next day for Astorga. When every thing was settled between us, I returned to the inn with Corcuelo; who, by the way, began to recount the carrier's history. He told me every circumstance of his character in town; and, in short, was going to stupify me again with his intolerable loquacity, when a man of a pretty good appearance prevented that misfortune, by accosting him with great civility. I left them together and went on, without suspecting that I had the least concern in their conversation.

When I arrived at the inn, I called for supper; and, it being a meagre day, was fain to put up with eggs. While they were getting ready, I made up to my landlady, whom I had not seen before. She appeared handsome enough, and withal so sprightly and gay, that I should have concluded (even if her husband had not told me so) that her house was pretty well frequented. When the amlet I had bespoken was ready, I sat down to table

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by myself; but had not swallowed the first morsel when the landlord came in followed by the man who had stopped him in the street. This cavalier, who wore a long sword and seemed to be about thirty years of age, advanced towards me with an eager air, saying, "Mr Student, I am informed that you are that Signior Gil Blas of Santillane, who is the flambeau of philosophy and ornament of Oviedo! Is it possible that you are that mirror of learning, that sublime genius, whose reputation is so great in this country? You know not (continued he, addressing himself to the innkeeper and his wife) you know not what you possess! You have a treasure in your house! Behold, in this young gentleman, the eighth wonder of the world!" Then, turning to me and throwing his arms about my neck, "Forgive," cried he, "my transports! I cannot contain the joy your presence creates!"

I could not answer for some time, because he locked me so close in his arms, that I was almost suffocated for want of breath; and it was not till I had disengaged my head from his embrace, that I replied, Signior Cavalier, "I did not think my name was known at Pennaflor."—How! known! (replied he in his former strain) we keep a register of all the celebrated names within twenty leagues of us. You, in particular, are looked upon as a prodigy; and I don't at all doubt that Spain will one day be as proud of you as Greece was of the seven sages." These words were followed by a fresh hug, which I was forced to endure, though at the risk of strangulation. With the little experience I had, I ought not to have been the dupe of his professions and hyperbolical compliments: I ought to have known, by his extravagant flattery, that he was one of those parasites who abound in every town, and who, when a stranger arrives, introduce themselves to him, in order to fill their bellies at his expence. But my youth and vanity made me judge quite otherwise: my admirer appeared to me so much of a gentleman, that I invited him to take a share of my supper. "Ah! with all my soul," cried he, "I am too much obliged to my kind stars, for having thrown me

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in the way of the illustrious Gil Blas, not to enjoy my good fortune as long as I can. "I own I have no great appetite," pursued he; "but I will sit down to bear you company, and eat a mouthful, purely out of complaisance."

So saying, my panegyrist took his place right over against me; and, a cover being laid for him, attacked the amlet as voraciously as if he had fasted three whole days. By his complaisant beginning I foresaw that our dish would not last long, and therefore ordered a second; which they dressed with such dispatch, that it was served up just as we—or rather he—had made an end of the first. He proceeded on this with the same vigour, and found means, without losing one stroke of his teeth, to overwhelm me with praises during the whole repast; which made me very well pleased with my sweet self.—He drank in proportion to his eating; sometimes to my health; sometimes to that of my father and mother, whose happiness in having such a son as I he could not enough admire. In the mean time, he plied me with wine, and insisted upon my doing him justice, while I toasted health for health; a circumstance, which, together with his intoxicating flattery, put me into such good humour, that, seeing our second amlet half devoured, I asked the landlord if he had no fish in the house? Signior Corcuelo, who, in all likelihood, had a fellow-feeling with the parasite, replied, "I have a delicate trout, but those who eat it must pay for the sauce: 'tis a bit too dainty for your palate, I doubt."—"What do you call too dainty? (said the sycophant, raising his voice) "you're a wiseacre, indeed! Know that there is nothing in this house too good for Signior Gil Blas de Santillane, who deserves to be entertained like a prince."

I was pleased at his laying hold of the landlord's last words, in which he prevented me; and, feeling myself offended, said, with an air of disdain, "produce this trout of yours, Gaffer Corcuelo, and give yourself no trouble about the consequence."—This was what the inkeeper wanted: he got it ready, and served it up in a trice. At sight of this new dish, I could perceive the parasite's eyes sparkle

sparkle with joy; and he renewed that complaisance—I mean for the fish—which he had already shown for the eggs. At last, however, he was obliged to give out, for fear of accident, being crammed to the very throat. Having, therefore, eaten and drunk his bellyfull, he thought proper to conclude the farce by rising from table, and accosting me in these words:—"Signior Gil Blas, I am too well satisfied with your good cheer, to leave you without offering you an important advice, which you seem to have great occasion for. Henceforth beware of flattery, and be upon your guard against every body you do not know. You may meet with other people inclined to divert themselves with your credulity, and perhaps to push things still farther; but don't be duped again, nor belief yourself, though they should swear it, the EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD.

Adventures of Gil Blas.

SECTION II.

DIDACTIC, OR INSTRUCTIVE PIECES.

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1. THE NECESSITY OF FORMING VIRTUOUS PRINCIPLES AT AN EARLY AGE.

AS soon as you are capable of reflection, you must perceive that there is a right and wrong in human actions. You see that those who are born with the same advantages of fortune, are not all equally prosperous in the

the course of life While some of them, by wise and steady conduct, attain distinction in the world, and pass their days with comfort and honour; others, of the same rank, by mean and vicious behaviour, forfeit the advantages of their birth, involve themselves in much misery, and end in being a disgrace to their friends, and a burden on society. Early, then, you may learn, that it is not on the external condition in which you find yourselves placed, but on the part which you are to act, that your welfare or unhappiness, your honour or infamy, depend. Now, when beginning to act that part, what can be of greater moment, than to regulate your plan of conduct with the most serious attention, before you have yet committed any fatal or irretrievable errours? If, instead of exerting reflection for this valuable purpose, you deliver yourselves up, at so critical a time, to sloth and pleasure; if you refuse to listen to any counsellor but humour, or to attend to any pursuit except that of amusement; if you allow yourselves to float loose and careless on the tide of life, ready to receive any direction which the current of fashion may chance to give you; what can you expect to follow from such beginnings? While so many around you are undergoing the sad consequences of a like indiscretion, for what reason shall not these consequences extend to you? Shall you only attain success without that preparation, and escape dangers without that precaution, which is required of others? Shall happiness grow up to you of its own accord, and solicit your acceptance, when, to the rest of mankind, it is the fruit of long cultivation, and the acquisition of labour and care?—Deceive not yourselves with such arrogant hopes. Whatever be your rank, Providence will not, for your sake, reverse its established order. By listening to wise admonitions, and tempering the vivacity of youth with a proper mixture of serious thought, you may ensure cheerfulness for the rest of your life; but by delivering yourselves up at present to giddiness and levity, you lay the foundation of lasting heaviness of heart. *Blair.*

II.

II. ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

When you look forward to those plans of life, which either your circumstances have suggested, or your friends have proposed, you will not hesitate to acknowledge, that, in order to pursue them with advantage, some previous discipline is requisite. Be assured, that, whatever is to be your profession, no education is more necessary to your success, than the acquirement of virtuous dispositions and habits. This is the universal preparation for every character and every station in life. Bad as the world is, respect is always paid to virtue. In the usual course of human affairs, it will be found, that a plain understanding, joined with acknowledged worth, contributes more to prosperity, than the brightest parts, without probity or honour. Whether science, or business, or public life, be your aim, virtue still enters for a principal share, into all those great departments of society. It is connected with eminence, in every liberal art; with reputation, in every branch of fair and useful business; with distinction, in every public station. The vigour which it gives the mind, and the weight which it adds to character; the generous sentiments which it breathes; the undaunted spirit which it inspires; the ardour of diligence which it quickens; the freedom which it procures from pernicious and dishonourable avocations:—are the foundation of all that is high in fame, or great in success among men. Whatever ornamental or engaging endowments you now possess, virtue is a necessary requisite in order to their shining with proper lustre. Feeble are the attractions of the fairest form, if it be suspected that nothing within corresponds with the pleasing appearance without. Short are the triumphs of wit, when it supposed to be the vehicle of malice. By whatever arts you may at first attract the attention, you can hold the esteem and secure the hearts of others, only by amiable dispositions and the accomplishments of the mind. These are the qualities, whose influence will last, when the lustre of all that once sparkled and dazzled has passed away. *Blair.*

III.

III. IMPORTANCE AND TEMPER OF RELIGION.

IMPRESS your minds with reverence for all that is sacred. Let no wantonness of youthful spirits, no compliance with the intemperate mirth of others, ever betray you into profane sallies. Besides the guilt which is thereby incurred, nothing gives a more odious appearance of petulance and presumption to youth, than the affectation of treating religion with levity. Instead of being an evidence of superior understanding, it discovers a pert and shallow mind; which, vain of the first smatterings of knowledge, presumes to make light of what the rest of mankind revere. At the same time, you are not to imagine, that, when exhorted to be religious, you are called upon to become more formal and solemn in your manners than others of the same years; or to erect yourselves into supercilious reprovers of those around you. The spirit of true religion breathes gentleness and affability. It gives a native unaffected ease to the behaviour. It is social, kind, and cheerful; far removed from that gloomy and illiberal superstition which clouds the brow, sharpens the temper, dejects the spirits, and teaches men to fit themselves for another world, by neglecting the concerns of this. Let your religion, on the contrary, connect preparation for heaven with an honourable discharge of the duties of active life. Of such religion, discover, on every proper occasion, that you are not ashamed; but avoid making any unnecessary ostentation of it before the world. *Blair.*

IV. TEMPERANCE IN PLEASURE RECOMMENDED.

LET me particularly exhort youth to temperance in pleasure. Let me admonish them, to beware of that rock on which thousands, from race to race, continue to split. The love of pleasure, natural to man in every period of his life, glows at this age with excessive ardour. Novelty adds fresh charms, as yet, to every gratification. The world appears to spread a continual feast; and health, vigour, and high spirits, invite them to partake of it without restraint. In vain we warn

them of latent dangers. Religion is accused of insufferable severity, in prohibiting enjoyment; and the old, when they offer their admonitions, are upbraided with having forgot that they once were young. And yet, my friends, to what do the constraints of religion, and the counsels of age, with respect to pleasure, amount? They may all be comprised in a few words—Not to hurt yourselves, and not to hurt others, by your pursuit of pleasure. Within these bounds, pleasure is lawful; beyond them, it becomes criminal, because it is ruinous. Are these restraints any other than what a wise man would choose to impose on himself? We call you, not to renounce pleasure, but to enjoy it in safety. Instead of abridging it, we exhort you to pursue it on an extensive plan. We propose measures for securing its possession, and for prolonging its duration. *Blair.*

V. BENEFICIAL EFFECTS OF THE CULTIVATION OF TASTE.

The cultivation of taste is recommended by the happy effects which it naturally tends to produce on human life. The most busy man, in the most active sphere, cannot always be occupied by business. Men of serious professions cannot always be on the stretch of serious thought. Neither can the most gay and flourishing situations of fortune afford any man the power of filling all his hours with pleasure. Life must always languish in the hands of the idle. It will frequently languish even in the hands of the busy, if they have not some employment subsidiary to that which forms their main pursuit. How then shall those vacant spaces, those unemployed intervals, which, more or less, occur in the life of every one, be filled up? How can we contrive to dispose of them, in any way that shall be more agreeable in itself, or more consonant to the dignity of the human mind, than in the entertainments of taste, and the study of polite literature? He who is so happy as to have acquired a relish for these, has always at hand an innocent and irreproachable amusement for his leisure hours, to save him from the danger of many a pernicious

nicious passion. He is not in hazard of being a burden to himself. He is not obliged to fly to low company, or to court the riot of loose pleasures, in order to cure the tediousness of existence.

Providence seems plainly to have pointed out this useful purpose, to which the pleasures of taste may be applied, by interposing them in a middle station between the pleasures of sense and those of pure intellect. We were not designed to grovel always among objects so low as the former; nor are we capable of dwelling constantly in so high a region as the latter. The pleasures of taste refresh the mind after the toils of the intellect and the labours of abstract study; and they gradually raise it above the attachments of sense, and prepare it for the enjoyments of virtue.

So consonant is this to experience, that, in the education of youth, no object has, in every age, appeared more important to wise men, than to tincture them early with a relish for the entertainments of taste. The transition is commonly made with ease from these to the discharge of the higher and more important duties of life. Good hopes may be entertained of those whose minds have this liberal and elegant turn. It is favourable to many virtues. Whereas to be entirely devoid of relish for eloquence, poetry, or any of the fine arts, is justly construed to be an unpromising symptom of youth; and raises suspicions of their being prone to low gratifications, or destined to drudge in the more vulgar and illiberal pursuits of life. *Blair.*

VI. IMPORTANCE OF AN EARLY AND CLOSE APPLICATION TO USEFUL STUDIES.

It is necessary to habituate our minds, in our younger years, to some studies and employments which may engage our thoughts, and fill the capacity of the soul at a riper age. For, however we may roam in youth from folly to folly, too volatile for rest, too soft and effeminate for industry, ever ambitious to make a splendid figure; yet the time will come, when we shall outgrow the relish of childish amusements; and if we are not

provided with a taste for manly satisfactions to succeed in their room, we must of course become miserable, at an age more difficult to be pleased. While men, however, unthinking and unemployed, enjoy an inexhaustible flow of vigorous spirits; a constant succession of gay ideas, which flutter and sport in the brain, makes them pleased with themselves, and with every frolic as trifling as themselves: but, when the ferment of their blood abates, and the freshness of their youth, like the morning dew, passes away, their spirits flag for want of entertainments more satisfactory in themselves, and more suited to a manly age; and the soul, from a sprightly impertinence, from quick sensations and florid desires, subsides into a dead calm, and sinks into a flat stupidity. The fire of a glowing imagination (the property of youth) may make folly look pleasant, and lend a beauty to objects which have none inherent in them; just as the sun-beams may paint a cloud, and diversify it with beautiful stains of light, however dark, unsubstantial, and empty in itself. But nothing can shine with undiminished lustre, but religion and knowledge; which are essentially and intrinsically bright. Take it therefore for granted, which you will find by experience, that nothing can be long entertaining, but what is in some measure beneficial; because nothing else will bear a calm and sedate review.

You may be fancied for a while, upon the account of good-nature, the inseparable attendant upon a flush of sanguine health, and a fulness of youthful spirits: but you will find, in process of time, that, among the wise and good, useless good-nature is the object of pity, ill-nature of hatred; while nature, beautified and improved by an assemblage of moral and intellectual endowments, is the object of a solid and lasting esteem. *Seed.*

VII. ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

THERE is not a greater inlet to misery and vices of all kinds, than the not knowing how to pass our vacant hours. For what remains to be done, when the first part of their lives who are not brought up to any manual employment,

employment, is slipt away without an acquired relish for reading, or taste for other rational satisfactions? That they should pursue their pleasures?—But, religion apart, common prudence will warn them to tie up the wheel as they begin to go down the hill of life. Shall they then apply themselves to their studies? Alas! the seed-time is already past. The enterprising and spirited ardour of youth being over, without having been applied to those valuable purposes for which it was given, all ambition of excelling upon generous and laudable schemes quite stagnates. If they have not some poor expedient to deceive the time, or, to speak more properly, to deceive themselves, the length of a day will seem tedious to them, who, perhaps, have the unreasonableness to complain of the shortness of life in general. When the former part of our life has been nothing but vanity, the latter end of it can be nothing but vexation. In short, we must be miserable, without some employment to fix, or some amusement to dissipate our thoughts: the latter we cannot command in all places, nor relish at all times; and, therefore, there is an absolute necessity for the former. We may pursue this or that new pleasure; we may be fond for a while of a new acquisition; but, when the graces of novelty are worn off, and the briskness of our first desire is over, the transition is very quick and sudden, from an eager fondness to a cool indifference. Hence there is a restless agitation in our minds, still craving something new, still unsatisfied with it, when possessed; till melancholy encreases, as we advance in years, like shadows lengthening towards the close of day.

Hence it is, that men of this stamp are continually complaining that the times are altered for the worse; because the sprightliness of their youth represented every thing in the most engaging light; and, when men are in high good-humour with themselves, they are apt to be so with all around; the face of nature brightens up, and the sun shines with a more agreeable lustre: but when old age has cut them off from the enjoyment of false pleasures, and habitual vice has given them a

distaste for the only true and lasting delights; when a retrospect of their past lives presents nothing to view but one wide tract of uncultivated ground; a soul distempered with spleen, remorse, and an insensibility of each rational satisfaction, darkens and discolours every object; and the change is not in the times, but in them, who have been forsaken by those gratifications which they would not forsake.

How much otherwise is it with those, who have laid up an inexhaustible fund of knowledge! When a man has been laying out that time in the pursuit of some great and important truth, which others waste in a circle of gay follies, he is conscious of having acted up to the dignity of his nature; and, from that consciousness, there results that serene complacency, which, though not so violent, is much preferable to the pleasures of the animal life. He can travel on from strength to strength: for, in literature, as in war, each new conquest which he gains, impowers him to push his conquests still farther, and to enlarge the empire of reason: thus he is ever in a progressive state, still making new acquirements, still animated with hopes of future discoveries.

Seed.

VIII. THE DANGER OF KEEPING BAD COMPANY.

"Evil communication," says St Paul, "corrupts good manners."—The assertion is general, and no doubt all people suffer from such communication; but, above all, the minds of youth will suffer; which are yet unformed, unprincipled, unfurnished, and ready to receive any impression.

But before we consider the danger of keeping bad company, let us first see the meaning of the phrase.

In the phrase of the world, *good* company means fashionable people. Their stations in life, not their morals, are considered; and he who associates with such, though they set him the example of breaking every commandment of the decalogue, is still said to keep good company. I should wish you to fix another meaning to the expression; and to consider vice in the same detestable light,

light, in whatever company it is found; nay, to consider all company in which it is found, be their station what it will, as *bad* company.

The three following classes will perhaps include the greatest part of those who deserve this appellation.

In the first, I should rank all who endeavour to destroy the principles of Christianity—who jest upon Scripture—talk blasphemy—and treat revelation with contempt.

A second class of bad company, are those who have a tendency to destroy in us the principles of common honesty and integrity. Under this head we may rank gamesters of every denomination; and the low and infamous characters of every profession.

A third class of bad company, and that which is commonly most dangerous to youth, includes the long catalogue of men of pleasure. In whatever way they follow the call of appetite, they have equally a tendency to corrupt the purity of the mind.

Besides these three classes, whom we may call *bad* company, there are others who come under the denomination of *ill-chosen* company; trifling, insipid characters of every kind—who follow no business—are led by no ideas of improvement—but spend their time in dissipation and folly—whose highest praise is, that they are only not vicious.——With none of these a serious man would wish his son to keep company.

It may be asked, "What is meant by keeping bad company? The world abounds with characters of this kind; they meet us in every place; and if we keep company at all, it is impossible to avoid keeping company with such persons."

It is true, if we were determined never to have any commerce with bad men, we must, as the apostle remarks, "altogether go out of the world." By keeping bad company, therefore, is not meant a casual intercourse with them on occasions of business, or as they accidentally fall in our way; but having an inclination to consort with them—complying with that inclination—seeking their company, when we might avoid it—

entering

entering into their parties—and making them the companions of our choice. Mixing with them occasionally cannot be avoided.

The danger of keeping bad company, arises principally from our aptness to imitate and catch the manners and sentiments of others—from the power of custom—from our own bad inclinations—and from the pains taken by the bad to corrupt us.

In our earliest youth, the contagion of manners is observable. In the boy, we easily discover, from his first actions, and rude attempts at language, the kind of persons with whom he has been brought up: we see the early spring of a civilized education, or the first wild shoots of rusticity.

As he enters farther into life, his behaviour, manners, and conversation, all take their cast from the company he keeps. Observe the peasant and the man of education: the difference is striking. And yet God hath bestowed equal talents on each. The only cause of this difference is, they have been thrown into different scenes of life, and have had intercourse with persons of different stations.

Nor are manners and behaviour more easily caught, than opinions and principles. In childhood and youth, we naturally adopt the sentiments of those about us. And as we advance in life, how few of us think for ourselves! How many of us are satisfied with taking our opinions at second-hand!

The great power and force of custom forms another argument against keeping bad company. However seriously disposed we may be, and however shocked at the first approaches of vice; this shocking appearance goes off, upon an intimacy with it. Custom will soon render the most disgustful thing familiar. And this is, indeed, a kind provision of nature, to render labour, and toil, and danger, which are the lot of man, more easy to him. The raw soldier, who trembles at the first encounter, becomes a hardy veteran in a few campaigns. Habit renders danger familiar, and, of course, indifferent to him.

But

But habit, which is intended for our good, may, like other kind appointments of nature, be converted into a mischief. The well-disposed youth, entering first into bad company, is shocked at what he hears and what he sees. The good principles which he had imbibed, ring in his ears an alarming lesson against the wickedness of his companions. But alas! this sensibility is but of a day's continuance. The next jovial meeting makes the horrid picture of yesterday more easily endured. Virtue is soon thought a severe rule; the gospel an inconvenient restraint. A few pangs of conscience now and then interrupt his pleasure, and whisper to him that he once had better thoughts: but even these by degrees die away; and he who at first was shocked even at the appearance of vice, is formed by custom into a profligate leader of vicious pleasures—perhaps into an abandoned tempter to vice.—So carefully should we oppose the first approaches of sin! so vigilant should we be against so insidious an enemy!

Our own bad inclinations form another argument against bad company. We have so many passions and appetites to govern; so many bad propensities of different kinds to watch, that, amidst such a variety of enemies within, we ought at least to be on our guard against those without. The breast, even of a good man, is represented in Scripture, and experienced in fact, to be in a state of warfare. His vicious inclinations are continually drawing him one way, while his virtue is making efforts another. And if the Scripture represent this as the case even of a good man, whose passions, it may be imagined, are become in some degree cool and temperate, and who has made some progress in a virtuous course; what may we suppose to be the danger of a raw unexperienced youth, whose passions and appetites are violent and seducing, and whose mind is in a still less confirmed state? It is his part surely to keep out of the way of temptation, and to give his bad inclinations as little room as possible to acquire new strength.

Happy is that youth, who, upon his entrance into the world, can choose his company with discretion. There is

is often, in vice, a gayety, an unreserve, a freedom of manners, which are apt at sight to engage the unwary; while virtue, on the other hand, is often modest, reserved, diffident, backward, and easily disconcerted. That freedom of manners, however engaging, may cover a very corrupt heart; and this awkwardness, however unpleasing, may veil a thousand virtues. Suffer not your mind, therefore, to be easily either engaged or disgusted at first sight. Form your intimacies with reserve; and, if drawn unawares into an acquaintance you disapprove, immediately retreat. Open not your hearts to every profession of friendship. They whose friendship is worth accepting, are, as you ought to be, reserved in offering it. Choose your companions, not merely for the sake of a few outward accomplishments—for the idle pleasure of spending an agreeable hour; but mark their disposition to virtue or to vice; and, as much as possible, choose those for your companions, whom you see others respect: always remembering, that, upon the choice of your company, depend, in a great measure, the success of all you have learned; the hopes of your friends; your future characters in life; and, what you ought above all other things to value, the purity of your hearts. *Gilpin.*

IX. AGAINST LYING.

I REALLY know nothing more criminal, more mean, and more ridiculous, than lying. It is the production either of malice, cowardice, or vanity; and generally misses of its aim in every one of these views; for lies are always detected sooner or later.—If I tell a malicious lie, in order to affect any man's fortune or character, I may indeed injure him for some time; but I shall be sure to be the greatest sufferer at last; for as soon as ever I am detected, I am blasted for the infamous attempt; and whatever is said afterwards, to the disadvantage of that person, however true, passes for calumny.—If I lie, or equivocate, for it is the same thing, in order to excuse myself for something that I have said or done, and to avoid the danger or the shame that I apprehend from it, I discover, at once, my fear, as well as my falsehood; and only increase,

increase, instead of avoiding, the danger and the shame: I show myself to be the lowest and the meanest of mankind, and I am sure to be always treated as such. Fear, instead of averting, invites danger; for concealed cowards will insult known ones. If one has had the misfortune to be in the wrong, there is something noble in frankly owning it; it is the only way of atoning for it, and the only way of being forgiven. Equivocating, evading, shuffling, in order to remove a present danger or inconveniency, is something so mean, and betrays so much fear, that whoever practises them, always deserves to be, and often will be kicked.—There is another sort of lies, inoffensive enough in themselves, but wonderfully ridiculous; I mean those lies which a mistaken vanity suggests, that defeat the very end for which they are calculated, and terminate in the humiliation and confusion of their author. These are chiefly narrative and historical lies, all intended to do infinite honour to their author. He is always the hero of his own romances; he has been in dangers from which nobody but himself ever escaped; he has seen with his own eyes, whatever other people have heard or read of; and has ridden more miles post in one day, than ever courier went in two. He is soon discovered, and as soon becomes the object of universal contempt and ridicule.—Remember then, as long as you live, that nothing but strict truth can carry you through the world, with either your conscience or your honour unwounded. It is not only your duty, but your interest: as a proof of which you may always observe, that the greatest fools are the greatest liars. For my own part, I judge of every man's degree of understanding by his truth. *Chesterfield.*

X. THE ART OF PLEASING.

THE desire of being pleased is universal: the desire of pleasing should be so too. It is included in that great and fundamental principle of morality, of doing to others what we wish they should do unto us. There are indeed some moral duties of a much higher nature, but none of

a more amiable; and I do not hesitate to place it at the head of the minor virtues.

The manner of conferring favours or benefits, is, as to pleasing, almost as important as the matter itself. Take care, then, never to throw away the obligations, which perhaps you may have it in your power to confer upon others, by an air of insolent protection, or by a cold and comfortless manner, which stifles them in their birth. Humanity inclines, religion requires, and our moral duties oblige us, as far as we are able, to relieve the distresses and miseries of our fellow creatures: but this is not all; for a true heart-felt benevolence and tenderness will prompt us to contribute what we can to their ease, their amusement, and their pleasure, as far as innocently we may. Let us, then, not only scatter benefits, but even strew flowers for our fellow travellers, in the rugged ways of this wretched world.

There are some, and but too many, in this country particularly, who without the least visible taint of ill-nature and malevolence, seem to be totally indifferent, and do not shew the least desire to please; as, on the other hand, they never designedly offend. Whether this proceeds from a lazy, negligent, and listless disposition; from a gloomy, and melancholic nature; from ill health, low spirits; or from a secret and sullen pride, arising from the consciousness of their boasted liberty and independency, is hard to determine, considering the various movements of the human heart, and the wonderful errours of the human head. But, be the cause what it will, that neutrality which is the effect of it, makes these people, as neutralities do, despicable, and mere blanks in society. They would surely be roused from their indifference, if they would seriously consider the utility of pleasing.

The person who manifests a constant desire to please, places his, perhaps, small stock of merit at great interest. What vast returns, then, must real merit, when thus adorned, necessarily bring in! A prudent usurer would with transport place his last shilling at such interest, and upon so solid a security.

Civility

Civility is the essential article towards pleasing, and is the result of good-nature and of good sense; but good-breeding is the decoration, the lustre of civility, and only to be acquired by a minute attention to, and experience of, good company. A good-natured ploughman or fox-hunter, may be, intentionally, as civil as the politest courtier; but their manner often degrades and vilifies the matter: whereas, in good breeding, the manner always adorns and dignifies the matter, to such a degree, that I have often known it give currency to base coin.

Civility is often attended by a ceremoniousness, which good-breeding corrects, but will not quite abolish. A certain degree of ceremony is a necessary out-work of manners, as well as of religion: it keeps the forward and petulant at a proper distance, and is a very small restraint to the sensible, and to the well-bred part of the world.

Chesterfield.

XI. NECESSITY AND ADVANTAGE OF EXERCISE.

THE necessity of action is not only demonstrable from the fabric of the body, but evident from observation of the universal practice of mankind; who, for the preservation of health, in those whose rank or wealth exempts them from the necessity of lucrative labour have invented sports and diversions, which, though not of equal use to the world with manual trades, are yet of equal fatigue to those that practise them, and differ from the drudgery of the husbandman or manufacturer, only as they are acts of choice, and therefore performed without the painful sense of compulsion. The huntsman rises early, pursues his game through all the dangers and obstructions of the chase, swims rivers, and scales precipices, till he returns home no less harassed than the soldier, and has perhaps sometimes incurred as great hazard of wounds or death: yet he has no motive to incite his ardour; he is neither subject to the commands of a general, nor dreads any penalties for neglect and disobedience: he has neither profit nor honour to expect from his perils and his conquests, but toils without the hope of mural

or civic garlands, and must content himself with the praise of his tenants and companions.

But such is the constitution of man, that labour may be stiled its own reward; nor will any external incitements be requisite, if it be considered how much happiness is gained, and how much misery escaped, by frequent and violent agitations of the body.

Ease is the utmost that can be hoped from a sedentary and inactive habit; ease, a neutral state between pain and pleasure. The dance of spirits, the bound of vigour, readiness of enterprise, and defiance of fatigue, are reserved for him that braces his nerve, and hardens his fibres, that keeps his limbs pliant with motion, and, by frequent exposure, fortifies his frame against the common accidents of cold and heat.

With ease, however, if it could be secured, many would be content; but nothing terrestrial can be kept at a stand. Ease, if it be not rising into pleasure, will be falling towards pain; and whatever hope the dreams of speculation may suggest of observing the proportion between nutriment and labour, and keeping the body in a healthy state by supplies exactly equal to its waste, we know, that, in effect, the vital powers, unexcited by motion, grow gradually languid; that, as their vigour fails, obstructions are generated; and that from obstructions proceed most of those pains which wear us away slowly with periodical tortures, and which, though they sometimes suffer life to be long, condemn it to be useless, chain us down to the couch of misery, and mock us with the hopes of death.

Exercise cannot secure us from that dissolution to which we are decreed; but while the soul and body continue united, it can make the association pleasing, and give probable hopes that they shall be disjoined by an easy separation. It was a principle among the ancients, that acute diseases are from heaven, and chronical from ourselves. The dart of death indeed falls from heaven, but we poison it by our own misconduct: to die is the fate of man; but to die with lingering anguish is generally his folly.

It

It is necessary to that perfection of which our present state is capable, that the mind and body should both be kept in action; that neither the faculties of the one nor of the other be suffered to grow lax or torpid for want of use; that neither health be purchased by voluntary submission to ignorance, nor knowledge cultivated at the expense of that health, which must enable it either to give pleasure to its possessor, or assistance to others. It is too frequently the pride of students to despise those amusements and recreations which give to the rest of mankind strength of limbs and cheerfulness of heart. Solitude and contemplation are indeed seldom consistent with such skill in common exercises or sports as is necessary to make them be practised with delight; and no man is willing to do that of which the necessity is not pressing and immediate, when he knows that his awkwardness must make him ridiculous. Thus the man of learning is often resigned, almost by his own consent, to languor and pain; and, while in the prosecution of his studies, he suffers the weariness of labour, is subject by his course of life to the maladies of idleness.

I have always admired the wisdom of those by whom our female education was instituted, for having contrived that every woman of whatsoever condition should be taught some arts of manufacture, by which the vacuities of recluse and domestic labour might be filled up. These arts are the more necessary as the weakness of their sex and the general system of life debar ladies from many employments, which, by diversifying the circumstances of men, preserve them from being cankered by the rust of their own thoughts. I know not how much of the virtue and happiness of the world may be the consequence of this judicious regulation. Perhaps the most powerful fancy might be unable to figure the confusion and slaughter that would be produced by so many piercing eyes and vivid understandings, turned loose at once upon mankind, with no other business than to sparkle and intrigue, to perplex and to destroy.

For my part, whenever chance brings within my observation a knot of misses busy at their needles, I consi-

der myself as in the school of virtue; and though I have no extraordinary skill in plain-work or embroidery, look upon their operations with as much satisfaction as their governess, because I regard them as providing a security against the most dangerous snares of the soul, by enabling themselves to exclude idleness from their solitary moments, and with idleness, her attendant train of passions, fancies, and chimeras, fears, sorrows, and desires. Ovid and Cervantes will inform them, that love has no power but over those whom he catches unemployed; and Hector, in the Iliad, when he sees Andromache overwhelmed with terrours, sends her for consolation to the loom and the distaff.

It is certain that any wild wish or vain imagination never takes such firm possession of the mind, as when it is found empty and unoccupied. The old peripatetic principle, that nature abhors a vacuum, may be properly applied to the intellect, which will embrace any thing, however absurd or criminal, rather than be wholly without an object. Perhaps every man may date the predominance of those desires that disturb his life and contaminate his conscience, from some unhappy hour when too much leisure exposed him to their incursions; for he has lived with little observation either on himself or others, who does not know that to be idle is to be vicious. *Johnson.*

XII. PROPER SPHERE OF ACTION FOR WOMEN.

WOMEN famed for their valour, their skill in politics or their learning, leave the duties of their own sex, in order to invade the privileges of ours. I can no more pardon a fair one for endeavouring to wield the club of Hercules, than I could him for attempting to twirl her distaff.

The modest virgin, the prudent wife, or the careful matron, are much more serviceable in life, than petticoated philosophers, blustering heroines, or virago queens. She who makes her husband and her children happy, who reclaims the one from vice, and trains up the other to virtue, is a much greater character than ladies

described

described in romance, whose whole occupation is to murder mankind with shafts from their quiver or their eyes.

Women, it has been observed, are not naturally formed for great cares themselves, but to soften ours. Their tenderness is the proper reward for the dangers we undergo for their preservation; and the ease and cheerfulness of their conversation, our desirable retreat from the fatigues of intense application. They are confined within the limits of domestic assiduity; and when they stray beyond them, they move beyond their sphere, and consequently without grace.

Fame, therefore, has been very unjustly dispensed among the female sex. Those who least deserved to be remembered, meet our admiration and applause; while many, who have been an honour to humanity, are passed over in silence. *Goldsmith.*

XIII. THE ART OF ASSISTING BEAUTY.

A CELEBRATED French writer has concluded one of his essays with affirming, that the last sighs of a handsome woman are not so much for the loss of her life as of her beauty. Perhaps this raillery is pursued too far, yet it is turned upon a very obvious remark, that woman's strongest passion is for her own beauty, and that she values it as her favourite distinction. Hence it is, that all arts, which pretend to improve or preserve it, meet with so general a reception among the sex. To say nothing of many false helps and contraband wares of beauty, which are daily vended in this great mart, there is not a maiden gentlewoman of a good family in any county of South-Britain, who has not heard of the virtues of May-dew, or is unfurnished with some receipt or other in favour of her complexion; and I have known a physician of learning and sense, after eight years study in the university, and a course of travels into most countries in Europe, owe the first raising of his fortunes to a cosmetic wash.

This has given me occasion to consider how so universal a disposition in womankind, which springs from a laudable motive, the desire of pleasing, and proceeds

upon an opinion not altogether groundless, that nature may be helped by art, may be turned to their advantage. And, methinks, it would be an acceptable service to take them out of the hands of quacks and pretenders, and to prevent their imposing upon themselves, by discovering to them the true secret and art of improving beauty.

In order to this, before I touch upon it directly, it will be necessary to lay down a few preliminary maxims, such as the following.

That no woman can be handsome by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty only by the help of speech.

That pride destroys all symmetry and grace; and affectation is a more terrible enemy to fine faces than the small-pox.

That no woman is capable of being beautiful who is not incapable of being false.

And that what would be odious in a friend, is deformity in a mistress.

From these few principles thus laid down, it will be easy to prove, that the true art of assisting beauty consists in embellishing the whole person by the proper ornaments of virtuous and commendable qualities. By this help alone it is, that those who are the favourite work of nature, or, as Mr Dryden expresses it, the porcelain clay of human-kind, become animated, and are in a capacity of exerting their charms: and those who seem to have been neglected by her, like models wrought in haste, are capable, in a great measure, of finishing what she has left imperfect.

It is surely a low and degrading idea of that sex, which was created to refine the joys and soften the cares of humanity by the most agreeable participations, to consider them merely as objects of sight. This is abridging them of their natural extent of power, to put them upon a level with their pictures at Kneller's. How much nobler is the contemplation of beauty heightened by virtue, and commanding our esteem and love, while it draws our observation! How faint and spirit-

less

less are the charms of a coquette, when compared with the real loveliness of Sophronia's innocence, piety, good-humour, and truth; virtues which add a new softness to her sex, and even beautify her beauty! That agreeableness which appeared in the modest virgin, is now preserved in the tender mother, the prudent friend, and the faithful wife.—Colours artfully spread upon canvas may entertain the eye, but not affect the heart; and she who takes no care to add to the natural graces of her person any excelling qualities, may be allowed still to amuse as a picture, but not to triumph as a beauty.

When Adam is introduced by Milton, describing Eve in paradise, and relating to the angel the impressions he felt upon seeing her at her first creation, he does not represent her like a Grecian Venus, by her shape or features, but by the lustre of her mind, which shone in them, and gave them their power of charming. *Spectator.*

XIV. THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TRUE AND FALSE POLITENESS.

It is evident enough, that the moral and Christian duty of "preferring one another in honour," respects only social peace and charity, and terminates in the good and edification of our christian brother. Its use is, to soften the minds of men, and to draw them from that savage rusticity, which engenders many vices, and discredits the virtues themselves. But when men had experienced the benefit of this complying temper, and farther saw the ends not of charity only, but of self-interest, that might be answered by it; they no longer considered its just purpose and application, but stretched it to that officious sedulity, and extreme servility of adulation, which we too often observe and lament in polished life.

Hence, that infinite attention and consideration, which are so rigidly exacted, and so duly paid, in the commerce of the world: hence, that prostitution of mind, which leaves a man no will, no sentiment, no principle, no character; all which disappear under the uniform exhibition of good manners: hence, those insidious arts, those studied

died disguises, those obsequious flatteries, nay, those multiplied and nicely-varied forms of insinuation and address, the direct aim of which may be to acquire the fame of politeness and good-breeding, but the certain effect, to corrupt every virtue, to sooth every vanity, and to inflame every vice of the human heart.

These fatal mischiefs introduce themselves under the pretence and semblance of that humanity which the scriptures encourage and enjoin: but the genuine virtue is easily distinguished from the counterfeit, and by the following plain signs.

True politeness is modest, unpretending, and generous. It appears as little as may be; and when it does a courtesy, would willingly conceal it. It chooses silently to forego its own claims, not officiously to withdraw them. It engages a man to prefer his neighbour to himself, because he really esteems him; because he is tender of his reputation; because he thinks it more manly, more christian, to descend a little himself than to degrade another. It respects, in a word, the credit and estimation of his neighbour.

The mimic of this amiable virtue, false politeness, is, on the other hand, ambitious, servile, timorous. It affects popularity; is solicitous to please, and to be taken notice of. The man of this character does not offer, but obtrude his civilities; because he would merit by his assiduity; because, in despair of winning regard by any worthier qualities, he would be sure to make the most of this; and, lastly, because of all things, he would dread, by the omission of any punctilious observance, to give offence. In a word, this sort of politeness respects, for its immediate object, the favour and consideration of our neighbour.

Again; the man who governs himself by the *spirit* of the apostle's precept, expresses his preference of another in such a way as is worthy of himself; in all innocent compliances, in all honest civilities, in all decent and manly condescensions.

On the contrary, the man of the world, who rests in the *letter* of this command, is regardless of the means by which

which he conducts himself. He respects neither his own dignity, nor that of human nature. Truth, reason, virtue, all are equally betrayed by this supple impostor. He assents to the errours of other men, though the most pernicious; he applauds their follies, though the most ridiculous; he sooths their vices, though the most flagrant. He never contradicts, though in the softest form of insinuation; he never disapproves, though by a respectful silence; he never condemns, though it be only by a good example. In short, he is solicitous for nothing, but, by some studied devices, to hide from others, and, if possible, to palliate to himself, the grossness of his illiberal adulation. *Hurd.*

SECTION III.

EXTRACTS FROM BOOKS OF TRAVELS.

I. OF THE HAGUE AND ROTTERDAM.

NOTHING can be more agreeable than travelling in Holland. The whole country appears a large garden; the roads are well paved, shaded on each side with rows of trees, and bordered with large canals full of boats passing and repassing. Every twenty paces give you the prospect of some villa, and every four hours that of a large town, so surprisingly neat, I am sure you would be charmed with them. The Hague is certainly one of the finest villages in the world. Here are several squares finely

finely built, and (what I think a particular beauty) the whole set with thick large trees. The *Voor-hout* is, at the same time, the Hyde-Park and Mall of the people of quality; for they take the air in it both on foot and in coaches.

The appearance of Rotterdam gives one very great pleasure. All the streets are paved with broad stones, and before many of the meanest artificers doors are placed seats of various-coloured marble, so neatly kept, that I assure you I walked almost over the town yesterday, *incognito*, in my slippers, without receiving one spot of dirt; and you may see the Dutch maids washing the pavement of the streets with more application than ours do our bed-chambers.

The town seems so full of people, with such busy faces, all in motion, that I can hardly fancy it is not some celebrated fair; but I see it is every day the same. It is certain no town can be more advantageously situated for commerce. Here are seven large canals, on which the merchant ships come up to the very doors of their houses. The shops and warehouses are of a surprising neatness and magnificence, filled with an incredible quantity of fine merchandise, and so much cheaper than what we see in England, that I have much ado to persuade myself I am still so near it. Here is neither dirt nor beggary to be seen. One is not shocked with those loathsome cripples so common in London, nor teased with the importunity of idle persons that choose to be nasty and lazy. The common servants and little shop-women here are more nicely clean than some of our ladies; and the great variety of neat dresses (every woman dressing her head after her own fashion) is an additional pleasure in seeing the town. *Lady M. W. Montague.*

II. OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

A CERTAIN French author says Constantinople is twice as big as Paris. It does not appear to me to be much bigger than London; and I am apt to think it is not so populous. The burying fields about it are certainly much larger than the whole city. It is surprising what a vast

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deal of land is lost this way in Turkey. Sometimes I have seen burying-places of several miles, belonging to very inconsiderable villages, which were formerly great towns, and retain no other mark of their ancient grandeur than this dismal one.

On no occasion do they ever remove a stone that serves for a monument. Some of them are costly enough, being very fine marble. They set up a pillar, with a carved turban on the top of it, to the memory of a man; and as the turbans, by their different shapes, show the quality or profession, it is in a manner putting up the arms of the deceased. Besides, the pillar commonly bears an inscription in gold letters. The ladies have a simple pillar, without other ornaments; except those that die unmarried, who have a rose on the top of their monument. The sepulchres of particular families are railed in, and planted round with trees. Those of the sultans, and some great men, have lamps constantly burning in them.

The exchanges are all noble buildings, full of fine alleys, the greatest part supported with pillars, and kept wonderfully neat. Every trade has its distinct alley, where the merchandise is disposed in the same order as in the New Exchange at London. The jeweller's quarter shows so much riches, such a vast quantity of diamonds and all kinds of precious stones, that they dazzle the sight. The embroiderer's is also very glittering; and people walk here as much for diversion as business. The markets are most of them handsome squares, and admirably well provided, perhaps better than in any other part of the world.

I have taken care to see as much of the seraglio here as is to be seen. It is on a point of land running into the sea; a palace of prodigious extent, but very irregular. The gardens take in a large compass of ground, full of high cypress trees, which is all I know of them. The buildings are all of white stone, leaded on the top, with gilded turrets and spires, which look very magnificent; and, indeed, I believe there is no Christian king's palace half so large. There are six large courts in it, all built

built round, and set with trees, having galleries of stone; one of these for the guard, another for the slaves, another for the officers of the kitchen, another for the stables, the fifth for the divan, and the sixth for the apartment destined for audiences. On the ladies' side there are at least as many more, with distinct courts belonging to their attendants.

The climate about Constantinople is delightful in the highest degree. I am now sitting, on the fourth of January, with the windows open, enjoying the warm sunshine, while you are freezing over a sad sea-coal fire; and my chamber is set out with carnations, roses, and jonquils, fresh from my garden.

The pleasure of going in a barge to Chelsea is not comparable to that of rowing upon the canal of the sea here, where, for twenty miles together down the Bosphorus, the most beautiful variety of prospects present themselves. The Asiatic side is covered with fruit-trees, villages, and the most delightful landscapes in nature: on the European, stands Constantinople situated on seven hills. The unequal heights make it seem twice as large as it is, though one of the largest cities in the world; showing an agreeable mixture of gardens, pine and cypress trees, palaces, mosques, and public buildings, raised one above another with as much beauty, and appearance of symmetry, as any person ever saw in a cabinet adorned by the most skilful hands, where jars show themselves above jars, mixed with canisters, babies, and candlesticks. This is a very odd comparison, but it gives me an exact idea of the thing.

Lady W. M. Montague.

III. OF GENEVA.

The situation of Geneva is, in many respects, as happy as the heart of man could desire, or his imagination conceive. The Rhone, rushing out of the noblest lake in Europe, flows through the middle of the city, which is encircled by fertile fields, cultivated by the industry, and adorned by the riches and taste of the inhabitants.

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The long ridge of mountains called Mount Jura, on the one side, with the Alps, the Glaciers of Savoy, and the snowy head of Mount Blanc, on the other, serve as boundaries to the most charmingly-variegated landscape that ever delighted the eye. With these advantages in point of situation, the citizens of Geneva enjoy freedom, untainted by licentiousness, and security unbought by the horrours of war.

The great number of men of letters, who are either natives of the place, or have chosen it for their residence; the decent manners, the easy circumstances, and humane dispositions of the Genevese in general; render this city and its environs a very desirable retreat for people of a philosophic turn of mind, who are contented with moderate and calm enjoyments, have no local attachments or domestic reasons for preferring another country, and who wish, in a certain degree, to retire from the bustle of the world to a narrower and calmer scene, and there, for the rest of their days, "Forget in sweet oblivion all the cares of life."

As education here is equally cheap and liberal, the citizens of Geneva, of both sexes, are remarkably well instructed. I do not imagine that any country in the world can produce an equal number of persons (taken without election from all degrees and professions) with minds so much cultivated as the inhabitants of Geneva possess.

The democratical nature of their government inspires every citizen with an idea of his own importance. He perceives that no man in the republic can insult, or even neglect him with impunity.

It it an excellent circumstance in any government, when the most powerful man in the state has something to fear from the most feeble. This is the case here. The meanest citizen of Geneva is possessed of certain rights, which render him an object deserving the attention of the greatest. Besides, a consciousness of this makes him respect himself; a sentiment, which, within proper bounds, has a tendency to render a man respectable to others.

The general character of human nature forbids us to expect that men will always act from motives of public spirit, without an eye to private interest. The best form of government, therefore, is that in which the interest of individuals is most intimately blended with the public good. This may be more perfectly accomplished in a small republic than in a great monarchy. In the first, men of genius and virtue are discovered and called to offices of trust, by the impartial admiration of their fellow-citizens; in the other, the highest places are disposed of by the caprice of the prince, or of those courtiers, male or female, who are nearest his person, watch the variations of his humour, and know how to seize the smiling moments, and turn them to their own advantage, or that of their dependents. Montesquieu says, that a sense of honour produces the same effects in a monarchy, that public spirit or patriotism does in a republic. It must be remembered, however, that the first, according to the modern acceptation of the word, is generally confined to the nobility and gentry; whereas public spirit is a more universal principle, and spreads through all the members of the commonwealth.

As far as I can judge, a spirit of independency and freedom, tempered by sentiments of decency and the love of order, influence, in a most remarkable manner, the minds of the subjects of this happy republic.

Before I knew them, I had formed an opinion, that the people of this place were fanatical, gloomy-minded, and unsociable, as the Puritans in England, and Presbyterians in Scotland were during the civil wars and the reigns of Charles II. and his brother. In this, however, I find I had conceived a very erroneous notion. There is not, I may venture to assert, a city in Europe where the minds of the people are less under the influence of superstition or fanatical enthusiasm than at Geneva. Should the Pope himself choose this city for a retreat, it would be his own fault if he did not live in as much security as at the Vatican.

The richer class of the citizens have country-houses adjacent to the town, where they pass one half of the year.

year. These houses are all very neat, and some of them are splendid. One piece of magnificence they possess in greater perfection than the most superb villa of the greatest lord in any other part of the world can boast; I mean the prospect which almost all of them command. The gardens and vineyards of the republic; Geneva, with its lake; innumerable country-seats, castles, and little towns around the lake; the vallies of Savoy, and the loftiest mountains of the Alps; are all within one sweep of the eye.

Those whose fortunes or employments do not permit them to pass the summer in the country, make frequent parties of pleasure upon the lake, and dine and spend the evening at some of the villages in the environs, where they amuse themselves with music and dancing.

Sometimes they form themselves into circles, consisting of forty or fifty persons, and purchase or hire a house and garden near the town, where they assemble every afternoon during the summer, drink coffee, lemonade, and other refreshing liquors, and amuse themselves with cards, conversation, or playing at bowls.

They generally continue these circles, till the dusk of the evening, and the sound of the drum from the ramparts, call them to the town; and, at that time, the gates are shut: after which, no person can enter or go out, the officer of the guard not having the power to open them without an order from the magistrates, which is not to be obtained but on some great emergency. *Moore.*

IV. OF THE ITALIANS.

In their external deportment, the Italians have a grave solemnity of manner, which is sometimes thought to arise from a natural gloominess of disposition. The French, above all other nations, are apt to impute to melancholy the sedate serious air which accompanies reflection.

Though in the pulpit, on the theatre, and even in common conversation, the Italians make use of a great deal of action; yet Italian vivacity is different from

French: the former proceeds from sensibility; the latter from animal spirits.

The inhabitants of this country have not the brisk look, and elastic trip, which is universal in France: they move rather with a slow composed pace. The people of the most finished fashion, as well as the neglected vulgar, seem to prefer the unconstrained attitude of their antique statues, to the artificial graces of a French dancing-master, or the erect strut of a German soldier. I imagine I perceive a great resemblance between many of the living countenances I see daily, and the features of the ancient busts and statues; which leads me to believe, that there are a greater number of the genuine descendants of the old Romans in Italy, than is generally imagined.

I am often struck with the fine character of countenance to be seen in the streets of Rome. I never saw features more expressive of reflection, sense, and genius. In the very lowest ranks there are countenances which announce minds fit for the highest and most important situations; and we cannot help regretting, that those to whom they belong, have not received an education adequate to the natural abilities we are convinced they possess, and been placed where these abilities could be brought into action.

Of all the countries of Europe, Swisserland is that in which the beauties of nature appear in the greatest variety of forms, and on the most magnificent scale. In that country, therefore, the young landscape-painter has the best chance of seizing the most sublime ideas. But Italy is the best school for the history-painter; not only on account of its being enriched with the works of the greatest masters and the noblest models of antique sculpture, but also on account of the fine expressive style of the Italian countenance.

Strangers, on their arrival at Rome, form no high idea of the beauty of the Roman women from the specimens they see in the fashionable circles to which they are first introduced. There are some exceptions; but, in general, it must be acknowledged, that the present

race

race of women of high rank are more distinguished by their other ornaments than by their beauty. Among the citizens, however, and in the lower classes, you frequently meet with the most beautiful countenances. For a brilliant red and white, and all the charms of complexion, no women are equal to the English. If a hundred, or any greater number, of English women, were taken at random, and compared with the same number of the wives and daughters of the citizens of Rome, I am convinced, that ninety of the English would be found handsomer than ninety of the Romans; but the probability is, that two or three in the hundred Italians, would have finer countenances than any of the English. English beauty is more remarkable in the country than in towns. The peasantry of no country in Europe can stand a comparison in point of looks, with those of England. That rank of people have the conveniencies of life in no other country in such perfection; they are no-where else so well fed, so well defended from the injuries of the seasons: and no-where else do they keep themselves so perfectly clean, and free from all the vilifying effects of dirt. The English country-girls, taken collectively, are, unquestionably, the handsomest in the world. The female peasants of most other countries, indeed, are so hard worked, so ill fed, so much tanned by the sun, and so dirty, that it is difficult to know whether they have any beauty or not. Yet I have been informed, since I came here, that, in spite of all these disadvantages, there are sometimes found among the Italian peasantry, countenances highly interesting, and which are preferable to all the cherry checks of Lancashire.

Beauty, doubtless, is infinitely varied; and, happily for mankind, their tastes and opinions on the subject are equally various. Notwithstanding this variety, however, a style of face, in some measure peculiar to its own inhabitants, has been found to prevail in each different nation of Europe. This peculiar countenance is again varied, and marked with every degree of discrimination between the extremes of beauty and ugliness. I will

give you a sketch of the general style of the most beautiful female heads in this country, from which you may judge whether they are to your taste or not.

A great profusion of dark hair, which seems to encroach upon the forehead, rendering it short and narrow; the nose generally either aquiline, or continued in a straight line from the lower part of the brow; a full and short upper-lip; the eyes large, and of a sparkling black. The black eye certainly labours under one disadvantage, which is, that, from the iris and pupil being of the same colour, the contraction and dilatation of the latter is not seen, by which the eye is abridged of half its powers. Yet the Italian eye is wonderfully expressive; some people think it says too much. The complexion, for the most part, is of a clear brown, sometimes fair, but very seldom florid, or of that bright fairness which is common in England and Saxony. *Moore.*

V. CHARACTER OF THE SPANIARDS.

WERE I to draw the picture of the Spaniards from the manifold sketches traced by their countrymen, every province in the kingdom would, in its turn, appear a Paradise and a Pandoemonium, a seat of holy spirits and a receptacle of malicious devils. The most contradictory accounts, enforced by the most positive asseverations, have been repeatedly given me of the same places. I have often found the virtue one province prides itself in, as being the specific mark of its inhabitants, not only refused them by a neighbouring county, but the very opposite vice imposed upon them as their characteristic. The English, French, and other foreigners, living in Spain, are, in general, but indifferently qualified to decide upon these matters. As long as they retain the prejudices they brought from home against every thing that clashes with their native customs, they are but partial judges; and when once they fall into the ways of the place where commerce has fixed their lot, they become such thorough-paced Spaniards, that they can neither perceive the particularities you speak to them of, nor assign reasons for uses that are grown habitual to them.

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As I am not ashamed to acknowledge my insufficiency, I frankly confess it is not in my power to give what you may think a satisfactory character of the Spaniards. Were I inclined to flatter my self-love, I might add, that I do not esteem any of those who have already written on the subject, much better qualified than myself. What I can venture to say amounts to very little.

The Catalonians appear to be the most active, stirring set of men, the best calculated for business, travelling, and manufactories. The Valencians are a more sullen, sedate race, better adapted to the occupations of husbandmen, less eager to change place, and of a much more timid suspicious cast of mind than the former. The Andalusians seem to me the greatest talkers and rhodomontadoes of Spain. The Castilians have a manly frankness, and less appearance of cunning and deceit. The New Castilians are perhaps the least industrious of the whole nation; the Old Castilians are laborious, and retain more of antient simplicity of manners; both are of a firm, determined spirit. I take the Arragonese to be a mixture of the Castilians and Catalonians, rather inclining to the former. The Biscayners are acute and diligent, fiery, and impatient of controul; more resembling a colony of republicans than a province of an absolute monarchy. The Galicians are a plodding, pains-taking race of mortals, that roam over Spain in search of an hardy-earned subsistence.

The listless indolence, equally dear to the uncivilized savage and to the degenerate slave of despotism, is no where more indulged than in Spain. Thousands of men, in all parts of the realm, are seen to pass the whole day wrapped up in a cloak, standing in rows against a wall, or dozing under a tree. In total want of every excitement to action, the springs of their intellectual faculties forget to play, their views grow confined within the wretched sphere of mere existence, and they scarce seem to hope or foresee any thing better than their present state of vegetation. They feel little or no concern for the welfare or glory of a country, where the surface of the earth is engrossed by a few over-

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grown families, who seldom bestow a thought on the condition of their vassals. The poor Spaniard does not work, unless urged by irresistible want, because he perceives no advantage to accrue from industry. As his food and raiment are purchased at a small expense, he spends no more time in labour, than is absolutely necessary for procuring the scanty provision his abstemiousness requires. I have heard a peasant refuse to run an errand, because he had that morning earned as much as would last him the day, without putting himself to any farther trouble.

Yet I am convinced that this laziness is not essentially inherent in the Spanish composition. For it is impossible, without seeing them, to conceive with what eagerness they pursue any favourite scheme, with what violence their passions work upon them, and what vigour and exertion of powers they display when awakened by a bull-feast, or the more constant agitation of gaming, a vice to which they are superlatively addicted. Were it again possible, by an intelligent, spirited administration, to set before their eyes, in a clear and forcible manner, proper incitements to activity and industry, the Spaniards might yet be roused from their lethargy, and led to riches and reputation; but I confess the task is so difficult, that I look upon it rather as an Utopian idea, than as a revolution likely ever to take place.

The Spanish is by no means naturally a serious melancholy nation. Misery and discontent have cast a gloom over them, increased, no doubt, by the long habit of distrust and terrour inspired by the inquisition; yet every village still resounds with the music of voices and guitars; and their fairs and Sunday wakes are remarkably noisy and riotous. They talk louder, and argue with more vehemence than even the French or Italians, and gesticulate with equal, if not superior, eagerness.

I was surprised to find them so much more luke-warm in their devotion than I expected; but I will not take upon me to assert, though I have great reason to believe it, that there is in Spain as little true moral religion as in any country I ever travelled through. Religion is a

topic

topic not to be touched, much less handled with any degree of curiosity, in the dominions of so tremendous a tribunal as the Inquisition. From what little I saw, I am apt to suspect, that the people here trouble themselves with very few serious thoughts on the subject; and that, provided they can bring themselves to believe that their favourite saint looks upon them with an eye of affection, they take it for granted, that under his benign influence, they are freed from all apprehensions of damnation in a future state; and, indeed, from any great concern about the moral duties of this life. The burning zeal which distinguished their ancestors above the rest of the Catholic world, appears to have lost much of its activity, and seems nearly extinguished.

We found the common people inoffensive, if not civil; and having never had an opportunity of being witnesses to any of their excesses, can say nothing of their violent jealousy or revenge, which are points most writers on Spain have expatiated upon with great pleasure. I believe in this line, as well as in many others, their bad as well as good qualities have been magnified many degrees above the truth.

The national qualities, good and bad, conspicuous in the lower classes of men, are easily traced and very discernible in those of higher rank; for their education is too much neglected, their minds too little enlightened by study or communication with other nations, to rub off the general rust, with which the Spanish genius has, for above an age, been as it were encrusted. The public schools and universities are in a despicable state of ignorance and irregularity. Some feeble hope of future reformation is indulged by patriots; but time must shew what probabilities they are grounded on.

The reigns of Charles V. and Philip II. were the times of great men and good authors, the Spanish Augustan age, and continued a few years under Philip III. Since those days, it is difficult to point out any original work of learning or merit, except those of Cervantes and La Vega, who survived the rest of the geniuses of that period.

Swinburne.

VI. OF

VI. OF PORTUGAL AND ITS INHABITANTS.

THE kingdom of Portugal is situated to the west of Spain, from which it is separated on the north and the east by the river Minho, and some small rivers and hills; on the south and west it is washed by the sea. Its whole extent from north to south is three hundred miles, and its breadth from east to west, where broadest, is about one hundred and twenty. It is in the same climate with Spain, and as well as that country is very mountainous; but the soil is in general worse, and never produces corn enough for the support of its inhabitants. As to wheat, it has always produced less of that valuable grain than what the people require. In the southern parts, pasture is always scarce, and the cattle small and lean, though the flesh is generally well-tasted. But to make amends for this want of corn and pasture, here are made vast quantities of wine, which is indeed the best commodity of this kingdom. Oil is also made here in great abundance, but it is far inferiour to that of Spain and Italy. Lemons and oranges likewise grow here, and are exported in great quantities; though the acidity of the latter is not near so pleasant as of those that come from Seville; nor indeed are their raisins, figs, almonds, and chesnuts either so large, or so well-tasted as those of Spain. However, their sweet oranges, which they have introduced from China, and which are thence called China oranges, are the best of the kind in Europe. Herbs and flowers of all sorts are here commonly very good, and abundance of perfumed waters are distilled from those of the odoriferous kind, which are here in great request, they being used in almost every thing that is eaten, drunk, or worn.

The woollen manufactures of this country are so indifferent and coarse, that they are only worn by the meaner sort; and though their silks are in some places much better, they are far inferiour in beauty and goodness to those made in Spain.

The modern Portuguese retain nothing of that adventurous enterprising spirit that rendered their forefathers

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so illustrious three hundred years ago. They have, ever since the house of Braganza mounted the throne, degenerated in all their virtues; though some noble exceptions are still remaining among them; and no people are so little obliged as the Portuguese are to the reports of historians and travellers. Treachery has been laid to their charge, as well as ingratitude; and above all, an intemperate passion for revenge.

The Portuguese are neither so tall nor so well made as the Spaniards, whose habits and customs they imitate; only the quality affect to be more gaily and more richly dressed.

The women are mostly beautiful when young, though their complexion is inclinable to the olive; but the indiscreet use of paint renders their skin shrivelled as with old age, before they are turned of thirty. Their eyes, however, which are generally black and sparkling, retain their lustre after other charms are withered. The quick decay of beauty is in some measure recompensed by the vivacity of their wit, in which they are said to excel the women of all other nations. They are extremely charitable and generous, and remarkable for their modesty.

Spectacles are commonly worn here as well as in Spain, as a mark of age and gravity; for it is observable of these two nations, that old age, with a grave and solemn behaviour, procures such respect, that the young affect to imitate the solemnity of the old.

Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, is built upon seven hills, and is thought to contain 200,000 inhabitants. Some of the hills rise above the rest; and some again are so interwoven and contrasted, that they form an agreeable diversity of hills and vales; so that from the opposite side of the Tagus, it looks like an immense amphitheatre, which has all the charms that can be produced by a variety of the most sumptuous edifices, reflecting uncommon beauties upon each other by the happiness of their situation. Nor do the prospects of the country give less pleasure when they are viewed from the eminences in the city: for, what can be a finer sight than a beautiful country, and such a river as the

the Tagus, covered with forests of ships from all nations? Its situation certainly renders its appearance at once delightful and superb; and it is deservedly accounted the greatest port in Europe, next to London and Amsterdam.

The city, before the great earthquake, afforded a still nobler prospect when viewed from the river, than it does at present, on account of the gradual ascent of the buildings. But this dreadful earthquake (which began on the first of November, 1755, at about ten in the morning) laid the finest buildings of Lisbon in ruins, and reduced that city to a scene of the most terrible desolation. To complete the public distress, a fire soon after broke out and spread among the ruins; and, by these disasters, the King's-palace, the Custom-house, St Dominic's church, St. Nicholas's, and many others, were either thrown down or consumed, together with a great number of private houses. But happily some whole streets escaped the general calamity, and were left standing entire.

All that part of the city which was demolished by the earthquake, is now planned out in the most regular and commodious form. Some large squares and many streets are already built. The streets form right angles, and are broad and spacious. The houses are lofty, elegant, and uniform; and, being built of white stone, make a beautiful appearance.

The air here is so soft, and the sky so clear, that it is quite delicious; which, joined to the excellence of the water, makes the inhabitants so extremely healthy, that they have the happiness of living to a very great age, without being oppressed with infirmities, and continually attacked by fresh disorders, as is usual in other climates. The climate is so temperate, that they have roses and many other sorts of flowers, even in the winter.

The second city in this kingdom is Oporto, which is computed to contain 30,000 inhabitants. The chief article of commerce in this city is wine; and the inhabitants of half the shops in the city are coopers. The merchants

merchants assemble d in the chief street, to transact business; and are protected from the sun by sail-cloths hung across from the opposite houses. About thirty English families reside here, who are chiefly concerned in the wine trade. *Tour through Portugal.*

VII. A VIEW OF THE STARS AND RISING SUN FROM MOUNT ETNA.

After incredible labour and fatigue, but at the same time mixed with a great deal of pleasure, we arrived before dawn at the ruins of an ancient structure, supposed to have been built by the philosopher Empedocles, who took up his habitation here, the better to study the nature of Mount Etna. By others it is supposed to be the ruins of a temple of Vulcan, whose shop all the world knows, (where he used to make excellent thunderbolts and celestial armour, as well as nets to catch his wife when she went astray) was ever kept in Mount Etna. Here we rested ourselves for some time, and made a fresh application to our bottle, which I am persuaded both Vulcan and Empedocles, had they been here, would have greatly approved of after such a march.

We had now time to pay our adorations in a silent contemplation of the sublime objects of nature. The sky was clear, and the immense vault of the heavens appeared in awful majesty and splendour. We found ourselves more struck with veneration than when below; and observed with astonishment, that the number of stars seemed to be infinitely increased, and the light of each of them appeared brighter than usual. The whiteness of the Milky Way was like a pure flame that shot across the heavens; and with the naked eye we could observe clusters of stars that were invisible in the regions below. We did not at first attend to the cause, nor recollect that we had now passed through ten or twelve thousand feet of gross vapour, that blunts and confuses every ray, before it reaches the surface of the earth. We were amazed at the distinctness of vision, and exclaimed together, "What a glorious situation for

an observatory!" We regretted that Jupiter was not visible, as I am persuaded we might have discovered some of his satellites with the naked eye, or at least with a small glass, which I had in my pocket. We observed a light a great way below us on the mountain, which seemed to move among the forests; but whether an *Ignis Fatuus*, or what it was, I shall not pretend to say. We likewise took notice of several of those meteors, called *Falling Stars*, which still appeared to be as much elevated above us, as when seen from the plain; so that, in all probability, those bodies move in regions much beyond the bounds which some philosophers have assigned to our atmosphere.

After contemplating these objects for some time, we set off, and soon arrived at the foot of the great crater of the mountain. This is of an exact conical figure, and rises equally on all sides. It is composed solely of ashes and other burnt materials, discharged from the mouth of the volcano, which is in its centre. This conical mountain is of a very great size. Its circumference cannot be less than ten miles. Here we took a second rest, as the greatest part of our fatigue still remained. We found this mountain excessively steep; and although it had appeared black, yet it was likewise covered with snow; but the surface (luckily for us) was spread over with a pretty thick layer of ashes, thrown out from the crater. Had it not been for this, we never should have been able to get to the top, as the snow was every-where frozen hard and solid from the piercing cold of the air.

In about an hour's climbing, we arrived at a place where there was no snow, and where a warm and comfortable vapour issued from the mountain, which induced us to make another halt. From this spot it was only about 300 yards to the highest summit of the mountain, where we arrived in full time to see the most wonderful and most sublime sight in nature.

But here description must ever fall short; for no imagination has dared to form an idea of so glorious and so magnificent a scene. Neither is there on the surface

face of this globe, any one point that unites so many awful and sublime objects.—The immense elevation from the surface of the earth, drawn, as it were, to a single point, without any neighbouring mountain for the senses and imagination to rest upon, and recover from their astonishment in their way down to the world —this point, or pinnacle, is raised on the brink of a bottomless gulf, as old as the world, often discharging rivers of fire, and throwing out burning rocks, with a noise that shakes the whole island. Add to this, the unbounded extent of the prospect, comprehending the greatest diversity, and the most beautiful scenery in nature, with the rising sun advancing in the east to illuminate the wondrous scene.

The whole atmosphere by degrees kindled up, and showed dimly and faintly the boundless prospect around. Both sea and land looked dark and confused, as if only emerging from their original chaos, and light and darkness seemed still undivided; till the morning, by degrees advancing, completed the separation. The stars are extinguished, and the shades disappear. The forests, which but now seemed black and bottomless gulfs, from which no ray was reflected to shew their form or colours, appear a new creation rising to the sight, catching life and beauty from every increasing beam. The view still enlarges, and the horizon seems to widen and expand itself on all sides; till the sun, like the great Creator, appears in the east, and, with his plastic ray, completes the mighty scene.—All appears enchantment, and it is with difficulty we can believe we are still on earth. The senses, unaccustomed to the sublimity of such a prospect, are bewildered and confounded; and it is not till after some time, that they are capable of separating and judging of the objects that compose it.—The body of the sun is seen rising from the ocean; immense tracts both of sea and land intervening; the islands of Lipari, with their smoking summits, appear under your feet; and you look down on the whole of Sicily as on a map, and can trace every river, through all its windings, from its source to its mouth. The view

is absolutely boundless on every side; nor is there any one object within the circle of vision to interrupt it; so that the sight is every-where lost in the immensity: and I am persuaded it is only from the imperfection of our organs, that the coasts of Africa, and even of Greece, are not discovered, as they are certainly above the horizon. The circumference of the visible horizon on the top of Etna, cannot be less than 2000 miles. Malta, which is near 200 miles distant, is often discovered from about one half the elevation of the mountain; so that, at the whole elevation, the horizon must extend to near double that distance, or 400 miles, which makes 800 for the diameter of the circle, and above 2400 for the circumference. But this is by much too vast for our senses, not intended to grasp so boundless a scene. *Brydon.*

SECTION IV.

A SECOND SET OF DIDACTIC PIECES.

I. OF THE DUTIES THAT RELATE TO MAN, CONSIDERED AS AN INDIVIDUAL.

1. *Consideration.*

COMMUNE with thyself, O man! and consider wherefore thou wast made.

Contemplate thy powers; contemplate thy wants and thy connections: so shalt thou discover the duties of life, and be directed in all thy ways.

Proceed

Proceed not to speak or to act, before thou hast weighed thy words and examined the tendency of every step thou shalt take: so shall disgrace fly far from thee, and in thy house shall shame be a stranger; repentance shall not visit thee, nor sorrow dwell upon thy cheek.

The thoughtless man bridleth not his tongue; he speaketh at random, and is entangled in the foolishness of his own words.

As one that runneth in haste, and leapeth over a fence, may fall into a pit on the other side, which he doth not see; so is the man that plungeth suddenly into any action before he hath considered the consequences thereof.

Hearken, therefore, unto the voice of Consideration. Her words are the words of wisdom, and her paths shall lead thee to safety and truth.

2. *Modesty.*

Who art thou, O man! that presumest on thy own wisdom? or why dost thou vaunt thyself on thine own acquirements?

The first step towards being wise, is to know that thou art ignorant; and, if thou would not be esteemed foolish in the judgment of others, cast off the folly of being wise in thy own conceit.

As a plain garment best adorneth a beautiful woman, so a decent behaviour is the greatest ornament of wisdom.

The speech of a modest man giveth lustre to truth, and the diffidence of his words absolveth his errour.

He relieth not on his own wisdom: he weigheth the counsels of a friend, and receiveth the benefit thereof.

He turneth away his ear from his own praise, and believeth it not: he is the last in discovering his own perfections.

Yet, as a veil addeth to beauty, so are his virtues set off by the shade which his modesty casteth upon them.

But behold the vain man, and observe the arrogant! He clotheth himself in rich attire: he walketh in the

public street: he casteth round his eyes, and courteth observation.

He tosseth up his head, and overlooketh the poor: he treateth his inferiours with insolence; and his superiours, in return, look down on his pride and folly with laughter.

He despiseth the judgment of others: he relieth on his own opinion, and is confounded.

He is puffed up with the vanity of his imagination: his delight is to hear, and to speak of himself all the day long.

He swalloweth, with greediness, his own praise; and the flatterer, in return, eateth him up.

3. *Application.*

SINCE the days that are past are gone for ever, and those that are to come may not come to thee; it behoveth thee, O man! to employ the present time, without regretting the loss of that which is past, or too much depending on that which is to come.

This instant is thine: the next is in the womb of futurity; and thou knowest not what it may bring forth.

Whatsoever thou resolvest to do, do it quickly: defer not till the evening what the morning may accomplish.

Idleness is the parent of want and pain; but the labour of virtue bringeth forth pleasure.

The hand of diligence defeateth want: prosperity and success are the industrious man's attendants.

Who is he that hath acquired wealth, that hath risen to power, that hath clothed himself with honour, that is spoken of in the city with praise? Even he that hath shut out idleness from his house; and hath said unto sloth thou art mine enemy.

He riseth up early, and lieth down late: he exerciseth his mind with contemplation, and his body with action; and preserveth the health of both.

But the slothful man is a burden to himself; his hours hang heavy on his head; he loitereth about, and knoweth not what he would do.

His

His days pass away like the shadow of a cloud; and he leaveth behind him no mark for remembrance.

His body is diseased for want of exercise; he wisheth for action, but hath not power to move: his mind is in darkness; his thoughts are confused; he longeth for knowledge, but hath no application. He would eat of the almond, but hateth the trouble of breaking its shell.

His house is in disorder; his servants are wasteful and riotous; and he runneth on towards ruin: he seeth it with his eyes; he heareth it with his ears; he shaketh his head and wisheth: but he hath no resolution; till ruin come upon him like a whirlwind, and shame and repentance descend with him to the grave.

4. *Emulation.*

If thy soul thirst for honour, if thy ear have any pleasure in the voice of praise, raise thyself from the dust whereof thou art made, and exalt thy aim to something that is praise-worthy.

The oak that now spreadeth its branches towards the heavens, was once but an acorn in the bowels of the earth.

Endeavour to be the first in thy calling, whatever it be; neither let any one go before thee in well-doing: nethertheless, do not envy the merits of another, but improve thine own talents.

Scorn also to depress thy competitors by any dishonest or unworthy method; strive to raise thyself above him, only by excelling him: so shall thy contest for superiority be crowned with honour, if not with success.

By a virtuous emulation, the spirit of a man is exalted within him; he panteth after fame, and rejoiceth as a racer to run his course.

He riseth like the palm-tree, in spite of oppression; and, as an eagle in the firmament of heaven, he soareth aloft, and fixeth his eye upon the glories of the sun.

The examples of eminent men are in his visions by night; and his delight is to follow them all the day long.

He formeth great designs: he rejoiceth in the execution

tion thereof; and his name goeth forth to the ends of the world.

But the heart of the envious man is gall and bitterness; his tongue spitteth venom; the success of his neighbour breaketh his rest.

He sitteth in his cell repining; and the good that happeneth to another, is to him an evil.

Hatred and malice feed upon his heart; and there is no rest in him.

He feeleth in his own breast no love of goodness, and therefore believeth his neighbour is like unto himself.

He endeavoureth to depreciate those that excel him, and putteth an evil interpretation on all their doings.

He lieth on the watch, and meditateth mischief: but the detestation of man pursueth him: he is crushed as a spider in his own web.

5. *Prudence.*

HEAR the words of Prudence; give heed unto her counsels, and store them in thine heart. Her maxims are universal, and all the virtues lean upon her: she is the guide and mistress of human life.

Put a bridle on thy tongue; set a guard before thy lips; lest the words of thine own mouth destroy thy peace.

Let him that scoffeth at the lame, take care that he halt not himself: whosoever speaketh of another's failings with pleasure, shall hear of his own with bitterness of heart.

Of much speaking cometh repentance; but in silence is safety.

A talkative man is a nuisance to society; the ear is sick of his babbling; the torrent of his words overwhelmeth conversation.

Boast not of thyself, for it shall bring contempt upon thee: neither deride another, for it is dangerous.

A bitter jest is the poison of friendship; and he who cannot restrain his tongue shall have trouble.

Furnish thyself with the proper accommodations belonging to thy condition; yet spend not to the utmost of

of what thou canst afford, that the providence of thy youth may be a comfort to thy old age.

Avarice is the parent of evil deeds; but frugality is the sure guardian of our virtues.

Let thine own business engage thine attention; leave the care of the state to the governors thereof.

Let not thy recreations be expensive, lest the pain of purchasing them exceed the pleasure thou hast in their enjoyment.

Neither let prosperity put out the eyes of circumspection, nor abundance cut off the hands of frugality; he that too much indulgeth in the superfluities of life, shall live to lament the want of its necessaries.

From the experience of others do thou learn wisdom; and, from their failings, correct thine own faults.

Trust no man before thou hast tried him; yet mistrust not without reason; it is uncharitable.

But when thou hast proved a man to be honest, lock him up in thine heart as a treasure; regard him as a jewel of inestimable price.

Receive not the favours of a mercenary man, nor join in friendship with the wicked; they shall be snares unto thy virtue, and bring grief to thy soul.

Use not to-day what to-morrow may want: neither leave that to hazard, which foresight may provide for, or care prevent.

Yet expect not, even from Prudence, infallible success; for the day knoweth not what the night may bring forth.

The fool is not always unfortunate, nor the wise man always successful: yet never had a fool a thorough enjoyment; never was a wise man wholly unhappy.

6. *Fortitude.*

PERILS, and misfortunes, and want, and pain, and injury, are more or less, the certain lot of every man that cometh into the world.

It behoveth thee, therefore, O child of calamity! early to fortify thy mind with courage and patience; that

that thou mayest support, with a becoming resolution, thy allotted portion of human evil.

As the camel beareth labour, and heat, and hunger, and thirst, through deserts of sand, and fainteth not; so the fortitude of a man shall sustain him through all perils.

A noble spirit disdaineth the malice of fortune; his greatness of soul is not to be cast down.

He hath not suffered his happiness to depend on her smiles, and therefore with her frowns he shall not be dismayed.

As a rock on the sea-shore he standeth firm; and the dashing of the waves disturbeth him not.

He raiseth his head like a tower on a hill, and the arrows of fortune drop at his feet.

In the instant of danger, the courage of his heart sustaineth him; and the steadiness of his mind beareth him out.

He meeteth the evils of life as a man that goeth forth unto battle, and returneth with victory in his hand.

Under the pressure of misfortunes, his calmness alleviates their weight; and, by his constancy, he shall surmount them.

But the dastardly spirit of a timorous man, betrayeth him to shame.

By shrinking under poverty, he stoopeth down to meanness; and, by tamely bearing insults, he inviteth injuries.

As a reed is shaken with the breath of the air, so the shadow of evil maketh him tremble.

In the hour of danger, he is embarrassed and confounded: in the day of misfortune, he sinketh, and despair overwhelmeth his soul.

7. *Contentment.*

FORGET not, O man! that thy station on earth is appointed by the wisdom of the Eternal; who knoweth thy heart, who seeth the vanity of all thy wishes, and, who often, in mercy, denieth thy requests.

Yet, for all reasonable desires, for all honest endeavours,

vours, his benevolence hath established in the nature of things, a probability of success.

The uneasiness thou feelest, the misfortunes thou bewailest; behold the root from whence they spring! even thine own folly, thine own pride, thine own distempered fancy.

Murmur not, therefore, at the dispensations of God, but correct thine own heart. Neither say within thyself, if I had wealth, or power, or leisure, I should be happy; for know, they all bring to their several possessors their peculiar inconveniencies.

The poor man seeth not the vexations and anxieties of the rich; he feeleth not the difficulties and perplexities of power; neither knoweth he the wearisomness of leisure; and therefore it is he that repineth at his own lot.

But envy not the appearance of happiness in any man; for thou knowest not his secret griefs.

To be satisfied with a little, is the greatest wisdom; and he who increaseth his riches, increaseth his cares; but a contented mind is a hidden treasure, and trouble findeth it not.

Yet, if thou suffer not the blandishments of thy fortune to rob thee of justice, of temperance, of charity, of modesty, even riches themselves shall not make thee unhappy.

But hence shalt thou learn, that the cup of felicity, pure and unmixed, is by no means a draught for mortal man.

Virtue is the race which God hath set him to run, and happiness the goal; which none can arrive at, till he hath finished his course, and received his crown in the mansions of eternity.

8. *Temperance.*

THE nearest approach thou canst make to happiness on this side the grave, is to enjoy from Heaven, health, wisdom, and peace of mind.

These blessings, if thou possess, and would preserve

serve to old age, avoid the allurements of voluptuousness, and fly from her temptations.

When she spreadeth her delicacies on the board, when her wine sparkleth in the cup, when she smileth upon thee, and persuadeth thee to be joyful and happy, then is the hour of danger, then let reason stand firmly on her ground.

For if thou hearken unto the words of her adversary thou art deceived and betrayed.

The joy which she promiseth, changeth to madness; and her enjoyments lead on to diseases and death.

Look round her board, cast thine eyes upon her guests, and observe those who have been allured by her smiles, who have listened to her temptations.

Are they not meagre? are they not sickly? are they not spiritless?

Their short hours of jollity and riot are followed by tedious days of pain and dejection: she hath debauched and palled their appetites, that they have now no relish for her nicest dainties. Her votaries are become her victims; the just and natural consequence which God hath ordained, in the constitution of things, for the punishment of those who abuse his gifts.

But, who is she, that with graceful steps, and with a lively air, trips over yonder plain?

The rose blushes on her cheeks; the sweetness of the morning breathes from her lips; joy, tempered with innocence and modesty, sparkleth in her eyes; and from the cheerfulness of her heart she singeth as she walks.

Her name is Health; she is the daughter of Exercise and Temperance; their sons inhabit the mountains that stretch over the regions of the north.

They are brave, active, and lively; and partake of all the beauties and virtues of their sister.

Vigour stringeth their nerves; strength dwelleth in their bones; and labour is their delight all the day long.

The employments of their father excite their appetites, and the repasts of their mother refresh them.

To combat the passions is their delight; to conquer evil habits is their glory.

Their

Their pleasures are moderate, and therefore they endure; their repose is short, but sound and undisturbed.

Their blood is pure; their minds are serene; and the physician knoweth not the way to their habitations.

Economy of Human Life.

II. THE BEAUTIES OF THE CREATION A SOURCE OF PLEASURE AND GRATITUDE.

COULD I transport myself with a wish from one country to another, I should choose to pass my winter in Spain, my spring in Italy, my summer in England, and my autumn in France. Of all these seasons, there is none that can vie with the spring for beauty and delightfulness. It bears the same figure among the seasons of the year, that the morning does among the divisions of the day, or youth among the stages of life. The English summer is pleasanter than that of any other country in Europe, on no other account but because it has a greater mixture of spring in it. The mildness of our climate, with those frequent refreshments of dews and rains that fall among us, keep up a perpetual cheerfulness in our fields, and fill the hottest months of the year with a lively verdure.

In the opening of the spring, when all nature begins to recover herself, the same animal pleasure which makes the birds sing, and the whole brute creation rejoice, rises very sensibly in the heart of man. I know none of the poets who have observed so well as Milton those secret overflowings of gladness which diffuse themselves through the mind of the beholder upon surveying the gay scenes of nature. He has touched upon it twice or thrice in his Paradise Lost, and describes it very beautifully under the name of "vernal delight," in that passage where he represents the Devil himself as almost sensible of it:

"Blossoms and fruits, at once, of golden hue
"Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colours mix'd;
"On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams
"Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,

"When God hath shower'd the earth, so lovely
"seem'd
"That landscape: and, of pure, now purer air
"Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
"Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
"All sadness but despair."

Many authors have written on the vanity of the creature, and represented the barrenness of every thing in this world, and its incapacity of producing any solid or substantial happiness. As discourses of this nature are very useful to the sensual and voluptuous, those speculations which show the bright side of things, and lay forth those innocent entertainments which are to be met with among the several objects that encompass us, are no less beneficial to men of dark and melancholy tempers. It was for this reason that I endeavoured to recommend a cheerfulness of mind in my two last Saturday's papers; and which I would still inculcate, not only from the consideration of ourselves, and of that being on whom we depend, nor from the general survey of that universe in which we are placed at present, but from reflections on the particular season in which this paper is written. The creation is a perpetual feast to the mind of a good man: every thing he sees cheers and delights him. Providence has imprinted so many smiles on nature, that it is impossible for a mind, which is not sunk in more gross and sensual delights, to take a survey of them without several secret sensations of pleasure. The Psalmist has, in several of his divine poems, celebrated those beautiful and agreeable scenes which make the heart glad, and produce in it that vernal delight which I have before taken notice of.

Natural philosophy quickens this taste of the creation, and renders it not only pleasing to the imagination, but to the understanding. It does not rest in the murmur of brooks and the melody of birds, in the shade of groves and woods, or in the embroidery of fields and meadows; but considers the several ends of Providence which are served by them, and the wonders

of

of divine wisdom which appear in them. It heightens the pleasures of the eye, and raises such a rational admiration in the soul as is little inferiour to devotion.

It is not in the power of every one to offer up this kind of worship to the great Author of Nature, and to indulge these more refined meditations of heart, which are doubtless highly acceptable in his sight. I shall therefore conclude this short essay on that pleasure which the mind naturally conceives from the present season of the year, by the recommending of a practice for which every one has sufficient abilities.

I would have my readers endeavour to moralize this natural pleasure of the soul, and to improve this *vernal delight*, as Milton calls it, into a christian virtue. When we find ourselves inspired with this pleasing instinct, this secret satisfaction and complacency arising from the beauties of the creation, let us consider to whom we stand indebted for all these entertainments of sense, and who it is that thus opens his hand and fills the world with good. The apostle instructs us to take advantage of our present temper of mind, to graft upon it such a religious exercise as is particularly conformable to it, by that precept which advises those who are sad to pray, and those who are merry to sing psalms. The cheerfulness of heart which springs up in us from the survey of Nature's works, is an admirable preparation for gratitude. The mind has gone a great way towards praise and thanksgiving that is filled with such a secret gladness. A grateful reflection on the Supreme Cause who produces it, sanctifies it in the soul, and gives it its proper value. Such an habitual disposition of mind consecrates every field and wood, turns an ordinary walk into a morning or evening sacrifice, and will improve those transient gleams of joy which naturally brighten up and refresh the soul on such occasions, into an inviolable and perpetual state of bliss and happiness. *Addison.*

III. ON THE PLANETARY AND TERRESTRIAL WORLDS.

To us, who dwell on its surface, the earth seems by

far the most extensive orb that our eyes can any-where behold; it is also clothed with verdure, diversified by trees, and adorned with a profusion of beautiful decorations; whereas, to a spectator placed on one of the planets, it wears an uniform aspect, looks all luminous, and no larger than a spot. To beings who dwell at still greater distances it entirely disappears. That which we call alternately the morning and evening star (as in one part of her orbit she rides foremost in the procession of night, in the other ushers in and anticipates the dawn) is a planetary world, which, with the five others that so wonderfully vary their mystic dance, are in themselves dark bodies, and shine only by reflection; have fields, and seas, and skies of their own; are furnished with all accommodations for animal subsistence, and are supposed to be the abodes of intellectual life; all which, together with our earthly habitation, are dependent on that grand dispenser of divine munificence, the sun; receive their light from the distribution of his rays, and derive their comfort from his benign agency.

The sun, which appears to perform its daily stages through the sky, is the great axle of heaven, about which the globe we inhabit, and other more spacious orbs, wheel their stated courses. Though seemingly smaller than the dial it illuminates, it is a million of times larger than this whole earth, on which so many lofty mountains rise and such vast oceans roll. A line extending from side to side through the centre of that resplendent orb would measure more than eight hundred thousand miles: a girdle formed to go round its circumference would require a length of millions: were its solid contents to be estimated, the account would almost overwhelm our understanding. Are we startled at these reports of philosophy? Are we ready to cry out in a transport of surprise, 'How mighty is the Being who kindled such a prodigious fire, and keeps alive from age to age such an enormous mass of flame!' let us attend our philosophic guides, and we shall be brought

brought acquainted with speculations more enlarged and wonderful.

The sun, with all its attendant planets, is but a very little part of the grand machine of the universe; every fixed star, though it seem no bigger than the diamond that glitters upon a lady's ring, is really a vast globe, like the sun in size and in glory; no less spacious, no less luminous, than the radiant source of the day: so that every such star is not barely a world, but the centre of a magnificent system; has a retinue of worlds irradiated by its beams, and revolving round its attractive influence; all which are lost to our sight in unmeasurable wilds of ether. That these stars appear like so many diminutive and scarcely distinguishable points, is owing to their immense and inconceivable distances. Immense and inconceivable indeed they are, since a ball, shot from the loaded cannon, and flying with unabated rapidity, must travel at that impetuous rate almost seven hundred thousand years before it could reach the nearest of these twinkling luminaries. While beholding this vast expanse, I learn my own extreme insignificance; I also discover the abject littleness of all terrestrial things. What is the earth, with all her ostentatious views, compared with this astonishing grand scenery of the skies? What but a dim speck hardly perceivable in the map of the universe? It is observed by a very judicious writer, that if the sun himself, which enlightens this part of the creation, were extinguished, and all the host of planetary worlds which move about him were annihilated, they would not be missed by an eye that could take in the whole compass of nature, any more than a grain of sand upon the seashore. The bulk of which they consist, and the space which they occupy, are so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, that their loss would leave scarce a blank in the immensity of God's works. If, then, not our globe only, but this whole system, be so very diminutive, what is a kingdom or a country? What are a few lordships, or the so-much admired patrimonies of those who are styled wealthy? When I measure them with my own little pittance, they swell into proud and

bloated dimensions; but, when I take the universe for my standard, how scanty is their size, how contemptible their figure! they shrink into pompous nothings.

Spectator.

IV. ON THE LOVE OF NOVELTY.

As Providence has made the human soul an active being, always impatient for novelty, and struggling, with unwearied progression, for something yet unenjoyed, the world seems to have been eminently adapted to this disposition of the mind: it is formed to raise expectation by constant vicissitudes, and to obviate satiety by perpetual change.

Wherever we turn our eyes, we find something to revive our curiosity, and engage our attention. In the dusk of the morning, we watch the rising of the sun; and we see the day diversify the clouds, and open new prospects in its gradual advance. After a few hours, the shades begin to lengthen, and the light declines; till the sky is resigned to a multitude of shining orbs different from each other in magnitude and splendour. The earth varies its appearance as we move upon it; the woods offer their shades, and the fields their harvests; the hill flatters with an extensive view, and the valley invites with shelter, fragrance, and flowers.

The poets have numbered, among the felicities of the golden age, an exemption from the change of seasons, and a perpetuity of spring; but I am not certain, that, in this state of imaginary happiness, they have made sufficient provision for that insatiable demand of new gratifications, which seems particularly to characterize the nature of man. Our sense of delight is in a great measure comparative, and arises at once from the sensations which we feel, and those which we remember. Thus, ease after torment is pleasure for a time, and we are very agreeably recreated, when the body, chilled with the weather, is gradually recovering its natural tepidity; but the joy ceases when we have forgot the cold; we must fall below ease again, if we desire to rise above it, and purchase new felicity by voluntary pain. It is therefore not unlikely, that, however the fancy may be

amused

amused with the description of regions in which no wind is heard but the gentle zephyr, and no scenes are displayed but vallies enamelled with unfading flowers, and woods waving their perennial verdure, we should soon grow weary of uniformity, find our thoughts languish for want of other subjects, call on Heaven for our wonted round of seasons, and think ourselves liberally recompensed for the inconveniencies of summer and winter by new perceptions of the calmness and mildness of the intermediate variations.

Every season has its particular power of striking the mind. The nakedness and asperity of the wintry world always fill the beholder with pensive and profound astonishment: as the variety of the scene is lessened, its grandeur is increased; and the mind is swelled at once by the mingled ideas of the present and the past, of the beauties which have vanished from the eyes, and the waste and desolation that are now before them.

It is observed by Milton, that he who neglects to visit the country in spring, and rejects the pleasures that are then in their first bloom and fragrance, is guilty of *sullenness against nature*. If we allot different duties to different seasons, he may be charged with equal disobedience to the voice of nature, who looks on the bleak hills and leafless woods without seriousness and awe. Spring is the season of gaiety, and winter of terrour. In spring, the heart of tranquillity dances to the melody of the groves, and the eye of benevolence sparkles at the sight of happiness and plenty: in the winter, compassion melts at universal calamity, and the tear of softness starts at the wailings of hunger and the cries of the creation in distress.

Few minds have much inclination to indulge heaviness and sorrow; nor do I recommend them beyond the degree necessary to maintain in its full vigour that habitual sympathy and tenderness, which, in a world of so much misery, is required for the ready discharge of our most important duties. The winter therefore is generally celebrated as the proper season for domestic merriment and gaiety. We are seldom invited by the

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votaries of pleasure to look abroad for any other purpose, than that we may shrink back with more satisfaction to our coverts; and when we have heard the howl of the tempest, and felt the gripe of the frost, congratulate each other with more gladness upon a close room, an easy chair, a large fire, and a smoking dinner.

Winter brings natural inducements to jollity and conversation. Differences, we know, are never so effectually laid asleep as by some common calamity: an enemy unites all to whom he threatens danger. The rigour of winter brings generally to the same fire-side, those, who, by the opposition of inclinations, or difference of employments, moved in various directions through the other parts of the year; and when they have met, and find it their mutual interest to remain together, they endear each other by mutual compliances, and often wish for the continuance of the social season with all its bleakness and all its severities.

To men of study and imagination, the winter is generally the chief time of labour. Gloom and silence produce composure of mind and concentration of ideas; and the privation of external pleasure naturally causes an effort to find entertainment within. This is the time in which those whom literature enables to find amusements for themselves, have more than common convictions of their own happiness. When they are condemned by the elements to retirement, and debarred from most of the diversions which are called in to assist the flight of time, they can find new subjects of inquiry, and preserve themselves from that weariness which always hangs flagging upon the vacant mind.

It cannot indeed be expected of all to be poets and philosophers: it is necessary that the greater part of mankind should be employed in the minute business of common life; minute indeed, not if we consider its influence upon our happiness, but if we respect the abilities requisite to conduct it. These must necessarily be more dependent on accident for the means of spending agreeably those hours which their occupations leave unengaged, or which nature obliges them to allow to relaxation.

laxation. Yet, even on these, I would willingly impress such a sense of the value of time, as may incline them to find out for their careless hours amusements of more use and dignity than the common games; which not only weary the mind without improving it, but strengthen the passions of envy and avarice, and often lead to fraud and to profusion, to corruption and to ruin. It is unworthy of a reasonable being to spend any of the little time allotted to us, without some tendency, either direct or oblique, to the end of our existence. And, though every moment cannot be laid out on the formal and regular improvement of our knowledge, or in the stated practice of a moral or religious duty, yet none should be so spent as to exclude wisdom or virtue, or pass without possibility of qualifying us, more or less, for the better employment of those which are to come.

It is scarcely possible to pass an hour in honest conversation, without being able, when we rise from it, to please ourselves with having given or received some advantage; but a man may shuffle cards, or rattle dice, from noon to midnight, without tracing any new idea in his mind, or being able to recollect the day by any other token than his gain or loss, and a confused remembrance of agitated passions and clamorous altercations.

However, as experience is of more weight than precept, any of my readers, who are contriving how to spend the dreary months before them, may consider which of their past amusements fill them now with the greatest satisfaction, and resolve to repeat those gratifications of which the pleasure is most durable. *Johnson.*

V. ON THE DIVISION OF LABOUR.

Observe the accommodation of the most common artificer or day-labourer in a civilized and thriving country, and you will perceive that the number of people, of whose industry a part, though but a small part, has been employed in procuring him this accommodation, exceeds all computation. The woollen coat, for example, which covers the day-labourer, rough and coarse as it may appear, is the produce of the joint labour of a great multitude

titude of workmen. The shepherd, the sorter of the wool, the wool-comber or carder, the dyer, the scribbler, the spinner, the weaver, the fuller, the dresser, with many others, must all join their different arts, in order to complete even this homely production. How many merchants and carriers, besides, must have been employed in transporting the materials from some of those workmen to others who often live in a very distant part of the country! How much commerce and navigation, in particular; how many ship-builders, sailors, sail-makers, rope-makers, must have been employed in order to bring together the different drugs made use of by the dier, which often come from the remotest corners of the world! What a variety of labour, too, is necessary in order to produce the tools of the meanest of those workmen! To say nothing of such complicated machines as the ship of the sailor, the mill of the fuller, or even the loom of the weaver, let us consider only what a variety of labour is requisite in order to form that very simple machine, the shears with which the shepherd clips the wool. The miner, the builder of the furnace for smelting the ore, the feller of the timber, the burner of the charcoal to be made use of in the smelting-house, the brick-maker, the brick-layer, the workmen who attend the furnace, the mill-wright, the forger, the smith, must all of them join their different arts in order to produce them. Were we to examine, in the same manner, all the different parts of his dress and household furniture; the coarse linen shirt which he wears next his skin, the shoes that cover his feet, the bed which he lies on, and all the different parts which compose it, the kitchen-grate, at which he prepares his victuals, the coals which he makes use of for that purpose, dug from the bowels of the earth, and brought to him perhaps by a long sea and a long land carriage, all the other utensils of his kitchen, all the furniture of his table, the knives and forks, the earthen and pewter plates upon which he serves up and divides his victuals, the different hands employed in preparing his bread and his beer, the glass window which lets in

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the heat and the light, and keeps out the wind and the rain, with all the knowledge and art requisite for preparing that beautiful and happy invention, without which these northern parts of the world could scarce have afforded a very comfortable habitation, together with the tools of all the different workmen employed in producing those different conveniencies; if we examine, I say, all these things, and consider what a variety of labour is employed about each of them, we shall be sensible, that without the assistance and co-operation of many thousands, the very meanest person in a civilized country could not be provided, even according to, what we falsely imagine, the easy and simple manner in which he is usually accommodated. *Smith.*

VI. LEARNING RECOMMENDED AS A PROPER INGREDIENT IN THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN OF QUALITY OR FORTUNE.

I HAVE often wondered that learning is not thought a proper ingredient in the education of women of quality or fortune. Since they have the same improveable minds as the male part of the species, why should they not be cultivated by the same method? Why should reason be left to itself in one of the sexes, and be disciplined with so much care in the other?

There are some reasons why learning seems more adapted to the female world than to the male. As, in the first place, because they have more spare time upon their hands, and lead a more sedentary life. Their employments are of a domestic nature, and not like those of the other sex, which are often inconsistent with study and contemplation. The excellent lady, the Lady Lizard, in the space of one summer, furnished a gallery with chairs and couches of her own and her daughter's working; and at the same time, heard all Dr Tillotson's sermons twice over. It is always the custom for one of the young ladies to read while the others are at work; so that the learning of the family is not at all prejudicial to its manufactures. I was mightily pleased the other day to find them all busy in preserving several fruits

fruits of the season, with the Sparkler in the midst of them reading over "The Plurality of Worlds." It was very entertaining to me to see them dividing their speculations between jellies and stars, and making a sudden transition from the sun to an apricot, or from the Copernican system to the figure of a cheesecake.

A second reason why women should apply themselves to useful knowledge rather than men, is, because they have the natural gift of speech in greater perfection. If the female tongue will be in motion, why should it not be set to go right? Could they discourse about the spots in the sun, it might divert them from publishing the faults of their neighbours; could they talk of the different aspects and conjunctions of the planets, they need not be at the pains to comment upon oglings and clandestine marriages: in short, were they furnished with matters of fact out of the arts and sciences, it would now and then be of great use to their invention.

There is another reason why those especially who are women of quality should apply themselves to letters; namely, because their husbands are generally strangers to them.

It is a great pity there should be no knowledge in a family. For my own part, I am concerned when I go into a great house, where perhaps there is not a single person that can spell, unless it be by chance the butler, or one of the footmen. What a figure is the young heir likely to make, who is a dunce both by father and mother's side!

If we look into the histories of famous women, we find many eminent philosophers of this sex; nay we find that several females have distinguished themselves in those sects of philosophy which seem almost repugnant to their natures. There have been famous female Pythagoreans, notwithstanding most of that philosophy consisted in keeping a secret, and that the disciple was to hold her tongue five years together.

Learning and knowledge are perfections in us, not as we are men, but as we are reasonable creatures; in which order of beings the female world is upon the same level with

with the male. We ought to consider, in this particular, not what is the sex, but what is the species to which they belong. At least, I believe every one will allow me, that a female philosopher is not so absurd a character, and so opposite to the sex, as a female gamester; and that it is more irrational for a woman to pass away half a dozen hours at cards or dice, than in getting up stores of useful learning. This therefore is another reason why I would recommend the study of knowledge to the female world, that they may not be at a loss how to employ those hours that lie upon their hands.

I might also add this motive to my fair readers, that several of their sex, who have improved their minds by books and literature, have raised themselves to the highest posts of honour and fortune. A neighbouring nation may at this time furnish us with a very remarkable instance of this kind; but I shall conclude this head with the history of Athenais, which is a very signal example to my present purpose.

The emperour Theodosius, being about the age of one and twenty, and designing to take a wife, desired his sister Pulcheria and his friend Paulinus to search his whole empire for a woman of the most exquisite beauty and highest accomplishments. In the midst of this search, Athenais, a Grecian virgin, accidentally offered herself. Her father, who was an eminent philosopher of Athens, and who had bred her up in all the learning of that place, at his death left her but a very small portion, in which also she suffered great hardships from the injustice of her two brothers. This forced her upon a journey to Canstantinople; where she had a relation who represented her case to Pulcheria, in order to obtain some redress from the emperour. By these means this religious princess became acquainted with Athenais, whom she found the most beautiful woman of her age, and educated, under a long course of philosophy, in the strictest virtue and most unspotted innocence. Pulcheria was charmed with her conversation, and immediately made her report to the emperour her brother Theodosius. The character she gave made such an im-

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pression on him, that he desired his sister to bring her away immediately to the lodgings of his friend Paulinus; where he found her beauty and her conversation beyond the highest idea he had framed of them. His friend Paulinus converted her to Christianity, and gave her the name of Eudosia: after which the emperour publicly espoused her, and enjoyed all the happiness in his marriage which he promised himself from such a virtuous and learned bride. She not only forgave the injuries which her two brothers had done her, but raised them to great honours; and, by several works of learning, as well as by an exemplary life, made herself so dear to the whole empire, that she had many statues erected to her memory, and is celebrated by the fathers of the church as the ornament of her sex. *Addison.*

VII. ON CHEERFULNESS.

I HAVE always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient; cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth, who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy. On the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of day-light in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

If we consider cheerfulness in three lights, with regard to ourselves, to those we converse with, and to the Great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itself on each of these accounts.—The man who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind, is not only easy in his thoughts, but a perfect master of all the powers and faculties of his soul. His imagination is always clear, and his judgment undisturbed. His temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or in solitude. He comes with a relish to all those goods which nature has

has provided for him, tastes all the pleasures of the creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full weight of those accidental evils which may befall him.

If we consider him in relation to the persons with whom he converses, it naturally produces love and good-will towards him. A cheerful mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good-humour in those who come within its influence. A man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the cheerfulness of his companion. It is like a sudden sunshine that awakens a secret delight in the mind, without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendship and benevolence towards the person who has so kindly an effect upon it.

When I consider this cheerful state of mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual gratitude to the Great Author of nature. An inward cheerfulness is an implicit praise and thanksgiving to Providence under all its dispensations. It is a kind of acquiescence in the state wherein we are placed, and a secret approbation of the Divine Will in its conduct towards man.

There are but two things, which, in my opinion, can reasonably deprive us of this cheerfulness of heart. The first of these, is the sense of guilt. A man who lives in a state of vice and impenitence, can have no title to that evenness or tranquillity of mind which is the health of the soul, and the natural effect of virtue and innocence. Cheerfulness in an ill man deserves a harder name than language can furnish us with, and is many degrees beyond what we commonly call folly or madness.

Atheism, by which I mean a disbelief of a Supreme Being, and, consequently, of a future state, under whatever title it shelters itself, may likewise very reasonably deprive a man of this cheerfulness of temper. There is something so particularly gloomy and offensive to human nature in the prospect of non-existence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent writers, how it is possible

sible for a man to outlive the expectation of it. For my own part, I think the being of a God so little to be doubted, that it is almost the only truth we are sure of, and such a truth as we may meet with in every object, in every occurrence, and in every thought.

The vicious man and the atheist have therefore no pretence to cheerfulness, and would act very unreasonably should they endeavour after it. It is impossible for any one to live in good-humour, and enjoy his present existence, who is apprehensive either of torment or of annihilation; of being miserable, or of not being at all.

After having mentioned these two great principles, which are destructive of cheerfulness in their own nature as well as in right reason, I cannot think of any other that ought to banish this happy temper from a virtuous mind. Pain and sickness, shame and reproach, poverty and old age, nay death itself, considering the shortness of their duration, and the advantage we may reap from them, do not deserve the name of evils. A good mind may bear up under them with fortitude, with indolence, and with cheerfulness of heart. The tossing of a tempest does not discompose him who is sure it will bring him to a joyful harbour.

A man who uses his best endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reason, has two perpetual sources of cheerfulness, in the consideration of his own nature, and of that Being on whom he has a dependence. If he look into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that existence which was so lately bestowed upon him, and which, after millions of ages, will be still new, and still in its beginning. How many self-congratulations naturally rise in the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity; when it takes a view of those improveable faculties, which, in a few years, and even at its first setting out, have made so considerable a progress, and which will still be receiving an increase of perfection, and consequently an increase of happiness! The consciousness of such a being spreads a perpetual diffusion of joy through the soul of a virtuous man, and makes

makes him look upon himself every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

The second source of cheerfulness to a good mind, is in the consideration of that Being on whom we have our dependence, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the first faint discoveries of his perfections, we see every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourselves every-where upheld by his goodness, and surrounded with an immensity of love and mercy. In short, we depend upon a Being, whose power qualifies him to make us happy by an infinity of means, whose goodness and truth engage him to make those happy who desire it of him, and whose unchangeableness will secure us in this happiness to all eternity.

Such considerations, which every one should perpetually cherish in his thoughts, will banish from us all that secret heaviness of heart which unthinking men are subject to when they lie under no real affliction; all that anguish which we may feel from any evil that actually oppresses us; to which I may likewise add those little cracklings of mirth and folly that are apter to betray virtue than support it; and establish in us such an even and cheerful temper, as will make us pleasing to ourselves, to those with whom we converse, and to him whom we are made to please. *Addison.*

VIII. ON THE MULTITUDE AND VARIETY OF LIVING-CREATURES.

THOUGH there is a great deal of pleasure in contemplating the material world, by which I mean that system of bodies into which nature has so curiously wrought the mass of dead matter, with the several relations which those bodies bear to one another; there is still something more wonderful and surprising in contemplating the world of life, by which I mean all those animals with which every part of the universe is furnished.

If we consider those parts of the material world which lie the nearest to us, and which are therefore subject to

our observations and inquiries, it is amazing to consider the infinity of animals with which it is stocked. Every part of matter is peopled; every green leaf swarms with inhabitants. There is scarce a single humour in the body of a man, or of any other animal, in which our glasses do not discover myriads of living creatures. The surface of animals is also covered with other animals, which are in the same manner the basis of other animals that live upon them; nay, we find in the most solid bodies, as in marble itself, innumerable cells and cavities that are crowded with such imperceptible inhabitants as are too little for the naked eye to discover. On the other hand, if we look into the more bulky parts of nature, we see the seas, lakes, and rivers, teeming with numberless kinds of living creatures. We find every mountain and marsh, wilderness and wood, plentifully stocked with birds and beasts, and every part of matter affording proper necessaries and conveniencies for the livelihood of multitudes which inhabit it.

The author of "The Plurality of Worlds" draws a very good argument from this consideration for the peopling of every planet; as indeed it seems very probable, from the analogy of reason, that if no part of matter which we are acquainted with lie waste and useless, those great bodies, which are at such a distance from us, should not be desert and unpeopled, but rather that they should be furnished with beings adapted to their respective situations.

Infinite goodness is of so communicative a nature that it seems to delight in the conferring of existence upon every degree of perceptive being. As this is a speculation which I have often pursued with great pleasure to myself, I shall enlarge farther upon it, by considering that part of the scale of beings which comes within our knowledge.

There are some living creatures which are raised but just above dead matter: to mention only that species of shell-fish which are formed in the fashion of a cone, that grow to the surface of several rocks, and immediately die upon their being severed from the place where they

they grow. There are many other creatures but one remove from these, which have no other sense besides those of feeling and taste. Others have still an additional one of hearing; others of smell; and others of sight. It is wonderful to observe by what a gradual progress the world of life advances through a prodigious variety of species before a creature is formed that is complete in all its senses; and, even among these, there is such a different degree of perfection in the senses which one animal enjoys beyond what appears in another, that though the sense in different animals be distinguished by the same common denomination, it seems almost of a different nature. If, after this, we look into the several inward perfections of cunning and sagacity, or what we generally call instinct, we find them rising after the same manner imperceptibly one above another, and receiving additional improvements, according to the species in which they are implanted. This progress in nature is so very gradual, that the most perfect of an inferiour species comes very near to the most imperfect of that which is immediately above it.

The exuberant and overflowing goodness of the Supreme Being, whose mercy extends to all his works, is plainly seen, as I have before hinted, from his having made so very little matter, at least what falls within our knowledge, that does not swarm with life. Nor is his goodness less seen in the diversity than in the multitude of living creatures. Had he only made one species of animals, none of the rest would have enjoyed the happiness of existence. He has therefore specified in his creation every degree of life, every capacity of being. The whole chasm in nature, from a plant to a man, is filled up with diverse kinds of creatures, rising one over another, by such a gentle and easy ascent, that the little transitions and deviations from one species to another are almost insensible. This intermediate space is so well husbanded and managed, that there is scarce a degree of perception which does not appear in some one part of the world of life.

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There is a consequence, besides those I have already mentioned, which seems very naturally deducible from the foregoing considerations. If the scale of being rise by such a regular progress so high as man, we may, by a parity of reason, suppose that it still proceeds gradually through those beings which are of a superiour nature to him; since there is an infinitely greater space and room for different degrees of perfection between the Supreme Being and man, than between man and the most despicable insect. The consequence of so great a variety of beings which are superiour to us, from that variety which are inferiour to us, is made by Mr Locke, in a passage which I shall here set down, after having premised, that, notwithstanding there is such infinite room between man and his Maker for the creative power to exert itself in, it is impossible that it should ever be filled up, since there will be still an infinite gap or distance between the highest created being and the power which produced him.

"That there should be more species of intelligent creatures above us than there are of sensible and material below us, is probable to me from hence—that in all the visible corporeal world we see no chasms or no gaps. All quite down from us, the descent is by easy steps, and a continued series of things, that, in each remove, differ very little one from the other. There are fishes that have wings, and are not strangers to the airy region; and there are some birds that are inhabitants of the water, whose blood is as cold as fishes, and their flesh so like in taste, that the scrupulous are allowed them on fish days. There are animals so near of kin both to birds and beasts, that they are in the middle between both. Amphibious animals link the terrestrial and aquatic together. Seals live at land and at sea, and porpoises have the warm blood and entrails of a hog; not to mention what is confidently reported of mermaids or seamen. There are some brutes that seem to have as much knowledge and reason as some that are called men; and the animal and vegetable kingdoms are so nearly joined, that if you will take the lowest of the one, and the highest of

of the other, there will scarce be perceived any great difference between them: and so on, until we come to the lowest and the most inorganical parts of matter, we shall find every-where, that the several species are linked together, and differ but in almost insensible degrees. And when we consider the infinite power and wisdom of the Maker, we have reason to think that it is suitable to the magnificent harmony of the universe, and the great design and infinite goodness of the Architect, that the species of creatures should also by gentle degrees ascend upward from us toward his infinite perfection, as we see they gradually descend from us downward: which, if it be probable, we have reason then to be persuaded that there are far more species of creatures above us than there are beneath; we being, in degrees of perfection, much more remote from the infinite being of God, than we are from the lowest state of being, and that which approaches nearest to nothing: and yet, of all those distinct species, we have no clear distinct ideas."

In this system of being, there is no creature so wonderful in its nature, and which so much deserves our particular attention, as Man, who fills up the middle space between the animal and intellectual nature, the visible and invisible world. So that he, who, in one respect, being associated with angels and arch-angels, may look upon a Being of infinite perfection as his father and the highest order of spirits as his brethren, may, in another respect, say to corruption, "Thou art my father; and to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister." *Addison.*

IX. AGAINST PARTY-RAGE IN THE FEMALE SEX.

I HAVE, in former papers, endeavoured to expose party-rage in women, as it only serves to aggravate the hatreds and animosities that reign among men, and in a great measure deprives the fair sex of those peculiar charms with which nature has endowed them.

When the Romans and Sabines were at war, and just upon the point of giving battle, the women, who were allied to both of them, interposed with so many tears and

and intreaties, that they prevented the mutual slaughter which threatened both parties, and united them together in a firm and lasting peace. The Greeks thought it so improper for women to interest themselves in competitions and contentions, that, for this reason, among others, they forbade them, under pain of death, to be present at the Olympic games, notwithstanding these were the public diversions of all Greece.

As our English women excel those of all nations in beauty, they should endeavour to outshine them in all other accomplishments proper to the sex, and to distinguish themselves as tender mothers and faithful wives, rather than as furious partisans. Female virtues are of a domestic turn. The family is the proper province for private women to shine in. If they must be showing their zeal for the public, let it not be against those who are of the same family, or of the same religion or nation, but against those who are the open, professed, undoubted enemies of their faith, liberty, and country. When the Romans were pressed with a foreign enemy, the ladies voluntarily contributed all their rings and jewels to assist the government under a public exigence, which appeared so laudable an action in the eyes of their countrymen, that from henceforth it was permitted by law to pronounce public orations at the funeral of a woman in praise of the deceased person, which till that time was peculiar to the men.

Since I am recollecting upon this subject such passages as occur to my memory out of ancient authors, I cannot omit a sentence in the celebrated funeral oration of Pericles, which he made in honour of those brave Athenians that were slain in a fight with the Lacedemonians. After having addressed himself to the several ranks and orders of his countrymen, and shewn them how they should behave themselves in the public cause, he turns to the female part of his audience; "And as for you (says he) I shall advise you in a very few words: Aspire only to those virtues that are peculiar to your sex; follow your natural modesty; and think it your greatest commendation not to be talked of one way or other." *Addison.*

SECTION V.

CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL PIECES.

1. CHARACTER OF ADDISON AND HIS PROSE WRITINGS.

IF any judgment be made from his books, nothing will be found in Mr Addison's moral character but purity and excellence. Knowledge of mankind, indeed, less extensive than his, will show, that to write and to live are very different. Many who praise virtue do no more than praise it. Yet it is reasonable to believe that Addison's professions and practice were at no great variance, since, amidst that storm of faction in which most of his life was passed, though his station made him conspicuous and his activity made him formidable, the character given him by his friends was never contradicted by his enemies; of those with whom interest or opinion united him, he had not only the esteem but the kindness; and of others, whom the violence of opposition drove against him, though he might lose the love, he retained the reverence.

It is justly observed by Tickell, that he employed wit on the side of virtue and religion. He not only made the proper use of wit himself, but taught it to others; and from his time it has been generally subservient to the cause of reason and of truth. He has dissipated the prejudice that had long connected gaiety with vice, and easiness of manners with laxity of principles. He has restored virtue to its dignity, and taught innocence not to be ashamed. This is an elevation of literary character, *above all Greek, above all Roman fame.* No greater felicity can genius attain than that of having purified intellectual

tellectual pleasure, separated mirth from indecency, and wit from licentiousness; of having taught a succession of writers to bring elegance and gaiety to the aid of goodness; and, if I may use expressions yet more awful, of having *turned many to righteousness.*

As a describer of life and manners, Mr Addison must be allowed to stand perhaps the first in the first rank. His humour is peculiar to himself; and is so happily diffused as to give the grace of novelty to domestic scenes and daily occurrences. He never *o'ersteps the modesty of nature*, or raises merriment or wonder by the violation of truth. His figures neither divert by distortion, nor amaze by aggravation. He copies life with so much fidelity, that he can hardly be said to invent; yet his exhibitions have an air so much original, that it is difficult to suppose them not merely the product of imagination. As a teacher of wisdom, he may be confidently followed. His religion has nothing in it enthusiastic, or superstitious; he appears neither weakly credulous nor wantonly sceptical; his morality is neither dangerously lax, nor implacably rigid. All the enchantmens of fancy, and all the cogency of argument, are employed to recommend to the reader his real interest, the care of pleasing the Author of his being. Truth is shown sometimes as the phantom of a vision, sometimes appears half-veiled in an allegory, sometimes attracts regard in the robes of fancy, and sometimes steps forth in the confidence of reason. She wears a thousand dresses, and in all is pleasing.

His prose is the model of the middle style; on grave subjects not formal, on light occasions not grovelling; pure without scrupulosity, and exact without apparent elaboration; always equable, and always easy, without glowing words or pointed sentences. His page is always luminous, but never blazes in unexpected splendour. It seems to have been his principal endeavour to avoid all harshness and severity of diction; he is, therefore, sometimes verbose in his transitions and connections, and sometimes descends too much to the language of conversation; yet, if his language had been less idioma-

tical,

tical, it might have lost somewhat of its genuine Anglicism. What he attempted he performed. He is never feeble, and he did not wish to be energetic; he is never rapid, and he never stagnates. His sentences have neither studied amplitude nor affected brevity; his periods, though not diligently rounded, are voluble and easy.—Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison. *Johnson.*

II. OF THOMSON.

As a writer, Thomson is entitled to one praise of the highest kind; his mode of thinking, and of expressing his thoughts, is original. His blank verse is no more the blank verse of Milton, or of any other poet, than the rhymes of Prior are the rhymes of Cowley. His numbers, his pauses, his diction, are of his own growth, without transcription, without imitation. He thinks in a peculiar train, and he thinks always as a man of genius. He looks round on Nature, and on Life, with the eye which nature bestows only on a poet; the eye that distinguishes in every thing presented to its view, whatever there is on which imagination can delight to be detained, and with a mind that at once comprehends the vast, and attends to the minute. The reader of the *Seasons* wonders that he never saw before what Thomson shows him, and that he never yet has felt what Thomson impresses.

His is one of the works in which blank verse seems properly used. Thomson's wide expansion of general views, and his enumeration of circumstantial varieties, would have been obstructed and embarrassed by the frequent intersection of the sense, which is the necessary effect of rhyme.

His descriptions of extended scenes and general effects bring before us the whole magnificence of nature, whether pleasing or dreadful. The gaiety of *Spring*, the splendour of *Summer*, the tranquillity of *Autumn*, and the horrour of *Winter*, take, in their turns, possession of the mind. The poet leads us through the ap-

 pearances

pearances of things as they are successively varied by the vicissitudes of the year, and imparts to us so much of his own enthusiasm, that our thoughts expand with his imagery, and kindle with his sentiments. Nor is the naturalist without his part in the entertainment; for he is assisted to recollect and combine, to arrange his discoveries, and to amplify the sphere of his contemplation. *Johnson.*

III. OF POPE AND DRYDEN.

In acquired knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who, before he became an author, had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation; those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

Poetry was not the sole praise of either, for both excelled likewise in prose; but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied; that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller.

Of genius—that power which constitutes a poet; that quality, without which judgment is cold and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates—the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred, that of this poetical vigour Pope had only a little, because

cause Dryden had more; for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said, that if he have brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems. Dryden's performances were always hasty; either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necessity: he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden therefore be higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze be brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight. *Johnson.*

IV. OF MILTON.

By the general consent of critics, the first praise of genius is due to the writer of an epic poem, as it requires an assemblage of all the powers which are singly sufficient for other compositions. Poetry is the art of uniting pleasure with truth, by calling imagination to the help of reason. Epic poetry undertakes to teach the most important truths by the most pleasing precepts, and therefore relates some great event in the most affecting manner. History must supply the writer with the rudiments of narration, which he must exalt and improve by a nobler art, must animate by dramatic energy, and diversify by retrospection and anticipation: morality must teach him the exact bounds, and different shades, of vice and virtue: from policy, and the practice of life, he has to learn the discriminations of character, and the tendency of the passions either single or combined: and physiology must supply him with illustrations and images. To put these materials to poetical use, is required an imagination capable of painting nature, and of realizing fiction. He must be intimately acquainted with

the whole extension of his language, know all the delicacies of phrase and all the powers of words, and be capable of adjusting their different sounds to all the varieties of metrical expression.

Such has Milton shown himself in his *Paradise Lost.* He had considered creation in its whole extent, and his descriptions are therefore learned. He had accustomed his imagination to unrestrained indulgence, and his conceptions therefore were extensive. The characteristic quality of his poem is sublimity. He sometimes descends to the elegant; but his element is the great. He can occasionally invest himself with grace; but his natural port is gigantic loftiness. He can please when pleasure is required; but it is his peculiar power to astonish.

He seems to have been well acquainted with his own genius, and to know what it was that nature had bestowed upon him more bountifully than upon others; the power of displaying the vast, illuminating the splendid, enforcing the awful, darkening the gloomy, and aggravating the dreadful: he, therefore, chose a subject on which too much could not be said, on which he might tire his fancy without the censure of extravagance.

The appearances of nature, and the occurrences of life, did not satiate his appetite of greatness. To paint things as they are, requires a minute attention, and employs the memory rather than the fancy. Milton's delight was to sport in the wide regions of possibility: reality was a scene too narrow for his mind. He sent his faculties out upon discovery, into worlds where only imagination can travel; and delighted to form new modes of existence, and furnish sentiment and action to superiour beings; to trace the counsels of hell, or accompany the choirs of heaven.

But he could not be always in other worlds: he must sometimes revisit earth, and tell of things visible and known. When he cannot raise wonder by the sublimity of his mind, he gives delight by its fertility.

Whatever be his subject, he never fails to fill the imagination. But his images and descriptions of the scenes or operations of nature do not seem to be always copied

from

from original form, or to have the freshness, raciness, and energy of immediate observation. He saw nature, as Dryden expresses it, "through the spectacles of books;" and, on most occasions, calls learning to his assistance. The garden of Eden brings to his mind the vale of *Enna*, where *Proserpine* was gathering flowers: Satan makes his way through fighting elements, like *Ulysses* between the two *Sicilian* whirlpools.

His similies are not confined within the limits of rigorous composition. His great excellence is amplitude; and he expands the adventitious image beyond the dimensions which the occasion required. Thus, comparing the shield of Satan to the orb of the moon, he crowds the imagination with the discovery of the telescope, and all the wonders which the telescope discovers.

Of his moral sentiments it is hardly praise to affirm that they excel those of all other poets. For this superiority he was indebted to his acquaintance with the sacred writings. The ancient epic poets, wanting the light of revelation, were very unskilful teachers of virtue: their principal characters may be great, but they are not amiable. The reader may rise from their works with a greater degree of active or passive fortitude, and sometimes of prudence; but he will be able to carry away few precepts of justice, and none of mercy.

In Milton, every line breathes sanctity of thought and purity of manners; except when the train of the narration requires the introduction of the rebellious spirits; and even they are compelled to acknowledge their subjection to God, in such a manner as excites reverence, and confirms piety.

The highest praise of genius is invention. Milton cannot be said to have contrived the structure of an epic poem; and, therefore, owes reverence to that vigour and amplitude of mind to which all generations must be indebted for the art of poetical narration, for the texture of the fable, the variation of incidents, the interposition of dialogue, and all the stratagems that surprise and enchain attention. But, of all the borrowers from Homer, Milton is perhaps the least indebted. He was

naturally a thinker for himself, confident of his own abilities, and disdainful of help or hinderance: he did not refuse admission to the thoughts or images of his predecessors; but he did not seek them. From his contemporaries he neither courted nor received support: there is in his writings nothing by which the pride of other authors might be gratified, or favour gained; no exchange of praise, nor solicitation of support. His great works were performed under discountenance and in blindness; but difficulties vanished at his touch. He was born for whatever is arduous; and his work is not the greatest of heroic poems, only because it was not the first. *Johnson.*

V. OF SHAKESPEARE.

THE character which Dryden has drawn of Shakespeare, is not only just, but uncommonly elegant and happy.—"He was the man, who, of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them, not laboriously, but luckily. When he describes any thing, you more than see it; you feel it too. They who accuse him of wanting learning, give him the greatest commendation. He was naturally learned. He needed not the spectacles of books to read Nature. He looked inward, and found her there. I cannot say he is every-where alike. Were he so, I should do him injury to compare him to the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat and insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches; his serious, swelling into bombast. But he is always great, when some great occasion is presented to him."

Great he may be justly called, as the extent and force of his natural genius, both for Tragedy and Comedy, are altogether unrivalled. But, at the same time, it is a genius shooting wild, deficient in just taste, and unassisted by knowledge or art. Long has he been idolized by the British nation; much has been said, and much has been written concerning him; criticism has been drawn to the very dregs in commentaries upon his words and

and witticisms: and yet it remains to this day, in doubt, whether his beauties or his faults be greatest. Admirable scenes, and passages without number, there are in his plays; passages beyond what are to be found in any other dramatic writer: but there is hardly any one of his plays which can be called altogether a good one, or which can be read with uninterrupted pleasure from beginning to end. Besides extreme irregularities in conduct, and grotesque mixtures of serious and comic in one piece, we are often interrupted by unnatural thoughts, harsh expressions, a certain obscure bombast, and a play upon words which he is fond of pursuing; and these interruptions to our pleasure too frequently occur on occasions when we would least wish to meet with them.

All these faults, however, Shakespeare redeems, by two of the greatest excellencies which any tragic poet can possess—his lively and diversified paintings of character; his strong natural expressions of passion. These are his two chief virtues; on these his merit rests. Notwithstanding his many absurdities, all the while we are reading his plays, we find ourselves in the midst of our fellows; we meet with men, vulgar perhaps in their manners, coarse or harsh in their sentiments, but still they are men; they speak with human voices, and are actuated by human passions; we are interested in what they say or do, because we feel that they are of the same nature with ourselves. It is, therefore, no matter of wonder, that, from the more polished and regular, but more cold and artificial performances of other poets, the Public should return with pleasure to such warm and genuine representations of human nature.—Shakespeare possesses likewise the merit of having created for himself a sort of world of preternatural beings. His witches, ghosts, fairies, and spirits of all kinds, are described with such circumstances of awful and mysterious solemnity, and speak a language so peculiar to themselves, as strongly to affect the imagination.

With regard to his historical plays, they are, properly speaking, neither tragedies nor comedies; but a peculiar

culiar species of dramatic entertainment, calculated to describe the manners of the times of which he treats, to exhibit the principal characters, and to fix our attention on some of the most interesting events and revolutions of our own country. *Blair.*

IV. GENEROUS BEHAVIOUR OF EDWARD, COMMONLY CALLED THE BLACK PRINCE, AFTER THE BATTLE OF POICTIERS.

THIS celebrated battle was fought in the year thirteen hundred and fifty-six. The English army, commanded by Prince Edward, did not amount to above twelve thousand men: while that of the French, under king John, exceeded sixty thousand. Notwithstanding so great a disproportion in point of numbers, the courage and good conduct of the English gained them the victory. The French forces were totally defeated; and king John, with many other persons of rank, were taken prisoners. Here commences the truly admirable heroism of Edward: for victories are vulgar things in comparison of that moderation and humanity discovered by a young prince of twenty-seven years of age, not yet cooled from the fury of battle, and elated by as extraordinary and as unexpected success as had ever crowned the arms of any general. He came forth to meet the captive king with all the signs of regard and sympathy; administered comfort to him amidst his misfortunes; paid him the tribute of praise due to his valour; and ascribed his own victory merely to the blind chance of war, or to a superiour Providence, which controls all the efforts of human force and prudence. The behaviour of John showed him not unworthy of this courteous treatment. His present abject fortune never made him forget a moment that he was a king. More sensible to Edward's generosity than to his own calamities, he said, that, notwithstanding his defeat and captivity, his honour was still unimpaired; and that, though he yielded the victory, it was at least gained by a prince of the most consummate valour and humanity.

Edward ordered a magnificent repast to be prepared in

in his tent for the prisoner; and he himself served the royal captive's table, as if he had been one of his retinue. He stood at the king's back during the meal; constantly refused to take a place at the table; and declared, that, being a subject, he was too well acquainted with the distance between his own rank and that of royal majesty, to assume such freedom. All his father's pretensions to the crown of France were now buried in oblivion. John, in captivity, received the honours of a king, which were refused him when seated on the throne; and the French prisoners, conquered by this elevation of mind, more than by their late discomfiture, burst out into tears of joy and admiration; which were only checked by the reflection, that such genuine and unexampled heroism in an enemy, must certainly in the issue prove but the more dangerous to their native country.

All the English and Gascon knights imitated the generous example set them by their prince. The captives were every-where treated with humanity, and were soon after dismissed on paying moderate ransoms to the persons into whose hands they had fallen. The extent of their fortunes was considered: and an attention was given, that they should still have sufficient means left, for the future, to perform their military service in a manner suitable to their rank and quality. Yet so numerous were the noble prisoners, that their ransoms, joined to the spoils of the field, were sufficient to enrich the prince's army; and, as they had suffered very little in the action, their joy and exultation were complete.

Not being provided with forces so numerous as to enable him to push his present advantages, the Prince of Wales concluded a two-years truce with France; which was also requisite, that he might conduct the captive king with safety into England. On his landing near the capital, he was met by a prodigious concourse of people of all ranks and stations. The prisoner was clad in royal apparel, and mounted on a white steed, distinguished by its size and beauty and by the richness of its furniture. The conqueror rode by his side, in a meaner attire, and

carried

carried by a black palfrey. In this situation, much more glorious than all the insolent parade of a Roman triumph, he passed through the streets of London, and presented the king of France to his father, who advanced to meet him, and received him with the same courtesy, as if he had been a neighbouring potentate that had voluntarily come to pay him a friendly visit. *Hume.*

VII. SURRENDER OF CALAIS TO EDWARD III.

THE town of Calais had been defended with remarkable vigilance, constancy, and bravery, by the townsmen, during a siege of unusual length. Philip, the French king, informed of their distressed condition, determined at last to attempt their relief; and he approached the English with an immense army, which the writers of that age make amount to two hundred thousand men: but he found Edward so surrounded with morasses, and secured by entrenchments, that, without rushing on inevitable destruction, he concluded it impossible to make an attempt on the English camp. He had no other resource than to send his rival a vain challenge to meet him in the open field; which being refused, he was obliged to decamp with his army, and disperse them into their several provinces.

John de Vienne, the governor of Calais, now saw the necessity of surrendering his fortress, which was reduced to the last extremity by famine and the fatigue of the inhabitants. He appeared on the walls, and made a signal to the English centinels that he desired a conference. Sir Walter Manny was sent to him by Edward. "Brave knight," cried the governor, "I have been entrusted by my sovereign with the command of this town. It is almost a year since you besieged me; and I have endeavoured, as well as those under me, to do our duty. But you are acquainted with our present situation. We have no hopes of relief. We are perishing with hunger. I am willing therefore to surrender; and desire, as the sole condition, to ensure the lives and liberties of those brave men who have so long shared with me every danger and fatigue."

Manny

Manny replied, that he was well acquainted with the king of England's intentions: that that Prince was incensed against the townsmen of Calais for their obstinate resistance, and for the evils which they had made him and his subjects suffer: that he was determined to take exemplary vengeance on them; and would not receive the town on any condition which should confine him in the punishment of these offenders. "Consider," replied Vienne, "that this is not the treatment to which brave men are entitled. If any English knight had been in my situation, your king would have expected the same conduct from him. The inhabitants of Calais have done for their sovereign what merits the esteem of every prince; much more of so gallant a prince as Edward. But I inform you, that, if we must perish, we shall not perish unrevenged: and that we are not yet so reduced, but we can sell our lives at a high price to the victors. It is the interest of both sides to prevent these desperate extremities; and I expect, that you yourself, brave knight, will interpose your good offices with your prince in our behalf."

Manny was struck with the justness of these sentiments, and represented to the king the danger of reprisals, if he should give such treatment to the inhabitants of Calais. Edward was at last persuaded to mitigate the rigour of the conditions demanded; he only insisted that six of the most considerable citizens should be sent him to be disposed of as he thought proper;—that they should come to his camp, carrying the keys of the city in their hands, bareheaded and barefooted, with ropes about their necks; and, on these terms, he promised to spare the lives of the remainder.

When this intelligence was conveyed to Calais, it struck the inhabitants with new consternation. To sacrifice six of their fellow-citizens to certain destruction, who had signalized their valour in a common cause, appeared to them even more severe than that general punishment with which they were before threatened; and they found themselves incapable of coming to any resolution. At last, one of the principal inhabitants, called

Eustace

Eustace de St Pierre, whose name deserves to be recorded, stept forth, and declared himself willing to encounter death for the safety of his friends and companions. Another, animated by his example, made a like generous offer. A third and a fourth presented themselves to the same fate; and the whole number required was soon completed. These six heroic burgesses appeared before Edward in the guise of malefactors, laid at his feet the keys of the city, and were ordered to be led to execution. It is surprising that so generous a prince should have entertained such a barbarous purpose against such men; and still more that he should seriously persist in the resolution of executing it. But the entreaties of his queen saved his memory from that infamy. She threw herself on her knees before him; and, with tears in her eyes, begged the lives of these citizens. Having obtained her request, she carried them into her tent, ordered a repast to be set before them; and, after making them a present, dismissed them in safety. *Hume.*

VIII. BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN; A. D. 1314.

EDWARD assembled forces from all quarters with a view of finishing at one blow the entire reduction of Scotland. He summoned the most warlike of his vassals from Gascony; he enlisted troops from Flanders and other foreign countries: he invited over great numbers of the disorderly Irish, as to a certain prey; he joined to them a body of the Welch, who were actuated by like motives: and, assembling the whole military force of England, he marched to the frontiers with an army, which, according to the Scottish writers, amounted to an hundred thousand men; but which was, probably, much inferiour to that number.

The army collected by Robert exceeded not thirty thousand combatants; but being composed of men, who had distinguished themselves by many acts of valour, who were rendered desperate by their situation, and who were inured to all the varieties of fortune, they might justly, under such a leader, be deemed formidable to the most numerous and best appointed armies. The castle of

of Stirling, which, with Berwick, was the only fortress of Scotland that remained in the hands of the English, had been long besieged by Edward Bruce; and Philip de Moubray, the governor, after an obstinate defence, was at last obliged to capitulate, and to promise, that if, before a certain day, which was now approaching, he was not relieved, he should open his gates to the enemy. Robert, therefore, sensible that here was the ground on which he must expect the English, chose the field of battle with all the skill and prudence imaginable, and made the necessary preparations for their reception. He posted himself at Bannockburn, about two miles from Stirling; where he had a hill on his right flank, and a morass on his left: and, not content with having taken these precautions to prevent his being surrounded by the more numerous army of the English, he foresaw the superiour strength of the enemy in cavalry, and made provision against it. Having a rivulet in front, he commanded deep pits to be dug along its banks, and sharp stakes to be planted in them, and he ordered the whole to be carefully covered over with turf. The English arrived in sight in the evening, and a bloody conflict immediately ensued between two bodies of cavalry; in which, Robert, who was at the head of the Scots, engaged in single combat with Henry de Bohun, a gentleman of the family of Hereford; and, at one stroke, cleft his adversary to the chin with a battle-axe in sight of the two armies. The English horse fled with precipitation to their main body.

The Scots, encouraged by this favourable event, and glorying in the valour of their prince, prognosticated a happy issue to the combat on the ensuing day. The English, confident in their numbers, and elated with past successes, longed for an opportunity of revenge: and the night, though extremely short in that season and in that climate, appeared tedious to the impatience of the several combatants. Early in the morning (June 25th) Edward drew out his army, and advanced towards the Scots. The Earl of Gloucester, his nephew, who commanded the left wing of the cavalry, impelled by the

ardour of youth, rushed on to the attack without precaution, and fell among the covered pits which had been prepared by Bruce for the reception of the enemy. This body of horse was put in disorder: Gloucester himself was overthrown and slain. Sir James Douglas, who commanded the Scottish cavalry, gave the enemy no leisure to rally, but pushed them off the field with considerable loss, and pursued them in sight of their whole line of infantry. While the English army were alarmed by this unfortunate beginning of the action, which commonly proves decisive, they observed, on the heights towards the left, the appearance of an army, which seemed to be marching leisurely, in order to surround them; and they were distracted by their multiplied fears. This was a number of waggoners and sumpter-boys, whom Robert had collected together; and, having supplied them with military standards, gave them, at a distance, the resemblance of a formidable body. The stratagem took effect. A panic seized the English: they threw down their arms and fled. They were pursued with great slaughter, for the space of eighty miles, till they reached Berwick; and the Scots, besides an inestimable booty, took many persons of quality prisoners, and above four hundred gentlemen, whom Robert treated with great humanity, and whose ransom was a new accession of wealth to the victorious army. The king himself very narrowly escaped by taking shelter in Dunbar, whose gates were opened to him by the Earl of March; and he thence passed by sea to Berwick.

Such was the great and decisive battle of Bannockburn; which secured the independency of Scotland, fixed Bruce on the throne of that kingdom, and may be deemed the greatest overthrow, which the English monarchy, since the conquest, has ever received. The number of the slain, on these occasions, is always uncertain, and is commonly much magnified by the victors. But this defeat made a deep impression on the minds of the English, and it was remarked, that for some years, no superiority of numbers could encourage them to keep the field against the Scots. *Hume.*

IX.

IX. DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA; A. D. 1588.

THIS formidable fleet consisted of a hundred and fifty vessels, of which near a hundred were of greater size than any ever before used in Europe. It carried on board nineteen thousand two hundred and ninety-five soldiers, eight thousand four hundred and fifty-six mariners, two thousand and eighty-eight galley slaves, and two thousand six hundred and thirty great pieces of brass ordnance.

The plan formed by the king of Spain was, that the Armada should first sail to the Flemish coast; and, having chased away all English or Flemish vessels which might obstruct the passage (for it was never supposed they could make opposition) should join themselves with the Duke of Parma's troops; that they should thence make sail together to the Thames; and, having landed the whole Spanish army, thus complete at one blow the entire conquest of England.

After the Armada was under sail, they took a fisherman, who informed them that the English Admiral had retired back to Plymouth, and, no longer expecting an invasion this season, had laid up his ships and discharged most of the seamen. From this false intelligence, the Duke of Medina, the Spanish Admiral, conceived the great facility of attacking and destroying the English ships in harbour; and he was tempted, by the prospect of so decisive an advantage, to break his orders, and make sail directly for Plymouth; a resolution which proved the safety of England.

They were descried by Fleming, a Scottish pirate, who was roving in those seas, and who informed the English Admiral, Lord Howard of Effingham, of their approach; another fortunate event, which contributed extremely to the safety of the fleet.

Effingham gave orders not to come to close fight with the Spaniards; where the size of the ships, he suspected, and the number of the soldiers would be a disadvantage to the English; but to cannonade them at a distance, and to wait the opportunity, which winds, cur-

rents, or various accidents, must afford him of intercepting some scattered vessels of the enemy. Nor was it long before the event answered his expectation. A great ship of Biscay, on board of which was a considerable part of the Spanish money, took fire by accident; and, while all hands were employed in extinguishing the flames, she fell behind the rest of the Armada; the great galleon of Andalusia was detained by the springing of her mast; and both these vessels, after some resistance, were taken by Sir Francis Drake. As the Armada advanced up the channel, the English hung upon its rear, and still infested it with skirmishes. Each trial abated the confidence of the Spaniards, and added courage to the English; and the latter soon found, that, even in close fight, the size of the Spanish ships was no advantage to them. Their bulk exposed them the more to the fire of the enemy; while their cannon, placed too high, shot over the heads of the English. The alarm having now reached the coast of England, the nobility and gentry hastened out with their vessels from every harbour, and reinforced the Admiral. The Earls of Oxford, Northumberland, and Cumberland, Sir Thomas Cecil, Sir Robert Cecil, Sir Walter Raleigh, with many others, distinguished themselves by their generous and disinterested service to their country. The English fleet, after the conjunction of these ships, amounted to an hundred and forty sail.

The Armada had now reached Calais, and cast anchor before that place, in expectation that the Duke of Parma, who had got intelligence of their approach, would put to sea and join his forces to them. The English Admiral practised here a successful stratagem upon the Spaniards. He took eight of his smaller ships, and filling them with combustible materials, sent them, one after another, into the midst of the enemy. The Spaniards fancied that they were fireships of the same contrivance with a famous vessel which had lately done so much execution near Antwerp, and they immediately cut their cables, and took to flight with the greatest disorder and precipitation. The English fell upon them while in confusion;

confusion; and, besides doing great damage to other ships, they took or destroyed about twelve of the enemy.

By this time it was become apparent that the intention for which these preparations were made by the Spaniards was entirely frustrated. The vessels provided by the Duke of Parma, were made for transporting soldiers, not for fighting; and that general, when urged to leave the harbour, positively refused to expose his flourishing army to such apparent hazard; while the English were not only able to keep the sea, but seemed even to triumph over their enemy. The Spanish admiral found, in many rencounters, that, while he had lost so considerable a part of his own navy, he had destroyed only one small vessel of the English; and he foresaw, that, by continuing so unequal a combat, he must draw inevitable destruction on the remainder. He prepared, therefore, to return homewards; but as the wind proved contrary to his passage through the channel, he resolved to sail northwards; and, making the tour of the island, reach the Spanish harbours by the ocean. The English fleet followed him during some time; and, had not their ammunition fallen short by the negligence of the officers in supplying them, they could have obliged the whole of the Armada to surrender at discretion. The Duke of Medina had once taken that resolution, but was diverted from it by the advice of his confessor. This conclusion of the enterprise would have been more glorious to the English; but the event proved almost equally fatal to the Spaniards. A violent tempest overtook the Armada after it passed the Orkneys. The mariners, unaccustomed to such hardships, and not able to govern such unwieldy vessels, yielded to the fury of the storm, and allowed their ships either to drive on the western isles of Scotland, or on the coast of Ireland, where they were miserably wrecked. Not one half of the navy returned to Spain; and the seamen, as well as the soldiers, who remained, were so overcome with hardships and fatigue, and so dispirited by their discomfiture, that they filled all Spain with accounts of the desperate valour of the

English, and of the tempestuous violence of that ocean which surrounds them.

Such was the miserable and dishonourable conclusion of an enterprise which had been preparing for three years, which had exhausted the revenue and force of Spain, and which had long filled all Europe with anxiety and expectation. *Hume.*

X. CHARACTERS OF SEVERAL OF THE ROMAN EMPERORS.

TITUS ANTONINUS PIUS had been justly denominated a second Numa. The same love of religion, justice, and peace, was the distinguishing characteristic of both princes. But the situation of the latter opened a much larger field for the exercise of those virtues. Numa could only prevent a few neighbouring villages from plundering each others harvests. Antoninus diffused order and tranquillity over the greatest part of the earth. His reign is marked by the rare advantage of furnishing very few materials for history; which is, indeed, little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind. In private life, he was an amiable, as well as a good man. The native simplicity of his virtue was a stranger to vanity or affectation. He enjoyed, with moderation, the conveniencies of his fortune and the innocent pleasures of society; and the benevolence of his soul displayed itself in a cheerful serenity of temper.

The virtue of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus was of a severer and more laborious kind. It was the well-earned harvest of many a learned conference, of many a patient lecture, and many a midnight lucubration. At the age of twelve years, he embraced the rigid system of the stoics, which taught him to submit his body to his mind, his passions to his reason, to consider virtue as the only good, vice as the only evil, and all things external as things indifferent. His meditations, composed in the tumult of a camp, are still extant; and he even condescended to give lessons of philosophy, in a more public manner, than suited the modesty of a sage, or the dignity of an emperor. But his life was the noblest commentary on the precepts of Zeno. He was severe to himself,

himself, indulgent to the imperfections of others, just and beneficent to all mankind. He regretted that Avidius Cassius, who excited a rebellion in Syria, had disappointed him, by a voluntary death, of the pleasure of converting an enemy into a friend, and he justified the sincerity of that sentiment, by moderating the zeal of the senate against the adherents of the traitor. War he detested, as the disgrace and calamity of human nature; but when the necessity of a just defence called upon him to take up arms, he readily exposed his person to eight winter campaigns, on the frozen banks of the Danube; the severity of which was at last fatal to the weakness of his constitution. His memory was revered by a grateful posterity: and, above a century after his death, many persons preserved the image of Marcus Antoninus among those of their household gods.

If a man were called to fix the period in the history of the world, during which the condition of the human race was most happy and prosperous, he would, without hesitation, name that which elapsed from the death of Domitian to the accession of Commodus. The vast extent of the Roman empire was governed by absolute power under the guidance of virtue and wisdom. The armies were restrained by the firm but gentle hand of four successive emperors, whose character and authority command involuntary respect. The forms of the civil administration were carefully preserved by Nerva, Trajan, Adrian, and the Antonines; who delighted in the image of liberty, and were pleased with considering themselves as the accountable ministers of the laws. Such princes deserved the honour of restoring the republic, had the Romans of their days been capable of enjoying a rational freedom.

The labours of these monarchs were overpaid by the immense reward that inseparably waited on their success, by the honest pride of virtue, and by the exquisite delight of beholding the general happiness of which they were the authors. A just, but melancholy reflection, embittered, however, the noblest of human enjoyments. They must often have recollected the instability of a

happiness

happiness which depended on the character of a single man. The fatal moment was perhaps approaching, when some licentious youth, or some jealous tyrant, would abuse, to the destruction, that absolute power which they had exerted for the benefit of their people. The ideal restraints of the senate and the laws might serve to display the virtues, but could never correct the vices of the emperor. The military force was a blind and irresistible instrument of oppression; and the corruption of Roman manners would always supply flatterers eager to applaud, and ministers prepared to serve, the fear or the avarice, the lust or the cruelty, of their masters.

These gloomy apprehensions had been already justified by the experience of the Romans. The annals of the emperors exhibit a strong and various picture of human nature, which we should vainly seek among the mixed and doubtful characters of modern history. In the conduct of those monarchs we may trace the utmost lines of virtue and vice, the most exalted perfection, and the meanest degeneracy of our own species. The golden age of Trajan and the Antonines had been preceded by an age of iron. It is almost superfluous to enumerate the unworthy successors of Augustus: their unparalleled vices, and the splendid theatre on which they were acted, have saved them from oblivion. The dark unrelenting Tiberius, the furious Caligula, the stupid Claudius, the profligate and cruel Nero, the beastly Vitellius, and the timid inhuman Domitian, are condemned to everlasting infamy. During fourscore years (excepting only the short and doubtful respite of Vespasian's reign) Rome groaned beneath an unremitting tyranny, which exterminated the ancient families of the republic, and was fatal to almost every virtue, and every talent, that arose in that unhappy period. *Gibbon.*

XI. CHARACTER OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

THE character of this prince has seldom been set in its true light; some eminent writers having been dazzled so much by the more shining parts of it, that they have hardly seen his faults; while others, out of a strong detestation

testation of tyranny, have been unwilling to allow him the praise he deserves.

He may with justice be ranked among the greatest generals any age has produced. There were united in him, activity, vigilance, intrepidity, caution, great force of judgment, and never-failing presence of mind. He was strict in his discipline, and kept his soldiers in perfect obedience; yet preserved their affection. Having been, from his very childhood, continually in war and at the head of armies, he joined, to all the capacity that genius could give, all the knowledge and skill that experience could teach, and was a perfect master of the military art, as it was practised in the times wherein he lived. His constitution enabled him to endure any hardships, and very few were equal to him in personal strength, which was, in his time, an excellence of more importance than it is now, from the manner of fighting then in use. It is said of him, that none except himself could bend his bow. His courage was heroic, and he possessed it not only in the field, but (which is more uncommon) in the cabinet, attempting great things with means that to other men appeared totally unequal to such undertakings, and steadily prosecuting what he had boldly resolved; being never disturbed nor disheartened by difficulties in the course of his enterprises; but having that noble vigour of mind, which, instead of bending to opposition, rises against it, and seems to have a power of controlling and commanding Fortune herself.

Nor was he less superiour to pleasure than to fear: no luxury softened him, no riot disordered, no sloth relaxed. It helped not a little to maintain the high respect his subjects had for him, that the majesty of his character was never let down by any incontinence or indecent excess. His temperance and his chastity were constant guards, that secured his mind from all weakness, supported its dignity, and kept it always as it were on the throne. Had he kept his oaths to his people as well as he did his marriage-vow, he would have been the best of kings; but he indulged other passions of a worse nature, and infinitely more detrimental to the public

public than those he restrained. A lust of power which no regard to justice could limit, the most unrelenting cruelty, and the most insatiable avarice, possessed his soul. It is true, indeed, that, among many acts of extreme inhumanity, some shining instances of great clemency may be produced, that were either effects of his policy, which taught him this method of acquiring friends, or of his magnanimity, which made him slight a weak and subdued enemy, such as was Edgar Atheling, in whom he found neither spirit, nor talents able to contend with him for the crown: but where he had no advantage or pride in forgiving, his nature discovered itself to be utterly void of all sense of compassion; and some barbarities which he committed exceed the bounds that even tyrants and conquerors prescribe to themselves.

Most of our ancient historians give him the character of a very religious prince; but his religion was, after the fashion of those times, belief without examination, and devotion without piety. It was a religion that prompted him to endow monasteries, and, at the same time, allowed him to pillage kingdoms; that threw him on his knees before a relic or cross, but suffered him, unrestrained, to trample upon the liberties and rights of mankind.

As to his wisdom in government, of which some modern writers have spoken very highly, he was, indeed, so far wise, that through a long unquiet reign, he knew how to support oppression by terrour, and employ the properest means for the carrying on a very iniquitous and violent administration. But that which alone deserves the name of wisdom in the character of a king, the maintaining of authority by the exercise of those virtues which make the happiness of his people, was what, with all his abilities, he does not appear to have possessed. Nor did he excel in those soothing and popular arts, which sometimes change the complexion of tyranny, and give it the fallacious appearance of freedom. His government was harsh and despotic, violating even the principles of that constitution which he himself

himself had established. Yet so far he performed the duty of a sovereign, that he took care to maintain a good police in his realm; curbing licentiousness with a strong hand, which, in the tumultuous state of his government, was a great and difficult work. How well he performed it we may learn even from the testimony of a contemporary Saxon historian, who says, that, during his reign, a man might have travelled in perfect security all over the kingdom with his bosom full of gold, nor durst any kill another in revenge of the greatest offences. But it was a poor compensation, that the high-ways were safe, when the courts of justice were dens of thieves, and when almost every man in authority, or in office, used his power to oppress and pillage the people. The king himself did not only tolerate, but encourage, support, and even share these extortions. Though the greatness of the ancient landed estate of the crown, and the feudal profits to which he was legally entitled, rendered him one of the richest monarchs in Europe, he was not content with all that opulence, but, by authorising the sheriffs, who collected his revenues in the several counties, to practise the most grievous vexations and abuses, for the raising of them higher; by a perpetual auction of the crown lands, so that none of his tenants could be secure of possession, if any other would come and offer more; by various iniquities in the court of Exchequer, which was entirely Norman; by forfeitures wrongfully taken; and, lastly, by arbitrary and illegal taxations; he drew into his treasury much too great a proportion of the wealth of his kingdom.

It must, however, be owned, that if his avarice were insatiably and unjustly rapacious, it was not meanly parsimonious, or of that sordid kind which brings on a prince dishonour and contempt. He supported the dignity of his crown with a decent magnificence; and though he never was lavish, he was sometimes liberal, more especially to his soldiers and to the church. But, looking on money as a necessary mean of maintaining and increasing power, he desired to accumulate as much as he could, rather, perhaps, from an ambitious than a

covetous

covetous nature; at least, his avarice was subservient to his ambition, and he laid up wealth in his coffers, as he did arms in his magazines, to be drawn out, when any proper occasion required it, for the defence and enlargement of his dominions.

Upon the whole, he had many great qualities, but few virtues; and if those actions that most particularly distinguish the man or the king be impartially considered, we shall find, that, in his character, there is much to admire, but still more to abhor. *Lyttleton.*

XII. CHARLES V. FRANCIS I. AND HENRY VIII.

FRANCIS the First, who mounted the throne of France in the year fifteen hundred and fifteen, and Charles the Fifth, who obtained the Imperial crown in the year fifteen hundred and nineteen, divided between them the strength and affections of all Europe. Charles succeeded to all the dominions of the house of Austria. No family had ever gained so much by wise and fortunate marriages. By acquisitions of this kind, the Austrian princes rose, in a short time, from obscure counts of Hapsbourg, to be archdukes of Austria and kings of Bohemia, and were in possesion of the Imperial dignity by a sort of hereditary right. Besides these territories in Germany, Charles was heir to the crown of Spain, and to all the dominions which belonged to the house of Burgundy. The Burgundian provinces engrossed, at that time, the riches and commerce of one half of Europe; and he drew from them, on many occasions, those immense sums, which no people without trade and liberty are able to contribute. Spain furnished him with a gallant and hardy infantry, to whose discipline he was indebted for all his conquests: and, at the same time, by the discovery of the New World, a vein of wealth was opened to him, which all the extravagance of ambition could not exhaust. These advantages rendered Charles the first prince in Europe; but he wished to be more, and openly aspired to universal monarchy. His genius was of that kind which ripens slowly, and lies long concealed; but it grew up without observation to an unexpected

expected height and vigour. He possessed, in an eminent degree, the characteristic virtues of all the different races of princes to whom he was allied. In forming his schemes, he discovered all the subtlety and penetration of Ferdinand his grandfather; he pursued them with that obstinate and inflexible perseverance which has ever since been peculiar to the Austrian blood; and, in executing them, he could employ the magnanimity and boldness of his Burgundian ancestors. His ability was equal to his power; and neither of them would have been inferiour to his designs, had not Providence, in pity to mankind, and in order to preserve them from the worst of all evils, universal monarchy, raised up Francis the First to defend the liberty of Europe. His dominions were less extensive, but more united than the emperor's. His subjects were numerous, active, and warlike, lovers of glory, and lovers of their king. To Charles, power was the only object of desire, and he pursued it with an unwearied and joyless industry. Francis could mingle pleasure and elegance with his ambition; and, though he neglected some advantages which a more phlegmatic or more frugal prince would have improved, an active and intrepid courage supplied all his defects, and checked or defeated many of the emperor's designs.

The rest of Europe observed all the motions of these mighty rivals with a jealous attention. On the one side, the Italians saw the danger which threatened Christendom, and, in order to avert it, had recourse to the expedient which they had often employed with success. They endeavoured to divide the power of the two contending monarchs into equal scales, and, by the union of several small states, to counterpoise him whose power became too great. But, what they concerted with much wisdom, they were able to execute with little vigour, and intrigue and refinement were feeble fences against the encroachments of military power.

On the other side, Henry the Eighth of England held the balance with less delicacy, but with a stronger hand. He was the third prince of the age in dignity and in

power; and the advantageous situation of his dominions, his domestic tranquillity, his immense wealth, and absolute authority, rendered him the natural guardian of the liberty of Europe. Each of the rivals courted him with emulation. He knew it to be his interest to keep the balance even, and to restrain both, by not joining entirely with either of them. But he was seldom able to reduce his ideas to practice: he was governed by caprice more than by principle; and the passions of the man were an overmatch for the maxims of the king. Vanity and resentment were the great springs of all his undertakings; and his neighbours easily found the way, by touching these, to force him upon many rash and inconsistent enterprises. His reign was a perpetual series of blunders in politics; and, while he esteemed himself the wisest prince in Europe, he was a constant dupe to those who found it necessary, and could submit, to flatter him. *Robertson.*

SECTION VI.

EXTRACTS FROM THE BIBLE AND SPECIMENS OF PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

I. THIRTEENTH CHAPTER OF THE FIRST EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS.

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

And

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up;

Doth not behave itself unseemly; seeketh not her own; is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part;

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

II. PARABLE OF THE PRODIGAL SON.

A certain man had two sons.

And the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living.

And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country; and there wasted his substance with riotous living.

And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want.

And he went, and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine.

And he would have fain eaten of the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him.

And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!

I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee,

And am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.

And he arose and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.

And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet.

And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat and be merry:

For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry.

Now his elder son was in the field: and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing.

And he called one of the servants, and asked what these things meant.

And he said unto him, Thy brother is come; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound.

And he was angry, and would not go in: therefore came his father out, and intreated him.

And he answering, said to his father, Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment: and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends.

But

But as soon as this thy son was come, who hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf.

And the father said unto him, Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine.

It was meet that we should make merry and be glad: for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.

III. THE NINETEENTH PSALM.

THE heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handy-work.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.

Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world: in them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun;

Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey, and the honey-comb.

Moreover, by them is thy servant warned; and in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can understand his errours? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me; then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer.

IV. THE HUNDRED-AND-THIRD PSALM.

BLESS the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities: who healeth all thy diseases.

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction: who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies.

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagles.

The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger for ever.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

For, as the heaven is high above the earth; so great is his mercy towards them that fear him.

As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

For he knoweth our frame: he remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field so he flourisheth.

For

For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting, upon them that fear him; and his righteousness unto children's children.

To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all.

Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

Bless the Lord, all ye his hosts; ye ministers of his that do his pleasure.

Bless the Lord, all his works, in all places of his dominion. Bless the Lord, O my soul.

V. ON THE EARLY CULTURE OF THE HEART.

From the heart proceed the issues of life. In vain are the greatest outward advantages bestowed on the man who suffers his inward frame to go into disorder. He becomes the slave of irregular passions: he feels an aversion to the discipline by which wisdom and happiness must be attained; and loses that balance of mind which alone gives ardour to the laudable pursuits, and a seasoning to the natural pleasures of life.

Nothing, therefore, is so important as the early culture of the heart. In youth we must lay the foundation of future excellence and happiness. We must then begin to control our desires, to cultivate the love of order, and to form a just taste of what is estimable in conduct. We must then learn to apply our faculties steadily, to put a just value on our time, and to disdain the wasting of it in trifling pursuits or pleasures.

Whoever has lived any considerable time in the world, must have observed many instances in which the best natural advantages have been of little or no use to their owners in the great concerns of life. While their talents and dispositions were beginning to unfold, they were beheld with admiration by all around them. The most

most sanguine hopes were entertained of their future success; and hardly any station in society was deemed too high for them to fill with honour and applause.

But, in the progress of life, these early meteors have either gradually faded in splendour, or have taken an eccentric course, and dazzled only without being useful. Confident of their own talents, they have disdained to submit to habits of application; their passions have enslaved them; inconstancy has barred their way to useful attainments; false objects of emulation have led them astray; improper attachments have confirmed the delusions of passion; and they have finally sunk into uselessness, contempt, and misery. Such examples, unhappily too frequent, are beacons set up to warn those who are beginning the voyage of life; or rather, they are the dreary tokens of shipwreck, marking those rocks and shallows that have been fatal to others. *Walker.*

VI. THE MAN OF TRUE HONOUR.

In order to discern in what man's true honour consists, we must look, not to any adventitious circumstance of fortune; not to any single sparkling quality; but to the whole of what forms a man; what entitles him, as such, to rank high among that class of beings to which he belongs; in a word, we must look to the mind and the soul.—A mind superiour to selfish interest and corruption; a mind governed by the principles of uniform rectitude and integrity; the same in prosperity and adversity; which no bribe can seduce, nor terrour overawe; neither by pleasure melted into effeminacy, nor by distress sunk into dejection: such is the mind which forms the distinction and eminence of man.—One, who, in no situation of life, is either ashamed or afraid of discharging his duty, and acting his proper part with firmness and constancy; true to the God whom he worships, and true to the faith in which he professes to believe; full of affection to his brethren of mankind; faithful to his friends, generous to his enemies, warm with compassion to the unfortunate; self-denying to little private interests and pleasures, but zealous for public interest

and

and happiness; magnanimous, without being proud; humble, without being mean; just, without being harsh; simple in his manners, but manly in his feelings; on whose word you can entirely rely; whose countenance never deceives you; whose professions of kindness are the effusions of his heart: one, in fine, whom, independent of any views of advantage, you would choose for a superiour, could trust in as a friend, and could love as a brother:—this is the man, whom, in your heart, above all others, you do, you must, honour. *Blair.*

VII. ON FORTITUDE OF MIND.

It is of the utmost importance to youth, to acquire firmness and fortitude of mind. There is no principle in human nature that is attended with a train of more dreadful consequences, than that facility of manners, that simplicity of disposition, that weakness of soul, which is easily persuaded to comply with every proposal. This good-nature, as it is falsely called, is the worst nature in the world; and is the occasion of more calamities, and of more crimes, than the actual inclination to wickedness. To oppose the actual vicious inclination, Almighty God hath endowed us with an understanding to discern its evil, and with a conscience to check its progress; but this pernicious feebleness of mind has the appearance of sociability and of virtue; and, by that appearance, deceives us to our ruin.

Persons of such a character make no original efforts of mind. They seem born to enlist under a leader, and are the sinners or the saints of accident. Fortitude of mind and strength of resolution, are requisite for every purpose of human life. In particular, they are necessary to keep us from the contagion of evil example. Let us be cautious in laying down resolutions: let us be cautious in concerting plans of action: but when we have once resolved, let us be immutable. When we have chosen the right path, let us hold on, though the temptations of life should beset us on one hand, and the terrours of death on the other; not suffering the commotions of the world, nor even the changes of nature, to

shake

shake or disturb the more steadfast purpose of our souls. The most valuable of all possessions is a strenuous and a steady mind, a self-deciding spirit, prepared, as occasion requires, to act, to suffer, or to die. *Logan.*

VIII. FOLLY OF AN IRREGULAR COURSE OF LIFE.

It is a maxim established by the sad experience of ages, that "Evil communication corrupts good manners." The power of nature and of conscience, and the influence of a religious education, may, for a while, withstand the shock, but these will be gradually overpowered and yield to the impetuosity of the torrent. Hence follow the painful struggles between reason and the senses, between conscience and inclination, which constitute a state of the utmost misery and torment. Such persons, when they are carousing in the gay circle of their acquaintance, when the blood is warm and the spirits high, will then go all lengths with their fellow debauchees, and give a loose to every wanton and every wicked desire. But, when the calm forenoon hour of reflection comes; then, conscience, faithful to its trust, summons them to her awful bar, fills them with confusion and remorse, and condemns them to the severest of all tortures, to be extended on the rack of reflection, to lie upon the torture of the mind.——This is a state in which great part of mankind live and die. They have as much corruption as to lead them to the commission of new sins, and as much religion as to awaken in them remorse for these sins. They repent of their old vicious pleasures, and, at the same time, are laying plans for new ones; and make their lives one continued course of sinning and repenting, of transgression and remorse. *Logan.*

IX. ON RETIREMENT AND MEDITATION.

Retirement and meditation open a source of new and better entertainment than you meet with in the world. You will soon find that the world does not perform what it promises. The circle of earthly enjoyments is narrow and circumscribed; the career of sensual pleasure is soon run; and, when the novelty is over, the charm

charm is gone. Who has not felt the satiety and weariness of the king of Israel, when he cried out, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." Unhappy is the man, who, in these cases, has nothing within to console him under his disappointment. Miserable is the man who has no resources within himself, who cannot enjoy his own company, who depends for happiness upon the next amusement or the news of the day.

But the wise man has treasures within himself. The hour of solitude is the hour of meditation. He communes with his heart alone. He reviews the actions of his past life. He corrects what is amiss: he rejoices in what is right: and, wiser by experience, lays the plan of his future life. The great and the noble, the wise and the learned, the pious and the good, have been lovers of serious retirement. On this field, the patriot forms schemes, the philosopher pursues his discoveries, the saint improves himself in wisdom and goodness. Solitude is the hallowed ground, which religion, in every age, has adopted as her own. There her sacred inspiration is felt, and her holy mysteries elevate the soul: there devotion lifts up the voice; there falls the tear of contrition; there the heart pours itself forth before him who made, and him who redeemed it. Apart from men, you live with nature, and converse with God. *Logan.*

X. AGAINST THE INDULGENCE OF THE PASSIONS.

It will be our wisdom to be always on our guard against such principles as obviously favour and encourage the indulgence of our passions. Every passion is prone to justify itself, and to lay hold on every thing that can serve this purpose. Whenever we call in our passions and inclinations as counsellors, we shall see and reason no farther than they allow us. The passions are naturally eloquent, and plead vehemently in their own cause: but their oratory will almost certainly be false and sophistical in those points which relate to their own gratification. Let us, therefore, have a jealous eye on all those principles which help to justify us in the unrestrained indulgence of them. Mankind are so formed, that they cannot

cannot be easy in their own minds, without some kind of reasoning by which they may defend their own conduct. When, therefore, they find that they cannot, or rather do not bring up their own conduct to the known, established, and authorised standard of virtuous behaviour, they immediately set about bringing down their principles to their practice.

Thus, some encourage themselves in the almost unbounded indulgence of their inclinations, on this principle, that God has planted all our passions in us, and that he would not have given them to us, unless he had intended that we should gratify them.—But they never reflect, that God has likewise planted reason and conscience within us, for this purpose, that we should regulate all our gratifications by the rules of true moderation, of pure virtue, and of genuine religion.

Others again justify themselves in all their irregularities and excesses, by pleading, that the temptations to indulge in all kinds of pleasures are so strong, that it is far beyond their power to resist and surmount them. But this is only a pretence: it is the want of will and determined resolution, not the want of power, that makes us yield to the impulse of every inclination or passion that happens to be uppermost. God has implanted in the mind of man a power of will and resolution, which, when exerted in a determined manner, is capable of overcoming every difficulty, and of braving every danger. And the strength of this resolution is ever countenanced and supported by Heaven, when it is exerted on the side, or in the cause, of virtue and righteousness. Nay, let those persons who pretend that the temptations to vice are altogether irresistible, be told, that the point of honour in the fashionable world, demands something to be done by them much more difficult than any thing that virtue and the law of God demand of us; and they will see how, in support of honour, the innate strength of the human mind displays itself in all its vigour. Strange! that men should exert the firmest fortitude in obedience to the laws of manners, and manners too, which reason can scarcely approve; and yet shall plead that we are

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quite weak and incapable of any manly efforts in obedience to the laws of virtue and of God, on which the chief happiness and glory of rational beings depend.

Others make themselves easy in courses which they are conscious are not right, on the principle, that their follies, irregularities, and even great vices, are only the mere infirmities of nature, and that God is good and merciful, and will not call them to a severe account for them. But such persons ought to consider, that God has, in the constitution of nature and the course of providence, annexed punishments to vice even in this world, and such punishments as, sooner or later, will unavoidably follow upon a continued indulgence in vicious conduct. And, if the face of God is set against wickedness of all kinds, so that it is actually punished under his government in this world, what ground can there be to hope, that under the same government in another world, it shall escape unpunished? It is true that God is good: He is goodness itself. "God is love, and dwells in love." But it is the goodness of an universal governor, which requires, that the authority of his laws be preserved, and that every transgression unrepented of and unamended should meet with a proper treatment. And as vice is the reproach of our nature, the natural source of misery to ourselves, and of hurt to others, so the very principle of goodness will lead the all-gracious Governor of the world to inflict deserved punishments on all the incorrigible workers of iniquity. *Leechman.*

XI. ON THE DISSOLUTION OF ALL VISIBLE THINGS.

EVERY thing around us is subject to dissolution, and is actually dissolving. Every year, we behold proofs and symptoms of this. The flowers wither and the corn is cut down. Trees and shrubs drop their leaves and wear symptoms of decay. The mountain oak, which flourished for ages, now stands a blighted trunk, inspiring melancholy. Places, renowned of old for beauty and defence, are known to us only by their names. Here and there are ruins of temples where our fathers worshipped. Of Jerusalem and the temple on Mount Zion, of

which such glorious things are said, there is not one stone left upon another. Babylon the great is fallen. Families, and states, and empires, have their rise, and glory, and decline. The earth itself is waxing old. The sun, and stars, and elements, shall at last dissolve. Years, as they pass, speak to us of the consummation of all things. Listen to their parting voice. In still, but solemn language, they tell of the Angel, who shall lift up his hand to heaven, and swear by Him that liveth for ever and ever, "Time shall be no more." *Charters.*

SECTION VII.

SPEECHES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

A SPEECH OF SIR ROBERT WALPOLE, IN THE YEAR 1732, ON A MOTION RESPECTING THE NUMBER OF TROOPS PROPOSED TO BE KEPT UP IN THE ARMY.

MR Speaker.—I find the gentlemen who oppose the motion made by my honourable friend, have all along argued, as if the number of forces now proposed were to be kept up against law, or to be continued for ever; whereas the very design of the motion made to this house, is in order to have a law for keeping them up; and all that the gentleman wants by his motion is, that they shall be continued for this year only. The case then before us is this: Whether it will be more proper, and more for the benefit of the nation, to keep up the number

number proposed for one year, or, by an ill-timed frugality, to reduce some part of them, and thereby expose the nation to be contemned and despised by our neighbours round us, and that at a time when the public tranquillity is but just settled, and before we can know whether some of our neighbouring powers are satisfied or not. Nations, as well as private men, must accommodate their measures to the times in which they live. The circumstances of Europe are now much altered from what they were in former days. But a few ages ago, there was no such thing in Europe as what we now call a standing army: there was nothing but the militia of any country; and therefore it was no way necessary for us to have any thing else. If we quarrelled with any of our neighbours, we were sure they had nothing but militia to bring against us. Our militia was, and I hope is still, as good as theirs; but I do not believe that any man will say, that the militia of any country can be made fully as good as regular troops, bred up to discipline, and accustomed to command, for many years: the thing is impossible, and is so looked on by all the Powers of Europe. There is not a sovereign state in Europe which does not keep a body of regular troops in its pay: and therefore it is become in a manner absolutely necessary for us to keep some: we must have some regular troops to oppose to those that may upon a sudden emergency be brought against us, and to obstruct their passage, till we have time to raise more. The only question is, how great a number we ought to keep; in what manner they ought to be kept up, and so as not to be dangerous to our constitution.

As to the preventing of any danger arising from the regular forces kept up, I do not think there can be a better method proposed than that of keeping them up only by authority of parliament, and continuing them only from year to year. By this method, Sir, they must always be dependent on, and subservient to, the parliament or people; and, consequently, can never be made use of for any thing but the preservation and safety of the people against all attempts, foreign and do-

mestic; and while they are kept up in this manner, they will always be a terrour to our enemies, without subjecting us to any of those misfortunes into which other countries have fallen. A standing army, I find, is represented by some gentlemen, who have spoken upon the other side of the question, as not to be depended upon, even by the king whose service they are in. I grant that an army of British subjects, whatever way kept up or modelled, is not to be trusted to by a king who makes any attempts upon the liberties of the people: but if an army raised and maintained without the consent of parliament, is not to be trusted to by a king who has such designs, how much less can any man depend, for the execution of such designs, upon an army such as we have at present; an army raised, kept up, and maintained, by the people; an army that may be dismissed by them when they please; and an army that is commanded by gentlemen of some of the best estates and families amongst us, who never can be supposed capable of joining in any measures for enslaving a country, where they have so great an interest, and where their ancestors have so often signalized themselves in the cause of liberty! It is not therefore to be imagined, that such an army can ever be of any dangerous consequence to our liberties, were it even much more numerous than it is proposed to be.

II. SPEECH OF MR PULTNEY ON THE SAME OCCASION.

Sir,—We have heard a great deal about parliamentary armies, and about an army continued from year to year. I have always been, Sir, and always shall be, against a standing army of any kind. To me it is a terrible thing, whether under that of parliamentary, or any other designation. A standing army is a body of men distinct from the body of the people; they are governed by different laws; and blind obedience and an entire submission to the orders of their commanding officer is their only principle. The nations around us, Sir, are already enslaved, and have been enslaved by those very means: by means of their standing armies they have every one

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lost their liberties. It is indeed impossible that the liberties of the people can be preserved in any country where a numerous standing army is kept up. Shall we then take any of our measures from the examples of our neighbours? No, Sir; on the contrary, from their misfortunes we ought to learn to avoid those rocks upon which they have split.

It signifies nothing to tell me, that our army is commanded by such gentlemen as cannot be supposed to join in any measures for enslaving their country. It may be so: I hope it is so. I have a very good opinion of many gentlemen now in the army: I believe they would not join in any such measures. But their lives are uncertain; nor can we be sure how long they may be continued in command: they may be all dismissed in a moment, and proper tools of power put in their room. Besides, Sir, we know the passions of men; we know how dangerous it is to trust the best of men with too much power. Where was there a braver army than that under Julius Cæsar? Where was there ever an army that had served their country more faithfully? That army was commanded generally by the best citizens of Rome, by men of great fortune and figure in their country; yet that army enslaved their country. The affections of the soldiers towards their country, the honour and integrity of the under officers, are not to be depended on. By the military law, the administration of justice is so quick, and the punishments so severe, that neither officer nor soldier dares offer to dispute the orders of his supreme commander: he must not consult his own inclinations. If an officer were commanded to pull his own father out of this house, he must do it: he dares not disobey: immediate death would be the sure consequence of the least grumbling. And if an officer were sent into the Court of Requests, accompanied by a body of musketeers with screwed bayonets, and with orders to tell us what we ought to do, and how we were to vote—I know what would be the duty of this house—I know it would be our duty to order the officer to be taken and hanged up at the door of the lobby—but,

Sir, I doubt much if such a spirit could be found in this House, or in any House of Commons that will ever be in England.

Sir, I talk not of imaginary things: I talk of what has happened to an English House of Commons, and from an English army; not only from an English army, but from an army that was raised by that very House of Commons, an army that was paid by them, and an army that was commanded by generals appointed by them. Therefore do not let us vainly imagine, that an army raised and maintained by authority of parliament will always be submissive to them. If an army be so numerous as to have it in their power to over-awe the parliament, they will be submissive as long as the parliament does nothing to disoblige their favourite general; but, when that case happens, I am afraid, that, instead of the parliament's dismissing the army, the army will dismiss the parliament; as has been done heretofore. Nor does the legality or illegality of that parliament, or of that army, alter the case: for, with respect to that army, and according to their way of thinking, the parliament dismissed by them was a legal parliament; they were an army raised and maintained according to law; and, at first, they were raised, as they imagined, for the preservation of those liberties which they afterwards destroyed.

It has been urged, Sir, that whoever is for the Protestant succession must be for continuing the army. For that very reason, Sir, I am against continuing the army. I know that neither the Protestant succession in his Majesty's most illustrious house, nor any succession, can ever be safe, as long as there is a standing army in the country. Armies, Sir, have no regard to hereditary succession. The first two Cæsars at Rome did pretty well, and found means to keep their armies in tolerable subjection, because the generals and officers were all their own creatures. But how did it fare with their successors? Was not every one of them named by the army, without any regard to hereditary right, or to any right! A cobbler, a gardener, or any man who happened

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to raise himself in the army, and could gain their affections, was made emperour of the world. Was not every succeeding emperour raised to the throne, or tumbled headlong into the dust, according to the mere whim or mad frenzy of the soldiers?

We are told this army is desired to be continued but for one year longer, or for a limited term of years. How long have we already continued our army from year to year? And if it thus continue, wherein will it differ from the standing armies of those countries which have already submitted their neck to the yoke?—We are now come to the Rubicon. Our army is now to be reduced, or it never will. From his Majesty's own mouth we are assured of a profound tranquillity abroad: we know there is one at home. If this is not a proper time; if these circumstances do not afford us a safe opportunity for reducing at least a part of our regular forces, we can never expect to see any reduction; and this nation, already overburdened with debts and taxes, must be loaded with the heavy charge of perpetually supporting a numerous standing army; and remain for ever exposed to the danger of having its liberties and privileges trampled upon by any future king and ministry, who shall take it into their heads to do so, and shall take a proper care to model the army for that purpose.

III. SPEECH OF MR HORACE WALPOLE, 1740, IN REPROOF OF MR PITT.

Sir,—I was unwilling to interrupt the course of this debate, while it was carried on with calmness and decency by men who do not suffer the ardour of opposition to cloud their reason or transport them to such expressions as the dignity of this assembly does not admit. I have hitherto deferred answering the gentleman, who declaimed against the bill with such fluency and rhetoric and such vehemence of gesture; who charged the advocates for the expedients now proposed, with having no regard to any interest but their own, and with making laws only to consume paper, and threatened them with the defection of their adherents, and the loss of their influence,

influence, upon this new discovery of their folly and their ignorance.—Nor, Sir, do I now answer him for any other purpose, than to remind him how little the clamour of rage and petulancy of invective contribute to the end for which this assembly is called together; how little the discovery of truth is promoted, and the security of the nation established, by pompous diction and theatrical emotion.

Formidable sounds and furious declamation, confident assertions and lofty periods, may affect the young and unexperienced; and perhaps the gentleman may have contracted his habits of oratory by conversing more with those of his own age than with such as have more opportunities of acquiring knowledge and more successful methods of communicating their sentiments.

If the heat of his temper, Sir, would suffer him to attend to those whose age and long acquaintance with business give them an indisputable right to deference and superiority, he would learn in time to reason rather than declaim; and to prefer justness of argument and an accurate knowledge of facts, to sounding epithets, and splendid superlatives; which may disturb the imagination for a moment, but leave no lasting impression on the mind. He would learn, Sir, that to accuse and prove are very different; and that reproaches unsupported by evidence affect only the character of him that utters them. Excursions of fancy and flights of oratory, are indeed pardonable in young men, but in no other; and it would surely contribute more, even to the purpose for which some gentlemen appear to speak (that of depreciating the conduct of administration) to prove the inconveniencies and injustice of this bill, than barely to assert them, with whatever magnificence of language, or appearance of zeal, honesty, or compassion.

IV. MR PITT'S REPLY.

Sir,—The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has with such spirit and decency charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny; but content myself with wishing that I may

may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of those who continue ignorant in spite of age and experience.

Whether youth can be attributed to any man as a reproach, I will not, Sir, assume the province of determining; but surely age may justly become contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appear to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch, who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errours, continues still to blunder, and in whom age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his grey head should secure him from insults. Much more, Sir, is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue and become more wicked with less temptation, who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.

But youth, Sir, is not my only crime: I have been accused of acting a theatrical part.—A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and the adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense, Sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves to be mentioned only that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language: and though I may perhaps have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age or modelled by experience.

But, if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment which he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity entrench themselves, nor shall any thing but age restrain my resentment; age, which always

ways brings with it one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment.

But with regard, Sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion that if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure; the heat which offended them is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him in his villany, and whoever may partake of his plunder.

V. SPEECH OF MR PITT IN 1742, ON A MOTION FOR AN ENQUIRY INTO THE CONDUCT OF MINISTERS.

Sir,—I know not by what fatality the adversaries of the motion are impelled to assist their antagonists and contribute to their own overthrow, by suggesting, whenever they attempt to oppose it, new arguments against themselves.

It has been long observed, that when men are drawing near to destruction, they are apparently deprived of their understanding, and contribute by their own folly to those calamities with which they are threatened, but which might, by a different conduct, be sometimes delayed. This has surely now happened to the veteran advocates for an absolute and unaccountable ministry, who have discovered on this occasion, by the weakness of their resistance, that their abilities are declining; and I cannot but hope that the omen will be fulfilled, and that their infatuation will be quickly followed by their ruin.

To touch in this debate on our domestic affairs, to mention the distribution of the public money, and to discover their fears lest the ways in which it has been disbursed should by this inquiry be discovered, to recall to the minds of their opponents the immense sums which have been annually demanded, and of which no account

has

has been yet given, is surely the lowest degree of weakness and imprudence.

I am so far from being convinced that any danger can arise from this inquiry, that I believe the nation can only be injured by a long neglect of such examinations; and that a minister is only formidable, when he has exempted himself by a kind of prescription from exposing his accounts, and has long had an opportunity of employing the public money in multiplying his dependents, enriching his hirelings, enslaving boroughs, and corrupting senates.

That these have been in reality the purposes for which the taxes of many years have been squandered, is sufficiently apparent without an enquiry. We have wasted sums with which the French, in pursuance of their new scheme of increasing their influence, would have been able to purchase the submission of half the nations of the earth, and with which the monarchs of Europe might have been held dependent on a nod: these they have wasted, only to sink our country into disgrace, to heighten the spirit of impotent enemies, to destroy our commerce, and distress our colonies. We have patiently suffered, during a peace of twenty years, those taxes to be extorted from us, by which a war might have been supported against the most powerful nation, and have seen them engulfed in the boundless expences of the government, without being able to discover any other effect from them than the establishment of ministerial tyranny.

There has, indeed, been among the followers of the court a regular subordination, and exact obedience; nor has any man been found hardy enough to reject the dictates of the grand visier. Every man, who has received his pay, has, with great cheerfulness, complied with his commands; and every man who has held any post or office under the crown, has evidently considered himself as enlisted hy the minister.

But the visible influence of places, however destructive to the constitution, is not the chief motive of an inquiry. An inquiry implies something secret, and is intended

intended to discover the private methods of extending dependence and propagating corruption; the methods by which the people have been influenced to choose those men for representatives whose principles they detest, and whose conduct they condemn; and by which those whom their country has chosen for the guardians of its liberties, have been induced to support in this House, measures, which, in every other place, they have made no scruple to censure.

When we shall examine the distribution of the public treasuse; when we shall inquire by what conduct we have been debarred from the honours of war; and, at the same time, deprived of the blessings of peace; to what cause it is to be imputed, that our debts have remained during the long-continued tranquillity of Europe, nearly in the same state to which they were raised by fighting, at our own expense, the general quarrel of mankind; and why the sinking fund (a kind of inviolable deposite appropriated to the payment of our creditors and the mitigation of our taxes) has been from year to year diverted to very different uses;—we shall find, that our treasure has been exhausted, not to humble foreign enemies or obviate domestic insurrections; not to support our allies or suppress our factions; but for ends, which no man, who feels the love of his country yet unextinguished, can name without horrour—the purchase of alliances and the hire of votes; the corruption of the people and the exaltation of France.

Such are the discoveries which I am not afraid to declare that I expect from the inquiry; and therefore I cannot but think it necessary. If those to whom the administration of affairs has been for twenty years committed, have betrayed their trust; if they have invaded the public rights with the public treasure, and made use of the dignities which their country has conferred upon them, only to enslave it; who will not confess that they ought to be delivered up to speedy justice? that they ought to be set as land-marks to posterity, to warn those who shall hereafter launch out on the ocean of affluence and power, not to be too confident of a prosper-

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ous gale, but to remember, that there are rocks on which whoever rushes must inevitably perish? If they are innocent (and far be it from me to declare them guilty without examination) whom will this inquiry injure? or what effects will it produce, but those which every man appears to desire, the re-establishment of the public tranquillity, a firm confidence in the justice and wisdom of the government, and a general reconciliation of the people to the ministers?

VI. SPEECH OF ARTABANES TO HIS BROTHER, DARIUS KING OF PERSIA, ON HIS PROPOSING TO MAKE WAR AGAINST THE SCYTHIANS.

THEY who form any important enterprise, ought carefully to consider, whether it will be beneficial or injurious to the state; whether the execution of it will be easy or difficult; whether it be likely to augment or diminish their glory; and, lastly, whether the thing designed be consistent with, or contrary to, the rules of justice. For my part, I cannot perceive, Sir, even though you were sure of success, what advantage you can propose to yourself in undertaking a war against the Scythians. Consider the vast distance between them and you, and the prodigious space of land and sea that separates them from your dominions. Besides, they are a people that dwell in wild and uncultivated deserts; that have neither towns nor houses; that have no fixed settlement or places of habitation; and that are destitute of all manner of riches. What spoil or benefit can accrue to your troops from such an expedition? or, to speak more properly, what loss have you not reason to apprehend?

As they are accustomed to remove from country to country, if they should think proper to fly before you (not out of cowardice or fear, for they are a very courageous and warlike people, but only with a design to harass and ruin your army by continual and fatiguing marches) what would become of us, in such an uncultivated, barren, and naked country, where we shall neither find forage for our horses, nor provisions for our

 men?

men? I am afraid, Sir, that through a false notion of glory and the influence of flatterers, you may be hurried into a war which may turn to the dishonour of the nation. You now enjoy the sweets of peace and tranquillity in the midst of your people, where you are the object of their admiration and the promoter of their happiness. Is not the glory of a king who loves his subjects and is beloved by them; who, instead of making war against neighbouring or distant nations, makes use of his power to keep them in peace and amity with each other; is not such a glory vastly preferable to that of ravaging and spoiling nations? of filling the earth with slaughter and desolation, with horrour, consternation, and despair?

But there is one motive more which ought to have a greater influence upon you than all others, I mean that of justice. Thanks to the gods, you are not of the number of those princes, who acknowledge no other law than that of force, and who imagine they have a peculiar privilege annexed to their dignity, which private persons have not, of invading other men's properties. You do not make your greatness consist in being able to do whatever you will, but in willing only what may be done, without infringing the laws or violating justice. To speak plain, shall one man be reckoned unjust and a robber, for seizing on a few acres of his neighbour's estate; and shall another be reckoned just and great, and have the title of hero, only because he seizes upon and usurps whole provinces? Permit me, Sir, to ask you, what title you have to Scythia? What injury have the Scythians done to you? What reason can you allege for declaring war against them? The war, indeed, in which you have been engaged against the Babylonians, was, at the same time, both just and necessary. The gods have accordingly crowned your arms with success. It belongs to you, Sir, to judge whether that which you propose now to undertake, be a war of the same nature. *Rollin.*

VII.

VII. SPEECH OF JUNIUS BRUTUS (WHO, WITH A MULTITUDE OF PLEBEIANS, HAD RETIRED FROM ROME ON ACCOUNT OF THE TYRANNY OF THE PATRICIANS) TO HIS FELLOW SOLDIERS, AND TO A DEPUTATION FROM THE ROMAN SENATORS.

ONE would imagine, fellow soldiers, by this deep silence, that you are still awed by that servile fear in which the Patricians have kept you so long. Every man consults the eyes of the rest, to discover whether there be more resolution in others than he finds in himself; and not one of you has the courage to speak in public that which is the constant subject of your private conversation. Do you not know that you are free? This camp, these arms, do not they convince you that you are no longer under tyrants? And if you could still doubt it, would not this step which the senate has taken be sufficient to satisfy you? Those Patricians, so haughty and imperious, now send to court us: they no longer make use either of proud commands or cruel threats: they invite us, as their fellow citizens, to return into our common city: nay, some of our sovereigns, you see, are so gracious as to come to our very camp, to offer us a general pardon. Whence, then, can proceed this obstinate silence, after such singular condescensions! If you doubt the sincerity of their promises; if you fear, that, under the veil of a few fine words, they conceal your former chains, why do you not speak? Declare your thoughts freely. Or if you dare not open your mouths, at least hear a Roman, who has courage enough to fear nothing but the not speaking the truth.

You invite us, Senators, to return to Rome; but you do not tell us upon what conditions. Can Plebeians, poor, though free, think of being united with Patricians, so rich, and so ambitious? And, even though we should agree to the conditions you have to offer, what security will the Patricians give us for the performance; those haughty Patricians, who make it a merit among themselves to have deceived the people? You talk to us of nothing but pardon and forgiveness, as if we were your

subjects, and subjects in rebellion: but that is the point to be discussed. Is it the people or the senate who are in fault? Which of the two orders was it that first violated those laws of society which ought to reign among the members of the same republic? This is the question. In order to judge of this without prejudice, give me leave barely to relate a certain number of facts, for the truth of which I will appeal to no other but yourselves. To revenge your wrongs, we drove Tarquin from Rome; we took arms against a sovereign who defended himself only with the prayers he made to us to leave your interests and to return to his obedience. We afterwards cut to pieces the armies which endeavoured to restore him to the throne. The formidable power of Porsenna, the famine we underwent during a long siege, the fierce assaults, the continual battles, were all these, or, in short, was any thing capable of shaking the faith which we had given you? Thirty Latin cities united to restore the Tarquins. What would you have done then, if we had abandoned you and joined your enemies? What rewards might we not have obtained of Tarquin, while the senate and nobles would have been the victims of his resentment? Who was it that dispersed this dangerous combination? To whom are you obliged for the defeat of the Latins? Is it not to this people? Is it not to them you owe that very power which you have since turned against them? What recompense have we had for the assistance we gave you? Is the condition of the Roman people one jot the better? Have you associated them in your offices and dignities? Have our poor citizens found so much as the smallest relief in their necessities? On the contrary, have not our bravest soldiers, oppressed with the weight of usury, been groaning in the chains of their merciless creditors? What has become of all those vain promises of abolishing, in time of peace, the debts which the extortions of the great had forced us to contract? Scarcely was the war finished, when you alike forgot our services and your oaths. With what design then do you come hither? Why do you try to seduce this people by the enchantments of

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your words? Are there any oaths so solemn as to bind your faith? And, after all, what would you get by an union, brought about by artifice, kept up with mutual distrust, and which must end at last in a civil war? Let us on both sides avoid such heavy misfortunes; let us not lose the happiness of our separation: suffer us to depart from a country where we are loaded with chains like so many slaves, and where, being reduced to be only farmers of our own inheritances, we are forced to cultivate them for the profit of our tyrants. So long as we have swords in our hands, we shall be able to open to ourselves a way into more fortunate climates; and wherever the gods shall grant us to live in liberty, there shall we find our country. *Hooke.*

VIII. SPEECH OF MARCUS VALERIUS, IN THE ROMAN SENATE, ON A DISPUTE BETWEEN THE PATRICIANS AND PLEBEIANS CONCERNING THE FORM OF GOVERNMENT.

WE are made to fear, that the public liberty will be in danger, if we grant so much power to the people, and allow them to try those of our order who shall be accused by the tribunes. I am persuaded, on the contrary, that nothing is more likely to preserve it. The republic consists of two orders, Patricians and Plebeians. The question is, which of those two orders may more safely be trusted with the guardianship of that sacred deposite, our liberty. I maintain, that it will be more secure in the hands of the people, who desire only not to be oppressed, than in those of the nobles, who all have a violent thirst of dominion. The nobles, invested with the prime magistracies, distinguished by their birth, their wealth, and their honours, will always be powerful enough to hold the people to their duty; and the people, when they have the authority of the laws, being naturally jealous of all exalted power, will watch over the actions of the great, and, by the dread of a popular inquiry and judgment, keep a check upon the ambition of such Patricians as might be tempted to aspire to tyranny.

You abolished the royalty, Fathers, because the au-

thority of a single man grew exorbitant. Not satisfied with dividing the sovereign power between two annual magistrates, you gave them a council of three hundred senators, to be inspectors over their conduct, and moderators of their authority. But this senate, so formidable to the kings and to the consuls, has nothing in the republic to balance its power. I know very well, that, hitherto, there is all the reason in the world to applaud its moderation. But who can say whether we are not obliged for this to our fear of enemies abroad, and to those continual wars which we have been forced to maintain? Who will be answerable that our successors, grown more haughty and potent by a long peace, shall not make attempts upon the liberty of our country, and that, in the senate, there shall not arise some strong faction, whose leader will find means to become the tyrant of his country, if there be not, at the same time, some other power, out of the senate, to withstand such ambitious enterprises, by impeaching the authors and abettors of them before the people.

Perhaps the question will be asked me, Whether the same inconveniency is not to be apprehended from the people, and whether it is possible to make sufficient provision, that there shall not at some time arise among the Plebeians a head of a party, who will abuse his influence over the minds of the multitude, and, under the old pretence of defending the people's interests, in the end invade both their liberty and that of the senate? But, you well know, that, upon the least danger which the republic may seem to be in on that side, our consuls have power to name a dictator, whom they will never choose but from among your own body; that this supreme magistrate, absolute master of the lives of his fellow citizens, is able by his sole authority to dissipate a popular faction; and the wisdom of our laws has allowed him that formidable power but for six months, for fear he should abuse it, and employ, in the establishment of his own tyranny, an authority entrusted with him only to destroy that of any other ambitious men.

Thus, with a mutual inspection, the senate will be watchful

watchful over the behaviour of the consuls; the people over that of the senate; and the dictator, when the state of affairs requires the intervention of such a magistrate, will curb the ambition of all. The more eyes there are upon the conduct of every branch of our legislature, the more secure will be our liberty, and the more perfect our constitution. *Hooke.*

IX. PART OF CICERO'S ORATION IN DEFENCE OF MILO FOR KILLING CLODIUS.

EVERY circumstance concurs to prove that it was for Milo's interest Clodius should live; that, on the contrary, Milo's death was a most desirable event for answering the purposes of Clodius: that, on the one side, there was a most implacable hatred; on the other, not the least: that the one had been continually employing himself in acts of violence, the other only in opposing them: that the life of Milo was threatened, and his death publicly foretold by Clodius; whereas nothing of that kind was ever heard from Milo: that the day fixed for Milo's journey was well known to his adversary, while Milo knew not when Clodius was to return: that Milo's journey was necessary, but that of Clodius rather the contrary: that the one openly declared his intention of leaving Rome that day, while the other concealed his intention of returning; that Milo made no alteration in his measures, but that Clodius feigned an excuse for altering his: that if Milo had designed to way-lay Clodius, he would have waited for him near the city till it was dark; but that Clodius, even if he had been under no apprehensions from Milo, ought to have been afraid of coming to town so late at night.

Let us now consider whether the place where they encountered was most favourable to Milo or to Clodius. But can there, my Lords, be any room for doubt, or deliberation upon that? It was near the estate of Clodius, where at least a thousand able-bodied men were employed in his mad schemes of building.—Did Milo think he should have an advantage by attacking him from an eminence, and did he for this reason pitch upon that spot for the engagement? or was he not rather expected

pected in that place by his adversary, who hoped the situation would favour his assault? The thing, my Lords, speaks for itself, which must be allowed to be of the greatest importance in determining a question. Were the affair to be represented only by painting, instead of being expressed by words, it would, even then, clearly appear which was the traitor, and which was free from all mischievous designs; when the one was sitting in his chariot, muffled up in his cloak, and his wife along with him. Which of these circumstances was not a very great encumbrance? the dress, the chariot, or the companion? How could he be worse equipped for an engagement, when he was wrapt up in a cloak, embarrassed with a chariot, and almost fettered by his wife? Observe the other now; in the first place, sallying out on a sudden from his seat; for what reason? in the evening; what urged him? late; to what purpose, especially at that season? He calls at Pompey's seat; with what view? To see Pompey? He knew he was at Alsium. To see his house? he had been in it a thousand times. What then could be the reason of this loitering and shifting about? He wanted to be on the spot when Milo came up.

But if, my Lords, you are not yet convinced, though the thing shines out with such strong and full evidence, that Milo returned to Rome with an innocent mind, unstained with guilt, undisturbed by fear, and free from the accusations of conscience; call to mind, I beseech you by the immortal gods, the expedition with which he came back, his entrance into the forum while the senate-house was in flames, the greatness of soul he discovered, the look he assumed, the speech he made on the occasion. He delivered himself up, not only to the people, but even to the senate; nor to the senate alone, but even to guards appointed for the public security; nor merely to them, but even to the authority of him whom the senate had entrusted with the care of the whole republic; to whom he never would have delivered himself, if he had not been confident of the goodness of his cause.

X. SPEECH OF DEMOSTHENES TO THE ATHENIANS, EXCITING THEM TO PROSECUTE THE WAR AGAINST PHILIP WITH VIGOUR.

ATHENIANS!—Had this assembly been called together on an unusual occasion, I should have heard the opinions of others before I had offered my own; and if what they proposed had seemed to me judicious, I should have been silent; if otherwise, I should have given my reasons for differing from those who had spoken before me. But as the subject of our present deliberations has been often treated by others, I hope I shall be excused, though I rise up first to offer my opinion. Had the schemes formerly proposed been successful, there would have been no occasion for the present consultation.

First, then, my countrymen, let me intreat you not to look upon the state of our affairs as desperate, though it be unpromising: for, as on one hand, to compare the present with times past, matters have indeed a very gloomy aspect; so, on the other, if we extend our views to future times, I have good hopes that the distresses we are now under will prove of greater advantage to us than if we had never fallen into them. If it be asked, what probability there is of this? I answer, I hope it will appear that it is our egregious misbehaviour alone that has brought us into these disadvantageous circumstances: from which follows the necessity of altering our conduct, and the prospect of bettering our circumstances by doing so.

If we had nothing to accuse ourselves of, and yet found our affairs in their present disorderly condition, we should not have room left even for the hope of recovering ourselves. But, my countrymen, it is known to you, partly by your own remembrance, and partly by information from others, how gloriously the Lacedæmonian war was sustained, in which we engaged, in defence of our own rights, against an enemy powerful and formidable; in the whole conduct of which war nothing happened unworthy the dignity of the Athenian state;

state; and this within these few years past. My intention in recalling to your memory this part of our history, is to show you, that you have no reason to fear any enemy, if your operations be wisely planned and vigorously executed.

The enemy has, indeed, gained considerable advantages by treaty as well as by conquest; for it is to be expected, that princes and states will court the alliance of those who seem powerful enough to protect both themselves and their confederates. But, my countrymen, though you have of late been too supinely negligent of what concerned you so nearly, if you will, even now, resolve to exert yourselves unanimously, each according to his respective abilities and circumstances, the rich by contributing liberally towards the expense of the war, and the rest by presenting themselves to be inrolled to make up the deficiencies of the army and navy; if, in short, you will at last resume your own character and act like yourselves—it is not yet too late, with the help of Heaven, to recover what you have lost, and to inflict the just vengeance on your insolent enemy.

But when will you, my countrymen, when will you rouse from your indolence, and bethink yourselves of what is to be done? When you are forced to it by some fatal disaster? When irresistible necessity drives you?—What think you of the disgraces which are already come upon you? Is not the past sufficient to stimulate your activity? or do ye wait for somewhat yet to come, more forcible and urgent?—How long will you amuse yourselves with inquiring of one another after news as you ramble idly about the streets? What news so strange ever came to Athens, as that a Macedonian should subdue this state and lord it over Greece? Again, you ask one another, "What, is Philip dead?" "No," it is answered; "but he is very ill." How foolish this curiosity! What is it to you whether Philip is sick or well? Suppose he were dead, your inactivity would soon raise up against yourselves another Philip in his stead; for it is not his strength that has made

made him what he is, but your indolence; which has of late been such that you seem neither in a condition to take any advantage of the enemy, nor to keep it if it were gained by others for you.

Wisdom directs, that the conductors of a war always anticipate the operations of the enemy, instead of waiting to see what steps he shall take: whereas you, Athenians, though you be masters of all that is necessary for war, as shipping, cavalry, infantry, and funds, have not the spirit to make the proper use of your advantages, but suffer the enemy to dictate to you every motion you are to make. If you hear that Philip is in the Chersonesus, you order troops to be sent thither; if at Pylæ, forces are to be detached to secure that post. Wherever he makes an attack, there you stand upon your defence. You attend him in all his motions, as soldiers do their general. But you never think of striking out of yourselves any bold and effectual scheme for bringing him to reason, by being before-hand with him. A pitiful manner of carrying on war at any time; but, in the critical circumstances you are now in, utterly ruinous.

O shame to the Athenian name! We undertook this war against Philip, in order to obtain redress of grievances, and to force him to indemnify us for the injuries he had done us; and we have conducted it so successfully, that we shall by and by think ourselves happy if we escape being defeated and ruined. For, who can think that a prince of his restless and ambitious temper will not improve the opportunities and advantages which our indolence and timidity present him? Will he give over his designs against us, without being obliged to it! And who will oblige him? Who will restrain his fury? Shall we wait for assistance from some unknown country?—In the name of all that is sacred and all that is dear to us, let us make an attempt with what forces we can raise, if we should not be able to raise as many as we would wish. Let us do somewhat to curb this tyrant. Let us remember this; that he is our enemy; that he hath spoiled us of our dominions;

that

that we have long been subject to his insolence; that whatever we expected to be done for us by others hath proved against us; and that all the resource left is in ourselves: then shall we come to a proper determination; then shall we give the due attention to affairs, and be ready to act as becomes Athenians.

PART

PART II.

POETICAL AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

SECTION VI.

POETICAL PIECES IN RHYME.

I. THE TOWN-MOUSE AND COUNTRY-MOUSE.

ONCE on a time, so runs the fable,
A country-mouse, right hospitable,
Receiv'd a town-mouse at his board,
Just as a farmer might a lord:
A frugal mouse, upon the whole,
Yet lov'd his friend, and had a soul.
He brought him bacon, nothing lean;
Pudding, that might have pleas'd a dean;
Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
But wish'd it Stilton for his sake.
Our courtier scarce would touch a bit,
But show'd his breeding and his wit;
He did his best to seem to eat,
And cry'd, "I vow you're mighty neat:
"But then, my friend, this savage scene!
"For Heaven's sake, come, live with men.
"Consider, mice, like men, must die,
"Both small and great, both you and I:

"Then spend your life in joy and sport.—
"This doctrine, friend, I learn'd at court."
The veriest hermit in the nation
May yield, Heaven knows, to strong temptation.
Away they came, through thick and thin,
To a tall house near Lincoln's Inn;
'Twas on the night of a debate,
When all their Lordships had sat late.
Behold the place, where, if a poet
Shin'd in description, he might show it;
Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,
And tips with silver all the walls;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Grotesco roofs, and stucco floors:
But let it, in a word, be said,
The moon was up, and men a-bed:
The guests withdrawn, had left the treat,
And down the mice sat, *tête-à-tête*.
Our courtier walks from dish to dish;
Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish:
"That jelly's rich, this malmsey healing;
"Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in."
Was ever such a happy swain?
He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.
"I'm quite asham'd—'tis mighty rude
"To eat so much—but all's so good!
"I have a thousand thanks to give—
"My Lord alone knows how to live."
No sooner said, but from the hall
Rush chaplain, butler, dogs, and all:
"A rat! a rat! clap to the door."—
The cat came bouncing on the floor!
O for the heart of Homer's mice,
Or gods to save them in a trice!—
"An't please your honour," quoth the peasant,
"This same dessert is not so pleasant:
"Give me again my hollow tree,
"A crust of bread, and liberty."

Pope.

II.

II. THE GOOSE AND THE SWANS.

I HATE the face, however fair,
That carries an affected air;
The lisping tone, the shape constrain'd,
The study'd look, the passion feign'd,
Are fopperies, which only tend
To injure what they strive to mend.
  With what superiour grace enchants
The face which nature's pencil paints!
Where eyes, unexercis'd in art,
Glow with the meaning of the heart!
Where freedom and good humour sit,
And easy gaiety and wit!
Though perfect beauty be not there,
The master lines, the finish'd air,
We catch from ev'ry look delight,
And grow enamour'd at the sight:
For beauty, though we all approve,
Excites our wonder more than love;
While the agreeable strikes sure,
And gives the wounds we cannot cure.
  A Goose, affected, empty, vain,
The shrillest of the cackling train,
With proud and elevated crest,
Precedence claim'd above the rest.
  Says she, I laugh at human race,
Who say geese hobble in their pace;
Look here!—the slanderous lie detect;
Not haughty man is so erect.
That peacock yonder!—see, how vain
The creature's of his gaudy train!
If both were stripp'd, I'd pawn my word,
A goose would be the finer bird.
Nature, to hide her own defects,
Her bungled work with finery decks:
Were geese set off with half that show,
Would men admire the peacock? No.
  Thus vaunting, cross the mead she stalks:
The cackling breed attend her walks.

The sun shot down his noon-tide beams:
The swans were sporting in the streams.
Their snowy plumes and stately pride
Provok'd her spleen. Why there, she cry'd,
Again what arrogance we see!
Those creatures! how they mimic me!
Shall ev'ry fowl the water skim,
Because we geese are known to swim?
Humility they soon shall learn,
And their own emptiness discern.
So saying, with extended wings,
Lightly upon the wave she springs;
Her bosom swells, she spreads her plumes,
And the swan's stately crest assumes.
Contempt and mockery ensu'd,
And bursts of laughter shook the flood.
A Swan, superiour to the rest,
Sprung forth, and thus the fool address'd.
Conceited thing, elate with pride!
Thy affectation all deride;
These airs thy awkwardness impart,
And show thee plainly as thou art.
Among thy equals of the flock
Thou hadst escap'd the public mock,
And, as thy parts to good conduce,
Been deem'd an honest hobbling goose.
Learn hence to study wisdom's rules:
Know foppery's the pride of fools;
And, striving nature to conceal,
You only her defects reveal. *Moore.*

III. THE MAN, CAT, DOG, AND FLY.

NATURE expects mankind should share
The duties of the public care.
Who's born for sloth? To some we find
The plough-share's annual toil assign'd;
Some at the sounding anvil glow;
Some the swift-sliding shuttle throw;
Some, studious of the wind and tide,
From pole to pole our commerce guide;

Some

Some (taught by industry) impart
With hands and feet the works of art;
While some, of genius more refin'd,
With head and tongue assist mankind:
Each, aiming at one common end,
Proves to the whole a needful friend.
Thus, born each other's useful aid,
By turns are obligations paid.
  The animals, by want oppress'd,
To man their services address'd.
While each pursu'd its selfish good,
They hunger'd for precarious food;
Their hours with anxious cares were vext;
One day they fed, and starv'd the next.
They saw that plenty sure and rife,
Was found alone in social life;
That mutual industry profess'd
The various wants of man redress'd.
  The Cat, half-famish'd, lean, and weak,
Demands the privilege to speak.
  Well Puss (says Man), and what can you
To benefit the public do?
  The Cat replies; these teeth, these claws,
With vigilance shall serve the cause:
The mouse, destroy'd by my pursuit,
No longer shall your feasts pollute;
Nor rats, from nightly ambuscade,
With wasteful teeth your stores invade.
  I grant, says Man, to general use
Your parts and talents may conduce;
For rats and mice purloin our grain,
And threshers whirl the flail in vain.
Thus shall the cat, a foe to spoil,
Protect the farmer's honest toil.
  Then turning to the Dog, he cry'd,
Well, Sir; be next your merits try'd.
  Sir, says the Dog, by self-applause
We seem to own a friendless cause.
Ask those who know me, if distrust
E'er found me treacherous or unjust.

Did I e'er faith or friendship break?
Ask all those creatures; let them speak.
My vigilance and trusty zeal,
Perhaps might serve the public weal.
Might not your flocks in safety feed,
Were I to guard the fleecy breed?
Did I the nightly watches keep,
Could thieves invade you while you sleep?
The Man replies, 'Tis just and right,
Rewards such service should requite.
So rare, in property, we find
Trust uncorrupt among mankind,
That, taken in a public view,
The first distinction is your due.
Such merits all rewards transcend;
Be then my comrade and my friend.
Addressing now the Fly—From you
What public service can accrue?
From me! the flutt'ring insect said;
I thought you knew me better bred.
Sir, I'm a gentleman. Is't fit,
That I to industry submit?
Let mean mechanics, to be fed,
By business earn ignoble bread:
Lost in excess of daily joys,
No thought, no care, my life annoys.
At noon (the lady's matin hour)
I sip the tea's delicious flower:
On cates luxuriously I dine,
And drink the fragrance of the vine:
Studious of elegance and ease,
Myself alone I seek to please.
The Man his pert conceit derides,
And thus the useless coxcomb chides.
Hence, from that peach, that downy seat;
No idle fool deserves to eat.
Could you have sapp'd the blushing rind,
And on that pulp ambrosial din'd,
Had not some hand, with skill and toil,
To raise the tree, prepar'd the soil?

Consider,

Consider, sot, what would ensue,
Were all such worthless things as you.
Besides, vain selfish insect, learn
(If you can right and wrong discern)
That he who with industrious zeal,
Contributes to the public weal,
By adding to the common good,
His own hath rightly understood.

IV. HYMN ON GRATITUDE.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravish'd heart?
But thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustain'd
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in pray'r.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

When

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand, with worldly bliss
Hath made my cup run o'er;
And in a kind and faithful friend,
Hath doubl'd all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And, after death, in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee,
A joyful song I'll raise;
For O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise! *Addison.*

V. ODE TO LEVEN WATER.

On Leven's banks, while free to rove
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envy'd not the happiest swain
That ever trode th' Arcadian plain.
Pure stream! in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents stain thy limpid source;
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread;

While,

While, lightly pois'd, the scaly brood,
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood:
The springing trout, in speckled pride;
The salmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthless pike, intent on war;
The silver eel, and mottled par.
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch and groves of pine,
And hedges flower'd with eglantine.
  Still on thy banks, so gaily green,
May numerous herds and flocks be seen;
And lasses, chanting o'er the pail;
And shepherds piping in the dale;
And ancient faith, that knows no guile;
And industry, embrown'd with toil;
And hearts resolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
The blessings they enjoy to guard. *Smollet.*

VI. THE CHARMS OF THE VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain!
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain;
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease!
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please!
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paus'd on every charm!
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topp'd the neighbouring hill;
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made.
  Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill, the village murmur rose;
There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below:
The swain, responsive as the milkmaid sung;
The sober herd, that low'd to meet their young:

The

The noisy geese, that gabbled o'er the pool;
The playful children, just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice, that bay'd the whisp'ring wind;
And the loud laugh, that spoke the vacant mind:
These all, in soft confussion, sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.

Goldsmith.

VII. THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

NEAR yonder copse, where, once, the garden smil'd,
And, still, where many a garden-flow'r grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich—with forty pounds a year.
Remote from towns, he ran his godly race;
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place.
Unpractis'd he, to fawn or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour:
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain.
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd:
The broken soldier, kindly bid to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus, to relieve the wretched was his pride;
And ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side:
But, in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd, and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,

He

He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed, where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul:
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise;
And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd;
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd:
To them, his heart, his love, his griefs were given:
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.

Goldsmith.

VIII. THE COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER.

Beside yon straggling fence, that skirts the way
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village-master taught his little school.—
A man severe he was, and stern to view:
I knew him well; and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learnt to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face:
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes—for many a joke had he:
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd.
Yet he was kind; or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declar'd how much he knew:
'Twas certain he could write—and cipher too;

Lands

Lands he could measure; terms and tides presage;
And even the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill;
For, ev'n though vanquish'd, he could argue still:
While words of learned length and thund'ring sound
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around;
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head—could carry all he knew.

Goldsmith.

IX. ON REASON, SELF-LOVE, AND THE PASSIONS.

Two principles in human nature reign;
Self-love to urge, and reason to restrain:
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call;
Each works its end, to move, or govern all.
Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend;
And, but for this, were active to no end.
Most strength the moving principle requires;
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires:
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise.
Self-love and reason to one end aspire;
Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire:
But, greedy, that its object would devour;
This taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r.
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.
Modes of self-love the passions we may call:
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all.
But since not every good we can divide,
And reason bids us for our own provide;
Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,
List under reason, and deserve her care:
Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim;
Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name.
In lazy apathy let stoics boast
Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fixed as in a frost:

Contracted

Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest:
The rising tempest puts in act the soul;
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale:
Nor God alone in the still calm we find;
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.
Passions, like elements, though born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite:
These, 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what composes man, can man destroy?
Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain;
These, mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind;
The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
Gives all the strength and colour of our life. *Pope.*

X. ON CRITICISM.

A PERFECT judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit as its author writ,
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind.
In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
Is not the exactness of peculiar parts:
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all
Some to *conceit* alone their taste confine,
And glittering thoughts struck out at every line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit,
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets, like painters, thus unskill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover every part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
Others for *language* all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for dress.
Their praise is still—the style is excellent:
The rest they humbly take upon content.

Words are like leaves; and, where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on every place:
The face of nature, we no more survey;
All glares alike, without distinction gay:
But true expression, like the unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent as more suitable.
A vile conceit, in pompous words express'd,
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd:
For different styles with different subjects sort,
As several garbs, with country, town, and court.
  But most by *numbers* judge a poet's song;
And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong.
In the bright muse, though thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who hant Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow;
And praise the easy vigour of a line,
Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar:
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow;
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.
Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
While, at each change, the son of Lybian Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;

Now

Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow;
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor stood subdued by sound! *Pope.*

XI. THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age, a rev'rend hermit grew:
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from man, with God he pass'd the days;
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.
A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heav'n itself, 'till one suggestion rose—
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey.
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenour of his soul is lost.
So, when a smooth expanse receives, imprest,
Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast,
Down bend the banks; the trees, depending, grow;
And skies, beneath, with answering colours glow:
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side;
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.
To clear this doubt; to know the world by sight;
To find if books or swains report it right,
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell: the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;
Then, with the sun, a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.
The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But, when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And, soft, in graceful ringlets, wav'd his hair.

Then, near approaching, Father, hail! he cry'd;
And, Hail, my son! the rev'rend sire reply'd:
Words follow'd words; from question answer flow'd;
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loath to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound;
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.
Now sunk the sun: the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray:
Nature, in silence, bid the world repose;
When, near the road, a stately palace rose.
There, by the moon, through ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanced the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home:
Yet, still, the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive; the livery'd servants wait:
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food;
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then, led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.
At length 'tis morn; and, at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
Fresh, o'er the gay parterres, the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call;
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,
Which the kind master forced the guests to taste.
Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe—
His cup was vanish'd; for, in secret guise,
The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.
As one who spies a serpent in his way
Glist'ning and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops, to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;

So

So seem'd the sire, when, far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.
He stop'd with silence; walk'd with trembling heart;
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask, to part:
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That generous actions meet a base reward.
While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds;
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain;
And beasts, to covert, scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.
'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground;
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around:
Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.
As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts, with sudden fury, blew;
The nimble lightning, mix'd with show'rs, began;
And, o'er their heads, loud-rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock; but knock or call in vain;
Driv'n by the wind and batter'd by the rain.
At length, some pity warm'd the master's breast,
('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest);
Slow creaking turns the door, with jealous care;
And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair.
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls;
Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,
(Each hardly granted) served them both to dine;
And, when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.
With still remark, the pond'ring hermit view'd,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude:
And why should such (within himself he cry'd)
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
But, what new marks of wonder soon took place,
In every settling feature of his face,
When, from his vest, the young companion bore
That cup the generous landlord own'd before,

And paid profusely with the precious bowl,
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul!
  But, now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun, emerging, opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And glittering as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat;
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.
  While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travel of uncertain thought.
His partner's acts without their cause appear;
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here.
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.
  Now night's dim shades again involve the sky;
Again the wanderers want a place to lie;
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh:
The soil improv'd around; the mansion neat;
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It seemed to speak its master's turn of mind;
Content, and, not for praise, but virtue, kind.
  Hither the walkers turn, with weary feet;
Then, bless the mansion and the master greet:
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies.
  Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part:
From him you come; for him accept it here;
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.
He spoke; and bade the welcome table spread:
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed;
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.
  At length the world, renewed by calm repose,
Was strong for toil; the dappled morn arose.
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride—
O strange return!—grew black, and gasp'd, and died.

Horror

Horrour of horrours!—what! his only son!—
How look'd our hermit when the fact was done!
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.
Confus'd and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies; but, trembling, fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues. The country lay
Perplex'd with roads: a servant show'd the way.
A river cross'd the path. The passage o'er
Was nice to find: the servant trode before:
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supply'd;
And, deep, the waves, beneath the bending, glide.
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in:
Plunging, he falls; and, rising, lifts his head;
Then, flashing, turns, and sinks among the dead.
Wild sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes;
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
Detested wretch!—But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe through purpl'd air;
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back, their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.
Though loud, at first, the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;
Surprise, in secret chains, his words suspends;
And, in a calm, his settling temper ends.
But silence, here, the beauteous angel broke:
The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke.
Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms, success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind.
For this commission'd I forsook the sky—
Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow servant I.

Then

Then know the truth of government divine;
And let these scruples be no longer thine.
The Maker justly claims that world he made;
In this the right of providence is laid:
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends.
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The Pow'r exerts his attributes on high;
Your actions uses, nor controls your will;
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.
What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes?
Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just;
And, where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.
The great, vain man, who far'd on costly food;
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine;
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine;
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost:
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.
The mean suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind,
That Heav'n can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl;
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head:
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow;
And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.
Long had our pious friend in virtue trode,
But, now, the child half-wean'd his heart from God:
(Child of his age)—for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run!
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all, but thee, in fits he seem'd to go;
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns, in tears, the punishment was just.

But

But how had all his fortune felt a wreck,
Had that false servant sped in safety back!
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal;
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heav'n instructs thy mind. This trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.
On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew;
The sage stood wond'ring as the seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha, when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky:
The fiery pomp, ascending, left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.
The bending hermit here a prayer began—
"Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done."
Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace. *Parnell.*

XII. ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world—to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds:
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save, that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath these rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow, twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,—
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure:
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await, alike, the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead—but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can story'd urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery sooth the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unrol;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness in the desert air.

Some

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide;
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame;
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones, from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unletter'd muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies;
Some pious drops the closing eye requires:
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries;
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate:
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
'Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
'Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
'To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

'There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
'That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
'His listless length, at noontide, would he stretch,
'And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

'Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
'Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
'Now drooping, woful wan, like one forlorn,
'Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

'One morn I miss'd him on the accustom'd hill,
'Along the heath, and near his favourite tree:
'Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
'Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

'The next, with dirges due, in sad array
'Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him borne:
'Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
'Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head, upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown.
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty and his soul sincere:
Heaven did a recompense as largely send.
He gave to misery all he had—a tear:
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd)—a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his father and his God. *Gray.*

XIII.

XIII. SONG ON SHAKESPEARE.

THOU soft-flowing Avon! by thy silver stream,
Of things more than mortal sweet SHAKESPEARE would dream:
The fairies, by moon-light, dance round his green bed—
For hallow'd the turf is that pillow'd his head.

The love-stricken maiden, the soft-sighing swain,
Here rove without danger, and sigh without pain;
The sweet bud of beauty no blight shall here dread—
For hallow'd the turf is that pillow'd his head.

Here youth shall be fam'd for their love and their truth,
And cheerful old age feel the spirit of youth;
For the raptures of fancy here poets shall tread—
For hallow'd the turf is that pillow'd his head.

Flow on, silver Avon! in song ever flow;
Be the swans on thy bosom still whiter than snow:
Ever full be thy stream, like his fame may it spread—
And the turf ever hallow'd that pillow'd his head.

Garrick.

SECTION II.

POETICAL PIECES IN BLANK VERSE.

I. APPROACH OF SPRING, AND THE LABOURS OF THE FIELD IN THAT SEASON, DESCRIBED.

COME gentle Spring, ethereal Mildness, come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,

While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.
And see where surly Winter passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.
As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets
Deform the day delightless: so that scarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulf'd,
To shake the sounding marsh; or, from the shore,
The plovers, when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the list'ning waste.
At last from *Aries* rolls the bounteous sun,
And the bright *Bull* receives him. Then no more
The expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold;
But, full of life and vivifying soul,
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
Fleecy, and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven.
Forth fly the tepid airs; and, unconfin'd,
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
Joyous, the impatient husbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers
Drives from their stalls, to where the well-us'd plough
Lies in the furrow, loosen'd from the frost.
There, unrefusing, to the harness'd yoke
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
Cheer'd by the simple song, and soaring lark.
Meanwhile, incumbent, o'er the shining share,
The master leans, removes the obstructing clay,
Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.
White, thro' the neighbouring fields, the sower stalks,
With measur'd step; and liberal throws the grain
Into the faithful bosom of the ground:
The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

Be

Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious man
Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes blow!
Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend!
And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,
Into the perfect year!—Nor ye who live
In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear:
Such themes as these the *rural* MARO sung
To wide imperial ROME, in the full height
Of elegance and taste, by GREECE refin'd.
In ancient times, the sacred plough employ'd
The kings and awful fathers of mankind;
And some, with whom compar'd your insect tribes
Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm
Of mighty war; then, with unwearied hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd
The plough, and greatly independent liv'd.
Ye generous BRITONS, venerate the plough;
And o'er your hills, and long-withdrawing vales,
Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,
Luxuriant and unbounded. As the sea,
Far through his azure turbulent domain,
Your empire owns, and, from a thousand shores,
Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports;
So, with superior boon, may your rich soil,
Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour
O'er every land, the naked nations clothe,
And be the exhaustless granary of a world! *Thomson.*

II. EVENING, AFTER A SPRING SHOWER.

THUS, all day long, the full-distended clouds
Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth
Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life;
Till, in the western sky, the downward sun
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
The illumin'd mountain, through the forest streams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,

Far smoking o'er the interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around.
Full swell the woods; their every music wakes,
Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills,
And hollow lows responsive from the vales,
Whence, blending all, the sweeten'd zephyr springs.
Mean time, refracted from yon eastern cloud,
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion running from the red,
To where the violet fades into the sky.
Here, awful Newton, the dissolving clouds
Form, fronting on the sun, thy showery prism;
And, to the sage-instructed eye, unfold
The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd
From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy;
He, wondering, views the bright enchantment bend
Delightful o'er the radiant fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory; but, amaz'd,
Beholds the amusive arch before him fly,
Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,
A soften'd shade; and saturated earth
Awaits the morning beam, to give to light,
Rais'd thro' ten thousand different plastic tubes,
The balmy treasures of the former day. *Thomson.*

III. INFLUENCE OF SPRING ON MAN.

STILL let my song a nobler note assume,
And sing the infusive force of Spring on Man;
When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie
To raise his being, and serene his soul.
Can he forbear to join the general smile
Of nature? Can fierce passions vex his breast,
While every gale is peace, and every grove
Is melody? Hence, from the bounteous walks
Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of earth,
Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe;
Or only lavish to yourselves; away!

But

But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought
Of all his works, Creative Bounty burns
With warmest beam; and on your open front
And liberal eye, sits, from his dark retreat
Inviting modest Want. Nor, till invok'd,
Can restless goodness wait: your active search
Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd?
Like silent-working Heaven, surprising oft
The lonely heart with unexpected good.
For you the roving spirit of the wind
Blows Spring abroad; for you the teeming clouds
Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world;
And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,
Ye flower of human race! In these green days,
Reviving sickness lifts her languid head;
Life flows afresh; and young-ey'd Health exalts
The whole creation round. Contentment walks
The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
To purchase. Pure serenity apace
Induces thought, and contemplation still.
By swift degrees the love of nature works,
And warms the bosom; till, at last, sublim'd
To rapture and enthusiastic heat,
We feel the present Deity, and taste
The joy of God to see a happy world! *Thomson.*

IV. HAY-MAKING AND SHEEP-SHEARING.

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead:
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and strong; full as the summer rose,
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,
Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
Even stooping age is here: and infant hands
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
O'er-charg'd, amid the kind oppression roll.
Wide flies the tedded grain: all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They spread the breathing harvest to the sun,

That throws refreshful round a rural smell:
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,
In order gay; while, heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
Of happy labour, love, and social glee.

Or, rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
And that fair-spreading in a pebbled shore.
Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly sides; and oft the swain,
On some impatient seizing, hurls them in.
Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
And, panting, labour to the farthest shore.
Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream;
Heavy and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmless race; where, as they spread
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
Inly disturb'd, and wond'ring what this wild
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill; and, toss'd from rock to rock,
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks
Are in the wattled pen innumerous press'd
Head above head; and, rang'd in lusty rows,
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
With all her gay-dress'd maids attending round.
One, chief, in gracious dignity enthron'd,
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
Her smiles, sweat-beaming, on her shepherd-king;
While the glad circle round them yield their souls

To

To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace.
Some, mingling, stir the melted tar; and some,
Deep on the new shorn vagrant's heaving side,
To stamp the master's cypher, ready stand:
Others the unwilling wether drag along;
And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy
Holds by the twisted horns the indignant ram.
Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,
By needy man, that all-depending lord,
How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!
What softness in its melancholy face,
What dumb-complaining innocence appears!
Fear not, ye gentle tribes; 'tis not the knife
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd:
No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
Who, having now, to pay his annual care,
Borrowed your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will send you bounding to your hills again. *Thomson.*

VI. A STORM OF THUNDER AND LIGHTNING; WITH THE STORY OF CELADON AND AMELIA.

Behold, slow-settling o'er the lurid grove
Unusual darkness broods; and, growing, gains
The full possession of the sky, surcharg'd
With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds,
Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.
Thence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery spume
Of fat bitumen, steaming on the day,
With various tinctur'd trains of latent flame,
Pollute the sky, and, in yon baleful cloud,
A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
Ferment; till, by the touch ethereal rous'd,
The dash of clouds, or irritating war
Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,
They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,
Dread thro' the dun expanse; save the dull sound
That, from the mountain, previous to the storm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath.

Prone,

Prone, to the lowest vale, the aëreal tribes
Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce
Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
Cast a deploring eye, by Man forsook,
Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.
'Tis listening fear and dumb amazement all;
When, to the startled eye, the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive thro' the cloud;
And, following slower, in explosion vast,
The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heav'n,
The tempest growls: but, as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flash a larger curve and more
The noise astounds; till over head a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts,
And opens wider; shuts, and opens still,
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.
Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply-troubled thought.
And yet, not always on the guilty head
Descends the fated flash.—Young Celadon
And his Amelia were a matchless pair;
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace;
The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone:
Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn;
And his the radiance of the risen day.
They lov'd: but such their guileless passion was,
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of innocence and undissembling truth.
'Twas friendship, heighten'd by the mutual wish:
The enchanting hope and sympathetic glow,
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer self;
Supremely happy in the awaken'd power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,

Still

Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart;
Or sigh'd and look'd unutterable things.
So pass'd their life; a clear united stream,
By care unruffled; till, in evil hour,
The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
Heedless how far, and where its mazes stray'd;
While, with each other blest, creative love
Still bade eternal Eden smile around.
Presaging instant fate, her bosom heav'd
Unwonted sighs; and stealing oft a look
Of the big gloom, on Celadon her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.
In vain assuring love and confidence
In Heaven repress'd her fear: it grew, and shook
Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd
The unequal conflict; and, as angels look
On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,
With love illumin'd high. "Fear not," he said,
"Sweet innocence! thou stranger to offence,
"And inward storm! He, who yon skies involves
"In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
"With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft,
"That wastes at midnight, or the undreaded hour
"Of noon, flies harmless; and that very voice,
"Which thunders terrour thro' the guilty heart,
"With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
"'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus
"To clasp perfection!"—From his void embrace,
(Mysterious Heaven!) that moment, to the ground,
A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid.
But who can paint the lover as he stood,
Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,
Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe! *Thomson.*

VI. STORY OF PALEMON AND LAVINIA.

THE lovely young Lavinia once had friends,
And fortune smil'd deceitful on her birth.
For, in her helpless years, depriv'd of all,
Of every stay, save innocence and Heav'n,

She,

She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty conceal'd.
Together, thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn,
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy passion and low-minded pride:
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed;
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure,
As is the lily or the mountain snow.
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers;
Or, when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they like the dewy star
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close-embow'ring woods.
As in the hollow breast of Appenine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises far from human eye,
And breaths its balmy fragrance o'er the wild:
So flourish'd, blooming and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia; till, at length, compell'd
By strong necessity's supreme command,
With smiling patience in her looks, she went
To glean Palemon's fields.—The pride
Of swains Palemon was; the generous and the rich;
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, such as Arcadian song

Transmits

Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times,
When tyrant Custom had not shackled man,
But free to follow Nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper train
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye,
Unconscious of her pow'r, and turning quick
With unaffected blushes from his gaze:
He saw her charming; but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.
That very moment love and chaste desire
Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh
(Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn)
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field;
And, thus, in secret, to his soul he sigh'd.
"What pity that so delicate a form,
By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
Should be devoted to the rude embrace
Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
Of old Acasto's line; and to my mind
Recalls that patron of my happy life,
From whom my liberal fortune took its rise;
Now to the dust gone down, his houses, lands,
And once fair-spreading family, dissolv'd.
'Tis said, that in some lone, obscure retreat,
Urg'd by remembrance sad and decent pride,
Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
His aged widow and his daughter live,
Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
Romantic wish! would this the daughter were!"
When, strict inquiring, from herself he found
She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful Acasto—who can speak
The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,
And through his nerves in shivering transports ran!
Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd and bold;
And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once.
Confus'd and frighten'd at his sudden tears,

Her

Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom;
As thus Palemon, passionate and just,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.
"And art thou, then, Acasto's dear remains;
She whom my restless gratitude has sought,
So long in vain?—O yes! the very same,
The soften'd image of my noble friend;
Alive his every feature, every look,
More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring!
Thou sole-surviving blossom from the root
That nourish'd up my fortune! say, ah! where,
In what sequester'd desert, has thou drawn
The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven!
Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair,
Though poverty's cold wind and crushing rain
Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years.
O, let me now into a richer soil
Transplant thee safe, where vernal suns and showers
Diffuse their warmest largest influence;
And of my garden be the pride and joy.
Ill it befits thee, O! it ill befits
Acasto's daughter, his, whose open stores,
Though vast, were little to his ampler heart,
The father of a country, thus to pick
The very refuse of those harvest-fields
Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
But ill apply'd to such a rugged task:
The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine;
If, to the various blessings which thy house
Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!
Here ceas'd the youth; yet still his speaking eye
Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodness irresistable, and all
In sweet disorder lost—she blush'd consent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,

While

While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate:
Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of setting life shone on her evening hours:
Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair;
Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
And good, the grace of all the country round. *Thomson.*

VII. HYMN TO THE DEITY, ON THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these,
Are but the *varied God.* The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer-months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft, at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter, awful thou! with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown; tempest o'er tempest roll'd;
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, thou bid'st the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.
Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear! A simple train;
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade;
And all so forming an harmonious whole;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But, wandering oft with brute unconscious gaze,

Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds ev'ry creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.
  Nature, attend! Join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raise
One general song! To him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes:
O talk of him in solitary glooms,
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely-waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe!
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself;
Sound his stupendous praise, whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave to him:
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth, asleep,
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,

On

On nature write, with every beam, his praise.
The thunder rolls! Be hush'd the prostrate world,
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills: ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound: the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise; for the great Shepherd reigns,
And his *unsuffering* kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song
Burst from the groves: and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night his praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles;
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all;
Crown the great hymn! In swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling base;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to heaven.
Or, if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove;
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the black'ning east;
Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!
Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song, where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic Isles;—'tis nought to me;
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where He vital spreads there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,

And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go,
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their sons;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression.—But I lose
Myself in him, in Light ineffable!
Come then, expressive Silence, muse His praise.

Thomson.

VIII. SUBJECT OF THE POEM OF PARADISE LOST.

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our wo,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, Heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd who first taught the chosen seed
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of chaos. Or, if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That, with no middle flight, intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, whilst it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly thou, O Spirit! that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like satt'st brooding on the vast abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant. What in me is dark,
Illumine; what is low, raise and support:
That, to the height of this great argument,
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.
Say, first, (for heaven hides nothing from thy view,

Nor

Nor the deep tract of hell), say, first, what cause
Mov'd our grand parents, in that happy state
Favour'd of Heaven so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will,
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?
The infernal serpent: he it was, whose guile,
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from heaven, with all his host
Of rebel angels; by whose aid, aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equall'd the Most High,
If he oppos'd; and, with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God,
Rais'd impious war in heaven, and battle proud,
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition; there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms. *Milton.*

IX. ADAM AND EVE IN PARADISE.

Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect; with native honour clad
In naked majesty; seem'd lords of all:
And worthy seem'd; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure.
For contemplation he, and valour form'd;
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace.
He, for God only; she, for God in him.
His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad;
She, as a vail, down to the slender waist
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dishevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd.

About them, frisking, play'd
All beasts of the earth, since wild, and of all chase
In wood or wilderness, forest or den.
Sporting, the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
Dandled the kid: bears, tygers, ounces, pards,
Gambol'd before them; the unwieldy elephant,
To make them mirth, us'd all his might, and wreath'd
His lithe proboscis; close the serpent sly
Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
His braided train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded: others on the grass
Couch'd, and now, fill'd with pasture, gazing sat,
Or bedward ruminating; for the sun
Declin'd, was hasting now, with prone career,
To the ocean-isles, and, in the ascending scale
Of heaven, the stars that usher evening rose. *Milton.*

X. APPROACH OF MORNING. EVE'S ACCOUNT OF HER TROUBLESOME DREAM.

Now Morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wak'd: so 'custom'd, for his sleep
Was airy light, from pure digestion bred,
And temperate vapours bland, which the only sound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough. So much the more
His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve,
With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet rest. He, on his side
Leaning half-rais'd, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces: then, with voice
Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus. "Awake,
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
Heaven's last best gift, my ever new delight!
Awake. The morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us. We lose the prime, to mark how spring

Our

Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How Nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet."
Such whispering wak'd her, but with startled eye
On Adam: whom embracing, thus she spake.—
O sole, in whom my thoughts find all repose,
My glory, my perfection! glad I see
Thy face, and morn return'd; for I this night
(Such night till this I never pass'd) have dream'd
If dream'd, not, as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day past, or morrow's next design;
But of offence and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irksome night. Methought
Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
With gentle voice; I thought it thine. It said,
"Why sleep'st thou Eve? now is the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent, save where Silence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that, now awake,
Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song: now reigns
Full-orb'd the moon, and, with more pleasing light,
Shadowy sets off the face of things. In vain,
If none regard: Heaven wakes with all his eyes;
Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire;
In whose sight all things joy with ravishment,
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze."
I rose, as at thy call, but found thee not.
To find thee I directed then my walk;
And on, methought, alone I pass'd, through ways
That brought me on a sudden to the tree
Of interdicted knowledge. Fair it seem'd,
Much fairer to my fancy than by day;
And, as I wondering look'd, beside it stood
One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from heaven
By us oft seen: his dewy locks distill'd
Ambrosia. On that tree he also gaz'd:
And, "O fair plant, said he, with fruit surcharg'd!
Deigns none to ease thy load, and taste thy sweet;
Nor God, nor man? Is knowledge so despis'd?
Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?

Forbid

Forbid who will, none shall from me with-hold
Longer thy offer'd good; why else set here?
This said, he paus'd not, but with venturous arm
He pluck'd, he tasted. Me damp horrour chill'd
At such bold words, vouch'd with a deed so bold!
But he thus overjoyed: "O fruit divine!
Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus cropp'd;
Forbidden here, it seems as only fit
For Gods, yet able to make gods of men:
And why not gods of men, since good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows,
The author not impair'd but honour'd more?
Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve!
Partake thou also? happy though thou art,
Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be:
Taste this, and be henceforth among the gods,
Thyself a goddess; not to earth confin'd,
But sometimes in the air, as we; sometimes
Ascend to heaven, by merit thine, and see
What life the gods live there, and such live thou."
So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
Ev'n to my mouth, of that same fruit held part
Which he had pluck'd: the pleasant savoury smell
So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide
And various. Wondering at my flight and change
To this high exaltation, suddenly
My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down
And fell asleep: but O, how glad I wak'd
To find this but a dream! *Milton.*

XI. ADAM AND EVE'S MORNING HYMN.

Soon as they forth were come to open sight
Of day-spring, and the sun, who, scarce up-risen,
With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean brim,
Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,
Discovering in wide landscape all the east
Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,

Lowly

Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
Their orisons, each morning duly paid
In various style: for neither various style,
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounc'd or sung
Unmeditated; such prompt eloquence
Flow'd from their lips in prose or numerous verse,
More tunable than needed lute or harp
To add more sweetness; and they thus began.
These are thy glorious works, Parent of good!
Almighty! thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then,
Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels! for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing: ye in heaven.
On earth, join all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars! last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun! of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon! that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wandering fires! that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who, out of darkness, call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements! the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that, in quaternion, run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change

Vary

Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations! that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise:
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds! that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines!
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains! and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs! warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls! Ye birds,
That, singing, up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings, and in your notes, his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep!
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.—
Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good: and if the night
Have gather'd ought of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark. *Milton.*

XII. ADAM AND EVE'S REPENTANCE AFTER EATING THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

He added not, and from her turn'd; but Eve,
Not so repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing,
And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet
Fell humble, and embracing them, besought
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.
Forsake me not thus, Adam: witness heaven
What love sincere, and reverence in my heart
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceiv'd. Thy suppliant,
I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counsel, in this uttermost distress

My

My only strength and stay. Forlorn of thee,
Whither shall I betake me? where subsist?
While yet we live, scarce one short hour, perhaps,
Between us two let there be peace; both joining,
As join'd in injuries, one enmity
Against a foe by doom express assign'd us,
That cruel serpent.—On me exercise not
Thy hatred for this misery befallen,
On me, already lost! me, than thyself
More miserable! Both have sinn'd; but thou
Against God only, I against God and thee;
And to the place of judgment will return,
There with my cries importune Heaven, that all
The sentence, from thy head remov'd, may light
On me, sole cause to thee of all this wo;
Me! only me! just object of his ire.
She ended weeping; and her lowly plight,
Immoveable, till peace obtain'd, from fault
Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in Adam wrought
Commiseration; soon his heart relented
Towards her, his life so late, and sole delight,
Now at his feet submissive in distress!
Creature so fair his reconcilement seeking,
His counsel, whom she had displeas'd, his aid:
As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost;
And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon.
Unwary, and too desirous as before,
So now, of what thou know'st not, who desir'st
The punishment all on thyself: alas!
Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain
His full wrath, whose thou feel'st as yet least part,
And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If prayers
Could alter high decrees, I to that place
Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,
That on my head all might be visited,
Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiven,
To me committed, and by me expos'd.
What better can we do, than to the place
Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate fall
Before him reverent, and there confess

Humbly

Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek?
Undoubtedly he will relent, and turn
From his displeasure; in whose look serene,
When angry most he seem'd, and most severe,
What else but favour, grace, and mercy shone?
So spake our father penitent: nor Eve
Felt less remorse. They forthwith to the place
Repairing where he judg'd them, prostrate fell
Before him reverent, and both confess'd
Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd, with tears
Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek. *Milton.*

XIII. ON DEATH.

WHERE the prime actors of the last year's scene,
Their port so proud, their buskin and their plume?
How many sleep who kept the world awake
With lustre and with noise! Has death proclaim'd
A truce and hung his sated lance on high?
'Tis brandish'd still; nor shall the present year
Be more tenacious of her human leaf,
Or spread of feeble life a thinner fall.
But needless *monuments* to wake the' thought:
Life's gayest scenes speak man's mortality,
Though in a style more florid, full as plain
As mausoleums, pyramids, and tombs.
What are our noblest ornaments but deaths
Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint or marble,
The well-stain'd canvas, or the featur'd stone?
Our fathers grace, or rather haunt, the scene:
Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.
Profest *diversions*: cannot these escape?
Far from it: these present us with a shroud,
And talk of death like garlands o'er a grave.
As some bold plunderers for buried wealth,
We ransack tombs for pastime; from the dust

Call

Call up the sleeping hero; bid him tread
The scene for our amusement: how like gods
We sit; and, wrapp'd in immortality,
Shed generous tears on wretches born to die;
Their fate deploring, to forget our *own!*
Where is the dust that has not been alive?
The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors:
From human mould we reap our daily bread.
The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes,
And is the ceiling of her sleeping sons.
O'er devastation we blind revels keep;
While buried towns support the dancer's heel.
Nor man alone; his breathing bust expires;
His tomb is mortal: empires die. Where, now,
The Roman? Greek?—they stalk an empty name;
Yet few regard them in this useful light;
Though half our learning is their epitaph.—
When down thy vale, unlock'd by midnight thought,
That loves to wander in thy sunless realms,
O death, I stretch my view,—what visions rise!
What triumphs, toils imperial, arts divine,
In wither'd laurels glide before my sight!
What lengths of far-fam'd ages, billow'd high
With human agitation, roll along
In unsubstantial images of air!—
The melancholy ghosts of dead renown,
Whispering faint echoes of the world's applause,
With pestilential aspect, as they pass,
All point at earth, and hiss at human pride,
The wisdom of the wise and prancings of the great.

Young.

SECTION III.

DIALOGUES.

I. THE KING AND THE MILLER OF MANSFIELD.

Enter the King alone, as lost in Sherwood forest.

NO, no, this can be no public road, that's certain. I am lost, quite lost, indeed. Of what advantage is it now to be a king? Night shews me no respect. I cannot see better, nor walk so well as another man. What is a king? Is he not wiser than another man? Not without his counsellors, I plainly find. Is he not more powerful? I oft have been told so, indeed; but what now can my power command? Is he not greater and more magnificent? When seated on his throne, and surrounded with nobles and flatterers, perhaps he may think so; but when lost in a wood, alas! what is he but a common man? His wisdom knows not which is north and which is south; his power a beggar's dog would bark at; and his greatness the beggar would not bow to. And yet how oft are we puffed up with these false attributes! Well, in losing the monarch, I have found the man.

[*The report of a gun is heard.*

Hark! some villain sure is near! What were it best to do? Will my majesty protect me? No. Throw majesty aside then, and let manhood do it.

Enter the Miller.

Miller. I believe I hear the rogue!—Who's there?

King. No rogue, I assure you.

Miller.

Miller. Little better, friend, I believe. Who fired that gun?

King. Not I, indeed.

Miller. You lie, I believe.

King. Lie! how strange it seems to me to be talked to in this stile! [*Aside*] Upon my word I don't.

Miller. Come, come, sirrah, confess; you have shot one of the king's deer, have you not?

King. No, indeed; I owe the king more respect. I heard a gun go off, indeed, and was afraid some robbers might have been near.

Miller. I'm not bound to believe this, friend. Pray who are you? What's your name?

King. Name!

Miller. Name! yes, name. Why you have a name, have not you? Where do you come from? What is your business here?

King. These are questions I have not been used to, honest man.

Miller. May be so; but they are questions no honest man would be afraid to answer, I think. So if you can give no better account of yourself, I shall make bold to take you along with me, if you please.

King. With you! what authority have you to—

Miller. The king's authority, if I must give you an account, Sir. I am John Cockle, the miller of Mansfield, one of his Majesty's keepers in this forest of Sherwood; and I will let no suspected fellow pass this way that cannot give a better account of himself than you have done, I promise you.

King. I must submit to my own authority. [*Aside.* Very well, Sir, I am glad to hear the king has so good an officer; and since I find you have his authority, I will give you a better account of myself, if you will do me the favour to hear it.

Miller. It's more than you deserve, I believe; but let's hear what you can say for yourself

King. I have the honour to belong to the king as well as you, and, perhaps, should be as unwilling to see any wrong done him. I came down with him to hunt in

this forest, and the chase leading us to-day a great way from home, I am benighted in this wood, and have lost my way.

Miller. This does not sound well; if you have been a-hunting, pray where is your horse?

King. I have tired my horse, so that he lay down under me, and I was obliged to leave him.

Miller. If I thought I might believe this now—

King. I am not used to lie, honest man.

Miller. What! do you live at court, and not lie? that's a likely story, indeed.

King. Be that as it will, I speak truth now, I assure you; and to convince you of it, if you will attend me to Nottingham, if I am near it, or give me a night's lodging in your own house, here is something to pay you for your trouble; and if that is not sufficient, I will satisfy you in the morning to your utmost desire.

Miller. Ay, now I am convinced you are a courtier: here is a little bribe for to-day, and a large promise for to-morrow, both in a breath. Here take it again, and take this along with it——John Cockle is no courtier; he can do what he ought—without a bribe.

King. Thou art a very extraordinary man, I must own, and I should be glad, methinks, to be further acquainted with thee.

Miller. Thee and thou! pr'ythee don't thee and thou me: I believe I am as good a man as yourself, at least.

King. Sir, I beg your pardon.

Miller. Nay, I am not angry, friend; only I don't love to be too familiar with any body, before I know whether he deserves it or not.

King. You are in the right. But what am I to do?

Miller. You may do what you please. You are twelve miles from Nottingham, and all the way thro' this thick wood; but if you are resolved upon going thither to-night, I will put you in the road, and direct you the best I can; or if you will accept of such poor entertainment as a miller can give, you shall be welcome to stay all night, and in the morning I shall go with you myself.

King.

King. And cannot you go with me to-night?

Miller. I would not go with you to night if you were the king.

King. Then I must go with you, I think. *Dodsley.*

II. LADY TOWNLY AND LADY GRACE.

Lady T. O, my dear Lady Grace! how could you leave me so unmercifully alone all this while?

Lady G. I thought my lord had been with you.

Lady T. Why, yes—and therefore I wanted your relief; for he has been in such a fluster here——

Lady G. Bless me! for what?

Lady T. Only our usual breakfast; we have each of us had our dish of matrimonial comfort this morning—we have been charming company.

Lady G. I am mighty glad of it: sure it must be a vast happiness when man and wife can give themselves the same turn of conversation.

Lady T. O, the prettiest thing in the world.

Lady G. Now I should be afraid, that where two people are every day together so, they must often be in want of something to talk upon.

Lady T. O, my dear, you are the most mistaken in the world: married people have things to talk of, child, that never enter into the imagination of others.—Why, here's my lord and I, now, we have not been married above two short years, you know, and we have already eight or ten things constantly in bank, that whenever we want company, we can take up any one of them for two hours together, and the subject never the flatter; nay, if we have occasion for it, it will be as fresh next day too, as it was the first hour it entertained us.

Lady G. Certainly that must be vastly pretty.

Lady T. O, there's no life like it! Why, t'other day, for example, when you dined abroad, my lord and I, after a pretty cheerful *tête à tête* meal, sat us down by the fire-side, in an easy, indolent, pick-tooth way, for about a quarter of an hour, as if we had not thought of one another's being in the room.—At last, stretching himself and yawning—My dear, says he,—aw—you came home

very late last night.—'Twas but just turned of two, says I.—I was in bed—aw—by eleven, says he.—So you are every night, says I.—Well, says he, I am amazed you can sit up so late.—How can you be amazed, says I, at a thing that happens so often?—Upon which we entered into a conversation; and though this is a point has entertained us above fifty times already, we always find so many pretty new things to say upon it, that I believe it will last as long as we live.

Lady G. But pray, in such sort of family-dialogues (though extremely well for passing the time) doesn't there now and then enter some little witty sort of bitterness?

Lady T. O, yes! which does not do amiss at all. A smart repartee, with a zest of recrimination at the head of it, makes the prettiest sherbet. Ay, ay, if we did not mix a little of the acid with it, a matrimonial society would be so luscious, that nothing but an old liquorish prude would be able to bear it.

Lady G. Well, certainly you have the most elegant taste——

Lady T. Though, to tell you the truth, my dear, I think we squeezed rather a little too much lemon into it this bout; for it grew so sour at last, that, I think—I almost told him he was a fool—and he again—talked something oddly of—turning me out of doors.

Lady G. O! have a care of that.

Lady T Nay, if he should, I may thank my own wise father for it.

Lady G. How so?

Lady T. Why, when my good lord first opened his honourable trenches before me, my unaccountable papa, in whose hands I then was, gave me up at discretion.

Lady G. How do you mean?

Lady T. He said, the wives of this age were come to that pass, that he would not desire even his own daughter should be trusted with pin-money; so that my whole train of separate inclinations are left entirely at the mercy of a husband's odd humours.

Lady G. Why, that, indeed, is enough to make a woman of spirit look about her.

Lady

Lady T. Nay, but to be serious, my dear, what would you really have a woman do in my case?

Lady G. Why, if I had a sober husband, as you have, I would make myself the happiest wife in the world, by being as sober as he.

Lady T. O you wicked thing! how can you tease one at this rate, when you know he is so very sober, that (except giving me money) there is not one thing in the world he can do to please me. And I, at the same time, partly by nature, and partly, perhaps, by keeping the best company, do with my soul love almost every thing he hates. I dote upon assemblies; my heart bounds at a ball; and at an opera—I expire. Then, I love play to distraction; cards enchant me—and dice—put me out of my little wits—Dear, dear hazard!—O, what a flow of spirits it gives one!—Do you never play at hazard, child?

Lady G. O, never! I don't think it sits well upon women; there's something so masculine, so much the air of a rake in it. You see how it makes the men swear and curse: and when a woman is thrown into the same passion—why———

Lady T. That's very true; one is a little put to it sometimes, not to make use of the same words to express it.

Lady G. Well, and upon ill luck, pray what words are you really forced to make use of?

Lady T. Why, upon a very hard case, indeed, when a sad wrong word is rising just to one's tongue's end, I give a great gulp and—swallow it.

Lady G. Well—and is it not enough to make you forswear play as long as you live?

Lady T. O, yes, I have forsworn it.

Lady G. Seriously?

Lady T. Solemnly, a thousand times; but then one is constantly drawn in again.

Lady G. And how can you answer that?

Lady T. My dear, what we say, when we are losers, we look upon to be no more binding than a lover's oath or a great man's promise. But I beg pardon, child; I should

should not lead you so far into the world: you are a prude, and design to live soberly.

Lady G. Why, I confess, my nature and my education do in a good degree incline me that way.

Lady T. Well, how a woman of spirit (for you don't want that, child) can dream of living soberly, is to me inconceivable; for you will marry, I suppose?

Lady G. I can't tell but I may.

Lady T. And won't you live in town?

Lady G. Half the year, I should like it very well.

Lady T. And you would really live in London half the year to be sober in it?

Lady G. Why not?

Lady T. Why, can't you as well go and be sober in the country?

Lady G. So I would—t'other half year.

Lady T. And pray, what comfortable scheme of life would you form now for your summer and winter sober entertainments?

Lady G. A scheme that I think might very well content us.

Lady T. O, of all things, let's hear it.

Lady G. Why, in summer, I could pass my leisure hours in reading, in riding, walking by a canal, or sitting at the end of it under a great tree; in dressing, dining, chatting with an agreeable friend; perhaps hearing a little music, taking a dish of tea, or a game at cards—soberly; managing my family, looking into its accounts, playing with my children, if I had any; or in a thousand other innocent amusements—soberly: and possibly, by these means, I might induce my husband to be as sober as myself.

Lady T. Well, my dear, thou art an astonishing creature! for sure such primitive antediluvian notions of life have not been in any head these thousand years—Under a great tree? ha! ha! ha!———But I beg we may have the sober town-scheme too—for I am charmed with the country one.

Lady G. You shall, and I'll try to stick to my sobriety there too.

Lady

Lady T. Well, though I am sure it will give me the vapours, I must hear it.

Lady G. Why, then, for fear of your fainting, Madam, I would first so far come into the fashion, that I would never be dressed out of it—but still it should be soberly; for I can't think it any disgrace to a woman of my private fortune not to wear her lace as fine as the wedding-suit of a first dutchess; though there is one extravagance I would venture to come up to.

Lady T. Ay, now for it—

Lady G. I would every day be as clean as a bride.

Lady T. Why the men say that's a great step to be made one.—Well, now you are dressed, pray, let's see to what purpose?

Lady G. I would visit—that is, my real friends; but as little for form as possible.——I would go to court; sometimes to an assembly; nay, play at quadrille—soberly. I would see all the good plays; and, because 'tis the fashion, now and then go to an opera; but I would not expire there—for fear I should never go again. And, lastly, I can't say, but for curiosity, if I liked my company, I might be drawn in once to a masquerade: and, this, I think, is as far as any woman can go—soberly.

Lady T. Well if it had not been for that last piece of sobriety, I was just going to call for some surfeit-water.

Lady G. Why, don't you think, with the farther aid of breakfasting, dining, taking the air, supping, sleeping, (not to say a word of devotion,) the four-and-twenty hours might roll over in a tolerable manner?

Lady T. Tolerable! deplorable!———Why, child, all you propose is but to endure life: now, I want—to enjoy it. *Jour. to London.*

III. LORD AND LADY RANDOLPH.

Scene—*The Court of a Castle surrounded with Woods.*

Enter LADY RANDOLPH.

Ye woods and wilds, whose melancholy gloom
Accords with my soul's sadness, and draws forth

The

The voice of sorrow from my bursting heart!
Farewell a while. I will not leave you long;
For in your shades I deem some spirit dwells,
Who, from the chiding stream or groaning oak,
Still hears and answers to Matilda's moan.
Oh Douglas! Douglas! if departed ghosts
Are e'er permitted to review this world,
Within the circle of that wood thou art,
And, with the passion of immortals, hear'st
My lamentation; hear'st thy wretched wife
Weep for her husband slain, her infant lost.
My brother's timeless death I seem to mourn,
Who perish'd with thee on this fatal day.
To thee I lift my voice; to thee address
The plaint which mortal ear has never heard.
Oh, disregard me not! though I am call'd
Another's now, my heart is wholly thine.
Incapable of change, affection lies
Buried, my Douglas, in thy bloody grave.
But Randolph comes, whom fate has made my Lord,
To chide my anguish, and defraud the dead.

Enter LORD RANDOLPH.

Ld. Ran. Again these weeds of woe!—Say, dost thou well
To feed a passion which consumes thy life?
The living claim some duty: vainly thou
Bestow'st thy cares upon the silent dead.

La. Ran. Silent, alas! is he for whom I mourn;
Childless, without memorial of his name:
He only now in my remembrance lives.
This fatal day stirs my time-settled sorrow,
Troubles afresh the fountain of my heart.

Ld. Ran. When was it pure of sadness? These black weeds
Express the wonted colour of thy mind,
For ever dark and dismal. Seven long years
Are pass'd since we were join'd by sacred ties:
Clouds all the while have hung upon thy brow,
Nor broke, nor parted by one gleam of joy.
——————Would thou wert not

Compos'd

Compos'd of grief and tenderness alone,
But hadst a spark of other passions in thee;
Pride, anger, vanity, the strong desire
Of admiration, dear to woman-kind:
These might contend with, and allay thy grief,
As meeting tides and currents smooth our firth.

La. Ran. To such a cause the human mind oft owes
Its transient calm; a calm I envy not.

Ld. Ran. Sure thou art not the daughter of Sir Malcolm.
Strong was his rage, eternal his resentment;
For when thy brother fell, he smil'd to hear
That Douglas' son in the same field was slain.

La. Ran. Oh! rake not up the ashes of my fathers.
Implacable resentment was their crime,
And grievous has the expiation been.
Contending with the Douglas, gallant lives
Of either house were lost: my ancestors
Compell'd at last to leave their ancient seat
On Tiviot's pleasant banks; and now of them
No heir is left. Had they not been so stern,
I had not been the last of all my race.

Ld. Ran. Thy grief wrests to its purposes my word:
I never ask'd of thee that ardent love
Which in the breast of fancy's children burns.
Decent affection and complacent kindness
Were all I wish'd for; but I wish'd in vain.
Hence with the less regret my eyes behold
The storm of war that gathers o'er this land.
If I should perish by the Danish sword,
Matilda would not shed one tear the more.

La. Ran. Thou dost not think so: woful as I am,
I love thy merit and esteem thy virtues.
But whither go'st thou now?

Ld. Ran. Straight to the camp;
Where every warriour on the tip-toe stands
Of expectation, and impatient asks
Each who arrives, if he is come to tell
The Danes are landed.

La. Ran. Oh, may adverse winds

Far

Far from the coast of Scotland drive their fleet,
And every soldier of both hosts return
In peace and safety to his pleasant home!

Ld. Ran. Thou speak'st a woman's; hear a warriour's wish.
Right from their native land, the stormy north,
May the wind blow, till every keel is fix'd
Immoveable in Caledonia's strand.
Then shall our foes repent their bold invasion,
And roving armies shun the fatal shore.

La. Ran. War I detest; but war with foreign foes,
Whose manners, language, and whose looks are strange,
Is not so horrid, nor to me so hateful,
As that which with our neighbours oft we wage.
A river here, there an ideal line
By fancy drawn, divide the sister kingdoms.
On each side dwells a people similar
As twins are to each other; valiant both;
Both for their valour famous through the world:
Yet will they not unite their kindred arms,
And if they must have war, wage distant war,
But with each other fight in cruel conflict.
Gallant in strife, and noble in their ire,
The battle is their pastime. They go forth
Gay in the morning, as to summer sport;
When evening comes, the glory of the morn,
The youthful warriour is a clod of clay.
Thus fall the prime of either hapless land;
And such the fruit of Scotch and English wars.

Ld. Ran. I'll hear no more. This melody would make
A soldier drop his sword, and doff his arms;
Sit down and weep the conquests he has made;
Yea (like a monk) sing rest and peace in heaven
To souls of warriours in his battle slain.
Lady, farewell. I leave thee not alone:
Yonder comes one whose love makes duty light.

Douglas.

IV,

NORVAL AND GLENALVON.

Glen. His port I love! he's in a proper mood
To chide the thunder, if at him it roar'd.— [*Aside.*
Has Norval seen the troops?
Norv. The setting sun
With yellow radiance lighten'd all the vale;
And, as the warriours mov'd, each polish'd helm,
Corslet or spear, glanc'd back his gilded beams.
The hill they climb'd,; and, halting at its top,
Of more than mortal size, towering, they seem'd
An host angelic clad in burning arms.
Glen. Thou talk'st it well: no leader of our host
In sounds more lofty speaks of glorious war.
Norv. If I shall e'er acquire a leader's name,
My speech will be less ardent. Novelty
Now prompts my tongue, and youthful admiration
Vents itself freely; since no part is mine
Of praise pertaining to the great in arms.
Glen. You wrong yourself, brave Sir; your martial deeds
Have rank'd you with the great. But mark me, Norval.
Lord Randolph's favour now exalts your youth
Above his veterans of famous service.
Let me, who know these soldiers, counsel you.
Give them all honour: seem not to command:
Else they will scarcely brook your late-sprung power
Which nor alliance props nor birth adorns.
Norv. Sir, I have been accustom'd all my days
To hear and speak the plain and simple truth:
And, though I have been told that there are men
Who borrow friendship's tongue to speak their scorn,
Yet in such language I am little skill'd.
Therefore I thank Glenalvon for his counsel,
Although it sounded harshly. Why remind
Me of my birth obscure? Why slur my power
With such contemptuous terms?
Glen. I did not mean
To gall your pride, which now I see is great.

Norv. My pride!
Glen. Suppress it as you wish to prosper.
Your pride's excessive. Yet, for Randolph's sake,
I will not leave you to its rash direction.
If thus you swell and frown at high-born men,
Will high-born men endure a shepherd's scorn?
Norv. A shepherd's scorn!
Glen. Yes: if you presume
To bend on soldiers these disdainful eyes,
As if you took the measure of their minds,
And said in secret you're no match for me;
What will become of you?
Norv. Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous self?
Glen. Ha! Dost thou threaten me?
Norv. Didst thou not hear?
Glen. Unwillingly I did: a nobler foe
Had not been question'd thus. But such as thee——
Norv. Whom dost thou think me?
Glen. Norval.
Norv. And who is Norval in Glenalvon's eyes?
Glen. A peasant's son, a wandering beggar-boy;
At best no more, even if he speak the truth.
Norv. False as thou art; dost thou suspect my truth?
Norv. Thy truth! thou'rt all a lie; and false as hell
Is the vain-glorious tale thou told'st to Randolph.
Norv. If I were chain'd, unarm'd, or bedrid old,
Perhaps I should revile: but, as I am,
I have no tongue to rail. The humble Norval
Is of a race who strive not but with deeds.
Did I not fear to freeze thy shallow valour,
And make thee sink too soon beneath my sword,
I'd tell thee—what thou art: I know thee well.
Glen. Dost thou not know Glenalvon, born to command
Ten thousand slaves like thee?
Norv. Villain, no more.
Draw and defend thy life. I did design
To have defy'd thee in another cause;
But Heaven accelerates its vengeance on thee.
Now for my own and Lady Randolph's wrongs.

Douglas.

VI. SIR CHARLES AND LADY RACKET.

Lady R. O LA!—I'm quite fatigued——I can hardly move——Why don't you help me, you barbarous man?

Sir C. There: take my arm.

Lady R. But I won't be laughed at——I don't love you.

Sir C. Don't you?

Lady R. No. Dear me!—this glove!—why don't you help me off with my glove?—Pshaw! you awkward thing; let it alone: you an't fit to be about me.—Reach me a chair—you have no compassion for me.——I am so glad to sit down.—Why do you drag me to routs?—you know I hate them.

Sir C. O! there's no existing, no breathing, unless one does as other people of fashion do.

Lady R. But I'm out of humour—I lost all my money.

Sir C. How much?

Lady R. Three hundred.

Sir C. Never fret for that—I don't value three hundred pounds to contribute to your happiness.

Lady R. Don't you?—Not value three hundred pounds to please me?

Sir C. You know I don't.

Lady R. Ah, you fond fool!—But I hate gaming—It almost metamorphoses a woman into a fury.—Do you know that I was frighted at myself several times to night.—I had a huge oath at the very tip of my tongue.

Sir C. Had ye?

Lady R. I caught myself at it—and so I bit my lips.—And then, I was crammed up in a corner of the room with such a strange party at a whist-table, looking at black and red spots—did you mind them?

Sir C. You know I was busy elsewhere.

Lady R. There was that strange unaccountable woman Mrs Nightshade—She behaved so strangely to her husband! a poor, inoffensive, good-natured, good sort of a good-for-nothing kind of man.—But she so teased him—"How could you play that card! Ah, you've

a head! and so has a pin—You're a numskull: you know you are.—Ma'am, he has the poorest head in the world: he does not know what he is about: you know you don't.—Ah, fie! I'm ashamed of you!"

Sir C. She has serv'd to divert you, I see.

Lady R. And then, to crown all—— there was my Lady Clacket, who runs on with an eternal volubility of nothing, out of all season, time, and place,——In the very midst of the game she begins——"Lord, Ma'am, I was apprehensive I should not be able to wait on your Ladyship——my poor little dog, Pompey,—the sweetest thing in the world! a spade led?—there's the knave. —I was fetching a walk, Ma'am, the other morning in the park—a fine frosty morning it was—I love frosty weather of all things—let me look at the last trick—— and so, Ma'am, little Pompey—and if your Ladyship were to see the dear creature pinched with the frost, and mincing his steps along the Mall—with his pretty little innocent face—I vow I don't know what to play —and so, Ma'am, while I was talking to Captain Flimsey —your Ladyship knows Captain Flimsey—nothing but rubbish in my hand!—I can't help it—and so, Ma'am, five odious frights of dogs beset my poor little Pompey —the dear creature has the heart of a lion; but who can resist five at once?—and so Pompey barked for assistance—the hurt he received was upon his chest—the doctor would not advise him to venture out till the wound is healed, for fear of an inflammation——Pray, what's trumps?"

Sir C. My dear, you'd make a most excellent actress.

Lady R. Well, now, let's go to rest—but, Sir Charles, how shockingly you play'd that last rubber, when I stood looking over you!

Sir C. My love, I played the truth of the game.

Lady R. No, indeed, my dear, you played it wrong.

Sir C. Po! nonsense! you don't understand it.

Lady R. I beg your pardon; I'm allowed to play better than you.

Sir C. All conceit, my dear; I was perfectly right.

Lady

Lady R. No such thing, Sir Charles; the diamond was the play.

Sir C. Po! po! ridiculous! the club was the card against the world.

Lady R. Oh! no, no, no; I say it was the diamond.

Sir C. Madam, I say it was the club?

Lady R. What do you fly into such a passion for.

Sir C. Death and fury! do you think I don't know what I am about? I tell you once more, the club was the judgment of it.

Lady R. May be so—have it your own way.

Sir C. Vexation! you're the strangest woman that ever lived; there's no conversing with you——Look ye here, my Lady Racket—'Tis the clearest case in the world: I'll make it plain in a moment.

Lady R. Well, Sir!—ha, ha, ha!

Sir C. I had four cards left—a trump had led——they were six—no, no, no, they were seven, and we nine——then you know the beauty of the play was to——

Lady R. Well, now, 'tis amazing to me, that you can't see it—Give me leave, Sir Charles—Your left hand adversary had led his last trump—and he had before finessed the club and roughed the diamond—now if you had put on your diamond——

Sir C. But, Madam, we played for the odd trick.

Lady R. And sure the play for the odd trick—

Sir C. Death and fury! can't you hear me?

Lady R. Go on, Sir.

Sir C. Hear me, I say.—Will you hear me?

Lady R. I never heard the like in my life.

Sir C. Why then you are enough to provoke the patience of a Stoic.—Very well, Madam!—you know no more of the game than your father's leaden Hercules on the top of the house—You know no more of whist than he does of gardening.

Lady R. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir C. You're a vile woman, and I'll not sleep another night under one roof with you.

Lady R. As you please, Sir.

Sir C. Madam it shall be as I please——I'll order my chariot this moment—[*Going.*] I know how the cards should be played as well as any man in England, that let me tell you—[*Going.*]—And when your family were standing behind counters, measuring out tape, and bartering for Whitechapel needles, my ancestors, my ancestors, Madam, were squandering away whole estates at cards; whole estates my Lady Racket——[*She hums a tune.*]—Why, then, by all that's dear to me, I'll never exchange another word with you, good, bad, or indifferent.——Look ye, my Lady Racket—thus it stood—the trump being led, it was then my business———

Lady R. To play the diamond to be sure.

Sir C. I have done with you for ever; and so you may tell your father.

Lady R. What a passion the gentleman is in! ha, ha! I promise him I'll not give up my judgment.

Re-enter Sir Charles.

Sir C. My Lady Racket—look ye, Ma'am, once more, out of pure good-nature———

Lady R. Sir, I am convinced of your good-nature.

Sir C. That, and that only, prevails with me to tell you the club was the play.

Lady R. Well, be it so———I have no objection.

Sir C. 'Tis the clearest point in the world——we were nine, and——

Lady R. And for that very reason, you know the club was the best in the house.

Sir C. There's no such thing as talking to you.——You're a base woman—I'll part with you for ever—You may live here with your father, and admire his fantastical ever-greens till you grow as fantastical yourself—I'll set out for London this instant.——[*Stops at the door.*] The club was not the best in the house.

Lady R. How calm you are! well!—I'll go to bed: will you come?—You had better——Poor Sir Charles!

[*Looks and laughs, then* exit.

Sir C. That ease is provoking. [*Crosses to the opposite door where she went out.*]—I tell you the diamond

was

was not the play; and here I take my final leave of you—[*Walks back as fast as he can.*] I am resolved upon it; and I know the club was not the best in the house. *Three weeks after marriage.*

SECTION V.

SPEECHES AND SOLILOQUIES.

I. NESTOR'S ADDRESS TO THE GREEKS, ON THEIR GOING TO BATTLE.

O FRIENDS! be men: your generous breasts inspire
With mutual honour, and with mutual fire.
Think of your hopes, your fortunes; all the care
Your wives, your infants, and your parents share.
Think of each living father's reverend head:
Think of each ancestor with glory dead.
Absent, by me they speak, by me they sue;
They ask their safety and their fame from you.
The gods their fates on this one action lay,
And all is lost if you desert the day. *Homer.*

II. SPEECH OF ULYSSES, ON HIS LEAVING THE COURT OF ALCINOUS.

O THOU, the first in merit and command;
And you, the peers and princes of the land;
May every joy be yours: nor this the least,
Safe to his home to send your happy guest!

Complete

Complete are now the bounties you have given;
Be all those bounties lent confirm'd by Heaven!
So may I find, when all my wanderings cease,
My consort blameless, and my friends in peace!
On you be every bliss; and every day,
In homefelt joys delighted, roll away:
Yourselves, your wives, your long-descending race,
May every god enrich with every grace!
Sure fix'd on virtue may your nation stand,
And public evil never touch the land! *Homer.*

III. PARTING SPEECH OF ANDROMACHE TO HECTOR.

Too daring prince!—Ah! whither dost thou run?
Ah! too forgetful of thy wife and son!
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be?
A widow I, an helpless orphan he!
For, sure, such courage length of life denies;
And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain;
Now hosts oppose thee—and thou must be slain.
Oh grant me gods! ere Hector meets his doom,
All I can ask of heaven—an early tomb!
So shall my days in one sad tenour run,
And end with sorrows as they first began.
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share;
Oh! prove a husband's and a parent's care.
That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,
Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy.
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have given,
Or led by hopes, or dictated from Heaven.
Let others in the field their arms employ;
But stay, my Hector here, and guard his Troy. *Homer.*

IV. HECTOR'S REPLY.

——————————THAT post shall be my care;
Nor that alone, but all the works of war.
How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground,
Attaint the lustre of my former name,

Should

Should Hector basely quit the field of fame!
My early youth was bred to warlike pains:
My soul impels me to the martial plains.
Still foremost let me stand, to guard the throne,
To save my father's honours, and my own.—
Yet come it will; the day decreed by fates!
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!)
The day, when thou, imperial Troy—must bend,
Must see thy warriours fall, thy glories end.
And, yet, no dire presage so wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore,
As thine, Andromache!—Thy griefs I dread!
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led,
In Argive looms our battles to design,
And woes, of which so large a part was thine.
There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry,—"Behold the mighty Hector's wife!"
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
Embitters all thy woes, by naming me.
The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
A thousand griefs, shall waken at the name!—
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Press'd with a load of monumental clay;
Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep. *Homer.*

OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O THOU, that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light!—Thou comest forth, in thy awful beauty: the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone: who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in the heavens: but thou art for ever the same; rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests; when thunder rolls,

rolls, and lightening flies; thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season: thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult then, O sun! in the strength of thy youth. Age is dark and unlovely: it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills; when the blast of the north is on the plain, and the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey. *Ossian.*

VI. DOUGLAS'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

My name is Norval. On the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.
For I had heard of battles, and I long'd
To follow to the field some warlike lord:
And heaven soon granted what my sire deny'd.
This moon, which rose last night round as my shield,
Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light,
A band of fierce barbarians from the hills,
Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
For safety and for succour. I alone,
With bended bow and quiver full of arrows,
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
The road he took; then hasted to my friends,
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.
We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn,
An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief;
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard
That our good king had summon'd his bold peers

To

To lead their warriours to the Carron side,
I left my father's house, and took with me
A chosen servant to conduct my steps;
Yon trembling coward who forsook his master.
Journeying with this intent, I past these towers;
And, Heaven-directed, came this day to do
The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

Trag. of Douglas.

VII. DOUGLAS'S ACCOUNT OF THE HERMIT OF WHOM HE LEARNED THE ART OF WAR.

BENEATH a mountain's brow, the most remote
And inaccessible by shepherds trode,
In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hand,
A hermit liv'd; a melancholy man,
Who was the wonder of our wandering swains.
Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,
Did they report him; the cold earth his bed,
Water his drink, his food the shepherd's alms.
I went to see him; and my heart was touch'd
With reverence and pity. Mild he spake;
And, entering on discourse, such stories told,
As made me oft revisit his sad cell.
For he had been a soldier in his youth;
And fought in famous battles, when the peers
Of Europe, by the bold Godfredo led,
Against the usurping infidel display'd
The blessed cross, and won the Holy Land.
Pleas'd with my admiration, and the fire
His speech struck from me, the old man would shake
His years away, and act his young encounters:
Then, having show'd his wounds, he'd sit him down,
And all the live-long day discourse of war.
To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf
He cut the figures of the marshall'd hosts;
Describ'd the motions, and explain'd the use,
Of the deep column and the lengthen'd line,
The square, the crescent, and the phalanx firm;
For, all that Saracen or Christian knew
Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known. *Douglas.*

VIII.

VIII. SEMPRONIUS'S SPEECH FOR WAR.

My voice is still for war.
Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose, slavery or death?
No—let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And, at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Rise, fathers, rise; 'tis Rome demands your help:
Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,
Or share their fate. The corpse of half her senate
Manure the fields of Thessaly, while we
Sit here, deliberating in cold debates
If we should sacrifice our lives to honour,
Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
Rouse up for shame! Our brothers of Pharsalia
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud, To battle:
Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow;
And Scipio's ghost walks unreveng'd amongst us. *Cato.*

IX. LUCIUS'S SPEECH FOR PEACE.

My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on peace.
Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows and with orphans. Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars; and earth's remotest regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome.
'Tis time to sheath the sword and spare mankind.
It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers!
The gods declare against us and repel
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle
(Prompted by blind revenge and wild despair)
Were to refuse the awards of Providence,
And not to rest in Heaven's determination.
Already have we shown our love to Rome;
Now let us show submission to the gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
But free the commonwealth. When this end fails,

Arms

Arms have no further use. Our country's cause,
That drew our swords, now wrests them from our hands,
And bids us not delight in Roman blood
Unprofitably shed. What men could do
Is done already. Heaven and earth will witness,
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent. *Cato.*

X. CATO'S SOLILOQUY ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well.——
Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or, whence this secret dread, and inward horrour,
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself and startles at destruction?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us:
'Tis Heaven itself, that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity!—thou pleasing—dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untry'd being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.—
Here will I hold. If there's a Pow'r above us,
(And that there is, all nature cries aloud
Through all her works) He must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But, when? or where? This world—was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures—this must end them.
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*
Thus I am doubly arm'd. My death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This, in a moment, brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secur'd in her existence—smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.—
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years:
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth;
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds. *Cato.*

XI. DESCRIPTION OF QUEEN MAB.

SHE is the fancy's midwife; and she comes,
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman:
Drawn with a team of little atomies,
Athwart men's noses, as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes, made of long spinner's legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moon-shine's watery beams;
Her whip of cricket's bone; the lash of film;
Her waggoner, a small gray-coated gnat;
Her chariot is an empty hazle-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And, in this state, she gallops, night by night,
Through lovers' brains; and then, they dream of love;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream:
And sometimes comes she, with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling the parson as he lies asleep;
Then dreams he of another benefice.
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck:
And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats;
Of healths five fathoms deep: and, then, anon,
Drums in his ears; at which he starts and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two—
And sleeps again. *Shakespeare.*

XII. SOLILOQUY OF HENRY V. ON ROYALTY.

O HARD condition, and twin-born with greatness!
Subject to breath of every fool, whose sense
No more can feel but his own wringing.—
What infinite heart-ease must kings neglect,
That private men enjoy! and what have kings
That privates have not too, save ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
Art thou ought else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?

Wherein

Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O be sick, great Greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Can'st thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
I am a king that find thee; and I know
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The enter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world;
No, not all these thrice-gorgeous ceremonies,
Not all these laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly, as the lowly clown,
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with the coarsest bread.
He, all day long, from rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus; and, at night,
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn
Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;
And follows so the ever-running year
With profitable labour to his grave:
And (but for ceremony) even he,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
Hath the fore-hand and 'vantage of a king. *Shakespeare.*

XIII. HENRY V.'S SPEECH BEFORE THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT, ON THE EARL OF WESTMORELAND'S WISHING FOR MORE MEN FROM ENGLAND.

WHAT's he that wishes more men from England?
My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:
If we are marked to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if we live,

The fewer men the greater share of honour.
No, no, my Lord—wish not a man from England.
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, throughout my host,
That he who has no stomach to this fight,
May straight depart: his passport shall be made;
And crowns, for convoy, put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company.—
This day is called the feast of Crispian.
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe, when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that outlives this day, and sees old age,
Will, yearly on the vigil, feast his neighbours,
And say—To-morrow is St. Crispian:
Then will he strip his sleeve, and shew his scars.
Old men forget, yet shall not all forget,
But they'll remember, with advantages,
What feats they did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household-words,
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Glo'ster,
Be, in their flowing cups, freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son:
And Crispian's day shall ne'er go by,
From this time to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remember'd;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For, he to-day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother; be he e'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition.
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks
That fought with us upon St. Crispian's day.

Shakespeare.

IV. SOLILOQUY OF DICK, THE APOTHECARY'S APPRENTICE, ON HIS SCHEME OF GOING UPON THE STAGE.

THUS far we run before the wind——An apothecary!—make an apothecary of me!—What, cramp my genius over

over a pestle and mortar; or mew me up in a shop, with an alligator stuffed, and a beggarly account of empty boxes!——to be culling simples, and constantly adding to the bills of mortality!——No! no! It will be much better to be pasted up in capitals, *The part of Romeo, by a young gentleman, being his first appearance on any stage.* ——My ambition fires at the thought.——But hold ——mayn't I run some chance of failing in my attempt?——hissed—pelted—laughed at——not admitted into the Green-room!——that will never do—— down, busy devil, down, down.—Try it again——Loved by the women, envied by the men, applauded by the pit, clapped by the galleries, admired by the boxes. "Dear colonel, is'nt he a charming creature? My Lord, don't you like him of all things?——Makes love like an angel!——What an eye he has!——fine legs!—— I shall certainly go to his benefit."——Celestial sounds! —— And then I'll get in with all the painters, and have myself put up in every print shop—in the character of Macbeth! "I've done the deed." *(Stands in an attitude.)* In the character of Richard; "Give me another horse: bind up my wounds."—This will do rarely—— And then I have a chance of getting well married—— O glorious thought! I will enjoy it, though but in fancy. ——But what's o'clock? it must be almost nine. I'll away at once—this is club night—the spouters are all met——little think they I'm in town——they'll be surprised to see me——off I go; and then for my assignation with my master Gargle's daughter——

Limbs do your office, and support me well;
Bear me to her, then fail me if you can. *Murphy.*

XV. BRUTUS'S HARANGUE ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

ROMANS, Countrymen, and lovers!—Hear me for my cause; and be silent that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge.—If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus's love to Cæsar was no less

than his. If then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer; Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men?—As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. —Who's here so base, that would be a bondman? if any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so rude, that would not be a Roman? if any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so vile, that will not love his country? if any, speak; for him have I offended.——I pause for a reply———

None! Then none have I offended.——I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death. *Shakespeare.*

XVI. ANTONY'S ORATION OVER CÆSAR'S BODY.

FRIENDS, Romans, Countrymen,—lend me your ears.
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar!—Noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious.
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.—
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men;)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.———

He

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutuss says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown;
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak, not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once; not without cause:
What cause with-holds you then to mourn for him?
Oh judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar;
And I must pause till it come back to me.——
But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
Oh masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong;
Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar:
I found it in his closet: 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,

Bequeathing

Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue. ——
If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle. I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on:
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.——
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through—
See what a rent the envious Casca made ——
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it!——
This, this was the unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue
(Which all the while ran blood)——great Cæsar fell.
Oh what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us, fell down;
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
Oh, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls! what! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded?—look you here!
Here is himself—marr'd as you see, by traitors.——
Good friends! let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable.
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is:
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood; I only speak right on:

I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Caesar, that should move
The *stones* of Rome to rise in mutiny. *Shakespeare.*

VIII. ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR THE POWER OF MUSIC.

AN ODE FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son.—
Aloft, in awful state,
The god-like hero sat
On his imperial throne.
His valiant peers were plac'd around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound:
So should desert in arms be crown'd.
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sat like a blooming eastern bride,
In flower of youth, and beauty's pride.—
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave, deserves the fair.

Timotheus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.——
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above;
Such is the power of mighty love.
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god:
Sublime on radient spheres he rode,

When

When he to fair Olympia press'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound:
A present deity, they shout around;
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound.
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet musician sung;
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young.
The jolly god in triumph comes!
Sound the trumpets; beat the drums.
Flush'd with a purple grace,
He shows his honest face.
Now give the hautboys breath—he comes! he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain.
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure:
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure.
Rich the treasure;
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And, while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand and check'd his pride.—
He chose a mournful muse,
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius, great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,

Fall'n

Fall'n from his high estate,
And welt'ring in his blood.
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.—
With downcast looks the joyless victor sat,
Revolving, in his alter'd soul,
The various turns of fate below,
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd, to see
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred sound to move;
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying.
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thais sits beside thee;
Take the good the gods provide thee.—
The many rend the skies with loud applause:
So love was crown'd; but music won the cause.—
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor—sunk upon her breast.

Now, strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain:
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.—
Hark! hark! the horrid sound

Has

Has rais'd up his head
As awak'd from the dead;
And amaz'd he stares around.
Revenge, revenge!- Timotheus cries—
See the furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And, unbury'd, remain
Inglorious on the plain.
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold! how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods!—
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy:
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey;
And, like another Helen—fir'd another Troy.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage—or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame.
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down. *Dryden.*

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

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EMINENT WRITERS.

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SECTION I.

RULES AND EXERCISES, CALCULATED IN A PECULIAR MANNER FOR THE SPEEDY ATTAINMENT OF A NATURAL, SPIRITED, AND GRACEFUL EXPRESSION IN READING AND SPEAKING.

RULE I.

ANTITHESIS, or contrast, should be pronounced with such emphasis on the words opposed, and with such changes of voice, as will make the opposition sufficiently striking.

EXERCISES.

1. *Cowards opposed to the Valiant.*

COWARDS die many times: the valiant never taste of death but once. *Shakespeare.*

2. *Different Capacities.*

THERE seem to be some souls suited to great, and others to little employments; some formed to soar aloft,

 and

and take in wide views, and others to grovel on the ground, and confine their regard to a narrow sphere. Of these, the one is always in danger of becoming useless by a daring negligence, the other by a scrupulous solicitude: the one collects many ideas, but confused and indistinct; the other is buried in minute accuracy, but without compass and without dignity. *Johnson.*

3. *Exercise and Temperance.*

WHERE opportunities of exercise are wanting, temperance may, in a great measure, supply its place. If exercise throw off all superfluities, temperance prevents them; if exercise clear the vessels, temperance neither satiates nor overstrains them; if exercise raise proper ferments in the humours and promote the circulation of the blood, temperance gives nature her full play and enables her to exert herself in all her force and vigour; if exercise dissipate a growing distemper, temperance starves it. *Addison.*

4. *Literary Fame.*

VARIOUS kinds of literary fame seem destined to various measures of duration. Some spread into exuberance with a very speedy growth, but soon wither and decay; some rise more slowly, but last long: Parnassus has its flowers of transient fragrance, as well as its oaks of towering height, and its laurels of eternal verdure. *Johnson.*

5. *Discretion and Cunning.*

AT the same time that I think discretion the most useful talent a man can be master of, I look upon cunning to be the accomplishment of little, mean, ungenerous minds. Discretion points out the noblest ends to us, and pursues the most proper and laudable methods of attaining them; cunning has only private selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed; discretion has large and extended views, and, like a well-formed eye, commands a whole horizon; cunning is a kind of short-sightedness, that discovers the minutest

nutest objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance. *Addison.*

6. *Pleasure and Pain.*

THERE were two families, which, from the beginning of the world, were as opposite to each other as light and darkness. The one of them lived in heaven, and the other in hell. The youngest descendant of the first family was Pleasure; who was the daughter of Happiness, who was the child of Virtue, who was the offspring of the Gods. These, as I said before, had their habitation in heaven. The youngest of the opposite family was Pain; who was the son of Misery, who was the child of Vice, who was the offspring of the Furies. The habitation of this race of beings was in hell.

Addison.

7. *The Wise Man and the Foolish.*

How different is the view of past life, in the man who is grown old in knowledge and wisdom, from that of him who is grown old in ignorance and folly!—The latter is like the owner of a barren country, that fills his eye with the prospect of naked hills and plains, which produce nothing either profitable or ornamental: the former beholds a beautiful and spacious landscape, divided into delightful gardens, green meadows, fruitful fields; and can scarce cast his eye on a single spot of his possessions that is not covered with some beautiful plant or flower. *Addison.*

8. *Nature and Art, &c.*

ALL nature is but art unknown to thee;
All chance, direction which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good. *Pope.*

9. *Riches and Reputation.*

Good name, in man and woman,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.

Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his; and has been slave to thousands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me—poor indeed. *Othello.*

RULE II.

In enumeration, distinctness with regard to pausing, and spirit and variety with regard to emphasis and inflection, should be particularly aimed at.

EXERCISES.

1. *Importance of Education.*

I consider a human soul without education, like marble in the quarry; which shows none of its inherent beauties, till the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot and vein, that runs through the body of it. *Addison.*

2. *Christianity.*

It is owing to our having imbibed false notions of virtue, that the word *Christian* does not carry with it, at first view, all that is great, worthy, friendly, generous, and heroic. *Spectator.*

3. *Advantages of History.*

The advantages found in history seem to be of three kinds; as it amuses the fancy, as it improves the understanding, and as it strengthens virtue. *Hume.*

4. *Sincerity defined.*

Sincerity is to speak as we think, to do as we pretend and profess, to perform and make good what we promise, and really to be what we would seem and appear to be. *Tillotson.*

5.

5. *Time absurdly wasted.*

THOUGH we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be of age; then to be a man of business; then to make up an estate; then to arrive at honours; then to retire. *Addison.*

6. *Friendship.*

No blessing of life is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. It eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thoughts and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolutions, soothes and allays the passions, and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life. *Addison.*

7. *The Human Face.*

I WOULD desire the fair sex to consider how difficult it is for them to add any thing that can be ornamental to what is already the masterpiece of nature. The head has the most beautiful appearance, as well as the highest station in a human figure. Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face; she has touched it with vermilion, planted in it a double row of ivory, made it the seat of smiles and blushes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes, hung it on each side with curious organs of sense, given it airs and graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair, as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light: in short, she seems to have designed the head as the cupola to the most glorious of her works; and, when we load it with a pile of supernumerary ornaments, we destroy the symmetry of the human figure, and foolishly contrive to call off the eye from great and real beauties, to childish gewgaws, ribbands, and bone-lace. *Addison.*

8. *The Traveller.*

OBIDIAH, the son of Abensina, left the caravansera early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the

plains of Hindoostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire; he walked swiftly forward over the vallies, and saw the hills gradually rising before him. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the Bird of Paradise, he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices; he sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring; all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart. *Johnson.*

9. *Blessings of Nature.*

NATURE seems to have taken a particular care to disseminate her blessings, that the natives of the several parts of the globe might have a kind of dependence upon one another, and be united together by their common interests. Almost every degree produces something peculiar to it. The food often grows in one country, and the sauce in another. The fruits of Portugal are corrected by the products of Barbadoes; the infusion of a China plant sweetened with the pith of an Indian cane. The Philippine islands give a flavour to our European bowls. The single dress of a woman of quality is often the product of an hundred climates. The muff and the fan come together from the different ends of the earth. The scarf is sent from the torrid zone, and the tippet from beneath the pole The brocade petticoat rises out of the mines of Peru, and the diamond necklace out of the Bowels of Hindoostan. *Addison.*

10. *Advantages of Commerce.*

TRAFFIC not only gives us a great variety of what is useful, but, at the same time, supplies us with every thing that is convenient and ornamental. Our ships are laden with the harvest of every climate; our tables are stored with spices, and oils, and wines; our rooms are filled with pyramids of china, and adorned with the workmanship of Japan; our morning's draught comes

to

to us from the remotest corners of the earth: we repair our bodies by the drugs of America, and repose ourselves under Indian canopies. My friend Sir Andrew calls the vineyards of France our gardens; the Spice-islands our hot-beds; the Persians our silk-weavers; and the Chinese, our potters. *Addison.*

11. *Importance of Merchants.*

For these reasons, there are not more useful members in a commonwealth than merchants. They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourse of good offices, distribute the gifts of nature, find work for the poor, add wealth to the rich, and magnificence to the great. Our English merchant converts the tin of his own country into gold, and exchanges his wool for rubies. The Mahometans are clothed in our British manufacture, and the inhabitants of the frozen zone warmed with the fleeces of our sheep. *Addison.*

12. *Instruction.*

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast. *Thomson.*

13. *Industry.*

All is the gift of industry; whate'er
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
Delightful. Pensive winter, chear'd by him,
Sits at the social fire, and happy, hears
The excluded tempest idly rave along;
His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring;
Without him Summer were an arid waste;
Nor, to th'. Autumnal months could thus transmit
Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,
That, waving round, recall my wandering song. *Thomson.*

14. *Necessity of Labour.*

———Even nature lives by toil: Beast,

Beast, bird, air, fire, the heavens, and rolling worlds,
All live by action. Man is born to care;
Fashion'd, improv'd, by labour. Hence utility
Through all conditions; hence the joys of health;
Hence strength of arm, and clear judicious thoughts:
Hence corn, and wine, and oil, and all in life
Delectable.——————— *Dyer.*

15. *Different Ages.*

BEHOLD the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage;
And cards and counters are the toys of age. *Pope.*

16. *Newton, Shakespeare, and Milton.*

LET Newton (pure intelligence, whom God
To mortals lent to trace his boundless works
From laws sublimely simple) speak thy fame
In all philosophy. For lofty sense,
Creative fancy, and inspection keen
Through the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild Shakespeare thine and Nature's boast?
Is not each great, each amiable Muse
Of classic ages in thy Milton met?
A genius, universal as his theme,
Astonishing as chaos, as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair, as heaven sublime. *Thomson.*

RULE III.

WHILE the sense is suspended in a sentence, the emphasis should be very moderate: where the suspension ends, the voice should be kept up, with a remarkable pause: the concluding part of the sentence, in which the meaning fully appears, should be pronounced with considerable force and animation.

EXERCISES.

EXERCISES.

1. *Person and Behaviour.*

As beauty of person, with an agreeable carriage, pleases the eye, and that pleasure consists in observing that all the parts have a certain elegance, and are proportioned to each other; so does decency of behaviour obtain the approbation of all with whom we converse, from the order, consistency, and moderation of our words and actions. *Spectator.*

2. *Love of the World.*

SINCE it is certain that our hearts deceive us in the love of the world, and that we cannot command ourselves enough to resign it, though we every day wish ourselves disengaged from its allurements; let us not stand upon a formal taking of leave, but wean ourselves from them, while we are in the midst of them. *Spectator.*

3. *Virtue.*

WHEN a man has got such a great and exalted soul, as that he can look upon life and death, riches and poverty, with indifference, and closely adhere to Honesty, in whatever shape she presents herself; then it is that Virtue appears with such a brightness, as that all the world must admire her beauties. *Cicero.*

4. *Bad Delivery.*

To hear a judicious and elegant discourse from the pulpit, which would in print make a noble figure, murdered by him who had learning and taste to compose it, but, having been neglected as to one important part of his education, knows not how to deliver it otherwise than with a tone between singing and saying, or with a nod of his head, to enforce, as with a hammer, every emphatical word, or with the same unanimated monotony in which he was used to repeat *Quæ genus* at Westminster-school; what can be imagined more lamentable? yet what more common! *Burgh.*

5. *Nature*

5. *Nature and Art.*

HAVING already shown how the fancy is affected by the works of nature, and afterwards considered in general both the works of nature and of art, how they mutually assist and complete each other in forming such scenes and prospects as are most apt to delight the mind of the beholder; I shall in this paper throw together some reflections on that particular art, which has a more immediate tendency than any other, to produce those primary pleasures of the imagination which have hitherto been the subject of this discourse. *Spectator.*

6. *Good and Evil.*

THE causes of good and evil are so various and uncertain, so often entangled with each other, so diversified by various relations, and so much subject to accidents which cannot be foreseen, that he who would fix his condition upon incontestible reasons of preference, must live and die inquiring and deliberating. *Johnson.*

7. *Ignorance of Man.*

HE who through vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What varied being peoples every star,
May tell why heaven has made us as we are. *Pope.*

8. *Fame.*

NOR Fame I slight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.
But, if the purchase cost so dear a price
As soothing Folly, or exalting Vice;
And, if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,
And follow still where Fortune leads the way;
Or, if no basis bear my rising name
But the fallen ruins of another's fame;—
Then teach me, Heaven, to scorn the guilty bays;
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise.

Unblemish'd

Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown:
O, grant me honest fame, or grant me none. *Pope.*

RULE IV.

THE matter contained in a parenthesis should be pronounced in a key somewhat different from the rest of the sentence, generally lower; it should, also, in general, be uttered less forcibly and quicker, and with a short pause at the beginning and end of it.

EXERCISES.

1. *Good Sense.*

THOUGH good sense is not in the number, nor always, it must be owned, in the company of the sciences, yet is it (as the most sensible of poets has justly observed) fairly worth the seven. *Melmoth.*

2. *Self-love.*

IF envious people were to ask themselves, whether they would exchange their entire situations with the persons envied (I mean their minds, passions, notions, as well as their persons, fortunes, dignities, &c.)—I presume the self-love common to human nature, would generally make them prefer their own condition. *Shenstone.*

3. *Opera.*

THE opera (in which action is joined with music in order to entertain the eye at the same time with the ear) I must beg leave (with all due submission to the taste of the great) to consider as a forced conjunction of two things which nature does not allow to go together. *Burgh.*

4. *Speaking.*

As to my own abilities in speaking (for I shall admit this charge, although experience hath convinced me, that what is called the power of eloquence depends for the most part upon the hearers, and that the characters of public

public speakers are determined by that degree of favour which you vouchsafe to each,) if long practice, I say, have given me any proficiency in speaking, you have ever found it devoted to my country. *Demosthenes.*

5. *An Accomplished Young Gentleman.*

His years are young, but his experience old;
His head unmellowed, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow),
He is complete in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman. *Shakespeare.*

6. *Angels.*

Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power,
Which God hath in his mighty angels plac'd)
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills
(For earth hath this variety from heav'n
Of pleasure situate in hill and dale)
Light as the lightning's glimpse, they ran, they flew;
From their foundations loos'ning to and fro,
They pluck'd the seated hills, with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods; and, by the shaggy tops
Uplifting, bore them in their hands. *Paradise Lost.*

RULE V.

In pronouncing questions, care should be taken to give them the tone peculiar to them, and to raise or sink the voice properly at the conclusion. The following rule generally holds:—If a question be introduced or governed by a verb, the voice should rise at the close; in any other case, it should fall.

EXERCISES.

1. *The Moon under an Eclipse.*

One day when the moon was under an eclipse, she complained thus to the sun of the discontinuance of his favours

favours. My dearest friend, said she, why do you not shine upon me as you used to do? Do I not shine upon thee? said the Sun: I am very sure that I intend it. O no! replies the Moon: but I now perceive the reason. I see that dirty planet the Earth has got between us.

Dodsley's Fables.

2. *Majesty.*

SEARCHING every kingdom for the man who has the least comfort in life, where is he to be found?—In the royal palace.—What! His Majesty? Yes; especially if he be despotic. *Art of Thinking.*

3. *The Passenger and Pilot.*

A CERTAIN passenger at sea had the curiosity to ask the pilot of the vessel, what death his father died of. What death! said the pilot; why, he perished at sea, as my grandfather did before him. And are you not afraid of trusting yourself to an element that has proved thus fatal to your family? Afraid! by no means: is not your father dead! Yes, but he died in his bed. And why then, returned the pilot, are you not afraid of trusting yourself to your bed? *Art of Thinking.*

4. *Immortality of the Soul.*

Is it credible, is it possible, that the mighty soul of a Newton should share exactly the same fate with the vilest insect that crawls upon the ground; that, after having laid open the mysteries of Nature, and pushed its discoveries almost to the very boundaries of the universe, it should, on a sudden, have all its lights at once extinguished, and sink into everlasting darkness and insensibility? *Spectator.*

5. *Importance of a good Delivery.*

SUPPOSE a youth to have no prospect either of sitting in parliament, of pleading at the bar, of appearing upon the stage or in the pulpit; does it follow, that he need bestow no pains in learning to speak properly his native language? Will he never have occasion to read, in a

company of his friends, a copy of verses, a passage of a book or newspaper? Must he never read a discourse of Tillotson, or a chapter of the Whole Duty of Man, for the instruction of his children and servants?—Cicero justly observes, that address in speaking is highly ornamental, as well as useful, even in private life. The limbs are parts of the body much less noble than the tongue; yet no gentleman grudges a considerable expense of time and money to have his son taught to use them properly: which is very commendable. And is there no attention to be paid to the use of the tongue, the glory of man?

Burgh.

6. *Incitement to Action.*

When will you, my countrymen, when will you rouse from your indolence, and bethink yourselves of what is to be done? When you are forced to it by some fatal disaster? When irresistible necessity drives you?—What think you of the disgraces which are already come upon you? Is not the past sufficient to stimulate your activity? or, do you wait for somewhat more forcible and urgent?—How long will you amuse yourselves with inquiring of one another after news, as you ramble idly about the streets? What news so strange ever came to Athens, as that a Macedonian should subdue this state, and lord it over Greece? *Demosthenes.*

7. *Mental Beauty.*

What is the blooming tincture of the skin,
To peace of mind, and harmony within?
What the bright sparkling of the finest eye,
To the soft soothing of a calm reply?
Can comeliness of form, or shape, or air,
With comeliness of words or deeds compare?
No:—those at first the unwary heart may gain;
But these, these only, can the heart retain. *Gay.*

8. *Achilles to Ulysses.*

Wrong'd in my love, all proffers I disdain;
Deceiv'd for once, I trust not kings again.

Ye have my answer.—What remains to do?
Your king, Ulysses, may consult with you.
What needs he the defence this arm can make?
Has he not walls no human force can shake?
Has he not fenc'd his guarded navy round
With piles, with ramparts, and a trench profound?
And will not these, the wonders he has done,
Repel the rage of Priam's single son? *Homer.*

RULE VI.

In a climax (or progressive increase of meaning) the emphasis and animation should be gradually increased, according to the importance of the particulars.

EXERCISES.

1. *Extensive View of Conduct.*

Consult your whole nature. Consider yourselves, not only as sensitive, but as rational beings; not only as rational, but social; not only as social, but immortal. *Blair.*

2. *Amiableness of Virtue.*

Tully has a very beautiful gradation of thoughts, to shew how amiable virtue is. We love a virtuous man, says he, who lives in the remotest parts of the earth, though we are altogether out of the reach of his virtue, and can receive from it no manner of benefit; nay, one who died several ages ago, raises a secret fondness and benevolence for him in our minds, when we read his story; nay, what is still more, one who has been the enemy of our country, provided his wars were regulated by justice and humanity. *Spectator.*

3. *Pleasure of commanding our Passions.*

It is pleasant to be virtuous and good, because that is to excel many others: it is pleasant to grow better, because that is to excel ourselves: it is pleasant to mortify and

subdue our irregular desires, because that is victory: it is pleasant to command our appetites and passions, and to keep them in due order, within the bounds of reason and religion, because that is empire. *Tillotson.*

4. *Popular Prejudices.*

It may not be popular to compel people to pay their debts; and, in that case, the present must be a very unpopular bill. It may not be popular, neither, to take away any of the privileges of Parliament; for I very well remember, and many of your Lordships may remember, that not long ago the popular cry was for the extension of privilege; and so far did they carry it at that time, that it was said that privilege protected members even in criminal actions; nay, such was the power of popular prejudices over weak minds, that the very decisions of some of the courts were tinctured with that doctrine. *Lord Mansfield.*

5. *Heavenly Bodies.*

When we survey the earth, and the several planets that lie within its neighbourhood, we are filled with a pleasing astonishment, to see so many worlds hanging one above another, and sliding round their axles in such amazing pomp and solemnity. If, after this, we contemplate those wild fields of ether that reach in height as far as from Saturn to the fixed stars, and run abroad almost to an infinitude, our imagination finds its capacity filled with so immense a prospect, and puts itself upon the stretch to comprehend it. But, if we rise yet higher, and consider the fixed stars as so many vast oceans of flame that are each of them attended with a different set of planets, and still discover new firmaments and new lights that are sunk farther in those unfathomable depths of ether, so as not to be seen by the strongest of our telescopes, we are lost in such a labyrinth of suns and worlds, and confounded with the immensity and magnificence of nature. *Addison.*

6. *In-*

6. *Influence of Self-love.*

SELF-LOVE but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake.
The centre moved, a circle strait succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race. *Pope.*

7. *Incitements to Fortitude.*

SINK not beneath imaginary sorrows;
Call to your aid your courage and your wisdom:
Think on the sudden change of human scenes;
Think on the various accidents of war;
Think on the mighty power of awful virtue;
Think on that Providence that guards the good.
Johnson.

RULE VII.

THE strength, tone, and other qualities of the voice, should agree with the nature of the composition, and the various particulars mentioned.

EXERCISES.

I. Passages requiring uncommon strength and fullness of voice.

1. *In praise of Pompey.*

WHERE is the man that possesses, or indeed can be required to possess, greater abilities in war, than Pompey? One who has fought more pitched battles than others have maintained personal disputes! carried on more wars than others have acquired knowledge of by reading! reduced more provinces than others have aspired to even in thought! whose youth was trained to the profession of arms, not by precepts derived from others, but by the highest offices of command; not by personal

mistakes in war, but by a train of important victories; not by a series of campaigns, but by a succession of triumphs! *Cicero.*

2. *Against Mark Antony.*

As trees and plants necessarily arise from seeds, so are you, Antony, the seed of this most calamitous war.—You mourn, O Romans, that three of your armies have been slaughtered—they were slaughtered by Antony: you lament the loss of your most illustrious citizens—they were torn from you by Antony: the authority of this order is deeply wounded—it is wounded by Antony: in short, all the calamities we have ever since beheld (and what calamities have we not beheld?) have been entirely owing to Antony. As Helen was of Troy, so the bane, the misery, the destruction of this state is—Antony. *Cicero.*

3. *A Winter Flood.*

WIDE o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,
And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread,
At last the rous'd-up river pours along.
Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes
From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,
Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt and sounding far;
Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads,
Calm, sluggish, silent; till again, constrain'd
Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,
Where rocks and woods o'er-hang the turbid stream;
There, gathering triple force, rapid and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.
Thomson.

4. *Satan's Arrival at the gates of Hell.*

MEANWHILE the adversary of God and man
Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates of hell
Explores his solitary flight. Sometimes,
He scours the right-hand coast; sometimes, the left;
Now, shaves, with level wing, the deep; then, soars
Up to the fiery concave. At last appear

Hell

Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof.
Thrice threefold were the gates: three folds were brass;
Three iron; three of adamantine rock;
Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,
Yet unconsum'd. *Milton.*

5. *Chaos.*

On heavenly ground they stood; and, from the shore,
They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss,
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild;
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds,
And surging waves, as mountains, to assault
Heaven's height, and with the center mix the pole.
Milton.

6. *Michael and Satan.*

They ended parle, and both address'd for fight
Unspeakable: for who, though with the tongue
Of Angels, can relate, or to what things
Liken on earth conspicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to such height
Of godlike power; for likest gods they seem'd,
Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms,
Fit to decide the empire of great heaven!
Now wav'd their fiery swords, and in the air
Made horrid circles; two broad suns their shields
Blaz'd opposite, while Expectation stood
In horrour. *Milton.*

7. *Battle of the Angels.*

———Now storming fury rose,
And clamour, such as heard in heaven till now
Was never. Arms on armour clashing bray'd
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rag'd: dire was the noise
Of conflict: over head the dismal hiss
Of fiery darts in flaming vollies flew,
And flying, vaulted either host with fire.
So under fiery cope together rush'd
Both battles main, with ruinous assault

And

And unextinguishable rage; all heaven
Resounded; and, had earth been then, all earth
Had to her centre shook. *Milton.*

8. *Alexander boasting his passing the Granicus.*

My arm a nobler victory ne'er gain'd;
And I am prouder to have pass'd that stream,
Than that I drove a million o'er the plain.
Can none remember? Yes, I know all must:
When glory, like the dazzling eagle, stood
Pearch'd on my beaver in the Granick flood;
When Fortune's self, my standard, trembling, bore,
And the pale Fates stood frighten'd on the shore;
When all the immortals on the billows rode,
And I myself appear'd the leading god.
Lee's Alexander.

9. *Macbeth to the Witches.*

I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it) answer me.
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins tumble altogether,
Even till destruction sicken—answer me
To what I ask you. *Macbeth.*

II. Passages requiring uncommon Smoothness and Delicacy.

1. *The Hill of Knowledge.*

We shall conduct you to a hill-side, laborious, indeed, at the first ascent: but else, so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospects and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming.
Milton.

2. A

2. *A fine Woman.*

THERE is something irresistibly pleasing in the conversation of a fine woman. Even though her tongue be silent, the eloquence of her eyes teaches wisdom. The mind sympathizes with the regularity of the object in view; and, struck with external grace, vibrates into respondent harmony. *Goldsmith.*

3. *Belinda in her Barge.*

BUT now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides;
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters die:
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play;
Belinda smiles, and all the world is gay. *Pope.*

4. *Music.*

SHE said. In air the trembling music floats,
And on the winds triumphant swell the notes;
So soft, though high; so loud, and yet so clear:
Ev'n list'ning angels lean from heaven to hear:
To farthest shores the ambrosial spirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies. *Pope.*

5. *A Calm at Sea.*

———WITH easy course
The vessels glide; unless their speed be stopp'd
By dead calms, that oft lie on these smooth seas,
While every zephyr sleeps. Then, the shrouds drop;
The downy feather, on the cordage hung,
Moves not; the flat sea shines like yellow gold
Fused in the fire, or like the marble floor
Of some old temple wide. *Dyer.*

6. *Music and Moonlight.*

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sound of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Merch. of Venice.

7. *Love*

7. *Love and Music.*

If music be the food of love, play on:
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
That strain again: it had a dying fall.
O! it came o'er my ear like the sweet South
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour. *Twelfth Night.*

8. *Cleopatra sailing down the Cydnus.*

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burnt on the water. The poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes.—For her own person,
It beggar'd all description. She did lie
In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tissue),
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy outwork nature. On each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With diverse-coloured fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool.
Shak. Ant. & Cleop.

III. Passages requiring a slow and solemn utterance.

1. *Evening.*

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day:
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world—to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds;
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save,

Save, that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain,
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her antient solitary reign. *Gray.*

2. *Midnight.*

NIGHT, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world.
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye nor list'ning ear an object finds:
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause,
An awful pause, prophetic of her end. *Young.*

3. *Scene in a Wood.*

THIS is the place, the centre of the grove.
Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood.—
How sweet, and solemn, is this midnight scene!
The silver moon, unclouded, holds her way
Thro' skies, where I could count each little star:
The fanning west-wind scarcely stirs the leaves;
The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
Imposes silence with a stilly sound.—
In such a place as this, at such an hour,
If ancestry can be in aught believ'd,
Descending spirits have convers'd with man,
And told the secrets of the world unknown.
Trag. of Douglas.

4. *Night in a Camp.*

Now, entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark
Fill the wide vessel of the universe.—
From camp to camp,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fixed centinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch.
Fire answers fire; and, through their paly flames,
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face.

Steed

Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs,
Piercing the night's dull ear: and from the tents,
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation. *Henry V.*

5. *Inscription on Shakespeare's monument in Westminster Abbey.*

THE cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind. *Shak. Tempest.*

IV. Passages requiring a sprightly manner of delivery.

1. *Speech of Gratiano in praise of Mirth.*

——— Let me play the fool.—
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish. *Merch. of Venice.*

2. *A variegated Prospect.*

EVER charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view?
The fountain's fall; the river's flow;
The woody vallies, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky;
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tow'r,
The naked rock, the shady bow'r;
The town and village, dome and farm;
Each gives each a double charm. *Dyer.*

3. *En-*

3. *Enlivening Sounds.*

Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie:
While the wanton Zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the shepherd charms his sheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky;
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high. *Dyer.*

4. *The Goddess of Mirth.*

—Come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore.
Haste thee, nymph; and bring with thee,
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides;
And Laughter holding both his sides. *Milton.*

V. Passages requiring an utterance strikingly varied.

1. *Homer and Virgil compared.*

Homer was the greater genius; Virgil the better artist: in the one, we most admire the man; in the other, the work. Homer hurries and transports us with a commanding impetuosity; Virgil leads us with an attractive majesty. Homer scatters with a generous profusion; Virgil bestows with a careful magnificence. Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a boundless overflow; Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a gentle and constant stream. Homer seems like his own Jupi-

ter in his terrours; shaking Olympus, scattering the lightnings, and firing the heavens: Virgil, like the same power in his benevolence; counselling with the gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation. *Pope.*

2. *Princes brought up in obscurity.*

———O, THOU Goddess,
Thou divine Nature! how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough
(Their royal blood enchaf'd) as the rude wind
That by the top doth take the mountain-pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. *Cymbeline.*

3. *The Theatre.*

DREAD o'er the scene the ghost of Hamlet stalks;
Othello rages; poor Monimia mourns;
And Belvidera pours her soul in love.
Terrour alarms the breast; the comely tear
Steals o'er the cheek. Or else, the comic Muse,
Holds to the world a picture of itself,
And raises, sly, the fair impartial laugh.
Sometimes, she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes
Of beauteous life, whate'er can deck mankind,
Or charm the heart, in generous Bevil show'd.
Thomson.

4. *Versification.*

TRUE ease, in writing, comes from art, not chance;
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence;
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
Soft is the strain, when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows.
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line, too, labours, and the words move slow:

Not

Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main. *Pope.*

5. *Influence of Education.*

'Tis education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.
Boastful and rough, your first son is a squire;
The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar.
Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave;
Will sneaks a scriv'ner, an exceeding knave.
Is he a churchman?—then he's fond of pow'r:
A Quaker?—sly: a Presbyterian?—sour:
A smart Free-thinker?—all things in an hour. *Pope.*

6. *Impertinence of Scribblers.*

Bless me! a packet!—"Tis a stranger sues;
A virgin tragedy, an orphan muse."
If I dislike it—"Furies, death, and rage!"
If I approve—"Commend it to the stage."
There, thank my stars! my whole commission ends:
The play'rs and I, are, luckily, no friends.
Fir'd that the house reject him—"'Sdeath! I'll print it,
And shame the fools—your interest, Sir, with Lintot."
"Lintot, (dull rogue!) will think your price too much."—
"Not, if you, Sir, revise it and retouch."
All my demurs but double his attacks:
At last he whispers—"Do, and we go snacks."
Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door—
"Sir, let me see you and your works no more." *Pope.*

7. *Variety in the Tastes of Men.*

———— Different minds
Incline to diff'rent objects. One pursues
The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild:
Another sighs for harmony, and grace,
And gentlest beauty.—Hence, when lightning fires
The arch of heaven, and thunders rock the ground;

When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air;
And Ocean, groaning from the lowest bed,
Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky;
Amid the mighty uproar, while below
The nations tremble, Shakespeare looks abroad
From some high cliff, superiour, and enjoys
The elemental war. But Waller longs,
All on the margin of some flowery stream,
To spread his careless limbs amid the cool
Of plantane shades, and to the listening deer,
The tale of slighted vows, and love's disdain,
Resound, soft-warbling, all the live-long day.
Consenting Zephyr sighs; the weeping rill
Joins in his plaint melodious; mute the groves;
And hill and dale, with all their echoes mourn.—
Such, and so various, are the tastes of men. *Akenside.*

RULE VIII.

In the expression of emotions and passions, endeavour to feel them, and to accompany that feeling with corresponding tones, looks, and gestures.

EXERCISES.

I. EXAMPLES OF ADMIRATION.

Panegyric on Man.

What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! *Hamlet.*

Charms of Music.

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And, with these raptures moves, the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence.

How

How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of Silence, through the empty-vaulted night!
At every fall smoothing the raven-down
Of darkness, till it smil'd. *Milton's Comus.*

2. CONTEMPT.

Horatio to Lothario.

AWAY!—no woman could descend so low.
A skipping, dancing, worthless tribe you are.
Fit only for yourselves, you herd together;
And, when the circling glass warms your vain hearts,
You talk of beauties that you never saw,
And fancy raptures that you never knew.

Fair Penitent.

Satan to the Angel who discovers him in Paradise.

KNOW ye not, then, said Satan, fill'd with scorn,
Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate
For you; there sitting where you durst not soar:
Not to know me, argues yourself unknown,
The lowest of your throng: or if you know,
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
Your message, like to end as much in vain? *Par. Lost.*

3. JOY.

Altamont on his prospect of marrying Calista.

LET this auspicious day be ever sacred;
No mourning, no misfortunes happen on it:
Let it be mark'd for triumphs and rejoicings:
Let happy lovers ever make it holy,
Choose it to bless their hopes, and crown their wishes;
This happy day that gives me my Calista.

Fair Penitent.

Speech of Calista's Father.

LET mirth go on; let pleasure know no pause;
But fill up every minute of this day.
'Tis yours, my children, sacred to your loves:

The glorious sun himself for you looks gay;
He shines for Altamont, and for Calista.—
Take care my gates be open. Bid all welcome:
All who rejoice with me to-day are friends.
Let each indulge his genius; each be glad,
Jocund and free, and swell the feast with mirth.
The sprightly bowl shall cheerfully go round;
None shall be grave, or too severely wise:
Losses and disappointments, cares and poverty,
The rich man's insolence, and great man's scorn,
In wine shall be forgotten all. *Fair Penitent.*

4. GRIEF.

Henry VI. on his Son's Death.

SAY, friend, how does my queen? my son?—
Thou tremblest, and the whiteness of thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.—
Now wouldst thou say—Your son did thus, and thus,
And thus your queen; so fought the valiant *Oxford;*
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
But, in the end, (to stop my ear indeed),
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with—queen, and son, and all, are dead!
Henry VI.

Lady Randolph lamenting the Death of her Husband and Child.

O DOUGLAS, Douglas! tender was the time
When we two parted, ne'er to meet again!
How many years of anguish and despair
Has Heaven annex'd to those swift-passing hours
Of love and fondness!—Wretch that I am!
At every happy parent I repine.
How bless'd the mother of yon gallant Norval!
She for a living husband bore her pains,
And heard him bless her when a man was born:
She nurs'd her smiling infant on her breast,
Tended the child, and rear'd the pleasing boy:
She, with affection's triumph, saw the youth

In grace and comeliness surpass his peers:
Whilst I—to a dead husband bore a son,
And to the roaring waters gave my child. *Douglas.*

5. COURAGE.

Lord Randolph to Lady Randolph.

THOU speak'st a woman's; hear a warriour's wish.
Right from their native land, the stormy north,
May the wind blow, till every keel is fix'd
Immoveable in Caledonia's strand!
Then shall our foes repent their bold invasion,
And roving armies shun the fatal shore. *Trag. of Doug.*

Hotspur impatient for Battle.

——————WHY, let them come!
They come like sacrifices in their trim;
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them.
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my horse,
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales.
Harry with Harry shall (not horse with horse)
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse.
1st Henry IV.

6. FEAR.

Edgar describing Dover Cliff.

How fearful 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs, that wing the mid-way air,
Shew scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down,
Hangs one that gathers samphire—dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than one's head.
The fishermen that walk upon the beech
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark
Seems lessen'd to a cock, her cock a buoy

Almost

Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,
That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high.—I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the disorder make me
Tumble down headlong. *Lear.*

On seeing an imaginary Ghost.

Ah! mercy on my soul! what is that? My old friend's ghost? They say none but wicked folks walk. I wish I were at the bottom of a coal-pit. La! how pale, and how long his face is grown since his death! He never was handsome: and death has improved him very much the wrong way.—Pray do not come near me! I wished you very well when you were alive. But I could never abide a dead man cheek by jowl with me. Ah, ah, mercy on us! no nearer, pray!—If it be only to take your leave of me, that you are come back, I could have excused you the ceremony with all my heart.——Or if you—mercy on us! no nearer, pray!—or if you have wronged any body, as you always loved money a little, I give you the word of a frighted Christian, I will pray, as long as you please, for the deliverance and repose of your departed soul. My good, worthy, noble friend, do, pray, disappear, as ever you would wish your old friend to come to his senses again!

Moliere's Blunderer.

7. LOVE.

Florizel to Perdita.

——————Whate'er you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speak,
I'd have you do so ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell, give alms, and pray
In such sweet notes; and ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: or, when you dance,
Like a smooth wave by gentlest winds heav'd up,
So move you to the music's [illegible]
That I could wish the motion [illegible]

[illegible]

Ferdinand to Miranda.

ADMIR'D Miranda! full many a lady
I've ey'd with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil: but you, O you!
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best. *Shak. Tempest.*

8. HATRED.

Shylock speaking of Antonio.

How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him, for he is a Christian;
But more, for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well won thrift,
Which he calls usury. Cursed be my tribe
If I forgive him! *Merch. of Venice.*

9. PITY.

Richard II's. Reception, on his being led a Prisoner into London by Bolingbroke.

As, in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard. No man cried, God save him!
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;

But

But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which, with such gentle sorrow, he shook off,
(His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience),
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him. *Richard II.*

Shore's tenderness for his Wife.

CAN she bear it? Can that delicate frame,
Endure the beating of a storm so rude?
Can she, for whom the various seasons chang'd,
To court her appetite and crown her board,
Entreat for bread, and want the needful raiment
To wrap her shivering bosom from the weather?—
When she was mine, no care came ever nigh her:
I thought the gentlest breeze that wakes the Spring
Too rough to breathe upon her; cheerfulness
Danc'd all the day before her; and, at night,
Soft slumbers waited on her downy pillow.
Now, sad and shelterless, perhaps, she lies,
Where piercing winds blow sharp, and the chill rain
Drops from some pent-house on her wretched head,
Drenches her locks, and kills her with the cold.
Trag. of Jane Shore.

10. ANGER.

King Lear to Kent.

HEAR me, rash man; on thy allegiance hear me.
Since thou hast striven to make us break our vow,
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear)
We banish thee for ever from our sight
And kingdom. If, when three days are expir'd,
Thy hated trunk be found in our dominions,
That moment is thy death.—Away!
By Jupiter this shall not be revok'd. *Lear.*

Romeo's Speech on hearing of his Friend being slain by Tybalt.

ALIVE! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!

Away

Away to heaven respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!—
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company;
And thou, or I, or both, shall follow him.

Romeo and Juliet.

II. REVENGE.

Shylock speaking of the pound of flesh forfeited by Antonio.

If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me and hindered me of half a million, laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies. And what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Is he not fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction. *Merch. of Venice.*

Zanga to Alonzo.

Thou see'st a prince, whose father thou hast slain,
Whose native country thou hast laid in blood,
Whose sacred person thou'st profan'd,
Whose reign extinguish'd. What was left to me,
So highly born?—No kingdom, but revenge;
No treasure, but thy tortures and thy groans. *Revenge.*

12. JEALOUSY.

Speech of Alonzo on entering the Bower to murder his Wife Leonora.

Ye amaranths! ye roses, like the morn!
Sweet myrtles, and ye golden orange groves!
Joy-giving, love-inspiring, holy bower!
Know, in thy fragrant bosom thou receiv'st—
A murderer! Oh, I shall stain thy lilies,
And horrour will usurp the seat of bliss.
——————Ha! she sleeps——
The day's uncommon heat has overcome her.
Then take, my longing eyes, your last full gaze——
Oh, what a sight is here! how dreadful fair!—
Who would not think that being innocent!
Where shall I strike?—Who strikes her strikes himself—
My own life-blood will issue at her wound.—
But see, she smiles!—I never shall smile more—
It strongly tempts me to a parting kiss——
Ha! smile again!—she dreams of him she loves.—
Curse on her charms!—I'll stab her through them all.

Revenge.

SECTION

SECTION II.

ADDITIONAL CONCISE PASSAGES.

I. From Addison.

1. *English Orators.*

Most foreign writers, who have given any character of the English nation, whatever vices they ascribe to it, allow that the people are, in general, naturally modest. It proceeds, perhaps, from this our national virtue, that our orators are observed to make use of less gesture or action than those of other countries. Our preachers stand stock-still in the pulpit, and will not so much as move a finger to set off the best sermons in the world. We meet with the same speaking statues at our bars, and in all public places of debate. Our words flow from us in a smooth continued stream, without those strainings of the voice, motions of the body, and majesty of the hand, which are so much celebrated in the orators of Greece and Rome. We can talk of life and death in cold blood, and keep our temper in a discourse which turns upon every thing that is dear to us. Though our zeal breaks out in the finest tropes and figures, it is not able to stir a limb about us.

2. *Animation in Speaking.*

It is certain, that proper gestures and exertions of the voice cannot be too much studied by a public orator. They are a kind of comment to what he utters; and enforce every thing he says, with weak hearers, better than the strongest argument he can make use of. They keep the audience awake, and fix their attention to what is delivered to them; at the same time that they shew the speaker is in earnest, and affected himself with what he so passionately recommends to others.

3. *Manufacture of Paper.*

It is pleasant enough to consider the changes that a linen fragment undergoes in the manufacture of paper. The finest pieces of holland, when worn to tatters, assume a new whiteness more beautiful than their first, and often return in the shape of letters to their native country. A lady's handkerchief may be metamorphosed into billet-doux, and come into her possession a second time. A beau may peruse his cravat after it is worn out, with greater pleasure and advantage than ever he did in a glass. In a word, a piece of cloth, after having officiated for some years as a towel or a napkin, may, by this means, be raised from a dunghill, and become the most valuable piece of furniture in a prince's cabinet.

4. *Modesty becoming in a Public Speaker.*

Notwithstanding an excess of modesty obstructs the tongue, and renders it unfit for its offices, a due proportion of it is thought so requisite to an orator, that rhetoricians have recommended it to their disciples as a particular in their art. Cicero tells us, that he never liked an orator who did not appear in some little confusion at the beginning of his speech, and confesses that he himself never entered upon an oration, without trembling and concern. It is, indeed, a kind of deference which is due to a great assembly, and seldom fails

to

to raise a benevolence in the audience towards the person who speaks.

5. *Ridicule.*

THE talent of turning men into ridicule, and exposing to laughter those one converses with, is the qualification of little ungenerous tempers. Every one has his flaws and weaknesses; nay, the greatest blemishes are often found in the most shining characters: but what an absurd thing is it to pass over all the valuable parts of a man, and fix our attention on his infirmities! to observe his imperfections more than his virtues! and to make use of him for the sport of others, rather than for our own improvement.

6. *Gratitude due to the Supreme Being.*

IF gratitude is due from man to man, how much more from man to his Maker! The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us those bounties which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even those benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every blessing we enjoy, by what means soever it may be derived upon us, is the gift of Him who is the Author of all good, and the father of mercies.

7. *Commerce.*

IT is the great advantage of a trading nation, that there are very few in it so dull and heavy, as to be incapable of filling some station or other in life, which may give them an opportunity of making their fortunes. A well-regulated commerce is not, like law, physic, or divinity, to be overstocked with hands; but on the contrary, flourishes by multitudes, and gives employment to all its professors. Fleets of merchants are so many squadrons of floating shops, that vend our wares and manufactures in all the markets of the world, and find out chapmen under both the tropics.

8. *Cultivation of Taste.*

THE most natural method for the cultivating and improving of taste, is to be conversant among the writings

of the most polite authors. A man who has any relish for fine writing, either discovers new beauties, or receives stronger impressions from the masterly strokes of a great author every time he peruses him; besides that he naturally wears himself into the same manner of thinking and speaking.

9. *Pleasure of a polite Imagination.*

A MAN of a polite imagination is let into a great many pleasures that the vulgar are not capable of receiving. He can converse with a picture, and find an agreeable companion in a statue. He meets with a secret refreshment in a description, and often feels a greater satisfaction in the prospect of fields and meadows, than another does in the possession. It gives him, indeed, a kind of property in every thing he sees, and makes the most rude uncultivated parts of nature administer to his pleasures: so that he looks upon the world, as it were, in another light, and discovers in it a multitude of charms that conceal themselves from the generality of mankind.

10. *The superintendance of God, a source of Comfort.*

MAN, considered in himself, is a very helpless, and a very wretched being. He is subject every moment to the greatest calamities and misfortunes: he is beset with dangers on all sides, and may become unhappy by numberless casualties, which he could not foresee, nor have prevented had he foreseen them. It is our comfort, while we are obnoxious to so many accidents, that we are under the care of One who directs contingencies, and has in his hands the management of every thing that is capable of annoying or offending us; who knows the assistance we stand in need of, and is always ready to bestow it on those who ask it of him.

11. *Religion no enemy to Cheerfulness.*

IF we may believe our logicians, man is distinguished from all other creatures by the faculty of laughter. He has a heart capable of mirth, and naturally disposed to it. It is not the business of virtue to extirpate the affections,

fections, but to regulate them; it may moderate and restrain, but was not designed to banish gladness from the heart of man. Religion contracts the circle of our pleasures, but leaves it wide enough for her votaries to expatiate in. The contemplation of the Divine Being, and the exercise of virtue, are, in their own nature, so far from excluding all gladness of heart, that they are perpetual sources of it. In a word, the true spirit of religion, cheers, as well as composes the soul: it banishes, indeed, all levity of behaviour, all vicious and dissolute mirth; but, in exchange, fills the mind with a perpetual serenity, uninterrupted cheerfulness, and an habitual inclination to please others, as well as to be pleased in itself.

12. *Trust in God.*

I know but one way of fortifying my soul against all gloomy presages and terrors of mind; and that is, by securing to myself the friendship and protection of that Being, who disposes of events, and governs futurity. He sees at one view, the whole course of my existence; not only that part of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I lay me down to sleep, I recommend myself to his care: when I awake, I give myself up to his direction. Amidst all the evils that threaten me, I will look up to him for help; and question not but he will either avert them, or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all solicitous about it; because I am sure that he knows them both, and that he will not fail to comfort and support me under them.

13. *Lessons of Mortality.*

When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of

the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them; when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes; I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

II. From Johnson.

1. *Compilation Useful.*

Particles of science are often very widely scattered. Writers of extensive comprehension have incidental remarks upon topics very remote from the principal subject, which are often more valuable than formal treatises, and which yet are not known, because they are not promised in the title. He that collects these under proper heads, is very laudably employed; for, though he exerts no great abilities in the work, he facilitates the progress of others, and, by making that easy of attainment which is already written, may give some mind, more vigorous or more adventurous than his own, leisure for new thoughts and original designs.

Task of an Author.

The task of an author is, either to teach what is not known, or to recommend known truths by his manner of adorning them: either to let new light in upon the mind, and open new scenes to the prospect, or to vary the dress and situation of common objects, so as to give them fresh grace and more powerful attractions; to spread such flowers over the regions through which the intellect has already made its progress, as may tempt it to return and take a second view of things hastily passed over or negligently regarded.

3. *Lan-*

3. *Language.*

LANGUAGE is the dress of thought: and, as the noblest mein, or most graceful action, would be degraded and obscured by a garb appropriated to the gross employments of rustics or mechanics; so the most heroic sentiments will lose their efficacy, and the most splendid ideas drop their magnificence, if they are conveyed by words used commonly upon low and trivial occasions, debased by vulgar mouths, and contaminated by inelegant applications.

4. *Intellectual Powers.*

THERE are men whose powers operate at leisure and in retirement, and whose intellectual vigour deserts them in conversation; whom merriment confuses, and objection disconcerts: whose bashfulness restrains their exertion, and suffers them not to speak till the time of speaking is past: or whose attention to their own character makes them unwilling to utter, at hazard, what has not been considered, and could not be recalled.

5. *Familiar Intercourse.*

A WISE and good man is never so amiable as in his unbended and familiar intervals. Heroic generosity, or philosophical discoveries, may compel veneration and respect; but love always implies some kind of natural or voluntary equality, and is only to be excited by that levity and cheerfulness which disencumbers all minds from awe and solicitude, invites the modest to freedom, and exalts the timorous to confidence.

6. *Youth and old Age.*

YOUTH is of no long duration; and, in maturer age, when the enchantments of fancy shall cease, and phantoms of delight dance no more about us, we shall have no comforts but the esteem of wise men, and the means of doing good. Let us therefore stop, while to stop is in our power. Let us live as men, who are some time to grow old, and to whom it will be the most dreadful

of

of all evils, to count their past years by follies, and to be reminded of their former luxuriance of health only by the maladies which riot has produced.

7. *Prudence.*

THOSE, who, in confidence of superiour capacities and attainments, disregard the common maxims of life, ought to be reminded, that nothing will supply the want of prudence; and that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.

8. *Prosperity has its disadvantages.*

PROSPERITY, as truly asserted by Seneca, very much obstructs the knowledge of ourselves. No man can form a just estimate of his own powers, by inactive speculation. That fortitude which has encountered no dangers, that prudence which has surmounted no difficulties, that integrity which has been attacked by no temptations, can, at best, be considered but as gold not yet brought to the test, of which, therefore, the true value cannot be assigned. Equally necessary is some variety of fortune to a nearer inspection of the manners, principles, and affections of mankind.

9. *Conversation.*

AFTER the exercises which the health of the body requires, and which have themselves a natural tendency to actuate and invigorate the mind, the most eligible amusement of a rational being seems to be, that interchange of thoughts which is practised in free and easy conversation; where suspicion is banished by experience, and emulation by benevolence; where every man speaks with no other restraint than unwillingness to offend, and hears with no other disposition than a desire to be pleased.

10. *How we should be affected by the misery of others.*

IF misery be the effect of virtue, it ought to be reverenced; if of ill fortune, it ought to be pitied; and if of

of vice, not to be insulted; because it is, perhaps, itself a punishment adequate to the crime by which it was produced; and the humanity of that man can deserve no panegyric, who is capable of reproaching a criminal in the hands of the executioner.

11. *Effects of Perseverance.*

All the performances of human art, at which we look with praise or wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance. It is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united with canals. If a man were to compare the effect of a single stroke of the pick-axe, or of one impression of the spade, with the general design and last result, he would be overwhelmed by the sense of their disproportion: yet those petty operations, incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties; and mountains are levelled, and oceans bounded, by the slender force of human beings.

12. *Against Profuseness.*

The proverbial oracles of our parsimonious ancestors have informed us, that the fatal waste of fortune is by small expenses, by the profusion of sums, too little singly to alarm our caution, and which we never suffer ourselves to consider together. Of the same kind is the prodigality of life: he that hopes to look back hereafter with satisfaction upon past years, must learn to know the present value of single minutes, and endeavour to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground.

13. *Art of Happiness.*

One of the great arts of escaping superfluous uneasiness, is, to free our minds from the habits of comparing our condition with that of others on whom the blessings of life are more bountifully bestowed, or with imaginary states of delight and security, perhaps unattainable by mortals. Few are placed in a situation so gloomy and distressful, as not to see every day beings yet more forlorn

lorn and miserable, from whom they may learn to rejoice in their own lot.

14. *Riches no equivalent for Virtue or Peace of Mind.*

WHOEVER shall look heedfully upon those who are eminent for their riches, will not think their condition such, as that he should hazard his quiet, much less his virtue, to obtain them: for all that great wealth generally gives above a moderate fortune, is more room for the freaks of caprice, and more privilege for ignorance and vice; a quicker succession of flatteries, and a larger circle of voluptuousness.

15. *Forgivenness of Injuries recommended.*

A WISE man will make haste to forgive, because he knows the true value of time, and will not suffer it to pass away in unnecessary pain. He that willingly suffers the corrosions of inveterate hatred, and gives up his days and nights to the gloom of malice and perturbations of stratagem, cannot surely be said to consult his ease. The man who retires to meditate mischief, and to exasperate his own rage, whose thoughts are employed only on means of distress, and contrivances of ruin; whose mind never pauses from the remembrance of his own sufferings, but to indulge some hope of enjoying the calamities of another—may justly be numbered among the most miserable of human beings; among those who are guilty without reward; who have neither the gladness of prosperity, nor the calm of innocence.

16. *Address to Health.*

HEALTH, most venerable of the powers of Heaven! with thee may the remaining part of my life be passed, nor do thou refuse to bless me with thy residence: for, whatever there is of beauty or of pleasure in wealth, in descendants, or in sovereign command, the highest summit of human enjoyment, or in those objects of desire which we endeavour to chase in the toils of love; whatever delight, or whatever solace is granted by the celestials

celestials to soften our fatigues—in thy presence, thou Parent of happiness! all those joys spread out and flourish; in thy presence blooms the spring of pleasure; and, without thee, no man is happy.

III. From SHAKESPEARE.

1. *Honour ought to be conferred on Merit only.*

——————WHO shall go about
To cozen Fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit! Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly; that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many, then, should cover that stand bare!
How many be commanded, that command!

Merch. of Venice.

2. *Portia's Picture.*

WHAT find I here?
Fair Portia's counterfeit?—What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move those eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips
Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends!—Here, in her hairs,
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh t'intrap the hearts of men
Faster than gnats in cobwebs. But her eyes!
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfinish'd. *Merch. of Venice.*

3. *In Praise of Mercy.*

THE quality of mercy is not strain'd:
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heav'n
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd;

It

It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.
His sceptre shows the force of temporal pow'r,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings.
But mercy is above the scepter'd sway:
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings:
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. *Merch. of Venice.*

4. *The deceit of Ornament or Appearance.*

THE world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned errour, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk!
So are those crisped, snaky, golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the gilded shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,

The

The seeming truth which cunning time puts on
To entrap the wisest. *Merch. of Venice.*

5. *Hamlet on his Father's Picture.*

SEE what a grace was seated on this brow!
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man. *Hamlet.*

6. *A Father's Advice to his Son going to Travel.*

———GIVE hasty thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast and their adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear't, that the oppos'd may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This, above all,—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man. *Hamlet.*

7. *Youth cautioned against indulging in Pleasure.*

BE heedful, youth, and see you stop betimes;
Lest that thy rash ungovernable passions,
O'erleaping duty, and each due regard,

Hurry thee on, through short-liv'd dear-bought pleasures,
To careless woes and lasting penitence. *Rom. & Juliet.*

8. *Description of an Apothecary and his Shop.*

I DO remember an apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples. Meagre were his looks:
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And, in his needy shop, a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and, about his shelves,
A beggarly account of empty boxes;
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scattered to make up a show.
Rom. & Juliet.

9. *Concealed Love.*

———SHE never told her love;
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. *Twelfth Night.*

10. *A Gallant Warriour.*

I SAW young Harry with his beaver up,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury;
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.
1st Henry IV.

11. *Prince Henry's Speech on the Death of Hotspur.*

———PERCY—fare the well:
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,

A kingdom for it was too small a bound:
But now—two paces of the vilest earth
Are room enough. This earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so brave a gentleman.—
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven:
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph. *1st Henry IV.*

12. *Complaint of unkindness in a Friend.*

Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sister-vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us; O! and is all forgot?
All school-days friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Created with our needles both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion;
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together;
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition.
And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
And join with men in scorning your poor friend?
Mid. Night's Dream.

13. *Great Men's Abuse of Power.*

Could great men thunder,
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting, petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder;
Nothing but thunder.—Merciful heaven!
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle! O, but man, proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority,
(Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence) like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven
As makes the angels weep. *Meas. for Measure.*

14. *Marullus reproving the Plebeians for rejoicing on account of Caesar.*

WHEREFORE rejoice?—what conquests brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive-bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts! you cruel men of Rome!
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time, and oft,
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms; and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And do you now put on your best attire,
And do you now cull out an holiday,
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood!
Begone——
Run to your houses; fall upon your knees;
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague,
That needs must light on this ingratitude. *Jul. Caesar.*

15. *Solitude preferred to a Court Life; and the Advantages of Adversity.*

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The season's difference; as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
'This is no flattery; these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.'—
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,

Finds

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

As You Like It.

IV. From Thomson.

1. *The Rural Seat.*

Should I my steps turn to the rural seat,
Whose lofty elms, and venerable oaks,
Invite the rook, who, high amid the boughs,
In early spring, his airy city builds,
And ceaseless caws amusive; there, well pleas'd,
I might the various polity survey
Of the mix'd household kind. The careful hen
Calls all her chirping family around,
Fed and defended by the fearless cock;
Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks,
Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,
The finely-checker'd duck, before her train,
Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing swan
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale;
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,
Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
Loud-threatening, reddens; while the peacock spreads
His every-coloured glory to the sun,
And swims in radiant majesty along.
O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove
Flies thick in amorous chace, and wanton rolls
The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.

2. *Other Rural Objects.*

Home, from his morning task, the swain retreats;
His flock before him stepping to the fold:
While the full-udder'd mother lows around
The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,
The food of innocence and health! The daw,
The rook, and magpie, to the gray-grown oaks,
That the calm village in their verdant arms,
Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy flight;

Where, on the mingling boughs, they sit embower'd,
All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.
Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene;
And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,
The house-dog, with the vacant grey-hound lies,
Out-stretch'd, and sleepy. In his slumbers, one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale; till, waken'd by the wasp,
They starting snap.

3. *Amanda invited to a Morning Walk.*

Come then, ye virgins, and ye youths, whose hearts
Have felt the raptures of refining love;
And thou, *Amanda*, come; pride of my song!
Form'd by the graces, loveliness itself!
Come, with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,
Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,
Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,
Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart:
O come!—and, while the rosy-footed May
Steals blushing on, together let us tread
The morning-dews, and gather in their prime
Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,
And thy lov'd bosom that improves their sweets.

4. *A Fall of Water.*

Smooth, to the shelving brink, a copious flood
Rolls fair and placid; where, collected all,
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad;
Then, whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
And from the loud-resounding rocks below
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose:
But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
Aslant the hollow'd channel rapid darts;
And, falling fast from gradual slope to slope,

With

With wild infracted course, and lessen'd roar,
It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last,
Along the mazes of the quite vale.

5. *Effects of Industry.*

THEN Commerce brought into the public walk
The busy merchant; the big warehouse built;
Rais'd the strong crane; choak'd up the loaded street
With foreign plenty; and thy stream, O Thames,
Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods!
Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts
Shot up their spires; the bellying sheet between
Possess'd the breezy void; the sooty hulk
Steer'd sluggish on; the splendid barge along
Rowed, regular, to harmony; around,
The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings;
While deep, the various voice of fervent toil
From bank to bank increas'd; whence, ribb'd with oak,
To bear the British thunder, black and bold,
The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

6. *British Beauty.*

MAY my song soften, as thy daughters I,
Britannia, hail! for beauty is their own,
The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
And elegance, and taste; the faultless form,
Shap'd by the hand of harmony; the cheek,
Where the live crimson, thro' the native white
Soft shooting, o'er the face diffusses bloom,
And every nameless grace; the parted lip,
Like the red rose-bud moist with morning dew,
Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast;
The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
And by the soul inform'd, when, drest in love,
She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.

7. *Swimming.*

7. *Swimming.*

CHEER'D by the milder beam, the sprightly youth
Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth
A sandy bottom shews. A while he stands
Gazing the inverted landscape, half afraid
To meditate the blue profound below;
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
His ebon tresses, and his rosy cheek,
Instant emerge; and, thro' the obedient wave,
At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,
With arms and legs according well, he makes,
As humour leads, an easy winding path;
While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light
Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round.

8. *Winter.*

SEE, Winter comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad; with all his rising train,
Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms. Be these my theme,
These, that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms!
Congenial horrours, hail! With frequent foot,
Pleas'd have I, in my cheerful morn of life,
When, nurs'd by careless solitude, I liv'd,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough domain;
Trode the pure virgin snows, myself as pure;
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;
Or seen the deep-fermenting tempest brew'd
In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,
Till, thro' the lucid chambers of the south,
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out, and smil'd.

9. *A Prayer.*

FATHER of light and life! Thou Good supreme!
O teach me what is good! teach me Thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul

With

With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

V. From Milton.

1. *Description of Satan.*

———He, above the rest
In shape and gesture, proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower: his form had not yet lost
All her original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than archangel ruin'd, and the excess
Of glory obscur'd.—As when the sun, new ris'n,
Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams; or, from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs; darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all the archangel. But his face
Deep scars of thunder had entrench'd, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride,
Waiting revenge.

2. *Paradise.*

So on he fares; and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now near, crowns with her inclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champaign head
Of a steep wilderness; whose sides,
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access deny'd; and, over-head, up grew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene! and, as the ranks ascend,
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verdurous wall of paradise up sprung;
Which, to our general sire, gave prospect large
Into his nether empire, neighb'ring round:

And,

And, higher than that wall, a circling row
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colours mix'd;
On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams,
Than in fair evening cloud or humid bow,
When God hath shower'd the earth; so lovely seem'd
That landscape! and, of pure, now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair: now, gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
These balmy spoils.

3. *Evening in Paradise.*

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad.
Silence accompanied: for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk; all but the wakeful nightingale:
She, all night long, her amorous descant sung:
Silence was pleas'd.—Now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest; till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And, o'er the dark, her silver mantle threw.

4. *The Bower of Paradise.*

Thus talking, hand in hand they pass'd
On to their blissful bower. It was a place
Chos'n by the sov'reign Planter, when he fram'd
All things to man's delightful use. The roof
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf: on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,
Fenc'd up the verdant wall: each beauteous flow'r,
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,

Rear'd

Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought
Mosaic: under foot, the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground; more colour'd than with stone
Of costliest emblem. Other creature here,
Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none;
Such was their awe of man!

5. *Adam's account of Himself on his Creation.*

STRAIGHT toward heaven my wondering eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd a while the ample sky; till, rais'd
By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet. About me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams; by these,
Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling: all things smil'd,
With fragrance; and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.
Myself I then perus'd, and limb by limb
Survey'd; and sometimes went, and sometimes ran,
With supple joints, as lively vigour led:
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
Knew not. To speak I try'd, and forthwith spake:
My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
Whate'er I saw. Thou sun, said I, fair light;
And thou enlighten'd earth, so fresh and gay;
Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
And ye that live and move; fair creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?
Not of myself: by some great Maker then,
In goodness and in power pre-eminent.
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,
From whom I have, that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know.

6. *His Description of Eve.*

UNDER his forming hands a creature grew,
Man like, but different sex; so lovely fair,
That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
Mean,

Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,
And in her looks; which from that time infus'd
Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,
And into all things from her air inspir'd
The spirit of love and amorous delight.
Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.

VI. From various Authors.

1. *Good Humour.*

O, blest with temper! whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day:
She who can love a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most when she obeys. *Pope.*

2. *Filial Affection.*

Me, let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing age;
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death;
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep a while one parent from the sky. *Pope.*

3. *Description of Man.*

Know thou thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is Man.
Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a god or beast;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer,
Born but to die, and reasoning but to err;

Chaos

Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd;
Still by himself abus'd, or disabus'd;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless errour hurl'd;
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world! *Pope.*

4. *The Lady at her Toilet.*

And, now, unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears:
To that she bends, to that her eye she rears.
The inferiour priestess, at the altar's side,
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear:
From each, she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise, here, and elephant, unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair, each moment, rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face. *Pope.*

5. *On the Love of Praise.*

The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns more or less, and glows, in every heart.
The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The modest shun it, but to make it sure.
O'er globes and sceptres, now on thrones it swells;
Now, trims the midnight lamp in college cells;
'Tis tory, whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
Harangues in senates, squeaks in masquerades:

It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead:
Nor ends with life; but nods in sable plumes,
Adorns our hearse, and flatters on our tombs. *Young.*

6. *Sleep.*

Tir'd Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes:
Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsully'd with a tear. *Young.*

7. *Folly of trusting to Futurity.*

In human hearts what bolder thought can rise
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?
Where is to-morrow? in another world.
For numbers this is certain; the reverse
Is sure to none: and yet, on this Perhaps,
This Peradventure, infamous for lies,
As on a rock of adamant, we build
Our mountain-hopes; spin out eternal schemes,
And, big with life's futurities, expire. *Young.*

8. *Rational Pleasure.*

Pleasure, we all agree, is man's chief good;
Our only contest, what deserves the name.
Give pleasure's name to nought, but what hath pass'd
The authentic seal of reason, and defies
The tooth of time; when past, a pleasure still;
Dearer on trial, lovelier for its age,
And doubly to be priz'd, as it promotes
Our future, while it forms our present joy. *Young.*

9. *Procrastination.*

At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty, chides his infamous delay;
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought,
Resolves, and re-resolves—then dies the same! *Young.*

10. *On*

10. *On the Art of Printing.*

How shall I speak thee, or thy power address,
Thou god of our idolatry, the press?
By thee, religion, liberty, and laws,
Exert their influence, and advance their cause;
By thee, worse plagues than Pharaoh's land befel,
Diffused, make earth the vestibule of hell:
Thou fountain, at which drink the good and wise;
Thou ever-bubbling spring of endless lies:
Like Eden's dread probationary tree,
Knowledge of good and evil is from thee. *Cowper.*

11. *Address to Liberty.*

O! COULD I worship aught beneath the skies,
That earth hath seen or fancy can devise,
Thine altar, sacred Liberty, should stand,
Built by no mercenary vulgar hand,
With fragrant turf, and flowers as wild and fair
As ever dress'd a bank, or scented summer air.
Duly, as ever on the mountain's height
The peep of morning shed a dawning light;
Again, when evening, in her sober vest,
Drew the gray curtain of the fading west;
My soul should yield thee willing thanks and praise
For the chief blessings of my fairest days:
But that were sacrilege;—praise is not thine,
But His who gave thee, and preserves thee mine.
Cowper.

12. *Description of a good Preacher.*

WOULD I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,
Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
His master-strokes, and draw from his design.
I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain;
And plain in manner: decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture: much impress'd
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,

And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men. *Cowper.*

13. *The Happy and Innocent Abode.*

ETERNAL blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend.
Bless'd be that spot, where cheerful guests retire,
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Bless'd that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair:
Bless'd be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good. *Goldsmith.*

14. *Retirement.*

O, BLEST retirement! friend to life's decline!
Retreats from care—that never must be mine!
How bless'd is he, who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour, with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly.
For him, no wretches born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands, in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from his gate:
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave, with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightning to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.
Goldsmith.

15. *Sense and Virtue.*

TIS not for mortals always to be blest:
But him the least the dull or painful hours

Of

Of life oppress, whom sober sense conducts,
And virtue, through this labyrinth we tread.
Virtue and sense I mean not to disjoin:
Virtue and sense are one; and trust me, he
Who has not virtue, is not truly wise.
To noblest uses this determines wealth.
This is the solid pomp of prosperous days;
The peace and shelter of adversity:
And, if you pant for glory, build your fame
On this foundation; which the secret shock
Defies of envy and all-sapping-time.
The gaudy gloss of Fortune only strikes
The vulgar eye: the suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind. *Armstrong.*

16. *Resistless force of Time.*

WHAT does not fade? The tower that long had stood
The crash of thunder and the warring winds,
Shook by the slow but sure destroyer Time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base;
And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass,
Descend: the Babylonian spires are sunk:
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt, moulder down.
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones;
And tottering empires rush by their own weight.
This huge rotundity we tread grows old;
And all those worlds that roll around the sun:
The sun himself shall die; and ancient night
Again involve the desolate abyss:
Till the great FATHER, through the lifeless gloom,
Extend his arm to light another sun,
And bid new planets roll by other laws. *Armstrong.*

17. *Venus.*

THUS having said, she turn'd, and made appear,
Her neck refulgent, and dishevell'd hair,
Which, flowing from her shoulders, reach'd the ground,
And widely spread ambrosial scents around:

In length of train descends her sweeping gown;
And by her graceful walk the Queen of Love is known.
Virgil.

18. *Jupiter.*

He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows,
Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god:
High heaven, with trembling, the dread signal took,
And all Olympus to the centre shook. *Homer.*

19. *A Simile.*

As from some mountain's craggy forehead torn,
A rock's round fragment flies, with fury borne,
From steep to steep the rolling ruin bounds,
At every shock the crackling wood resounds;
Still gathering force, it smokes, and, urg'd amain,
Whirls, leaps, and thunders down impetuous to the plain;
There stops—so Hector. Their whole force he prov'd:
Resistless when he rag'd; and, when he stopp'd, unmov'd. *Homer.*

20. *Paris challenging the Grecians.*

Now front to front the hostile armies stand,
Eager of fight, impatient of command;
When to the van, before the sons of fame,
Whom Troy sent forth, the beauteous Paris came;
In form a god! the panther's speckled hide
Flow'd o'er his armour with an easy pride.
His bended bow across his shoulders flung;
His sword beside him negligently hung:
Two pointed spears he shook with gallant grace,
And dar'd the bravest of the Grecian race. *Homer.*

21. *Description of a Moon-light Night.*

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night!
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,

And

And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,
O'er the dark trees a yellow verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light. *Homer.*

22. *Sublime Description.*

Then Jove, from Ida's top, his horrours spreads;
The clouds burst dreadful o'er the Grecian heads:
Thick lightnings flash; the muttering thunder rolls;
Their strength he withers, and unmans their souls:
Before his wrath the trembling hosts retire,
The god in terrours, and the skies on fire. *Homer.*

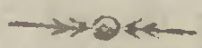
PART

PART II.

PIECES OF CONSIDERABLE LENGTH.

SECTION I.

PIECES IN PROSE.



ON ORATORY.

How much stress was laid upon pronunciation, or delivery, by the most eloquent of all orators, Demosthenes, appears from a noted saying of his, related both by Cicero and Quinctilian; when being asked, what was the first point in oratory? he answered, Delivery: and being asked, what was the second? and afterwards, what was the third? he still answered, Delivery. It is no wonder that he should have rated this so highly, and that, for improving himself in it, he should have employed those assiduous and painful labours, which all the ancients take so much notice of. To superficial thinkers, the management of the voice and gesture, in public speaking, may appear to relate to decoration only, and to be one of the inferiour arts of catching an audience. But this is far from being the case. It is intimately connected with what is, or ought to be, the end of

of all public speaking, Persuasion; and therefore deserves the study of the most grave and serious speakers, as much as of those, whose only aim it is to please.

For, let it be considered, whenever we address ourselves to others by words, our intention certainly is to make some impression on those to whom we speak; it is to convey to them our own ideas and emotions. Now, the tone of our voice, our looks, and gestures, interpret our ideas and emotions no less than words do; nay, the impression they make on others, is frequently much stronger than any that words can make. We often see that an expressive look, or a passionate cry, unaccompanied by words, conveys to others more forcible ideas, and rouses within them stronger passions than can be communicated by the most eloquent discourse. The signification of our sentiments, made by tones and gestures, has this advantage above that made by words, that it is the language of nature. It is that method of interpreting our mind, which nature has dictated to all, and which is understood by all; whereas, words are only arbitrary, conventional symbols of our ideas; and, by consequence, must make a more feeble impression. So true is this, that to render words fully significant, they must, almost in every case, receive some aid from the manner of Pronunciation and Delivery; and he, who, in speaking, should employ bare words, without enforing them by proper tones and emphasis, would leave us with a faint and indistinct impression, often with a doubtful and ambiguous conception of what he had delivered. Nay, so close is the connection between certain sentiments and the proper manner of pronouncing them, that he who does not pronounce them after that manner, can never persuade us, that he believes, or feels, the sentiments themselves. His delivery may be such, as to give the lie to all that he asserts. In Shakespeare's Richard II, the Dutchess of York thus impeaches the sincerity of her husband:

Pleads he in earnest?—Look upon his face:
His eyes do drop no tears; his prayers are jest:

His

His words come from his mouth: ours, from our breast:
He prays but faintly, and would be denied;
We pray with heart and soul.

To be an eloquent speaker, in the proper sense of the word, is far from being either a common or an easy attainment. True eloquence is a great exertion of the human powers. It is the art of being persuasive and commanding; the art, not of pleasing the fancy merely, but of speaking both to the understanding and to the heart: of interesting the hearers in such a degree, as to seize and carry them along with us; and to leave them with a deep and strong impression of what they have heard. How many talents, natural and acquired, must concur in carrying this to perfection! A strong, lively, and warm imagination; quick sensibility of heart, joined with solid judgment, good sense, and presence of mind; all improved by great and long attention to style and composition; and supported also by the exterior, yet important qualifications, of a graceful manner, a presence not ungainly, and a full and tuneable voice. How little reason to wonder, that a perfect and accomplished orator should be one of the characters that is most rarely to be found!

Let us not despair, however. Between mediocrity and perfection there is a very wide interval. There are many intermediate spaces, which may be filled up with honour; and the more rare and difficult that complete perfection is, the greater is the honour of approaching to it, though we do not fully attain it. The number of orators who stand in the highest class, is perhaps smaller than the number of poets who are foremost in poetic fame; but the study of oratory has this advantage above that of poetry, that, in poetry, one must be an eminently good performer, or he is not supportable. In eloquence this does not hold. There one may possess a moderate station with dignity. Eloquence admits of a great many different forms; plain and simple, as well as high and pathetic: and a genius that cannot reach the latter, may shine with much reputation and usefulness in the former.

Whether

Whether nature or art contribute most to form an orator, is a trifling inquiry. In all attainments whatever, nature must be the prime agent. She must bestow the original talents. She must sow the seeds; but culture is requisite for bringing those seeds to perfection. Nature must always have done somewhat; but a great deal will always be left to be done by art. This is certain, that study and discipline are more necessary for the improvement of natural genius in oratory, than they are in poetry. What I mean is, that though poetry be capable of receiving assistance from critical art, yet a poet, without any aid from art, by the force of genius alone, can rise higher than a public speaker can do, who has never given attention to the rules of style, composition, and delivery. Homer formed himself; Demosthenes and Cicero were formed by the help of much labour, and of many assistances derived from the labour of others. *Blair.*

II. IMPORTANCE OF VIRTUE.

VIRTUE is of intrinsic value and good desert, and of indispensable obligation; not the creature of will, but necessary and immutable; not local or temporary, but of equal extent and antiquity with the Divine mind; not a mode of sensation, but everlasting truth; not dependent on power, but the guide of all power. Virtue is the foundation of honour and esteem, and the source of all beauty, order, and happiness in nature. It is what confers value on all the other endowments and qualities of a reasonable being, to which they ought to be absolutely subservient, and without which the more eminent they are, the more hideous deformities and the greater curses they become.

The use of it is not confined to any one stage of our existence, or to any particular situation we can be in, but reaches through all the periods and circumstances of our being. Many of the endowments and talents we now possess and of which we are too apt to be proud, will cease entirely with the present state; but this will be our ornament and dignity, in every future state to which

which we may be removed. Beauty and wit will die, learning will vanish away, and all the arts of life be soon forgot; but virtue will remain for ever. This unites us to the whole rational creation; and fits us for conversing with any order of superiour natures, and for a place in any part of God's works. It procures us the approbation and love of all wise and good beings, and renders them our allies and friends. But what is of unspeakably greater consequence is, that it makes God our friend, assimilates and unites our minds to Him, and engages his almighty power in our defence. Superiour beings of all ranks are bound by it no less than ourselves. It has the same authority in all worlds that it has in this. The farther any being is advanced in excellence and perfection, the greater is his attachment to it, and the more is he under its influence.—To say no more, it is the law of the whole universe; it stands first in the estimation of the Deity; its original is his nature, and it is the very object that makes Him lovely.

Such is the importance of virtue.—Of what consequence, therefore, is it that we practise it! There is no argument or motive in any respect fitted to influence a reasonable mind, which does not call us to this. One virtuous disposition of soul is preferable to the greatest natural accomplishments and abilities, and of more value than all the treasures of the world. If you are wise, then, study virtue, and contemn every thing that can come in competition with it. Remember, that nothing else deserves one anxious thought or wish. Remember, that this alone is honour, glory, wealth, and happiness. Secure this, and you secure every thing. Lose this, and all is lost. *Price.*

III. DISCOVERY OF AMERICA, BY COLUMBUS, A NATIVE OF GENOA, IN THE SERVICE OF SPAIN.

On Friday, the third day of August, in the year one thousand four hundred and ninety-two, Columbus set sail, a little before sun-rise, in presence of a vast crowd of spectators, who sent up their supplications to Heaven for the prosperous issue of the voyage, which they wished,

ed, rather than expected. His squadron, if it merit that name, consisted of no more than three small vessels, having on board ninety men, mostly sailors, together with a few adventurers, who followed the fortune of Columbus, and some gentlemen of the Spanish court, whom the queen appointed to accompany him. He steered directly for the Canary islands; from which, after refitting his ships and supplying himself with fresh provisions, he took his departure on the sixth day of September.

Here the voyage of discovery may properly be said to begin; for Columbus, holding his course due west, left immediately the usual tract of navigation, and stretched into unfrequented and unknown seas. The first day, as it was very calm, he made but little way; but, on the second, he lost sight of the Canaries; and many of the sailors, already dejected and dismayed, when they contemplated the boldness of the undertaking, began to beat their breasts, and to shed tears, as if they were never more to behold land. Columbus comforted them with assurances of success, and the prospect of vast wealth, in those opulent regions whither he was conducting them. This early discovery of the spirit of his followers, taught Columbus, that he must prepare to struggle not only with the unavoidable difficulties which might be expected from the nature of his undertaking, but with such as were likely to arise from the ignorance and timidity of the people under his command; and he perceived that the art of governing the minds of men would be no less requisite for accomplishing the discoveries which he had in view, than naval skill and an enterprising courage. Happily for himself, and for the country by which he was employed, he joined to the ardent temper and inventive genius of a projector, virtues of another species, which are rarely united with them. He possessed a thorough knowledge of mankind, an insinuating address, a patient perseverance in executing any plan, the perfect government of his own passions, and the talent of acquiring the direction of those of other men. All these qualities, which formed him for com-

mand, were accompanied with that superiour knowledge of his profession which begets confidence in times of difficulty and danger.

After a voyage of four weeks, during which Columbus found it extremely difficult to restrain the mutinous disposition of his men, the presages of discovering land became so numerous and promising, that he deemed them infallible. For some days the sounding line reached the bottom, and the soil which it brought up indicated land to be at no great distance. The flocks of birds increased, and were composed not only of seafowl, but of such land-birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the shore. The crew of the Pinta observed a cane floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber artificially carved. The sailors aboard the Nigna took up the branch of a tree with red berries, perfectly fresh. The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance; the air was more mild and warm; and, during night, the wind became unequal and variable. From all these symptoms, Columbus was so confident of being near land, that, on the evening of the eleventh of October, after public prayers for success, he ordered the sails to be furled, and strict watch to be kept, lest the ships should be driven ashore in the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation, no man shut his eyes; all kept upon deck, gazing intently towards that quarter where they expected to discover the land, which had been so long the object of their wishes.

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the forecastle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to two of his people. All three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place. A little after midnight, the joyful sound of *land, land*, was heard from the Pinta. But, having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, they were now become slow of belief, and waited, in all the anguish of uncertainty and impatience, for the return of day. As soon as morning dawned, their doubts and fears were dispelled; they beheld an island about two leagues to the north,

north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented to them the aspect of a delightful country. The crew of the Pinta instantly began the *Te Deum*, as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships, with tears of joy, and transports of congratulation. This office of gratitude to Heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to the other, they now pronounced the man, whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conceptions of all former ages.

As soon as the sun arose, all the boats were manned and armed. They rowed towards the island with their colours displayed, warlike music, and other martial pomp; and, as they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, and whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view. Columbus was the first European who set foot in the New World which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and, kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. They next erected a crucifix, and, prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue. They then took solemn possession of the country for the Crown of Castile and Leon, with all the formalities which the Portuguese were accustomed to observe in acts of this kind in their new discoveries.

The Spaniards, while thus employed, were surrounded by many of the natives, who gazed, in silent admiration, upon actions which they could not comprehend, and of which they did not foresee the consequences. The dress of the Spaniards, the whiteness of their skins, their beards, their arms, appeared strange and surprising. The vast machines in which they had traversed the ocean, that seemed to move upon the water with wings, and uttered a dreadful sound resembling thunder, accompanied with lightning and smoke, struck them with such terrour, that they began to respect their new guests as a superiour order of beings, and concluded that they were children of the sun, who had descended to visit the earth.

The Europeans were hardly less amazed at the scene now before them. Every herb, and shrub, and tree, was different from those which flourished in Europe. The soil seemed to be rich, but bore few marks of cultivation. The climate, even to Spaniards, felt warm, though extremely delightful. The inhabitants appeared in the simple innocence of nature, entirely naked. Their black hair, long and uncurled, floated upon their shoulders, or was bound in tresses around their heads. They had no beards, and every part of their bodies was perfectly smooth. Their complexion was of a dusky copper colour; their features singular, rather than disagreeable; their aspect gentle and timid. Though not tall, they were well-shaped and active. Their faces and other parts of their body, were fantastically painted with glaring colours. They were shy at first, through fear, but soon became familiar with the Spaniards, and, with transports of joy, received from them hawks' bells, glass beads, and other baubles; in return for which, they gave such provisions as they had, and some cotton yarn, the only commodity of value which they could produce. Towards evening, Columbus returned to his ships, accompanied by many of the islanders in their boats, which they called *canoes*: and, though rudely formed out of the trunk of a single tree, they rowed them with surprising dexterity.—Thus, in the first interview between the

the inhabitants of the Old and the New Worlds, every thing was conducted amicably, and to their mutual satisfaction. The former, enlightened and ambitious, formed already vast ideas with respect to the advantages which they might derive from those regions that began to open to their view. The latter, simple and undiscerning, had no foresight of the calamities and desolation which were now approaching their country.

Robertson.

IV. ARGUMENTS AGAINST ANGER.

THE maxim which Periander of Corinth, one of the seven sages of Greece, left as a memorial of his knowledge and benevolence, was, "Be master of thy anger." He considered anger as the great disturber of human life, the chief enemy both of public happiness and private tranquillity; and thought that he could not lay on posterity a stronger obligation to reverence his memory, than by leaving them a salutary caution against this outrageous passion.

To what latitude Periander might extend the word, the brevity of his precept will scarce allow us to conjecture. From anger, in its full import, protracted into malevolence and exerted in revenge, arise, indeed, many of the evils to which the life of man is exposed. By anger, operating upon power, are produced the subversion of cities, the desolation of countries, the massacre of nations, and all those dreadful and astonishing calamities which fill the histories of the world, and which could not be read at any distant point of time, when the passions stand neutral, and every motive and principle is left to its natural force, without some doubt of the truth of the relation, did we not see the same causes still tending to the same effects, and only acting with less vigour, for want of the same concurrent opportunities.

But this gigantic and enormous species of anger, falls not properly under the animadversion of a writer, whose chief end is the regulation of common life, and whose precepts are to recommend themselves by their general use. Nor is this essay intended to expose the tragical or

fatal effects even of private malignity. The anger which I propose now for my subject, is such as makes those who indulge it more troublesome than formidable, and ranks them rather with hornets and wasps, than with basilisks and lions.

There is in the world a certain class of mortals known, and contentedly known, by the appellation of *passionate men*, who imagine themselves entitled, by that distinction, to be provoked on every slight occasion, and to vent their rage in vehement and fierce vociferations, in furious menaces, and licentious reproaches. Their rage, indeed, for the most part, fumes away in outcries of injury and protestations of vengeance, and seldom proceeds to actual violence, unless a drawer or link-boy fall in their way; but they interrupt the quiet of those that happen to be within the reach of their clamours, obstruct the course of conversation, and disturb the enjoyment of society.

Men of this kind are sometimes not without understanding or virtue, and are, therefore, not always treated with the severity which their neglect of the ease of all about them might justly provoke: they have obtained a kind of prescription for their folly, and are considered by their companions, as under a predominant influence, that leaves them not masters of their conduct or language, as acting without consciousness, and rushing into mischief with a mist before their eyes: they are therefore pitied, rather than censured; and their sallies are passed over as the involuntary blows of a man agitated by the spasms of a convulsion.

It is surely not to be observed, without indignation, that men may be found, of minds mean enough to be satisfied with this treatment; wretches who are proud to obtain the privilege of madmen, and can, without shame, and without regret, consider themselves as receiving hourly pardons from their companions, and giving them continual opportunities of exercising their patience, and boasting of their clemency.

Pride is undoubtedly the original of anger: but pride, like every other passion, if it once break loose from reason,

son, counteracts its own purposes. A passionate man, upon the review of his day, will have very few gratifications to offer to his pride, when he has considered how his outrages were caused, why they were borne, and in what they are likely to end.

Those sudden bursts of rage generally break out upon small occasions; for life, unhappy as it is, cannot supply great evils as frequently as the man of fire thinks it fit to be enraged: therefore, the first reflection upon his violence, must show him that he is mean enough to be driven from his post by every petty incident; that he is the mere slave of casualty; and that his reason and virtue are in the power of the wind.

One motive there is of these loud extravagancies, which a man is careful to conceal from others, and does not always discover to himself. He that finds his knowledge narrow, and his arguments weak, and, by consequence, his suffrage not much regarded, is sometimes in hope of gaining that attention by his clamours, which he cannot otherwise obtain, and is pleased with remembering that at least he made himself be heard; that he had the power to interrupt those whom he could not confute, and suspend the decision which he could not guide.

Of this kind is the fury to which many men give way among their servants and domestics: they feel their own ignorance; they see their own insignificance; and, therefore, they endeavour, by their fury, to frighten away contempt from before them, when they know it must follow them behind, and think themselves eminently masters, when they see one folly tamely complied with, only lest refusal or delay should provoke them to a greater.

These temptations cannot but be owned to have some force. It is so little pleasing to any man to see himself wholly overlooked in the mass of things, that he may be allowed to try a few expedients for procuring some kind of supplemental dignity, and use some endeavour, to add weight, by the violence of his temper, to the lightness of his other powers. But this has now been long practised, and found, upon the most exact estimate, not to produce

duce advantages equal to its inconveniencies; for it does not appear that a man can, by uproar, tumult, and bluster, alter any one's opinion of his understanding, or gain influence, except over those whom fortune or nature have made his dependents. He may, by a steady perseverance in his ferocity, frighten his children and harass his servants, but the rest of the world will look on and laugh; and he will have the comfort at last of thinking that he lives only to raise contempt and hatred, emotions to which wisdom and virtue would be always unwilling to give occasion. He has contrived only to make those fear him, whom every reasonable being is endeavouring to endear by kindness, and must content himself with the pleasure of a triumph obtained by trampling on them who could not resist. He must perceive, that the apprehension which his presence causes, is not the awe of his virtue, but the dread of his brutality; and that he has given up the felicity of being loved, without gaining the honour of being reverenced.

But this is not the only ill consequence of the frequent indulgence of this blustering passion, which a man, by often calling to his assistance, will teach, in a short time, to intrude before the summons, to rush upon him with resistless violence, and without any previous notice of its approach. He will find himself liable to be inflamed at the first touch of provocation, and unable to retain his resentment till he has a full conviction of the offence, to proportion his anger to the cause, or to regulate it by prudence or by duty. When a man has once suffered his mind to be thus vitiated, he becomes one of the most hateful and unhappy beings. He can give no security to himself that he shall not, at the next interview, alienate, by some sudden transport, his dearest friend; or break out upon some slight contradiction, in such terms of rudeness as can never be perfectly forgotten. Whoever converses with him, lives with the suspicion and solicitude of a man that plays with a tame tiger, always under a necessity of watching the moment, in which the capricious savage shall begin to growl.

It

It is told by Prior, in a panegyric on the Duke of Dorset, that his servants used to put themselves in his way when he was angry, because he was sure to recompense them for any indignities which he made them suffer. This is the round of a passionate man's life. He contracts debts when he is furious, which his virtue, if he has virtue, obliges him to discharge at the return of reason. He spends his time in outrage and acknowledgement, injury and reparation. Or, if there be any who hardens himself in oppression, and justifies the wrong because he has done it, his insensibility can make small part of his praise or his happiness; he only adds deliberate to hasty folly, aggravates petulance by contumacy, and destroys the only plea that he can offer for the tenderness and patience of mankind.

Yet, even this degree of depravity we may be content to pity, because it seldom wants a punishment equal to its guilt. Nothing is more despicable, or more miserable, than the old age of a passionate man. When the vigour of youth fails him, and his amusements pall with frequent repetition, his occasional rage sinks, by decay of strength, into peevishness; that peevishness, for want of novelty and variety, becomes habitual; the world falls off from around him, and he is left, as Homer expresses it, 'to devour his own heart in solitude and contempt.'

Johnson.

V. DESCRIPTION OF THE VALE OF KESWICK IN CUMBERLAND.

This delightful vale is thus elegantly described by the late ingenious Dr Brown, in a letter to a friend.

In my way to the north from Hagley, I passed through Dovedale; and, to say the truth, was disappointed in it. When I came to Buxton, I visited another or two of their romantic scenes; but these are inferiour to Dovedale. They are all but poor miniatures of Keswick; which exceeds them more in grandeur than you can imagine; and more, if possible, in beauty than in grandeur.

Instead

Instead of the narrow slip of valley which is seen at Dovedale, you have at Keswick a vast amphitheatre, in circumference about twenty miles. Instead of a meagre rivulet, a noble living lake, ten miles round, of an oblong form, adorned with a variety of wooded islands. The rocks indeed of Dovedale are finely wild, pointed, and irregular; but the hills are both little and unanimated; and the margin of the brook is poorly edged with weeds, morass, and brushwood. But at Keswick, you will, on one side of the lake, see a rich and beautiful landscape of cultivated fields, rising to the eye in fine inequalities, with noble groves of oak, happily dispersed, and climbing the adjacent hills, shade above shade, in the most various and picturesque forms. On the opposite shore, you will find rocks and cliffs of stupendous height, hanging broken over the lake in horrible grandeur; some of them a thousand feet high, the woods climbing up their steep and shaggy sides, where mortal foot never yet approached. On these dreadful heights the eagles build their nests: a variety of water-falls are seen pouring from their summits, and tumbling in vast sheets from rock to rock in rude and terrible magnificence; while, on all sides of this immense amphitheatre, the lofty mountains rise round, piercing the clouds in shapes as spiry and fantastic as the very rocks of Dovedale. To this I must add the frequent and bold projection of the cliffs into the lake, forming noble bays and promontories: in other parts, they finely retire from it, and often open in abrupt chasms or clefts, through which at hand you see rich and uncultivated vales; and beyond these, at various distance, mountain rising over mountain; among which, new prospects present themselves in mist, till the eye is lost in an agreeable perplexity——

> Where active fancy travels beyond sense,
> And pictures things unseen.——

Were I to analyze the two places into their constituent principles, I should tell you, that the full perfection of Keswick consists of three circumstances; beauty, horrour,

rour, and immensity, united; the second of which alone is found in Dovedale. Of beauty it hath little, nature having left it almost a desert: neither its small extent, nor the diminutive and lifeless form of the hills, admit magnificence. But, to give you a complete idea of these three perfections, as they are joined in Keswick, would require the united powers of Claude, Salvator, and Poussin. The first should throw his delicate sunshine over the cultivated vales, the scattered cots, the groves, the lake, and wooded islands. The second should dash out the horrour of the rugged cliffs, the steeps, the hanging woods, and foaming water-falls; while the grand pencil of Poussin should crown the whole, with the majesty of the impending mountains.

So much for what I would call the permanent beauties of this astonishing scene. Were I not afraid of being tiresome, I could now dwell as long on its varying or accidental beauties. I would sail round the lake, anchor in every bay, and land you on every promontory and island. I would point out the perpetual change of prospect; the woods, rocks, cliffs, and mountains, by turns vanishing or rising into view: now gaining on the sight, hanging over our heads in their full dimensions, beautifully dreadful: and now, by a change of situation, assuming new romantic shapes; retiring and lessening on the eye, and insensibly losing themselves in an azure mist. I would remark the contrast of light and shade, produced by the morning and evening sun; the one gilding the western, the other the eastern, side of this immense amphitheatre; while the vast shadow projected by the mountains, buries the opposite part in a deep and purple gloom, which the eye can hardly penetrate. The natural variety of colouring which the several objects produce, is no less wonderful and pleasing: the ruling tincts in the valley being those of azure, green, and gold; yet ever various, arising from an intermixture of the lake, the woods, the grass, and corn-fields: these are finely contrasted by the gray rocks and cliffs; and the whole heightened by the yellow streams of light, the purple hues and misty azure of the mountains. Sometimes

times a serene air and clear sky disclose the tops of the highest hills; at other times, you see the clouds involving their summits, resting on their sides, or descending to their base, and rolling among the valleys, as in a vast furnace. When the winds are high, they roar among the cliffs and caverns like peals of thunder; then too, the clouds are seen in vast bodies sweeping along the hills in gloomy greatness, while the lake joins the tumult, and tosses like a sea. But, in calm weather, the whole scene becomes new: the lake is a perfect mirrour, and the landscape in all its beauty: islands, fields, woods, rocks, and mountains, are seen inverted and floating on its surface. I will now carry you to the top of a cliff, where, if you dare approach the ridge, a new scene of astonishment presents itself; where the valley, lake, and islands, seem lying at your feet; where this expanse of water appears diminished to a little pool, amidst the vast and immeasurable objects that surround it; for here, the summits of more distant hills appear beyond those you have already seen; and, rising behind each other in successive ranges and azure groups of craggy and broken steeps, form an immense and awful picture, which can only be expressed by the image of a tempestuous sea of mountains. Let me now conduct you down again to the valley, and conclude with one circumstance more; which is, that, by still moon-light, (at which time the distant water-falls are heard in all their variety of sound), a walk among these enchanting dales opens such scenes of delicate beauty, repose, and solemnity, as exceed all description.

VI. CHARACTER OF MARY QUEEN OF THE SCOTS.

To all the charms of beauty, and the utmost elegance of external form, Mary added those accomplishments which render their impression irresistible. Polite, affable, insinuating, sprightly, and capable of speaking and of writing with equal ease and dignity. Sudden, however, and violent in all her attachments, because her heart was warm and unsuspicious. Impatient of contradiction, because she had been accustomed from her infancy

fancy to be treated as a queen. No stranger, on some occasions, to dissimulation; which, in that perfidious court where she received her education, was reckoned among the necessary arts of government. Not insensible to flattery, or unconscious of that pleasure with which almost every woman beholds the influence of her own beauty. Formed with the qualities that we love, not with the talents that we admire, she was an agreeable woman, rather than an illustrious queen.

The vivacity of her spirit, not sufficiently tempered with sound judgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not at all times under the restraint of discretion, betrayed her both into errours and into crimes. To say that she was always unfortunate, will not account for that long and almost uninterrupted succession of calamities which befel her: we must likewise add, that she was often imprudent. Her passion for Darnley was rash, youthful, and excessive. And though the sudden transition to the opposite extreme was the natural effect of her ill-requited love, and of his ingratitude, insolence, and brutality; yet neither these, nor Bothwell's artful address and important services, can justify her attachment to that nobleman. Even the manners of the age, licentious as they were, are no apology for this unhappy passion; nor can they induce us to look on that tragical and infamous scene which followed upon it with less abhorrence. Humanity will draw a veil over this part of her character, which it cannot approve; and may perhaps prompt some to impute her actions to her situation, more than to her dispositions; and to lament the unhappiness of the former, rather than accuse the perverseness of the latter. Mary's sufferings exceed, both in degree and in duration, those tragical distresses which fancy has feigned, to excite sorrow and commiseration; and, while we survey them, we are apt altogether to forget her frailties; we think of her faults with less indignation, and approve of our tears, as if they were shed for a person who had attained much nearer to pure virtue.

With regard to the queen's person, a circumstance not to be omitted in writing the history of a female reign,

all contemporary authors agree in ascribing to Mary the utmost beauty of countenance, and elegance of shape, of which the human form is capable. Her hair was black, though, according to the fashion of that age, she frequently wore borrowed locks, and of different colours. Her eyes were a dark grey, her complexion was exquisitely fine, and her hands and arms remarkably delicate both as to shape and colour. Her stature was of an height that rose to the majestic. She danced, she walked, and rode, with equal grace. Her taste for music was just; and she both sung and played upon the lute with uncommon skill. Towards the end of her life, she began to grow fat; and her long confinement, and the coldness of the houses in which she was imprisoned, brought on a rheumatism, which frequently deprived her of the use of her limbs. No man, says Brantome, ever beheld her person without admiration and love, or will read her history without sorrow. *Robertson.*

VII. BATTLE OF HASTINGS, A. D. 1066.

HAROLD hastened, by quick marches, to reach the new invader. But, though he was reinforced at London and other places with fresh troops, he found himself also weakened by the desertion of his old soldiers, who, from fatigue and discontent, secretly withdrew from their colours. His brother Gurth, a man of bravery and conduct, began to entertain apprehensions of the event; and remonstrated with the king, that it would be better policy to prolong the war; at least, to spare his own person in the action. He urged to him, that the desperate situation of the Duke of Normandy made it requisite for that prince to bring matters to a speedy decision, and put his whole fortune on the issue of a battle; but that the king of England, in his own country, beloved by his subjects, provided with every supply, had more certain and less dangerous means of ensuring to himself the victory: that the Norman troops, elated, on the one hand, with the highest hopes, and seeing, on the other, no resource in case of a discomfiture, would fight to the last extremity; and, being the flower of all the warriours of

of the continent, must be regarded as formidable to the English: that, if their first fire, which is always the most dangerous, were allowed to languish for want of action; if they were harassed with small skirmishes, straitened in provisions, and fatigued with the bad weather and deep roads during the winter season, which was approaching, they must fall an easy and a bloodless prey to their enemy: that, if a general action were delayed, the English, sensible of the imminent danger to which their properties as well as liberties were exposed, from those rapacious invaders, would hasten from all quarters to his assistance, and would render his army invincible: that, at least, if he thought it necessary to hazard a battle, he ought not to expose his own person; but reserve, in case of disastrous accidents, some resource to the liberty and independence of the kingdom: and that, having once been so unfortunate as to be constrained to swear, and that upon the holy relics, to support the pretensions of the Duke of Normandy, it were better that the command of the army should be entrusted to another, who, not being bound by those sacred ties, might give the soldiers more assured hopes of a prosperous issue to the combat.

Harold was deaf to all these remonstrances. Elated with his past prosperity, as well as stimulated by his native courage, he resolved to give battle in person; and, for that purpose, he drew near to the Normans, who had removed their camp and fleet to Hastings, where they fixed their quarters. He was so confident of success, that he sent a message to the duke, promising him a sum of money if he would depart the kingdom without effusion of blood. But his offer was rejected with disdain; and William, not to be behind with his enemy in vaunting, sent him a message by some monks, requiring him either to resign the kingdom, or to hold it of him in fealty, or to submit their cause to the arbitration of the pope, or to fight him in single combat. Harold replied, that the God of battles would soon be the arbiter of all their differences.

The English and Normans now prepared themselves for this important decision: but the aspect of things, on the night before the battle, was very different in the two camps. The English spent the time in riot, and jollity, and disorder; the Normans in silence, in prayer, and in the other functions of their religion. On the morning, the duke called together the most considerable of his commanders, and made them a speech suitable to the occasion. He represented to them, that the event, which they and he had long wished for, was approaching; the whole fortune of the war now depended on their swords, and would be decided in a single action; that, never army had greater motives for exerting a vigorous courage, whether they considered the prize which would attend their victory, or the inevitable destruction which must ensue upon their discomfiture: that, if their martial and veteran bands could once break those raw soldiers, who had rashly dared to approach them, they conquered a kingdom at one blow, and were justly entitled to all its possessions as the reward of their prosperous valour: that, on the contrary, if they remitted in the least their wonted prowess, an enraged enemy hung upon their rear, the sea met them in their retreat, and an ignominious death was the certain punishment of their imprudent cowardice: that, by collecting so numerous and brave a host, he had ensured every human means of conquest; and the commander of the enemy, by his criminal conduct, had given him just cause to hope for the favour of the Almighty, in whose hands alone lay the event of wars and battles; and, that a perjured usurper, anathematized by the sovereign pontiff, and conscious of his own breach of faith, would be struck with terror on their appearance, and would prognosticate to himself that fate which his multiplied crimes had so justly merited.—The duke next divided his army into three lines. The first, led by Montgomery, consisted of archers and light-armed infantry; the second, commanded by Martel, was composed of his bravest battalions, heavy armed, and ranged in close order: his cavalry, at whose head he placed himself, formed the third line; and were so disposed, that they

they stretched beyond the infantry, and flanked each wing of the army. He ordered the signal of battle to be given; and the whole army, moving at once, and singing the hymn or song of Roland, the famous peer of Charlemagne, advanced in order, and with alacrity, towards the enemy.

Harold had seized the advantage of a rising ground; and having likewise drawn some trenches to secure his flanks, he resolved to stand upon the defensive, and to avoid all action with the cavalry, in which he was inferiour. The Kentish men were placed in the van; a post which they had always claimed as their due. The Londoners guarded the standard; and the king himself, accompanied by his two valiant brothers, Gurth and Leofwin, dismounting, placed himself at the head of his infantry, and expressed his resolution to conquer, or to perish in the action. The first attack of the Normans was desperate, but was received with equal valour by the English; and, after a furious combat, which remained long undecided, the former, overcome by the difficulty of the ground, and hard pressed by the enemy, began first to relax their vigour, then to retreat; and confusion was spreading among the ranks, when William, who found himself on the brink of destruction, hastened with a select band to the relief of his dismayed forces. His presence restored the action: the English were obliged to retire with loss; and the duke, ordering his second line to advance, renewed the attack with fresh forces, and with redoubled courage. Finding that the enemy, aided by the advantage of ground, and animated by the example of their prince, still made a vigorous resistance, he tried a stratagem, which was very delicate in its management, but which seemed adviseable in his desperate situation, where, if he gained not a decisive victory, he was totally undone: he commanded his troops to make a hasty retreat, and to allure the enemy from their ground by the appearance of flight. The artifice succeeded against those unexperienced soldiers; who, heated by the action, and sanguine in their hopes, precipitately followed the Normans into the plain. William gave or-

ders, that at once the infantry should face about upon their pursuers, and the cavalry make an assault upon their wings, and both of them pursue the advantage, which the surprise and terrour of the enemy must give them in that critical and decisive moment. The English were repulsed with great slaughter, and driven back to the hill; where, being rallied by the bravery of Harold, they were able, notwithstanding their loss, to maintain the post, and continue the combat. The duke tried the same stratagem a second time, with the same success; but, even after this double advantage, he still found a great body of the English, who, maintaining themselves in firm array, seemed determined to dispute the victory to the last extremity. He ordered his heavy-armed infantry to make an assault upon them; while his archers, placed behind, should gall the enemy; who were exposed, by the situation of the ground, and who were intent in defending themselves against the swords and spears of the assailants. By this disposition he at last prevailed. Harold was slain by an arrow, while he was combating with great bravery at the head of his men. His two brothers shared the same fate; and the English, discouraged by the fall of those princes, gave ground on all sides, and were pursued with great slaughter by the victorious Normans. A few troops, however, of the vanquished, had still the courage to turn upon their pursuers; and, attacking them in deep and miry ground, obtained some revenge for the slaughter and dishonour of the day. But the appearance of the duke obliged them to seek their safety by flight; and darkness saved them from any farther pursuit by the enemy.

Thus was gained, by William Duke of Normandy, the great and decisive victory of Hastings, after a battle which was fought from morning till sunset, and which seemed worthy, by the heroic valour displayed by both armies and by both commanders, to decide the fate of a mighty kingdom. William had three horses killed under him; and there fell near fifteen thousand men on the side of the Normans. The loss was still more considerable on that of the vanquished; besides the death of

of the king and his two brothers. The dead body of Harold was brought to William, and was generously restored without ransom to his mother. The Norman army left not the field of battle without giving thanks to Heaven in the most solemn manner, for their victory; and the prince, having refreshed his troops, prepared to push, to the utmost, his advantage against the divided, dismayed, and discomfited English. *Hume.*

VIII. INFLUENCE OF THE IMAGINATION ON HUMAN HAPPINESS.

THE faculty of imagination is the great spring of human activity, and the principal source of human improvement. As it delights in presenting to the mind scenes and characters more perfect than those which we are acquainted with, it prevents us from ever being completely satisfied with our present condition, or with our past attainments, and engages us continually in the pursuit of some untried enjoyment, or of some ideal excellence. Hence the ardour of the selfish to better their fortunes and to add to their personal accomplishments; and hence the zeal of the patriot and the philosopher to advance the virtue and the happiness of the human race. Destroy this faculty, and the condition of man will become as stationary as that of the brutes.

The common bias of the mind undoubtedly is (such is the benevolent appointment of Providence) to think favourably of the future; to overvalue the chances of possible good, and to under-rate the risk of possible evil; and, in the case of some fortunate individuals, this disposition remains after a thousand disappointments. To what this bias of our nature is owing, it is not material for us to inquire: the fact is certain; and it is an important one to our happiness. It supports us under the real distresses of life, and cheers and animates all our labours; and, although it is sometimes apt to produce, in a weak and indolent mind, those deceitful suggestions of ambition and vanity, which lead us to sacrifice the duties and the comforts of the present moment to romantic hopes and expectations; yet, it must be acknowledged, when

when connected with habits of activity and regulated by a solid judgment, to have a favourable effect on the character, by inspiring that ardour and enthusiasm which both prompt to great enterprises, and are necessary to ensure their success.—When such a temper is united (as it commonly is) with pleasing notions concerning the order of the universe, and, in particular, concerning the condition and the prospects of man; it places our happiness, in a great measure, beyond the power of fortune. While it admits of a double relish to every enjoyment, it blunts the edge of all our sufferings; and, even when human life presents to us no object on which our hopes can rest, it invites the imagination beyond the dark and troubled horizon which terminates all our earthly prospects, to wander unconfined in the regions of futurity. A man of benevolence, whose mind is enlarged by philosophy, will indulge the same agreeable anticipations with respect to society; will view all the different improvements in arts, in commerce, and in the sciences, as co-operating to promote the union, the happiness, and the virtue of mankind; and, amidst the political disorders resulting from the prejudices and follies of his own times, will look forward, with transport, to the blessings which are reserved for posterity in a more enlightened age. *Stewart.*

IX. THE POWER OF LOVE; A FRAGMENT.

THE town of Abdera (notwithstanding Democritus lived there, trying all the powers of irony and laughter to reclaim it) was the vilest and most profligate town in all Thrace. What for poisons, conspiracies, and assassinations, libels, pasquinades, and tumults, there was no going there by day—'twas worse by night.

Now, when things were at the worst, it came to pass, that, the Andromeda of Euripides being represented at Abdera, the whole orchestra was delighted with it: but, of all the passages which delighted them, nothing operated more upon their imaginations, than the tender strokes of nature, which the poet had wrought up in that pathetic speech of Perseus, "O, Cupid! prince of gods

gods and men," &c. Every man spoke almost pure iambics the next day, and talked of nothing but Perseus' pathetic address. "O Cupid! prince of gods and men," was heard in every street of Abdera, in every house; "O, Cupid! Cupid!" warbled every mouth, like the natural notes of some sweet melody, which drops from it whether it will or not——nothing but "Cupid! Cupid! prince of gods and men!"——The fire caught; and the whole city, like the heart of one man, opened itself to love.

No pharmacopolist could sell one grain of hellebore—not a single armourer had a heart to forge one instrument of death.——Friendship and virtue met together, and kissed each other in the street.——The golden age returned and hung over the town of Abdera.——Every Abderite took his oaten pipe, and every Abderitish woman left her purple web, and chastely sat her down, and listened to the song.

'Twas only in the power (says the fragment) of the god, whose empire extendeth from heaven to earth, and even to the depths of the sea, to have done this. *Sterne.*

X. LIBERTY AND SLAVERY.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still Slavery! still thou art a bitter draught; and, though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. It is thou, Liberty! thrice sweet and gracious goddess! whom all, in public, or in private, worship; whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till nature herself shall change. No tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron. With thee, to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled.

Pursuing these ideas, I sat down close by my table; and, leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures, born to no inheritance but slavery; but, finding,

ing, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me—I took a single captive; and, having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door, to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement; and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it is which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish. In thirty years, the western breeze had not once fanned his blood—he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice. His children—but here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground, upon a little straw, in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed. A little calender of small sticks was laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there. He had one of these little sticks in his hand; and, with a rusty nail, he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door—then cast it down—shook his head—and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle. He gave a deep sigh.—I saw the iron enter into his soul.—I burst into tears.—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn. *Sterne.*

XI. THE CANT OF CRITICISM.

And how did Garrick speak the soliloquy last night?—Oh, against all rule, my lord; most ungrammatically! Betwixt the substantive and adjective (which should agree together in number, case, and gender) he made a breach thus—stopping as if the point wanted settling. And after the nominative case (which your lordship knows should govern the verb) he suspended his voice, in the epilogue,

epilogue, a dozen times, three seconds and three fifths, by a stop-watch, my lord, each time.—Admirable grammarian!—But, in suspending his voice, was the sense suspended likewise? Did no expression of attitude or countenance fill up the chasm? Was the eye silent? Did you narrowly look?—I looked only at the stop-watch, my lord.—Excellent observer!

And what of this new book the whole world makes such a rout about!—Oh! 'tis out of all plumb, my lord—quite an irregular thing! not one of the angles at the four corners was a right angle.—I had my rule and compasses, my lord, in my pocket.—Excellent critic!

And, for the epic poem your Lordship bade me look at—upon taking the length, breadth, height, and depth of it, and trying them at home upon an exact scale of Bossu's—'tis out, my lord, in every one of its dimensions.—Admirable connoisseur!

And did you step in, to take a look at the grand picture, in your way back?—'Tis a melancholy daub! my lord: not one principle of the pyramid, in any one group!—and what a price!—for there is nothing of the colouring of Titian—the expression of Rubens—the grace of Raphael—the purity of Dominichino—the corregiescity of Corregio—the learning of Poussin—the airs of Guido—the taste of the Carraccis—or the grand contour of Angelo!

Grant me patience!—Of all the cants which are canted, in this canting world—though the cant of hypocrisy may be the worst—the cant of criticism is the most tormenting!——I would go fifty miles on foot to kiss the hand of that man, whose generous heart will give up the reins of his imagination into his author's hands; be pleased, he knows not why, and cares not wherefore. *Sterne.*

XII. ON THE CONTEMPLATION OF DEATH.

It is recorded of some eastern monarch, that he kept an officer in his house, whose employment it was, to remind him of his mortality; by calling out, every morning at a stated hour, *Remember, prince, that thou shalt die.* And the contemplation of the frailness and uncertainty of our

present

present state, appeared of so much importance to Solon of Athens, that he left this precept to future ages; *Keep thine eye fixed upon the end of life.*

A frequent and attentive prospect of that moment, which must put a period to all our schemes, and deprive us of all our acquisitions, is, indeed, of the utmost efficacy to the just and rational regulation of our lives; nor would ever any thing wicked, or often any thing absurd, be undertaken or prosecuted by him, who should begin every day with a serious reflection, that he is born to die.

The disturbers of our happiness in this world, are, our desires, our griefs, and our fears; and to all these, the consideration of mortality is a certain and adequate remedy. Think, says Epictetus, frequently on poverty, banishment, and death; and thou wilt then, never indulge violent desires, or give up thy heart to mean sentiments.

That the maxim of Epictetus is founded on just observation, will easily be granted, when we reflect, how that vehemence of eagerness after the common objects of pursuit is kindled in our minds. We represent to ourselves the pleasures of some future possession, and suffer our thoughts to dwell attentively upon it, till it has wholly engrossed the imagination, and permits us not to conceive any happiness but its attainment, or any misery but its loss; every other satisfaction which the bounty of Providence has scattered over life, is neglected as inconsiderable, in comparison of the great object which we have placed before us, and is thrown from us as incumbering our activity, or trampled under foot as standing in our way.

Every man has experienced how much of this ardour has been remitted when a sharp or tedious sickness has set death before his eyes. The extensive influence of greatness, the glitter of wealth, the praises of admirers, and the attendance of supplicants, have appeared vain and empty things, when the last hour seemed to be approaching; and the same appearance they would always have, if the same thoughts were always predominant.

We

We should then find the absurdity of stretching out our arms incessantly to grasp that which we cannot keep, and wearing out our lives in endeavours to add new turrets to the fabric of ambition, when the foundation itself is shaking, and the ground on which it stands is mouldering away.

All envy is proportionate to desire; we are uneasy at the attainments of another, according as we think our own happiness would be advanced by the addition of that which he with-holds from us; and, therefore, whatever depresses immoderate wishes, will, at the same time, set the heart free from the corrosion of envy, and exempt us from that vice, which is, above most others, tormenting to ourselves, hateful to the world, and productive of mean artifices and sordid projects. He that considers how soon he must close his life, will find nothing of so much importance, as to close it well; and will, therefore, look with indifference upon whatever is useless to that purpose. Whoever reflects frequently upon the uncertainty of his own duration, will find out, that the state of others is not more permanent, and that what can confer nothing on himself very desirable, cannot so much improve the condition of a rival, as to make him much superiour to those from whom he has carried the prize; a prize too mean, to deserve a very obstinate opposition.

Even grief (that passion to which the virtuous and tender mind is particularly subject) will be obviated or alleviated by the same thoughts. It will be obviated, if all the blessings of our condition are enjoyed with a constant sense of this uncertain tenure. If we remember, that whatever we possess is to be in our hands but a very little time, and that the little, which our most lively hopes can promise us, may be made less by ten thousand accidents, we shall not much repine at a loss, of which we cannot estimate the value, but of which, though we are not able to tell the least amount, we know, with sufficient certainty, the greatest; and are convinced that the greatest is not much to be regretted.

But, if any passion has so much usurped our understanding, as not to suffer us to enjoy advantages with the

moderation prescribed by reason, it is not too late to apply this remedy, when we find ourselves sinking under sorrow, and inclined to pine for that which is irrecoverably vanished. We may then usefully revolve the uncertainty of our own condition, and the folly of lamenting that, from which, if it had staid a little longer, we should ourselves have been taken away.

With regard to the sharpest and most melting sorrow, that which arises from the loss of those whom we have loved with tenderness, it may be observed, that friendship between mortals can be contracted on no other terms, than that one must some time mourn for the other's death; and this grief will always yield to the surviver one consolation proportionate to his affliction; for the pain, whatever it be, that he himself feels, his friend has escaped.

Nor is fear (the most overbearing and resistless of all our passions) less to be temperated by this universal medicine of the mind. The frequent contemplation of death, as it shows the vanity of all human good, discovers likewise the lightness of all terrestrial evil, which, certainly, can last no longer than the subject upon which it acts, and, according to the old observation, must be shorter, as it is more violent. The most cruel calamity which misfortune can produce, must, by the necessity of nature, be quickly at an end. The soul cannot long be held in prison, but will fly away, and leave a lifeless body to human malice.

The utmost that we can threaten to one another, is that death, which, indeed, we may precipitate, but cannot retard, and from which, therefore, it cannot become a wise man to buy a reprieve at the expense of virtue; since he knows not how small a portion of time he can purchase, but knows, that, whether short or long, it will be made less valuable by the remembrance of the price at which it has been obtained. He is sure that he destroys his happiness, but is not sure that he lengthens his life. *Johnson.*

XIII. EXTRACT

XIII. EXTRACT FROM THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS.

THE grief of Calypso for the departure of Ulysses, would admit of no comfort; and she regretted her immortality, as that which could only perpetuate affliction, and aggravate calamity by despair: her grotto no more echoed with the music of her voice; and her nymphs waited at a distance, with timidity and silence. She often wandered alone, along the borders of her island, amidst the luxuriance of a perpetual spring; but the beauties that bloomed around her, instead of soothing her grief, only impressed more strongly upon her mind the idea of Ulysses, who had been so often the companion of her walk. Sometimes she stood motionless upon the beach; and, while her eyes were fixed upon that part of the horizon where the lessening bark of the hero at length disappeared, they overflowed with tears. Here she was one day surprised with the sudden appearance of a shipwreck: broken benches and oars lay scattered about upon the sand; and a rudder, a mast, and some cordage, were floating near the shore. Soon after, she perceived, at a distance, two men; one of whom appeared to be ancient; and, in the other, although a youth, she discovered a strong resemblance of Ulysses; the same benevolence and dignity were united in his aspect, his stature was equally tall, and his port majestic. The goddess knew immediately that this was Telemachus: but, notwithstanding the penetration of divine sagacity, she could not discover who was his companion; for it is the prerogative of superiour deities to conceal whatever they please from those of a lower class; and it was the pleasure of Minerva, who accompanied Telemachus in the likeness of Mentor, to be concealed from Calypso. Calypso, however, rejoiced in the happy shipwreck, which had restored Ulysses to her wishes in the person of his son. She advanced to meet him; and, affecting not to know him, "How hast thou presumed," said she, "to land on this island? Knowest thou not, that from my dominions no daring intruder departs unpunished?" By this menace,

she hoped to conceal the joy which glowed in her bosom, and which she could not prevent from sparkling in her countenance. "Whoever thou art," replied Telemachus, "whether thou art indeed a goddess, or whether, with all the appearance of divinity, thou art yet a mortal, canst thou regard with insensibility the misfortunes of a son, who, committing his life to the caprice of the winds and waves in search of a father, has suffered shipwreck against these rocks!" "Who then is that father whom thou seekest?" returned the goddess. "He is one of the confederate kings," answered Telemachus, "who, after a siege of ten years, laid Troy in ashes: and his name is Ulysses: a name which he has rendered famous by his prowess, and yet more by his wisdom, not only through all Greece, but to the remotest boundaries of Asia. This Ulysses, the mighty and the wise, is now a wanderer on the deep, the sport of tempests, which no force can resist, and the prey of dangers which no sagacity can elude: his country seems to fly before him: Penelope, his wife, despairs at Ithaca of his return: and I, though equally destitute of hope, pursue him through all the perils that he has passed, and seek him upon every coast: I seek him; but, alas! perhaps the sea has already closed over him for ever!—O goddess! compassionate our distress; and, if thou knowest what the Fates have wrought, either to save or destroy Ulysses, vouchsafe this knowledge to Telemachus his son."

Such force of eloquence, such maturity of wisdom, and such blooming youth, filled the bosom of Calypso with astonishment and tenderness: she gazed upon him with a fixed attention; but her eyes were still unsatisfied, and she remained some time silent. At length she said, "We will acquaint Telemachus with the adventures of his father; but the story will be long: it is now time that you should repair that strength by rest, which has been exhausted by labour. I will receive you to my dwelling as my son; you shall be my comfort in this solitude; and, if you are not voluntarily wretched, I will be your felicity."

Telemachus

Telemachus followed the goddess, who was encircled by a crowd of young nymphs, among whom she was distinguished by the superiority of her stature, as the towering summit of a lofty oak is seen in the midst of a forest, above all the trees that surround it. He was struck with the splendour of her beauty, the rich purple of her long and flowing robe, her hair that was tied with graceful negligence behind her, and the vivacity and softness that were mingled in her eyes. Mentor followed Telemachus, modestly silent, and looking downward. When they arrived at the entrance of the grotto, Telemachus was surprised to discover, under the appearance of rural simplicity, whatever could captivate the sight. There was, indeed, neither gold, nor silver, nor marble; no decorated columns, no paintings, no statues were to be seen: but the grotto consisted of several vaults cut in the rock; the roof was embellished with shells and pebbles; and the want of tapestry was supplied by the luxuriance of a young vine, which extended its branches equally on every side. Here the heat of the sun was tempered by the freshness of the breeze: the rivulets, that, with soothing murmurs, wandered through meadows of intermingled violets and amaranth, formed innumerable baths, that were pure and transparent as crystal: the verdant carpet, which Nature had spread round the grotto, was adorned with a thousand flowers; and, at a small distance, there was a wood of those trees, that, in every season, unfold new blossoms, which diffuse ambrosial fragrance, and ripen into golden fruit. In this wood, which was impervious to the rays of the sun, and heightened the beauty of the adjacent meadows by an agreeable opposition of light and shade, nothing was to be heard but the melody of birds, or the fall of water, which, precipitating from the summit of a rock, dashed into foam below, where, forming a small rivulet, it glided hastily over the meadow.

The grotto of Calypso was situated on the declivity of a hill, and commanded a prospect of the sea; sometimes smooth, peaceful, and limpid; sometimes swelling into mountains, and breaking with idle rage against the shore.

At another view, a river was discovered, in which were many islands, surrounded with limes that were covered with flowers, and poplars that raised their heads to the clouds. The streams, which formed these islands, seemed to stray through the fields with a kind of sportful wantonness; some rolling along in translucent waves, with a tumultuous rapidity; some gliding away in silence, with a motion that was scarce perceptible; and others, after a long circuit, turned back, as if they wished to issue again from their source, and were unwilling to quit the paradise through which they flowed. The distant hills and mountains hid their summits in the blue vapours that hovered over them, and diversified the horizon with cloudy figures that were equally pleasing and romantic. The mountains that were less remote were covered with vines, the branches of which were interwoven with each other, and hung down in festoons: the grapes, which surpassed in lustre the richest purple, were too exuberant to be concealed by the foliage, and the branches bowed under the weight of the fruit: the fig, the olive, the pomegranate, and other trees without number, overspread the plain; so that the whole country had the appearance of a garden, of infinite variety, and boundless extent.

The goddess, having displayed this profusion of beauty to Telemachus, dismissed him. "Go now," said she, "and refresh yourself, and change your apparel, which is wet: I will afterwards see you again, and relate such things as shall not amuse your ear only, but affect your heart." She then caused him to enter, with his friend, into the most secret recess of a grotto adjoining to her own. Here the nymphs had already kindled a fire with some billets of cedar which perfumed the place, and had left changes of apparel for the new guests. Telemachus, perceiving that a tunic of the finest wool, whiter than snow, and a purple robe, richly embroidered with gold, were intended for him, contemplated the magnificence of his dress, with a pleasure to which young minds are easily betrayed.

Mentor perceived his weakness, and reproved it. "Are these then," said he, "O Telemachus, such thoughts as become

become the son of Ulysses? Be rather studious to appropriate the character of thy father, and to surmount the persecutions of Fortune. The youth, who, like a woman, loves to adorn his person, has renounced all claims both to wisdom and to glory: glory is due to those only who dare to associate with pain, and have trampled pleasure under their feet."

Telemachus answered, "May the gods destroy me, rather than suffer me to be enslaved by voluptuous effeminacy! No, the son of Ulysses shall never be seduced by the charms of enervating and inglorious ease. But, how gracious is Heaven, in having directed us, destitute and shipwrecked, to this goddess, or this mortal, who has loaded us with benefits!" "Fear, rather," replied Mentor, "lest her wiles should overwhelm thee with ruin: fear her deceitful blandishments more than the rocks on which thou hast suffered shipwreck; for shipwreck and death are less dreadful than those pleasures by which virtue is subverted. Believe not the tales which she shall relate. The presumption of youth hopes all things from itself; and, however impotent, believes it has power over every event: it dreams of security in the midst of danger, and listens to subtilty without suspicion. Beware of the seducing eloquence of Calypso: that mischief, which, like a serpent, is concealed by the flowers under which it approaches: dread the latent poison. Trust not thyself, but confide implicitly in my counsel."

Fenelon.

XIV. ALPIN LAMENTING THE DEATH OF MORAR.

My tears, O Ryno! are for the dead; my voice for those that have passed away. Tall art thou on the hill; fair among the sons of the vale. But thou shalt fall, like Morar: the mourner shall sit on thy tomb. The hills shall know thee no more: thy bow shall lie in the hall, unstrung!

Thou wast swift, O Morar! as a roe in the desert; terrible as a meteor of fire. Thy wrath was as the storm; thy sword in battle, as lightning in the field. Thy voice was as a stream after rain; like thunder on distant

distant hills. Many fell by thy arm: they were consumed in the flames of thy wrath.—But when thou didst return from war, how peaceful was thy brow! Thy face was like the sun after rain; like the moon in the silence of night: calm as the breast of the lake, when the loud wind is laid.

Narrow is thy dwelling now! dark the place of thine abode!—With three steps I compass thy grave, O thou who wast so great before! Four stones, with their heads of moss, are the only memorial of thee! A tree, with scarce a leaf; long grass, which whistles in the wind; mark to the hunter's eye—the grave of the mighty Morar!—Morar! thou art low indeed! Thou hast no mother to mourn thee; no maid with her tears of love. Dead is she that brought the forth! Fallen is the daughter of Morglan!

Who on his staff is this? Who is this, whose head is white with age, whose eyes are red with tears, who quakes at every step?—It is thy father, O Morar! the father of no son but thee. Weep, thou father of Morar! weep: but thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead; low their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice: no more awake at thy call.—When shall it be morn in the grave—to bid the slumberer awake? Farewell, thou bravest of men! thou conqueror in the field! Thou hadst left no son: but the song shall preserve thy name. Future times shall hear of thee: they shall hear of the mighty Morar. *Ossian.*

XV. A PARLIAMENTARY DEBATE, ON A VOTE OF THANKS TO THE KING FOR HIS SPEECH, AND UPON AN INQUIRY INTO THE STATE OF THE NATION, IN THE XIVTH YEAR OF GEORGE II. 1740.

Mr Herbert.

Mr Speaker.—As his Majesty has summoned a new parliament, and has been graciously pleased to communicate his intentions to us by the speech we have just heard, it seems absolutely necessary for us to vote an address of thanks.

To

To address the throne on the present occasion, is a custom, which, as it is founded on reason and decency, has always been observed by the Commons of Great-Britain; nor do I suspect this House of any intention to omit those forms of respect to his Majesty, which our ancestors always paid, even to princes, whose conduct and designs gave them no claim to reverence or gratitude.

To continue therefore, Sir, a practice which the nature of government itself makes necessary, and which cannot but be acknowledged to be in a peculiar degree proper under a prince, whose personal virtues are so generally known, I hope for the indulgence of this House, in the liberty which I shall take of proposing an address to this effect:

'To return his Majesty the thanks of the House for 'his royal care in prosecuting the war with Spain; and 'that, in order to answer the great and necessary pur-'poses of it, this House will offer such advice as be-'comes faithful and dutiful subjects, and grant such ef-'fectual supplies, as shall enable his Majesty to support 'and assist his friends and allies, at such times, and in 'such manner, as the exigency and circumstances of 'affairs shall require.'

Mr Trevor.

SIR,—As the necessity of an address to his Majesty cannot be disputed, the only question on this occasion must be, whether the address now proposed be such as it may become this House to offer in the present conjuncture of affairs.

In an address, Sir, it is necessary to preserve at once the respect due to our sovereign, and the dignity which may be justly assumed by the representatives of the people of Great-Britain; a people, whose birth-right gives them a claim to approach their sovereign, not indeed without the utmost respect, but with language which absolute monarchs never hear from the slaves by whom they are surrounded.

This

This respect and dignity appear to me to be very happily united in the address now proposed, in which we join, with our professions of duty, our offers of advice, and assert our claim to the direction of the national expenses, by our promise to grant the necessary supplies.

As there cannot, therefore, in my opinion, Sir, be any thing added to the address now offered, and there appears to me no necessity of any alteration or omission, I second the motion.

Mr Gybbon.

Sir,—It is well known, that the speeches from the throne, though pronounced by the king, are always considered as the compositions of the ministry, upon whom any false assertions should be charged, as the informers and counsellors of the crown.

It is well known, likewise, that whenever this House returns thanks to the king for any measures that have been pursued, those measures are supposed to be approved by them, and that approbation may be pleaded by the minister in his defence, whenever he shall be required to answer for the event of his counsels.

It is, therefore, in my opinion, extremely unreasonable to propose, that thanks should be returned to his Majesty for his royal care in prosecuting the war against Spain: for, what has been the consequence of that care, for which our thanks are to be with so much solemnity returned, but defeats, disgrace, and losses, the ruin of our merchants, the imprisonment of our sailors, idle shows of armaments, and useles expenses?

What are the events which are to be recorded in an impartial account of this war; a war, provoked by so long a train of insults and injuries, and carried on with so apparent inequality of forces? Have we destroyed the fleets of our enemies, fired their towns, and laid their fortresses in ruins? Have we conquered their colonies, and plundered their cities, and reduced them to a necessity of receding from their unjust claims, and repaying the plunder of our merchants? Are their ambassadors now soliciting peace at the court of Great-Britain,

or

or applying to the neighbouring princes to moderate the resentment of their victorious enemies?

I am afraid that the effects of our preparations, however formidable, are very different: they have only raised discontent among our countrymen, and contempt among our enemies.

I hope no man will be so unjust, or can be so ignorant, as to insinuate or believe, that I impute any part of our miscarriages to the personal conduct of his Majesty, or that I think his Majesty's concern for the prosperity of his people, unworthy of the warmest and sincerest gratitude. If the address were confined to the inspection of our sovereign alone, I should be very far from censuring or ridiculing it: for his Majesty has not the events of war in his power; nor can he confer upon his ministers or generals, that knowledge which they have neglected to acquire, or that capacity which nature has denied them. He may perform more than we have a right to expect, and yet be unsuccessful; he may deserve the utmost gratitude, even when, by the misconduct of his servants, the nation is distressed.

But, Sir, in drawing up an address, we should remember, that we are declaring our sentiments, not only to his Majesty, but to all Europe; to our allies, our enemies, and our posterity; that this address will be understood, just like all others; that thanks, offered in this manner, by custom, signify approbation; and that, therefore, we must, at present, repress our gratitude, because it can only bring into contempt our sovereign and ourselves.

Sir Robert Walpole.

Sir,—I am very far from thinking that the war against Spain has been so unsuccessful as some gentlemen have represented it: that the losses which we have suffered have been more frequent than we had reason to expect, from the situation of our enemies and the course of our trade; or our defeats such as the common chance of war does not often produce, even when the inequality of the contending powers is incontestable, and the ultimate event

event as near to certainty as the nature of human affairs ever can admit.

Nor am I convinced, Sir, even though it should be allowed that no exaggeration has been made of our miscarriages, that the impropriety of an address of thanks to his Majesty for his royal care in the management of the war, is gross and flagrant. For, if it be allowed, that his Majesty may be innocent of all the misconduct that has produced our defeats; that he may have formed schemes wisely, which were unskilfully prosecuted; that even valour and knowledge concurring, will not always obtain success; and that, therefore, some losses may be suffered, and some defeats received, though not only his Majesty gave the wisest directions, but his officers executed them with the utmost diligence and fidelity: how will it appear from our ill success, that our sovereign does not deserve our gratitude? And if it shall appear to us that our thanks are merited, who shall restrain us from offering them in the most public and solemn manner?

For my part, I think no consideration worthy of regard, in competition with truth and justice; and, therefore, shall never forbear any expression of duty to my sovereign, for fear of the ridicule of our secret, or the reproaches of our public enemies.

With regard to the address under our consideration, if it be allowed, either that we have not been unsuccesful in any opprobrious degree, or that ill success does not necessarily imply any defect in the conduct of his Majesty, or debar us from the right of acknowledging his goodness and his wisdom; I think, Sir, no objection can be made to the form of expression now proposed, in which, all sounding and pompous language, all declamatory exaggeration and studied figures of speech, all appearance of exultation, and all the farce of rhetoric, are carefully avoided; and nothing inserted that may disgust the most delicate, or raise scruples in the most sincere.

Yet, Sir, that we way not waste our time upon trivial disputes, when the nation expects relief from our counsels;

sels; that we may not suspend the prosecution of the war by complaint of past defeats, or retard that assistance and advice which our sovereign demands, by inquiring whether it may be more proper to thank, or to counsel him; I am willing, for the sake of unanimity, that this clause should be omitted, and hope that no other part of the address can afford room for objection.

Mr Pulteney.

SIR,—It is no wonder that the right honourable gentleman willingly consents to the omission of this clause, which could be inserted for no other purpose, than that he might sacrifice it to the resentment which it must naturally produce; and, by an appearance of modesty and compliance, pass easily through the first day, and obviate any severe inquiries that might be designed.

He is too well acquainted with the opinion of many whom the nation hath chosen to represent it, and with the universal clamours of the people; too accurately informed of the state of our enemies, and too conscious how much his secret machinations have hindered our success, to expect or hope, that we should meet here to return thanks for the management of the war; of a war, in which nothing has been attempted, by his direction, that was likely to succeed, and in which no advantage has been gained, but by acting without orders, and against his hopes.

That I do not charge him, Sir, without reason, or invent accusations only to obstruct his measures, or to gratify my own resentment; that I do not eagerly catch flying calumnies, prolong the date of casual reproaches, encourage the malignity of the envious, or adopt the suspicions of the melancholy; that I do not impose upon myself by a warm imagination, and endeavour to communicate to others, impressions, which I have only received myself from prejudice—will be proved from a review of his conduct since the beginning of our dispute with Spain; in which it will be found, that he has been guilty, not only of single errours, but of deliberate treachery; that he has always co-operated with our

 enemies,

enemies, and sacrificed, to his private interest, the happiness and the honour of the British nation.

How long our merchants were plundered, our sailors enslaved, and our colonies intimidated without resentment; how long the Spaniards usurped the dominion of the seas, searched our ships at pleasure, confiscated the cargoes without control, and tortured our fellow-subjects with impunity, cannot but be remembered. Not only every gentleman in this House, but every man in the nation, however indolent, ignorant, or obscure, can tell what barbarities were exercised, what ravages were committed, what complaints were made, and how they were received. It is universally known, that this gentleman, and those whom he has gained by pensions and employments, treated the lamentations of ruined families, and the outcries of tortured Britons, as the clamours of sedition, as designed to inflame the people, and embarrass the government.

Such has been the conduct, for which we are desired to return thanks in an humble and dutiful address; such are the transactions, which we are to recommend to the approbation of our constituents; and such the triumphs, upon which we must congratulate our sovereign.

For my part, Sir, I cannot but think that silence is too gentle a censure for that wickedness, for which no language has yet provided a name. Murder, parricide, and treason, are modest appellations, when compared with that conduct by which a king is betrayed, and a nation ruined, under pretence of promoting its interest, by a man trusted with the administration of public affairs.

Let us therefore, Sir, if it be thought improper to lay before his Majesty the sentiments of his people in their full extent, at least not endeavour to conceal them from him: let us at least address him in such a manner as may give him some occasion to inquire into the late transactions; which have, for many years, been such, that even but to know them, is to condemn them: and, that the authors of these transactions may be brought to

light.

light, I move, that the House may go into an inquiry into the state of the nation.

Sir Robert Walpole.

Sir,—Though I am far from being either confounded or intimidated by this heavy charge, though I am confident that all the measures so clamorously censured, will admit of a very easy vindication, and that, whenever they are explained, they will be approved; yet, as an accusation so complicated cannot be refuted, without a long recapitulation of past events, and a deduction of many particular circumstances, some of which may require evidence, and some a very minute explication—I cannot think this a proper day for engaging in a controversy, which it is my interest should be thoroughly discussed.

At present, Sir, I shall content myself with bare assertions, like those by which I am accused, and hope they will not be heard with less attention, or received with less credit. For, surely, it was never denied to any man to defend himself with the same weapons with which he is attacked. I shall therefore, Sir, make no scruple to assert, that the treasure of the public has been employed with the utmost frugality, to promote the purposes for which it was granted; that our foreign affairs have been transacted with the utmost fidelity, in pursuance of long consultations; and shall venture to add, that our success has not been such as ought to produce any suspicion of negligence or treachery.

That our design against Carthagena was defeated, cannot be denied. But, what war has been one continued series of success? In the late war with France, of which the conduct has been so lavishly celebrated, did no designs miscarry? If we conquered at Ramillies, were we not in our turn beaten at Almanza? If we destroyed the French ships, was it not always with some loss of our own? And, since the sufferings of our merchants have been mentioned with so much acrimony, do not the lists of ships taken in that war prove, that the depredations of privateers cannot be entirely prevented?

The disappointment, Sir, of the public expectation, by the return of the fleets, has been charged upon the administration, as a crime too enormous to be mentioned without horrour and detestation. That the ministry have not the elements in their power, that they do not prescribe the course of the wind, is a sufficient proof of their negligence and weakness: with as much justice is it charged upon them, that the expectations of the populace, which they did not raise, and to which perhaps the conquest of a kingdom had not been equal, failed of being gratified.

I am very far from hoping, or desiring, that the House should be satisfied with a defence like this. I know, by observing the practice of the opponents of the ministry, what fallacies may be concealed in general assertions; and am so far from wishing to evade a more strict inquiry, that, if the gentleman who has thus publicly and confidently accused the ministry, will name a day for inquiring into the state of the nation, though I think such an inquiry absolutely unnecessary, I will second his motion.

Mr Philips.

Sir,—I should be much surprised to hear the motion made by the honourable gentleman who spoke last but one, opposed by any member of this House: a motion, founded in justice, supported by precedent, and warranted by necessity. Not only justice to the nation, but justice to those that have been in the administration, calls for an inquiry, that every man's actions may speak for him, and that censure may be confined to those only that have deserved it. Surely, no innocent man can be under any apprehensions, from the strictest examination of his conduct: those fears attend the guilty only.

The honourable gentleman who spoke last, seems to think an inquiry unnecessary. I beg leave to ask, Will any gentleman in this House undertake to defend the measures that have been pursued for twenty years past? Will any gentleman say, that the wretched condition we are in, is the effect of chance only? Shall there be the

least

least suspicion of mismanagement, and a British House of Commons not inquire into it? How much more, at a time when the nation is reduced to the last extremity, by corrupt, weak, and pusillanimous measures? Shall the fatality which has attended every step of our conduct for so many years past, infect this House also, and throw us into a lethargy? Surely, no. The voice of the nation calls for an inquiry: our credit abroad cannot be supported without it: and the reputation of every man in this House is nearly concerned in it. In vain shall we attempt to retrieve our lost honour by pursuing new measures, if we do not first censure and punish the authors of the old: in vain shall we attempt to gain allies, and to convince them that we are in earnest in the prosecution of the war against our enemies abroad, unless we first call those to an account, that have been their secret abettors and encouragers at home.

If ever there was a cause for an inquiry into past transactions, it is now. Have not large sums of money been raised in times of peace, and no debts paid? large armies raised in times of war, and no services performed? Have we not negociated ourselves out of all our allies and all our credit? Treaty after treaty, convention after convention: and what did these all end in, but war? How has that war been conducted? Why, shamefully, scandalously; to the encouragement of the enemy, and the dishonour of the nation; large fleets fitted out to fight the seas only, and return, shattered and torn, to Spithead; while the enemy was every day seizing our ships for want of cruizers and convoys, and neighbouring nations taking this advantage to supplant us in trade. A gallant admiral was, indeed, sent to the West Indies; but sent too late, and not supported when there: another was sent to the Mediterranean, but, with what intent, I know not; unless it was to cover an embarkation of Spanish troops for Italy.

Shall a British House of Commons not inquire into the causes of these things? They must; they will, Sir; or forfeit all the reputation they have hitherto gained. And, if these are to be inquired into, what

better method than by a select committee, to be chosen by ballot? It is a parliamentary method that has been attended with good consequences to the nation, but fatal ones, indeed, to those that have made an abuse of power; and it is unaccountable to me, that any other but such, or those that have a mind to screen them, should make an opposition to it. For my own part, if it were the case of my brother, if he were innocent, I should think this the properest method to make that innocence appear; and if he were guilty, I should think it the greatest crime in me, to endeavour to screen him from national justice: therefore I am most heartily for the motion.

XXII. SPEECH OF CANULEIUS, A ROMAN TRIBUNE, TO THE CONSULS; IN WHICH HE DEMANDS, THAT THE PLEBEIANS MAY BE ADMITTED INTO THE CONSULSHIP, AND THAT THE LAW PROHIBITING PARTRICIANS AND PLEBEIANS FROM INTERMARRYING, MAY BE REPEALED.

WHAT an insult upon us is this! If we are not so rich as the Partricians, are we not citizens of Rome as well as they? inhabitants of the same country? members of the same community? The nations bordering upon Rome, and even strangers more remote, are admitted, not only to marriages with us, but, to what is of much greater importance, the freedom of the city. Are we, because we are commoners, to be worse treated than strangers?—And, when we demand that the people may be free to bestow their offices and dignities on whom they please, do we ask any thing unreasonable or new? Do we claim more than their original inherent right? What occasion, then, for all this uproar, as if the universe were falling to ruin? They were just going to lay violent hands upon me in the senate-house.

What! must this empire, then, be unavoidably overturned? must Rome, of necessity, sink at once, if a Plebeian, worthy of the office, should be raised to the consulship? The Patricians, I am persuaded, if they could, would deprive you of the common light. It certainly

tainly offends them that you breathe, that you speak, that you have the shapes of men. Nay, but to make a commoner a consul, would be, say they, a most enormous thing. Numa Pompilius, however, without being so much as a Roman citizen, was made king of Rome. The elder Tarquin, by birth not even an Italian, was nevertheless placed upon the throne. Servius Tullius, the son of a captive woman, (nobody knows who his father was), obtained the kingdom as the reward of his wisdom and virtue. In those days, no man, in whom virtue shone conspicuous, was rejected or despised on account of his race and descent. And did the state prosper the less for that? Were not these strangers the very best of all our kings? And, supposing, now, that a Plebeian should have their talents and merit, must he not be suffered to govern us?

But, 'we find, that, upon the abolition of the regal power, no commoner was chosen to the consulate.' And what of that? Before Numa's time, there were no pontiffs in Rome. Before Servius Tullius's days, there was no census, no division of the people into classes and centuries. Who ever heard of consuls before the expulsion of Tarquin the Proud? Dictators, we all know, are of modern invention; and so are the offices of tribunes, ædiles, quæstors. Within these ten years we have made decemvirs, and we have unmade them. Is nothing to be done, but what has been done before? That very law forbidding marriages of Patricians with Plebeians, is not that a new thing? Was there any such law before the Decemvirs enacted it? and a most shameful one it is in a free state. Such marriages, it seems, will taint the pure blood of the nobility? Why, if they think so, let them take care to match their sisters and daughters with men of their own sort. No Plebeian will do violence to the daughter of a Patrician. Those are exploits for our prime nobles. There is no need to fear that we shall force any body into a contract of marriage. But, to make an express law to prohibit marriages of Patricians with Plebeians, what is this, but to show the utmost contempt of us, and to declare

declare one part of the community to be impure and unclean?

They talk to us of the confusion there will be in families, if this statute should be repealed. I wonder they don't make a law against a commoner's living near a nobleman, or going the same road that he is going, or being present at the same feast, or appearing in the same market-place. They might as well pretend that these things make confusion in families, as that intermarriages will do it. Does not every one know, that the children will be ranked according to the quality of their father, let him be a Patrician or a Plebeian? In short, it is manifest enough that we have nothing in view but to be treated as men and citizens; nor can they who oppose our demand have any motive to do it, but the love of domineering. I would fain know of you, Consuls and Patricians, is the sovereign power in the people of Rome or in you? I hope you will allow that the people can, at their pleasure, either make a law or repeal one. And will you, then, as soon as any law is proposed to them, pretend to list them immediately for the war, and hinder them from giving their suffrages, by leading them into the field?

Hear me, Consuls. Whether the news of the war you talk of be true, or whether it be only a false rumour, spread abroad for nothing but a colour to send the people out of the city; I declare, as tribune, that this people, who have already so often spilt their blood in our country's cause, are again ready to arm for its defence and its glory, if they may be restored to their natural rights, and you will no longer treat us like strangers in our own country: but, if you account us unworthy of your alliance by intermarriages, if you will not suffer the entrance to the chief offices in the state to be open to all persons of merit indifferently, but will confine your choice of magistrates to the senate alone—talk of wars as much as ever you please; paint, in your ordinary discourses, the league and power of our enemies ten times more dreadful than you do now—I declare, that this people, whom you so much despise, and

to

to whom you are nevertheless indebted for all your victories—shall never more enlist themselves: not a man of them shall take arms; not a man of them shall expose his life for imperious lords, with whom he can neither share the dignities of the state, nor in private life have any alliance by marriage.

XXIII. SPEECH OF GALGACUS, GENERAL OF THE CALEDONIAN ARMY, BEFORE ENGAGING IN BATTLE WITH THE ROMANS.

Countrymen and Fellow-Soldiers!

WHEN I consider the cause, for which we have drawn our swords, and the necessity of striking an effectual blow, before we sheath them again; I feel joyful hopes arising in my mind, that, this day, an opening will be made for the restoration of British liberty, and for shaking off the infamous yoke of Roman slavery. Caledonia is yet free. The all-grasping power of Rome has not yet been able to seize our liberty. But it is only to be preserved by valour. You are not to expect, that you should escape the ravage of the general plunderers of mankind, by any sentiment of moderation in them. When the countries, which are more accessible, come to be subdued, they will then force their way into those which are harder to be overcome. And if they should conquer the dry land, over the whole known world, they will then think of carrying their arms beyond the ocean, to see whether there be not certain unknown regions, which they may attack, and reduce under subjection to the Roman empire. For we see, that if a country is thought to be powerful in arms, the Romans attack it, because the conquest will be glorious; if inconsiderable in the military art, because the victory will be easy; if rich, they are drawn thither by the hope of plunder; if poor, by the desire of fame. The east and the west, the south and the north, the face of the whole earth, is the scene of their military atchievements; the world itself is too little for their ambition and their avarice. They are the only nation, ever known to be equally desirous of conquering a poor kingdom as a rich

one.

one. Their supreme joy seems to be ravaging, fighting, and shedding of blood; and when they have unpeopled a region, so that there are none left alive able to bear arms, they say, they have given peace to that country.

Nature itself has peculiarly endeared, to all men, their wives and their children. But it is known to you, my Countrymen, that the conquered youth are daily draughted off, to supply the deficiencies in the Roman army. The wives, the sisters, and the daughters of the conquered, are either exposed to the violence, or at least corrupted by the arts of these cruel spoilers. The fruits of industry are plundered, to make up the tributes imposed by oppressive avarice. Britons sow their fields; and the greedy Romans reap them. Our very bodies are worn out in carrying on their military works; and our toils are rewarded by them with abuse and stripes. Those, who are born to slavery, are bought and maintained by their masters: but this unhappy country pays for being enslaved, and feeds those who enslave it. And our portion of disgrace is the bitterest, as the inhabitants of this island are the last who have fallen under the galling yoke. Our native bent against tyranny, is the offence which most sensibly irritates those lordly usurpers. Our distance from the seat of government, and our natural defence by the surrounding ocean, render us obnoxious to their suspicions; for they know, that Britons are born with an instinctive love of liberty; and they conlude, that we must be naturally led to think of taking the advantage of our detached situation, to disengage ourselves, one time or other, from their oppression.

Thus, my Countrymen and Fellow-Soldiers, suspected and hated, as we ever must be, by the Romans, there is no prospect of our enjoying even a tolerable state of bondage under them. Let us, then, in the name of all that is sacred, and in defence of all that is dear to us, resolve to exert ourselves, if not for glory, at least for safety; if not in vindication of British honour, at least in defence of our lives. How near were the

Brigantines

Brigantines to shaking off the yoke—led on too by a woman! They burnt a Roman settlement: they attacked the dreaded Roman legions in their camp. Had not their partial success drawn them into a fatal security, the business had been completed. And shall not we, of the Caledonian region, whose territories are yet free, and whose strength is entire; shall we not, my Fellow-Soldiers, attempt somewhat, which may show these foreign ravagers, that they have more to do, than they think of, before they be masters of the whole island?

But, after all, who are these mighty Romans? Are they gods or mortal men like ourselves? Do we not see, that they fall into the same errours and weaknesses as others? Does not peace effeminate them? Does not abundance debauch them? Do they not even go to excess in the most unmanly vices? And can you imagine, that they who are remarkable for their vices, are likewise remarkable for their valour? What, then, do we dread?—Shall I tell you the truth, my Fellow-Soldiers? It is by means of our intestine divisions, that the Romans have gained so great advantages over us. They turn the misconduct of their enemies to their own praise. They boast of what they have done, and say nothing of what we might have done, had we been so wise as to unite against them. What is this formidable Roman army? Is it not composed of a mixture of people from different countries; some more, some less, disposed to military atchievements; some more, some less, capable of bearing fatigue and hardship? They keep together while they are successful. Attack them with vigour: distress them: you will see them more disunited among themselves, than we are now. Can any one imagine, that Gauls, Germans, and, with shame, I must add, Britons, who basely lend, for a time, their limbs, and their lives, to build up a foreign tyranny; can any one imagine that these are held together by sentiments of fidelity or affection? No: the only bond of union among them, is fear. And, whenever terrour ceases to work upon the minds of that mixed

multitude,

multitude, they, who now fear, will then hate their tyrannical masters.—On our side, there is every possible incitement to valour. The Roman courage, is not, as ours, inflamed by the thought of wives and children in danger of falling into the hands of the enemy. The Romans have no parents, as we have, to reproach them, if they should desert their infirm old age. They have no country here to fight for. They are a motley collection of foreigners, in a land, wholly unknown to them, cut off from their native country, hemmed in by the surrounding ocean, and given, I hope, a prey into our hands, without any possibility of escape. Let not the sound of the Roman name affright your ears; nor let the glare of gold, or silver, upon their armour, dazzle your eyes. It is not by gold, or silver, that men are either wounded or defended; though they are rendered a richer prey to the conquerors. Let us boldly attack this disunited rabble. We shall find among themselves a reinforcement to our army. The degenerate Britons who are incorporated into their forces, will, through shame of their country's cause, deserted by them, quickly leave the Romans, and come over to us. The Gauls, remembering their former liberty, and that it was the Romans who deprived them of it, will forsake their tyrants, and join the assertors of freedom. The Germans, who remain in their army, will follow the example of their countrymen, the Usipii, who so lately deserted, And what will there be then to fear? A few half-garrisoned forts; a few municipal towns, inhabited by worn-out old men: discord universally prevailing, occasioned by tyranny in those who command, and obstinacy in those who should obey. On our side, an army united in the cause of their country, their wives, their children, their aged parents, their liberties, their lives. At the head of this army, I hope I do not offend against modesty in saying, there is a general, ready to exert all his abilities, such as they are, and to hazard his life in leading you to victory and to freedom.

I conclude, my Countrymen and Fellow-Soldiers, with

with putting you in mind, that, on your behaviour this day, depends your future enjoyment of peace and liberty, or your subjection to a tyrannical enemy, with all its grievous consequences. When, therefore, you come to engage—think of your ancestors—and think of your posterity.

XVIII. THE PERFECT ORATOR.

IMAGINE to yourselves a Demosthenes, addressing the most illustrious assembly in the world, upon a point whereon the fate of the most illustrious of nations depended.—How awful such a meeting! how vast the subject!—Is man possessed of talents adequate to the great occasion? Adequate!—yes, superiour. By the power of his eloquence, the augustness of the assembly is lost in the dignity of the orator; and the importance of the subject, for a while, superseded by the admiration of his talents.—With what strength of argument, with what powers of the fancy, with what emotions of the heart, does he assault and subjugate the whole man; and, at once, captivate his reason, his imagination, and his passions?——To effect this, must be the utmost effort of the most improved state of human nature.—Not a faculty that he possesses, is here unemployed; not a faculty that he possesses, but is here exerted to its highest pitch. All his internal powers are at work; all his external, testify their energies. Within, the memory, the fancy, the judgment, the passions, are all busy: without, every muscle, every nerve is exerted; not a feature, not a limb, but speaks. The organs of the body, attuned to the exertions of the mind, through the kindred organs of the hearers, instantaneously vibrate those energies from soul to soul.—Notwithstanding the diversity of minds in such a multitude; by the lightning of eloquence, they are melted into one mass—the whole assembly, actuated in one and the same way, become as it were, but one man, and have but one voice—The universal cry is—LET US MARCH AGAINST PHILIP, LET US FIGHT FOR OUR LIBERTIES—LET US CONQUER—OR DIE!

Sheridan.

SECTION II.

POETICAL AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

I. L'ALLEGRO—OR THE MERRY MAN.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There, under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As rugged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne!
And, by men, heart-easing mirth;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister-Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore.
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;

Sport,

Sport, that wrinkled care derides;
And laughter, holding both his sides.
Come! and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And, in thy right hand, lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty.
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew;
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free.
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And, at my window, bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his dames before.
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill.
Some time walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, or hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight:
While the ploughman near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures;

Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied;
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where, perhaps, some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks;
Where, Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savoury dinner set,
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses:
And then, in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind his sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd hay-cock in the mead.
  Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold;
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream,
On summer eve, by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Johnson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
  And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,

Married

Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running;
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony:
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.
  These delights, if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live. *Milton.*

II. THE PASSIONS;—AN ODE.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting.
By turns, they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd:
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each (for madness rul'd the hour)
Would prove his own expressive power.

First, Fear, his hand, its skill to try,
  Amid the chords bewilder'd laid;
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
  Even at the sound himself had made.

Next, Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire:
  In lightnings own'd his secret stings.
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
  And swept, with hurry'd hands, the strings.

With woful measures, wan Despair—
  Low sullen sounds his grief beguil'd:
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
  'Twas sad, by fits—by starts, 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
    What was thy delighted measure!
    Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
  And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail.
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
  And, from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all her song.
  And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
  A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope, enchanted, smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
      Revenge impatient rose.
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down;
    And, with a withering look,
    The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast, so loud and dread,
  Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of wo:
    And, ever and anon, he beat
    The doubling drum, with furious heat.
  And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,
    Dejected Pity at his side,
    Her soul subduing voice apply'd,
  Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien;
While each strain'd ball of sight—seem'd bursting from
      his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd;
  Sad proof of thy distressful state.
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd:
  And, now, it courted Love; now, raving, call'd on
      Hate.

With

With eyes up-rais'd, as one inspir'd,
Pale Melancholy sat retir'd;
And, from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul:
And, dashing soft, from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound.
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole;
Or o'er some haunted streams, with fond delay,
(Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing)
In hollow murmurs died away.

But, O, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone!
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung;
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known.
The oak-crown'd Sisters, and their chaste-ey'd Queen,
Satyrs, and sylvan Boys, were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green:
Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear;
And Sport leapt up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial.
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address'd;
But, soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.
They would have thought who heard the strain,
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
Amid the festal-sounding shades,
To some unweary'd minstrel dancing;
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love fram'd with mirth a gay fantastic round,
(Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound);
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

Collins.

III.

III. HAMLET'S ADVICE TO THE PLAYERS.

SPEAK the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you; trippingly on the tongue. But, if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier had spoke my lines. And do not saw the air too much with your hand; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Oh! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robusteous periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who (for the most part) are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise. Pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither: but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you *o'erstep not the modesty of nature*: for, any thing so overdone, is from the purpose of playing; whose end is—to hold, as 'twere, the mirrour up to nature; to show Virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy of, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of one of which, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. Oh! there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, that, neither having the accent of christian, nor the gait of christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well; they imitated humanity so abominably,

Trag. of Hamlet.

IV. PROLOGUE SPOKEN BY GARRICK, AT THE OPENING OF DRURY-LANE THEATRE, 1747.

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakespeare rose.
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew;
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:

His

His powerful strokes presiding truth impress'd;
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.
Then Johnson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule.
His studious patience, and laborious art,
By regular approach essay'd the heart:
Cold approbation gave the lingering bays;
For those, who durst not censure, scarce could praise:
A mortal born, he met the general doom;
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.
The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
Nor wish'd for Johnson's art, or Shakespeare's flame.
Themselves they copied: as they felt they writ:
Intrigue was plot; obscenity was wit.
Vice always found a sympathetic friend:
They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.
There cause was general, their supports were strong,
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long;
Till Shame regain'd the post that Sense betray'd,
And Virtue call'd Oblivion to her aid.
Then, crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
For years the power of Tragedy declin'd;
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till Declamation roar'd, while Passion slept.
Yet still did Virtue deign the stage to tread;
Philosophy remain'd, though Nature fled;
Till shouting Folly hail'd the joyous day,
When Pantomime and Song assum'd their sway.
Hard is his lot, who, here by fortune plac'd,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;
With every meteor of caprice must play,
And chace the new-blown bubbles of the day.
Ah! let not censure term our fate our choice:
The stage but echoes back the public voice:
The drama's laws the drama's patrons give;
For we, that live to please, must please to live.
Then, prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die.
'Tis yours, this night, to bid the reign commence
Of rescued nature, and reviving sense;

To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,
For useful mirth, and salutary wo;
Bid scenic virtue form the rising age,
And truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

Johnson.

V. EPILOGUE TO THE TRAGEDY OF SEMIRAMIS.

DISHEVEL'D still, like Asia's bleeding queen,
Shall I with jests deride the tragic scene?—
No, beauteous mourners! from whose downcast eyes
The muse has drawn her noblest sacrifice;
Whose gentle bosoms (pity's altars!) bear
The crystal incense of each falling tear!
There lives the poet's praise; no critic art
Can match the comment—of a feeling heart.
When general plaudits speak the fable o'er,
Which mute attention had approv'd before;
Though ruder spirits love th' accustom'd jest
Which chases sorrow from the vulgar breast;
Still, hearts refin'd their sadden'd tint retain;
The sigh is pleasure, and the jest is pain:
Scarce have they smiles to honour grace or wit,
Though Roscius spoke the verse himself had writ.
Thus, through the time when vernal fruits receive
The grateful showers that hang on April's eve,
Though every coarser stem of forest birth
Throws, with the morning beam, its dews to earth,
Ne'er does the gentle *rose* revive so soon,
But, bath'd in Nature's tears, it droops till noon.
Oh, could the Muse one simple moral teach,
From scenes like these, which all who heard might reach!—
Thou child of sympathy—whoe'er thou art,
Who, with Assyria's queen, has wept thy part—
Go search where keener woes demand relief;—
Go—while thy heart yet beats with fancy'd grief,
Thy lip still conscious of the recent sigh,
The graceful tear still lingering in thy eye;—
Go—and on real misery bestow
The blest effusion of fictitious wo.

So

So shall our Muse, supreme of all the Nine,
Deserve, indeed, the title of Divine:
Virtue shall own her favour'd from above,
And Pity greet her—with a sister's love.

R. B. Sheridan.

V. CAPTAIN BOBADIL'S METHOD OF DEFEATING AN ARMY.

I WILL tell you, Sir, by the way of private and under seal, I am a gentleman; and live here obscure, and to myself; but, were I known to his Majesty and the Lords, observe me, I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of his subjects in general, but to save the one half, nay three fourths of his yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?—Why thus, Sir. —I would select nineteen more to myself, throughout the land: gentlemen they should be; of good spirit, strong and able constitution. I would choose them by an instinct that I have. And I would teach these nineteen the special rules; as, your Punto, your Reverso, your Stoccata, your Imbroccata, your Passada, your Montonto; till they could all play very near, or altogether, as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong. We twenty would come into the field, the tenth of March, or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy: they could not, in their honour, refuse us. Well—we would kill them: challenge twenty more—kill them: twenty more—kill them: twenty more—kill them too. And, thus, would we kill, every man, his ten a-day—that's ten score: ten score—that's two hundred; two hundred a-day—five days, a thousand; forty thousand—forty times five—five times forty—two hundred days kill them all up by computation. And this I will venture my poor gentleman-like carcase to perform (provided there be no treason practised upon us), by fair and discreet manhood; that is, civilly—by the sword.

Every Man in his Humour.

VI. MR AND MRS HARDCASTLE.

Mrs Hard. I vow, Mr Hardcastle, you are very particular. Is there a creature in the whole country, but ourselves, that does not take a trip to town now and then to rub off the rust a little? There's the two Miss Hogs, and our neighbour, Mrs Grigsby, go to take a month's polishing every winter.

Hard. Ay, and bring back vanity and affectation to last them the whole year. I wonder why London cannot keep its own fools at home? In my time, the follies of the town crept slowly among us; but now, they travel faster than a stage-coach. Its fopperies come down, not only as inside passengers, but in the very basket.

Mrs Hard. Ay, your times were fine times, indeed: you have been telling us of them many a long year. Here we live in an old rumbling mansion, that looks for all the world like an inn, but that we never see company. Our best visitors are old Mrs Oddfish, the curate's wife, and little Cripplegate the lame dancing-master: and all our entertainment your old stories of Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough. I hate such old-fashioned trumpery.

Hard. And I love it. I love every thing that's old; old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine; and, I believe, Dorothy *(taking her hand)* you'll own I have been pretty fond of an old wife.

Mrs Hard. La, Mr Hardcastle, you're for ever at your Dorothys and your old wives. You may be a Darby, but I'll be no Joan, I promise you. I'm not so old as you'd make me, by more than one good year. Add twenty to twenty, and make money of that.

Hard. Let me see—twenty added to twenty—makes just—fifty and seven.

Mrs Hard. It's false, Mr Hardcastle: I was but twenty when I was brought to bed of Tony, that I had by Mr Lumpkin, my first husband; and he's not come to years of discretion yet.

Hard.

Hard. Nor ever will, I dare answer for him. Ay, you have taught him finely.

Mrs Hard. No matter; Tony Lumpkin has a good fortune. My son is not to live by his learning. I don't think a boy wants much learning to spend fifteen hundred a-year.

Hard. Learning, quotha!—A mere composition of tricks and mischief.

Mrs Hard. Humour, my dear; nothing but humour. Come, Mr Hardcastle, you must allow the boy a little humour.

Hard. I'd sooner allow him a horse-pond. If burning the footman's shoes, frightning the maids, and worrying the kittens, be humour, he has it. It was but yesterday he fastened my wig to the back of my chair; and when I went to make a bow—I popped my bald head in Mrs Frizzle's face.

Mrs Hard. And am I to blame? The poor boy was always too sickly to do any good. A school would be his death. When he comes to be a little stronger, who knows what a year or two's Latin may do for him?

Hard. Latin for him! A cat and a fiddle. No, no; the alehouse and the stable are the only schools he'll ever go to.

Mrs Hard. Well, well, we must not snub the poor boy, for I believe we shan't have him long among us. Any body that looks in his face may see he's consumptive.

Hard. Ay, if growing too fat be one of the symptoms.

Mrs Hard. He coughs sometimes.

Hard. Yes, when his liquor goes the wrong way.

Mrs Hard. I'm actually afraid of his lungs.

Hard. And truly so am I; for he sometimes whoops like a speaking trumpet——(*Tony hallooing behind the scenes*)—O, there he goes!—a very consumptive figure, truly. *She Stoops to Conquer.*

VII. CATO AND DECIUS.

Dec. Cæsar sends health to Cato—

Cato. Could he send it

To Cato's slaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders to address the senate?
Dec. My business is with Cato; Cæsar sees
The straits to which you're driven; and, as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.
Cato. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.
Would he save Cato? Bid him spare his country.
Tell your dictator this: and tell him, Cato
Disdains a life which he has power to offer.
Dec. Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar:
Her generals and her consuls are no more,
Who check'd his conquests and denied his triumphs.
Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend?
Cato. Those very reasons thou hast urg'd forbid it.
Dec. Cato, I have orders to expostulate,
And reason with you, as from friend to friend.
Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens every hour to burst upon it.
Still may you stand high in your country's honours:
Do but comply, and make your peace with Cæsar;
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,
As on the second of mankind.
Cato. No more:
I must not think of life on such conditions.
Dec. Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore sets this value on your life:
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,
And name your terms.
Cato. Bid him disband his legions,
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgment of a Roman senate.
Let him do this, and Cato is his friend.
Dec. Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom—
Cato. Nay more, tho' Cato's voice was ne'er employ'd
To clear the guilty and to varnish crimes,
Myself will mount the rostrum in his favour,
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.
Dec. A style like this becomes a conqueror.
Cato. Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.

D.c.

Dec. What is a Roman that is Cæsar's foe?
Cato. Greater than Cæsar: he's a friend to virtue.
Dec. Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,
And at the head of your own little senate;
You don't now thunder in the Capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to second you.
Cato. Let him consider that who drives us hither.
'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate little,
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
Which conquest and success have thrown upon him:
Did'st thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black
With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes
That strike my soul with horrour but to name them.
I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch
Be set with ills and cover'd with misfortunes;
But, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like that Cæsar.
Dec. Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar,
For all his generous cares, and proffer'd friendship?
Cato. His cares for me, are insolent and vain:
Presumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato.
Would Cæsar show the greatness of his soul?
Bid him employ his cares for these my friends,
And make good use of his ill-gotten power,
By sheltering men much better than himself.
Dec. Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget
You are a man. You rush on your destruction.
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embassy,
All Rome will be in tears. *Trag. of Cato.*

VIII. SCENE FROM THE FARCE OF CROSS PURPOSES.

Gruk alone.

WHAT a miserable man I am! with a wife that is positive, a daughter that is marriageable, and a hundred thousand pounds in the stocks.—I have not had one wink of sleep these four nights for them. Any one of them is enough to make any reasonable man mad; but

all three to be attended to at once, is too much.—Ah, Jonathan Grub, Jonathan Grub! riches were always thy wish; and, now thou hast them, they are thy torment.—Will this confounded broker of mine never come? Let's see—*(looking at his watch)*—'tis time he were come back.—Stocks fell three per cent. to day, and, if the news be true, will tumble dreadfully to-morrow. *(A knocking at the door.)* There's Mr Consol, I am sure. Who's there? Does nobody here? Open the door, somebody. Oh, what infernal servants I have! Open the door for Mr Consol—I believe there never was any body so ill served as I am—Nobody to—O, Mr Consol, have they let you in?—

Consol enters.

Grub. Well, what says the ambassador's porter? What intelligence have you picked up? What says the ambassador's porter?

Con. Why, he says—Have you heard nothing since?

Grub. No, not a syllable. What does he say?

Con. Why he says—Good-lack how fatigued I am! Ah, 'tis a sign I grow old, as I tell my wife—I ran all the way to tell you.

Grub. Well, well, what did he say? what did he say?

Con. Why, he said that his excellency was at home all last night.

Grub. Indeed! at home all last night—ay, reading the dispatches—a war as sure as can be—Oh! the stocks will fall to the devil to-morrow—I shall lose all I have in the world.—Why did I not take Whisper's advice, and sell out yesterday? I should have made one and a half per cent. and have been snug; but now—

Con. Why, but you are so hasty, Mr Grub, you are so hasty; you won't hear me out, you are so hasty, as I tell my wife.

Grub. O, hang your wife—hear you out! What more have you to say? Tell me.

Con. Why, the porter said his excellency was at home all the evening—

Grub.

Grub. Well, zounds, man, you said so before: why do you repeat it? you grow the errantest old fool I ever saw. But what of his being at home? tell me that.

Con. Why, I will, if you will but hear me out:—was at home all night—All night, says I?—Yes, sir, says he—

Grub. Oh, if you are got at your says-I's and says-he's—

Con. Nay, pray, Mr Grub, hear me out.

Grub. Well, well, well, I hear you, man; but in the mean time, all I have in the world, the labour of fifty years, is going, going at a blow. Oh, this cursed Spanish war—I am sure we shall have a Spanish war—I always saw it would come to this—I was sure, at the time of the peace, that we should have a Spanish war one time or other—But prithee, man, do cut your story short.

Con. Well, well, to cut the story short, when I asked him if he could find out, or guess, what made the ambassador stay at home all night, he told me—

Grub. What, what?

Con. That the ambassador had a woman playing upon a fiddle to him all the evening.

Grub. A woman playing upon the fiddle? what! to an ambassador of one of the first powers in Europe?—It must be a joke:—Why, zounds, man, they make you believe any nonsense they invent.—An old fool—

Con. Well, well, however that may be, I have got rare news from another quarter for you.

Grub. Have ye? Well, what is it? None of your says-I's and says-he's now, I beg of you.

Con. Why, whom should I meet but our friend Ben Coolen coming hot foot to you from the India-house?

Grub. Indeed! Well, dear Consol, what is it?

Con. Why, he says there's great news; India stock is up six per cent. already, and expected to be as much more by 'Change-time to-morrow.

Grub. My dear Consol *(embracing him)* I thank you—that revives me. Then, hurry into the city as fast as you can, and buy as if the devil were in you: that re-

vives me; that's great news indeed. Zounds, the newspapers have put me into a devilish fright of late.

Con. Yes, Sir, to be sure they do keep a sad rumpus in the papers always.

Grub. Rumpus! why, man, I never know what to think, they puzzle me so.---Why now, of a morning at breakfast,---in the first column, a friend to the stockholders shall tell me, and write very well and sensibly, that we have got the Indies in our pockets---then that puts me into spirits, and I'll eat you a muffin extraordinary. ---When I turn to the next column, there we are all undone again; another devilish clever fellow says we are all bankrupts, and the cream turns upon my stomach: ---however this is substantial; so, my dear Consol, you are a very sensible man: and, if you could but learn to leave out your says-I's and says-he's, as good a broker as ever man put faith in.---Come, get you gone, for I have great business in hand---the marriage of my daughter, Consol, or I should go into the city with you myself.

Con. So, then, you have made up your matters with Lord Thoughtless.

Grub. No, no, Consol, not I indeed; he's none of my men, I promise you: I'll have none of your Lords for my son-in-law---that I can tell you.

Con. Ay, ay, very sad times among the quality, as I tell my wife.

Grub. But away, away, dear Consol, and be sure to let me hear before bed-time what you have done: I'll be in the city by seven to-morrow morning.

Con. Very well, Mr Grub—I'll take care, I'll take care.---*(Going.)*—O, but Mr Grub, I hope you won't forget to come and eat a Welch rabbit with me some of these days, as you promised me. I have finished my room; the bow-window is finished.

Grub. Is it indeed?

Con. Yes; and charming pleasant it is---I look up my lane, and down my lane, from the pewterer's at one corner, all the way along to the tallow-chandler's at the other.

Grub. Indeed!

Con. Yes; and not a soul can stir of a Sunday, or knock at a door, but I see them.

Grub. Ay! why that is pleasant. Why, you have a knack at these things, Consol; you are always improving—you have a knack at these things.

Con. Yes, I thank heaven! I am always a doing, now a bit, and then a bit, as I tell my wife.—Well, you'll be sure to come?

Grub. Yes, yes, depend upon it I'll come—But, dear Consol, make haste now, if you love me. [*Exit* Consol. Well! now this goes as I would have it, this goes as I would have it.—If India stock rise six per cent. to-morrow, I shall make a great hand of it—But now for this other affair—now for the marriage of my daughter.—I'm glad I was so fortunate as to get acquainted with this gentleman—a fine fortune, in parliament, and an œconomist; three things very much to my mind.—If I can but get my confounded wife to agree to it—but she's the devil to deal with.—It was lucky I happened to meet with this man; for the women are so agog now-a-days—and a fine young girl, with thirty thousand pounds in her own power, is so tempting an object—that the sooner you can get her married and safe out of your hands, the better—Ah!—now, If I could but double my capital and bury my wife—*(Sighs.)*—but there is no such thing as real happiness in this world.

Enter Mrs Grub.

O, Mrs Grub! my dear, how d'ye do?—What's the news!

Mrs Grub. News, Mr Grub!—Will you never leave off that filthy vulgar city custom of yours, of asking every body you see for news? news! as if one were a hawker of Lloyd's Chronicle or the Public Ledger.—Now you are removed to this end of the town, why don't you do like the rest of your neighbours? When you are at Rome, do as Rome does, was always the saying of my poor dear brother Sir Tympany Tar-Barrel.

Grub. Your poor dear brother might say what he pleased; but he would never do as I have done, leave

the

the city and all his old friends, and begin the world as it were over again, only to oblige his wife. You could never get him to stir out of Gutter-Lane.

Mrs Grub. Oh hideous! name it not: but if you are at a loss for friends, why don't you do as I do, take pains to make them!—but no—I must do every thing for the honour and credit of our name; and If I did not go about to the watering-places in the summer, with my child, and pick up fashionable company, and make a point of playing high at their assemblies in winter, neither I nor my poor child would have a friend or acquaintance on this side Ludgate—Mrs Deputy This, and Mrs Deputy T'other, and Alderman Goose, and Alderman Gander; pretty creatures to introduce a young lady with the fortune that Miss Grub will have.

Grub. Why, it is very true, as you say, you have taken great pains about her acquaintance, that's certain—but now you talk of acquaintance, my dear, who d'ye think is dead—poor Alderman Marrowfat.

Mrs Grub. Oh, the filthy wretch! I'm mighty glad on't—he ought to have died twenty years ago. What was the matter with him?

Grub. Apoplexy!—Ate as hearty a dinner at Girdler's hall as man could eat, and was dead before he could swallow "church and state," stiff before the second toast could go round!—Ah! the fatal effects of luxury! They will never leave their cursed improvements till they have killed us all.—But, my dear, there's rare news from the Alley; India stock is mounting every minute.

Mrs Grub. I am very glad to hear it, my dear.

Grub. Yes; I thought you would be glad to hear it. I have just sent Consol to the Alley to see how matters go—I should have gone myself—but I—wanted to—open an affair of some importance to you—

Mrs Grub. Ay, ay, you have always some affair of great importance.

Grub. Nay, this is one.—I have been thinking, my dear, that it is high time we had fixed our daughter; 'tis high time Emily were married.

Mrs

Mrs Grub. You think so, do you? I have thought so many a time these three years; and so has Emily too, I fancy.—I wanted to talk to you upon the same subject,

Grub. You did? Well, I declare that's pat enough, he, he, he! *(laughing.)*—I vow and protest I'm pleased at this.—Why, our inclinations do seldom jump together.

Mrs Grub. Jump, quotha! no I should wonder they did—And how comes it now to pass? What, I suppose you have been employing some of your brokers as usual; or, perhaps, advertising, as you used to do—but I expect to hear no more of those tricks, now we are come to this end of the town.

Grub. No, no, my dear, this is no such matter: the gentleman I intend——

Mrs Grub. You intend!

Grub. Yes, I intend.

Mrs Grub. You intend!—What do you presume to dispose of my child without my consent?—look you, Mr Grub, as I have always said, mind your money-matters; look to your *bulls*, and your *bears*, and your *lame ducks*, and take care they don't make *you* waddle out of the Alley, as the saying is—but leave to me the management of my child—What things are come to a fine pass indeed! I suppose you intend to marry the poor innocent to one of your city cronies, your factors, your supercargoes, packers, or dry-salters; but thank my stars, I have washed my hands of them, and I'll have none of them, Mr Grub; no, I'll have none of them—It shall never be said, that, after coming to this end of the town, the great Miss Grub was forced to trudge into the city again for a husband.

Grub. Why, zounds, you are mad, Mrs Grub.

Mrs Grub. No, you shall find I am not mad, Mr Grub; that I know how to dispose of my child, Mr Grub.—What! did my poor dear brother leave his fortune to me and my child, and shall she now be disposed of without consulting me?

Grub.

Grub. Why, the devil's in you certainly! If you will but hear me, you shall be consulted.—Have I not always consulted you—was I not inclined to please you, to marry my daughter to a lord?—and has she not been hawked about, till all the peerage of the three kingdoms turn up their noses at you and your daughter?—Did I not treat with my Lord Spindle, my Lord Thoughtless, and my Lord Maukin? and did we not agree, for the first time in our lives, that it would be better to find out a commoner for her, as the people of quality, now-a-days, marry only for a winter or so?

Mrs Grub. Very well, we did so—and who pray, is the proper person to find out a match for her?—Who, but her mother, Mr Grub, who goes into company with no other view, Mr Grub—who flatters herself that she is no contemptible judge of mankind, Mr Grub—Yes, Mr Grub, as good a judge as any woman on earth, Mr Grub.

Grub. That I believe, Mrs Grub.

Mrs Grub. Who then but me should have the disposal of her?—and very well I have disposed of her—I have got her a husband in my eye.

Grub. You got her a husband!

Mrs Grub. Yes, I have got her a husband.

Grub. No, no, no, Mrs Grub, that will never do—What the vengeance! have I been toiling upwards of fifty years—up early, down late, shopkeeper and housekeeper, made a great fortune, which I could never find in my heart to enjoy—and now, when all the comfort I have in the world, the settlement of my child, is in agitation, shall I not speak? shall I not have leave to approve of her husband?

Mrs Grub. Hey-day! you are getting into your tantrums, I see.

Grub. What! did I not leave the city, every friend in the world with whom I used to pass an evening?—Did I not, to please you, take this house here?—nay, did I not make a fool of myself, by going to learn to come in and go out of a room with the grown gentleman in Cow-lane?—Did I not put on a sword too at your desire?—

and

and had I not like to have broke my neck down stairs, by its getting between my legs, at that diabolical lady What-d'ye-call-her's rout?—and did not all the footmen and chairmen laugh at me?—

Mrs Grub. And well they might, truly. An obstinate old fool——

Grub. Ay, ay, that may be; but I'll have my own way.—I'll give my daughter to the man I like.—I'll have no Sir This, nor Lord T'other—I'll have no fellow with his waist down to his knees, and a skirt like a monkey's jacket—with a hat not so big as its button, his shoe-buckles upon his toes, and a cue thicker than his leg!—

Mrs Grub. Why, Mr Grub, you are raving, distracted, surely. No, the man I propose—

Grub. And the man I propose—

Mrs Grub. Is a young gentleman of fortune, discretion, parts, sobriety, and connections—

Grub. And the man I propose is a gentleman of abilities, fine fortune, prudence, temperance, and every virtue—

Mrs Grub. And his name is——

Grub. And his name is Bevil.

Mrs Grub Bevil!

Grub. Yes, Bevil, I say, and a very pretty name too.

Mrs Grub. What! Mr Bevil of Lincolnshire?

Grub. Yes, Mr Bevil of Lincolnshire?

Mrs Grub. O, my dear Mr Grub, you delight me: Mr Bevil is the very man I meant.

Grub. Is it possible? Why, where have you met with him?

Mrs Grub. O, at several places; but particularly at Lady Matchem's assemblies.

Grub. Indeed! Was ever any thing so fortunate?—Did'nt I tell you that our inclinations jumped? he, he, he!—But I wonder that he never told me he was acquainted with you.

Mrs Grub. Nay, I cannot help thinking it odd, that he should never tell me he had met with you: but I see he is a prudent man; he was determined to be liked by both of us. But where did you meet with him?

Grub.

Grub. Why he bought some stock of me, and so we came acquainted: but I am so overjoyed, adod, I scarce know what to say. My dear Mrs Grub, let's send for the child, and open the business at once to her—I am so overjoyed—who would have thought it?—Let's send for Emily—poor dear little soul, she little thinks how happy we are going to make her.

IX. CASSIUS INSTIGATING BRUTUS TO JOIN THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST CÆSAR.

HONOUR is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with his shores,
Cæsar says to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But, ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cry'd, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber,
Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was Spain;
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true; this god did shake:

His

His coward lips did from their colour fly:
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose its lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
"Alas!" it cry'd—"Give me some drink, Titinius"—
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.———
Brutus and Cæsar! what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together; yours is as fair a name:
Sound them; it doth become the mouth as well:
Weigh them; it is as heavy: conjure with 'em;
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the name of all the gods at once,
Upon what meats doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he has grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd;
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
The infernal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king. *Trag. of Julius Cæsar.*

X. FALSTAFF'S ENCOMIUMS ON SACK.

A GOOD sherris-sack hath a twofold operation in it.—It ascends me into the brain: dries me there, all the foolish, dull, and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, inventive; full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes, which, delivered over to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit.—The second property of your excellent sherris, is the warming of the blood; which, before, cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice. But the sherris warms it

and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illuminateth the face; which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm: and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart; who, great and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage—and this valour comes of sherris. So that, skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris.—If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them, should be—To forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

2nd Henry Fourth.

XI. HENRY V. TO HIS SOLDIERS, AT THE SIEGE OF HARFLEUR.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But, when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard favour'd rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height. Now on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fetch'd from fathers of war-proof;
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,

Have,

Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your mothers: now attest,
That those whom you call fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, shew us here
The mettle of your pasture. Let us swear
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eye.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's a-foot:
Follow your spirit; and upon this charge,
Cry, Heav'n for Harry, England, and St George.

Shakespeare.

XII. HENRY IV'S SOLILOQUY, ON RECEIVING NEWS, IN THE NIGHT, OF A REBELLION AGAINST HIM.

How many thousands of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep!—O gentle Sleep!
Nature's soft nurse! how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody!
O thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
A watch-case to a common larum-bell?—
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And, in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slipp'ry shrouds,

That, with the hurly, Death itself awakes;
Canst thou, O partial Sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
And, in the calmest and the stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king?—Then, happy lowly clown!—
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

XIII. SOLILOQUY OF HAMLET ON LIFE AND DEATH.

To be—or not to be—that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?—To die—to sleep—
No more?—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die—to sleep—
To sleep—perchance to dream—ay, there's the rub—
For, in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause.—There's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life:
For, who would bear the whips and scorns of time—
Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pang of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes—
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin! Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death
(That undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns) puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?—
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all:
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sickly'd o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,

With

With this regard, their currents turn away,
And lose the name of action. *Shakespeare.*

XIV. FALSTAFF'S SOLILOQUY ON HONOUR.

Owe Heaven a death!—'Tis not due yet; and I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me?—Well, 'tis no matter—honour pricks me on. But how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? no. What is honour? a word What is that word honour? air; a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. Is it insensible then? yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore, I'll none of it. Honour is a mere 'scutcheon—and so ends my catechism. *1st Henry Fourth.*

XV. PRIULI AND JAFFIER.

Pri. No more? I'll hear no more! Be gone, and leave me.

Jaff. Not hear me! By my sufferings, but you shall.
My lord, my lord! I'm not that abject wretch
You think me. Where's the distance throws
Me back so far, but I may boldly speak
In right, though proud oppression will not hear me?

Pri. Have you not wrong'd me!

Jaff. Could my nature e'er
Have brook'd injustice or the doing wrong,
I need not now thus low have bent myself
To gain a hearing from a cruel father.
Wrong'd you!

Pri. Yes, wrong'd me. In the nicest point,
The honour of my house, you've done me wrong.
When you first came home from travel,
With such hopes as made you look'd on
By all mens eyes a youth of expectation,
Pleased with your seeming virtue, I received you;

Courted and sought to raise you to your merits:
My house, my table, nay, my fortune too,
My very self was yours; you might have us'd me
To your best service; like an open friend
I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine:
When, in requital of my best endeavours,
You treacherously practis'd to undo me;
Seduc'd the weakness of my age's darling,
My only child, and stole her from my bosom.

Jaff. 'Tis to me you owe her:
Childless you had been else, and in the grave
Your name extinct; no more Priuli heard of.
You may remember, scarce five years are past,
Since, in your brigantine, you sail'd to see
The Adriatic wedded by our Duke;
And I was with you. Your unskilful pilot
Dash'd us upon a rock; when to your boat
You made for safety; enter'd first yourself:
Th' affrighted Belvidera, following next,
As she stood trembling on the vessel's side,
Was by a wave wash'd off into the deep;
When instantly I plung'd into the sea,
And, buffeting the billows to her rescue,
Redeem'd her life with half the loss of mine.
Like a rich conquest, in one hand I bore her,
And, with the other, dash'd the saucy waves,
That throng'd and press'd to rob me of my prize.
I brought her; gave her to your despairing arms.
Indeed you thank'd me: but a nobler gratitude
Rose in her soul; for from that hour she lov'd me,
Till, for her life, she paid me with herself.

Pri. You stole her from me; like a thief, you stole her
At dead of night. That cursed hour you chose
To rifle me of all my heart held dear.
May all your joys in her prove false like mine.
A sterile fortune, and a barren bed,
Attend you both. Continual discord make
Your days and nights bitter and grievous still.
May the hard hand of a vexatious need

Oppress

Oppress and grind you; till, at last, you find
The curse of disobedience all your portion.

Jaff. Half of your curse you have bestowed in vain.
Heaven has already crown'd our faithful loves
With a young boy, sweet as his mother's beauty.
May he live to prove more gentle than his grandsire,
And happier than his father.

Pri. No more.

Jaff. Yes, all; and, then,—adieu for ever.
There's not a wretch that lives on common charity,
But's happier than I: for I have known
The luscious sweets of plenty; every night
Have slept with soft content about my head,
And never wak'd but to a joyful morning;
Yet now must fall, like a full ear of corn,
Whose blossom 'scap'd, yet's wither'd in the ripening.

Pri. Home, and be humble. Study to retrench.
Discharge the lazy vermin of thy hall,
Those pageants of thy folly.
Reduce the glitt'ring trappings of thy wife
To humble weeds, fit for thy little state.
Then, to some suburb cottage both retire:
Drudge, to feed loathsome life: get brats, and starve.
Home, home, I say.—— *Exit.*

Jaff. Yes, if my heart would let me—
This proud, this swelling heart: home I would go,
But that my doors are hateful to my eyes,
Fill'd and damm'd up with gaping creditors.
I've now not fifty ducats in the world;
Yet still I am in love, and pleas'd with ruin.
Oh, Belvidera! Oh! she is my wife—
And we will bear our wayward fate together,—
But ne'er know comfort more. *Venice Preserved.*

XVI. EPILOGUE SPOKEN BY GARRICK (ON HIS QUITTING THE STAGE, JUNE 1776) TOWARDS INCREASING THE FUND FOR THE BENEFIT OF DECAYED ACTORS.

A Veteran see! whose last act on the stage
Entreats your smiles for sickness and for age.
Their cause I plead—plead it in heart and mind

A

A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind.
Shall the great heroes of celestial line,
Who drank full bowls of Greek and Roman wine,
Cæsar and Brutus, Agamemnon, Hector,
Nay, Jove himself, who here has quaff'd his nectar;
Shall they who govern'd fortune, cringe and court her,
Thirst in their age, and call in vain for porter?—
Sha'n't I, who oft have drench'd my hands in gore:
Stabb'd many, poison'd some, beheaded more;
Who numbers slew in battle on this plain;
Sha'n't I, the slayer, try to feed the slain?
Brother to all, with equal love I view
The men who slew me, and the men I slew.—
Suppose the babes I smother'd in the Tower,
By chance, or sickness, lose their acting pow'r,
Shall they, once princes, worse than all be serv'd;
In childhood murder'd, and, when murder'd, starv'd?—
Can I, young Hamlet once, to nature lost,
Behold, O horrible! my father's ghost,
With grisly beard, pale cheek—stalk up and down,
And he, the Royal Dane, want half a crown?
Forbid it, ladies! gentlemen, forbid it!
Give joy to age, and let them say—You did it.—
To you, ye gods*! I make my last appeal:
You have a right to judge, as well as feel.
Will your high wisdoms to our scheme incline,
That kings, queens, heroes, gods, and ghosts may dine†?
Olympus shakes!—that omen all secures:
May every joy you give be tenfold yours? *Garrick.*

XVII. THE WORLD COMPARED TO A STAGE.

All the world's a stage;
And all the men and women, merely players.
They have their exits, and their entrances:
And one man, in his time, plays many parts;
His acts being seven ages—At first, the Infant;
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.—
And, then, the whining School-boy; with his satchel

And

* To the upper gallery. † A clapping of hands here.

And shining morning-face, creeping, like snail,
Unwillingly to school.—And, then, the Lover;
Sighing like furnace; with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow.—Then, a Soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard;
Jealous in honour; sudden and quick in quarrel;
Seeking the bubble Reputation,
Even in the cannon's mouth.—And, then, the Justice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd:
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut;
Full of wise saws and modern instances:
And so he plays his part.—The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd Pantaloon;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound.—Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second Childishness, and mere Oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

As You Like It.

A

COMPENDIUM

OF

ENGLISH GRAMMAR;

WITH

EXERCISES IN ENGLISH PRONUNCIATION AND ORTHOGRAPHY.

PART I.

OF THE PARTS OF SPEECH.

Question. What is grammar * ?

Answer. Grammar is the art of rightly expressing our thoughts by words.

Q. How many sorts of words, or parts of speech, are there in English ?

A. In English, there are eight sorts of words, or parts of speech. Noun, pronoun, adnoun, verb, adverb, preposition, conjunction, interjection.

1. The noun, or name ; as, *John*, *man*, *table*.
2. The pronoun, used instead of a noun ; as, *I*, *you*, *he*,
3. The adnoun, added to nouns ; as, *great*, *round*.

4.

* This compendium may be taught with or without the questions.

4. The verb, denoting being or acting; as, *exist*, *write*.

5. The adverb, added to verbs or adnouns; as, *wisely*, *very*.

6. The preposition, prefixed to various parts of speech; as, *to*, *from*, *by*.

7. The conjunction, connecting sentences; as, *and*, *but*.

8. The interjection, expressing briefly an emotion; as, *O*, *alas*, *fy?*

I. OF THE NOUN, OR SUBSTANTIVE.

Question. What is a noun or substantive?

Answer. A noun or substantive is the name of any person or thing; as, *John*, *man*, *table*.

Q. How many sorts of nouns are there?

A. There are two sorts of nouns; common and proper. Common nouns are applied to a whole kind or species; as, *animal*, *man*, *city*: proper nouns are used to distinguish individuals; as, *George*, *London*.

Q. What is meant by number in grammar; and how many numbers are there.

A. Number, in grammar, means the distinction of one from more. There are, therefore, two numbers—the singular, when only one person or thing is meant; the plural, when two or more persons or things are spoken of: as, *boy*, *boys*; *house*, *houses*.

Q. How is the plural number generally formed?

A. The plural number is generally formed by adding *s* to the singular; or *es*, where the pronunciation requires it: as, *mountain*, *mountains*; *church*, *churches*. Some monosyllables, ending in *f*, or *fe*, change *f* into *v*; as, *leaf*, *leaves*; and nouns, ending in *y* preceded by a consonant, form the plural by the termination *ies*; as, *body*, *bodies*. Several nouns form the plural quite irregularly; as, *tooth*, *teeth*; *penny*, *pence*. Some nouns have only the singular form; as, *sheep*, *deer*: others have only the plural; as, *snuffers*, *scissors*, *tongs*, *bellows*, *lungs*, *ashes*.

Variation

Variation of nouns, according to number.

Town, towns; river, rivers; table, tables; house, houses. Watch, watches; bush, bushes; witness, witnesses; fox, foxes. Shelf, shelves; wolf, wolves; calf, calves; half, halves; loaf, loaves; sheaf, sheaves; leaf, leaves; knife, knives; wife, wives. Mercy, mercies; body, bodies; story, stories; city, cities. Man, men; woman, women; child, children; brother, brethren *or* brothers; foot, feet; ox, oxen; mouse, mice; die, dice; goose, geese; phenomenon, phenomena; cherub, cherubim; seraph, seraphim; radius, radii; genius, genii.

Q. What is meant by gender; and how many genders are there?

A. Gender means the distinction of sex. Properly speaking, therefore, there are only two genders; the masculine, denoting a male, as, *boy*; and the feminine, denoting a female; as, *girl*: nouns, however, denoting neither male nor female, are said to be of the neuter gender; as, *country*, *marble*. The variation of nouns, with regard to gender, is governed by no certain rule; though a considerable number of them end with *ess* in the feminine; as, *actor*, *actress*.

Nouns of the masculine gender, with their corresponding feminine nouns.

Bachelor, maid or virgin; boar, sow; boy, girl; bridegroom, bride; brother, sister; buck, doe; bull, cow; cock, hen; drake, duck; drone, bee; earl, countess; father, mother; friar, nun; gander, goose; grandfather, grandmother; hero, heroine; horse, mare; husband, wife; king, queen; lad, lass; lord, lady; man, woman; nephew, niece; ram, ewe; son, daughter; sultan, sultana; stag, hind; steer, heifer; uncle, aunt; widower, widow. Abbot, abbess; baron, baroness; chanter, chantress; count, countess; emperor, empress; governor, governess; heir, heiress; hunter, huntress; lion, lioness; marquis, marchioness; master, mistress; mayor, mayoress; patron, patroness; priest, priestess, prince,

prince, princess; prior, prioress; poet, poetess; prophet, prophetess; shepherd, shepherdess; suiter, suitress; tiger, tigress; traitor, traitress; viscount, viscountess; votary, votaress.—Administrator, administratrix; executor, executrix; testator, testatrix.—Male-child, female-child; man-servant, maid-servant; cock-sparrow, hen-sparrow.

Q. What are nouns denoting possession called?

A. Nouns denoting possession are called possessive nouns; as *Thomas's* book; *a man's* property*.

II. OF THE PRONOUN.

Q. What is a pronoun?

A. A pronoun is a word used instead of a noun; as, *I, you, he.*

Q. What particulars are to be considered in the pronoun?

A. In the pronoun are to be considered the person, number, gender, and state.

Q. What is meant by the persons of pronouns?

A. The words denoting the person or persons speaking, the person or persons spoken to, and the person or persons (or thing or things) spoken of, are called, respectively, the first, second, and third persons singular, or plural; as in the pronouns, *I, thou, he; we, you, they.*

* This form of the noun corresponds with what is called the Genitive Case in the Latin and some other languages. Cases are the changes made in those languages, upon the terminations of nouns, to express different connections and relations of one thing with another. The English language expresses these, for the most part, as in the following table:

Cases.	*Sing.*	*Plur.*
Nominative	a man,	men.
Genitive	of a man,	of men.
Dative	to *or* for a man,	to *or* for men.
Accusative	a man,	men.
Vocative	O man,	O men.
Ablative, with, from, in, by	a man.	With, from, in, by men.

Q. In which of the persons of pronouns is the distinction of gender pointed out?

A. The distinction of gender is pointed out only in the pronouns of the third person singular; as, *he, she, it.*

Q. What is meant by the states of pronouns?

A. That form of the pronoun which generally goes before the verb is called the foregoing state; and that which generally comes after it, the following state, as in the expressions, *he loves him; she loves her.*

Q. What are pronouns denoting possession called?

A. Pronouns denoting possession are called possessive pronouns; as, *my, mine; thy, thine**.

Table of pronouns, according to their person, number, gender, and state.

	Pers.	*Foreg. State.*	*Foll. State.*	*Possess. Pron.*
Singular.	1.	I,	Me,	My or mine.
	2.	Thou or you,	Thee or you,	Thy or thine, your or yours.
	3.	He, she, it,	Him, her, it,	His, her or hers, its.
Plural.	1.	We,	Us,	Our or ours.
	2.	You†,	You,	Your or yours.
	3.	They,	Them,	Their or theirs‡.
		Who,	Whom,	Whose.

Other Pronouns.

Myself, thyself, yourself, himself, herself, itself; ourselves, yourselves, themselves.—This, these; that, those; each, every; other, others; another, anothers; which, what.

III.

* Possessive and other pronouns, which connect with nouns, are sometimes called pronominal adnouns or adjectives.—Applying the term *Cases* to pronouns, the foregoing state may be called the Nominative, the following state the Accusative, and the Possessive form the Genitive.

† *Ye* is sometimes written instead of *you* in the plural.

‡ *My, thy, her, our, your,* and *their,* are used before the noun; *mine, thine, hers, ours, yours, and theirs,* after it; thus: "This is my house; or this house is mine."

III. OF THE ADNOUN, OR ADJECTIVE.

Q. What is an adnoun or adjective?

A. An adnoun or adjective, is a word added to a noun, to express some quality, property, or circumstance, of the person or thing mentioned; as, *wise, great, round.*

Q. What variation does the adnoun admit of?

A. The only variation which the adnoun admits of (some pronominal adnouns excepted) is that of degrees of comparison.

Q. How many degrees of comparison are there?

A. There are three degrees of comparison; the positive, comparative, and superlative?

Q. What is meant by these degrees?

A. The positive expresses a quality of a person or thing simply, without any comparison; as, John is a *wise* man. The comparative expresses the quality in a somewhat higher degree; as, James is a *wiser* man. The superlative expresses the quality in the highest degree of all; as, Charles is the *wisest* man.

Q. How are the comparative and superlative degrees formed?

A. The comparative and superlative degrees are formed by giving the positive the terminations *er* and *est*; or by prefixing to it the words *more* and *most*: thus, *wise, wiser* or *more wise, wisest* or *most wise**. The words *less* and *least* are sometimes prefixed to the positive, to denote inferiour degrees of the quality; as, *wise, less wise, least wise.*

Adjectives that are varied irregularly.

Positive.	*Comparative.*	*Superlative.*
Good	better	best.
Bad	worse	worst.
Little	less	least.
Much or many	more	most.
Near	nearer	nearest or next.
Late	later	latest or last.

* Of these methods of forming the degrees of comparison, that is to be preferred which is most agreeable to the ear.

Q. What are the words, *a*, *an*, and *the* commonly called?

A. The words *a*, *an*, and *the*, though they may be included under the denomination of adnouns, are commonly called articles.

Q. How are the articles used?

A. The article *a* is put before words beginning with a consonant: and *an* before words beginning with a vowel or a silent *h*; as, *a boy*, *an arm*, *an hour*. *A* or *an* is used only in speaking of one person or thing; *the* is applied either to one or more: as, *a field*, *the field*, *the fields*. *A* or *an*, also, has an indefinite or general kind of signification; *the* has a definite or more limited meaning; as,—*I met a tall man yesterday. There is the tall man whom I met yesterday.* Hence *a* or *an* is called the indefinite, and *the* the definite article.

IV. OF THE VERB.

Q. What is a verb?

A. A verb is a word which signifies to be, to do, or to be acted upon; as, John *lives*, John *beats*, John is *beaten*.

Q. What kinds of verbs are there?

A. Verbs are either helping or principal; regular or irregular; active, passive, or neuter.

Q. How are these distinguished?

A. A helping or auxiliary verb is a verb added to another verb, to point out the time, or some other circumstance; and the verb to which it is added is called the principal verb: as, *I shall write*.—A verb is said to be regular, which ends in the past time with *ed*, as *love*. All other verbs are said to be irregular; as *rise*.—An active verb denotes acting upon, as, John *beats* Thomas: a passive verb denotes being acted upon; as, Thomas *is beaten* by John.—A verb is said to be neuter, when its meaning terminates with the subject of the verb; as, I *am*, you *sit*, he *sleeps*.

Q. What other particulars are to be considered in the verb?

A. In the verb are also to be considered the person, number, time, mode, and participle.

Q.

Q. How many persons and numbers have verbs?

A. Verbs have three persons (first, second, and third), and two numbers (singular and plural), corresponding with those of the several personal pronouns.

Q. How many times or tenses?

A. The times or tenses of verbs are six—the present-imperfect, past-imperfect, and future-imperfect; present-perfect, past-perfect, and future-perfect: so denominated, according as the being or doing is represented imperfectly or perfectly; that is, as passing in such time, or then finished.

Q. How many modes?

A. The modes (or different ways in which the being or doing is spoken of) are five, viz. the infinitive, indicative, potential, conjunctive, and imperative.

Q. What is a participle?

A. That form of a verb which partakes somewhat of the nature of an adnoun is called a participle.

Q. How many kinds of participles are there?

A. There are two kinds of participles, the active and passive: the former denoting action; the latter, the suffering or receiving of an action; as, *loving*, *loved*. The active participle always end in *ing*: the passive generally in *ed*.

VARIATION OF HELPING VERBS.

Have. I have, thou hast or you have, he hath or has; we, you, or they have.

Had. I had, thou hadst or you had, he had; we, you, or they had.

Shall. I shall, thou shalt or you shall, he shall; we, you, or they shall.

Will. I will, thou wilt or you will, he will; we, you, or they will.

Do. I do, thou dost or you do, he doth or does; we, you, or they do.

Did. I did, thou didst, or you did, he did; we, you, or they did.

May. I may, thou mayst or you may, he may; we, you, or they may.

Might. I might, thou mightst or you might, he might; we, you, or they might.

Can. I can, thou canst or you can, he can; we, you, or they can.

Could. I could, thou couldst or you could, he could; we, you, or they could.

Would. I would, thou wouldst or you would, he would; we, you, or they would.

Should. I should, thou shouldst or you should, he should; we, you, or they should.

Must. I must, thou must or you must, he must; we, you, or they must.

Dare. I dare, thou darest or you dare, he dareth or dares; we, you, or they dare.

Durst. I durst, thou durst or you durst, he durst; we, you, or they durst.

Ought. I ought, thou oughtst or you ought, he ought; we, you, or they ought.

Helping or principal verb—BE.

Infinitive Mode.

Imperfect form—To be. *Perfect*—To have been.

Indicative Mode.

Present	Imperfect.	I am, thou art or you are, he is; we, you, or they are.
Past	Imperfect.	I was, thou wast or you were, he was; we, you, or they were.
Future	Imperfect.	I shall or will be, thou shalt or wilt be, or you shall or will be, he shall or will be; we, you, or they shall or will be.
Present	Perfect.	I have been, thou hast been or you have been, he hath or has been; we, you, or they have been.
Past	Perfect.	I had been, thou hadst been or you had been, he had been; we, you, or they had been.
Future	Perfect.	I shall or will have been, thou shalt or wilt have been or you shall or will have been, he shall or will have been; we, you, or they shall or will have been.

Potential

Potential Mode.

Imperfect form. I may be, thou mayst be, or you may be, he may be; we, you, or they may be.

Perfect form. I may have been, thou mayst have been or you may have been, he may have been; we, you, or they may have been*.

Conjunctive Mode.

Present	Imperfect.	If I be, if thou be or if you be, if he be; &c.†
Past	Imperfect.	If I were, if thou were or if you were, if he were; &c.
Future	Imperfect.	If I shall or will be, if thou shall or will be or if you shall or will be, if he shall or will be? &c.
Present	Perfect.	If I have been, if thou have been or if you have been, if he have been; &c.
Past	Perfect.	If I had been, if thou had been or if you had been, if he had been; &c.
Future	Perfect.	If I shall or will have been, if thou shall or will have been or if you shall or will have been, if he shall or will have been; &c.

Imperative Mode.

Let me be, be thou or you or do thou or you be, let him be; let us be, be you or do you be, let them be.

Participles.

Active.—Being. *Passive.*—Been.
Regular.

* *Might, can, could, would, should, must, dare, durst,* and *ought,* are also signs of the potential mode, and may be substituted instead of *may,* according as the speaker's meaning requires.

† In the conjunctive mode the verb is the same through all the persons singular and plural. The potential mode becomes conjunctive by prefixing a conjunction; as, If I may be, if thou may be or if you may be, &c.

Regular principal verb.—LOVE.

Infinitive Mode.

Imperfect—To love. *Perfect*—To have loved.

Indicative Mode.

Present	Imperfect.	I love, thou lovest or you love, he loveth or loves; we, you, or they love.
Past	Imperfect.	I loved, thou lovedst or you loved, he loved; we, you, or they loved.
Future	Imperfect.	I shall or will love, thou shalt or wilt love or you shall or will love, he shall or will love; we, you, or they shall or will love.
Present	Perfect.	I have loved, thou hast loved or you have loved, he hath or has loved; we, you, or they have loved.
Past	Perfect.	I had loved, thou hadst loved or you had loved, he had loved; we, you, or they had loved.
Future	Perfect.	I shall or will have loved, thou shalt or wilt have loved or you shall or will have loved, he shall or will have loved; we, you, or they shall or will have loved*.

Potential Mode.

Imperfect.—I may love, thou mayst love or you may love, he may love; we, you, or they may love.

Perfect.——I may have loved, thou mayst have loved or you may have loved, he may have loved; we, you, or they may have loved†.

Conjunctive.

* The present and past imperfect times of the indicative mode may be expressed with the helping verbs *do* and *did*, thus:—I do love, thou dost love or you do love, he doth or does love; &c.—I did love, thou didst love or you did love, he did love; &c.—This manner of speaking is seldom used, except for the sake of emphasis.

† See notes, page 161.

Conjunctive Mode.

Present	Imperfect.	If I love, if thou love or if you love, if he love; &c.
Past	Imperfect.	If I loved, if thou loved or if you loved, if he loved; &c.
Future	Imperfect.	If I shall or will love, if thou shall or will love or if you shall or will love, if he shall or will love; &c.
Present	Perfect.	If I have loved, if thou have loved or if you have loved, if he have loved; &c.
Past	Perfect.	If I had loved, if thou had loved or if you had loved, if he had loved; &c.
Future	Perfect.	If I shall or will have loved, if thou shall or will have loved or if you shall or will have loved, if he shall or will have loved; &c.

Imperative Mode.

Let me love, love thou or you or do thou or you love, let him love; let us love, love you or do you love, let them love.

Participles.

Active.—Loving. *Passive.*—Loved.

Q. How are the participles used?

A. The participles are used after the variation of the verb *be;* which, with the active participle, denotes action; with the passive participle, denotes the suffering or receiving of an action, as in the following example.

TO BE, *with the active participle* BEATING.

Infinitive Mode.

Imperfect.—To be beating. *Perfect.*—To have been beating.

Indicative.

Present Imperfect.—I am beating, thou art beating *or* you are beating, he is beating; &c. &c.

TO BE, *with the passive participle* BEATEN†.

Infinitive Mode.

Imperfect.—To be beaten. *Perfect.*—To have been beaten.

Indicative.

Present Imperfect.—I am beaten, thou art beaten *or* you are beaten, he is beaten; &c. &c.

Irregular Verbs.

Arise, arose, arisen ‡; beat, beat, beaten; begin, began, begun; bend, bent, bent; unbend, unbent, unbent; bereave, bereft*, bereft*; beseech, besought, besought; bid, bade, bidden; bind, bound, bound; bite, bit, bitten; bleed, bled, bled; blow, blew, blown; break, broke, broken; breed, bred, bred; bring, brought, brought; build, built, built; burst, burst, burst *or* bursten; buy, bought, bought; cast, cast, cast; catch, caught, caught; chide, chid, chidden; choose, chose, chosen; cleave, clove*, cloven; cling, clung, clung; clothe, clad*, clad*; come, came, come; cost, cost, cost; crow, crew, crowed; cut, cut, cut; dare, durst*, dared; dig, dug, dug; draw, drew, drawn; drink, drank, drunk; drive, drove, driven; do, did, done; eat, ate, eaten; fall, fell, fallen; feed, fed, fed; fight, fought, fought; find, found, found; flee, fled, fled; fling, flung, flung; fly, flew, flown; forsake, forsook, forsaken; freeze, froze,

† The passive participle added to the variation of the verb *be*, forms what is called the passive verb, or passive voice of a verb.

‡ *Arise, arose, arisen*, are, respectively, the form of the verb *arise*, in the first person singular of the present-imperfect, past-imperfect, and present-perfect times, indicative mode. Hence the verb *arise* may be easily varied through all the modes. A similar observation might be made with respect to the other verbs in this catalogue.

* The asterisk denotes, that the verb to which it is affixed is *regular* as well as *irregular*.

froze, frozen; get, got, got *or* gotten; give, gave, given; go, went, gone; grind, ground, ground; grow, grew, grown; hang, hung*, hung*; have, had, had; hear, heard, heard; hew, hewed, hewn; hide, hid, hidden; hit, hit, hit; hold, held, held; hurt, hurt, hurt; knit, knit, knit; know, knew, known; lay, laid, laid; lead, led, led; leave, left, left; lend, lent, lent; let, let, let; lie, lay, lain; lose, lost, lost; make, made, made; meet, met, met; mow, mowed, mown*; pay, paid, paid; put, put, put; read, read, read; rend, rent, rent; rid, rid, rid; ride, rode, ridden; ring, rung, rung; rise, rose, risen; run, ran, run; say, said, said; saw, sawed, sawn*, see, saw, seen; seek, sought, sought; seeth, seethed, sodden; sell, sold, sold; send, sent, sent; set, set, set; shake, shook, shaken; load, loaded, loaden *or* laden*; shave, shaved, shaven*; shear, shore*, shorn; shed, shed, shed; shine, shone*, shone*; shoe, shod, shod; shoot, shot, shot; show, showed, shown*; shrink, shrunk, shrunk; shut, shut, shut; sing, sung, sung; sink, sunk, sunk; sit, sat, sitten; slay, slew, slain; slide, slid, slidden; sling, slung, slung; slit, slit, slit; smite, smote, smitten; snow, snowed, snown*; sow, sowed, sown*; speak, spoke, spoken: speed, sped, sped; spend, spent, spent; spin, span, spun; spit, spat, spitten; split, split, split; spread, spread, spread; spring, sprung, sprung; stand, stood, stood; steal, stole, stolen; stick, stuck, stuck; sting, stung, stung; stride, strode, stridden; strike, struck, struck *or* stricken; string, strung, strung; strive, strove, striven; strew, strewed, strewn; swear, swore, sworn; sweat, sweat, sweat *or* sweaten; swell, swelled, swollen; swim, swam, swum; swing, swung, swung; take, took, taken; teach, taught, taught; tear, tore, torn; tell, told, told; think, thought, thought; thrive, throve, thriven; throw, threw, thrown; thrust, thrust, thrust; tread, trode, trodden; wear, wore, worn; weave, wove*, woven*; wet, wet, wet; win, won, won; work, wrought*, wrought*; wring, wrung, wrung; write, wrote, written.

V. OF THE ADVERB.

Q. What is an adverb?

A. An adverb is a word added to a verb, to an adjective, or to another adverb, to denote some circumstance of an action or quality; as, John sings *well*; he walks *slowly*; you are *extremely* clever; I was *very much* mistaken.

List of Adverbs.

Now, instantly, presently, immediately, soon, to-day, to-night, to-morrow, yesterday, already, hitherto, heretofore, hereafter, when, then, soon, sooner, soonest.—Here, there, where, herein, thereof, whereby, hither, thither, whither, upward, downward, forward, backward, hence, thence, whence.—Once, twice, thrice, oft, often, oftner, oftnest, oftentimes, always, seldom, hourly, daily, weekly, monthly, yearly.—First, secondly, thirdly, fourthly.—Perhaps, haply, peradventure, possibly, probably, truly, verily, certainly, assuredly, undoubtedly, yea, yes, nay, no, not.—Together, apart, asunder, separately.—How, why, wherefore.—As, so, very, exceeding, exceedingly, more, most, much.—Wisely, foolishly, wickedly, gracefully, commendably.

VI. OF PREPOSITIONS.

Q. What is a preposition?

A. A preposition is a word which naturally requires some word or words to follow it, and which serves to connect words with one another and to show the relation between them: as, Thomas went *to* town; John came *from* France; He is supported *by* his friends.

List of Prepositions.

Of, for, from, by, at, in, into, on, upon, to, unto, with, within, without, toward, towards, above, below, over, under, beneath, about, around, before, behind, after, against, among, amongst, beside, besides, between, betwixt, beyond, through, throughout.

VII. OF CONJUNCTIONS.

Q. What is a conjunction?

A. A conjunction is a word that joins sentences together, and shows the manner of their dependence upon one another: as, You, *and* I, *and* Peter, rode to London; You *and* I rode to London, *but* Peter staid at home.

List of Conjunctions.

And, also, likewise, either, neither, or, nor, but, yet, if, though, although, except, unless, because, lest, notwithstanding.

VIII. OF INTERJECTIONS.

Q. What is an interjection?

A. An interjection is a word thrown into a sentence to express briefly some emotion or passion of the mind; as, *O! alas! fy!*

List of Interjections.

O, oh, ah, ha, alas, alack, la, behold, fy, po, pshaw, hush, ho, soho, huzza.

Adverbs, prepositions, conjunctions, and interjections, are invariable, excepting some adverbs, which have degrees of comparison: as, *soon, sooner, soonest; oft* or *often, oftner, oftnest; wisely, more wisely, most wisely,* &c.

PART II.

OF THE CONSTRUCTION OF SENTENCES.

RULE I.

THE Verb should agree with its Subject in number and person: as, The *men are* there.

Errours to be corrected.

The ships is arrived. Is your relations in town? Is the horses watered? The stockings is mended. The streets is dirty. My father and mother is gone abroad. The bellows is broken. The tongs is lost. Where is the snuffers?—We was in the country. You was in bed. They was at the play. Was you awake? Was your sisters at home? There was twenty. Who was all there?—His friends has forsaken him. My brother and sister has seen it. Has the servants been there? Has the goods been sold? The children has supped. The men has fought. The boys has been at school.—Good and bad comes to all. Time and tide waits for no man.

RULE II.

The Subject of a Verb, when a pronoun, should be in the Foregoing state, the Object of a verb active, in the Following: as, *He loves her.*

Errours.

There was him, her, and me. Him and her was married. Who opened the door? Me. Who put up the window? Him. Who blew out the candle? Her. Who gained the prize? Us. Who tore the book? Them.

No

No man is so brave as him, nor any woman so handsome as her. You are wiser than them. He is more foolish than her. She sings better than him. Who do you love?

RULE III.

The pronouns *who*, *whom*, and *whose*, are used with respect to persons only; the pronoun *which*, with regard to things, except when it is an interrogative: as, The man who is truly wise; she whom I love; the man whose breast is pure? which man do you mean?

Errours.

The question whose solution I desire. The man which I met. Our Father which art in heaven.

RULE IV.

A Preposition requires the Following state of a Pronoun after it: as, He gave it to me.

Errours.

Between you and I. Who did you give it to? Who did you get it from? Who do you deal with?

RULE V.

The verb *to be* ought to have the foregoing state of a Pronoun after it: as, It was *he* that did it: unless it be in the infinitive mode; as, I took it to be *him*.

Errours.

It was him who spoke so well. That is her who sung so charmingly. It is me. It was them.

RULE VI.

Double comparatives and superlatives are improper.

Errours.

This is more better than that. John is more wiser than Thomas. George is the most strongest.

RULE VII.

In the perfect and imperfect times, the proper forms of the verb must be carefully attended to.

Errours.

He would have spoke. The men have strove. He hath bore witness. I have chose this man. The bending hermit here a prayer begun.

RULE VIII.

Two negatives are equivalent to an affirmative, and should not be used together *.

Errours.

I cannot by no means allow. I would not do it upon no account. I could not get nobody. I don't choose no more. I can't eat none.

Additional Exercises in Grammar; or Improprieties in the choice of words.

Adjective.—After the most straitest sect. Whosoever of you will be chiefest. The seas extremest border. The tongue is like a race horse, that runs the faster the lesser weight it carries. The strongest of the two. I can't give no more. The laws of his country allow of no place, nor no employment, to be a sanctuary for crimes.

Pronoun.—Who love I so much. Whoe'er I woo. I can tell who loves who. Whom do men say that I am? Who should I meet the other night. Who should I see. Suspecting I know not who. It is not me. There's not a wretch that lives on common charity, but's happier than me. Who servest thou under. Who do you speak to. Our Father which art in heaven. You are a greater loser than me by his death. She suffers more than me. To prepare the Jews for a prophet mightier than him. If

* By attending to these few rules, almost all the grammatical errours which abound in writing and conversation would be avoided.

If the King give us leave, you or I may as lawfully preach as them that do. The lover got a woman of a greater fortune than her he missed. Not her: not him. He told my lord and I. My father and him are very intimate. Can any person, on their entrance into the world, be fully secure that they shall not be deceived. Let each esteem another better than themselves. Milton is, of all others, the sublimest writer.

Verb.—Knowing that you was my old master's friend. I had rather not. The country was overflown. He would have spoke. Words interwove with sighs. Hath stole them from me. You have swam. You had began. The years have ran. Have sprang. He has wrote. His voice was broke. No civil broils have arose. Some philosophers have mistook. I have drank. I had drank. He might have took. There's two or three of us. Great pains has been taken. There was more than one. If a man's temper was at his own disposal. And so was also James and John. I thought to have written last week. History painters would have found it difficult to have invented such a species of beings. Why do ye that which is not lawful to do. He had dedicate. They will be prosecute. In proportion as either of these qualities are wanting. Every one of the letters bear date. Neither of them are remarkable for precision. Neither of them were there. Whatever related to ecclesiastical meetings, matters, and persons, were to be ordered. Speaking impatiently to servants, or any thing that betrays inattention or ill humour, are also criminal. The mechanism of clocks and watches were totally unknown. The number of inhabitants were not more than four millions.

Adverb.—Excellent well. Marvellous graceful. Extreme unwilling. He behaved himself conformable to that blessed example. I shall endeavour hereafter to live suitable to a man in my station. The assertions of this author are easier detected. I can never think so mean of him. Homer describes this river agreeable to the vulgar reading. After these wars, of which they hope for a soon and prosperous issue. Use a little wine for thy

stomach's sake, and thine often infirmities. Let a man be never so great. Be he ne'er so vile, this day shall gentle his condition. If I make my hands never so clean. These are scandalous, and never were, nor never will be given but for scandalous services. Whether or no. Whether he will or no.

Preposition.—You have bestowed your favours to the most deserving. That variety of factions into which we are still engaged. To restore myself into the good graces of my fair critics. Accused the ministers for betraying the Dutch. He was made much on at Argos. He is resolved of going to the Persian court. To swerve out of the path. I dissent with you. In compliance to some persons. In justification to the best of Queens. The great difficulty of fixing just sentiments. The English were a different people then to what they are at present. To die for laughing. If you choose to insist for it. The history of St Peter is agreeable with the sacred text. If I could prevail with you. He might have profited from experience. It is no diminution to their greatness, or derogation to their sufficiency. Something like this has been reproached to Tacitus.

Conjunction.—It is neither capable of pleasing the understanding or the imagination. There were no more but a hundred pounds in the bag. I was no sooner invested with the regal authority, but I enjoined all the ladies. Breaking a free constitution by the very same errours that so many have been broke before. I gained a son, and such a son, as all men hailed me happy. No errours are so trivial, but they deserve to be mended.

EXERCISES IN PRONUNCIATION AND ORTHOGRAPHY.

1. ABBREVIATE abdicate abjure abominable abridge abstemious abstinence abyss academy accept accidental accommodate atchieve acquiesce adamantine addition adequate adieu admonish adventure adverb.

2. Adulation advocate aërial affluent aggravation aghast agreeable alacrity alas algebra alledge allegory alleviate almond altercation amanuensis ambassadour amiable

amiable amphibious amphitheatre analogy anarchy anchor anemone anatómy anniversary.

3. Antecedent anticipate antidote antique antiquity apartment apostrophe apothecary apothegm apprentice approximate aqueduct arbitrator archangel architect aristocracy aromatic articulate artifice asparagus assembly assiduity astronomy atheist.

4. Atmosphere atrocious attitude auditor aurora-borealis automaton authentic autumn auxiliary awkward axiom azure.—Bachelor backgammon baggage bagnio balloon ballustrade banish barometer barbarity barricade battalion bayonet beatific bedlam behaviour.

5. Believe belligerent benefactor benevolence beneficence benign besiege bewitch bigamy biscuit bissextile bitumen blasphemy blemish blockade bludgeon blunderbuss boatswain boisterous bombasin botany bowling-green bowsprit bracelet bramble breakfast.

6. Bridegroom bridewell brigade brilliant buffoon buckle bumper burden bureau burlesque bury burial busy business buxom.—Cadence calamanco calamitous calico callous calf calve calvinism camera-obscura campaign candid canine canopy cap-a-pie carriage.

7. Capricious carnivorous castle catalogue catechism caterpillar catastrophe cathedral cavalry caveat cauliflower causeway celibacy ceremonious cerulean chancellor character chaos chasm chimera choler chorus chord christian chronicle chymist chymical.

8. Chariot charity chastisement cherub chivalry chevalier chaldron chimney chocolate cipher circumlocution citadel clandestine classical clergyman client climax cluster cockney cocoa codicil coercion coeval coffee-house cogent collation college colloquy colon.

9. Colonel colossus colour column comedy comic comma commemorate commerce commiserate commodious commonwealth company compassion compendium complacency complaint composition compulsion concave condemn convex conceit conciliate.

10. Conclusion condign condole confederacy confined conflagration congenial congratulate congregation connoisseur conscience consequence consolation conspicu-

ous

ous constitution consumption contemporary contentment contingent contraband contrite.

11. Controversy convivial convulsion copious copper coquette cordial cornucopia corollary correspond cosmography covenant covetous counterbalance counting-house courtier cousin coxcomb creator creature credulity cribbage cripple crocodile.

12. Crotchet crucifix crystal cupboard cucumber culprit culture curfew curmudgeon current cynic.—Daisy damask dastard deafen debilitate debt decalogue deceit decoction decorum dedication defendant deficient deist deliberate delicious delinquent.

13. Demesnes democracy denominate deportment deprecate depreciate derogate description desolation despicable despotic determined detrimental devotion diadem diamond diaper dictionary dilapidation dilatory dimple dining-room disburse disconsolate.

14. Discourse discriminate disentangle dishabille disingenuous dislocate dispense disseminate dissenter dissyllable dissipate dissolute dissuade distich distemper divisor dividend diurnal divulge dogmatical dolphin domestic domineer dominion dowager dragoon.

15. Dramatic dropsy dubious dudgeon duel dumb duplicate dutchess.—Eager ebony eccentric ecclesiastic echo eclipse ecstacy edifice edition education effeminate effigy eglantine effluvia egotism electricity element elephant ellipsis elocution eloquence elysian.

16. Elysium embellish embroider emergency emolument emperour empress encomium encounter encyclopædia energy engineer enterprise entertainment envelop epicure epidemical epigram epilogue episcopacy episode epithalamium epoch epocha epitome.

17. Equanimity equilibrium equinox erroneous eschew ether etymology evangelical evil eucharist evening exaggerate excavate except exchange exclamation excrescense executive exemplify exhalation exorbitant exordium expedient experiment explicit.

18. Expostulate expulsion exquisite extempore extraordinary extravagant extremity.—Facetious facilitate fallacious fanaticism fantastical farewell farinaceous

fascinate

fascinate feminine ferocious fertile festival festoon fiery fillip financier finesse firmament.

19. Fishmonger flagrant flambeau flannel flexible flippant florist flounder flourish flower fluctuate foliage folio footman foppery forehead forfeit formidable fortification fortitude fortuitous fragrant frankincense fraternal fraudulent fribble frigid frivolous.

20. Frontispiece funeral furlough furniture.—Galaxy galley garrison gaudy gauge gayety gelid genealogy geography geometry gewgaw gladiator glutinous glutton gnash gnat goldfinch gooseberry gorgeous gormandize government grammarian.

21. Gratuitous gravitation grenadier grievance grotesque gudgeon guitar gunpowder gymnastic.—Habeas-corpus haberdasher half halfpenny habituate halcyon hallelujah hammock handsome handkerchief harangue harbinger harbour harlequin harmonious.

22. Harpsichord hautboy hawthorn hazard hazel headach heathen hecatomb hemisphere heptarchy herbaceous hereditary heterodox hexagon hiccough hieroglyphic highwayman history historian homicide homogeneous honest honour hospital heir.

23. Humour honeycomb hornpipe horrour horsemanship hosanna hospitable hostler housewife human humane hurricane hyacinth hydraulics hydrography hydrostatics hymen hymn hyperbole hyperborean hypocrisy hypothesis hysterics.—Jessamine identical.

24. Idiom jewel ignis-fatuus ignoble ignominious illegal illiterate illustrious imagination immaculate immediately immense immortal immutable impartial impassioned impede impenitent impertinent implacable impotent impracticable imprudent impugn.

25. Incendiary incident inclemency incognito incoherent incomprehensibility indecent indefatigable indefinite indelible indemnify independence index indicative indict indictment indigent indigo indispensable indulgent ineffectual inestimable inexplicable.

26. Infidel infirmary inflammatory infringement inflexible influenza ingredient inheritance inimitable injurious innate innumerable insatiable inseparable insig-

nificant

nificant instigation instruction insuperable intellectual insurrection intelligence intemperance intercourse.

27. Internal interposed interview intoxication intrigue introduction invariable inveigle investigate invincible invocation jonquille irony irrefragable irresistable isle island isthmus jubilee judicature judicious junior juvenile.—Kennel kindred kitchen kernel.

28. Kettledrum kidnap kiln kimbo kingdom kinsfolk kinsman knavery knave knight knocker knuckle.—Laborious laboratory lacquey laconic lammas landscape lantern lapidary lassitude latitude longitude laudanum lavender lecture legend legerdemain.

29. Legible legitimate leisure lettuce levity lexicographer libertine lieutenant ligature lineament linguist liquidate literary litigious loadstone logarithms loyal lozenge ludicrous luminous luncheon Lutheran luxurious.—Magazine magistrate magnanimity.

30. Machinate monarch magnet magnificent maintenance malcontent malevolence malice malign maniac manufacture manuscript marchioness marigold marine maritime marmalade martyr masculine masquerade material mathematics matrimony.

31. Mausoleum meander medicine mechanic mechanism mediator melancholy melodious memorandum mensuration merchant meridian meritorious metaphor metaphysics metempsychosis meteor metropolis mezzotinto microscope midshipman military.

32. Militia milliner mimic minstrel miracle misantrophy miscellany misdemeanour misrepresent missile mitigation mittimus mizzen-mast modesty molestation monitor monkey monologue monotony monosyllable monument mortgage mortification moveable.

33. Mountebank multiplication munificent muscle museum mushroom mutability mysterious mythology.—Nadir narcotic nasal navigation nautical necessity nectar necromancy needle nefarious nestle newspaper niggardly nobility nocturnal notable notoriety.

34. Notorious noxious nuisance number numeration nutmeg nutriment nutrition.—Obdurate obelisk obligation obnoxious oblivion obloquy oblique obsequious observatory

observatory obstreperous ochre octagon octavo oculist odious odoriferous ogle omnific.

35. Omnipotence omnipresence omniscience ontology opera opiate opium opprobrious optics opulent oration orator oratorio ordinance ordnance oriental orthodox orthography oscillation ostentatious osteology ovarious overthrow outrageous oyster.

36. Pacific palate palfrey palm psalm palpable pandæmonium panegyric pantomime paradox paragraph parallel parallelogram parallēlopipedon parenthesis parentage parochial parsimonious pasquinade pastoral pathetic pathology pathos patriarch.

37. Patriot pawn-broker peacock pecuniary pedigree pendulum peninsula penmanship pentagon penurious perambulate peremptory perennial perfidious perforate perimiter pernicious perpendicular perplexity perquisite perseverance personify.

38. Perspicuity pertinent perturbation peruse petition petulance phaëton phantom pharmocopolist phenomenon philanthropy philology philosophy phlebotomy phraseology ptisan phthisic physic physician physiognomy physiology piazza picture.

39. Pilgrim pimenta pinion pinnacle pique poignant placable plagiary planet platonic plebeian plenipotentiary plenty ploughboy polemical poltron ponton polyanthus political polygamy polysyllable pomatum pomegranate pompous poniard.

40. Populace popularity populous porcelain porcupine porphyry portmanteau portrait possession post-boy posterity posthumous postilion potatoe potential powder practitioner pragmatical precarious preceptor precipitation predestination.

41. Predicament pre-eminence prejudice preliminary premature premeditate premier premium preparative preparatory preposterous prerogative presbyterian prescience president presumption preter-imperfect pretty prevalence prevaricate primary primitive primrose.

42. Princess principle principal pristine privateer privilege probation problem proboscis procrastinate prodigal prodigious profession professor profligacy prognostication

nostication projectile prolation prologue promiscuous promissory promontory promulgate pronounce.

43. Pronunciation propinquity propitious proportion proprietor prorogue prosaic prosecute prosody prosopopoeia prosperity protestant protuberance provincial provision provocative prowess proximity prudence puerile puissant pulsation pulverise puncheon punctilio.

44. Punctuation pungent punishment puppet-show purlieu pursuivant purvey pusillanimity putrid puzzle pyramid.—Quadrangle quadrant quadrature quadruped quære quagmire quality quantity quarantine quarrel quarter quaternion quay querulous quiescent.

45. Quiet quietus quintessence quintuple quirister quiver quote quoth quotidian quotient.—Radiant radius raiment ragout ramification rancid ranunculus rarefy ratiocination raven ravenous realize rebellion recapitulate receptacle receipt recipe reciprocal.

46. Reconnoitre redoubt redolent redundant reinforce refraction regalia regicide rehearse relaxation reluctance remember remonstrance rencounter renunciation repartee repercussive replenish reprehend representative repugnant rescind reservoir residence.

47. Resignation resolute respectful resplendent restitution resurrection retinue revenue retrospect reverberate reverend rhetoric rheumatism rhyme ridicule risibility rivulet rogue romance rondeau roseate rotundity royal rudiments ruffian rumour.—Sacrilege.

48. Sacrifice saffron salamander salique saliva salmon saltseller saltpetre salubrious sanctity sanguinary sapience sapphire sarcenet satellite satiety satire saunter scallop scandulous schedule scenography sceptic sceptre schism school scissars se'ennight scorpion scribbler.

49. Scripture scrupulosity scrutiny scrutoire sculpture sculptor secresy secretary secrete sedition sedulous semicircle semicolon sensible sentence sentiment sepulchre sequestration seraph seraphim serenity sermon serpentine servile sewer shalloon shepherd sheriff shrewd.

50. Sieve signify signior similar simile simplicity sinew singular skeleton slander slattern slaughter slender slippery sloven slumber social sociable socinianism sojourn

-solace

solace solar solder soldier solemnize solicit soliloquy solitude solo solstice somniferous sonnet.

51. Sophistry soporiferous sovereign spacious spangle spaniel sparkle spasm specify specific spectacle spherical spinage spinster spiritual splendid splenetic spontaneous spurious squander stammer standard statics stationer statuary steadfast stenography stentorophonic.

52. Sterility sterling steward stigma stingy stipulate stirrup stoic stomach strengthen strenuous structure stubborn student styptic subjugate submissive subordinate subscribe subservient substantial substitute subterfuge subtle subtraction succedaneum successor.

53. Succinct sudorific suffice sufficient suffocate suggest sulphur sumptuous summer superannuated supercilious superficial superfluous superscribe supersede supposition supplement supremacy surgeon surreptitious susceptible suspension sword sycophant syllabus sylvan.

54. Symbol symmetry sympathy symphony symptom synonimous syntax system.—Tabernacle taciturnity tambarine tantalize tantamount technical telescope temerity temperance tempest temporal tenacious torpid termagant terraqueous terrestrial theorem.

55. Thermometer tooth-ach thorough thunder thyme-timorous tincture tobacco tolerable topography tongue tournament towards tradesman tradition tragedy traitor tranquil tranquillity transcend transfigure transitory translucent transmigrate transparent.

56. Treachery tremendous trepidation triangle tribunal trigonometry triple trisyllable triumph trophy truant truncheon tumultuous turbulent turgid turkey turpitude tutor twelvemonth twopence threepence typical typographical.—Vacancy vacuity vague vagrant.

57. Valetudinarian vanquish vapour variegate ubiquity vegetable vehemence vehicle venerable vengeance veracity verdict vermilion versatile veteran vexation vicinity vicissitude vigilance villanous vineyard vindicative virtue visionary vivify umbrageous.

58. Umbrella unison university vocabulary vociferation volatile volcano volubility voluminous voluntarily voluptuous voracious vouchsafe voyage upholsterer ris-

quebaugh

quebaugh usurer utility utopian uxorious.—Waggon wainscot waistcoat warehouse warriour.

59. Wayward wedding weather welcome wherever western whetstone whimsical whirlpool whirlwind whistle whitlow whole wholly widow willow winnow winter witticism wizard woman women woodbine worship worthy wretched wrinkle write wrist wreck.

60. Wristband.—Yea yest yellow yesterday yesternight yokefellow yolk youthful yacht.—Zealot zephyr zodiac zoography zootamy.—Sunday Monday Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday Saturday January February March April May June July August.

61. September October November December Christmas Easter Whitsuntide Michaelmas Martinmas Candlemas*:——Air ère e'er heir, all awl, altar alter, ascent assent, bacon baken, bail bale, ball bawl, bare bear, baize bays, base bass, be bee, beau bow.

62. Beer bier, berry bury, blew blue, boar bore, board bored, bough bow, buy by, bread bred, brews bruise, borough or burgh burrow, call caul, cannon canon, ceiling sealing, cellar seller, chased chaste, chews choose, choir quire, cholar collar, chord cord.

63. Cion Sion, cite sight site, clause claws, climb clime, coarse course corse, council counsel, cousin cozen, cygnet signet, Dane deign, dear deer, dew due, doe dough, done dun, eaten Eton, yew you, eye I, fane fain feign, faint feint, fair fare, feat feet.

64. Fillip Philip, fir fur, flea flee, flour flower, foul fowl, frays phrase, frieze freeze, furs furze, gall Gaul, gilt guilt, grate great, grater greater, groan grown, hail hale, hair hare, hall haul, hart heart, heal heel hell, hear here, heard herd, hew hue Hugh.

65. Hie high, higher hire, him hymn, hour our, I'll aisle isle, in inn, indite indict, kill kiln, nap knap, knave nave, knell Nell, knew new, knight night, knot not,

* In what follows, the words between the points are the same in sound, though different in spelling and signification.

The different meanings should be mentioned by the teacher.

not, know no, lade laid, leak leek, lead led, lessen lesson, liar lier lyre, limb limn, lo low.

66. Made maid, main mane, mail male, mare mayor, marshal martial, mean mien, meat meet, medlar meddler, mews muse, might mite, mighty mity, mown moan, moat mote, more mower, nay neigh, none nun, oar o'er ore, Oh owe, pail pale.

67. Pain pane, pair pare pear, palate pallet, pall Paul, pause paws, peace piece, peal peel, peer pier, place plaice, plait plate, pleas please, practice practise, praise prays, pray prey, principal principle, profit prophet, quean queen, rain reign rein, raise rays.

68. Read reed, red read, rest wrest, rheum Rome room, rhyme rime, rice rise, rye wry, ring wring, right rite write wright, road rowed, roe row, rote wrote, ruff rough, rung wrung, sail sale, scent sent, scene seen, sea see, seam seem, seas sees seize.

69. Signior senior, shear sheer, shoar shore, sloe slow, sole soul, soar sore sower, some sum, son sun, stake steak, stair stare, steal steel, straight strait, succour sucker, tacks tax, tail tale, their there, threw through, throne thrown, thyme time, toe tow.

70. Too to two, vale vail or veil, vane vain vein, vial or phial viol, wade weighed, wain wane, wait weight, ware wear, way weigh wey, week weak, wood would, won one.

FINIS.

Alex. Smellie, Printer.

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