Cloud

No. IV.

A

# FIRST COLLECTION,

IN

## PROSE AND VERSE:

WITH

## EXERCISES ON ORTHOGRAPHY AND ORTHOEPY.

THIRD EDITION.

*Compiled under the direction of a Committee of Established Schoolmasters of Scotland.*

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## PART IV.—EXERCISES IN SPELLING.

# PART I.

## GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

EVERY Letter must have its proper and distinct sound.

Every Vowel, as *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, must be clearly and fully articulated, giving to each its proper quantity.

*W* and *y* are Consonants at the beginning of a word or syllable, as, War, were, with, word, yard, yield, young, re-ward, law-yer: but Vowels at the end, as, Draw, law, dew, few, snow, throw, bay, by, day, dry, key, toy, why.

### OF THE VOWEL SOUNDS.

VOWELS have their Name sounds, their Occasional sounds, and their Short or Shut sounds.

A

## KEY TO THE VOWEL SOUNDS.

### *Name Sounds.*

ā′, ē′, ī′, ō′, ū′, accented.
ā, ē, ī, ō, ū, unaccented.

Fā′te, mā′de, stā′te, fā′-ble, tā′-ble.
Mē′te, mē′re, hē′re, lē′-gal, rē′-gent.
Pī′ne, nī′ne, dī′ne, bī′-ped, stī′-pend.
Nō′te, rō′pe, slō′pe, nō′-ble, tō′-tal.
Pū′re, mū′te, lū′te, stū′-dent, pū′-pil.

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### *Occasional Sounds.*

â′, ă, û′, accented.
â, ă, û, ŭ, unaccented.

Fâ′ll, bâ′ll, câ′ll, bâ′ld-ness, hâ′lt-ing.
Fă′r, lă′rk, pă′rk, bă′r-gain, bă′r-my.
Rû′le, trû′e, trû′th, rû′l-ing, brû′-tish.
Bŭll, pŭll, pŭt, bŭl′-let, bŭll′-dog.

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### *Short or Shut Sounds.*

a, e, i, o, u, unmarked.

a—Fat, bad, lad.
e—met, bed, men.
i—pin, slip, ship.
o—not, plot, top.
u—but, gun, tun.

---

The vowel sounds are fourteen, viz.

a—has four sounds, ā, â, ă, a, as fāte, fâll, fă*r*, fat.
e—has two sounds, ē, e, as mēte, met.
i—has two sounds, ī, i, as pīne, pin.
o—has two sounds, ō, o, as nōte, not.
u—has four sounds, ū, û, ŭ, u, as pūre, rûle, bŭll, but.

# EXERCISES

ON

# ORTHOGRAPHY AND ORTHOEPY.

## Exercise I.

*Name Sound of the Vowels accented.*

Signs, ā′, ē′, ī′, ō′, ū′.

ā′.—Bā′be, bā′re, cā′ke, cā′ve, dā′le, dā′me, fā′de, flā′me, gā′le, grā′pe, hā′re, hā′te, lā′de, lā′ke, mā′de, mā′re, nā′me, pā′le, pā′ve, quā′ke, rā′re, rā′te, sā′fe, stā′te, tā′me, trā′de, vā′le, vā′ne, whā′le, wā′re, yā′re.—Bā′se-ness, cā′re-fŭl, dā′te-less, fā′-tal, grā′te-fŭl, hā′te-fŭl, lā′te-ly, mā′n-ger, nā′me-ly, pā′le-ness, quā′-ver, rā′re-ly, shā′me-fŭl, tā′me-ly, vā′-grant, wā′ke-fŭl, yā′re-ly.

ē′.—ē′ve, glē′be, hē′re, mē′re, mē′te, phlē′me, scē′ne, schē′me, sphē′re, thē′me.

ī′.—Bī′de, brī′de, dī′ne, fī′ne, glī′de, hī′re, kī′te, lī′ne, mī′le, nī′ne, prī′ce, rī′ce, sī′de, tī′re, vī′le, wī′de.—Blī′nd, fī′nd, grī′nd, hī′nd, mī′nd, wī′nd (*in poetry.*)—Fī′ne-ly, lī′ke-ly, spī′te-fŭl, tī′me-ly, wī′de-ly.

ō′.—Bō′ne, cō′ve, drō′ne, fō′re, grō′pe, hō′me, jō′ke, lō′ne, mō′de, nō′se, ō′re, pō′le, quō′te, rō′de, shō′re, thrō′ne, vō′te, wō′re, yō′re, zō′ne.—Clō′se-ly, dō′le-fŭl, hō′me-ly, hō′pe-fŭl-ly, lō′ne-ly.

ū′.—Blū′e, cū′be, cū′re, dū′ke, flū′te, fū′me, glū′e, hū′ge, lū′te, mū′te, plū′me, sū′re, tū′ne, ū′se.—Cū′re-less, hū′ge-ly, ū′se-less.

o *s.* ō′, before ll, ld, lt, &c.—Bō′ll, bō′ld, bō′lt, brō′nze, cō′ld, cō′lt, drō′ll, dō′lt, fō′ld, fō′rd, fō′rt, fō′rge, gō′ld, hō′ld, jō′lt, pō′ll, pō′rch, pō′rt, pō′st, rō′ll, scrō′ll, spō′rt, strō′ll, slō′th, tō′ld, tō′ll, tō′rn.—Bō′ld-ly,

cō′ld-ly, dō′lt-ish, fō′rd-a-ble, hō′ld-ing, pō′rt-a-ble, spō′rts-man, slōth-fŭl.

y *s.* ī′.—By, cry, dry, fy, fly, fry, my, (emphatically,) but as *mē*, (familiarly,) ply, spy, thy, why.

## Exercise II.

*Name Sound of the Vowels unaccented.*

Signs, ā, ē, ī, ō, ū.

ā.—A-ē′-ri-al, ā-lien-ā′-tion, leg′-ā″te, oc′-tā″ve, pres′-ā″ge (*noun*), vā′-cā″te *.

ē.—Bē-fō′re, bē-gin′, bē-hā′ve, cē-ment′, con′-crē″te, dē′-bâ′rk, dē-camp′, ē-gres′-sion, e-las′-tic, el′-ē-vā″te, fē-lō′-ni-ous, fē-lō′-ni-ous-ly, gē-og′-ra-phy, gē-om′-ē-try, hē-rō′-ic, lē-gal′-i-ty, me-nă′ge, mē-thod′-i-cal, nē-glect′, nē-glect′-fŭl, prē-fer′, rē-vēre′, rē-bel′, (verb,) sē-cūre′, sē-dan′, trē-men′-dous, vē-gē′te, vē′-hē-ment.

ī.—Bī-og′-ra-phy, dī-am′-ē-ter, en′-sī″gn, fī′-nī″te, hī-ber′-nal, ī-ron′-i-cal, mī-grā′-tion, prī-vā′-tion, trī-bū′-nal.

ō.—Bō-tan′-ic, cō-lā′-tion, cō-lūre′, dō-mā′in, glo-bō′se, hō-rī′-zon, lō-cal′-i-ty, mō-lest′, mō-rass′, nō-tā′-tion, Nō-vem′-ber, ō-ver-look′, ō-rac′-ū-lar, pō-lī′te, prō-found′, quō′th, quō-tid′-i-an, rō-mance′, rō-man′-tic, sō-lic′-it, sō-nō′-rous, tō-bac′-cō, vō-cā′-tion.

ū.—Cū-ri-os′-i-ty, dū-rā′-tion, fū-mi-gā′-tion, gū-ber-nā′-tion, hū-mā′ne, hū-mā′ne-ly, lū-nā′-tion, mū-sic′-ian, nū-me-ra′-tion, plū-ral′-i-ty, sū-pī′ne, tū-it′-ion, ū-ni-ver′-sal.

y *s.* ē.—Brā′ve-ly, clō′se-ly, fī′ne-ly, hō′me-ly, lō′ne-ly, nā′me-ly, pū′re-ly, rā′re-ly, sā′fe-ly, tī′me-ly, wī′de-ly.

## Exercise III.

*Occasional Sounds.*

Signs, â′, ă′, û′, â, ă, û, ŭ.

ă′.—Arm, bă′r, că′rp, dă′rt, fă′rm, gă′rb, hă′rp, jă′r,

* Wherever Walker retains the mute *e* in an unaccented syllable, or gives a diphthong instead of a single vowel, the Committee has added to the peculiar mark of the vowel a double accent.——See No. X. DICTIONARY.

lă′rk, mă′rk, pă′rt, smă′rt, tă′rt, yă′rd.—A′rt-less, că′rt-er, dă′rk-ness, fă′rm-er, hă′rsh-ly, pă′rt-ner, shă′rp-ly, tă′rt-ly, că′r-tel, hăr-mon′-ic, mă′s-ter, mă′s-ter-ly, tă′r-tar.

â′.—All, bâ′ll, câ′ll, dwâ′rf, fâ′lse, gâ′ll, hâ′lt, jâ′w, mâ′lt, pâ′ll, quâ′rt, scrâ′wl, thâ′w, wâ′rm, yâ′wn.—Al′-der, bâ′ld-ness, câ′l-dron, fâ′lse-ly, hâ′l-berd, mâ′lt-ster, pâ′l-try, quâ′-drant, smâ′ll-ness, thwâ′rt-ed, wâ′r-ble, yâ′wn-ing.

û′.—Brû′te, crû′de, Jû′ne, prû′ce, prû′de, prû′ne, rû′e, sprû′ce, trû′e, trû′th.—Brû′-mal, crû′-et, drû′-id, frû′-gal, grû′-el, jû′-lap, prû′-dent, rû′de-ness, scrû′-ple, trû′-ant.

o *s.* â′.—Bo′rn, co′rd, fo′rk, go′rge, ho′rn, lo′rd, mo′rn, no′rth, o′rb, sco′rn, tho′rn, to′rch.—Co′r-ner, co′r-pō-ral, do′r-mant, fo′r-mal, go′r-gon, ho′rse-man, lo′rd-ly, mo′r-bid, no′r-ther-ly, o′r-bit, po′r-ti-cō, sco′rn-fŭl, sho′rt-ly, to′r-ment, to′r-ture.

o *s.* û′.—Do′, do′-er, do′-eth, do′-ing, mo′ve, mo′v-eth, mo′v-ing, mo′ve-less, mo′ve-ment, pro′ve, pro′v-eth, pro′v-ing, Ro′me, to′.

ŭ.—Bŭll, bŭl′-let, bŭll′-ock, bŭsh′-el, fŭll, fŭl′-ler, fŭl′-ly, pŭll, pŭl′-ley, pŭsh, pŭsh′-ing, pŭss, pŭt.

o *s.* ŭ.—Wolf, wolf′-ish, wolf′-dog, wolfs′-bāne.

## Exercise IV.

### *Shut Sounds.*

Signs, a, e, i, o, u.

a.—Am, ant, bag, brag, cap, cap′-tain, dam, dam′-sel, fact, fam′-ine, gaff, gal′-lop, hand, hand′-sel, kam, kal′-en-dar, lap, lap′-pet, mat, mat′-tock, nap, nap′-kin, plan′-et, plant, quack, rab′-bit, rap′-id, sad, sad′-ness, tack, tav′-ern, van, van′-ish, wag, wag′-gon, wax.

Ask, asp, ass, bask, brass, cast, class, craft, dance, draft, fast, flask, gasp, glass, grant, grass, haft, hasp, lance, lass, last, lath, mask, mass, mast, pass, past, rasp, shaft, vast, wrath.—A′f-ter, af-ter-nôon′, bas′-ket, cas′-tle, craft′-y, das′-tard, das′-tard-ly, fast′-

ness, flask′-et, glass′-man, grass′-y, last′-ing, last′-ly, nas′-ty, nas′-ti-ly, par-tā′ke, pass′-age, raf′-ter, sample, sam′-pler, tas′-sel, vast′-ly, vast′-ness, waft′-age.

e.—Bed, beg′-gar, cell, cel′-lar, deck, dress, err, fen, fen′-nel, gen′-tle, gent′-ly, help, help′-less, jest, jet, kelp, ket′-tle, less, less′-en, met, met′-al, net, net′-tle, pen, pen′-dant, quest, ques′-tion, rest, rest′-less, sex, sex′ton, ten, ten′ant, verb, verd′ant, well, wel′come, yes, yet.

e *s.* u.—(In the termination er.) Arch′-er, bar′-ber, chant′-er, dan′-cer, fast′-er, gă′r-ter, hă′r-per, rû′l-er, sis′-ter, tem′-per, wā′-fer, wā′-ger.

i.—Bill, bil′let, cit, cit′ron, dip, dim′ness, fit, fit′ly, grif′fin, grim′ly, hiss′ing, kiss′ing, lim′it, lin′net, mill, min′-um, nib, nig′gard, pip′pin, print, quill, quit, rid, rid′dle, sit, sit′ting, tin, tin′sel, vis′it, viv′id, whip, win, wist.

i *s.* u.—Birch, dirk, dirt, dirge, fir, flirt, sir, shirt, spirt, stir, third, third′-ly, thirst, thirst′-y, thirst′-ing, thirst′-eth, bird, first.

i *s.* e.—Birth, chirp, firm, gird, kirk, mirth, quirk, smirk, twirl, whirl.—[o *s.* u.] Come, done, front, glove, love, monk, none, one, pom′mel, rom′age, some, ton′nage, won′der, word, world.

o.—Blot, bot′tle, com′ic, dog, dol′lar, flor′id, frost, gloss, gone, hod, hog, job, jot, knock, knot, loft, loss, mock, mod′-el, not, nov′el, odd, ol′ive, plod, pomp, rob, rock, shop, spot, tor′rid, toss, vol′-ley, vom′it.

a *s.* o.—Chap, quash, quar′-rel, quar′-ry, squat, swab, swal′-low, swamp, swan, wad′-ing, wam′-ble, wal′-low, wan, wan′-der, want, wan′-ton, war′-ren, was, wash, wasp, wasp′-ish, wast, watch, watch′-ful, wat′-tle, what.

u.—Blunt, blunt′ness, cub, cul′prit, drum, duc′at, flush, fun′nel, grum′ble, gun, hun′dred, hus′band, jump, just′ice, knuc′kle, luck, lump, must, mus′-tard, nurse, nurs′ling, plump, pun′-ishment, rusk, rus′set, slug′-gard, sul′len, trump, tur′ret, un′cle, up′ward, vul′gar, vul′pine, wrung.

o *s.* i.—Wom′-en, (pl. of woman.)

u *s.* e.—Bur′y, bur′i-al.—[u *s.* i.] Bus′y, bus′i-ness (*iz*).
y *s.* i.—Crys′-tal, dyn′as-ty, mys′tic, mys′ter-y, pyg′my, pyr′a-mid, sym′pa-thy, sys′tem, tym′bal, tyr′an-ny.

## Exercise V.

### *Diphthongal Sounds.*

Rule.—"A Diphthong is the union of two or more Vowels in the same syllable. In a *proper* Diphthong both Vowels are equally sounded. In an *improper* Diphthong only one vowel is sounded."—Dictionary, No. X.

GENERAL TABLE.

| ā′ | ā′ | ē′ | ō′ |
|---|---|---|---|
| au, aw | ai, ao, ay, ei, ey | ea, ee, i-e | oa, eo, oe |

| û′ | ū′ | ow | oy | wa, we, wi, wo |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| oo | eu, ew | ou, ow | oi, oy | ua, ue, ui, uo |

Examples.—Fraud, laud—paw, saw—said, (adj.) sail—gaol, gaol-er—pay, way—their, vein—prey, they—leaf, sheaf—creep, sleep—field, shield—goat, oak—yeo-man, yeo-man-ry—doe, toe—sloop, tooth—feud—few, flew—loud, noun—now, town—boil, toil—cloy, toy—square, squall—quell, quest—quire—quote.

### *Exceptions.*

au *s.* ă.—Aunt, daunt, haunt, taunt.—[au *s.* a.] draught, laugh.
au *s.* o.—Laud′-a-num, laur′el.—[au *s.* ā′.] Gauge, gau′-gĕr.
au *s.* ō′.—Haut′-boy.
ai *s.* e.—Said (*imperf. and part.* of Say,) saith, again, against.—[ai *s.* a.] Plaid.
ei *s.* ē′.—Ei′-ther, lei′-sure, nei′-ther.—[ei *s.* ī′.] Height, sleight.
ei *s.* e.—Heif′-er.—[ei *s.* i.] For′-eign, sur′-feit.
ey *s.* ē′.—Key, key′-age, key′-stone, ley.—[ey *s.* ĕ.] al′-ley, gal′-ley, val′-ley.
ey *s.* ī′.—Ey-as.

ea *s.* ā′.—Break, great, pear, steak, tear, wear.
ea *s.* ă′.—Heart, hearth, hea′rk-en.
ea *s.* e.—Bread, dead, earth, head, meant, realm, sweat, threat.
ie *s.* ī′.—Die, lie, tie, vie.—[ie *s.* e.] Friend, sieve, tierce.
oa *s.* â′.—A-boa′rd, broad, groat.
eo *s.* ē′.—Peo′-ple.—[eo *s.* e.] Jeop′ard, leop′ard.—[eo *s.* u.] Dun′geon, sur′geon.—[eo *s.* û′.] Gal′-leon.
oe *s.* û′.—Canoe, shoes.—[oe *s.* u.] Does.
oo *s.* ō′.—Door, floor.—[oo *s.* u.] Blood, flood.—[oo *s.* ŭ.] Good, look, foot, wood.
ew *s.* û′.—Brew, crew, Jew, shrew.—[ew *s.* ō′.] Sew, shew, strew.
ou *s.* û′.—A-mou′r, con-tou′r, grou′p, sou′p, tou′r, wou′nd.
ou *s.* ō′.—Court, fo*u*ng mould, mourn, soul.—[ou *s.* â′.] Bou*gh*t, fou*gh*t, ou*gh*t, sou*gh*t, thou*gh*t, (*gh mute.*)—[ou *s.* u.] Touch, scourge, young.
ow *s.* ō′.—Blow, crow, flow, grow, low, snow.
ow *s.* ō.—Ar′row, bar′row, fel′low, pil′low, sor′row.—[oi *s.* i.] Tor′-toise.
ua *s.* ă′.—Guard, guard′ian, (*pron.* gyă′rd, gyă′rdi-an, (*g* hard.)
ue *s.* ū′.—Blue, cue, due, hue.—[ue *s.* e.] Guess, guest.
ue (*mute.*)—Plag*ue*, vag*ue*, rog*ue*, vog*ue*, tong*ue*, (*pr.* tung.)
ui *s.* ū′.—Sluice, suit, pur′suit.—[ui *s.* ī′.] Guide, guile, bē′guile, dis′guise (*pr.* gyī′d, &c. *g hard.*)—[ui *s.* wē′.] suite.
ui *s.* i.—Guild, build, guilt, guin′ēa, gui-tă′r.

## Exercise VI.

aye *s.* ă′ē, signifying ever, (*almost obsolete.*)
eau *s.* ū′.—Bea*u*′-ty, bea*u*′-ti-fŭl.—[eau *s.* ō.] Beau, bū-reau′, flam′-beau, pōrt-man′-teau.
eou *s.* u.—Go′r-geous, out-rā′-geous.—[eou *s.* ēu.] Boun′-teous, hid′eous, pit′eous, plen′teous.
eye *s.* ī′.—Eye′-lid, eye′-sore.
ieu *s.* ū′.—A-dieu′, lieu.—[iew *s.* ū′.] View, rē-view.

iou *s.* shu.—Anx′ious, fac′tious, nox′ious, pre′cious.
oeu *s.* û′.—Ma-noeû′vre.—[uoy *s.* woy.]Buoy, buoy′ant.

## Exercise VII.

### *Classification of Consonants.*

Consonants are divided into Mutes, Semivowels, and Liquids.—Mutes emit no sound without a Vowel, as *b*, *p*, *t*, *k*, and *c*, and *g* hard.—Semivowels are sounds which may be continued at pleasure, thus partaking of the nature of Vowels, as, *f*, *v*, *s*, *x*, *z*, and *g* soft, or *j*.—Liquids are such as flow into, or easily unite with the Mutes, as *l*, *m*, *n*, *r*.

Consonants may be also divided into sharp and flat sounds.

| | *Powers.* |
|---|---|
| Sharp.—*p*, *f*, *k*, *t*, *s*, and *c* hard. | ep, ef, ek, et, ess, eth, esh, ech. |
| Flat.—*b*, *v*, *d*, *z*, and *g* hard. | eb, ev, ed, ez, eg, eth, ezh, ej. |

b—silent in de*b*t, dou*b*t, tom*b*, thum*b*.
c *s.* k hard.—Că′rd, cô′rd, curd,—also in the end of a word or syllable, as ă′rc, mū′-sic.
e—mute in Mus′-cle, vict′-uals, indict′,—c *s.* t in *C*zar.—c *s.* z, in Dis-cern′, suf-fīce′, sac′ri-fīce.
c *s.* soft.—Ce-ment′, cit′y, cyn′ic.—c *s.* sh in Ca-prīc′-ious, cē-ta′-ceous, sō′-cial, sus-pic′-ion.
d silent.—Han*d*′-ker-chief, han*d*′-some, han*d*′-sel—as *j* in Sol′-dier, gran′-deur, ver′-dure.
f has its uniform sound, but slides into *v* in Of, often.
g *s.* eg (hard.)—Game, give, gold, gone.—g *s.* j (soft.) Gaol, gel′id, gin, gyves.
h (*an aspiration*) sounded in Hare, here, hire, horse, home, homage. Silent, in *H*erb, *h*eir, *h*on′est, *h*um′-ble, a*h*, Mes-sī′a*h*.
j *s.* g soft.—Jack, jam,—in Hal-lē-lū′jah, as initial *y*.
k *s.* c hard, or has its uniform sound, as in Kind, king.—Silent before *n*, *k*nave, *k*nee, *k*nit, *k*now.
l silent.—A′*l*mond, ca*l*f, fo*l*k, pa*l*m, ta*l*k, wa*l*k, yo*l*k, cou*l*d, wou*l*d, shou*l*d.
m *s.* n.—Ac-com*p*t′, com*p*-trōl′-ler, (*p* mute.)

n followed by *k*, *q*, *x*, has the flat mute *g* interposed,—Bank, thank, ban'quet, anx'ious.—Preceded by *l*, *m*, always mute,— Kil*n*, hym*n*.

p mute before *s*.—*P*salm, *p*sal'mist ;—between *m* and *t*, Em*p*'ty, tem*pt*, sum*p*'tū-ous.

qu *s*. kw.—Quart, quan'ti-ty.

r *s*. hard.—Bar, bard, ā'cre, lus'tre, (final *e* mute.

—- soft.—Barge, large, farce, scarce, (*g* and *c* soft.)

s *s*. s.—Same, sin, this, us, yes.—s *s*. z—Nose, rose, wise.

s *s*. z.—Dis'mal, dis'band, ab-solve', tubs, suds.—s is mute in ais*l*e, is*l*e, is'land, vis'count.

t *s*. sh, in words terminating in tion.—Nā'tion, ac'tion.

t *s*. sh.—tial.—Mā'r-tial, nup'-tial.—silent, preceded by s. Apos'*t*le, bris'*t*le, cas'*t*le, this'*t*le, has'*t*en, Christ'mas ; —by *f*, *r*, *n*,—Of'*t*en, sof'*t*en, mort'gāge, cur'ran*t*.

v has one uniform sound, as in Vā'in, vā'cant, ver'y, vī'brāte,—*mute in* twel*v*e'month.

w mute, preceding a consonant.—*W*rap, *w*ren, *w*rit, *w*rong, s*w*ord, an's*w*er, *w*hole.

x *s*. *ks* sharp.—Ex'er-cise, ex'cel-lence, ex'cuse, ex-pense'.

—— gz flat.—Ex-am'ple, ex-ist', ex-ert'.—x *s*. *ksh*, in Con-nex'ion, flux'ion.

—— z. *X*erx'es, *X*en'ō-phon.

z *s*. s soft.—Az'i-muth, rā'-zor.—(*zh* in ā'zure, glā'-zier, grā'zier, ra'zure.—*z* mute in ren-dez'vous.)

## Exercise VIII.

### *Combination of Consonants.*

Ch *s*. tch,—as Chair, chest, child, choke, church, Rachel, rich, which.

—— sh.—Chaise, chagrin, machine, filch, inch.

—— k.—Chameleon, chaos, character, choler, anchor, stomach, scheme, school.—Sch *s*. s. Sch*e*'dū''l, s*ch*ism.

—— mute.—Dra*ch*m, ya*ch*t.

Gh *s*. f.———Cough, ē-nough', laugh, rough, trough, tough.

—— h mute and g hard.—G*h*ast'ly, g*h*er'kin, g*h*ost, g*h*ost'ly.

Gh mute and ī long.—Hi*gh*, ni*gh*, thi*gh* fi*gh*t, ni*gh*t, si*gh*t.

——— ō long.—Altho*ugh*, do*ugh*, furlo*ugh*, tho*ugh*.

—— ck.—Hough, shough, lough,—(*h* mute in burg*h*, burg*h*er.)

Gn (*g* mute.)—Gnarl, gnash, gnat, gnaw.—Ar-rā′ign, deign, reign, con-dī′gn, resī′gn, ex-pū′gn, im-pū′gn.

The same is applicable to *gm*, in Phle*gm*, dī′a-phragm, par′a-di*gm*.

Ph *s.* f.—Phan′tom, phi-los′ō-phy, phrase, sap′-phire, nymph, sylph, tri′umph.

—— v.—Neph′ew, Stē′phen.—Ph mute in *Ph*thi′sis, *ph*this′ic.—The *p* is only sounded in Di*p*h′thong, trip*h*′thong, nap*h*′tha, op*h*-thal′mic.

Th *s.* sharp.—Thane, thank, thatch, thaw, theatre, theft, theme, thesis, thick, thimble, think, third, thirst, thistle, thong, thorn, thump, thunder.

Th *s.* flat in—Than, that, the, thee, there, this, thine, those, thus, thy.

—— sharp at the end of words; as, Bath, breath, cloth, death, earth, faith, mouth, path, both, tooth, youth, zē′nith.

—— flat in—Booth, bē-nē′ath, smooth, sooth, sheath, wreath, un-der-nē′ath, with, (final mute *e*) brē′athe, bā′the, clō′the.

—— sharp, preceding or following a consonant.—Pan′-ther, nē-pen′thē, athwart′, or′thō-dox, or-thog′ra-phy, or-tho′e-py, eth′nic, mis′an-thrope, phi-lan′thrō-pist.

—— flat.—Broth′er, breth′ren, far′ther, făr′thing, north′-ern, fă′ther, feath′er, gath′er, hē′athen, thith′er, ēi′-ther, nē′i-ther, whith′er, wheth′er, weath′er, with′er.

—— always sharp when followed by *y*; as, Ap′a-thy, health′y, sym′pa-thy, froth′y, swar′thy; except wor′-thy, wreath′y.

*h* is mute in T*h*ames, T*h*omas, *th*yme.

*Note.*—Nouns in the singular with *th* sharp, adopt the flat sound in the plural, as, Baths, mouths, paths.

Sh *s.* esh, at the beginning or end of words; as, shall,

shade, shell, ship, shop, shut—Ash, bush, cash, dash, push, wish.—The combination of *sh* is equivalent to *ch* in French; as, Chev-a-liē'r, chan-dē-liē'r.

## Exercise IX.

### *Terminational Sounds.*

Ed, with a sharp consonant preceding, as *f, k, p, s, sh, ch*, sounds *t*; as, Quaffed, remarked, grasped, confessed, finished, searched,—*pronounced* quaft, remarkt, &c.—Final *ed* is retained as a distinct syllable in Scripture, as Blessed, cursed;—also in participial adjectives, Learned, winged;—Aged, *pr.* in two syllables, unless compounded with another word, as Full-ag'd.

Ed.—With a flat consonant the *e* is mute; as, imbibed, believed, obliged, begged, blamed, crowned, preferred, raised, buzzed,—*pr.* imbib'd, believ'd, &c. as usually contracted in Poetry.

Ed, when preceded by *d* or *t*, forms a distinct syllable; as, Commanded, offended, suspended, hated, limited, anointed, devoted. Also in adverbs ending in *ly*, though contracted in the words from which they are formed; as, Confessedly, advisedly, designedly, devotedly.

Final el *s.* l, as in Gra'vel, trav'el, reb'el (noun), chap'el, gos'pel, par'cel, ves'sel, &c.; but *e* is mute in Grovel, hazel, drivel, shrivel, shovel, weasel.

En *s.* n.—Burden, garden, taken, drunken, swollen, open, loosen, beaten, heathen, woven, flaxen, dozen, *pr.* Burd'n, gard'n, &c.

En *s.* en in Monosyllables; as also in Chick'en, kitch'en, hy'phen, sud'den, ā'men, wooll'en, slov'en.

On *s.* n.—Bacon, beckon, pardon, capon, falcon, mason, lesson, button, cotton, mutton, glutton, blazon, *pr.* Bā'-cn, bec'-kn, &c.

Words ending in ble, cle, dle, fle, gle, kle, ple, tle, xle, zle, bre, cre, gre, tre, vre,—*s.* el, er, by transposition,—but the *e* final being silent, the preceding

mute articulates the *l* or *r*, without either a preceding or succeeding vowel.—Bible, uncle, bridle, trifle, eagle, sickle, apple, whistle, axle, dazzle, muzzle, *pr.* Bī′-ble, brī′-dle, &c.—sabre, acre, meagre, metre, nitre, sceptre, spectre, livre, *pr.* Sā′-bur, ā′-kur.

## PUNCTUATION.

PUNCTUATION is the method of rightly dividing a discourse into sentences, or parts of a sentence, by points expressing the stops to be made therein, affording due time for pausing, and justly determining the sense which the sentence requires; as also for regulating the voice in the rising and falling inflection.

The Cardinal Points are six; viz.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Comma, Semicolon, Colon, Period, Interrogation, Exclamation, | Marked thus— | , time for pausing 1 = | |
| | | ; ..... 1, 2 = | |
| | | : ..... 1, 2, 3 = | |
| | | . ..... 1, 2, 3, 4*= | |
| | | ? ! | Equivalent to that at the semicolon, colon, or period, according to the nature of the sentence. |

PARENTHESIS ( ) requires a pause equal to that of the Semicolon, and serves to include one sentence in another, (to be avoided as much as possible,) which must be uttered in a lower tone of voice, and rather with a quicker pronunciation; as, *A certain artist* (*I forget his name.*)

The DASH — sometimes supplies the defects of punctuation; the quantity of time is indefinite, but when placed at the end of a paragraph, or added to a period, the pause should be longer than at the end of an ordinary sentence: as, *The proud man—see—he is sore all over—touch him.* It is also termed the Hyphen, and

* Some Grammarians are of opinion that the time for pausing at the Period is double,—but this can only be at the end of finished sentences or paragraphs.

is used to join words or syllables together; as, *Clos-et, bed-clos-et.*

QUOTATION, or Inverted Commas, (" ") denotes that a word or sentence is transcribed from an author, or introduced as spoken by another; as, " *To what purpose is it,*" said Crates, " *to heap up riches?*"

APOSTROPHE (') is the sign of contraction, or of the omission of a letter, used in poetry; as, Lov'd *for* loved, ne'er *for* never: and also of the Possessive case of a noun; as, King (nom.), King's (poss.)

DIÆRESIS (¨) is used to separate two vowels; as, Caïn, Capernaüm.

CARET (ʌ) shews where something interlined has been omitted, which must be taken in and read in its place; as, Trust not ʌ to fortune.

PARAGRAPH (¶) is used, commonly in Scripture, to denote the beginning of a new subject.

The other marks, (as * † ‡ || §), are used to direct to some note on the margin or at the foot of the page.

## ACCENT AND INFLECTION.

ACCENT, in Reading or Speaking, is a certain stress of voice laid upon a particular letter or syllable in a word, which gives to each a proper distinction; or, it is that stress of voice which gives to each syllable its due pitch in respect of the rising or falling inflection.

The *acute* accent (') denotes the rising, and the *grave* accent (`) the falling inflection.—*Example.* Did he act pro'perly or im`properly? He acted pro`perly, not im'properly.

## SYLLABICATION.

"THE best and easiest rule," says the learned Dr Lowth, "for dividing the syllables in spelling, is, to divide them as they are naturally divided in a right pronunciation, without regard to the derivation of words, or the possible combination of consonants at the beginning of a syllable."

# PART II.

## LESSONS IN PROSE.

KEY TO THE SOUNDS ABRIDGED.

Name.—ā′ ā, ē′ ē, ī′ ī, ō′ ō, ū′ ū.——Shut.—a, e, i, o, u.
Occasional.—ă′ ă, â′ â, û′ ŭ.—w, y—we, ye, now, boy.

### I.—*Display of God's Power and Majesty.*

PSAL. viii. & xix.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Ex′-cel-lent | what-so-ev′-er | brī′de-groom (*û*) |
| glō′-ry | pass′-eth | chā′m-ber |
| suck′-lings | heav′-ens | med-i-tā′-tion |
| or-dā′in-ed | dē-clā′re | cir′-cuit (*kit*) |
| en′-ē-mies | fir′-ma-ment | tes′-ti-mon-y |
| a-ven′ger (*j*) | trans-gress′-ion | stat′-ūtes |
| con-sid′-er | shew′-eth (ew *s.* ō′) | en-lī′ght-en-ing |
| mī′nd-ful | han′-dy-work (*u*) | âl-tō-geth′-er |
| in-nō′-cent | ut′-ter-eth | hon′-ēy-cōmb |
| advī′s-est | know′l-edge | prē-sump′-tū-ous |
| *h*on′-our | lan′-guāge (*ij*) | dō-min′-ion (*yun*) |
| ox′-en | tab′-er-na-cle (*kl*) | Rē-dē′em-er |

1 O LORD, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory
2 above the heavens. Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies; that thou mightest still
3 the enemy and the avenger. When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon

4 and the stars, which thou hast ordained: What
is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the
5 son of man, that thou visitest him? For thou
hast made him a little lower than the angels,
and hast crowned him with glory and honour.
6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the
works of thy hands; thou hast put all things
7 under his feet: All sheep and oxen, yea, and
8 the beasts of the field: The fowl of the air, and
the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth
9 through the paths of the seas. O Lord our
Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the
earth!

1 The heavens declare the glory of God; and
2 the firmament sheweth his handy-work. Day
unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night
3 sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor
4 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
5 he set a tabernacle for the sun; Which is as
a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and
6 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
7 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
8 simple: The statutes of the Lord are right,
rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the
9 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
10 altogether. More to be desired are they than
gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also
11 than honey, and the honey-comb. Moreover
by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping
12 of them there is great reward. Who can un-

derstand his errors? cleanse thou me from se-
13 cret faults. Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sin; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall
14 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.

## II.—*The Vanity of Human Life.*—Psal. xxxix.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Brī'-dle | rē-prō'ach | ō'-pen-ed |
| sor'-rōw | fool'-ish (o *s.* û') | prā'y-er |
| meas'-ū''re | rē-mo've (*û'*) | hū'-man |
| hand'-breadth | con-sū'm-ed | strā'n-ger |
| ver'-i-ly | in-iq'-ui-ty (*kwē*) | sō'-journ-er |
| wâ'lk-eth | van'-i-ty | re-cov'-er |
| dis-quī'-et-ed | beaū'-ty | rē-bū'kes |

1 I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue; I will keep my mouth with a bridle, while the wicked is before me.
2 I was dumb with silence: I held my peace, even from good; and my sorrow was stirred.
3 My heart was hot within me; while I was musing, the fire burned: then spake I with
4 my tongue. Lord, make me to know mine end and the measure of my days, what it is; that
5 I may know how frail I am. Behold thou hast made my days as an hand-breadth, and mine age is as nothing before thee: verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity. Selah.
6 Surely every man walketh in a vain shew; surely they are disquieted in vain: he heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather
7 them. And now, Lord, what wait I for? my
8 hope is in thee. Deliver me from all my transgressions; make me not the reproach of the

9 foolish. I was dumb, I opened not my mouth;
10 because thou didst it. Remove thy stroke away
from me: I am consumed by the blow of thine
11 hand. When thou with rebukes dost correct
man for iniquity, thou makest his beauty to
consume away like a moth: surely every man
12 is vanity. Selah. Hear my prayer, O Lord,
and give ear unto my cry; hold not thy peace
at my tears: for I am a stranger with thee, and
13 a sojourner, as all my fathers were. O spare
me, that I may recover strength, before I go
hence, and be no more.

## III.—*Human Frailty.*—Psal. xc.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Dwell′-ing-plā′ce | with′-er-eth | num′-ber |
| gen-er-ā′-tions | wrath | ap-ply′ (y *s.* ī′) |
| moun′-tains | coun′-tē-nance | wis′-dom |
| ev-er-las′-ting | pass′-ed | rē-turn′ |
| dē-struc′-tion | threē′-scō″re | rē-pent′ |
| thou′-sand | rē′a-son | con-cern′-ing |
| yes′-ter-dāy | fō′ur-scō″re | sat′-is-fy (y *s.* ī′) |
| car′-ri-est | lā′-bour | af-flict′-ed |
| mor′-ning (o *s.* â′) | knō′w-eth | chil′-dren |
| flour′-ish-eth | pow′-er | ē-stab′-lish |
| ē′-ven-ing | ac-cord′-ing-ly | ap-pē′ar |

1 Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all
2 generations. Before the mountains were brought
forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and
the world, even from everlasting to everlasting,
3 thou art God. Thou turnest man to destruc-
tion; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.
4 For a thousand years in thy sight are but as
yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the
5 night. Thou carriest them away as with a
flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they
6 are like grass which groweth up. In the morn-
ing it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the even-
7 ing it is cut down, and withereth. For we are

consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are
8 we troubled. Thou hast set our iniquities be-
fore thee, our secret sins in the light of thy
9 countenance. For all our days are passed away
in thy wrath; we spend our years as a tale
10 that is told. The days of our years are three-
score years and ten; and if by reason of strength
they be fourscore years, yet is their strength
labour and sorrow: for it is soon cut off, and
11 we fly away. Who knoweth the power of thine
anger? even according to thy fear, so is thy
12 wrath. So teach us to number our days, that
13 we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. Return,
O Lord, how long? and let it repent thee con-
14 cerning thy servants. O satisfy us early with
thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad
15 all our days. Make us glad according to the
days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the
16 years wherein we have seen evil. Let thy work
appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto
17 their children. And let the beauty of the Lord
our God be upon us: and establish thou the
work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of
our hands, establish thou it.

## IV.—*The Creator to be Remembered in Youth.*

ECCLES. Chap. xii.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Rĕ-mem′-ber | mū′-sic | ac′-cep-ta-ble |
| Crē-ā′-tor (*tur*) | a-frā′id | fas′-*t*en-ed |
| pleas′-ū″re | ă′*l*-mond-treē′ (*u*) | cis′-tern |
| dă′rk-en-ed | wē′a-ri-ness | van′-i-ty |
| trem′-ble | up′-rī″*gh*t | knowl′-edge |
| bē-cā′use | flour′-ish | gō′ads |
| ad-mon′-ish-ed | grass′-hop-per | as-sem′-blies |
| prov′-erbs | mō′urn-ers | shep′-*h*erd |
| grī′n-ders | loos′-ed (oo *s.* ū′) | con-clū′-sion *zhun* |
| win′-dōws | gō′l-den | sē′-cret |
| dā′*ugh*-ters | pitch′-er | mă′s-ters |

1 Remember now thy Creator in the days of
thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor
the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I
2 have no pleasure in them; While the sun, or
the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not
darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain.
3 In the day when the keepers of the house shall
tremble, and the strong men shall bow them-
selves, and the grinders cease because they are
few, and those that look out of the windows be
4 darkened; And the doors shall be shut in the
streets, when the sound of the grinding is low;
and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird;
and all the daughters of music shall be brought
5 low: Also when they shall be afraid of that
which is high, and fears shall be in the way,
and the almond-tree shall flourish, and the
grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall
fail; because man goeth to his long home, and
6 the mourners go about the streets: Or ever the
silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be
broken, or the pitcher be broken at the foun-
7 tain, or the wheel broken at the cistern: Then
shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and
the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.
8 Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher; all is
9 vanity. And moreover, because the Preacher
was wise, he still taught the people knowledge;
yea, he gave good heed, and sought out, and
10 set in order many proverbs. The Preacher
sought to find out acceptable words; and that
which was written was upright, even words of
11 truth. The words of the wise are as goads,
and as nails fastened by the masters of assem-
12 blies, which are given from one shepherd. And
further, by these, my son, be admonished: of
making many books there is no end; and much
study is a weariness of the flesh.

13 Let us hear the conclusion of the whole mat-
ter: Fear God, and keep his commandments:
14 for this is the whole duty of man. For God
shall bring every work into judgment, with eve-
ry secret thing, whether it be good, or whether
it be evil.

## V.—*Moral Virtues, and contrary Vices.*

PROV. Chap. x.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Mor′-al | cov′-er-eth (o *s.* u) | dē-sī′re |
| vir′-tūes | stir′-reth | grănt′-ed |
| con′-tra-ry | un-der-stand′-ing | whirl′-wind |
| fool′-ish (*ă*) | cit′-y (y *s.* ē) | ev-er-las′-ting |
| treas′-ū″res | pov′-er-ty | foun-dā′-tion (*shun*) |
| rī*gh*t-ē-ons | frŭ′it | vin′-ē-gar |
| dil′-i-gent (i *s.* e) | rē-fūs′-eth | slug′-gard |
| hă′r-vest | slan′-der | short′-en-ed (*ă*) |
| vī′-ō-lence | mul′-ti-tūde | ex-pec-tā′-tion |
| mem′-o-ry | sil′-ver | in-iq′-ui-ty |
| com-mă′nd-ments | sor′-row | rē-mo′v-ed |
| wâ*l*k-eth | wis′-dom (s *s.* z) | in-hab′-it |
| per-vert′-eth | mis′-chief (ie *s.* i) | frō′-ward-ness |
| prā′t-ing | dē′al-eth | dē-struc′-tion |

1 A wise son maketh a glad father: but a fool-
2 ish son is the heaviness of his mother. Trea-
sures of wickedness profit nothing; but right-
3 eousness delivereth from death. The Lord will
not suffer the soul of the righteous to famish:
but he casteth away the substance of the wicked.
4 He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand:
5 but the hand of the diligent maketh rich. He
that gathereth in summer is a wise son: but he
that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth
6 shame. Blessings are upon the head of the
just; but violence covereth the mouth of the
7 wicked. The memory of the just is blessed:
8 but the name of the wicked shall rot. The
wise in heart will receive commandments: but

9 a prating fool shall fall. He that walketh uprightly walketh surely: but he that perverteth
10 his ways shall be known. He that winketh with the eye causeth sorrow: but a prating fool
11 shall fall. The mouth of a righteous man is a well of life: but violence covereth the mouth
12 of the wicked. Hatred stirreth up strifes: but
13 love covereth all sins. In the lips of him that hath understanding wisdom is found: but a rod is for the back of him that is void of under-
14 standing. Wise men lay up knowledge: but the mouth of the foolish is near destruction.
15 The rich man's wealth is his strong city: the
16 destruction of the poor is their poverty. The labour of the righteous tendeth to life: the fruit
17 of the wicked to sin. He is in the way of life that keepeth instruction: but he that refuseth
18 reproof erreth. He that hideth hatred with lying lips, and he that uttereth a slander, is a
19 fool. In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin: but he that refraineth his lips is wise.
20 The tongue of the just is as choice silver: the
21 heart of the wicked is little worth. The lips of the righteous feed many: but fools die for want
22 of wisdom. The blessing of the Lord, it mak-
23 eth rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it. It is as sport to a fool to do mischief: but a man
24 of understanding hath wisdom. The fear of the wicked, it shall come upon him; but the de-
25 sire of the righteous shall be granted. As the whirlwind passeth, so is the wicked no more: but the righteous is an everlasting foundation.
26 As vinegar to the teeth, and as smoke to the eyes; so is the sluggard to them that send him.
27 The fear of the Lord prolongeth days: but the
28 years of the wicked shall be shortened. The hope of the righteous shall be gladness: but the
29 expectation of the wicked shall perish. The

way of the Lord is strength to the upright: but destruction shall be to the workers of iniquity.
30 The righteous shall never be removed: but the
31 wicked shall not inhabit the earth. The mouth of the just bringeth forth wisdom: but the
32 froward tongu shall be cut out. The lips of the righteous know what is acceptable: but the mouth of the wicked speaketh frowardness.

VI.—*The Prodigal Son.*—LUKE XV. 11, to the end.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Prod'-i-gal | com-pass'ion | fam'-ine | en-trē'at-ed |
| cer'-tain | wor'-thy (*u*) | mī'*gh*-ty | an'-s*w*er-ing |
| di-vī'd-ed | shoes (*shû'z*) | broth'-er | trans-gress'-ed |
| jour'-ney | danc'-ing | fă'-ther | dē-vour'-ed |
| rī'-ot-ous | cit'-i-zen | fat'-ted | kill'-ed |
| ē-nough'(*nuf'*) | join'-ed | rē-cē'iv-ed | a-līve |
| pō'r-tion | hun'-ger | mer'-ry | kiss'-ed |

12 ——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
13 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
14 living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land: and he began to
15 be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him
16 into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him.
17 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!
18 I will arise, and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven
19 and before thee, And am no more worthy to be

called thy son: make me as one of thy hired
20 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
21 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
22 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
23 hand, and shoes on his feet: And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it: and let us eat, and
24 be merry: For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost and is found. And
25 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.
26 And he called one of the servants, and asked
27 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
28 him safe and sound. And he was angry, and would not go in: therefore came his father out,
29 and entreated 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:
30 But as soon as this thy son was come, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast
31 killed for him the fatted calf. And he said unto him, Son, thou art ever with me, and all
32 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; and was lost, and is found.

## VII.—*Paul's Speech before Agrippa.*

ACTS, Chap. xxvi.

A-grip'-pa ques'-tion Phar'-i-see blas-phē'me
per-mit'-ted bē-sē'ech in'-stant-ly ex-cē'ed-ing-ly
stretch'-ed pā'-tient-ly in-cred'-i-ble Da-mas'-cus
bē-fō're Jē-rū'-sa-lem Naz'-a-reth Hē'-brew
touch'-ing bē-gin'-ning âu-thor'-i-ty per'-sē-cū"t-est
ac-cū'-sed tes'-ti-fy (ī) syn'-a-gog*ue* min'-is-ter
ē-spec'-ial-ly rē-lig'-ion com-pel'-led Gen'-tīles
(*e-spesh-al-ly*) in-her'-it-ance sanc'-ti-fied Ju-dē'-a
Sā'-tan gov'-er-nor Ber-nī'-cē lib'-er-ty
rē-pent'-ance per-suā'd-est âl-tō-geth'-er ap-pē'al-ed
learn'-ing

1 THEN Agrippa said unto Paul, Thou art permitted to speak for thyself. Then Paul stretched forth the hand, and answered for
2 himself: I think myself happy, king Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day before thee, touching all the things whereof I am
3 accused of the Jews: Especially because I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews: wherefore I
4 beseech thee to hear me patiently. My manner of life from my youth, which was at the first among mine own nation at Jerusalem, know all the
5 Jews; Which knew me from the beginning, (if they would testify,) that, after the straitest
6 sect of our religion, I lived a Pharisee. And now I stand and am judged for the hope of the
7 promise made of God unto our fathers: Unto which promise our twelve tribes, instantly serving God day and night, hope to come: for which hope's sake, King Agrippa, I am accused
8 of the Jews. Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should
9 raise the dead? I verily thought with myself, that I ought to do many things contrary to the

name of Jesus of Nazareth. Which thing I also did in Jerusalem: and many of the saints did I shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief priests; and when they were put to death, I gave my voice against them. And I punished them oft in every synagogue, and compelled them to blaspheme; and, being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted them even unto strange cities. Whereupon, as I went to Damascus with authority and commission from the chief priests, At midday, O king! I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me, and them who journeyed with me. And when we were all fallen to the earth, I head a voice speaking unto me, and saying in the Hebrew tongue, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? And I said, Who art thou, Lord? And he said, I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest. But rise, and stand upon thy feet; for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee; Delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee, To open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them who are sanctified, by faith that is in me. Whereupon, O king Agrippa! I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision: But shewed first unto them of Damascus, and at Jerusalem, and throughout all the coasts of Judea, and then to the Gentiles, that they should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance. For these causes the Jews caught me in the temple, and went about to kill me.

22 Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should
23 come; That Christ should suffer, and that he should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should shew light unto the people, and to the Gentiles.

24 And as he thus spake for himself, Festus said with a loud voice, Paul, thou art beside thyself: much learning doth make thee mad.
25 But he said, I am not mad, most noble Festus; but speak forth the words of truth and soberness.
26 For the king knoweth of these things, before whom also I speak freely: for I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him;
27 for this thing was not done in a corner. King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know
28 that thou believest. Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Chris-
29 tian. And Paul said, I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, except these bonds.

30 And when he had thus spoken, the king rose up, and the governor, and Bernice, and they
31 that sat with them. And when they were gone aside, they talked between themselves, saying, This man doeth nothing worthy of death or of
32 bonds. Then said Agrippa unto Festus, This man might have been set at liberty, if he had not appealed unto Cæsar.

## VIII.—*Improvement of Time.*

(Sir Matthew Hale.)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Im-pro′ve-ment(û′) | hap′-pi-ness | pē′e-vish-ness |
| tal′-ent | re-cov′-er-ed | mod-er-ā′-tion |
| op-por-tū′-ni-ty | In′-dies | sick′-ness |
| work (o *s.* u) | rē-câ′ll | in-dis-pō-si′-tion |
| rē-lig′-ion | cor-rō′de | trav′-el |
| ex′-er-cī″se | ser′-vice-a-ble | ne′-ces-sa-ry |
| dū′-ty | em-ploy′-ment | a-mū′se-ments |
| im-mē′-di-ā″te | trī′-fles | mō′-ment |
| dis-ap-point′-ment | wē′ak-ness | hov′-er-ing |
| con′-sē-quent-ly | chī′ld-hood (ŭ) | in′-ter-cō″urse |

Every man hath not only a talent of time, but every man hath in some measure a talent of opportunity to improve the talent put into his hand. The very works and light of nature, the very principles of natural religion, are lodged in the hearts of all men; which, by the help of his natural reason, he might exercise to some acts of service, duty, and religion towards God.

The improvement of our time is the next and immediate end why it is given, or lent us, and why we are placed in this life; and the wasting of our time is a disappointment of this very end of our being; for thereby we consequently disappoint God of his glory and ourselves of our happiness. Time once lost, is lost for ever: it is never to be recovered; all the wealth of both the Indies will not redeem nor recal the last hour we spent; it ceaseth for ever.

As there be many things that corrode and waste our time, so there remains but little that is serviceable to our best employment. Let us take but out of our longest lives, the trifles and folly of childhood and youth, the weakness and peevishness of old age, the times for eating, drinking, sleeping, though with moderation, the times of sickness and indisposition, the times of cares, journeys, and tra-

vel, the times for necessary amusements, intercourse of friends and relations, and a thousand such expenses of time, the residue will be a small pittance for our business of greatest moment—the business of fitting our souls for heaven; and if that be misspent, we have lost our treasure, and the very flower and jewel of our time. Let us then remember, that when we come to die, and our souls sit as it were hovering on our lips, ready to take their flight, at how great a rate we should be willing to purchase some of those hours we once trifled away, alas! never to return.

## IX.—*Early Piety.*—Logan.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Ear'-ly | en-chant'-ment | stran'-gling |
| pī'-ē-ty | hid'-ē-ous | com-pan'-ions |
| ap-pē'ar-ance | ex-pē'-ri-ence | sen'-ti-ment |
| an'-i-mā''t-ed | rē-al'-i-ty | ā'-lien |
| wâ'*l*k | wē'a-ri-ness | mis'-er-a-ble |
| jour'-ney *(ur)* | rē-pō'se | an-tic'-i-pā''te(c*s*.*s*) |
| dē-lū'-sion | sub'-sē-quent | con'-sē-crā''te |
| vā'-cant | spâ'rk-les *(ls)* | coun'-tē-nance |
| ac-co'rd (o *s*. â') | nū'-mer-ous | fluc'-tū-ā''t-ing |
| a-bun'-dant | g*h*ast'-ly | dē-scend' |
| flat'-ter-ing | chā's-*t*en-ed | shel'-ter |

Now is your golden age. When the morning of life rejoices over your head, every thing around you puts on a smiling appearance. All nature wears a face of beauty, and is animated with a spirit of joy; you walk up and down in a new world: you crop the unblown flower, and drink the untasted spring. Full of spirit, and high in hope, you set out on the journey of life: visions of bliss present themselves to view: dreams of joy, with sweet delusion, amuse the vacant mind. You listen, and accord to the song of hope, "To-morrow shall be as this

day, and much more abundant." But, ah! the flattering scene will not last. The spell is quickly broken, and the enchantment soon over. How hideous will life appear, when experience takes off the mask, and discovers the sad reality! Now thou hast no weariness to clog thy waking hours, and no care to disturb thy repose. But know, child of the earth! that thou art born to trouble, and that care, through every subsequent path of life, will haunt thee like a ghost. Health now sparkles in thine eye, the blood flows pure in thy veins, and thy spirits are gay as the morning: but alas! the direful train will assail thy life; the time will come, when pale and ghastly, and stretched on a bed, chastened with pain, and the multitude of thy bones with strong pain, thou wilt be ready to choose strangling and death, rather than life.

You are now happy in your earthly companions. Friendship, which in the world is a feeble sentiment, with you is a strong passion. But shift the scene for a few years, and behold the man of thy right hand become unto thee as an alien. Behold the friend of thy youth, who was one with thine own soul, striving to supplant thee, and laying snares for thy ruin! I mention not these things to make you miserable before the time. God forbid that I should anticipate the evil day, unless I could arm you against it. Now, remember your Creator; consecrate to him the early period of your days, and the light of his countenance will shine upon you through life. Amid all the changes of this fluctuating scene, you have a Friend that never fails. Then, let the tempest beat, and the floods descend, you are safe and happy under the shelter of the Rock of ages.

## X.—*Religion, an Allegory.*

(Christian Magazine.)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Al′-lē-gor-y | fā′-vour-ite | vis′-it-ant |
| ū′-ni-verse | mill′-ions (*yuns*) | en-trē′at-ed |
| rē-cep′-tion | un-bo′rn (o *s.* â′) | bo′-som-friend(bû′) |
| sō′-journ | *h*on′-our-ed | com′-for-ter (o*s.* u) |
| nā′-tive | dē-spī′s-ed | fam′-i-ly |
| dig′-ni-ty | rec-om-mend′ | to-geth′-ĕr (o *s.* ŭ) |
| păr-tic′-ū-lar | ex-â′lt-ed | wan′-der-ings(a*s.*o) |
| gă′r-den | per′-son-age (*ij*) | griēf (ie *s.* e′) |
| par′-a-dī″se | rev′-er-ence | troub′-le (*trub′-bl*) |
| trib′-ū″te | wel′-com-ed | heav′-i-ly |
| ū-ni-ver′-sal | heav′-en-ly | pres′-ence |

When the Creator of the universe had made man, and put him in the place which he had fitted for his reception, he sent Religion to sojourn with him upon the earth. She descended from heaven to the earthly paradise, in all her native dignity and beauty, and went to seek the new created being, who was to be the object of her particular care. She met with him among the trees of the garden about the time of the setting of the sun, when infant nature was raising the evening hymn to its great Author, and man had walked forth to join his tribute of praise to that of the universal choir. She hailed the favourite of Heaven, and said, that she was sent by his Creator, out of the love which he bore to millions yet unborn, as his best gift to mortals: That her God and Father had said, them who honoured her, he would honour; and they who despised her, would be lightly esteemed. She also said, I love them that love me; and they who seek me early shall find me. There needed not many words to recommend so exalted a personage; the father of men beheld her with reverence and love, and welcomed the heavenly visitant: he entreated her to go with him;—she went, and became his bosom-friend. During his long life, she

was his comforter in many a time of trouble; and in his old age she did not forsake him. When Adam found that he must be gone, and that the sleep of death was descending fast upon him, he called his family together, and with his last breath recommended Religion to their care. He said she had been his best friend; many changes he had seen, but she was to him ever the same: in all his wanderings, griefs, and troubles, she had been his comforter, and he now left her to them as the staff of his old age. The damp of death came heavily over him; he died in the presence of all his children, and Religion closed his eyes.

## XI.—*The Christian Indian.*

(Christian Magazine.)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Plan-tā′-tion | wâ′lk | fē′e-bly |
| gen′-tle-man | dā′n-ger-ous | sō-lic′-it-ed |
| breā′k-ing | af-fō′rds | dis-plā′y-ing |
| draught (*ft*) | nē-ces′-si-ty | in-tim′-i-dā″t-ed |
| drought | prom′-is-ed | per′-fect-ly |
| ear′-nest-ly | rē-joic′-ing | fā″re-well′ |
| cot′-ta-ger | ac-co′rd-ing-ly(â′) | băr-bā′-ri-an |
| in-quī′r-ed | fā′ith-fŭl | dē-void′ |
| sav′-age (*vij*) | sā′fe-ty | grat′-i-tū″de |
| rus′-tic | hos′-pi-ta-ble | snē′ak-ed |
| fō′ur-tē″en | sud′-den-ly | Christ′-ian (*yun*) |
| men′-tion-ed | stern′-ly | phi-lan′-thrō-py (*f*) |

An Indian passing through the plantation of a gentleman in Pennsylvania, a little while before the breaking out of the war, overcome by the heat of the day, asked the planter for a draught of small-beer. "You shall have no beer," replied the gentleman, in an angry tone. "Give me a cup of water then, for I am really parched with drought."—"You shall have no water either; get you about your business, you Indian dog." The man with-

drew a few yards, looked back, viewed the gentleman's face with much earnestness and attention, and without making the least reply, went away.

The planter, some time after, was out a-hunting, and happened to miss his way. Night coming on, he was much concerned, and seeing an Indian cottager, he inquired the road to his plantation. "Sir," said the rustic, "you are fourteen miles from the place you mention; to walk so far in the night will rather prove dangerous, as the wild beasts of the forest are coming out for their prey. You are welcome to the shelter of my cot during the night. It is just by this place, and you shall be welcome to what it affords." The gentleman through necessity accepted the offer, and went to the hut. The Indian and his spouse set before him some milk, coarse bread, and what they had. After supper they made up a bed of skins, and when the planter lay down, they covered him with others, and then, wishing him a good repose, promised to awake him in the morning by the time of sun-rising. Accordingly, the faithful Indian kept his word—"Arise, Sir, the sun is up, the wild beasts are retired, and you may walk in safety." The gentleman got up, and having eaten a little food of the hospitable Indian, was retiring, when the cottager, taking his gun over his arm, desired him to follow. The Indian went on before, about twelve miles, when he suddenly turned back, and looking sternly on the planter, said, "Do you know me, Sir?" The planter now trembled, and thought all was over; at last he feebly replied, "I think I have seen your face." "Yes you have, Sir," returned the Indian: "I am the man who solicited you for a draught of small-beer or water lately, when I passed by your gate. In vain I asked! But be not intimidated; you are perfectly safe, you have but two miles farther to go. Farewell, but no more

call a fellow-creature an *Indian dog*." The barbarian planter, devoid of gratitude, sneaked away home. The poor Christian Indian, though deemed a savage, returned to his cot, rejoicing at this favourable opportunity of displaying his philanthropy.

## XII.—*The Beauties of Creation.*—ADDISON.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Crē-ā′-tion | gal′-ax-y | or-dā′in-ed |
| yes′-ter-day | com-plē′te | mī′nd-fŭl |
| in-sen′-si-bly | cloud′-ed | rē-gă′rd-est |
| va-rī′-e-ty | maj′-es-ty | in′-fi-nite |
| col′-ours (o *s.* u) | dis-pō′s-ed | hō′st |
| west′-ern | dis-cov′-er-ed | phil-ō-soph′-i-cal |
| plan′-ets | sur-vey′-ing (*ā*′) | in-nū′-mer-a-ble |
| fir′-ma-ment | wâl*k*′-ing | rē-spec′-tive |
| ex-cē′ed-ing-ly | con-stel-lā′-tions | en-lă′rg-ed |
| heī′ght-en-ed | sē′-ri-ous | ī-dē′-a |
| en-lī′v-en-ed | con-tem′-pla-tive | sū-pē′-ri-or (*ur*) |
| lū′-mi-nar-ies | rē-flec′-tion | in-sig-nif′-i-cant |

I WAS yesterday, about sunset, walking in the open field, till the night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the richness and variety of colours which appeared in the western part of heaven: in proportion as they faded away and went out, several stars and planets appeared one after another, till the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueness of the ether was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the season of the year, and by the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it. The galaxy appeared in its most beautiful white. To complete the scene, the full moon rose at length in that clouded majesty which Milton takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer lights, than those which the sun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the moon walking in her brightness, and taking her progress among the constellations, a thought rose in me, which, I believe, very often perplexes and disturbs men of serious and contemplative natures. David himself fell into it in that reflection,—"When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained: what is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man, that thou regardest him!" In the same manner, when I considered that infinite host of stars, or, to speak more philosophically, of suns, which were then shining upon me, with those innumerable sets of planets or worlds which were moving round their respective suns; when I still enlarged the idea, and supposed another heaven of suns and worlds rising still above this which we discovered, and those still enlightened by a superior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at so great a distance, that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the stars do to us; in short, while I pursued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant figure which I myself bore amidst the immensity of God's works.

## XIII.—*The Providence of God.*—ADDISON.

Ac′-ci-dent
prov′-i-dence
dē-sī′r-a-ble
di-rec′-tion
prē-sump′-tion
a-scrī′be
man′-age-ment(*ij*)
bless′-ing
ac-qui-si′-tion
prû′-dence
med′-al
E-lis′-a-beth (*z*)
dē-fē′at
in-vin′-ci-ble
per-pet′-ū-ā″te
mem′-or-y
ex-trâ-or′-di-na-ry
ăr-mā′-da
der′-ō-gā″te
vī′-ō-lence
stō′rms (â′)
brā′v-er-y
En′-glish (*Ing*)
dim-i-nū′-tion
rē-verse′
rep-rē-sent′-ed
rē-lig′-ious (*us*)
ad-vance′-ment
quō-tā′-tions
Per′-sian (*shen*)
prō-dig′-ious
ō′-cean (*shun*)
oys′-ter
sō-lil′-ō-quy (*kwē*)
fā′-mous
dī′-a-dem

Man is so short-sighted a creature, and the accidents which may happen to him so various, that were there any doubt of a providence, yet it certainly would be very desirable there should be such a Being of infinite wisdom and goodness, on whose direction we might rely in the conduct of human life.

It is a great presumption to ascribe our successes to our own management, and not to esteem ourselves upon any blessing, rather as it is the bounty of Heaven, than the acquisition of our own prudence. I am very well pleased with a medal which was struck by Queen Elisabeth, a little after the defeat of the invincible Armada, to perpetuate the memory of that extraordinary event. It is well known how the King of Spain and others, who were the enemies of that great Princess, to derogate from her glory, ascribed the ruin of their fleet rather to the violence of storms and tempests, than to the bravery of the English. Queen Elisabeth, instead of looking upon this as a diminution of her honour, valued herself upon such a signal favour of Providence; and accordingly, on the reverse of the medal above mentioned, has represented a fleet beaten by a tempest, and falling foul upon one another, with that religious inscription, "God blew with his wind, and they are scattered."

As arrogance and a conceitedness of our own abilities are very shocking and offensive to men of sense and virtue, we may be sure they are highly displeasing to that Being who delights in an humble mind, and by several of his dispensations, seems purposely to shew us that our own prudence or schemes have no share in our advancement.

Since, on this subject, I have already admitted several quotations which have occurred to my memory upon writing this paper, I will conclude with a little Persian fable.—A drop of water fell out of a

cloud into the sea, and finding itself lost in such an immensity of fluid matter, broke out into the following reflection:—"Alas! what an insignificant creature am I in this prodigious ocean of waters! my existence is of no concern to the universe; I am reduced to a kind of nothing, and am less than the least of the works of God." It so happened that an oyster, which lay in the neighbourhood of this drop, chanced to gape and swallow it up in the midst of its humble soliloquy. The drop, says the fable, lay a great while hardening in the shell, till by degrees it was ripened into a pearl, which falling into the hands of a diver, after a long series of adventures, is at present that famous pearl which is fixed on the top of the Persian diadem.

## XIV.—*The Convert.*—Addison.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Con-vert′ | in′-fi-del | im-mē′-di-ate-ly |
| ū′-sū-al-ly (*zhū*) | blas-phē′m-er | dis-ă′rm-ed |
| reg′-i-ment (*j*) | an-tag′-ō-nist | *k*nē′es |
| of′-fi-cer | scur-ril′-i-ty | pos′-tū″re (*t* s. *ch*) |
| gā′i-ē-ty | bē-liē′v-ing | beg′-ged |
| mā′-jor (*ur*) | thun′-der-bōlt | ex-tem′-pō-rar-y |
| rē-spect′-ful-ly | chas-tī′se | dic′-tā″t-ed |
| ex-trav′-a-gance | prō-fā′ne-ness | pros′-ē-lyte (*lī″te*) |
| rep-ri-mă′nd | sâ′u-ci-ness | rē-pē′at-ed |
| ben-ē-fac′-tor | Gid′-e-on (or *Jid*) | gă′r-den |
| dis-*h*on′-our | ter′-ri-fī-ed | sir′-rah (i *s.* a) |

When I was a young man about town, I frequented the ordinary of the Black Horse in Holborn, where the person that usually presided at the table was a rough old-fashioned gentleman, who, according to the customs of these times, had been the Major and preacher of a regiment. It happened one day, that a noisy young officer, bred in France, was venting some new-fangled notions, and speaking in the gaiety of his humour against the

dispensations of Providence. The Major at first only desired him to talk more respectfully of *One* for whom all the company had an honour; but, finding him run on in his extravagance, began to reprimand him after a more serious manner;—"Young man," said he, "do not abuse your benefactor whilst you are eating his bread. Consider whose air you breathe, whose presence you are in, and who it is that gave you the power of that very speech which you make use of to his dishonour." The young fellow, who thought to turn matters into a jest, asked him if he was going to preach; but, at the same time, desired him to take care of what he said, when he spoke to a man of honour. "A man of honour!" says the Major, "thou art an infidel and a blasphemer, and I shall use thee as such." In short the quarrel ran so high, that the Major was desired to walk out. Upon their coming into the garden, the old fellow advised his antagonist to consider the place into which one pass might drive him: but finding him grow upon him to a degree of scurrility, as believing the advice proceeded from fear,—"Sirrah," says he, "if a thunderbolt does not strike thee dead before I come at thee, I shall not fail to chastise thee for thy profaneness to thy Maker, and thy sauciness to his servant." Upon this he drew his sword, and cried out with a loud voice, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" which so terrified his antagonist, that he was immediately disarmed, and thrown upon his knees. In this posture he begged his life, but the Major refused to grant it before he had asked pardon for his offence in a short extemporary prayer, which the old gentleman dictated to him on the spot, and which his proselyte repeated after him, in the presence of the whole ordinary, that were now gathered about him in the garden.

## XV.—*Immortality of the Soul.*—ADDISON.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Im-mor-tal′-i-ty | for′-ward (*fâ′r*) | il-lus′-tri-ous |
| rē-vī′ve | res-ur-rec′-tion | per-fōrm′-ed |
| com′-fort (*o* s. *u*) | Cy′-rus | con′-scious-ness *sh* |
| rē-fresh′-ment | Xen′-ō-phon (*Z*) | hab-i-tā′-tion |
| rap′-tū″re(*chū″re*) | dē-pärt′-ed | cor-pō′-rē-al |
| trans-pōrt′ *v.* | in-vis′-i-ble | al-lī′-ance |
| trans′-pōrt *n.* | sen′-si-ble | ma-tē′-ri-als |
| ag′-ō-nies | bod′-y | sō′urce |

RELIGIOUS hope has this advantage above every other kind of hope, that it is able to revive the dying man, and to fill his mind, not only with secret comfort and refreshment, but sometimes with rapture and transport. He triumphs in his agonies, whilst the soul springs forward with delight to the great object which she has always had in view, and leaves the body with an expectation of being re-united to her in a glorious and joyful resurrection.

The elder Cyrus, just before his death, is represented by Xenophon, speaking after this manner; "Think not, my dearest children, that when I depart from you, I shall be no more; but remember, that my soul, even while I lived among you, was invisible to you; yet by my actions you were sensible it existed in this body. Believe it therefore existing still, though it be still unseen. How quickly would the honours of illustrious men perish after death, if their souls performed nothing to preserve their fame! For my own part, I could never think that the soul, while in a mortal body, lives, but when departed out of it, dies; or that its consciousness is lost when it is discharged out of an unconscious habitation. But then it is freed from all corporeal alliance, then it truly exists. Further, since the human frame is broken by death, tell us, what becomes of its parts? It is visible whither the materials of other beings are translated, namely, to the source

from whence they had their birth. The soul alone, neither present nor departed, is the object of our eyes."

## XVI.—*Progress and Danger of Vice.*—GENER.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Prō-vō′k-ed | *h*on′-our-a-ble | o-pin′-ion (*yun*) |
| grat-i-fi-cā′-tion | en-cour′-ag-ed (*ij*) | foun-dā′-tion |
| pur-sū′its | temp′-tā′-tions | op′-pō-site |
| in-tem′-per-ā″te | in-snā′r-ing | in-di-cā′-tion |
| kē′en-ness | ac-cus′-tom-ed | vic′-ious (*vish′-us*) |
| pē′-ri-od (*ud*) | in′-fan-cy (*sē*) | char′-ac-ter(*ch* s. *k*) |
| dis′-ci-pline | ap-prō′-pri-ā″te | sac′-ri-fī″ce |
| un-prin′-ci-pled(*ld*) | reg′-ū-lā″t-ed | ō-bē′-di-ence *jē-ens* |
| *w*hō′le-some (*um*) | in-gen′-ū-ous-ness | ir-reg′-u-lar |
| pet′-ū-lant | can′-dour | lī′ve-ly |
| in′-flū-ence (*ens*) | in-teg′-ri-ty | i-mag-in-ā′-tion |
| ex-am′-ple | def′-er-ence | in-trō-dū′ce |

THE passions of children are keen, and easily provoked; but they are not of that debasing kind, which leads to an immediate and selfish gratification. Their pursuits are chiefly innocent, and their passions are seen in the ardour with which they follow an object, and in their disappointment and grief when they do not obtain it. If you restrain the passion, or direct it to another object, you also destroy the desire which puts it in motion. In short, if you overcome the intemperate keenness of children, you have gained them to the side of virtue.

There is a considerable period of life, during which, under the discipline of a good education, vice makes no progress; but at the same time, a period in which the soil may be prepared, and the seed sown for an abundant harvest of vicious inclinations and unprincipled conduct afterwards. This may be equally done by neglecting wholesome instruction, by indulging petulant humours, or by the influence of bad example. I have often admired the wisdom of Divine Providence, in granting this

period before the admission of violent passions, and as often pitied the parents who did not avail themselves of it. The moderate and proper restraints imposed on children, when encouraged by the example of their parents, and combined with the rewards of a virtuous and honourable conduct, are useful lessons to prepare them for those restraints which they ought to impose on themselves in their future lives, when they are left to the direction of their own minds. We cannot expect that they will resist the temptations to vice in an insnaring world, if their desires have been accustomed to no restraint from infancy to manhood. The most appropriate term for a well-regulated mind in youth, is ingenuousness. This is composed of candour and integrity, while it cannot be supposed to exist along with petulance, forwardness, and violence of temper. A young man is formed to it by the restraints to which he has been accustomed, and by the deference which they have taught him to pay to the opinion of others. This cannot be called so much virtue, as the soil in which virtue grows; nor is the opposite temper so much vice, as an indication that the character will be vicious. Here, then, the foundation of a good character is laid; and a parent who regards his own future comfort, and the good of his children, should make every sacrifice, and employ every means, to form them to obedience, and to restrain their irregular desires.

Avoid the first appearance of evil. Vice, from your infancy, has been pictured out to you in all its horrid and deformed shapes. This was right, because we should be taught to hate with a perfect hatred, what is displeasing to God, and pernicious to ourselves. Take care that you be not now deceived by the excess of a lively imagination, and bring yourself to think that your temptations will introduce you to those vices, and to those alone, which

you have been accustomed to abhor. The flowers which adorn the path of vice, conceal from our view the briers and thorns which lie underneath it.

## XVII.—*Shortness of Life.*—GENER.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Op-er-ā′-tion | prē-cī′se | im-pos′-si-ble |
| ev′-i-dent | al-lot′-ted | cal′-cū-lā″te |
| sec′-on-da-ry | prob′-a-bly | gen-er-ā′-tions |
| rē′a-son-ing | as-sū′-rance | con′-sē-quence |
| an-oth′-ĕr (*uth′*) | un-cer′-*t*ain-ty | es-ti-mā′-tion |
| in-ves′-ti-gā″te | un-dou*b*t′-ed | ben′-ē-fit |
| in-ves-ti-gā′-tion | dis-chă′rg-ing | co′r-dial-ly (*o* s. *â*) |
| dă′rk-ness | dū′-ty | dē-pă′r-tū″re (*ch*) |
| short′-ness (*o* s. *â′*) | in-ter′-red | ac-quā′int-ed |
| hū′-man | im-po′r-tant(*o* s.*â*) | en-joy′-ment |

EVERY thing around us convinces us of the wisdom and operation of the Supreme Being, while it is no less evident that he employs natural or secondary causes in effecting his purposes. In reasoning on these, and going from one to another, we not only see the wisdom of God in every part, but we are led to believe in a first moving cause, which gives life to the whole, and without which nothing could exist. Is it consistent with his wisdom, and goodness, to open our eyes, for a few days, on his works, and then to shut them in darkness; to make us fit for investigation, and not allow us time to investigate? It is, if our own sin and folly be the cause of the shortness of human life.

What may be the precise space of time allotted to man for life, no one knows. His days are numbered by Him who sees all things; but, from his birth to the time of his departure, there is no day on which he may not die. He may probably live to a certain age, but he can have no assurance. The uncertainty of life, indeed, is as undoubted a fact as its shortness. And certainly, it is impossible to conceive any situation more adapted to excite devout and serious thoughts, or in which a

creature of God, endued with reason and reflection, could have stronger motives for discharging his duty. Man lives a few years, but the good he does, is not interred with him. If he has performed important services to his friends or his country, he lives in the memory of the grateful. If he has made a useful discovery, it is not lost to the world because he himself dies. And if he is benevolent, candid, and just, it is impossible to calculate the effect of his example on his children and grandchildren for many generations. It is of more consequence to a good man to live well, than to live long; to be employed as he ought to be, than to have more years added to his life. This is not the fact only, but it is so in his estimation, and he is more anxious to discharge his duty than afraid to die. Those, therefore, who would be least benefited by longer life, either because they are unable to use what is granted, or because they are daily adding to their guilt, would most cordially join you in the wishes you pretend to have formed. We can do nothing better than fill up our time to some good purpose, and leave the events of our lives, and our departure from the world, to Him who is acquainted with our frame, and knows what life and what enjoyment we are able to bear.

## XVIII.—*The Bible, the best book.*

(Buck's Anecdotes.)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| In-val'-ū-a-ble | pā'-per | con-cern'-ed |
| tongue (*tung*) | in-cred'-i-ble | rē'ach-ed |
| scep'-tics (*sk*) | prō-cū'r-ed | cir'-cum-stance |
| lī-cen'-tious | mē-chan'-ics (*k*) | maj'-es-ty |
| struc'-tū"re (*ch*) | in-struct'-ing | rev'-er-ence |
| ărch-bish'-op | scrip'-tū"res | af-fec'-tion |
| ē-dit'-ion | rē-co'rd (â') *v.* | rē-proof' (*û'*) |
| *(ē-dish'-un)* | rec'-ord *n.* | piē'ce |
| pa-rō'-chi-al (*kē*) | oc-cā'-sion | ū'se-less |
| church'-es | coun'cil.chā'm-ber | lum'-bĕr |

WHAT an invaluable blessing is it to have the Bible in our own tongue! It is not only the oldest, but the best book in the world. Our forefathers rejoiced when they were first favoured with the opportunity of reading it for themselves. Infidels may reject, sceptics may doubt, and the licentious may sneer; but no one who ever wished to take away this foundation-stone, could produce any other equal to it, on which the structure of a pious mind, a solid hope, a comfortable state, or wise conduct, could be raised. We are told, that when Archbishop Cranmer's edition of the Bible was printed in 1538, and fixed to a desk in all parochial churches, the ardour with which men flocked to read it, was incredible. They who could, procured it, and they who could not, crowded to read it, or to hear it read in churches, where it was common to see little assemblies of mechanics meeting together for that purpose, after the labour of the day. Many even learned to read in their old age, that they might have the pleasure of instructing themselves from the Scriptures.

It is recorded of Edward VI. that, upon a certain occasion, a paper which was called for in the council-chamber, happened to be out of reach: the person concerned to produce it, took a Bible that lay near, and, standing upon it, reached down the paper. The King, observing what was done, ran himself to the place, and, taking the Bible in his hands, kissed it, and laid it up again. This circumstance, though trifling in itself, shewed his Majesty's great reverence for, and affection to that *best of all books*; and whose example is a striking reproof to those who suffer their Bibles to be covered with dust for months together, or throw them about as if they were of little value, or only a piece of useless lumber.

## XIX.—*Abraham's Soliloquy, upon receiving the command to sacrifice his Son Isaac.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Pā′-gan | com-mū′ne | sov′-er-eign (*in*) |
| sā′-cred | pil′-grim-ā″ge | ac-com′-plish-ed |
| A′-bra-ham | ō-ver-lā′de | mer′-cy (*sē*) |
| com-mă′nd | ac-*k*nowl′-edge | rī′*gh*-tē-ous-ness |
| prob-a-bil′-i-ty | mill′-ions (*yuns*) | (*rī′-chē-us-nes*) |
| bē-liē′v-ers | sum′-mon | rē-luc′-tance |
| pa-ter′-nal | I′-saac (*zak*) | fō-ment′ |
| in-ter-pō-si′-tion | jour′-ney (*ur′*) | in-nū′-mer-a-ble |
| per′-em*p*-tor-y | Mō-rī′-a*h* | ash′-es (*iz*) |
| au-thor′-i-ty *au* s.*â* | dē-ter′-mi-nā″te | Al-mī′*gh*-ty (*â*) |
| im-plic′-it (*s*) | vol′-ū″me | ev-er-last′-ing |
| ad′-mi-ra-ble | ex′-ē-cū″te | mer′-ci-ful |
| med-i-tā′-tion | hea*v*′-i-ly | pă′r-don (*dn*) |
| crī′-sis | im-brû′e | re-sī′gn-ed |
| sō-lil′-ō-quy (*kwē*) | im-mo′r-tal (*â′*) | loy′-al-ty |
| rec-om-mend′ | del′-ū″ge | in′-strū-ment |
| dē-lū′d-ed | ă′r-gū-ments | poi′-son-ous |
| dē-scend′-ing | rē-bel′-lious (*yus*) | in-dis′-pū-ta-ble |
| vouch-sā′f-ed | in-ter′-prē-ter | sov′-er-eign-ty *uv* |

It is certain, that there are no passages in Pagan history which affect nature, stronger than those we meet with in holy writ: but there is no part of sacred story, which raises our wonder, and, on the first reading of it, excites all the passions, equal to that of Abraham's receiving the command to sacrifice his only son Isaac. It is such a trial betwixt faith and nature, as in all probability none but the father of believers could have gone through. When we think to what a height of paternal fondness the soul of Abraham must be raised, by having a child by his wife, when nothing but the more immediate interposition of Divine Providence could have given him one; it is amazing to conceive, what in his soul he must feel, when he received the peremptory command of God to offer him up for a burnt-offering. The manner of giving the command is as

affecting to him as a father, as it is sublime in the commander, and moves the heart to tenderness; at the same time it shews the highest authority: "Take now thy son, thine only son, Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt-offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of." The holy text adds no other circumstance than an immediate implicit obedience to the command he had received; however, according to the dictates of human nature, the powers of his mind must be shaken, and there must have been a strong combat between faith and nature.

Sir Henry Wotton has written an admirable meditation on Abraham's circumstances at this crisis, and, in a soliloquy, has made him discourse with himself, in all the struggling passions that any one could conceive at that time to have felt. As this piece is but very little known, I recommend it as a much better comment on this part of sacred story than I ever met with. Sir Henry imagines him, after receiving so surprising a command, to have broken out into some such reflections as the following.—

What! could this possibly be the voice of God which I heard? or have not rather some strange impressions of the night deluded my fancy?—Yes, thy voice it was, my God, it was thy voice. How can thy servant deny it, with whom seven times before, descending from the throne of glory, thou hast vouchsafed to commune in this vale of tears! When thou didst first call me out of the darkness of my father's house into thy saving light; when thou didst often cherish and encourage me in the steps of my pilgrimage; when thou didst furnish me with plenty, and crown me with victory in a strange land; when, lastly, thou didst even overlade my feeble age with joy, in a rightful heir of my own

body; was I forward at all these times, to acknowledge thee the God of my support and comfort, and shall I now question thy voice, when thou demandest but a part of thy own benefits? No, my dear Isaac, although the heavens know how much I love thee, yet if thou wert, or couldest be, millions of times more precious in the eyes of thy trembling father, I would summon together all the strength of my aged limbs, to render thee unto that gracious God from whom I had thee. Alas! poor boy, how sweetly thou slumberest, and in thy bed dost little think what change is towards thee! But I must disturb thy rest:—Isaac, arise, and call up my servants; bid them prepare for a journey which we are to make into the Mount Moriah, and let some wood be carried for the burning of a sacrifice; meanwhile, I will walk out a little by myself, to contemplate the declining stars, and the approach of the morning. O ye ornaments of the sky, who, when all the world is silent, obey your Maker in the determinate order of your motions! can man behold his own duty in a fairer volume? Why then stand I gazing here, and do not rather go myself, to hasten my servants, that I may execute his will? —But stay—his will! why, is his will contrary to the example of his justice? did he not heavily punish Cain, at the beginning of the first world, for killing but a brother? and can I slay my child, and imbrue my hands in my own bowels, without offence to his immortal Majesty? Yes, why not? The act of Cain was the act of his own sinful malice, but I have received an immediate command from God himself. A command—is his command against his law? Shall the Fountain of all truth be served with contradictions? Did not the same God, straight after the universal deluge, (as our fathers have told us,) denounce this judgment, that "*whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed!*" How

then can I herein obey my God, but I must withal disobey him?

O my weak soul! what poor arguments dost thou search to cover thine own rebellious affections! Is there any warrant higher than his will, or any better interpreter of his will than himself? but is it murder to restore a loan to the sovereign Owner at his command?—But then again, how shall the blessing that my good God hath determined upon my seed, and even upon this very child, be accomplished, if I destroy the root? O Lord, was not thy divine goodness pleased, in the depth of thy mercy, to accept my belief for righteousness, and shall I now frustrate thy promises with my obedience?—But what! am I fallen into a new reluctance? have I before contested with thy justice, and shall I now dispute thy power? didst thou create the light before the sun, and shall I bind thee to the passions of a natural agent? didst thou not make this All of Nothing, even by thy word, which is thy wisdom, and foment all that thou hast made by thy Spirit, which is thy love; and shall I doubt thou canst raise innumerable nations out of the ashes of my poor Isaac? nay, did not I even at first receive him, in a manner, from a dead womb? and art thou not still the same almighty and everlasting God, merciful Father, full of tenderness and compassion, that well knowest whereof we are made?—Pardon my discourses, and forget my delays. I am now going to perform thy good pleasure. And yet there is remaining one humble suit, which refuse not, O my God, though it proceed from the weakness of thine unworthy creature. Take my child, and all that is mine; I have resigned him, with my whole heart, unto thy will; he is already thine, and mine no longer; and I glory that he shall die upon thy holy altar: but yet I fear withal, that these my shaking hands, and fainting limbs, will be seized with horror; be

not therefore, dear Lord, displeased, if I use my servants in the execution.—How now, my soul! dost thou shrink in the last act of thy loyalty? can I yet walk up and down about vile and ordinary functions, and when my God is to be served, do my joints and members fail me? have I humbled my desires to his will, and shall I deny him the choice of his own instrument? or if his indulgent mercy would permit, shall I suffer another to anticipate the cheerfulness of my obedience? O thou great God of life and death! who mightest have made me an insensible plant, a dead stone, or a poisonous serpent, and yet, even in them likewise, I should have conduced to the variety of thy glorious wisdom; but thou hast vouchsafed to endue us with the form of man, and to breathe into our first parents that spark of thy divine light which we call *reason*, to comprehend and acknowledge thy high and indisputable sovereignty over all nature; thou then, eternal Maker and Mover, whose will is the first of causes, and whose glory is the last of ends, direct my feet to the place which thou hast appointed: strengthen these poor hands to accomplish thy pleasure, and let heaven and earth obey thee.

## XX.—*The Close of Life.*—BLAIR.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Con-tem′-plā″te | bo′-som (*bû′-zum*) | sō-cī′-ē-ty |
| ter-mi-nā′-tion | em′-pha-sis (*fa*) | mē-mō′-ri-al |
| sen-sā′-tions | par′-a-ble | grad′-ū-al-ly |
| aw′fŭl (*â′*) | bur′-i-ed (*ber′*) | ma-tū′-ri-ty |
| rē-volv′-ing | lux′-ū-ry | nat′-ū-ral |
| wē′a-ri-some | (*luk′-shū-rē* | va-rī′-ē-ties |
| pov′-er-ty | ac-cel′-er-ā″t-ed | ex-pē′-ri-enc-ed |
| in′-sō-lent | mō′urn-ers | â′l-ter-ā′-tions |
| hō′me-ly | mag-nif′-i-cence | suc-cess′-ion(*suk*) |
| dē-cā′y-ed | fū′-ner-al | ē-vac′-ū-ā″t-ed |
| des′-ti-tū″te | cof′-fin | tran′-si-ent (*shē*) |
| nē-glect′-ed | jeal′-ous | fū′-gi-tive |
| pos-sess′-ed | dis-cō′urs-ing | in-con′-stant |
| ā′n-gels (*jels*) | dis-con′-sō-lā″te | mod-er-ā′-tion |

When we contemplate the close of life; the termination of man's designs and hopes; the silence that now reigns among those, who, a little while ago, were so busy or so gay; who can avoid being touched with sensations at once awful and tender? What heart but then warms with the glow of humanity? In whose eye does not the tear gather, on revolving on the fate of passing and short-lived man?

Behold the poor man, who lays down at last the burden of his wearisome life. No more shall he groan under the load of poverty and toil. No more shall he hear the insolent calls of the master, from whom he received his scanty wages. No more shall he be raised from needful slumber on his bed of straw, nor be hurried away from his homely meal, to undergo the repeated labours of the day. While his humble grave is preparing, and a few poor and decayed neighbours are carrying him thither, it is good for us to think, that this man too was our brother; that for him the aged and destitute wife, and the needy children, now weep; that, neglected as he was by the world, he possessed, perhaps, both a sound understanding and a worthy heart; and is now carried by angels to rest in Abraham's bosom.—At no great distance from him, the grave is open to receive the rich and proud man: For, as it is said with emphasis in the parable, "the rich man also died and was buried." He also died. His riches prevented not his sharing the same fate with the poor man; perhaps, through luxury, they accelerated his doom. Then indeed, "the mourners go about the streets;" and while, in all the pomp and magnificence of wo, his funeral is preparing, his heirs, impatient to examine his will, are looking on one another with jealous eyes, and already beginning to dispute about the division of his substance.—One day, we see carried along,

the coffin of the smiling infant; the flower just nipped as it began to blossom in the parent's view: and the next day, we behold the young man, or young woman, of blooming form and promising hopes, laid in an untimely grave. While the funeral is attended by a numerous unconcerned company, who are discoursing to one another about the news of the day, or the ordinary affairs of life, let our thoughts rather follow to the house of mourning, and represent to themselves what is passing there. There we shall see a disconsolate family, sitting in silent grief, thinking of the sad breach that is made in their little society; and with tears in their eyes, looking to the chamber that is now left vacant, and to every memorial that presents itself of their departed friend. By such attention to the woes of others, the selfish hardness of our hearts will be gradually softened, and melted down into humanity.

Another day, we follow to the grave, one who in old age, and after a long career of life, has in full maturity sunk at last into rest. As we are going along to the mansion of the dead, it is natural for us to think, and to discourse of all the changes which such a person has seen during the course of his life. He has passed, it is likely, through varieties of fortune. He has experienced prosperity and adversity. He has seen families and kindred rise and fall; the face of his country undergoing many alterations; and the very city in which he dwelt, rising in a manner new around him. After all he has beheld, his eyes are now closed for ever. He was becoming a stranger in the midst of a new succession of men. A race who knew him not, had arisen to fill the earth. Thus passes the world away. Throughout all ranks and conditions, "one generation passeth, and another generation cometh;"

and this great inn is by turns evacuated and replenished by troops of succeeding pilgrims.—O vain and inconstant world! O fleeting and transient life! When will the sons of men learn to think of thee as they ought! When will they learn humanity from the afflictions of their brethren; or moderation and wisdom, from the sense of their own fugitive state!

## XXI.—*On Education.*

Ed-ū-cā′-tion
val′-ū-a-ble
in-her′-it-ance
chī′ld-hood (*hŭd*)
crā′-dles
im-bī′be
in-dif′-fer-ent-ly
im-i-tā′-tion
dū′-ra-ble
bī′-as
bar′-ren-ness
A-rā′-bi-a
Quin-til′-ian
touch′-ed
ī′-dle-ness
com-mū′-ni-ty
sub-sis′-tence
ē-stab′-lish-ment
in-ex-cū′-sa-ble
ma-chi′ne (*shē′n*)
rē-tă′rd
loi′-ter-ing

ē-spec′-ial-ly (*espesh′-al-ē*)
un-gov′-er-na-ble
sus-cep′-ti-ble
phy-sic′-ian (*fē-zish′-an*)
in-cū′-rā-ble
mis-un-der-stand′
re-prō′ach
lan′guage (*gwij*)
en-cour′age-ment
prej′-ū-dice
cor-rec′-tion
ob-ser′-va-ble
schol′-ars (*sk*)
com-mū′-ni-cā″te
hă′r-mō-ny
sav′-age (*vij*)
brû′-tal
crû′-el
băr-bar′-i-ties
ab-ho′r-rence(o.s.a′)

gō′ld-en
scan′-dal
com′-merce
gē′-ni-us
pil′-fer-ing
pur-loin′-ing
im-mod′-er-āte
cher′-ish-ed
head′-strong
wil′-fŭl-ness
ap′-pli-ca-ble
prō-mis′-cū-ous
com′-pē-ten-cy
smat′-ter-ing
suf-fic′-ient (*fish′*)
sē′a-son (*se′-zn*)
cī′-pher-ing
rē′a-son-a-bly
ē′-qual-ly
gen′-er-ous
pref′-er-a-ble
dis-tinc′-tion

A virtuous education is the most valuable inheritance children can enjoy. "To what purpose is it," said Crates, "to heap up riches, and have no concern what manner of heirs you leave them to?"

The foundation of knowledge and virtue is laid in our childhood, and without an early care and attention, we are almost lost in our very cradles; for the principles we imbibe in our youth, we carry

commonly to our graves. It is education that makes the man. To speak all in a few words, children, like blank paper, receive indifferently any impression we please: in the early periods of their lives, they take all upon credit; the powers of memory and imitation alone are strong; and it therefore becomes of the greatest importance, that they should neither see nor hear any thing that has a tendency to give a wrong bias to their minds, as the first impressions are often the most durable. There is, however, in some tempers, such a natural barrenness, that, like the sands of Arabia, they are never to be cultivated or improved: and some will never learn any thing, because they understand every thing too soon. "Give me," says Quintilian, "a child that is sensible of praise, and touched with glory, and that will cry at the shame of being outdone, and I will keep him to his business by emulation; reproof will afflict, and honour will encourage him, and I shall not fear to cure him of his idleness."

The proper education of youth is of the highest importance, both to themselves and the community, being the natural means of preserving religion and virtue; and the earlier good instructions are given, the more lasting must they prove.

To deny children instruction, seems as unnatural as to withhold from them their necessary subsistence. From the excellent plan on which education is conducted in this part of the kingdom, by the establishment of so many respectable parochial schools, instruction is brought as it were to the very doors of all ranks and classes in society; and, therefore, renders ignorance quite inexcusable.

Attending constantly at school is one great hinge on which the whole machine of education turns. Nothing tends more to retard the progress of youth than a loitering disposition, especially when coun-

tenanced by parents, who ought never to let their commands run counter to the master's; but whatever task he assigns his pupils to be done at home, they should be careful to see it performed exactly, in order to keep them out of idleness, as well as to promote their progress.

Parents should endeavour to be sensible of their children's defects and want of genius, and not to blame the master, when his greatest skill, with some, will produce but a small share of improvement. But the misfortune is, that the tender mother, though her son be of an ungovernable temper, will not scruple to say, "He is a meek child, and will do more with a *word* than a *blow*," when neither words nor blows are of any avail.

Again, some children are of a very dull and heavy disposition, and are a long time in acquiring but a little learning; and yet their parents deem them as susceptible of improvement as those of the most bright and promising parts: and when it happens that they improve but slowly, though in proportion to their abilities, they are hurried about from school to school, till at last they lose that share of learning, which otherwise, by remaining at the same school, they might have been masters of; just like a sick but impatient man, who employs a physician to cure him of his malady, and then, because the distemper requires time as well as skill, to procure health, tells him he has all along taken a wrong method; turns him off, and then applies to another, whom he requites in the same manner;—and thus proceeds, till the distemper becomes incurable.

Children are likewise very apt to carry home, and report to their parents, what they see and hear at school, and often more than truth: and some parents are found weak enough to believe them, and even to encourage them. Hence those misunder-

standings between parents and teachers, which are sometimes carried so high, that the parent, in the presence of his child, will reproach the teacher with hard names and other abusive language, to the utter ruin of his child's education and improvement. On the other hand, if parents would have their children improve in their education, they must cause them to submit to the little imaginary hardships of the school, and support them under these by suitable encouragement. They should not fall out with the teacher upon every idle tale, nor even allow, not to say encourage, their children to speak to his prejudice, but rather inform them frequently, that by all means they ought to be good boys, attend to their books, be always obedient to their master, and that, if they are not, they must undergo correction. It is very observable what a harmony is between the master and scholars, when the latter are taught to have a good opinion of the former;—with what case does the scholar learn! with what pleasure does the master communicate! But the great misfortune is, that while the master endeavours to keep peace, good harmony, and friendship among his scholars, they are generally taught the reverse at home. It is indeed but too common for children to encourage one another, and to be encouraged by their friends, in that savage and brutal way of contention, and to count it a hopeful sign of mettle in them to give the last blow if not the first, whenever they are provoked; forgetting that to teach children to love, and to be affectionate to one another, may have the happiest influence on their future lives. Add to this, that cruel delight which some are seen to take in torturing such poor animals and insects as have the misfortune to fall into their hands. Children should not only be restrained from such barbarities, but should be trained up from the cradle with

an abhorrence of them; and at the same time be taught that golden rule of humanity, "*To do to others as we would they should do to us.*"

It is highly necessary that youth should be early made sensible of the scandal of telling lies. To this end parents must inculcate upon them betimes that most necessary virtue,—*the virtue of speaking truth*, as one of the best and strongest bonds of human society and commerce, and the foundation of all moral honesty.

Injustice, (I mean the tricking each other in trifles, which so frequently happens among children, and is very often countenanced by the parents, and looked upon as the sign of a promising genius,) ought to be checked and discouraged, lest it should betray them into the crime of pilfering and purloining in their riper years; to which the grand enemy of mankind is ever ready to prompt them.

Immoderate anger, and love of revenge, must never be suffered to take root in children. If any of these passions be cherished, or overlooked in them, they will in a short time grow headstrong and unruly, and when they come to be men, will corrupt the judgment, turn good nature into humour, and understanding into prejudice and wilfulness.

What is remarked regarding the education of boys, is equally applicable to girls, who are in a great measure overlooked among the lower ranks of society. For instance, in a promiscuous school of seventy or eighty children, there are seldom to be found above twenty or twenty-five girls; nor are they allowed to continue, till they have acquired a competency of useful learning,—the parents generally reckoning it sufficient, in the meantime, that they should receive a smattering of education, and reserve it to be finished at some future period, when they arrive perhaps at the age of eighteen or

twenty years. Of all seasons, a little consideration must render it obvious that this is the most improper. At that age they are apt to be too forward, imagine all things will come of themselves without any trouble, and think they can learn a great deal in a short time; and when they find they cannot compass their ends so soon as they would, then every little difficulty discourages them, and hence it is that grown persons seldom improve in the first principles of education, so fast as younger ones. The women who have had justice done them in their education, know the advantages arising from the ready use of the pen and ciphering. Girls ought, therefore, to be put to the school as early, and continued as long as boys, and then it may be reasonably expected that both sexes will be equally informed. In a word, the education of youth is of such vast importance and of such singular utility in the journey of life, that it visibly carries its own recommendation along with it; for on it in a great measure depends all that we hope to be; every perfection that a generous and well disposed mind would gladly arrive at. It is this that stamps the distinction of mankind, and renders one man preferable to another.

## XXII.—*Disobedience in Youth.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Dis-ō-bē'-di-ence | nâ'u*gh*-ty | bus'-i-ness (*biz'*) |
| school (*skûl*) | cer'-tain-ly | ĭ'-dle-ness |
| frī'*gh*t-en (*frî'-tn*) | chas-tīs-ed | sē-vē're-ly |
| frē'-quent-ly | gen'-tle-man | fol'-ly |
| trû'-ant | dā'n-ger | heă'r-tĭ-ly |
| cor-rect'-ed | ven'-tūr-ed | prom'-is-ed |
| drown'-ed | ē-scā'pe (*skā'p*) | whip'-ped(*hwipt'*) |
| friend'-ly (*frend'*) | bō'ld-ly | fă'r-ther |

THERE were several boys who used to go into the water, instead of being at school, and they sometimes staid so long after school-time, that they used

to frighten their parents very much; and though they were told of it time after time, yet they would frequently go to wash themselves. One day four of them, Smith, Jenkins, Thomson, and Gray, took it into their heads to play the truant, and go into the water. They had not been long in before Smith was drowned: Jenkins' father followed him, and lashed him heartily while he was naked; and Thomson and Gray ran home half dressed, which plainly told where they had been. However, they were both sent to bed without any supper, and told very plainly, that they should be well corrected at school next day.

By this time, the news of Smith being drowned had reached his master's ear, and he came to know the truth of it, and found Smith's father and mother in tears for the loss of him; to whom he gave very good advice, took his friendly leave, and went to see what was become of Jenkins, Thomson, and Gray, who all hung down their heads upon seeing their master; but more so, when their parents desired that he would correct them the next day, which he promised he would; though, says he, (by the bye,) it is rather your duty to do it than mine, for I cannot answer for any thing done out of the school. Take you care to keep your children in order at home, and depend on it, I will do my duty, and keep them in awe of me at school; but however, says he, as they have all been naughty, disobedient boys, and might have lost their lives too, I will certainly chastise them. Next day, Jenkins, Thomson, and Gray, were sent to school, and in a short time were called up by their master; and he first began with Jenkins:—Pray, young gentleman, says he, what is the reason you go into the water without the consent of your parents, and even when you should be at school?—I won't do so any more, says Jenkins.—That's nothing at all,

says the master, I cannot trust you. Pray can you swim?—No, sir, says Jenkins.—Not swim, do you say! Why, you might have been drowned as well as Smith. Take him up, says the master. So he was taken up and well whipped.—Well, says he to Thomson, can you swim?—A little, sir, said he.—A little! (says the master) why, you were in more danger than Jenkins, and might have been drowned, had you ventured much farther. Take him up, says he. Now Gray could swim very well, and thought, as Jenkins and Thomson were whipt because that they could not swim, that he should escape.—Well, Gray, says the master, can you swim? Yes, sir, says he, (very boldly) any where over the river. You can swim, you say? Yes, sir.—Then, pray, sir, says his master, if you can swim so well, what business had you in the water when you should have been at school? you don't want to learn to swim, you say. It is plain then, you go for idleness sake. Take him up,—take him up, says he. So they were all severely corrected for their disobedience and folly.

## XXIII.—*Erskine and Freeport.*—SPECTATOR.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Tim′-or-ous | cap′-tain (*tin*) | an′-s*w*er-ed |
| hă′r-dy | ă′r-my | pă′r-don |
| dis-pō-sit′-ion *zish′* | dē-fē′*a*t-ed | sē′iz-ed |
| ac′-ci-dent (*sē*) | pris′-on-ers | com′-rā″des |
| di-vī′d-ed | sep′-ar-ā″t-ed | (*kum′-rā″dz*) |
| sē-vē′re | con-dem′-ned | per-form′-ed |
| cer′-tain-ly | dis-tinc′-tion | an-oth′-er (*uth′*) |
| gen′-er-ous | prō-nounc′-ing | ask′-ed |
| Eng′-land | sen′-tence | sī′gn-ed |
| pă′r-lia-ment (*lē*) | at-ten′-tive-ly | pock′-et |
| op′-pō-site | West′-min-ster | Lon′-don (*Lun*) |

THERE were two boys at Westminster School, whose names were Erskine and Freeport. Erskine

was of a soft and timorous, but Freeport of a bold and hardy disposition. It happened one day, that Erskine, by some accident, tore a piece of a curtain which divided one part of the school from the other. As the master was extremely severe, the poor boy, well knowing when the master came in, that he would most certainly be lashed, was seized with a sudden panic, and fell a-crying and trembling. He was observed by his comrades, and particularly by Freeport, who immediately came up to him, desired him not to be concerned, and generously promised to take the blame upon himself. As he promised so he performed, and was whipped for the fault accordingly.

When these two boys were grown up to men, in the reign of Charles I. of England, the civil war betwixt the King and Parliament broke out, in which they were on opposite sides.—Freeport was a captain in the King's army, Erskine a judge appointed by the Parliament. In an action betwixt the King's and Parliament's army, the King's army was defeated, and Captain Freeport taken prisoner. The Parliament sent Judge Erskine to take trial of the prisoners, among whom was his once generous school-fellow Freeport. They had been so long separated, they could not know one another's faces, so that Judge Erskine was on the point of condemning all the prisoners without distinction: but when their names were read over, before pronouncing sentence, he heard his friend Freeport named; and looking attentively in his face, asked him if ever he had been at Westminster school? He answered, He had. Erskine said no more, but immediately stopped proceeding, rode up to London, and in a few days returned, with a signed pardon in his pocket for Captain Freeport.

## XXIV.—*The Lion and Lion-hunters.*

(From Park's Travels in Africa.)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| In-hab′-i-tants | con′-fer-ence | cour-ā′-gē-ous-ly |
| an-noy′-ed | ex-pē′-di-ent | fo′r-mi-da-ble (*â′*) |
| con-sid′-er-a-ble | (*dē-ent* or *jē-ent*) | un-fo′r-tū-nate-ly |
| dep-rē-dā′-tion | bam-boo′ (*ū′*) | (*â′*) |
| rav′-ag-es (*ij*) | lī′-on (*un*) | sē-cū′r-ed |
| lev′-el-led | raf′-ters | lē′i-sū″re |
| con-cē′al-ment | prō-pō′-sal | a-ston′-ish-ment |
| an′-i-mal | sup-pō′rt-ing | mor-ti-fi-cā′-tion |
| fē-rō′-cious (*shus*) | fab′-ric *or* fā′-bric | (*mâr*) |

The inhabitants of Doomasansa were much annoyed by a lion, that came every night, and made considerable depredations among the cattle. To put a stop to the ravages of this fierce animal, a party resolved to go and hunt him. They proceeded in search of him, and found him concealed in a thicket, and firing upon him, they levelled him with the ground, after springing from his place of concealment. The animal, notwithstanding, appeared so ferocious, that no one dared to attack him singly, and a conference was held on the means of securing him alive. An old man proposed the following expedient: To take the thatch from the roof of a house, and to carry the bamboo frame (the pieces of which are well secured together by thongs,) and throw it over the lion. If, in approaching him, he should attempt to spring upon them, they had nothing to do but to let down the roof upon themselves, and fire at the lion through the rafters. This proposal was agreed to; the thatch was taken from the roof of a hut, and the lion-hunters, supporting the fabric, marched courageously to meet the animal; but the lion was so formidable in his appearance, that they provided for their own safety by covering themselves with the roof. Unfortunately, the lion was too nimble for them; for while the roof was setting down, both the beast and his pursuers

were secured in the same cage, and the lion devoured them at his leisure, to the great astonishment and mortification of the inhabitants of Doomasansa. Hence nothing can enrage an inhabitant of that town so much as desiring him *to catch a lion alive.*

## XXV.—*African Hospitality.*

(From the same.)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Hos-pi-tal′-i-ty | trav′-el-ler | rō′ar-ed |
| in-for-mā′-tion | ō-blī′g-ed (*blī′j* or | hō′st-ess |
| con-vey′-ed (*vā′*) | *blē′j*) | cū-ri-os′-i-ty |
| pas′-sage | lit′-er-al-ly | sad′-dle |
| pos′-si-bly | bē-nev′-ō-lent | flō′or |
| plā′in-tive | grat′-i-fy | fē′-mā″le |
| moth′-er (*u*) | vict′-uals (*vit′-tlz*) | spin′-ning |
| con-tin′-ū-ed | loose (*lū′s*) | sooth′-ed (*sūth*) |
| prē-sū′me | wom′-an (*wŭ*) | ex-tem′-pō-rē |
| per-mis′-sion | dē-ject′-ed | wē′a-ry |
| vil′-lage (*lij*) | sit-ū-ā′-tion | waist′-coat *wes′-kut* |
| mo′r-ning (*mā′r*) | brī′-dle | nā′-tives |

While Mr Park was waiting to cross the river, information was conveyed to Mansong, the king, that a white man was waiting for a passage, and was coming to see him. He directly sent over one of the chief men with a message, that the king could not possibly see him until he knew what had brought him into the country, and that he must not presume to cross the river without his Majesty's permission. He therefore advised Mr Park to lodge at a distant village for the night; and said, that in the morning he would give him further instructions how to conduct himself. The traveller immediately set off for the village, where, to his great mortification, he was refused admittance into any house; he was obliged to sit all day under the shade of a tree, without victuals. About sunset, as he was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned his horse loose, that he might graze at liberty, a woman, re-

turning from the labours of the field, stopped to observe him, and perceiving that he was weary and dejected, inquired into his situation; which being explained, she took up the bridle and saddle, and told Mr Park to follow her. Having conducted him into her hut, she lighted a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told him he might remain there for the night; she presented him also with a very fine fish, half broiled. Having thus performed the rites of hospitality, she called to the female part of her family to resume their task of spinning cotton, in which they were employed during a great part of the night. They soothed their labour by songs; one of which was extempore, and Mr Park the subject of it. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words literally translated were as follow:

I.

"The loud wind roar'd; the rain fell fast;
The white man yielded to the blast;
He sat him down beneath our tree;
For weary, sad, and faint was he:
And ah! no wife or mother's care,
For him the milk or corn prepare.

CHORUS.

"*The White Man shall our pity share;*
*Alas! no wife or mother's care,*
*For him the milk or corn prepare.*

II.

"The storm is o'er; the tempest past;
And Mercy's voice has hush'd the blast.
The wind is heard in whispers low;
The white man far away must go;—
But ever in his heart will bear
Remembrance of the Negro's care.

CHORUS.

"*Go, White Man, go;—but with thee bear*
*The Negro's wish, the Negro's prayer,—*
*Remembrance of a Negro's care.*"

In the morning Mr Park presented his benevolent hostess with two brass waistcoat buttons. He continued in the village all day, to gratify the curiosity of the natives, who came in crowds to see him.

## XXVI.—*Elephant Hunting.*

(From the same.)

El′-ē-phant (*fant*)
nē′-grō
Eū-rō-pē′-ans
ē′a-ger-ness
in-tē′-ri-or (*ur*)
Af′-ri-ca
Sen-ē-gâ′l
ĭ′-vor-y
dil′-i-gent
bŭsh′-es
el′-ē-vāt-ed
jū′i-cy
fō′-li-ā″ge
ex-er′-tions
an′-i-mal
co′rn-mē′al (*â′r*)
prō-vis′-ions
dis-cov′-er-y
per-cē′ive
sit-ū-ā′-tion
piē′-ces
grass
woû′nd-ed
fū′-ri-ous
fa-tigue′ (*tē′g*)
ex-*hâ*′ust-ed
op-por-tū′-ni-ty
slī′c-es
fū′-tū″re
hatch′-et
pur′-pose (*pus*)
con-tā′in
hon′-ey (*hun′-nē*)

NOTHING creates greater surprise among the Negroes, than the eagerness displayed by Europeans to procure elephants' teeth. Elephants are very numerous in the interior of Africa, but they appear to be a distinct species from those found in Asia. The greater part of the ivory sold in the Gambia and Senegal rivers, is brought from the interior; scattered teeth are frequently picked up in the woods, and travellers are very diligent in looking for them. It is a common practice with the elephant to thrust his teeth under the roots of such shrubs and bushes as grow in the dry and more elevated parts of the country, where the soil is shallow. These bushes he easily overturns, and feeds on the roots, which are in general more tender and juicy than the hard woody branches of the foliage; but when the teeth are partly decayed by age, and the roots more firmly fixed, the greater exertions of the animal frequently cause the teeth to break short. The elephant-hunters seldom go out singly; a party of four or five join together, and having each furnished himself with powder and ball, and a quantity of corn-meal in a leather bag, sufficient for five or six days provisions, they enter the most unfrequented parts of the wood, and examine with great care every thing that can lead to a discovery of the elephants.

When they discover a herd of elephants, they follow it at a distance, until they perceive some one stray from the rest, and come into such a situation as to be fired at with advantage. The hunters then approach with great caution, creeping amongst the high grass until they have got near enough to be sure of their aim; they then discharge all their pieces at once, and throw themselves on their faces on the grass. The wounded elephant immediately applies his trunk to the different wounds, but being unable to extract the balls, and seeing no one near him, he becomes quite furious, and runs about among the bushes, until, by fatigue and loss of blood, he has exhausted himself, and affords the hunters an opportunity of firing at him again, by which he is generally brought to the ground. The skin is then taken off, and extended on the ground with pegs to dry, and such parts of the flesh as are most esteemed, are cut up into thin slices and dried in the sun, to serve for provisions on some future occasion. The teeth are struck out with a light hatchet, which the hunters always carry along with them, not only for that purpose, but also to enable them to cut down such trees as contain honey; for besides their provision, they feed upon elephants' flesh and wild honey.

## XXVII.—*The Indian and his Dog.*

(From the Letters of an American Planter.)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Coun′-ty | scrû′-pū-lous | horn (*hâ′rn*) |
| neigh′-bour-hood | ech′-ōes (*ek*) | shoes (*û′*) |
| (*nā′-bur-hŭd*) | in-tel′-li-gence | stock′-ings |
| rev-ō-cā′-tion | i-mag-in-ā′-tion | cen′-tre (*sen′-tur*) |
| ē′-dict | dăr-ling | sem-i-dī-am′-ē-ter |
| plan-tā′-tion | poig′-nant (*poi′*) | sa-gā′-cious (*shus*) |
| val′-ley | prē-cē′d-ing | dis-con′-sō-lā″te |
| ē-lev′-en | ad-jā′-cent | sus-pense′ |
| dis-ap-pē′ar-ed | trav′-el-ling | en-fē′e-bled (*ld*) |
| ex-trē′me | af′-ter-noon (*û*) | ap-prō′ach-ing |

In the county of Ulster, in the neighbourhood of Pennsylvania, lived a man whose name was Le Fevre; he was the grandson of a Frenchman, who was obliged to fly his country at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He might well have been called the last of mankind, for he possessed a plantation on the very verge of the valley towards the Blue Mountains, a place of refuge for animals of the deer kind.

This man, having a family of eleven children, (a thing by no means uncommon in that country), was greatly alarmed one morning at missing the youngest, who was about four years of age;—he disappeared about ten o'clock. The distressed family sought after him in the river, and in the fields, but to no purpose. Terrified to an extreme degree, they united with their neighbours in quest of him. They entered the woods, which they beat over with the most scrupulous attention. A thousand times they called him by name, and were answered only by the echoes of the wilds. They then assembled themselves at the foot of the mountain of chesnut trees, without being able to obtain the least intelligence of the child. After reposing themselves for some minutes, they formed into different bands,—and night coming on, the parents in despair refused to return home, for their fright was constantly increased by the knowledge they had of the mountain cats, animals so rapacious, that the inhabitants cannot always defend themselves against their attack.—Then they painted to their imagination the horrid idea of a wolf, or some other dreadful animal, devouring their darling child.—"Derick! my poor little Derick! where art thou?" frequently exclaimed the mother, in the most poignant language,—but all was of no avail. As soon as day-light appeared, they renewed their search, but as unsuccessfully as the preceding day. Fortunately an Indian, laden with furs, coming from an adjacent vil-

lage, called at the house of Le Fevre, intending to repose himself there, as he usually did on his travelling through that part of the country. He was much surprised to find none at home but an old Negress kept there by her infirmities. "Where is my brother?" said the Indian. "Alas!" said the Negro woman, "he has lost his little Derick, and all the neighbourhood are employed in looking after him in the woods." It was then three o'clock in the afternoon;—"Sound the horn," said the Indian, "and try to call thy master home,—I will find his child." The horn was sounded, and as soon as the father returned, the Indian asked him for the shoes and stockings that little Derick had worn last. He then ordered his dog, which he brought with him, to smell them,—and then, taking the house for his centre, he described a circle of a quarter of a mile semidiameter, ordering his dog to smell the earth wherever he led him. The circle was not completed, when the sagacious animal began to bark. This sound brought some feeble ray of hope to the disconsolate parents. The dog followed the scent, and barked again; the party pursued him with all speed, but soon lost sight of him in the woods. Half an hour afterwards they heard him again, and soon saw him return. The countenance of the poor dog was visibly altered; an air of joy seemed to animate him, and his gestures seemed to indicate that his search had not been in vain.—"I am sure he has found the child!" exclaimed the Indian; "but whether dead or alive, was at present the cruel state of suspense. The Indian then followed his dog, who led him to the foot of a large tree, where lay the child in an enfeebled state, nearly approaching death. He took it tenderly in his arms, and hastily carried it to the disconsolate parents.

## XXVIII.—*Rural Life.*—ZIMMERMAN.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Rû′-ral | bea*ū*′-ti-fŭl | in-dē-pen′-dent |
| mē′-li-ō-rā″te | ear′-ly (*er*) | pref′-er-a-ble |
| va-rī′-ē-ty | sē′-cret | că′*l*m (*kă′m*) |
| scā′rce-ly (*sk*) | chă′rm | deaf′-en-ing (*def*) |
| of′-fi-cer | in-ex-pres′-si-ble | clam′-our |
| ex-clā′*i*m-ed | en-chant′-ment | daz′-zling |
| trea′-sū″res (*zh*) | com-pen′-sā″te | fash′-ion-a-ble |
| ad-van′-tag-es | gam′-bols (*buls*) | rē-tī′re-ment |
| com′-for-ta-ble | in-quī′-ē-tū″de | dis-si-pā′-tions |
| (*kum*) | tran-quil′-li-ty | con-cē′al-ed |
| vir′-tū-ous | sā′-cred | rē-cess′-es |
| in′-jū-ry | or′-a-tor (*tur*) | con-tem*p*′-tū-ous |
| res′-i-dence | ex-is′-tence | un-think′-ing |

RURAL scenes unfold, refine, and meliorate the lurking inclinations of the heart, and afford a variety of pleasures even to those, who, buried in the hum of crowded cities, scarcely know what pleasure is.

A French officer, on returning to his native country after a long absence, exclaimed, "It is only in rural life that a man can truly enjoy the treasures of the heart, himself, his wife, his children, and his friends. The country has, in every respect, great advantages over the town. The air is pure, the prospects smiling, the walks pleasant, the living comfortable, the manners simple, and the mind virtuous. The passions unfold themselves without injury to any person. The bosom, inspired with the love of liberty, feels itself dependent on heaven alone. I should prefer a residence in my native fields to all others; not because they are more beautiful, but because I was brought up there. The spot on which I passed my early days possesses a secret charm, an inexpressible enchantment, superior to any other enjoyment the world affords, and the loss of which no other country can compensate; the spot where the gambols of my infant years were played;—those happy years which passed without inquietude or cares."

Thus, every where, and at every period of our existence, the freedom and tranquillity of a country-life will induce us to exclaim with the sacred orator, "How happy is the wise and virtuous man, who knows how to enjoy tranquillity with true dignity and perfect ease, independent of every thing around him! How preferable is the happy calm, to the deafening clamour, the false joys, the dazzling splendour of the fashionable world! What refined, noble, and generous sentiments rise and unfold themselves in retirement, which, during the din of business and the dissipations of pleasure, lie concealed in the recesses of the soul, fearful of the contemptuous sneer of wicked and unthinking minds!"

## XXIX.—*The Influence of Solitude on Youth.*

ZIMMERMAN.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Sol′-i-tūʺde | in-glō′-ri-ous | in-trin′-sic |
| pē-cū′-li-ar-ly | van′-i-ties | ab′-sō-lūʺte-ly |
| in-for-mā′-tion (*fâr*) | ig′-nō-rant | in-sig-nif′-i-cant |
| in-vā′-ri-a-bly | blan′-dish-ments | stud′-y-ing |
| ret-rō-spec′-tive | sē-duc′-tion | scī′-enc-es |
| flow′-ers | pow′-ers | pen-ē-trā′-tion |
| sur-vī′v-ed | ac-com′-plish | sub-lim′-i-ty |
| ā′-mi-a-ble | fē′ast-ing | il-lus′-tri-ous |
| youth (*ūʹth*) | danc′-ing | wom′-en (*wim′*) |
| youths (*ūʹths*) | in-cli-nā′-tion | hē-red′-i-ta-ry |
| ă′r-ti-fic-es | ē-scā′pe | an′-ces-tors |
| gā′i-ē-ties | un-sat-is-fac′-to-ry | cen′-tū-ries |
| ob-lit′-er-āt-ed | a-sy′-lum (*y* s. *ī′*) | eq′-ui-pāʺg-es |
| prē′-cepts | ex-pē′-ri-ence | gē-nē-al′-ō-gies |

THERE are two periods of life in which solitude becomes peculiarly useful: in youth, to acquire a fund of useful information, to form the outline of that character which we mean to support, and to fix the modes of thinking we ought through life invariably to pursue: in age, to cast a retrospective eye on the life which we have led, to reflect on the events

that have happened, upon all the flowers we have gathered, upon all the tempests we have survived.

Ye amiable youths, from whose mind the artifices and gaieties of the world have not yet obliterated the precepts of a virtuous education; who are not as yet infected with its inglorious vanities; who, still ignorant of the tricks and blandishments of seduction, have preserved the desire to perform some glorious action, and retained the powers to accomplish it; who, in the midst of feasting, dancing, and assemblies, feel an inclination to escape from their unsatisfactory delights;—solitude will afford you a safe asylum. Let the voice of experience recommend to you to cultivate a fondness for domestic pleasures, to rouse and fortify your souls to noble deeds, to acquire that fine and noble spirit which teaches you to estimate the characters of men, and the pleasures of society, by their intrinsic value. To accomplish this end, it is absolutely necessary to force yourselves from a world too trifling and insignificant to afford great examples. It is by studying the characters of the Greeks, the Romans, the English, that you must learn to surmount every difficulty. In what nation will you find more celebrated instances of human greatness? What people possess more valour, courage, firmness, and knowledge, or greater love for the arts and sciences? It is the love of liberty, the qualities of courage, penetration, sublimity of sentiment, and strength of reason, that constitute the true Englishman. It is *virtue* alone, and not *titles*, that elevates the characters of men. An illustrious descent is certainly an advantage, but not a merit. But you have already formed a proper estimate of those splendid trifles, and learned, that he who venerates such little objects, can never attain to greatness.

Women may boast of hereditary descent, of a line of ancestors, who, during a course of centuries, were

perhaps distinguished merely by the splendour of their equipages, amid the numbers of humble citizens who followed them on foot. But, in tracing your genealogies, let those only be your ancestors, who have performed great and glorious actions, whose fame adorns the pages of their country's history, whose admired characters distant nations continue to applaud; and never lose sight of this important truth, that no one can be truly great, until he has gained a knowledge of himself.

## XXX.—*The Conjurer and the Tailor.*

GOLDSMITH.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Con'-jur-er (*kun*) | re-liē've | fo'r-mer-ly (*fâ'r*) |
| tā'i-lor | fam'-ine | dē-spī's-ed |
| crē'a-tū''re | ō-ver-spread' | prō-fes'-sion |
| un-done' (*dun'*) | cus'-tom-ers | em-ploy'-ment |
| rē-cō'urse | mon'-ey | un-der-stand' |
| sin-cē're-ly | prom'-is-ed | bus'-i-ness (*biz*) |
| hun'-dred | vom'-it | nē'i-ther |
| beg'-gar-y | ō-blī'g-ed | rē-dū'c-ed |

A CONJURER and a Tailor once happened to converse together. "Alas!" cries the Tailor, "what an unhappy poor creature am I! if people ever take it into their heads to live without clothes, I am undone; I have no other trade to have recourse to." "Indeed, friend, I pity you sincerely," replies the Conjurer, "but, thank heaven, things are not quite so bad with me, for, if one trick fail, I have a hundred tricks for them yet. However, if at any time you are reduced to beggary, apply to me, and I will relieve you."

A famine overspread the land: the tailor made a shift to live, because his customers could not be without clothes; but the poor conjurer, with all his hundred tricks, could find none that had money

to throw away: it was in vain that he promised to eat fire, or to vomit pins; no single creature would relieve him, till he was at last obliged to beg from the very tailor whose calling he had formerly despised.

To know one profession only, is enough for one man to know; and this, whatever the professors may tell you to the contrary, is soon learned. Be contented, therefore, with one good employment; for if you understand two at a time, people will give you business in neither.

## XXXI.—*The Beggar and his Dog.*

MACKENZIE.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Hăr'-ley | coun'-tē-nance | lis'-*t*en |
| peb'-ble | sī'-lenc-ed | ac-quā'in-tance |
| dis'-tance | proph'-et (*f*) | a-mours (*a-mûrs*) |
| beg'-gar | en-ter-tā'in-ing | squab'-bles (*bls*) |
| prē-dom'-i-nant | la'-bour-er | glē'an-ed |
| *k*not'-ty | in'-dus-try | in-tel'-li-gen-cers |
| pĭl'-grim | stom'-ach (*k*) | tol'-er-a-ble |
| breech'-es (*britch'*) | fe'-ver | mem'-o-ry |
| ank'-les | as-sī'z-es | ser'-geant (*sär'-jant*) |
| ap-pē'ar-ed | fel'-ons | reg'-i-ment |
| trot'-ted | dis-ē'ase | (*red'-jē-ment*) |
| del'-i-ca-cies | at-tempt'-ed | lī've-li-hood (*hŭd*) |
| fan-tas'-tic | par'-ish | bō'ard-ing-school |
| bă're-foot (*ŭ*) | hā'*lf*-pen-ny | realm (*relm*) |
| pŭll'-ing | in-junc'-tion | shil'-ling |
| char'-i-ty | sē-cū'-ri-ty | se-vē're |
| des'-tin-ed | draught (*draft*) | watch'-fŭl |
| pour'-ed (*pour* or *pûr*) | proph'-e-cy | snap'-ped |
| | fō'*l*ks | stew'-ard-ship (*stū'*) |

HARLEY sat down on a large stone to take out a little pebble from his shoe, when he saw at some distance a beggar approaching him. He had on a loose sort of coat, mended with different coloured rags, amongst which the blue and the russet were

predominant. He had a short knotty stick in his hand, and on the top of it was stuck a ram's horn; his knees, though he was no pilgrim, had worn the stuff of his breeches; he wore no shoes, and his stockings had entirely lost that part of them which should have covered his feet and ankles: in his face, however, was the plump appearance of good humour: he walked a good round pace, and a crook-legged dog trotted at his heels.

"Our delicacies," said Harley to himself, "are fantastic, they are not in nature! that beggar walks over the sharpest of these stones bare-foot, whilst I have lost the most delightful dream in the world, from the smallest of them happening to get into my shoe."—The beggar had by this time come up, and pulling off a piece of hat, asked charity of Harley; the dog began to beg too;—it was impossible to resist both; and, in truth, the want of shoes and stockings had made both unnecessary, for Harley had destined a sixpence for him before. The beggar, on receiving it, poured forth blessings without number; and, with a sort of smile on his countenance, said to Harley, "that if he wanted to have his fortune told——." Harley turned his eye briskly on the beggar: it was an unpromising look for the subject of a prediction, and silenced the prophet immediately. "I would much rather learn," said Harley, "what it is in your power to tell me: your trade must be an entertaining one: sit down on this stone, and let me know something of your profession: I have often thought of turning fortune-teller for a week or two myself."

"Master," replied the beggar, "I like your frankness much; God knows, I had the humour of plain-dealing in me from a child; but there is no doing with it in this world; we must live as we

can, and lying is, as you call it, my profession: but I was in some sort forced to the trade, for I dealt once in telling truth.

"I was a labourer, Sir, and gained as much as to make me live; I never laid by indeed, for I was reckoned a piece of a wag, and your wags, I take it, are seldom rich, Mr Harley."—"So," said Harley, "you seem to know me."—"Aye, there are few folks in the country that I don't know something of; how should I tell fortunes else?" "True, but to go on with your story; you were a labourer, you say, and a wag; your industry, I suppose, you left with your old trade, but your humour you preserved to be of use to you in your new."—"What signifies sadness, Sir? a man grows lean on't: but I was brought to my idleness by degrees; first, I could not work, and it went against my stomach to work ever after. I was seized with a jail fever, at the time of the assizes being in the county where I lived; for I was always curious to get acquainted with the felons, because they are commonly fellows of much mirth and little thought, qualities I had ever an esteem for. In the height of this fever, Mr Harley, the house where I lay took fire, and burnt to the ground; I was carried out in that condition, and lay all the rest of my illness in a barn. I got the better of my disease, however, but I was so weak, that I spit blood whenever I attempted to work. I had no relation living that I knew of, and I never kept a friend above a week, when I was able to joke; I seldom remained above six months in a parish, so that I might have died before I had found a settlement in any: thus I was forced to beg my bread, and a sorry trade I found it, Mr Harley. I told all my misfortunes truly, but they were seldom believed; and the few who gave me a halfpenny as they passed, did it with a shake of the

head, and an injunction not to trouble them with a long story. In short, I found that people don't care to give alms without some security for their money; a wooden leg or a withered arm is a sort of draught upon Heaven for those who choose to have their money placed to account there; so I changed my plan, and, instead of telling my own misfortunes, began to prophesy happiness to others. This I found by much the better way: folks will always listen when the tale is their own; and of many who say they do not believe in fortune-telling, I have known few on whom it had not a very sensible effect. I pick up the names of their acquaintance;—amours and little squabbles are easily gleaned among servants and neighbours; and indeed people themselves are the best intelligencers in the world for our purpose: they dare not puzzle us for their own sake, for every one is anxious to hear what they wish to believe; and they who repeat it, to laugh at it when they have done, are generally more serious than their hearers are apt to imagine. With a tolerable good memory, and some share of cunning, with the help of walking a-nights over heaths and church-yards,—with this, and shewing the tricks of that there dog, which I stole from the sergeant of a marching regiment, (and by the way he can steal too upon occasions,) I make shift to pick up a livelihood. My trade, indeed, is none of the *honestest;* yet people are not much cheated *neither*, who give a few half-pence for a prospect of happiness, which, I have heard some persons say, is all that a man can arrive at in this world.—But I must bid you good-day, Sir, for I have three miles to walk before noon, to inform some boarding-school young ladies, whether their husbands are to be peers of the realm or captains in the army;

a question which I promised to answer them by that time."

Harley had drawn a shilling from his pocket; but Virtue bade him consider on whom he was going to bestow it.—Virtue held back his arm;—but a milder form, a younger sister of Virtue, not so severe as Virtue, nor so serious as Pity, smiled upon him:—his fingers lost their compression;—nor did Virtue offer to catch the money as it fell. It had no sooner reached the ground, than the watchful cur (a trick he had been taught) snapped it up; and, contrary to the most approved method of stewardship, delivered it immediately into the hands of his master.

## XXXII.—*Generosity of a British Sailor.*

MACKENZIE.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Mel'-an-cho-ly | gen-er-os'-i-ty | step'-ping |
| fig'-ū"re | sē'a-man | clap'-ping |
| ex-cī'te | nō'-ble-ness | shō'ul-der |
| bal'-lad | rē-wâ'rd | Cū'-pid |
| sū'it-ed | ac-cep'-tance | ō-blī'g-ed |
| con-tem'.plāt-ing | tes'-ti-mony | gen'-tle-man |
| *w*retch'-ed-ness | di-vī'de (*dē*) | yă'rds |
| sā'i-lor | prī'de | hă'r-bour |
| whis'-*t*ling | fā'ir-ly | weath'-er |
| sing'-ū-lar | quī'-et-ly | shil'-lings |

A FEW weeks ago, as I was walking along one of the back streets of this city on a rainy morning, I was very much struck with the melancholy figure of a blind man, who was endeavouring to excite charity by ballad-singing. Misery could not have found, among the numbers of distressed mortals, a form more suited to her nature. Whilst I was contemplating the wretchedness of the object, and

comparing it with the strain which necessity compelled him to chant, a sailor, who came whistling along the street, with a stick under his arm, stopped, and purchased a ballad from him: "God preserve you," cried the blind man, "for I have not tasted bread this blessed day;"—when the sailor, looking round him for a moment, sprung up four steps into a baker's shop near which he stood, and, returning immediately, thrust a small loaf quietly into the poor man's hand, and went off whistling as he came.

I was so affected with this singular act of generosity, that I called the honest seaman back to me. Taking the silver I had about me, which I think was no more than four shillings, "Thy nobleness of soul," said I, "and the goodness of thy heart, my lad, which I have seen so bright an instance of, make me sorry that I cannot reward thee as thou dost deserve. I must, however, beg thy acceptance of this trifle, as a small testimony how much I admire thy generous nature."—"God bless your noble honour!" said the sailor, "and thank you; but we will divide the prize-money fairly." Stepping back therefore to the blind man, he gave him half of it: and, clapping him upon the shoulder at the same time, added, "Here are two shillings for thee, my blind Cupid, for which you are not obliged to me, but to a noble gentleman who stands within five yards of you; so get into *harbour*, and make yourself *warm*, and keep your *hum-strum* for fairer weather."

## XXXIII.—*The History of Imlac.*—JOHNSON.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Rē'-gions (*junz*) | in-quī'-ries | con-tin'-ū-al |
| sē'a-son | Gō'-ī-ā-ma | in-it'-i-ā''te (*ish'*) |
| di-ver'-sion | foun'-tain (*tin*) | sub-ter-rā'-nē-ous |
| en-ter-tā'in-ment | mer'-chant | treas'-ū-ries |
| mū'-sic | trā'd-ed | nē-gō'-ti-ā''te (*sh*) |
| Ras'-sē-las | frû'-gal | pă'r-si-mon-y |
| his'-to-ry | com-prē-hen'-sion | sub-or-di-nā'-tion*á* |
| dē-vō't-ed | ō-rig'-i-nal-ly | âl-read'-y (*red*) |
| di-ver'-si-fi-ed | lit'-er-a-tū''re | in-con-sis'-ten-cy |

THE close of the day is, in the regions of the torrid zone, the only season of diversion and entertainment, and it was therefore midnight before the music ceased, and the princesses retired. Rasselas then called for his companion, and required him to begin the story of his life.

"Sir," said Imlac, "my history will not be long: the life that is devoted to knowledge passes silently away, and is very little diversified by events. To talk in public, to think in solitude, to read and to hear, to inquire and answer inquiries, is the business of a scholar. He wanders about in the world without pomp or terror, and is neither known nor valued but by men like himself.

"I was born in the kingdom of Goiama, at no great distance from the fountain of the Nile. My father was a wealthy merchant, who traded between the inland countries of Africa and the ports of the Red sea. He was honest, frugal, and diligent, but of mean sentiments and narrow comprehension: he desired only to be rich, and to conceal his riches, lest he should be spoiled by the governors of the province. My father originally intended that I should have no other education than such as might qualify me for commerce, and discovering in me great strength of memory and quickness of apprehension, often declared his hope that I should be sometime the richest man in Abyssinia. With this hope he sent me

to school, but when I had once found the delight of knowledge, and felt the pleasure of intelligence, and the pride of invention, I began silently to despise riches, and determined to disappoint the purposes of my father. I was twenty years old before his tenderness would expose me to the fatigue of travel, in which time I had been instructed, by successive masters, in all the literature of my native country. As every hour taught me something new, I lived in a continual course of gratifications; but, as I advanced towards manhood, I lost much of the reverence with which I had been used to look on my instructors.

"At length my father resolved to initiate me in commerce, and opening one of his subterraneous treasuries, counted out ten thousand pieces of gold. "This, young man," said he, "is the stock with which you must negotiate. I began with less than the fifth part, and you see how diligence and parsimony have increased it. This is your own, to waste or to improve. If you squander it by negligence or caprice, you must wait for my death before you will be rich; if, in four years, you double your stock, we will thenceforward let subordination cease, and live together as friends and partners; for he shall always be equal with me, who is equally skilled in the art of growing rich." "Why," said Rasselas, "did thy father desire the increase of his wealth, when it was already greater than he durst discover or enjoy? I am unwilling to doubt thy veracity, yet inconsistencies cannot both be true." "Inconsistencies," answered Imlac, "cannot both be right, but, imputed to man, they may both be true. Yet diversity is not inconsistency. My father might expect a time of greater security. However, some desire is necessary to keep life in motion, and he whose real wants are supplied, must admit those of fancy."

## XXXIV.—*Anecdote of the late Duke of Newcastle.*

(Scots Magazine.)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Dū'ke | ad-mit'-ted | un-*knō'*wn |
| New-cas'-*tle* | com'-plī-ed | rē-lā'-tion-ship |
| treas'-ū-ry (*trezh'*) | nec'-es-sa-ry | Ad'-am |
| tim'-id | con-ver-sā'-tion | Eve (*ēv*) |
| dis-pō-si'-tion *zish'* | un-a-void'-a-ble | man-kī'nd (*kyī'nd*) |
| ap-pli-cā'-tion | cir'-cum-stan-ces | dēm-on-strā'-tion |
| en-deav'-our | nē-ces'-si-tāt-ed | sub-scrī'be |
| con'-sē-quence | gen-er-os'-i-ty | rē-liē've |
| strā'n-gers | sō-lic-i-tā'-tions | lib'-er-al-ly |

When the late Duke of Newcastle was at the head of the Treasury, a person who (as it is termed) *lived upon his wits*, and not of the most timid disposition, took it into his head to make application to the Duke, and under the character of a reduced gentleman, endeavour to *raise the wind*. He accordingly one day went to his Grace's house, and inquired for the Duke, telling at the same time to the porter, he had business of the greatest conquence to relate. The porter informed him, that, previous to his seeing the Duke, he must leave his name, and call next day; as it was usual, not only for him, but for every gentleman, be he who he would, to conform to that custom, as strangers were never admitted to his Grace till that was complied with. To which he replied, that his business was of such a nature, that it was absolutely necessary to do it directly; and begged that the Duke might be so informed. His Grace, happening to hear his conversation, gave orders for the person to be admitted: which being immediately complied with, the Duke asked him his business. The person answered, that he was a relation of his Grace, and, through unavoidable misfortunes, was so much reduced in his circumstances, that he was necessitated to make application for his Grace's bounty, in order to keep up the character of a gentleman, and,

from his Grace's known generosity, he had been thus bold in his solicitations. He was asked by the Duke his name; to which he replied, he supposed his name was unknown to his Grace, but that the relationship sprung from Adam, as all mankind were descended from Adam and Eve. "Well," (rejoined the Duke), "as you have proved to a demonstration that you are a *relation* of mine, I will relieve you;" and immediately gave him one penny, observing at the same time, that if the rest of his *brothers and sisters* would subscribe as liberally, he would soon be a much richer person than the Duke of Newcastle.

## XXXV.—*The proud Young Lady.*—KAIMS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Grey-head'-ed | prith'-ēe | gāth'-er-ed |
| *h*um'-bly | of-fic'-ious (*fish*) | rus'-tled |
| en-trē'at | ap-prō'ach-ing | ter'-ri-fi-ed |
| brē'eze | ac-cost'-ed | drī'v-ing |
| rē-gārd'-less | coun'-try-man | dung'-cārt |
| eq'-ui-pā"ge | ho'rse-back (*â'*) | ac'-cent |
| ō'w-ners | prē-sū'me (*z*) | gâ'll-ing |
| chā'ise (*sha'z*) | of-fence' | prû'-dence |
| pos-til'-ion (*yun*) | hum'-ming | mis-fo'r-tū"ne (*â'*) |

A young lady of rank and fortune went out to walk in her father's woods. "Pray, madam," said the grey-headed steward, "may I humbly entreat that you will not go so far from home? you may meet with strangers who are ignorant of your quality."—"Give your advice," answered she, "when required.—I admit of no instructions from servants." She walked on with satisfaction, enjoying a clear sky and a cool breeze. Fatigue seized her, regardless of high birth, and she sat down on a smooth spot at the side of a high road, expecting some equipage to pass, the owners of which would be

proud to convey her home. After long waiting, the first thing she saw was an empty chaise, conducted by one who had formerly served her father as a postilion. "You are far from home, Madam, will you give me leave to set you down at my old master's?"—"Prithee, fellow, be not officious." Night was fast approaching, when she was accosted by a countryman on horseback:—"Mistress, will you get on behind me? Dobbin is sure-footed, you shall be set down where you will, if not far off, or much out of my way." "Mistress!" exclaimed she, "how dare you presume?"—"No offence," said the young man, and rode away, humming the song, "*I love Sue.*"

It was night; the clouds gathered, the leaves of the trees rustled, and the young woman was terrified with what she took for strange sounds. There came an old man driving an empty dung-cart. "Friend," said she, with an humble accent, "will you let me go with you?"—

Pride is the most galling burden a person can walk under. Prudence saves from many a misfortune, pride is the cause of many.

## XXXVI.—*Filial Affection.*

(Buck's Anecdotes.)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Fil′-ial (*yal*) | mon′-ū-ments | prō-cē′-dū″re |
| af-fec′-tion | trī-umph′-al | ă′r-dent-ly |
| rē-mem′-ber-ed | Swē′-den | dē-spatch′-ed |
| in-debt′-ed | con-dem′-ned | coû-riē′r (*rē′r*) |
| dis-ō-bē′-di-ence | dis-chă′rge | in-com′-pa-ra-ble |
| â′w-fŭl-ly | im-po′r-tant (*â′*) | roy′-al |
| dis-pleas′-ū″re | im-pē′ach-ment | hū-mil′-i-ty |
| em′-i-nent-ly | eight′-een (*ā′tē″n*) | dis-in′-ter-est-ed |
| prō-mō″t-ing | prē-dic′-a-ment | ex-â′lt-ed |
| fē-lic′-i-ty | prō-nounc′-ed | per-pet′-ū-ā″te |
| ap-prē′-ci-āt-ed | a-dō′r-ed | mag-nan′-i-mous |
| Chī′-nē″se | mag′-is-trā″te | sec′-rē-ta-ry |

"Honour thy father and mother," is part of that sacred law given to mankind, ever worthy to be remembered. It becomes us to revere, obey, and love them to whom we are so greatly indebted. Disobedience to parents hath been awfully marked with God's displeasure; while affection for them, and attention to them, have been eminently sanctioned by him as the means of promoting their felicity, and our own honour and esteem. So justly is filial affection appreciated by the Chinese, that they erect public monuments and triumphal arches, in honour of those children who have given proof of great filial affection.

A gentleman of Sweden was condemned to suffer death, as a punishment for certain offences committed by him in the discharge of an important public office, which he had filled for a number of years, with an integrity that had never before undergone either suspicion or impeachment. His son, a youth about eighteen years of age, was no sooner apprized of the predicament to which the wretched author of his being was reduced, than he flew to the judge, who had pronounced the fatal decree, and throwing himself at his feet, prayed "that he might be allowed to suffer in the room of a father whom he adored, and whose loss he declared it impossible for him to survive." The magistrate was thunderstruck at this extraordinary procedure in the son, and would hardly be persuaded that he was sincere in it. Being at length satisfied, however, that the young man actually wished for nothing more ardently than to save his father's life at the expense of his own, he wrote an account of the whole affair to the king; and the consequence was, that his Majesty immediately despatched back the courier, with orders to grant a free pardon to the father, and to confer a title of honour on his incomparable son.

This last mark of royal favour, however, the youth begged with all humility to decline; and the motive for the refusal of it, was not less noble than the conduct, by which he deserved it, was generous and disinterested. "Of what avail," exclaimed he, "could the most exalted title be to me, humbled as my family is already in the dust? Alas! would it not serve but as a monument, to perpetuate in the minds of my countrymen, the direful remembrance of an unhappy father's shame?" His Majesty (the King of Sweden) shed tears when this magnanimous speech was reported to him, and sending for the heroic youth to court, he appointed him directly to the office of his private confidential secretary.

## XXXVII.—*Abdallah, the Persian Shepherd.*

KOTZEBUE.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Per'-si-an | ex-chā'ng-ed | em'-pī''re |
| ca-price' (*prē's*) | caf'-tan (*kaf*) | cred'-ū-lous |
| wan'-der-ing | tur'-ban | cō'*u*rt-iers |
| shep'-herd | im-pē'-ri-al | gal-le'-ry |
| rē-clī'n-ed | cal'-um-ny | pen'-ē-trāt-ed |
| flū'te | cringe (*j*) | rcc-ol-lec'-tions |
| gov'-er-nor | dē-rī'd-ed | in-dig'-nant |
| con-ver-sā'-tion | mon'-arch (*k*) | sē'iz-ed |
| herds'-man | flat'-ter-y | cot'-tā''g-es |
| pa-ter'-nal-ly | dis-mem'-ber-ed | em-brā'c-ed |

A Persian Sheikh once had the caprice of wandering *incognito* through his states. One sultry summer's day, he met with a young shepherd, who lay reclined under the shade of a tree, playing upon the flute. His figure pleased the governor of Ispahan. He entered into conversation with him, and found him gifted with a good understanding, and great powers of drawing proper conclusions,—certainly without cultivation; whereupon

he immediately determined to take the young herdsman with him to his court, and try what was to be formed through education from such a disposition as the young man possessed. Abdallah, for that was the name of the youth, unwillingly followed; he fulfilled, it is true, every expectation of the prince, was paternally beloved by him, and was envied by the whole court; yet he often wished for the tranquillity of his peaceful hut, and sighing, looked up to the simple shepherd's garb, for which he would gladly have exchanged the purple caftan and dazzling turban. The Sheikh raised his favourite from one degree of honour to another, and made him at last the keeper of the imperial treasures. In vain did envy shew her teeth: in vain did calumny cringe before the throne. Abdallah, the honest, derided their ill-will; and his monarch well knew the value of Abdallah's heart. But at last the upright prince died, and left behind him a son, whose ear was open to flattery, and his heart to corruption. Calumny immediately raised up her head from out of the sloughs of envy, and hissed aloud, "Abdallah has enriched himself at the expense of the crown! he has converted the treasures which were confided to him by your father, to his own use; he has dismembered the riches of the empire; he has even in his house a concealed vault, guarded by three locks, in which he often remains alone for many hours, and counts over his ill-gotten pelf."

The credulous young monarch put faith in the words of his courtiers. He surprised Abdallah one morning, when the latter the least expected such a visit:—"Give me the keys of that vault that lies at the end of yon gallery," cried the Sheikh, "where you remain so often and so long alone, and where the footstep of no friend has been allowed to enter."

Abdallah immediately penetrated through the web of wickedness. He looked at his accusers with a smile, and gave the Sheikh the keys. The vault was opened, and in it was found—a shepherd's crook, a herdsman's pocket, and a flute. "Behold, monarch," said he, "here are the witnesses of my former happy condition. Here I kept them, and here I often visited them, to enjoy the sweet recollections of my calm rural pleasures. Take all back that your father gave to me, but leave me my shepherd's crook."

The young prince was greatly affected; he cast an indignant look at his courtiers, embraced Abdallah, and would have raised him to the first dignity in his empire. But Abdallah threw off the purple caftan, seized his shepherd's crook and herdsman's pocket, and fled to the country cottages.

## XXXVIII.—*Account of Buffaloes in North America.*

(Ashe's Travels.)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Bo′r-ders (*â′r*) | ex-act′ | a-ban′-don-ed |
| buf′-fa-lōes | suc-ces′-sive-ly | skin′-ned |
| reg-ū-lar′-i-ty | mois′-tū″re | suc-cess′-ion (*sesh′*) |
| ar-rī′-val | hă′r-den-ed | pū′-trē-fi-ed |
| un-ac-quā′*i*nt-ed | per′-sē-cū″te | fū′-ri-ous-ly |
| rub′-bed | pē′*a*ce-fŭl | low′-ed |
| com-plē′te-ly | crē′*a*-tū″res | wil′-der-ness |
| bā′th-ed | wolves (*ŭ*) | un-ū′-sū-al (*zhū*) |
| rō′ll-ed | pan′-t*h*ers | fā′-vour-ite |
| ad-jā′-cent | ē′a-gles (*ē′gls*) | im-preg′-nā″t-ed |
| sep′-ar-ā″t-ed | rā′-vens | a-grē′e-a-ble |
| dē-pă′rt-ed | că′r-cass-es | oc-cū-pā′-tion |

An old man, one of the first who settled in this country, built his log-house on the immediate borders of a salt spring. He informed me, that for the first several seasons, the buffaloes paid him their visits with the utmost regularity; they travelled in

single files, always following each other at equal distances, forming droves, on their arrival, of about three hundred each. In the first and second years, so unacquainted were these poor brutes with the use of this man's house, or with his nature, that in a few hours they *rubbed* the house completely down; taking delight in turning the logs off with their horns, while he had some difficulty to escape from being trampled under their feet, or crushed to death in his own ruins. At that period, he supposed, there could not be less than ten thousand in the neighbourhood of the spring. They sought for no manner of food; but only bathed and drank three or four times a-day, and rolled in the earth; or reposed with their flanks distended in the adjacent shades; and on the fifth and sixth days, separated into distant droves, bathed, drank, and departed in single files, according to the exact order of their arrival. They all rolled successively in the same hole; and each thus carried away a coat of mud, to preserve the moisture on their skin; and which, when hardened and baked by the sun, would resist the stings of millions of insects, that otherwise would persecute those peaceful travellers to madness, or even to death.

In the first and second years, this old man, with some companions, killed from six to seven hundred of these noble creatures, merely for the sake of their skins, which to them were worth *only* two shillings each; and after this, they were obliged to leave the place till the following season, or till the wolves, panthers, eagles, rooks, ravens, &c. had devoured the carcasses, and abandoned the place for other prey. In the two years following, the same persons killed great numbers out of the first droves that arrived, skinned them, and left the bodies exposed to the sun and air; but they soon had reason to re-

pent of this, for the remaining droves, as they came up in succession, stopped, gazed on the mangled and putrefied bodies, moaned, or furiously lowed aloud, and returned instantly to the wilderness in an unusual run, without tasting their favourite spring, or licking the impregnated earth, which was also once their most agreeable occupation; nor did they, or any of their race, ever revisit the neighbourhood.

## XXXIX.—*The Basket-maker: A Peruvian Tale.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Im-mense′-ly | rem′-ē-dy | un-sin′-ew-ed |
| ī′sl-and | cap′-i-tal | ap-prē-hen′-sive |
| an′-ces-tor | ci-tā′-tion | snē′ak-ing |
| cen′-tral | bē-hā′v-iour (*yur*) | ha-bit′-ū-al |
| en-tā′il-ed | dis-tinc′-tion | dē-mon′-strāt-ing |
| Sol′-o-mon | clē′*a*-ver | cor′-ō-net |
| pol′-ish-ed | mi*ē*′n | work′-man-ship |
| dē-scen′-dant | loy′-al-ty | con-grat-ū-lā′-tion |
| ō-rig′-i-nal-ly | sū-pē-ri-or′-i-ty | im-pā′-tience |
| en-nō′-bled (*bld*) | dis-con-tin′-ū-ing | ef-fā′c-ed (*s*) |
| dis-tin′-guish | hâ′*ugh*-ty | prop-ō-sit′-ion |
| di-ver′-sions | com′-mon-al-ty | luck′-i-ly |
| mē-chan′-ic (*kan′*) | com-par′i-son | ben-ē-fac′-tor |
| bas′-ket-mā′-ker | bă′r-ba-rous | rē-pos-sess′ |
| lī′ve-li-hood (*hŭd*) | hos-pi-tal′-i-ty | a-tō′ne-ment |
| pē-cū′-li-ar | i-mag′-in-a-ry | ar′-rō-gance |
| bar′-ri-er | fi*ē*′rce-ness (or *fers* | noth′-ing (*nuth′*) |
| in′-jū-ry | as-per′-i-ty | dē-grā′d-ed |

In the midst of that vast ocean, commonly called the South Sea, lie the Islands of Solomon. In the centre of these lies one, not only distant from the rest, which are immensely scattered round it, but also larger beyond proportion. An ancestor of the prince who now reigns absolute in this central island has, through a long descent of ages, entailed the name of Solomon's Islands on the whole, by the effect of

that wisdom wherewith he polished the manners of his people.

A descendant of one of the great men of this happy island, becoming a gentleman, to so improved a degree as to despise the good qualities which had originally ennobled his family, thought of nothing but how to support and distinguish his dignity by the pride of an ignorant mind, and a disposition abandoned to pleasure.

He had a house on the sea-side, where he spent a great part of his time in hunting and fishing; but found himself at a loss in the pursuit of these important diversions, by means of a long slip of marsh land, overgrown with high reeds, that lay between his house and the sea. Resolving, at length, that it became not a man of his quality to submit to restraints in his pleasures, for the ease and convenience of an obstinate mechanic; and having often endeavoured, in vain, to buy out the owner, who was an honest poor basket-maker, and whose livelihood depended on working up the flags of those reeds, in a manner peculiar to himself, the gentleman took advantage of a very high wind, and commanded his servants to burn down the barrier.

The basket-maker, who saw himself undone, complained of the oppression, in terms more suited to the sense of the injury, than the respect due to the rank of the offender: And the reward this imprudence procured him, was the additional injustice of blows and reproaches, and all kinds of insult and indignity.

There was but one way to a remedy, and he took it: For, going to the capital with the marks of his hard usage upon him, he threw himself at the King's feet, and procured a citation for his oppressor's appearance; who, confessing the charge, proceeded to justify his behaviour, by the poor man's want of

submission due from the vulgar to gentlemen of rank and distinction.

"But pray," replied the king, "what distinction of rank had the grandfather of your father, who, being a cleaver of wood in the palace of my ancestors, was raised from among those vulgar you speak of with such contempt, in reward of an instance he gave of his courage and loyalty in defence of his master? yet his distinction was nobler than yours; it was the distinction of soul, not of birth; the superiority of worth, not of fortune! I am sorry I have a gentleman in my kingdom, who is base enough to be ignorant, that ease and distinction of fortune were bestowed on him only for this purpose, that, being at rest from all cares of providing for himself, he might apply his heart, head, and hands, for the public advantage of others."

Here the King, discontinuing his speech, fixed an eye of indignation on a sullen resentment of mien, which he observed in the haughty offender, who muttered out his dislike of the encouragement this way of thinking must give to the commonalty, who, he said, were to be considered as persons of no consequence, in comparison of men who were born to be honoured.—"Where reflection is wanting," replied the King, with a smile of disdain, "men must find their defects in the pain of their sufferings:"—then turning to a captain of his galleys, "strip the injured, and the injurer," added he, "and conveying them to one of the most remote and barbarous of the islands, set them ashore in the night, and leave them both to their fortune."

The place on which they were landed was a marsh, under cover of whose flags the gentleman was in hopes to conceal himself, and give the slip to his companion, with whom he thought it a disgrace to be found. But the lights in the galley hav-

ing given an alarm to the savages, a considerable body of them came down, and discovered in the morning, the two strangers in their hiding-place. Setting up a dismal yell, they surrounded them; and advancing nearer and nearer, with a kind of clubs, seemed determined to despatch them, without sense of hospitality or mercy.

Here the gentleman began to discover, that the superiority of his blood was imaginary; for, between a consciousness of shame and cold, under the nakedness to which he had never been used, a fear of the event from the fierceness of the savages' approach, and the want of an idea whereby to soften or divert their asperity, he fell behind the poor sharer of his calamity; and, with an unsinewed, apprehensive, unmanly, sneaking mien, gave up the post of honour, and made a leader of the very man whom he had thought it a disgrace to consider as a companion.

The basket-maker, on the contrary, to whom the poverty of his condition had made nakedness habitual, to whom a life of pain and mortification represented even death itself not dreadful, and whose remembrance of his skill in arts, of which these savages were ignorant, gave him hopes of becoming safe, from demonstrating that he could be useful, moved with a bolder and more open freedom; and having plucked a handful of the flags, sat down without emotion, and making signs that he would shew them something worthy of their attention, fell to work with smiles and noddings, while the savages drew near, and gazed in expectation of the consequence. It was not long before he had wreathed a kind of coronet, of pretty workmanship; and rising with respect and fearfulness, approached the savage who appeared the chief, and placed it gently on his head; whose figure, under this new ornament, so charmed and struck his followers, that they threw

down their clubs, and formed a dance of welcome congratulation round the author of so prized a favour. There was not one but showed the marks of his impatience to be made as fine as his captain: so the poor basket-maker had his hands full of employment; and the savages, observing one quite idle, while the other was so busy in their service, took up arms in the behalf of natural justice, and began to lay on arguments in favour of their purpose.

The basket-maker's pity now effaced the remembrance of his sufferings: he arose and rescued his oppressor, by making signs that he was ignorant of the art; but might, if they thought fit, be usefully employed in waiting on the work, and fetching flags to his supply, as fast as he should want them.

This proposition luckily fell in with a desire the savages expressed to keep themselves at leisure, that they might crowd round, and mark the progress of a work they took such pleasure in. They left the gentleman, therefore, to his duty in the basket-maker's service; and considered him from that time forward, as one who was, and ought to be, treated as inferior to their benefactor. Men, wives, and children, from all corners of the island, came in crowds for coronets: and, setting the gentleman to work to gather boughs and poles, made a fine hut to lodge the basket-maker. They brought down daily from the country, such provisions as they lived upon themselves; taking care to offer the imagined servant nothing, till his master had done eating.

Three months' reflection in his mortified condition, gave a new and just turn to our gentleman's improved ideas; insomuch that, lying awake and weeping one night, he thus confessed his sentiments in favour of the basket-maker:—"I have been to blame, and wanted judgment to distinguish between accident and excellence. When I should have

measured nature, I but looked to vanity. The preference which fortune gives, is empty and imaginary! and I perceive too late, that only things of use are naturally honourable. I am ashamed, when I compare my malice to your humanity! but if I should be allowed to repossess my rank and fortune, I would willingly divide all with you in atonement for my justly punished arrogance." He promised, and performed his promises.

The King, soon after, sent the captain who had landed them, with presents to the savages, and ordered him to bring them both back again. It therefore continues, to this day, a custom in that island, to degrade all gentlemen, who cannot give a better reason for their pride, than that they were born to do *nothing*, and the word for this due punishment is,—*Send him to the basket-maker's.*

## XL.—*Youth should understand what they read.*

(Introduction to Gil Blas.)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Trav'-el-ling | en-clō'-s-ed | guin'-ēas (*gin'*) |
| en-grā'v-ed | laugh'-ed (*lăf'*) | pock'-et |
| wī'p-ed | ep'-i-taph (*taf'*) | in-gē-nū'-i-ty |
| in-scrip'-tion | mys'-te-ry | dig'-ging |
| lī-cen'-ti-ā"te | leath'-er | mē'*a*n-ing |

Two Scholars in Spain, travelling a far way to school, and being weary and faint, stopped by the side of a fountain in their way. As they were resting themselves, they spied a stone with some words engraved upon it, almost worn out by time and the feet of the flocks that came to drink of the spring. They wiped the dust from the stone, and found this inscription upon it,—"*The soul of the licentiate Peter Garcias is here enclosed!*"—The younger of the scholars, a brisk blunt boy, had no sooner read the inscription, than he laughed, and cried out,

"The soul here enclosed!—a soul enclosed!—I would fain know the author of such a foolish epitaph." His companion, who had more judgment, said to himself, "There must be some mystery in this; I will stay, and see if I can find it out.' Accordingly, he staid till the other scholar was gone away, and then, with his knife, he dug away the earth from the stone, which at last he removed, and found under it a leather purse, with a hundred guineas in it, and a card, whereon was written, "*Be thou my heir who has wit to find out the meaning of this inscription, and make a better use of the money than I did.*" The scholar was overjoyed at this discovery, and proceeded in his journey to the school with the *soul* of the licentiate in his pocket.

This was a reward for his ingenuity and trouble in digging to find out the meaning of the inscription. In like manner shall every youth, sooner or later, be rewarded, who takes care to find out the meaning of what he reads.

*The Female Choice.*—BARBAULD.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Fē′-mā″le | en-chant′-ing | ap-prō-bā′-tion |
| fa-tig*u*′-ed (*tē′g*) | dis-si-pā′-tion | thor′-ō*ugh*-ly (*ur*) |
| fig′-ū″res | rē-liē′v-ed | in-ev′-i-ta-bly |
| hab′-it-ed | dis′-taff | dis-guī′se (*gyī′z*) |
| ar-ti-fic′-ial (*fish′*) | gär′-nish-ed | in′-nō-cent |
| in-ter-wō′-ven | scis′-sors (*z*) | house′-wife-ry |
| fa-mil′-iar (*yar*) | *k*nit′ting-nē′e-dles | (*huz′-wif*) |
| rav′-ish-ing | im′-plē-ments | ō-ver-â′we |
| per-pet′-ū-al | al-lū′re-ments | scā′rce-ly (*sk*) |
| but′-ter-fly | va-rī′-ē-ty | chē′er-fŭl-ness |
| spec-tā′-tors | la-bō′-ri-ous | un-rē-luc′-tant-ly |

A young girl having fatigued herself one hot day, with running about the garden, sat down in a pleasant arbour, where she presently fell asleep. During her slumber, two female figures presented

themselves before her. One was loosely habited in a thin robe of pink, with light green trimmings. Her sash of silver gauze flowed to the ground. Her fair hair fell in ringlets down her neck, and her head-dress consisted of artificial flowers interwoven with feathers. She held in one hand a ball-ticket, and in the other a fancy dress all covered with spangles and knots of gay ribbons. She advanced smiling to the girl, and with a familiar air thus addressed her.

"My dearest Melissa, I am a kind genius, who have watched you from your birth, and have joyfully beheld all your beauties expand, till at length they have rendered you a companion worthy of me. See what I have brought you. This dress, and this ticket, will give you free access to all the ravishing delights of my palace. With me you will pass your days in a perpetual round of ever-varying amusement. Like the gay butterfly, you will have no other business than to flutter from flower to flower, and spread your charms before admiring spectators. No restraints, no toils, no dull tasks, are to be found within my happy domains. All is pleasure, life, and good humour. Come then, my dear! Let me put on you this dress, which will make you quite enchanting; and away, away with me!"

Melissa felt a strong inclination to comply with the call of this inviting nymph; but first she thought it would be prudent at least, to ask her name.—"My name," said she, "is DISSIPATION."

The other female then advanced. She was clothed in a close habit of brown stuff, simply relieved with white. She wore her smooth hair under a plain cap. Her whole person was perfectly neat and clean. Her look was serious, but satisfied; and her air was staid and composed. She held in one hand a distaff; on the opposite arm hung a

work-basket; and the girdle round her waist was garnished with scissors, knitting-needles, reels, and other implements of female labour. A bunch of keys hung at her side. She thus accosted the sleeping girl.

"Melissa, I am the genius who have ever been the friend and companion of your mother; and I now offer you my protection. I have no allurements to tempt you with, like those of my gay rival. Instead of spending all your time in amusements, if you enter yourself of my train, you must rise early, and pass the long day in a variety of employments; some of them difficult, others laborious, and all requiring exertion of body and mind. You must dress plainly; live mostly at home; and aim at being useful, rather than shining. But in return, I will ensure you contentment, even spirits, self-approbation, and the esteem of all who thoroughly know you. If these offers appear to your young mind less inviting than those of my rival, be assured, however, that they are more real. She has promised much more than she can ever make good. Perpetual pleasures are no more in the power of Dissipation, than of Vice and Folly, to bestow Her delights quickly pall, and are inevitably succeeded by languor and disgust. She appears to you under a disguise, and what you see, is not her real face. For myself, I shall never seem to you less amiable than I now do; but, on the contrary, you will like me better and better. If I look grave to you now, you will see me cheerful at my work; and when work is over, I can enjoy every innocent amusement. But I have said enough. It is time for you to choose whom you will follow, and upon that choice all your happiness depends. If you would know my name, it is HOUSEWIFERY."

Melissa heard her with more attention than delight; and though overawed by her manner, she

could not help turning again to take another look at the first speaker. She beheld her still offering her presents with so bewitching an air, that she felt it scarcely possible to resist; when, by a lucky accident, the mask with which Dissipation's face was so artfully covered, fell off. As soon as Melissa beheld, instead of the smiling features of youth and cheerfulness, a countenance wan and ghastly with sickness, and soured by fretfulness, she turned away with horror, and gave her hand unreluctantly to her sober and sincere companion.

## XLII.—*Honour and Honesty.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| For'-ā"ge | Hern-hoot'-er (*u*) | sō'l-diers (*jurs*) |
| as-sī'gn-ed | bē'*a*rd | rē-mount'-ed |
| sol'-i-ta-ry | bă'r-ley | un-nec'-es-sa-ri-ly |
| of'-fi-cer | sat'-is-fī-ed | prop'-er-ty |
| *k*nock'-ing | lē'*ag*ue | sac'-ri-fī"c-ed |

In the last German war, a captain of cavalry was appointed to procure forage; he accordingly went at the head of his troops, to the place assigned them for the purpose:—it was a solitary valley, in which the eye perceived nothing but clusters of trees. At last the officer discovered a cottage, and knocking at the door, it was opened by an old Hern-hooter, with a white beard. "Father," said the captain, "shew me a field where we can procure forage." "I will, immediately," replied the old man. He then put himself at their head, and conducted them out of the valley. After riding for about a quarter of an hour, they arrived at a fine field of barley. "Stop," said the officer to his guide, "this is what we want." "Wait a little," replied the Hern-hooter, "and you shall be satisfied." They then continued their progress, and at the distance of a quarter of a league, they found another field of the same grain. When the soldiers had cut the

corn, and remounted their horses, the officer said to his guide, "Father, you have brought us a great way unnecessarily; the first field was better than this." "True," replied the old man, "but that field does not belong to me!" What a noble instance of truly Christian virtue! Rather than injure his neighbour's property, the worthy Hern-hooter sacrificed his own.

## XLIII.—*Story of the poor Clergyman, and the Duke of Ormond.*

Il-lus′-tri-ous
lieu-ten′-ant (*lev*)
ex′-cel-len-cy
tol′-er-a-ble
ē-pis′-cō-pal
cler′-gy-man
a-pă″rt-ments
in-con-vē′-ni-ence
păr-tic′-ū-lar-ly
ret′-i-nūe
break′-fast
land′-lord (*â*)
sal′-a-ry
house′-wife
(*huz′-wif*)
anx-ī′-ē-ty
res-ō-lū′-tion
me-trop′-ō-lis
-bil′-i-ties

prē′ach-ing
rē-cep′-tion
in-del′-i-cā″te
ca-thē′-dral
pŭl′-pit
but′-ler
des′-cant-ing
in′-di-gence
ob-scū′-ri-ty
dē-lin′-ē-at-ed
un-jus′-ti-fī-a-ble
ten′-or
prov′-i-dence
val′-ū-a-ble
wid′-ō*w*
in-clem′-en-cy
el′-ē-ments
bē-num*b*′-ed
gen′-ū-ine

sō-lic′-i-tū″de
im-pet-ū-os′-i-ty
(*pech*)
rē-tal-i-ā′-tion
bē-nev′-ō-lence
crim′-i-nal
rec-ol-lec′-tion
vā′-can-cies
tran-sit′-ion(*sish*′)
fo′r-feit-ed (*fa′r*)
ben′-ē-fice
lib′-er-al-ly
af′-flū-ent
sit-ū-ā′-tion (*chu*)
an-nū′-i-ty
ob-li-gā′-tion
rē-liē′ve
al-lē′-vi-ā″te
ad-ver′-si-ty

In Queen Anne's reign, the British Augustan age, few made a more illustrious figure than Butler, Duke of Ormond, who was a particular favourite of the queen, and whom she had appointed to be lord-lieutenant of Ireland. On his passage to undertake the government, he was forced in, by contrary winds, upon the then almost barren island of Isla; where his Excellency could find no tolerable accommodation but in a poor Episcopal clergy-

man's house, which contained only two or three small apartments, and these very ill furnished. However, these inconveniences were amply compensated by the cheerful and happy disposition of the landlord, and the frugal, but decent hospitality, with which his Grace was particularly delighted.

The wind, some days after, shifting about, the Duke and his retinue prepared for setting out a gain; but, before he went on board, being at breakfast, he asked his landlord what his living was. "Only *twenty-two pounds*," replied Joseph, for that was the clergyman's name. His Excellency, surprised, asked him how he came to have things so neat and comfortable on so small a salary. "Why," replied he, "my wife, Rebecca, is an excellent house-wife; and as we have two cows, she sells the milk and cheese, and almost supports the family; whilst I reserve my twenty-two pounds for clothes, and our children's education, which, at all events, I am determined to give them; and then the world is before them, let them shift for themselves." Ormond was charmed at the sight of so much contentment and genuine felicity, which this poor, but generous clergyman enjoyed; and, having made the careful wife a handsome present, he promised to do still something more for Joseph, her husband, and immediately went on board.

Joseph having with anxiety waited in vain, from time to time, to hear of something being done in his favour, at last took the resolution of going to Dublin, and pushing his fortune; for which this seemed the only chance he could ever have in his whole life. Fully bent on this design, he set out, and soon arrived at the metropolis of Ireland. Being a man of some abilities, he imagined the best way to attain his end would be, if possible, by preaching before his Excellency, and using every

stroke of address, to remind him of his reception in Isla, and the promise he had made. In this way he thought he would be more likely to succeed, than by a blunt indelicate application at his Excellency's own lodgings.

Having obtained permission from the Dean to preach in the cathedral next Sunday, he mounted the pulpit, and read for his text the following words:—"But the chief butler (his Grace's name was Butler) remembered not Joseph, but forgot him."—In descanting on this text, he used his utmost efforts to point out the unhappy tendency that high life has upon the great, in making them overlook beneficent actions done them on some occasions, by those who even tread in the humblest paths of indigence and obscurity; and having delineated this unjustifiable tenor of conduct at some length, he fully accomplished his design, by making this ingenious and striking application:—"And now, my honoured hearers, let us turn our thoughts inward, and question ourselves,—Did I ever get a kind office done me by one of an inferior station in life, and to whom a bountiful Providence had not been so liberal as to worldly affluence, but had bestowed more valuable favours—those of a kind, generous, and open heart; and, like the poor widow in the gospel, that freely gave a mite, though it was all her living? and have I ever overlooked such generosity, and basely forgot to reward it sevenfold? Have I ever, in my life, been in such a situation, exposed to the inclemency of the storm, and where conflicting elements seemed to conspire for my ruin? And did ever any of a low, but contented station of life, with open arms receive me and my weather-beaten attendants into his house: while, perhaps, his equally kind spouse was busy in heaping on plenty of fuel to recall the heat into our chilled and benumbed limbs, and, with the

utmost solicitude, preparing a repast of decent, plain, and comfortable food, to revive our exhausted spirits, and to cherish our hearts, now secure from the impetuosity of the winds and waves; nor would the kind pair permit us to venture away from their frugal, but happy abode, till serener weather and milder skies invited our departure, although they had no hopes, or at least no certainty of retaliation on my part:—and have I allowed such benevolence to pass unrewarded, and, ashamed to acknowledge my benefactors, have I suffered them to languish under the iron grasp of poverty, and possibly, to solicit the cold hand of charity in vain?"

Here the Duke, who was all along attentive to the sermon, could not help examining his own conduct; and, upon recollection, found that he himself had been guilty of some pieces of negligence, equally criminal, and perfectly similar to that which had just been described in so affecting colours. But he was still more struck, when, upon a thorough examination of the person, he found that he bore a strong resemblance to the figure and features of his own hospitable landlord in the island of Isla; and whom, till brought to recollection by this affecting discourse, he had most shamefully forgotten: upon which, turning to one of his lords, he asked him, "If this was not their old landlord in Isla?" To which he replied, "Please your Excellency, I think it is." "Cause him after service," rejoined the Duke, "to come and dine with me."

Joseph being brought in and set down, the Duke asked him, if he did not come from Isla? and was it not his design to put him in mind of his promise to provide for him? Here Joseph blushed, confessed that it was he, and that his sole intention was to recall to his remembrance the promise he had made,

as he imagined his Excellency's neglect of him did not arise from a contempt of his inferiority of station, or any other ungenerous motive, but from the vast and important concerns of the government with which he was intrusted. To which the Duke replied, "You are a worthy man!" and, immediately after dinner, he ordered some of his clerks to look over the vacancies of the church. The clerks, after searching, told his Excellency there was none but a living of *four hundred pounds per annum*. The Duke answered, "There is none more deserving of it than this generous worthy man;" and immediately preferred Joseph from his *twenty-two pounds a-year, to four hundred!*

But mark the transitions of fortune! In the succeeding reign, through the injustice of faction, the Duke was divested of all his dignities; and, escaping a trial by retiring to France, he was attainted for high treason, and his estates were forfeited to the crown. The generosity of his former friends for some time supplied him; but these aids were soon withdrawn, and the once great Duke of Ormond now found himself treading in the lowest paths of fortune, and surrounded with all the horrors of indigence and contempt. But how agreeably was he surprised to meet with a supply from a very unexpected channel, namely, his old friend Joseph!—That generous-hearted man, hearing of his great patron and benefactor's misfortunes, thought it his duty to spare as much as he could out of his benefice, to succour that great and good man from whom he had all his living; and, therefore, one day he says to his wife, "Becca, my dear, you have heard what has happened to the Duke of Ormond, who liberally put us into our present affluent situation; and you know very well we can contrive to live comfortably upon one hundred pounds a-year: what would you think of

settling three hundred pounds a-year upon our generous patron for life? for I hear, to the disgrace of his friends, he is in danger of perishing from real want."

Becca readily consented to so noble a proposal; and immediately Joseph modestly remitted to the Duke the first quarter of his annuity. Struck with new obligation, his Grace wrote a full account of it to a great personage at court, who was so charmed with this instance of true generosity in Joseph, that he got him preferred to a second living, which made him worth eight hundred pounds a-year. But prior to this second preferment, the Duke of Ormond died in exile, so that Joseph had it now no longer in his power to relieve the wants and alleviate the misfortunes of his noble benefactor,—who was now secure from the blustering storms of adversity, in that land of silence,—"where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest."

## XLIV.—*The Pedlar and his Ass.*—PERCIVAL.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Ex-ten'-sive-ly | dū-rā'-tion | in-hū-man'-i-ty |
| ped'-lar | ho'rn-et (*â'*) | lā'-zi-ness |
| for'-est | rous'-ed | pun'-ish-ment |
| satch'-el | con-ster-nā'-tion | grat'-i-fī-ed |
| wē'*a*-ri-some | snatch'-ing | fin'-ish-ing |
| *k*nē'el-ed | mer'-ci-less | bē-fâ'l-len |
| pō-sit'-ion (*zish'*) | en-tī're-ly | in-con-sid'-er-a-ble |
| pan'-niers (*yurs*) | dē-mol'-ish-ed | sē-ver'-i-ty |

It was noon-day, and the sun shone extensively bright, when a pedlar, driving his ass laden with the choicest Burslem ware, stopped upon Delamere forest to take some refreshment. He sat down upon the turf, and after consuming the provisions in his satchel, emptied his dram-bottle, and then composed himself to sleep. But the ass, who had

travelled many a wearisome mile without tasting a morsel of food, remained muzzled by his side, wistfully viewing the blossoms of furze which grew in great abundance around them. Fatigue and heat, however, overpowered the sensations of hunger, and drowsiness stole upon him. He kneeled down, and doubling his legs under him, rested in such a position, that each of the panniers which he carried, touched the ground, and was securely supported by it. But his slumbers were of short duration. An angry hornet, whose nest had been that morning destroyed, perched upon his back, and stung him to the quick. Roused by the smart, he suddenly sprung up, and by this violent motion produced a loud jarring of the earthen ware. The pedlar awakened in consternation, and snatching his whip, began to lash the ass with merciless fury. The poor beast fled from his stripes, and was heard of no more; the panniers were thrown off; and the Burslem ware was entirely demolished.—Thus did inhumanity, laziness, and passion, meet with deserved punishment. Had the pedlar remembered the craving hunger of the ass, when he gratified his own, or had he pursued with diligence his journey after finishing his repast, no part of these misfortunes would have befallen him. And his loss might have been inconsiderable, if unjust severity and rash resentment had not completed his ruin.

## XLV.—*The Aerial Dwelling of Fingal.*—Ossian.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Dwel′-ling | dă′rk-en-ed | hū′-mid |
| ā-ē′-ri-al | sick′-ly | gen′-er-ous |
| dă′*ugh*-ter | view′-less *vū′*) | mō′*urn*-fŭl |
| *ch*ā′m-bers | mē′-tē-ors (*urs*) | rus′-*t*ling |

Soon hast thou set, Malvina, daughter of generous Toscar! But thou risest like the beam of the

east, among the spirits of thy friends, where they sit in their stormy halls, the chambers of the thunder. A cloud hovers over Cona: its blue curling sides are high. The winds are beneath it, with their wings: within it is the dwelling of Fingal. There the hero sits in darkness; his airy spear is in his hand. His shield half covered with clouds, is like the darkened moon; when one half still remains in the wave, and the other looks sickly on the field.

His friends sit around the king, on mist; and hear the songs of Ullin: he strikes the half viewless harp; and raises the feeble voice. The lesser heroes, with a thousand meteors, light the airy hall. Malvina rises, in the midst; a blush is on her cheek. She beholds the unknown faces of her fathers, and turns aside her humid eyes. "Art thou come so soon," said Fingal, "daughter of generous Toscar? Sadness dwells in the halls of Lutha. My aged son is sad. I hear the breeze of Cona, that was wont to lift thy heavy locks. It comes to the hall, but thou art not there; its voice is mournful among the arms of thy fathers. Go with thy rustling wing, O breeze! and sigh on Malvina's tomb. It rises yonder beneath the rock, at the blue stream of Lutha. The maids are departed to their place; and thou alone, O breeze! mournest there."

## XLVI.—*Petition of the Wife of a Hindoo Prince, to Warren Hastings, late Governor of Bengal.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Pē-tit'-ion (*tish*) | Brit'-ain | com-mit'-ted |
| gov'-er-nor | fer'-tile | grat'-i-tū''de |
| earth'-ly | Hin-doos-tan'(*dû*) | pow'-er-fŭl |
| cur'-tains | un-mō-lest'-ed | en-lī'*gh*t-en-ed |
| ex-is'-tence | wor'-ship-pest | *h*on'-es-ty |
| ex-tinc'-tion | til'-lers | mis'-er-a-ble |
| in-her'-it-ance | dē-li*gh*t'-fŭl | pris'-on-er |
| flour'-ish-ing | mī'*gh*-ty | bē-sē'ech |
| an'-ces-tors | in'-strū-ment | vas'-sal |

MAY the blessings of thy God wait upon thee;—may the sun of glory shine around thy head;—and may the gates of plenty, honour, and happiness, be always open to thee and thine. May no sorrow distress thy days, may no strife disturb thy nights;—may the pillow of peace kiss thy cheek, and the pleasures of imagination attend thy dreams:—and when length of years makes thee tired of earthly joys, and the curtains of death gently close round the last scene of thy existence, may the angels of God attend thy bed, and take care that the expiring lamp of life shall not receive one rude blast to hasten its extinction!

O hearken, then, to the voice of distress, and grant the petition of thy servant! O spare the father of my children,—my husband—my all that is dear. Consider, O mighty Sir! that he did not become rich by iniquity; and that what he possessed, was the inheritance of a long line of flourishing ancestors; who, in those smiling days when the thunder of Great Britain was not heard upon the fertile plains of Hindoostan, reaped their harvests in quiet, and enjoyed their plenty unmolested. Think, O think! that the God whom thou worshippest, delights not in the blood of the innocent: remember his commandment, "*Thou shalt not kill,*" and obey the order of Heaven. Give me back my Almas Ali Cawn, and take all our wealth: strip us of all our precious stones,—of all our gold and silver, but take not the life of my husband: innocence is seated on his brow, and the milk of human kindness flows round his heart. Let us wander through the deserts,—let us become tillers and labourers in these delightful spots of which he was once lord and master? but spare, O mighty Sir, spare his life; let not the instrument of death be lifted up against him, for he hath not committed any crime: accept our treasures with gratitude,—

thou hast them at present by force: we will remember thee in our prayers, and forget that we were ever rich and powerful. My children,—the children of Almas Ali,—send up their petition for the life of him who gave them birth; they beseech from thee the author of their existence: from that humanity, which, we have been told, glows in the hearts of enlightened Englishmen,—by the honour, the virtue, the honesty, and the natural feelings so dear to her, the miserable wife of thy prisoner beseeches thee to save the life of her husband, and restore him to her arms.—Thy God will reward thee,—thy country will honour thee,—and the now prisoner will ever pray for thee, if thou grantest the petition of thy humble vassal,

ALMASSA ALI CAWN.

## XLVII.—*Patriotism.*—STRETCH.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Pā′-tri-ot-ism | gen′-ū-ine | sub-or-di-nā′-tion |
| an′-i-mā″te | vig′-our | rep-rē-sent′-a-tives |
| in-clū′des | ā′-mi-a-ble | ap-prē-hend′ |
| lim′-it-ed | păr-ti-al′-i-ties | con-sti-tū′-tion |
| păr-tic′-ū-lar | friend′-ship | em-brā′ce |
| neigh′-bours (*nā′*) | grat′-i-tū″de | wel′-fā″re |
| nat′-ū-ral | com-pē-ti′-tion | prē-fer′-red |
| en-crō′ach | sac′-ri-fī″ce | wor′-ship (*wur′*) |

LOVE of our country is one of the noblest passions that can warm and animate the human breast. It includes all the limited and particular affections to our parents, children, friends, neighbours, fellow-citizens, and countrymen. It ought to direct and limit their more confined and partial actions within their proper and natural bounds, and never let them encroach on those duties we owe to the great public to which we belong.

Wherever this love of our country prevails in its genuine vigour and extent, it swallows up all sordid and selfish regards; it conquers the love of ease,

power, pleasure, and wealth; nay, when the amiable partialities of friendship, gratitude, private affection, or regard to a family, come in competition with it, it will teach us to sacrifice all, in order to maintain the rights, and promote and defend the honour and happiness of our country.

To pursue, therefore, our private interests in subordination to the good of our country; to be examples in it of virtue, and obedient to the laws; to choose such representatives as we apprehend to be the best friends to its constitution and liberties; to promote, as far as we have the power, such laws as may improve and perfect it; to be ready to embrace every opportunity of advancing its real welfare: these are among the duties which every man who has the happiness to be a member of our free constitution, owes to his country.

Xenophon informs us, that what Cyrus the Great preferred before all other things, was the worship of God, and a respect for religion, united with patriotism; being convinced, that whoever sincerely fears and worships God, will at the same time be faithful to his king, and preserve an inviolable attachment to his person, and to the welfare of the state.

XLVII.—*The Highlander.*—Abbé Reynal's History.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Hī′*gh*-land-er | as-sā′il-ed | vig′-o-rous |
| ser′-geant *sa′rjant* | ap-pē′*al* | in-ăr-tic′-ū-lā″te |
| ban′-ners | im-po′r-tance(*pâr*) | in-con-tes′-ta-ble |
| lin′-ger-ing (*ing′*) | pres-er-vā′-tion | sin-cer′-i-ty |
| san′-gui-na-ry | (*prez-zer-va′-shun*) | wâ′r-ri-or |
| (*sang′-guē-na-rē*) | val′-iant (*yant*) | sev′-er |
| hē′-rōes | cer′-ē-mō-nies | dread′-fŭl |
| pā′-tri-ărchs | heă′r-ken-ed | im-mo′v-a-ble (*ū′*) |
| prop-ōs-īt′-ion(*zish* | a-vid′-i-ty | că′r-cass |
| A-mer′-i-cans | mă′r-vel-lous | crē-dū′-li-ty |
| en-dow′-ed | dē-lib-er-ā′-tion | strat′-a-gem (*j*) |
| sū-per-nat′-ū-ral | un-loos′-ed (*ā*) | fū′-ner-al |
| in-vul′-ner-a-ble | rē-quest′-ed (*kwe*) | coun′-try |

The English attacked, in 1747, the Spanish settlement of St Augustine, but were obliged to raise the siege. A party of Scotch Highlanders, who attempted to cover the retreat, were routed and cut to pieces. A sergeant alone was spared by the Indians who fought under the banner of Spain, and was reserved for that lingering death to which those savages devoted their prisoners. This man, when he beheld the instruments of the cruel torture that awaited him, is said to have addressed the sanguinary tribe in these terms:

"Heroes and patriarchs of the New World, you were not the enemies I sought to meet: You have, however, gained the victory. Make what use of it you think fit. The fate of war hath delivered me into your hands; and I dispute not your right. But, since it is the custom of my fellow-citizens to offer a ransom for their lives, listen to a proposition which is not to be rejected.

"Know then, brave Americans! that in the country which gave me birth, there are certain men endowed with supernatural knowledge. One of these sages, who was allied to me by blood, gave me, when I became a soldier, a charm which was to render me invulnerable. You saw how I escaped all your darts; without that enchantment, was it possible I should have survived the many hard blows with which you assailed me? I appeal to your valour. Did I either seek for ease or fly from danger? It is not so much my life that I now beg of you, as the glory of revealing a secret, of importance to your preservation, and of rendering the most valiant nation in the world immortal. Only leave one of my hands at liberty, for the ceremonies of the enchantment. I will give a proof of its power upon myself in your presence."

The Indians hearkened with avidity to a speech

that equally suited their warlike disposition, and their inclination towards the marvellous. After a short deliberation, they unloosed one of the prisoner's arms. The Scotchman requested that his broad sword should be given to the most alert and most vigorous person in the assembly; and laying bare his neck, after he had rubbed it over with magic signs, and muttered a few inarticulate words, he called out, with a loud voice, and a cheerful air, "Behold now, ye sage Indians, an incontestable evidence of my sincerity. You, warrior, who grasp the instrument of death, strike with your whole force; you are *not only unable* to sever my head from my body, but even to pierce the skin of my neck."

He had scarcely pronounced these words, when the Indian, fetching a most dreadful blow, made the head of the sergeant fly to the distance of twenty yards. The astonished savages stood immoveable. They looked at the bloody carcass, and then cast their eyes upon themselves, as if to reproach one another for their stupid credulity. Admiring, however, the stratagem employed by the stranger to shorten his death, and to avoid the torments that were prepared for him, they granted to his corpse the funeral honours of their country.

## XLIX.—*Waterloo.*

(Simpson's Visit to Flanders.)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Wā′-ter-loo (*û*) | cui-ras′-ses (*kwē′*) | un-flinch′-ing |
| ev′-i-dent-ly | bā′y-on-ets | in-ter-mē′-di-ā″te |
| ven-er-ā′-tion | car′-riage (*rij*) | sep′-ul-chre (*kur*) |
| peas′-ants (*pez*) | an-tic-i-pā′-tion | con-trast′-ed |
| châ′*l*k-ing | ăr-til′-ler-y | că′r-nage (*nij*) |
| rec′-og-nī″z-ed | ca-re′ēr-ed | ex-cī′te-ment |
| cel′-ē-brāt-ed | mem′-or-a-ble | phys′-i-cal |
| im-por-tū′-ni-ty *â* | cav′-al-ry | can′-ton-ment |
| rel′-ics | oc-cā′-sion-al-ly | cam-pā′*i*gn |
| prē-par′-a-tive | Hī′*gh*-land-ers | pow′-er-fŭl |

ā″ides-dē-camp (*kă′ng*)
cui-ras-sie′rs (*kwē-ras-sē′rs*)
em-bar′-rass
dē-ploy′-ments
mō′-men-ta-ry
scā′rce-ly
un-ē-quiv′-ō-cal
corps (*kō′r*)
ē-no′r-mous (*â′r*)
in-trē-pid′-i-ty
as-sō-ci-ā′-tion
bri-gā′d-ed (*ē*)
wou′nd-ed(*wund*)
di-vis′-ion
gren-a-diē′rs
gal′-lop-ped
hō′l-sters
u′ni-forms (*â*)
ē′-ven-ing
dē-spon′-den-cy
vis′-it-ing
in′-fan-try
hā′ir-breadth
ir-rē-triē′v-a-ble
am-mū-ni′-tion *sh*
cor-dial (*kâ′r-jeal*)
prē-cip′-i-tā″te-ly
im′-pō-ten-cy
mē′-tē-or (*tē-ur*)
con-sī′gn-ed
rī′p-en-ed
hă′r-vest
ter-rif′-ic
rē-venge′ (*venj′*)

WATERLOO village and small neat church, with its brick-built dome, were now in our view, situate in a recess of the wood evidently cleared for them. The road was now quite out of the forest; which, however, blackened the whole region to east and west as far as the eye could reach. In this poor hamlet, which history is to name with veneration as long as time endures, the peasants have been at pains to preserve the chalking on the doors; in which we recognized the well-known names of celebrated officers, or the offices of the several departments at head-quarters.

We were immediately surrounded by the people offering for sale, with great importunity, relics of the field; particularly the eagles which the French soldiers wore as cap-plates. A few cuirasses, both the back and breast pieces, were likewise held up to us; as well as sabres, bayonets, and other spoil.

We left our carriage at the hamlet of *Mont St Jean*, and walked on to the field with nervous anticipation. To the right and left were the multiplied marks of the artillery wheels, as, rivalling "lightning's course in ruin and in speed," they had careered to their station in the memorable line. Whole

tracks were marked by the feet of the cavalry, often fetlock deep in the mud. The last homes of the brave began to appear, with the larger mounds of their horses, more frequent as we approached the scene of contest. Keeping still the great road, we came to a tree which formed the precise centre of the British line; the well-chosen station of the Duke of Wellington, when not occasionally visiting other parts of the position, to confirm the unflinching spirit of his gallant comrades. It commanded a full view of the intermediate plain, and of the whole enemy's vast force upon the adverse slope and country beyond it; with every movement made or threatened by him.

From the Duke of Wellington's station, we stood and gazed on the whole scene, and not daring to break silence for some minutes. And, deep was now the silence of the vast sepulchre of *twenty thousand* men, contrasted with the roar and the carnage of the battle. The English line, or rather two lines, extended about two miles; the French masses nearly three miles. Napoleon Bonaparte's station was about a mile along the road from where we stood.

The night before the battle, the troops lay down, already drenched with the heavy rain, in the deep mud of the ground; for it rained in water-spouts, and the thunder and lightening were dreadful in the extreme, which continued almost without intermission, till the morning of Waterloo, when it ceased, and the weather became fine again. Fortunately, there was too much excitement of spirit for this physical inconvenience to be much felt, either at the time or afterwards. The men were fresh from cantonments; and their toil, though severe, was short. Never did the British army take the field in finer condition. The cavalry especially felt the benefit of fighting, before losing the effects of their

superior keeping, by the toils and privations of a campaign.

On the ever memorable 18th day of June 1815, when cooking their breakfast, the troops were called to desist, by the spirit-stirring preparative from the Aides-de-camp passing at full gallop,—"Stand to your arms, the French are moving!" They had moved. An immense array of Cuirassiers had already swept across the plain, to embarrass the British deployments. A momentary alarm and confusion were created among our infantry and artillery. The Life-Guards, who had mainly covered the retreat the day before, had the honour of the first dash at the enemy: the commencement only of much good service of theirs throughout the day. No charge on that field is described as more magnificent than this,—the first from these brilliant and tremendous troops. The shock was scarcely waited for by the enemy; a moment cleared the whole front attacked, and in no part of the day was the flight of the Cuirassiers more unequivocal, except at the termination of the battle, than it was immediately after their first essay.

The British were stated by Bonaparte himself at *eighty thousand*, and Marshal Blucher estimates them at the same number. Of these, not more than *thirty thousand* were actually British, the rest were Germans, Belgians, and Dutch. There was assuredly no corps of Prussians in the battle before the evening. The French army certainly were *one hundred and thirty thousand*, making the enormous balance in their favour of *fifty thousand* men, and be it never forgotten, *all French*, and the best troops in France.

"The English army (says Blucher) fought with a valour which it is impossible to surpass. The repeated charges of the Old Guard, were baffled by

the intrepidity of the Scotch regiments: and at every charge, the French cavalry was overthrown by the English cavalry."

The gallant 42d, 79th, and 92d Highlanders, supported, it is believed, by the 1st and 28th regiments, under the lamented Sir Thomas Picton, calmly received and repulsed the enemy; and no part of the field was more fertile in impressive associations, than the ground of the 30th and 73d regiments, brigaded under our gallant countryman, severely wounded in the battle, Sir Colin Halket. The iron-cased Cuirassiers, in as complete mail, breast and back, as in the days of that defensive armour, upon which the musket balls were heard to ring as they glanced off, without injuring or even stunning the wearer, were repeatedly driven off by this last gallant brigade, at the point of the bayonet. The bold movement of Picton, with his favourite Highlanders, was equally tried by his successor. The infantry of Kempt's division rushed down the slope, in pursuit of their advantage. An immense mass of the grenadiers of the Guard stood yet unbroken in their front. The Scots Greys once more appeared; and impatient to support their countrymen, leapt their horses through the hedge, and hardly waiting to form, gallopped down into the middle of the Highlanders, cheering, "*Scotland for ever!*" The watch-word excited a phrenzy of ardour, and the Old Guard were scattered before them. The French General, (Ney,) by his own account, dismounted, fled on foot, from what he calls "that *terrible* battle," and unfortunately for himself, escaped, while, in glorious contrast, Picton was borne lifeless from the field. Like Ponsonby, he fell in *advance* of the position, and

"With his back on the ground, and his feet to the foe,
Leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look'd proudly to Heav'n from the death-bed of fame."

A thousand French *dead*, alone, lay on this spot. holsters, standard-holders, pieces of bridles, straps, girths, &c. and the well-known caps of the grenadiers of the French Guard, lay yet in considerable numbers; with rags of their uniforms. Some more affecting remains were also there, pieces of tartan, and of ostrich feathers,—the plaids and plumes of Scotland!

The anxieties of the British Chief were now over. They had been almost too much to be borne. Often, it is said, he prayed in despondency, for the Prussians or the night! About seven o'clock in the evening the Prussians arrived. When their guns commenced, it is described by officers who heard it, as something like a *yell* of rapture with which he exclaimed, "There goes old Blucher at last!" and burst into tears. *Fifteen thousand* of his friends lay on the field around him; and before him was the spectacle of his powerful enemy, who had been within a hair-breadth of destroying him, in full rout and ruin,—and the world delivered!—The moment was too overpowering; the feeling too big for any heart to contain. The Prussians, under the command of Marshal Blucher in person, attacked the enemy on all sides, while at the same time the whole English line advanced. The enemy was in irretrievable rout, and fled in the utmost confusion, leaving behind him *one hundred and fifty* pieces of cannon, with his ammunition, baggage, &c. Thus, although the storm raged in the morning at *Hougomont*, yet it terminated in the evening at *Belle Alliance*, the head-quarters of Bonaparte during the battle; where it is reported that the two heroic Generals, Wellington and Blucher, embraced each other in the most cordial manner as victors: while he, (Napoleon,) who was once the terror and scourge of Europe, fled precipi-

tately to Paris, leaving his battered and broken soldiers to the mercy of their enemies.

In an instant then, Napoleon and France were levelled in the dust.—"The Star of Peace" arose—its enemies were a mass of panic and impotency—"The meteor flag of England" burned terrific, and consigned to insulted Prussia a ripened harvest of revenge.

## ANECDOTES.

The second time that King George III. went to Weymouth for the benefit of his health, he arrived there early in the day, and having taken a slight refreshment, walked out into the neighbouring country. It appeared to be deserted of its inhabitants; but, in a remote corn-field, the King saw a poor solitary woman gleaning; he passed the fence and went up to her, asking, "how she came to be so entirely alone in her employment? and whether she had not a husband or children?" The poor woman answered, "that her husband and children were gone to Weymouth to see the king: but, as they were in great distress, she thought it a good opportunity to try to gather something for their support." His Majesty was touched with this reply, and, after a short hesitation, said to the gleaner, "Well, as you could not go to Weymouth to see the king, the king has come to see you; and, for fear you should not know him again, he gives you his likeness." He gave the poor woman *five guineas*, and walked away, filled with a secret satisfaction. This instance of private, unostentatious benevolence, would never have been thus known to the public, but for the overflowing and loquacious gratitude of the woman who was its object.

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In that severe winter of 1784–5, his Majesty, regardless of the weather, was taking a solitary walk

on foot, when he was met by two boys, the eldest not eight years of age, who, although ignorant that it was the King, fell upon their knees before him, and wringing their little hands, prayed for relief. "The smallest relief," they cried, "for we are hungry, *very hungry*, and have nothing to eat." More they would have said, but a torrent of tears, which gushed down their innocent cheeks, checked their utterance. The father of his people raised the weeping supplicants, and encouraged them to proceed with their story.—They did so, and related that their mother had been dead three days, and still lay unburied; that their father, whom they were also afraid of losing, was stretched at her side upon a bed of straw, in a sick and hopeless condition; and that they had neither money, food, nor firing at home. This artless tale was more than sufficient to excite sympathy in the Royal bosom. His Majesty, therefore, ordered the boys to proceed homeward, and followed them, until they reached a wretched hovel. There he found the mother dead, apparently through the want of common necessaries; the father ready to perish also, but still encircling with his feeble arm the deceased partner of his woes, as if unwilling to survive her. The sensibility of the Monarch betrayed itself in the tears which started from his eyes; and leaving all the cash he had with him, he hastened back to Windsor, related to the Queen what he had witnessed, sent an immediate supply of provisions, clothes, coals, and every thing necessary for the comfort of the helpless family. Revived by the bounty of his Sovereign, the old man soon recovered; and the King, to finish the good work he had so gloriously begun, educated and provided for the children.

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The Queen's wishes were equally charitable and

benevolent; but her opportunities were less frequent, and more liable to deception. As a female, she was compelled to distribute her benefactions, in most cases, by means of agents; and the almoners of her Majesty's bounty to others, frequently took upon themselves the merit of the assistance, because it was always given in strict charge, that the name of the benefactress should not be mentioned.

It was a part of her Majesty's system, to mix religious instruction as much as possible with every other pursuit. This was done with the younger children, by endeavouring to implant in their minds a love and fear of God, as a kind and never-ceasing benefactor; but also, as an all-seeing observer and judge. To the elder children she opened gradually the great truths of Christianity, according to the principles of the English Church, of which she was a devoted member, and often read to them such portions of the sermons of the most esteemed Divines, as their minds were able to comprehend; and it was an invariable custom with her Majesty to read a sermon to her collected family every Sunday, after the service of the Church.

An instance of the Queen's manner of giving instruction to her young children, is praise-worthy, and merits imitation. Once, on her coming into the apartment, one of the Princesses, then very young, addressed her mother, "Madam, I have just been reading this part of the Bible, (shewing the book in her hand,) but I cannot understand it." "My dear," said the Queen, "the Bible is God's book; he lets people understand it in proportion as they love him. You understand some parts already, because God sees that you love him; remember those parts well; try to love God still more: and then, if you ask him with all your heart, he will let you understand the rest."

The King frequently joined in giving these instructions, and found a high degree of pleasure in explaining, or in enforcing them; for he loved his children, and his piety went even beyond that of the Queen. In the humble yet confident hope of Christians, trusting to the efficacy of God's blessing, what might not such parents expect from the maturity of their children! What a noble example is this for the imitation of the inferior ranks in society, to train up their children in the way that they should go, and to instil into their tender minds, those religious and moral principles, which time can never eradicate!

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Mr Arthur Young relates the following incident in the education of the Prince of Wales and his next brother;—the Prince was about twelve years of age at the time:—A spot of ground, in the garden of Kew, was dug by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and his brother Prince Frederick, who sowed it with wheat, attended to the growth of their little crop, weeded, reaped, and harvested it, solely by themselves. They thrashed out the corn, and separated it from the chaff; and at this period of their labour, were brought to reflect, from their own experience, on the various labours and attention of the husbandman and farmer. The Princes not only raised their own crop, but they also ground it: and having parted the bran from the flour, attended to the whole process of making it into bread, which, it may be well imagined, was eaten with no slight relish. The King and Queen partook of the philosophical repast, and beheld with pleasure the very amusements of their children rendered the source of useful knowledge.

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Jacob Bryant, in his Treatise upon the Authenticity of the Scriptures, and the Truth of the Chris-

tian Religion, where he speaks of the stumbling-blocks and difficulties thrown in our way, recommends us not to be discouraged in our pursuit, though the truth may not be sufficiently obvious; and says, "I have high authority for this mode of reasoning, which, I hope, I may take the liberty to produce. When a Great Personage, some years ago, was visiting the Royal Nursery, a most amiable Princess, (the Duchess of Gloucester,) then about six years old, ran with a book in her hand, and tears in her eyes, and said, 'Madam, I cannot comprehend it: I cannot comprehend it.' Her Majesty, (Queen Charlotte,) with true parental affection, looked upon the Princess, and told her not to be alarmed: 'What you cannot comprehend to-day, you may comprehend to-morrow; and what you cannot attain to, this year, you may arrive at, the next. Do not, therefore, be frightened with little difficulties; but attend to what you do know, and the rest will come in time.' This is a golden rule, (adds Mr Bryant) and well worthy of our observation."

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The Princess Charlotte displayed, in all their bloom, those virtues of humanity and religion which are so rare in the ranks of splendour and fashion. In her own view, her establishment was princely; and she maintained it with a dignity becoming her station and her prospects. Her habits and her tastes were *English*; her expences corresponded with her means, which she was resolved never to exceed. She sought her pleasures in the field of her duties. The health and virtue of every domestic, she made her personal care. The duties of piety were regularly performed in her family: and with her own hands she provided clothing and comfort to the neighbouring poor. She thought it no degradation to be seen in the house of misery; and

the cottagers of Claremont will long bless the angel of mercy that visited them with so much condescension and kindness. If any thing be added to this portrait, it must be in the words of inspiration, as they were accommodated to Handel's sublime funeral anthem for Queen Caroline, which was performed also for the Princess Charlotte: "When the ear heard her, then it blessed her; and when the eye saw her, it gave witness of her. If there was any virtue, if there was any praise, she thought on these things: kindness, meekness, and comfort, were on her tongue."

The Prince and Princess had determined, in all situations, to honour the Sabbath, and the ordinances of public worship; they accordingly attended on Sunday mornings at the parish-church at Esher, and so continued till they found, that, (Claremont being an easy ride from town,) such multitudes of Sabbath-breakers flocked to church, not to worship God, but from an idle curiosity to gaze at them, they considered it their duty to discontinue their stated attendance, and had an apartment fitted up in their own house for worship: still, however, it was the order of the house for the servants to attend, as they also did themselves occasionally; and in thus consecrating the Sabbath to the service of her Maker, by attending public worship, either at the parish church, or in her own chapel, the Princess, in particular, imitated her venerable grandsire, by entering into the whole of the service, with that seriousness and energy, which sufficiently demonstrated the personal interest she took in it, and the pleasure she derived from the exercise. After the public service, the Princess used to read to her royal consort, a sermon of some of our best English Divines, with which her library had, no doubt, been liberally furnished by her Reverend

preceptor. Thus she and the Prince made the Sabbath "a delight—holy of the Lord, and honourable."

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Some time ago the Reverend Mr Wilcox, of London, was greatly interested for a young man, then under sentence of death, and was induced, (as the most probable means of succeeding), to solicit the royal mercy through the intercession of the Princess Charlotte.—With this view he begged, and immediately obtained, an interview with her Royal Highness; and his statement soon excited in her breast an interest equal to his own. She pledged herself to lose no time in laying the case before her Royal Father, and to do her utmost to obtain a remission of the sentence. Mr Wilcox felt exceedingly grateful, and on retiring, observed that the only return he could make, (a return which, he assured her, he should not fail to present), was to offer up to Heaven his poor prayers on her Royal Highness's behalf. "Mr Wilcox," interrupted she, "don't call your prayers *poor prayers*, for the prayer of the righteous man availeth much!" From this pleasing incident, it has been well observed, two valuable inferences may be drawn:—First, her Royal Highness's intimate acquaintance with her Bible; and, secondly, the sense she entertained of the value and importance of prayer. "Her witness is in heaven—her record is on high."

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Some years ago a foreigner, (not now in England), gave her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte lessons in singing and music. On one occasion, her Royal Highness performed to a large party at Warwick-house, and was of course highly applauded; but she was conscious she did not deserve it. Turning round to her teacher, she asked

his opinion; he said that she sung delightfully, and played charmingly. Her Royal Highness took no farther notice of the matter then, but, when Seignior called next day, one of the household was desired to pay him, and at the same time to say,—"That her Royal Highness could not expect to profit by the instructions of a person who was mean enough to flatter her against his reason, and who had not candour to tell her when she was wrong, but suffered her to expose herself."

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Two gentlemen were riding together, one of whom was very choleric, and happened to be mounted on a high-mettled horse. The horse grew restive, at which the rider became very angry, and whipped and spurred him with great fury. The horse, almost as wrong-headed as his master, returned this treatment by kicking and plunging. The companion, concerned for the danger, and ashamed of the folly of his friend, said to him coolly, "Be quiet, be quiet, and show yourself the wiser of the two."

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An amiable youth was lamenting, in terms of sincere grief, the death of a most affectionate parent. His companion endeavoured to console him by the reflection, that he had always behaved to the deceased with duty, tenderness, and respect. "So I thought," replied the youth, "whilst my parent was living; but now I recollect, with pain and sorrow, many instances of disobedience and neglect, for which, alas! it is too late to make atonement."

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Dr Young has related a circumstance concerning Mr Addison's behaviour at the approach of death; which is so remarkable, that we shall give

it in the author's own words; "After a long and manly, but vain struggle with his distemper, he dismissed his physicians, and with them all hopes of life. But, with his hopes of life, he dismissed not his concern for the living, but sent for a youth nearly related, and finely accomplished, but not above being the better for good impressions from a dying friend. He came; but life now glimmering in the socket, the dying friend was silent. After a decent and proper pause, the youth said, "Dear Sir! you sent for me; I believe and hope you have some commands; I shall hold them most sacred." May distant ages not only hear but feel the reply! Forcibly grasping the youth's hand, he softly said, "See in what peace a Christian can die." He spoke with difficulty, and soon expired."

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The late Rev. Mr Hervey once met with a Lady in a Stage Coach, who was talking very fast in praise of the *Stage*. Among other things, she said, there was the pleasure of thinking on the play before she went; the pleasure she enjoyed when there; and the pleasure of reflecting upon it when in *bed* at night. When she had done, Mr Hervey, in a very mild way, said, that there was *one pleasure more*, which she had forgotten to mention. She replied, "What can that be? Sure, I have included every thing in considering the enjoyment beforehand, at the time, and afterwards." To which Mr Hervey, in a manner peculiar to himself, answered, "Madam, the pleasure that it will give you on your *death-bed*."—She was struck with great surprise; had not another word to say; and the consequence was, that she never went any more to the Play, but followed those pleasures that would afford her satisfaction on her death-bed.

At the battle of Waterloo, two officers of the brigade commanded by Sir Colin Halket, were the more closely attached, that they were not on terms of perfect good understanding with the rest of the mess, owing to their having opposed some arrangements which it was expected would be attended with some expense; and at the same time concealed, most delicately, the real grounds of their opposition to the general voice, that, besides their own families, they had each two sisters to support,—a consideration which assuredly they could not have *pleaded* in vain. The similarity of their circumstances most naturally cemented their friendship, which was quite a by-word in the regiment. After doing their duty calmly through nearly the whole of the day, they found themselves both unhurt at a late hour in the evening; when one of them playfully called to the other, who stood at a little distance, "I always told you they never would hit me; they never did it in Spain, and they have not done it to-day." He had hardly spoken, when he was shot dead on the spot. His friend stood for a few moments motionless, then burst into tears, flew to the body, threw himself down beside it, and sobbed over it, inarticulately repeating several times, "My only friend!"

The officer who related the affecting story, told me, that so completely did the scene overcome every one who witnessed it, there was not a dry eye among them.

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During the campaign of the allied troops in Paris, a French citizen, who was returning from the country through the *Champs Elysées*, where the troops were encamped, was robbed of his watch by a serjeant of the British army. Complaint was immediately made to the commanding officer, and

the troops were paraded before the Frenchman, who was thus enabled to single out the offender. A court-martial was held, and the criminal condemned to die on the following morning. As early as four o'clock, the whole of the allied army was assembled in the *Bois de Boulogne*, near Paris, where the prisoner was to undergo the sentence. The charge upon which he had been tried and convicted was read aloud, and the unfortunate man prepared for the presence of an offended Maker. Not a murmur ran through the ranks. The justice of the decree was acknowledged by every soldier; and if the short lapse of time between the offence and its solemn expiation excited feelings of terror, they were mingled with respect for the stern severity of their commander; the drums beat, and the black flag waved mournfully in the air. The ministers of justice had already raised the engines of destruction, and the fatal monosyllable "Fire" had almost been ejaculated, when the Duke of Wellington rushed before their firelocks, and commanded a momentary pause whilst he addressed the prisoner:—"You have offended against the laws of God, of honour, and virtue; the grave is now open before you; in a few short moments your soul will appear before its Maker. Your prosecutor complains of your sentence; the man whom you have robbed would plead for your life, and is horror-struck with the rapidity of your judgment You are a soldier, you have been brave, and, as report says, until now, even virtuous.—Speak boldly! in the face of Heaven, and as a soldier of an army devoted to virtue and good order, declare your own feelings as to your sentence."—"General," said the man, "retire, and let my comrades do their duty; when a soldier forgets his honour, life becomes disgraceful, and immediate punishment is due as an example to the army—Fire!"—

"You have spoken nobly," said the Duke, with a tear in his eye. "You have saved your life: how can I destroy a repentant sinner, whose words are of greater value to the troops than his death would be!—Soldiers, bear this in mind; and may a sense of honour always deter you from infamy." The troops rent the air with their huzzas; the criminal fell prostrate before the Duke; the word "March" was given; he arose, and returned alive to those ranks which were to have witnessed his execution.

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The School of the celebrated Doctor Bushby was once honoured with a visit of the King of England. The Doctor, who was highly flattered with this mark of Royal condescension and regard, proceeded in the examination of his scholars WITH HIS HAT ON, while the attendants of his Majesty stood uncovered. At the close of the exhibition, the King, in strong terms, expressed to the Doctor the gratification he had received; but remarked, with great good humour, that there was just one circumstance for which he could not account, that of his having *kept his hat on.* The Doctor, bowing profoundly, replied, "Sire, believe me, this is from no disrespect to your Majesty, but from necessity. If these boys thought there was a *greater* man in the kingdom than myself, they would neither obey nor esteem me."

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King Charles II. after taking two or three turns one morning in St. James's Park, (as was his usual custom), attended only by the Duke of Leeds and my Lord Cromarty, walked up Constitution-hill, and from thence into Hyde Park; but just as he was crossing the road, the Duke of York's coach arrived there. The Duke had been hunting that morning on Hounslow-heath, and was returning

in his coach, escorted by a party of guards, who, as soon as they saw the King, suddenly halted, and consequently stopped the coach. The Duke, being acquainted with the occasion of the halt, immediately got out of his coach, and, after saluting the King, said he was greatly surprised to find his Majesty in that place with such small attendance, and thought that his Majesty exposed himself to some danger. "No kind of danger, James," replied his Majesty; "for I am sure no man in England will take away *my* life, to make *you* King."

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Sir Walter Raleigh, a man of known courage and honour, being very injuriously treated by a hot-headed rash youth, who next proceeded to challenge him, and, on his refusal, spit in his face, and that too in public; the knight, taking out his handkerchief with great calmness, made him only this reply: "Young man, if I could as easily wipe your blood from my conscience as I can this injury from my face, I would this moment take away your life." The consequence was, that the youth, with a sudden and strong sense of his misbehaviour, fell on his knees, and begged forgiveness.

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There is a remarkable passage in the life of Canute, King of England, containing instruction both to prince and people. His courtiers (ever too prone to magnify and flatter those whom they think to please by so doing) would frequently extol his power and wealth, and pretend sometimes almost to adore his person. Canute was a man of too good understanding not to see the folly of such flattery, and of the persons from whom it came: But, for their effectual conviction, and to show the small power of kings, he caused his royal seat to be placed on the sea-shore while the tide was coming

in; then, in the midst of his flattering nobles and great lords, whom he caused to assemble for that purpose, arrayed in robes of gold, with his crown on his head, with all the state and royalty he could command, he thus addressed the sea: "Thou, sea, belongest to me, and the land whereon I sit, is mine, nor hath any one unpunished, resisted my commands. I charge thee, therefore, come no farther upon my land, neither presume to wet the feet of thy sovereign lord." But the sea came rolling on, and without reverence, wet and dashed the king. Then, rising from his seat, and looking around him, he desired all present to behold and consider the weakness of human power; and that none truly deserved the name of King, but He, whose eternal laws heaven, and earth, and seas obey. From that time he never wore a crown, esteeming earthly royalty nothing else than poor contemptible vanity.

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The Elisabeth, an English man of war, would infallibly have been lost in the shoals on the coast of Florida, in 1746, had not Captain Edwards ventured into the Havannah. It was in time of war, and the port belonged to the enemy. "I come," said the captain to the governor, "to deliver up my ship, my sailors, my soldiers, and myself, into your hands: I only ask the lives of my men." "No," said the Spanish commander, "I will not be guilty of so dishonourable an action. Had we taken you in fight, in open sea, or upon our coasts, your ship would have been ours, and you would have been our prisoners. But as you are driven in by stress of weather, and are come hither for fear of being cast away, I do, and ought to forget that my nation is at war with yours. You are men, and so are we; you are in distress, and have a right to our pity. You are at liberty to unload and refit your vessel; and if you want it, you

may trade in this port to pay your charges; you may then go away, and you will have a pass to carry you safe beyond the Bermudas. If, after this, you are taken, you will be a lawful prize; but at this moment, I see in Englishmen, only strangers, for whom humanity claims our assistance."

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A boy of seven years of age, in the town of Weser, in Germany, playing one day with his sister of four years old, was alarmed by the cry of some men, who were in pursuit of a mad dog. The child suddenly looking round him, saw the dog running towards him; but, instead of making his escape, he took off his coat, and wrapping it round his arm, he boldly faced the dog, and holding out the arm covered with the coat, the animal attacked it, and worried the coat till the men came up, who, being armed with clubs, killed the dog. The men reproachfully asked the boy, why he did not run and avoid the dog, which he could so easily have done. "Yes," said the little hero, "I could have run from the dog; but, if I had, he would have attacked my sister. To protect her, therefore, I thought of offering him my coat, which he might tear at, till you should come up and kill him."

## DETACHED SENTENCES.

A WISE man will desire no more than what he may get justly', use soberly', distribute cheerfully', and live upon contentedly'.

Be courteous and affable to all', but not intimate with many'.

Charity, like the sun', brightens every object on which it shines: a censorious disposition casts every character into the darkest shade it will bear'.

Duty to parents', and gratitude to preceptors',

are virtues in which no one was ever deficient, who wished to prosper and be happy.

Education in virtuous principles is a better inheritance than a great estate.

Forget not, in your intercourse with the world, that God is your preserver, and must at all times be the object of your highest veneration.

Gratitude and fidelity to our friends, are the best qualities that can adorn our nature.

Honour teaches us properly to respect ourselves, to violate no right or privilege of our neighbour, and to scorn to be governed by degrading and injurious passions.

Idleness is the great corruption of youth, and the bane and dishonour of middle age: it undermines the foundation of every virtue, is the poison and ruin of the mind, and an inlet to every vice: whereas industry is the road to wealth, and virtue to happiness.

Justice consists not merely in discharging those duties which the laws of Society oblige us to perform, but in our duty to our Maker, to each other, and to ourselves.

Knowledge is a comfortable and necessary retreat and shelter for us in advanced age; and if we do not plant it when young, it will give us no shade when we grow old.

Learning and knowledge must be attained by slow degrees, and are the rewards only of diligence and patience.

Modesty is one of the chief ornaments of youth, and has ever been esteemed a presage of rising merit. It is not only an ornament, but a guide to virtue.

Nobility resideth not but in the soul; nor is there true honour except in virtue.

Oaths are no ornaments in conversation; for instead of beautifying it, they make it most contemptible and mean.

Parental duty is the foundation of all moral goodness in society. The obedience of children to their parents is the basis of all government; and is set forth as the measure of that obedience which we owe to those whom Providence has placed over us.

Quit your mind of all improper thoughts, and endeavour to fill your breast with the purest sentiments of piety.

Religion and virtue confer on the mind principles of noble independence, to which the vicious are strangers.

Slander is the revenge of a coward, and dissimulation is his defence.

Time is what we want most, but what we use worst; for which we must all account, when time shall be no more.

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

Vice, however disguised, will not escape unpunished: it is the never-failing parent of wretchedness; while virtue, in every situation of life, imparts advantages of the highest nature, and of the most inestimable value.

Whoever has not truth, cannot be supposed to have any good quality, and must become the detestation of God and man.

Xenocrates was celebrated among the Athenians, not only for his wisdom, but for his virtues.

Youth should be continually on their guard against the powerful allurements of vice, lest they fall into the most fatal errors; the onset promises pleasure, but the end is misery.

Zeno, being asked how he behaved himself when he was reviled, replied, "*As an Ambassador dismissed without an answer.*"

# PART III.

## LESSONS IN VERSE.

### I.—*The Excellency of the Bible.*—Watts.

Great God! with wonder and with praise,
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.

The stars that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction given:
But thy good word informs my soul
How I may climb to heaven.

The fields provide me food, and shew
The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.

Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And hence my hopes arise.

Lord, make me understand thy law;
Shew what my faults have been;
And from thy gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

Here would I learn how Christ has died,
To save my soul from hell:
Not all the books on earth beside,
Such heavenly wonders tell.

Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

## II.—*Against Lying.*—WATTS.

O! 'tis a lovely thing for youth,
To walk betimes in wisdom's way;
To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
That we may trust to all they say.

But liars we can never trust,
Though they should speak the thing that's true!
And he that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.

Have we not known, not heard, not read,
How God abhors deceit and wrong?
How Ananias was struck dead,
Caught with a lie upon his tongue?

So did his wife Sapphira die,
When she came in, and grew so bold
As to confirm that wicked lie,
That just before her husband told.

The Lord delights in them that speak
The words of truth; but ev'ry liar
Must have his portion in the lake
That burns with brimstone and with fire.

Then let me always watch my lips,
Lest I be struck to death and hell,
Since God a book of reckoning keeps
For every lie that children tell.

III.—*Aadress to the Deity.*—BARBAULD.

God of my life! and Author of my days!
Permit my feeble voice to lisp thy praise;
And, trembling, take upon a mortal tongue
That hallow'd name to harps of seraphs sung:
Yet here the brightest seraphs could no more
Than hide their faces, tremble, and adore.
If the soft hand of winning pleasure leads
By living waters and through flow'ry meads,
Where all is smiling, tranquil, and serene,
And vernal beauty paints the flatt'ring scene,
O! teach me to elude each latent snare,
And whisper to my sliding heart,—Beware!
With caution let me hear the syren's voice,
And doubtful, with a trembling heart, rejoice
If friendless in a vale of tears I stray,
Where briers wound, and thorns perplex my way,
Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,
And with strong confidence lay hold on thee;
With equal eye my various lot receive,
Resign'd to die, or resolute to live;
Prepar'd to kiss the sceptre or the rod,
While God is seen in all, and all in God.
I read his awful name, emblazon'd high
With golden letters on th' illumin'd sky:
Nor less the mystic characters I see
Wrought in each flower, inscrib'd on every tree;
In every leaf that trembles to the breeze,
I hear the voice of God among the trees:
With thee in shady solitudes I walk;
With thee in busy crowded cities stalk;

In every creature own thy forming power,
In each event thy providence adore.
Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear controul.
Thus shall I rest, unmov'd by all alarms,
Secure within the temple of thine arms,
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
And feel myself omnipotent in thee.
Then when the last, the closing hour draws nigh,
And earth recedes before my swimming eye:
When, trembling on the doubtful edge of fate,
I stand and stretch my view to either state;
Teach me to quit this transitory scene
With decent triumph, and a look serene;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And having liv'd to thee, in thee I die!

## IV.—*Vicissitudes of Life.*—Robinson.

What is youth?—a smiling sorrow,
Blithe to-day, and sad to-morrow;
Never fix'd, for ever ranging,
Laughing, weeping, doating, changing;
Wild, capricious, giddy, vain,
Cloy'd with pleasure, nurs'd with pain:
Age steals on with wintry face,
Every rapt'rous hope to chase;
Like a wither'd, sapless tree,
Bow'd to chilling Fate's decree,
Stripp'd of all its foliage gay,
Drooping at the close of day;
What of tedious life remains?
Keen regrets and cureless pains;
Till Death appear, a welcome friend,
To bid the scenes of sorrow end.

## V.—*Praise to God in Prosperity and Adversity.*

BARBAULD.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongue employ.

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use.

Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain,
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse.

All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land:
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:

These to thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet should rising whirlwinds tear,
From its stem the ripening ear;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit:

Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store,
Though the sick'ning flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall:

Should thine alter'd hand restrain
The early and the latter rain;

Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy ;

Yet to thee my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise,
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love thee—for thyself alone.

VI.—*Love, the New Commandment.*—BARBAULD.

BEHOLD where, breathing love divine,
Our dying Master stands !
His weeping followers, gathering round,
Receive his last commands.

From that mild Teacher's parting lips
What tender accents fell !
The gentle precept which he gave,
Became its Author well.

" Blest is the man, whose soft'ning heart
Feels all another's pain ;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never rais'd in vain ;

" Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
A stranger's woes to feel ;
And bleeds with pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

" He spreads his kind supporting arm,
To every child of grief ;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unask'd relief.

" To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow ;
He views through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

" Peace from the bosom of his God,
My peace to him I give ;
And, when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

" To him protection shall be shewn,
And mercy from above
Descends on those who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love."

VII.—*The 90th Psalm Paraphrased.*—BURNS.

O THOU ! the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race !
Whose strong right-hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling-place !

Before the mountains heav'd their heads
Beneath thy forming hand,
Before this pond'rous globe itself
Arose at thy command :

That Power which rais'd, and still upholds
This universal frame
From countless unbeginning time,
Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years,
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before thy sight
Than yesterday that's past.

Thou giv'st the word : Thy creature Man
Is to existence brought :
Again thou say'st, " Ye sons of men,
" Return ye into nought !"

Thou layest them, with all their cares,
In everlasting sleep :
As with a flood, thou tak'st them off
With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flower,
In beauty's pride array'd;
But, long ere night, cut down it lies,
All wither'd and decay'd.

VIII.—*The 23d Psalm Paraphrased.*—ADDISON.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care:
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant;
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still!
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.
Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crownd;
And streams shall murmur all around.

IX.—*The 148th Psalm Paraphrased.*—OGILVIE.

BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay!
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name.

Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.
Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
Where gay transporting beauty reigns,
Ye scenes divinely fair!
Your Maker's wondrous power proclaim,
Tell how he form'd your shining frame,
And breath'd the fluid air.
Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound!
While all th' adoring thrones around
His boundless mercy sing:
Let every listening saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.
Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir;
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
The mighty chorus aid:
Soon as grey evening gilds the plain,
Thou moon, protract the melting strain,
And praise him in the shade.
Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God,
Who called yon worlds from night.
"Ye shades, dispel!"—th' Eternal said;
At once th' involving darkness fled,
And nature sprung to light.
Whate'er a blooming world contains,
That wings the air, that skims the plains,
United praise bestow;
Ye dragons, sound his awful name
To heaven aloud; and roar acclaim,
Ye swelling deeps below.
Let every element rejoice:
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice,
To him who bids you roll;

His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.
To him, ye graceful cedars, bow;
Ye towering mountains, bending low,
Your great Creator own;
Tell, when affrighted Nature shook,
How Sinai kindled at his look,
And trembled at his frown.
Ye flocks, that haunt the humble vale,
Ye insects fluttering on the gale,
In mutual concourse rise;
Crop the gay rose's vermil bloom,
And waft its spoils, a sweet perfume
In incense to the skies.
Wake, all ye mountain tribes, and sing:
Ye blooming warblers of the spring.
Harmonious anthems raise,
To him who shap'd your finer mould,
Who tipp'd your glittering wings with gold,
And tun'd your voice to praise.
Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heavenly praise employ;
Spread the Creator's name around,
Till heaven's broad arch rings back the sound,
The general burst of joy.
Ye whom the charms of grandeur please,
Nurs'd on the downy lap of ease,
Fall prostrate at his throne;
Ye princes, rulers, all adore:
Praise him, ye kings, who makes your power
An image of his own.
Ye fair, by nature form'd to move,
O praise th' Eternal Source of love,
With youth's enlivening fire:

Let age take up the tuneful lay,
Sigh his blest name—then soar away,
And ask an angel's lyre.

## X.—*The Creation.*—Addison.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial sky,
And spangled Heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth:

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball!
What tho' no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found!

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is Divine."

## XI.—*The Lord's Prayer imitated.*—Anon.

Father of all! Eternal Mind!
Immensely good and great!

Thy children, form'd and blest by thee,
Approach thy heav'nly seat.

Thy name in hallowed strains be sung!
We join the solemn praise:
To thy great name, with heart and tongue,
Our cheerful homage raise.

Thy mild, thy wise and sovereign reign,
Let every being own;
And in our minds, thy work divine,
Erect thy gracious throne.

As angels, in the heavenly worlds,
Thy bless'd commands fulfil,
So may thy creatures here below
Perform thy holy will.

On thee we, day by day, depend;
Our daily wants supply;
With truth and virtue feed our souls,
That they may never die.

Extend thy grace to every fault;
Oh! let thy love forgive;
Teach us divine forgiveness too,
Nor let resentment live.

Where tempting snares bestrew the way,
Permit us not to tread;
Avert the threatening evil far
From our unguarded head.

Thy sacred name we would adore,
With humble, joyful mind,
And praise thy goodness, power, and truth,
Eternal, unconfin'd!

XII.—*Verses, supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk, during his solitary Abode in the Island of Juan Fernandez.*—COWPER.

I AM monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute:
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
Oh Solitude! where are the charms,
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of Humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone;
Never hear the sweet music of speech;
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see:
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestow'd upon man,
Oh had the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of Religion and Truth;
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasures untold
Reside in that heavenly word?
More precious than silver or gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell
These vallies and rocks never heard:
Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
Or smil'd when a Sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore,

Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compar'd with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there:
But, alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair;
Ev'n here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place:
And mercy—encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

## XIII.—*Evening.*—CUNNINGHAM.

O'ER the heath the heifer strays,
Free,—the furrow'd task is done,
Now the village windows blaze,
Burnish'd by the setting sun.

Now he hides behind a hill,
Sinking from a golden sky:
Can the pencil's mimic skill
Copy the refulgent dye?

Trudging as the ploughmen go,
(To the smoking hamlet bound)
Giant-like their shadows grow,
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

Where the rising forest spreads
Shelter for the lordly dome,
To their high-built airy beds
See the rooks returning home!

As the lark, with varied tune,
Carols to the evening loud;
Mark the mild resplendent moon
Breaking through a parted cloud!

Now the hermit howlet peeps
From the barn, or twisted brake:
And the blue mist slowly creeps,
Curling on the silver lake.

As the trout in speckled pride,
Playful from its bosom springs,
To the banks a ruffled tide
Verges in successive rings.

Tripping through the silken grass,
O'er the path-divided dale,
Mark the rose-complexion'd lass
With her well-pois'd milking-pail.

Linnets, with unnumber'd notes,
And the Cuckoo bird with two,
Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
Bid the setting sun adieu.

## XIV.—*Morning.*—CUNNINGHAM.

SWIFTLY from the mountain's brow,
Shadows, nurs'd by night, retire;
And the peeping sunbeam, now,
Paints with gold the village spire.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,
Plaintive where she prates at night;
And the Lark, to meet the morn,
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the low-roof'd cottage ridge,
See the chatt'ring Swallow spring;
Darting through the one-arch'd bridge,
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine-tree's waving top
Gently greets the morning gale:
Kidlings, now, begin to crop
Daisies in the dewy dale.

From the balmy sweets, uncloy'd,
(Restless till her task be done)
Now the busy Bee's employ'd
Sipping dew before the sun.

Trickling through the crevic'd rock,
Where the limpid stream distils,
Sweet refreshment waits the flock
When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.

Colin, for the promis'd corn
(Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)
Anxious, hears the huntsman's horn,
Boldly sounding, drown his pipe.

Sweet,—O sweet, the warbling throng,
On the white emblossom'd spray!
Nature's universal song
Echoes to the rising day.

## XV.—*Winter.*—JOHNSON.

No more the morn, with tepid rays,
Unfolds the flower of various hue;
Noon spreads no more the genial blaze,
Nor gentle eve distils the dew.

The lingering hours prolong the night,
Usurping Darkness shares the day;
Her mists obscure the cheering light,
And Phœbus holds a doubtful sway.

By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,
With sighs we view the hoary hill,
The leafless wood, the naked field,
The snow-topp'd cot, the frozen rill.

No music warbles through the grove,
No vivid colours paint the plain;
No more with devious steps I rove
Thro' verdant paths, now sought in vain.

Aloud the driving tempest roars;
Congeal'd, impetuous showers descend;
Haste, shut the window, bar the doors,
Fate leaves me Stella and a friend.

In Nature's aid let Art supply
With light and heat my little sphere
Rouse, rouse the fire, and pile it high,
Light up a constellation here.

Let Music sound the voice of joy,
Or Mirth repeat the jocund tale;
Let Love his winning wiles employ,
And o'er the season wine prevail.

Yet Time life's dreary Winter brings,
When Mirth's gay tale shall please no more
Nor Music charm, though Stella sings;
Nor Love, nor Wine, shall Joy restore.

Catch, then, O catch the transient hour!
Improve each moment as it flies.
Life's a short summer, Man a flower;
He dies—alas, how soon he dies!

## XVI.—*Spring*.—GRAY.

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Fair Venus' train appear;
Disclose the long expected flowers,
And wake the purple year!

The attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the Cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of spring:
While, whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Still is the toiling hand of Care;
The panting herds repose:
Yet hark, how through the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honey'd spring,
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some shew their gaily-gilded trim
Quick glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye,
Such is the race of man;
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter through Life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colours drest;
Brush'd by the hand of rough mischance,
Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

## XVII.—*Scotland.*—Sir W. Scott.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,

Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my withered cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The Bard may draw his parting groan.

## XVIII.—*Sennacherib.*—Byron.

The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold,
And the sheen of their spears were like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee!
Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.
For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breath'd in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heav'd, and for ever were still.
And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride:
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.
And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail!
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown!

## XIX.—*Hebrew Maid.*—Byron.

She walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes.
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies,
One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face,
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.
And on that cheek, and o'er that brow
So soft, so calm, so eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent;
A mind at peace with all below,—
A heart whose love is innocent.

## XX.—*Lachin-y-Garr* *.—Byron.

Away, ye gay landscapes! ye gardens of roses:
In you let the minions of luxury rove;
Restore me the rocks where the snow flake reposes,
For still they are sacred to freedom and love:
Yes, Caledonia! belov'd are thy mountains,
Round their white summits though elements war;
Tho' cataracts foam 'stead of smooth flowing fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Lachin-y-Garr.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd,
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;
On chieftains long perish'd my memory ponder'd,
As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd glade;

* Lachin-y-Garr, or Loch-na-Garr, a very high mountain in the Northern Highlands, near Invercauld, and certainly one of the most sublime and picturesque amongst our "Caledonian Alps." Its appearance is of a dusky azure hue, and its summit is the seat of perpetual snows.—Flowers of Lit.

I sought not my home, till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;
For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,
Disclos'd by the natives of dark Lachin-y-Garr.

Shades of the dead! have I not heard your voices
Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale?
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the wind o'er his own Highland vale;
Round Lachin-y-Garr, while the stormy mist gathers,
Winter presides in his cold icy car;
Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers,
They dwell in the tempests of dark Lachin-y-Garr.

Ill-starr'd, though brave, did no visions foreboding,
Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause?
Ah! were you destin'd to die at Culloden?
Victory crown'd not your fall with applause:
Still were you happy in death's earthly slumber,
You rest with your clan in the caves of Braemar,
The Pibroch resounds to the piper's loud number,
Your deeds on the echoes of dark Lachin-y-Garr.

Years have roll'd on, Lachin-y-Garr, since I left you,
Years must elapse ere I tread you again:
Nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you,
Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain:
England! thy beauties are tame and domestic,
To one who has rov'd on the mountains afar;
Oh! for the crags that are wild and majestic,
The steep frowning glories of dark Lachin-y-Garr.

## XXI.—*The Hermit.*—BEATTIE.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove;
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove;
'Twas then by the cave of the mountain afar,
A hermit his song of the night thus began:

No more with himself, or with nature, at war,
He thought as a sage, while he felt as a man.

'Ah! why thus abandon'd to darkness and woe,
Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy sad strain!
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain.
Yet, if pity inspire thee, ah! cease not thy lay;
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn;
O soothe him, whose pleasures, like thine, pass away!
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

Now, gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
The moon, half extinguish'd, her crescent displays:
But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb! and, with gladness, pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendour again—
But man's faded glory no change shall renew:
Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain.

'Tis night; and the landscape is lovely no more.
I mourn; but, ye woodlands! I mourn not for you:
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring with dew.
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind nature the embryo blossom will save—
But, when shall spring visit the mouldering urn?
O! when shall it dawn on the night of the grave?'

'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betray'd,
That leads, to bewilder; and dazzles, to blind;
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
'O! pity, great Father of light!' then I cry'd,
'Thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee,
Lo! humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride:
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free.'

And darkness and doubt are now flying away;
No longer I roam, in conjecture forlorn:
So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See truth, love, and mercy, in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

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## XXII.—*The Slave.*—ANON.

WIDE o'er the tremulous sea
The moon spread her mantle of light,
And the gale, gently dying away,
Breath'd soft on the bosom of night.

On the fore-castle Maratan stood,
And pour'd forth his sorrowful tale;
His tears fell unseen in the flood,
His sighs pass'd unheard in the gale.

'Ah, wretch!' in wild anguish he cried,
'From country and liberty torn!
Ah, Maratan! would thou had'st died,
Ere o'er the salt waves thou wert borne!

'Thro' the groves of Angola I stray'd,
Love and Hope made my bosom their home,
There I talk'd with my favourite maid,
Nor dreamt of the sorrow to come.

'From the thicket the man-hunter sprung,
My cries echoed loud through the air;
There was fury and wrath on his tongue,
He was deaf to the voice of despair.

'Accurs'd be the merciless band,
That his love could from Maratan tear:
And blasted this impotent hand,
That's sever'd from all I held dear.

'Flow, ye tears, down my cheeks ever flow;
Still let sleep from my eyelids depart;
And still may the arrows of wo
Drink deep of the stream of my heart.

'But hark! o'er the silence of night
My Adila's accents I hear;
And mournful, beneath the wan light
I see her lov'd image appear!

'Slow o'er the smooth ocean she glides,
As the mist that hangs light on the wave;
And fondly her lover she chides,
Who lingers so long from his grave.

"Oh, Maratan! haste thee," she cries,
"Here the reign of oppression is o'er;
The tyrant is robb'd of his prize,
And Adila sorrows no more."

'Now sinking amidst the dim ray,
Her form seems to fade on my view;
O! stay thee, my Adila, stay!
She beckons, and I must pursue.

'To-morrow the white man, in vain,
Shall proudly account me his slave:
My shackles I plunge in the main,
And rush to the realms of the brave!

## XXIII.—*Friendship, Love, and Truth.*

MONTGOMERY.

WHEN Friendship, Love, and Truth, abound
Among a band of brothers,
The cup of joy goes gaily round,
Each shares the bliss of others:
Sweet roses grace the thorny way,
Along this vale of sorrow;
The flowers that shed their leaves to-day
Shall bloom again to-morrow:
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are sacred Friendship, Love, and Truth!

On halcyon wings our moments pass,
  Life's cruel cares beguiling;
Old Time lays down his scythe and glass,
  In gay good-humour smiling:
With ermine beard and forelock gray,
  His reverend front adorning,
He looks like Winter turn'd to May,
  Night soften'd into morning!
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are sacred Friendship, Love, and Truth!

From these delightful fountains flow
  Ambrosial rills of pleasure:
Can man desire, can heaven bestow,
  A more resplendent treasure?
Adorn'd with gems so richly bright,
  We'll form a constellation,
Where every star, with modest light,
  Shall gild his proper station.
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are sacred Friendship, Love, and Truth!

## XXIV.—*The Rose of the Desert.*—CAMPBELL.

As wand'ring, I found, on my ruinous walk,
  By the dial-stone aged and green,
One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,
  To mark where a garden had been:
Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,
  All wild in the silence of nature, it drew
From each wandering sun-beam a lonely embrace;
For the night-weed and thorn overshadowed the place
  Where the flower of my forefathers grew.

Sweet bud of the wilderness! emblem of all
  That survives in this desolate heart!
The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall,
  But patience shall never depart:

Tho' the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and bright,
In the days of delusion by fancy combin'd,
With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,
Abandon my soul like a dream of the night,
And leave but a desert behind.

XXV.—*The Beech Tree's Petition.*—CAMPBELL.

O leave this barren spot to me!
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!
Though bush or flow'ret never grow,
My dark, unwarming shade below;
Nor summer bud perfume the dew
Of rosy blush, or yellow hue:
Nor fruits of Autumn, blossom-born,
My green and glossy leaves adorn;
Nor murm'ring tribes from me derive
Th' ambrosial amber of the hive;
Yet leave this barren spot to me;—
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!

Thrice twenty summers I have seen
The sky grow bright, the forest green;
And many a wintry wind have stood
In bloomless, fruitless solitude;
Since childhood in my pleasant bower
First spent its sweet and sportive hour;
Since youthful lovers in my shade
Their vows of truth and rapture made;
And on my trunk's surviving frame,
Carv'd many a long-forgotten name.
Oh! by the sighs of gentle sound,
First breath'd upon this sacred ground;
By all that love hath whisper'd here,
Or beauty heard with ravish'd ear;
As love's own altar honour me,
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!

## XXVI.—*Mary in Heaven.*—BURNS.

THOU lingering star! with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest!
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget—
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace:—
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening, green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

## XXVII.—*Friars-Carse Hermitage.*—BURNS.

THOU whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,

Be thou deck'd in silken stole,
Grave these counsels on thy soul.
Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost;
Hope not sunshine every hour,
Fear not clouds will always lower.
As youth and love with sprightly dance,
Beneath thy morning star advance,
Pleasure with her syren air,
May delude the thoughtless pair;
Let prudence bless enjoyment's cup,
Then raptur'd sip, and sip it up.
As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming nigh,
Dost thou spurn the humble vale?
Life's proud summits would'st thou scale?
Check thy climbing step, elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait:
Dangers, eagle-pinion'd, bold,
Soar around each cliffy hold,
While cheerful peace, with linnet song,
Chants the lowly dells among.
As the shades of evening close,
Beckoning thee to long repose;
As life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-nook of ease.
There ruminate with sober thought,
On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought?
And teach the sportive younkers round,
Saws of experience, sage and sound.
Say, man's true genuine estimate,
The grand criterion of his fate,
Is not, art thou high or low?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow?
Did many talents gild thy span?
Or frugal nature grudge thee one?
Tell them, and press it on their mind,
As thou thyself must shortly find,

The smile or frown of awful Heaven,
To virtue or to vice is given:
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
There solid self-enjoyment lies;
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to the wretched, vile, and base.
Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep;
Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
Night, where dawn shall never break,
Till future life, future no more,
To light and joy the good restore,
To light and joy unknown before.

XXVIII.—*Man was made to Mourn.*—BURNS.

THE sun that overhangs yon moors,
Outspreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to support
A haughty lordling's pride;
I've seen yon weary winter-sun
Twice forty times return;
And every time has added proofs,
That man was made to mourn.

O man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Mispending all thy precious hours;
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway;
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might;
Man then is useful to his kind,
*Supported* is his right:

But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want, Oh! ill match'd pair!
Shew man was made to mourn.

A few seem favourites of fate,
In pleasure's lap caress'd;
Yet, think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly bless'd.
But, Oh! what crowds in every land
Are wretched and forlorn;
Through weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

Many and sharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still, we make ourselves
Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,—
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly *fellow-worm*
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave—
By Nature's law design'd,
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn?
Or why has man the will and power
To make his fellow mourn?

Yet, let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast:
This partial view of human-kind
Is surely not the last!
The poor, oppressed, honest man
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn.
O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn;
But, Oh! a blest relief to those
That, weary-laden, mourn!

## XXIX.—*The golden Mean.*—COWPER.

RECEIVE, dear friend, the truths I teach,
So shalt thou live beyond the reach
Of adverse fortune's power:
Not always tempt the distant deep,
Nor always timorously creep
Along the treach'rous shore.
He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
Imbittering all his state.
The tallest pines feel most the power
Of wintry blast; the loftiest tower
Comes heaviest to the ground:
The bolts that spare the mountain's side,
His cloud-capt eminence divide,
And spread the ruin round.

The well-inform'd philosopher
Rejoices with a wholesome fear,
And hopes in spite of pain;
If winter bellow from the north,
Soon the sweet spring comes dancing forth,
And nature laughs again.
What if thy heaven be overcast?
The dark appearance will not last;
Expect a brighter sky:
The god that strings the silver bow
Awakes sometimes the muses too,
And lays his arrows by.
If hindrances obstruct thy way,
Thy magnanimity display,
And let thy strength be seen;
But, Oh! if Fortune fill thy sail
With more than a propitious gale,
Take half thy canvas in.

XXX.—*Picture of a Blind Man.*—WILSON.

WHY sits so long beside yon cottage-door,
That aged man with tresses thin and hoar?
Fix'd are his eyes in one continued gaze,
Nor seem to feel the sun's meridian blaze;
Yet are the orbs with youth-like colours bright,
As o'er the Iris falls the trembling light.
Changeless his mien; not even one flitting trace
Of spirit wanders o'er his furrowed face;
No feeling moves his venerable head;
He sitteth there—an emblem of the dead!
The staff of age lies near him on the seat,
His faithful dog is slumbering at his feet;
And yon fair child, who steals an hour for play,
While thus her father rests upon his way,
Her sport will leave, nor cast one look behind,
Soon as she hears his voice,—for he is blind!
List! as in tones through deep affection mild,
He speaks by name to the delighted child!

Then, bending mute in dreams of painful bliss,
Breathes o'er her neck a father's tenderest kiss,
And with light hand upon her forehead fair,
Smooths the stray ringlets of her silky hair!
A beauteous phantom rises through the night,
For ever brooding o'er his darkened sight,
So clearly imaged both in form and limb,
He scarce remembers that his eyes are dim,
But thinks he sees in truth the vernal wreath
His gentle infant wove, that it might breathe
A sweet restoring fragrance through his breast,
Chosen from the wild-flowers that he loves best.
In that sweet trance he sees the sparkling glee
That sanctifies the face of infancy;
The dimpled cheek where playful fondness lies,
And the blue softness of her smiling eyes;
The spirit's temple unprofaned by tears,
Where God's unclouded loveliness appears;
Those gleams of soul to every feature given,
When youth walks guiltless by the light of Heaven!

## XXXI.—*The Evening Cloud.*—WILSON.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow:
Long had I watch'd the glory moving on
O'er the still radiance of the lake below;
Tranquil its spirit seem'd, and floated slow!
Even in its very motion there was rest;
While every breath of eve that chanc'd to blow
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul!
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given;
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onwards to the golden gate of Heaven,
Where, to the eye of Faith, it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

## XXXII.—*The Beggar Man.*—Miss Aikin.

Around the fire, one wintry night,
The farmer's rosy children sat;
The faggot lent its blazing light,
And jokes went round, and careless chat:

When, hark! a gentle hand they hear
Low tapping at the bolted door,
And thus, to gain their willing ear,
A feeble voice was heard implore:

"Cold blows the blast across the moor,
The sleet drives hissing in the wind;
Yon toilsome mountain lies before,
A dreary treeless waste behind.

"My eyes are weak and dim with age,
No road, no path, can I descry;
And these poor rags ill stand the rage
Of such a keen inclement sky.

"So faint I am—these tottering feet
No more my palsied frame can bear;
My freezing heart forgets to beat,
And drifting snows my tomb prepare.

"Open your hospitable door,
And shield me from the biting blast:
Cold, cold it blows across the moor,
The weary moor that I have pass'd!"

With hasty steps the farmer ran,
And close beside the fire they place
The poor half-frozen beggar man,
With shaking limbs and pale blue face.

The little children flocking came,
And chafed his frozen hands in theirs;
And busily the good old dame
A comfortable mess prepares.

Their kindness cheer'd his drooping soul,
And slowly down his wrinkled cheek

The big round tear was seen to roll,
And told the thanks he could not speak.

The children then began to sigh,
And all their merry chat was o'er;
And yet they felt, they knew not why,
More glad than they had done before.

## XXXIII.—*Elegy on the Death of the Princess Charlotte of Wales.*—ANON.

Supposed to be written in the neighbourhood of Windsor Castle on the Night of the Funeral.

BENEATH the ocean-waves the sun is gone,
And all the labours of the day are o'er;
The silver moon ascends her silent throne;
The breeze amidst the woods is heard no more

Mild is the eve and clear;—the raptured eye
Upon the azure dome delights to gaze,
To mark pale Cynthia beaming from on high,
And each bright star that lends its twinkling rays

The pensive soul enjoys a sacred calm;
Sweet is the breath of heaven diffused around—
Though scarcely felt, it sheds a pleasing balm;
While dove-winged peace sits "brooding on the ground."

But hark! what mournful music slowly swells,
To break the soothing silence of the night;
Ah! why so sadly toll those muffled bells?
Or send those torches forth their flaming light?

Alas! it is the dirge of death we hear!
Those torches glare, to light the darksome tomb;
Those bells, so sadly sounding on the ear,
Proclaim to Britain her disastrous doom!

The form that moved in loveliness is dead!
Dim is the eye that rich in lustre shone:

Each "sweet attractive grace" for ever fled,
And all a nation's fondest hopes are gone!

So rears in summer's pride the lovely rose
Its fragrant head beneath the smiling sky,
When suddenly the ruthless tempest blows,
And soon in dust its fleeting glories lie.

Cold as the marble shrine that holds her clay,
Is now that heart which late so warmly glowed
With generous sympathy's enlivening ray;
And mute those lips whence soothing accents flowed.

With all the graces of the fair adorned,
With every noblest energy of mind;
By all with tears of deepest sorrow mourned,
The much-lamented CHARLOTTE has her breath resigned.

What words can tell, what heart conceive, the woe
That must her husband's, parents' breast inthral,
For such a sudden, dire, heart-rending blow
As crush'd the joys, the brightest hopes of all!

Yet, royal Consort, let not bitter tears
For ever from thy downcast eyes distil,
For thus the sovereign doom of Heaven appears,
And man must bow submissive to its will.

Relieved from every anxious mortal care,
Thy Charlotte now enjoys the realms divine,
And breathes above the pure celestial air,
And still remembers that her heart was thine.

Perchance even now she lends a pitying eye
To see thy gushing tears, thy load of woe;
Perchance even now she heaves the angelic sigh
Of sympathy for him she loved below.

When Heaven ordains thy mortal race to end,
Swift to the mansions of eternal rest,
On wings of joy thy spirit shall ascend,
To meet its kindred soul among the blest.

## XXXIV.—*The Nightingale and Glow-worm.*

MOORE.

ONE night a Glow-worm, proud and vain,
Contemplating her glittering train,
Cried, Sure there never was in nature
So elegant, so fine a creature.
All other insects that I see,
The frugal ant, industrious bee,
Or silk-worm, with contempt I view;
With all that low, mechanic crew,
Who servilely their lives employ
In bus'ness, enemy to joy.
Mean, vulgar herd! ye are my scorn;
For grandeur only I was born,
Or sure am sprung from race divine,
And plac'd on earth to live and shine!
Those lights that sparkle so on high,
Are but the glow-worms of the sky;
And kings on earth their gems admire,
Because they imitate my fire.
She spoke. Attentive on a spray,
A Nightingale forbore his lay:
He saw the shining morsel near,
And flew, directed by the glare;
Awhile he gaz'd with sober look,
And thus the trembling prey bespoke:
Deluded fool, with pride elate!
Know, 'tis thy beauty brings thy fate:
Less dazzling, long thou might'st have lain
Unheeded on the velvet plain:
Pride, soon or late, degraded mourns,
And beauty wrecks whom she adorns.

## XXXV.—*The Ant and Caterpillar.*—CUNNINGHAM.

As an Ant, of his talents conceitedly vain,
Was trotting with consequence over the plain,
A worm, in his progress remarkably slow,
Cried—"Bless your good Worship wherever you go!

I hope your great Mightiness won't take it ill,
I pay my respects with a hearty good will."
With a look of contempt and impertinent pride,
" Begone you vile reptile !" his antship replied;
" Go—go and lament your contemptible state,
But first look at me—see my limbs how complete!
I guide all my motions with freedom and ease,
Run backward and forward, and turn when I please.
Of Nature (grown weary) you shocking essay!
I spurn you thus from me—crawl out of my way."
The reptile insulted, and vex'd to the soul,
Crept onward, and hid himself close in his hole;
But Nature, determin'd to end his distress,
Soon sent him abroad in a Butterfly's dress.
Ere long the proud ant, as repassing the road,
(Fatigu'd from the harvest, and tugging his load)
The beau on a violet bank he beheld,
Whose gesture in glory a monarch's excell'd;
His plumage expanded—'twas rare to behold
So lovely a mixture of purple and gold.
The Ant, quite amaz'd at a figure so gay,
Bow'd low with respect, and was trudging away:
" Stop, friend," says the Butterfly—" don't be surpris'd;
I once was the reptile you spurn'd and despis'd;
But now I can mount; in the sunbeams I play,
While you must for ever drudge on in your way."

MORAL.

A man, tho' to-day he be loaded with sorrow,
May soar above those that oppress'd him to-morrow.

## XXXVI.—*The Three Black Crows.*—ANON.

Two honest tradesmen, meeting in the Strand,
One took the other briskly by the hand;
Hark ye! said he, 'tis an odd story this
About the crows!—I don't know what it is,
Replies his friend.—No! I'm surpris'd at that;
Where I come from, it is the common chat:

But you shall hear an odd affair indeed!
And, that it happened, they are all agreed:
Not to detain you from a thing so strange,
A gentleman, that lives not far from 'Change,
This week, in short, as all the Alley knows,
Taking a puke, has thrown up three black Crows!
Impossible!—Nay, but 'tis really true;
I had it from good hands, and so may you.—
From whose, I pray?—So having nam'd the man
Straight to inquire his curious comrade ran.
Sir, did you tell, relating the affair——
Yes, Sir, I did; and if it's worth your care,
Ask Mr Such-an-one, he told it me,—
But, by the by, 'twas Two black crows, not Three.
Resolv'd to trace so wondrous an event,
Whip, to the third, the virtuoso went.
Sir——and so forth——Why yes, the thing is fact,
Tho' in regard to number not exact;
It was not Two black crows, 'twas only One,
The truth of that you may depend upon.
The gentleman himself told me the case——
Where may I find him?—Why, in such a place.
Away he went, and having found him out,
Sir, be so kind as to resolve a doubt,—
Then to his last informant he referr'd,
And begg'd to know, if true what he had heard;
Did you, Sir, throw up a black crow?—Not I—
Bless me!—how people propagate a lie!
Black crows have been thrown up, Three, Two, and One;
And here, I find, all comes at last to None!
Did you say nothing of a crow at all?
Crow—crow—perhaps I might, now I recall
The matter over. And, pray Sir, what was't?
Why, I was horrid sick, and at the last
I did throw up, and told my neighbours so,
Something that was—as black, Sir, as a Crow.

## XXXVII.—*The Spectacles.*—ANON.

A CERTAIN artist (I forget his name)
Had got for making Spectacles a fame,
Or Helps to read—as, when the first was sold,
Was writ upon his glaring sign in gold;
And for all uses to be had from glass,
His were allowed by readers to surpass.
There came a man into his shop one day,
"Are you the spectacle contriver, pray?"
"Yes, Sir, (said he) I can in that affair
Contrive to please you if you want a pair."
"Can you? pray do, then." So at first he chose
To place a youngish pair upon his nose;
And book produced to see how they would fit;
Asked how he liked them—Like them, not a bit.—
Then, Sir, I fancy, if you please to try,
These in my hand will better suit your eye.—
No, but they don't.—Well come, Sir, if you please,
Here is another sort, we'll even try these;
Still somewhat more they magnify the letter.
Now, Sir—Why now I'm not a bit the better.—
No! here take these, which magnify still more,
How do they fit?—Like all the rest before.—
In short, they tried a whole assortment through,
But all in vain, for none of them would do.
The operator, much surprised to find
So odd a case, thought—Sure the man is blind;
What sort of eyes can you have got? said he.—
Why very good ones, friend, as you may see.—
Yes, I perceive the clearness of the ball;
Pray let me ask you, can you read at all?—
No, you great blockhead; if I could, what need
Of paying you for any helps to read!
And so he left the maker in a heat,
Resolved to post him for an arrant cheat.

## XXXVIII.—*The Old Shepherd's Dog.*—WALCOT.

THE old shepherd's dog, like his master, was grey,
His teeth all departed, and feeble his tongue;
Yet where'er Corin went, he was followed by Tray:
Thus happy through life did they hobble along.

When fatigued on the grass the shepherd would lie,
For a nap in the sun, 'midst his slumbers so sweet,
His faithful companion crawl'd constantly nigh,
Placed his head on his lap, or lay down at his feet.

When Winter was heard on the hill and the plain,
And torrents descended, and cold was the wind,
If Corin went forth 'mid the tempests and rain,
Tray scorned to be left in the chimney behind.

At length, in the straw, Tray made his last bed,
For vain against death is the stoutest endeavour;
To lick Corin's hand he rear'd his weak head,
Then fell back, clos'd his eyes, and ah!—clos'd them for ever.

Not long after Tray did the shepherd remain,
Who oft o'er his grave with true sorrow would bend;
And when dying, thus feebly was heard the poor swain,
O bury me, neighbours, beside my old friend!

## XXXIX.—*The Poor Man's Funeral.*—GRAHAME.

YON motley, sable-suited throng, that wait
Around the poor man's door, announce a tale
Of woe; the husband, parent, is no more!
Contending with disease, he laboured long,
By penury compelled; yielding at last,
He laid him down to die; but, lingering on
From day to day, he from his sick-bed saw,
Heart-broken quite, his children's looks of want
Veiled in a clouded smile; alas! he heard

The elder, lispingly, attempt to still
The younger's plaint,—languid he raised his head,
And thought he yet could toil, but sunk
Into the arms of death, the poor man's friend.
The coffin is borne out; the humble pomp
Moves slowly on; the orphan mourner's hand
(Poor helpless child!) just reaches to the pall.
And now they pass into the field of graves;
And now around the narrow house they stand,
And view the plain black board sink from the sight.
Hollow the mansion of the dead resounds,
As falls each spadeful of the bone-mixed mould.
The turf is spread; uncovered is each head,—
A last farewell; all turn their several ways.
Woes me! those tear-dimmed eyes, that sobbing breast.
Poor child! thou thinkest of the kindly hand
That wont to lead thee home: no more that hand
Shall aid thy feeble gait, or gently stroke
Thy little sun-bleached head and downy cheek.
But go; a mother waits thy homeward steps;
In vain her eyes dwell on the sacred page,—
Her thoughts are in the grave; 'tis thou alone,
Her first-born child, canst rouse that statue gaze
Of woe profound. Haste to the widowed arms;
Look with thy father's look, speak with his voice,
And melt a heart that else will break with grief.

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# PART IV.

## EXERCISES IN SPELLING.

### I. *Scripture Proper Names.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Aā′-ron | A-bin′-o-am | A′-chab (*k*) |
| A-bed′-ne-go | A-bī′-ram | A-chā-i-a |
| A-bel | A′-bram, *or* A′-bra-ham | A-chā′-i-chus |
| A-bī′-a-thar | Ab′-sa-lom | A′-chaz |
| A-bim′-e-lech | A-cel′-da-ma (*s*) | Ach′-bor |
| A-bin′-a-dab | | Ad-ad-rim′-mon |

Ad′-am
Ad′-mah
A-do-ni-bē′-zek
Ad-o-nī′-jah
Ad-o-rā′-im
A-dō′-ram
Ad-ra-myt′-ti-um
A′-dri-a
A′-dri-el
A′-gar
A-grip′-pa
A′-hab
A-has-u-ē′-rus
A-hū′-ma-i
A-hū′-zam
A-lē′-meth
Am′-a-lek
A-nam′-e-lech
An-a-nī′-as
An′-a-thoth
An′-drew
An-dro-nī′-cus
An′-ti-och (*k*)
An-tī-o-chus
An-tip′-a-tris
An-tō′-ni-a
Ap-ol-lō′-ni-a
A-pol′-los
A-pol′-ly-on
A′-qui-la
A-rā′-bi-a
Ar′-a-rat
Ar-che-lā′-us (*ăr*)
Ar-e-op′-a-gus
A′-ri-el
Ar-i-ma-thē′-a
Ar-ma-ged′-don
Ar-nē′-ni-a
Ar′-te-mas
A′-sa
A′-saph (*f*)
Ash′-ur
A′-si-a (*shē*)
As′-ke-lon
As-mo-nē′-ans
As-syr′-i-a
Ath′-ens
A-thē′-ni-ans
At-ta-lī′-a
At′-ta-lus
A′-zor
A-zō′-tus
Bā′-al-im
Bā′-bel
Bab′-y-lon
Bab-y-lō′-ni-an
Bā′-ca
Ba-hū′-rim
Ba-rab′-bas
Bar-a-chī′-as
Bā′-rak
Ba-rī′-ah
Băr-jē′-sus
Bâr-na-bas
Ba′r-thol′-o-mew
Bar-ti-mē′-us
Bā′-ruch (*k*)
Bā′-shan or Bas′-san
Be-a-lī′-ah
Be-el′-ze-bub
Be-ē′-roth
Bēer′-she-ba
Bē′-he-moth
Bē′-li-al
Bel-shaz′-zer
Ben′-ja-min
Be-nō′-ni
Bē′-or
Ber-a-chī′-ah
Ber-a-ī′-ah
Be-rē′-a
Be-rī′-ah
Ber-nī′-ce
Beth-ab′-a-ra
Beth′-a-ny
Beth′-el
Beth-es′-da (*z*)
Beth′-le-hem
Beth′-phā-ge (*je*)
Beth-sā′-i-da
Beth′-she-mesh
Bē-thū′-el
Bil′-dad
Bir′-sha (*ber*)
Bi-thyn′-i-a
Blas′-tus
Bo-a-ner′-ges
Bō′-az *or* Bō′-oz
Bos′-o-rah
Bos′-rah
Bōz′-rah
Cā′-dez
Cā′-desh
Cæ′-sar (*sē′*)
Cā′i-a-phas (*f*)
Cain
Cal-dē′es (*z*)
Cal-dē′-ans
Cā′-leb
Cal′-va-ry
Cā′-na
Cā′-naan (*nān*)
Cā′-naan-ites (*nān*)
Ca-per′-na-um
Ca-phī′-ra
Cap-pa-dō′-ci-a *shē*
Car′-mel
Car′-mel-ite
Cē′-dron (*s*)
Chal-dē′-a (*k*)
Chit′-tim
Cho-rā′-sin
Christ

Christ'-ians (*yans*)
Clau'-di-us
Clē'-o-pas
Cnī'-dus (*nī'*)
Co-los'-se
Co-loss'-ians(*losh*)
Cō'-os
Cor'-inth
Co-rin'-thi-ans
Cor-nē'-li-us
Crē'te
Crē'-ti-ans (*she*)
Cy'-prus
Cy-rē'-ne
Cy'-rus
Dā'-gon
Dal-ma-nū'-tha
Dal-mā'-ti-a (*she*)
Da-mas'-cus
Dan'-i-el
Dā'-vid
Deb'-o-rah
De'-cap-o-lis
Dē'-mas
De-mē'-tri-us
Der'-bē
Deu-ter-on'-o-my
Di-ā'-na
Did'-y-mus
Di-o-nys'-i-us *nish*
Di-ot'-re-phes
Dor'-cas (*dâ'r*)
E-bed-mē'-lech
Eb-en-ē'-zer
Ec-cle-si-as'tes *zhe*
Ē'-den
Ē'-dom
Ē'-gypt (*j*)
Ē-gyp'-ti-an (*she*)
Ek'-ron
Ek'-ron-ites
E'-lam-ites
El-beth'-el
E-le-ā'-zer
El-hā'-nan
E-lī'-ah
E-lī'-as
E-li-ā'-zar
E-lī'-jah
El'-i-phaz
Elis'-a-beth (*z*)
El-i-sē'-us
E-lī'-sha
E-lō'-i
El'-y-mas
E-man'-ū-el
Em'-ma-us
En'-dor
E'-ne-as
E'-noch (*k*)
E'-non
Ep'-a-phras
E-paph-ro-dī'-tus
E-phē'-si-an (*zhe*)
Eph'-ē-sus (*zus*)
Eph'-pha-tha
E'-phra-im
Eph'-ra-tah
E-sā'-i-as (*zā*)
E'-sau (*ē'zȧ*)
Esh'-ka-lon
Esh'-ta-ol
Esh'-te-moth
Es'-ther (*ter*)
E-thi-ō'-pi-a
Eu-bū'-lus
Eve (*ēv*)
Eu-phrā'-tes
Eu-roc'-ly-don
Eū'-ty-chus (*k*)
Ex'-o-dus
E-zē'-ki-el
Ez-e-kī'-as
Ez-ē-rī'-as
Ez'-ra
Fē'-lix
Fes'-tus
For-tu-nā'-tus
Gab'-ba-tha
Gā'-bri-as
Gā'-bri-el
Gad-a-rē'nes
Gā'-i-us
Ga-lā'-ti-a (*she*)
Ga-li-lē'-an
Gal'-i-lee
Gal'-li-o
Ga-mā'-li-el
Gau'-lon
Gā'-za
Ga-zē'-ra
Gē'-ba
Ge-dē'-roth
Ge-nes'-a-reth (*z*)
Gen'-e-sis (*jen*)
Gen'-tiles (*jen*)
Ger-ge-sē'nes
Gē'-shur
Geth-sem'-a-nē
Gib'-e-on
Gid'-e-on (or *jid*)
Gil'-bo-a
Gil'-e-ad
Gil'-gal
Gir-ga-shi (*ger*)
Gis'-pa
Gol'-go-tha
Go-lī'-ah
Go-lī'-ath
Gō'-mer
Go-mor'-rah
Gor'-ty-nar (*gâ'r*)
Gō'-shen

Grē′-ci-a (*she*)
Hab′-ak-kuk
Hā′-bor
Hā′-dad
Had′-rach
Hag′-ga-i
Hā′-gar
Hā′-li
Hā′-man
Han-a-nī′-ah
Han′-i-el
Han′-nah
Hā′-rum
Hash-ab-nī′-ah
Hâu′-ran
Haz′-e-rim
Ha-zē′-roth
Hē′-ber
Hē′-brews (*uz*)
Hē′-bron
Hel-chī′-ah
Her-mog′-e-nes (*j*)
Her′-mon-ites
Her′-od
He-rō′-di-as
Hez-e-kī′-ah
Hi-e-rap′-o-lis
Hi-er-on′-y-mus
Hil-kī′-ah
Hit′-tites
Hol-o-fer′-nes
Hor (*hâ′r*)
Hō′-ram
Hō′-reb
Ho-sē′-a (*ze′*)
Hū′-shah
Hy-das′-pes
Hy-men-ē′-us (*hi*)
Jā′-a-kan
Jā-ar-e-or′-a-gim
Ja-as-a-nī′-ah
Jab′-neh
Ja′-chin
Jā′-cob
Jah
Jā′-haz
Jah′-zah
Jā′-keh
Jā′-pheth
Jā′-son
Ich′-a-bod
I-cō′-ni-um
Id-u-mæ′-a (*mē*)
Jeb′-u-sites
Jec-o-nī′-ah
Je-o-ad′-don
Je-hoi′-a-kim
Je-hō′-ram
Je-hosh′-a-phat
Je-hō′-vah
Jer-e-mī′-ah
Jer′-i-cho
Jer-o-bō′-am
Jesh′-u-run
Jes′-u-ites
Jē′-sus (*zus*)
Jē′-thro
Je′-ze-bel
Jē′-zi-el
Jez′-re-el
Il-lyr′-i-cum
Jō′-a-kim
Jo-an′-na
Jōb
Jō′-el
Jō′-nah
Jon′-a-dab
Jō′-nas
Jon′-a-than
Jop′-pa
Jor′-dan (*jâ′r*)
Jō′-seph (*z*)
Jō′-ses (*zes*)
Josh′-u-a
Jo-sī′-ah
I′-saac (*zak*)
I-sāi′-ah (*z*)
Is-car′-i-ot
Ish′-bo-sheth
Ish′-ma-el
Ish′-ma-el-ites
I′-shod
Is′-ra-el (*iz*)
Ith′-i-el
It-u-rē′-a
Jû′-da
Jû′-das
Jŭ-dē′-a
Jû′-dith
Iz′-re-el
Kā′-desh
Kē′-dar
Kē′-desh
Kē′-ri-oth
Ke-tū′-rah
Kir′-jah-Jē′-a-rim
Kō′-rah
Kō′-re
Lā′-ban
Lā′-mech
La-od-i-cē′-a
Laz′-a-rus
Leb′-a-non
Leb′-a-oth
Leb-ē′-us
Lem′-ū-el
Lē′-vi
Le-vī′-a-than
Le-vit′-i-cus
Lib′-nah
Lo-am′-mi
Lū′-cas
Lū′-ci-fer

Lū'-ci-us (*she*)
Lūke
Ly'-bi-a
Lyc'-i-a (*lish*)
Lyd'-da
Lyd'-i-a
Ly-sā'-ni-as (*lī*)
Lys'-i-a (*lish*)
Lys'-i-as (*lish*)
Lys'-tra
Ma-a-zī'-ah
Mac'-ca-bees (*bez*)
Mac-e-dō'-ni-a
Mā'-chir (*kĕr*)
Mag'-da-la
Mag'-da-len
Mā'-gog
Mā-gor-mis'sa-bib
Mā'-her-shal'-al-hash-baz
Mal'-a-chi
Mal-chī'-ah
Mal'-chus
Mam'-mon
Ma-nas'-seh
Ma-nō'-ah
Mar-a-nath'-a
Mâr'-tha
Mā'-ry
Mat-ta-thī'-as
Matthew (*math'-u*)
Mat-thī'-as
Mēdes
Mē'-di-a
Me-gid'-don
Mel-chī'-as
Mel-chis'-e-dek (*z*)
Mē'-lech
Mel'-i-ta
Me-lī'-tus
Mem'-phis
Mer-cū'-ri-us
Mer'-i-moth
Mē'-sech
Mē'-shach
Mes-sī'-ah
Mes-sī'-as
Me-thū'-se-lah
Mī'-cah
Mid'-i-an
Mi-lē'-tus
Mir'-i-am
Mis'-par
Mit-y-lē'-ne
Miz'-pah
Mnā'-son (m *mute*)
Mō'-ab
Mō'-ab-ites
Mō'-lech
Mō'-loch
Mor'-de-cai (*mâr*)
Mo-rī'-ah
Mō'-ses (*zes*)
Mys'-i-a (*mish*)
Myt-e-lē'-ne
Nā'-am
Na'-a-mah
Nā'-a-man
Nā'-a-ma-thites
Nab-a-thē'-ans
Nā'-chor
Nā'-dab
Nāh'-bi
Nāh'-ha-bi
Nā'-hum
Nā'-in
Nā'-o-mi
Naph'-tha-li
Nā'-than
Na-than'-a-el
Nath-a-nī'-as
Naz-a-rē'nes
Naz'-a-reth
Nē-ap'-o-lis
Nē'-bo
Neb-u-chad-nez'-zar
Ne-cō'-dan
Ne-he-mī'-ah
Nem-ū'-el
Neph'-tha-li
Neph'-tha-lim
Nē'-re-us
Nē'-ro
Ni-cā'-nor
Nic-o-dē'-mus
Ni-co-lā'-i-tanes
Nī'-ger
Nim'-rod
Nin'-e-ve, *or* -eh
Nin'-e-vites
Nī'-san
Nō'-ah, *or* Nō'-e
Nu-mē'-ni-us
Ob-a-dī'-ah
O'-bed-E'-dom
Oc'-ran
Ol'-i-vet
Om'-ri
O-nes'-i-mus
O'-phir (*fer*)
Or'-phah (*â*)
O'-see
O-sō'-ra
Pā'-dan-A'-ram
Pal'-es-tine
Pam-phyl'-i-a
Pā'-phos
Pâr'-me-nas
Pâr'-thi-ans
Pash'-ur
Pat'-mos
Pâul

Pau'-lus
Pe-nī'-el
Pen'-ta-teuch(*tuk*)
Pen'-te-cost
Pe-nū'-el
Pē'-or
Per'-ga
Per'-ga-mos
Per'-me-nas
Per'-si-a (*she*)
Pē'-tĕr
Pha-nū'-el
Phā'-roah (*ro*)
Phē'-be
Phe-nī'ce
Phil-a-del'-phi-a
Phi-lē'-mon
Phil'-ip
Phi-lis'-tines
Phlē'-gon
Phryg'-i-a (*j*)
Pī'-late
Pis'-gah
Pi-sid'-i-a
Pon'-ti-us (*she*)
Pon'-tus
Pot'-i-phar
Po-tiph-e-ra
Pris-cil'-la
Proch'-o-rus
Ptol-e-mā'-is
Pu-tē'-o-li
Rab'-bi
Rab-bō'-ni
Rab'-sha-keh
Rā'-cha
Rā'-chal
Rā'-chel (*ch*)
Rā'-mah
Rā'-moth
Rā'-phael (*fel*)
Re-bec'-ca
Re-ha-bī'-ah
Re-ho-bō'-am
Re-hō'-both
Rem-a-lī'-ah
Rem'-phan
Reû'-ben
Rhē'-gï-um
Rhō'-da
Rhō'des (*rōdz*)
Rome (*rû'm*)
Rō'-mans
Rū'-fus
Rūth
Sab-ā'-oth
Sab-ach-thā'-ni
Sab-bē'-us
Sad-dē'-us
Sad'-du-cees (*sez*)
Sā'-lem
Sal'-ma
Sal'-mon
Sa-lō'-ne
Sa-lō'-me
Sa-mā'-ri-a
Sa-mar'-i-tans
Să'-mos
Sam-o-thrā'ci-a
Sam'-son
Sam'-u-el
San'-he-drim
Sap-phī'-ra
Sā'-ra *or* Sā'rai
Sâr'-de-us
Sâr'-dis
Sar'-do-nyx
Sa-rep'-ta
Să'-tan
Saul
Schē'-chem
Scyth'-i-ans
Sē'-ba
Sē'-lah
Se-leu'-ci-a
Sen-nach'-e-rib
Sex'-tus
Shā'-drach
Shal-ma-ne'-ser
Shă'-ron
She-al'-ti-el
Shē'-ba *or* Shē'-bah
Shec-a-ni'-ah
Shē'-chem
Shel-e-mī'-ah
Shē'-shach
Shesh-baz'-zar
Shī'-loh *or* Shī'-lo
Sho-shan'-nim
Shū'-nam-ïte
Sib'-bo-leth
Sī'-don
Sī'-hon
Sī'-hor
Sĭ'-las
Sil-vā'-nus
Sim'-e-on
Sī'-mon
Sī'-na
Sī'-nai
Sĭ'-on
Smyr'-na (*smer*)
Sod'-om
Sod'-om-ïtes
Sol'-o-mon
Sop'-a-ter
So-sip'-a-ter
Sos'-the-nes
Steph'-a-nas
Stē'-phen (*ven*)
Suc'-coth
Sū'-sa
Sus-an'-nah

Syc'-a-mine
Sy'-char
Sy'-chem
Syn'-a-gogue
Syr'-a-cuse (*z*)
Syr'-i-an
Tab'-ba-oth
Tab'-i-tha
Tā'-bor
Tal'-i-tha-Ku'-mi
Tar'-shish
Ta'r-sus
Te-kel [o-a
Tek'-o-ah *or* Tek'-
Tē'-man-ïtes
Tē'-trarch
Thad-dē'-us
The-od'-o-tus
The-oph'-i-lus
Thes-sa-lo-nī'-ca
Thom'-as (*tom*)
Thum'-mim
Thy-a-tī'-ra
Ti-bē'-ri-as
Ti-bē'-ri-us
Ti-mē'-us
Tī'-mon
Ti-mō'-the-us
Tim'-o-thy
Tō'-phet (*f*)
Trach-o-nī'-tis
Trip'-o-lis
Trō'-as
Tro-gyl'-li-um
Troph'-i-mus
Tū'-bal
Tych'-i-cus
Ty-ran'-nus (*ti*)
U'-cal
U'-la-ï
U'-phaz
U-phar'-sin
U-rī'-ah
U'-ri-el
U'-rim
Uz-zī'-ah
Zab'-u-lon
Zach-a-rī'-ah
Zac-chē'-us
Zeb'-e-dee
Zeb'-u-lon
Zech-a-rī'-ah
Zed-e-kī'-ah
Ze-ō'-rim
Zeph-a-nī'-ah
Zer-u-ī'-ah
Zi-dō'-ni-ans
Zī'-on
Zip'-por
Zō'-ar
Zō'-phar
Zo-rob'-a-bel
Zū'-ri-el

## II. *Words Similar in Sound, but different in Spelling and Signification.*

*Abel*, a man's name
*Able*, sufficient
*Ail*, to be sick
*Ale*, malt liquor
*Air*, element
*E'er*, contraction of ever
*Ere*, before, sooner than
*Heir*, one who inherits by law
*All*, the whole
*Awl*, shoemaker's tool
*Allowed*, granted
*Aloud*, with a great noise
*Altar*, for sacrifice
*Alter*, to change
*Alley*, a narrow passage
*Ally*, a confederate
*Ant*, an emmet
*Aunt*, a relation
*Ascent*, a high place
*Assent*, consent

*Auger*, a carpenter's tool
*Augur*, a soothsayer
*Anchor*, of a ship
*Anker*, a vessel of 10 gallons

*Bacon*, swine's flesh
*Baken*, in an oven
*Bait*, surety, security
*Bale*, a bundle of goods
*Bail*, an enticement
*Bate*, to lessen a demand
*Baize*, a kind of coarse woollen cloth
*Base*, mean (adj.) the bottom of any thing (noun)
*Bass*, in music
*Bays*, garlands, a term used in architecture
*Bays*, roads for ships
*Ball*, any thing round
*Bawl*, to cry out

*Barbara*, a woman's name
*Barbary*, a country
*Barberry*, a shrub
*Bare*, naked, uncovered
*Bear*, v. to carry
*Bear*, n. a savage beast
*Baron*, a nobleman
*Barren*, unfruitful
*Be*, to exist
*Bee*, an insect
*Beech*, a tree
*Beach*, a shore
*Been*, participle pret. of To be
*Bean*, a kind of pulse
*Beau*, a man of dress
*Bow*, to shoot with
*Beer*, malt liquor
*Bier*, a carriage for the dead
*Bell*, a hollow body of metal
*Belle*, a gay young lady
*Berry*, a small fruit
*Bury*, to inter
*Better*, superior, surpassing
*Bettor*, one who lays wagers
*Blew*, pret. of blow
*Blue*, a colour
*Boar*, the male swine
*Bore*, to make a hole
*Bole*, a measure, kind of earth
*Boll*, a round stalk or stem
*Bowl*, a round hollow vessel
*Born*, brought forth
*Borne*, supported
*Borough*, a town with an incorporation
*Burrow*, a rabbit hole
*Bough*, a branch
*Bow*, v. to bend ; n. reverence
*Brake*, fern, a thicket
*Break*, to part by force
*Bread*, a part of food
*Bred*, brought up
*Breaches*, broken places
*Breeches*, part of a man's dress
*But*, except
*Butt*, a kind of vessel
*Buy*, to purchase
*By*, near, not far off

*Cain*, a man's name
*Cane*, a walking stick
*Call*, to name
*Caul*, a kind of net, a woman's cap
*Cannon*, a great gun
*Canon*, a rule, a law
*Cell*, a hut
*Sell*, to dispose of
*Cellar*, a vault
*Seller*, one who sells
*Celery*, a species of sallad
*Salary*, wages, stated hire
*Censer*, a pan for incense
*Censor*, a magistrate
*Cent*, a hundred
*Scent*, a smell
*Sent*, despatched
*Cession*, a giving up
*Session*, act of sitting
*Choler*, rage, anger
*Collar*, for the neck
*Cit*, a citizen
*Sit*, to be seated
*Sight*, a view
*Site*, a situation
*Clause*, an article, a sentence
*Claws*, the feet of a bird or beast
*Climb*, to mount up
*Clime*, a country
*Coarse*, homely, not fine
*Corse*, a dead body
*Course*, a race, passage
*Colation*, the act of filtering
*Collation*, a repast
*Complement*, a full number
*Compliment*, an act of civility
*Concent*, harmony
*Consent*, agreement
*Council*, assembly
*Counsel*, advice
*Courier*, a messenger
*Currier*, a dresser of leather
*Cousin*, a relation
*Cozen*, to cheat
*Creak*, to make a noise
*Creek*, a small bay
*Crews*, ship's co mpanions
*Cruise*, a voyage, a small cup

*Crewel*, a ball of yarn or worsted
*Cruel*, inhuman, barbarous
*Currant*, a small fruit
*Current*, a stream
*Cygnet*, a young swan
*Signet*, a seal
*Cymbal*, a musical instrument
*Symbol*, a sign

*Dane*, a native of Denmark
*Deign*, to vouchsafe
*Day*, a part of time
*Dey*, a Moorish governor
*Dear*, valuable
*Deer*, a stag
*Delete*, to blot out
*Dilate*, to extend, relate
*Descent*, going down
*Dissent*, disagreement
*Desert*, v. to forsake
*Desert*, n. a wilderness
*Dessert*, the last course
*Dew*, moisture
*Due*, owing
*Discreet*, prudent, cautious
*Discrete*, distinct, separated
*Doe*, a female deer
*Dough*, paste for bread
*Dollar*, a foreign coin
*Dolour*, grief, pain
*Done*, acted, particip. of Do
*Dun*, a colour

*Eaten*, devoured, particip. of Eat
*Eaton*, the name of a town in England
*Ear*, the organ of hearing
*Year*, twelve months
*Eminent*, high, lofty
*Imminent*, impending, threatening
*Eminence*, height, loftiness
*Imminence*, immediate danger
*Emerge*, to rise out of
*Immerge*, to put under water
*Exercise*, to employ
*Exorcise*, to cast out evil spirits
*Eye*, the organ of sight
*I*, myself

*Fain*, glad, cheerful
*Fane*, temple, church
*Feign*, to dissemble
*Faint*, weak, feeble of body
*Feint*, a pretence, false appearanc
*Fair*, beautiful
*Fare*, provisions
*Feat*, exploit, action
*Feet*, plur. of foot
*Felloe*, the circumference of a wheel
*Fellow*, n. an associate, v. to suit with
*Fillip*, a jerk of the finger
*Philip*, a man's name
*Flea*, a small insect
*Flee*, to run from danger
*Flew*, did fly, pret. of Fly
*Flue*, the pipe of a chimney
*Flour*, ground corn
*Flower*, the blossom of a plant
*Foul*, not clean, filthy
*Fowl*, a bird
*Fourth*, the ordinal number of four
*Forth*, forward,—name of a river
*Frays*, quarrels, plur. of Fray
*Phrase*, a mode of speech
*Freeze*, to congeal with cold
*Frieze*, a coarse warm cloth

*Gabel*, an excise, a tax
*Gable*, the sloping roof of a building
*Gait*, a manner of walking
*Gate*, a large door or entrance
*Gall*, bile, rancour
*Gaul*, a Frenchman
*Gesture*, action or posture
*Jester*, one who jests
*Gilt*, gilded, part. of Gild
*Guilt*, sin, offence, crime
*Glaire*, the white of an egg, a halbert
*Glare*, dazzling brightness
*Gnat*, a stinging insect
*Nat*, the abbreviation of Nathaniel
*Grate*, for coals
*Great*, large
*Grater*, a file for nutmeg
*Greater*, larger, comp. of Great
*Grease*, a soft fat
*Greece*, name of a country

*Greaves*, armour for the legs
*Grieves*, doth afflict, pres. of Grieve
*Groan*, a hoarse sound
*Grown*, increased, part. of Grow
*Groat*, fourpence
*Grot*, a cave

*Hail*, n. frozen rain, v. to salute
*Hale*, n. strong, v. to drag
*Hair*, of the head
*Hare*, an animal
*Hall*, a large room
*Haul*, to pull
*Hart*, a deer, male of the roe
*Heart*, the seat of life
*Heal*, to cure
*Heel*, a part of the foot
*Hear*, to listen
*Here*, in this place
*Hew*, to cut, chop
*Hue*, colour
*Hugh*, a man's name
*Hie*, to hasten
*High*, lofty
*Him*, any man, obj. of He
*Hymn*, a divine song
*Hole*, a hollow place
*Whole*, all, perfect
*Holy*, religious
*Wholly*, entirely
*Hoop*, for a tub, any thing circular
*Whoop*, a shout of pursuit
*Hour*, a part of time
*Our*, belonging to us

*Idle*, lazy
*Idol*, an image
*Idyl*, a small short poem
*Ile*, a walk or alley in a church
*Isle*, an island
*Impostor*, one who cheats
*Imposture*, a cheat, deceit
*In*, within
*Inn*, a public-house
*Incite*, to stir up, to rouse
*Insight*, inspection, knowledge
*Indict*, to accuse, to charge
*Indite*, to compose, to draw up

*Ingenious*, possessed of genius, witty
*Ingenuous*, open, candid, free

*Jam*, a conserve of fruits
*Jamb*, post of a door
*Jewry*, Judea
*Jury*, a court committee

*Kill*, murder
*Kiln*, a stove to dry malt on
*Knap*, a protuberance, *v.* to bite
*Nap*, a short sleep
*Knave*, a petty rascal, a rogue
*Nave*, part of a wheel or church
*Knead*, to work dough
*Need*, want, necessity
*Knew*, did know, pret. of Know
*New*, not worn or used
*Knight*, a title of honour
*Night*, the time of darkness
*Knit*, to weave without a loom
*Nit*, the egg of a louse
*Kneel*, to bend the knee
*Neal*, to temper by a gradual heat
*Knot*, to make knots
*Not*, not so, no more
*Knows*, is informed, pres. of Know
*Nose*, the prominent part in the middle of the face

*Lade*, to load
*Laid*, placed, part. of Lay
*Lain*, reposed, part. of Lie
*Lane*, a narrow road, an alley
*Latin*, the ancient Roman language
*Latten*, brass, iron tinned over
*Lead*, a soft heavy metal
*Led*, conducted, part. of to Lead
*Leaf*, the green part of a tree
*Lief*, *(adj.)* dear, beloved, *(adv.)* willingly
*Leak*, to let water in or out
*Leek*, a pot-herb
*Least*, smallest, superl. of Little
*Lest*, that not, for fear that
*Lessen*, to make less
*Lesson*, a task to learn or read

*Lettice*, a window of grate-work
*Lettice*, a woman's name
*Lettuce*, a kind of sallad
*Levee*, attendance at Court
*Levy*, to raise money
*Liar*, one who tells falsehoods
*Lyre*, a harp, musical instrument
*Limb*, a member
*Limn*, to paint
*Line*, a string
*Loin*, part of the back
*Lo!* behold
*Low*, mean, humble
*Loam*, a rich earth
*Loom*, a weaver's frame
*Loan*, any thing lent
*Lone*, solitary, single

*Made*, finished, part, of Make
*Maid*, a virgin
*Mail*, armour, a letter-bag
*Male*, the *he* of any species
*Main*, chief, principal, *n.* the ocean
*Mane*, neck hair of a horse
*Maize*, Indian wheat
*Maze*, a labyrinth
*Mall*, a stroke, a blow
*Maul*, to beat soundly
*Manner*, a form, custom
*Manor*, a lordship, jurisdiction
*Marshal*, chief officer at arms, or
*Martial*, warlike [in the army
*Marten*, a bird, a kind of swallow
*Martin*, a man's name
*Mayor*, the chief Magistrate of a town, as London, York, &c.
*Mare*, the female of a horse
*Medal*, a sort of coin
*Meddle*, to interpose
*Meddler*, a busy-body
*Medlar*, a kind of fruit
*Meed*, reward, gift
*Mead*, a meadow, drink of water and honey
*Meet*, fit, proper, *v.* to face
*Meat*, food
*Message*, an errand
*Messuage*, a dwelling-house

*Metal*, a hard compact body
*Mettle*, spirit, sprightliness
*Meter*, a measurer
*Metre*, harmonic poetry
*Mewl*, to cry as a child
*Mule*, a mongrel animal
*Mews*, enclosures
*Muse*, to ponder
*Might*, power
*Mite*, a small insect in cheese, a coin
*Miner*, a worker in mines
*Minor*, one under age
*Missal*, the mass book
*Missile*, thrown by the hand
*Moan*, to lament, to deplore
*Mown*, cut down
*Moat*, a ditch
*Mote*, a particle of dust

*Nay*, not
*Neigh*, to utter the voice of a horse

*Oar*, to row a boat with
*Ore*, metal refined
*One*, the first in number
*Won*, gained, conquered

*Palace*, a royal house
*Pallas*, the name of a goddess
*Palate*, a taste
*Palette*, a painter's board
*Pallet*, a small low bed
*Pail*, a wooden vessel
*Pale*, wan, whitish
*Pain*, torment, anguish
*Pane*, a square of glass
*Pair*, a couple, two
*Pare*, to cut off
*Pear*, a fruit
*Pall*, a kind of cloak
*Paul*, a man's name
*Pause*, a stop
*Paws*, the feet of beasts
*Peace*, stillness, not war
*Piece*, a part of any thing
*Peak*, the top of any thing
*Pique*, a grudge

*Peal*, a ring of bells, thunder
*Peel*, a rind
*Peer*, a nobleman
*Pier*, part of a bridge
*Pencil*, an instrument for drawing
*Pensile*, hanging, suspended
*Place*, situation, residence
*Plaice*, a flat fish
*Plain*, even
*Plane*, a tool, flat surface
*Plait*, a fold
*Plate*, wrought silver, a shallow dish
*Pleas*, excuses, apologies
*Please*, to delight, to gratify
*Plum*, a kind of fruit
*Plumb*, a leaden weight
*Practice*, habit, use
*Practise*, to use, to exercise
*Praise*, commendation
*Prays*, entreateth, pres. of Pray
*Pray*, to entreat, to beseech
*Prey*, plunder, booty
*Precedent*, an example
*President*, a governor
*Pries*, searcheth officiously into,
*Prize*, to value [pres. of Pry
*Principal*, chief, capital
*Principle*, opinion, first cause
*Profit*, gain [predicts
*Prophet*, one who prophesies or

*Rabbet*, a joint in carpentry
*Rabbit*, a furry animal
*Rain*, water from the clouds
*Reign*, to rule as a king
*Rein*, part of a bridle
*Raisin*, a dried grape
*Reason*, an argument, a cause
*Read*, to peruse
*Reed*, a rush, small pipe
*Rest*, ease, repose
*Wrest*, (v.) to twist, (n.) violence,
*Retch*, to vomit [distortion
*Wretch*, a worthless person
*Rheum*, a thin watery matter
*Rome*, the capital of Italy
*Room*, a chamber
*Rhyme*, the consonance of verses,
*Rime*, hoar frost [poetry
*Right*, just, honest,—not crooked
*Rite*, ceremony, external observance
*Write*, to express by means of letters
*Wright*, a workman, house carpenter
*Ring*, a circle [penter
*Wring*, to twist, squeeze
*Road*, a highway, path
*Rode*, did ride; pret. of Ride
*Rod*, a long twig
*Rowed*, pret. of Row
*Roe*, a deer, female of the hart
*Row*, to impel by oars, (n.) range, rank
*Rote*, words uttered without comprehension of their sense
*Rot*, putrefaction
*Wrote*, did write; pret. of Write
*Rough*, rugged, harsh, uneven
*Ruff*, an ornament for the neck
*Rude*, uncivil, artless
*Rood*, the fourth part of an acre
*Rye*, a coarse kind of bread, corn
*Wry*, crooked, distorted

*Sail*, a part of a ship
*Sale*, the act of selling
*Satire*, keen language, censure
*Satyr*, a sylvan god
*Saver*, preserver, one who saves
*Savour*, taste or smell
*Scene*, part of a play, appearance
*Seen*, skilled, beheld, part. of See
*Seine*, a fishing net
*Scilly*, the name of an island
*Silly*, simple, harmless
*Sea*, the ocean
*See*, to behold
*Seam*, a joining, a scar
*Seem*, to appear
*Seas*, great waters, plu. of Sea
*Sees*, beholds, pres, of See
*Seize*, to lay hold of
*Seer*, a prophet, one who foresees
*Sear*, to burn
*Seignior*, an Italian lord
*Senior*, one older than another

*Sice*, number six at dice
*Size*, bulk, a glutinous substance
*Sign*, a token, device
*Sine*, a geometrical line
*Sleight*, artful trick, dexterity
*Slight*, to neglect, disregard
*Sloe*, the fruit of the black thorn
*Slow*, not swift, dull
*Slough*, a deep miry place
*So*, thus, in like manner
*Sew*, to work with a needle
*Sow*, to scatter seed
*Soar*, to rise high, fly aloft
*Sore*, (*adj.*) painful, (*n.*) an ulcer
*Sower*, one who sows
*Sole*, (*n.*) the bottom of the foot, a fish; (*adj.*) only, singly
*Soul*, spirit
*Some*, part. more or less
*Sum*, the whole, amount
*Son*, a male child
*Sun*, the fountain of light
*Soon*, early, quickly
*Swoon*, (*v.*) to faint, (*n.*) a fainting fit
*Soot*, condensed smoke
*Suit*, (*v.*) to fit, (*n.*) course of law
*Sop*, bread steeped in liquor
*Soap*, a substance used in washing
*Stair*, a step
*Stare*, to look earnestly
*Steal*, to take by theft
*Steel*, hardened iron
*Stile*, steps into a field
*Style*, a manner of writing
*Straight*, direct, not crooked
*Strait*, narrow, close
*Subtile*, thin, piercing
*Subtle*, artful, cunning
*Succour*, help, aid, relief
*Sucker*, any thing that draws
*Suitor*, a petitioner, a lover
*Suture*, a sewing of wounds
*Suite*, retinue, series
*Sweet*, luscious, mild, pleasing

*Tacks*, small nails
*Tax*, tribute, rate
*Tail*, the end
*Tale*, a story
*Tares*, weeds among wheat
*Tears*, pres. of Tear
*Tears*, water from the eyes
*Tiers*, rows
*Team*, a farmer's waggon
*Teem*, to abound
*Their*, belonging to them
*There*, in that place
*Throne*, a seat of state
*Thrown*, cast, particip. of Throw
*To*, unto, towards
*Too*, over and above
*Two*, a couple, one and one
*Toad*, the name of a poisonous animal resembling a frog
*Tod*, a bush, a weight of wool [28 lbs.
*Toe*, part of the foot
*Tow*, flax dressed, (*v.*) to pull
*Tongs*, an instrument to lay hold of coals
*Tongues*, languages, pl. of Tongue
*Tray*, a shallow trough in which meat is carried
*Trey*, a three at cards or dice

*Vale*, a valley
*Vail*, a covering for the face
*Vain*, fruitless, ineffectual
*Vane*, a plate turned with the wind, a weather-cock
*Vein*, a blood-vessel
*Vial*, a small bottle
*Viol*, an instrument of music
*Wade*, to go in the water
*Weighed*, experienced
*Wail*, to lament
*Wale*, a rising part in cloth
*Wain*, a carriage, a waggon
*Wane*, to decrease, grow less
*Waist*, the middle part of the body
*Waste*, to consume, diminish
*Ware*, merchandise
*Wear*, to have, to waste
*Weak*, feeble, infirm
*Week*, seven days
*Wick*, the cotton of a candle or lamp

*Weal*, happiness, prosperity
*Weel*, a whirlpool, trap for fish
*Weigh*, to balance
*Wey*, wool weight
*Way*, a road, a passage
*Wether*, a sheep
*Weather*, state of air, good or bad
*Wheal*, pustule, small swelling filled with matter
*Wheel*, a circular body that turns round upon an axis

*Wood*, timber
*Would*, was willing, imp. of Will

*Yew*, a tree
*You*, yourself
*Ewe*, a sheep
*Yoke*, a pair, a bandage
*Yolk*, the yellow part of an egg

*The following Sentences may serve to exemplify the manner in which the Words of the foregoing Table may be reduced to practice, by way of Exercise.*

*Cain* was not able to kill his brother Abel with a *cane*.

He brought a *barberry* tree out of the land of *Barbary* for his sister *Barbara*.

Where *cannons* roar, *canons* bear little sway.

Thanks are *due* to God for every sweet morning *dew*; but it quickly bids *adieu* after sun-rise.

The most *eminent* men are subject to *imminent* dangers.

My brother *Philip* gave the workman a *fillip* on the nose, for not making the *felloes* of his coach-wheels *fellows*, &c.

## III.—*Significant Letters and useful Abbreviations explained.*

*A. B.* or *B. A.* Bachelor of Arts.—*A. C.* Anno Christi, in the year of Christ.—*A. D.* Anno Domini, in the year of our Lord.—*A. M.* Master of Arts, Before Noon, and, In the Year of the World.—*B. D.* Bachelor of Divinity.—*C. P. S.* Keeper of the Privy Seal, Principal Clerk of Session.—*C. S.* Keeper of the Seal, Court of Session, Clerk to the Signet.—*D. D.* Doctor in Divinity.—*d.* pence.—*e. g.* as for example.—*i. e.* that is.—*F. A. S. E.* or *L.* Fellow of the Antiquarian Society, Edinburgh or London.—*F. R. S.* Fellow of the Royal Society.—*G. C.* Grand Cross.—*G. R.* Georgius Rex, King George.—*G. P. O.* General Post Office.—*J. P.* Justice of the Peace.—*H. K. C.* Honorary Knight Commander.—*K. B.* Knight of the Bath.—*K. G.* Knight of the Garter.—*K. T.* Knight of the Thistle.—*K. C.* Knight Commander.—*L.* Pound of Money, 20 shillings.—*L. L. D.* Doctor of Laws.—*M. D.* Doctor of Medicine.—*M. P.* Member of Parliament, —*M. S.* Manuscript, Sacred to the Memory.—*M. S. S.* Manuscripts. —*N. B.* Nota Bene, mark well.—*N. P.* Notary Public.—*N. S.* New Style.—*O. S.* Old Style.—*P. M.* Afternoon.—*P. S.* Postscript.—*Q.* Queen or question.—*q. d.* as if he had said.—*q. s.* as much as is sufficient.—*R. N.* Royal Navy.—*S. T. P.* Professor of Divinity.—

*S. S. C.* Solicitor before the Supreme Court.—*V. D. M.* Minister of the word of God.—*v.* see, or verse.—*&*, and.—*Acct.* Account.—*An.* in the year.—*Abp.* Archbishop.—*Adml.* Admiral.—*Admrs.* Administrators.—*Bart.* Baronet.—*Bp.* Bishop.—*Br.* Brother.—*Brit.* Britain.—*Cant.* Canticles.—*Capt.* Captain.—*Chap.* Chapter.—*Cent.* Hundred.—*Cl.* or *Clk.* Clerk.—*Co.* County or Company.—*Col.* Colonel or Column.—*Comr.* Commissioner.—*Cr.* Creditor.—*Dec.* December.—*Do.* Ditto, the same.—*Dr.* Doctor, Debtor.—*Ed.* Edition.—*Eng.* England.—*Ep.* Epistle.—*Esq.* Esquire.—*Gen.* General.—*Gent.* Gentleman.—*Gov.* Governor.—*Hon.* Honourable.—*Hond.* Honoured.—*Ib.* or *Ibid.* In the same place.—*Kt.* Knight.—*lb.* Pound weight.—*Ldp.* Lordship.—*Ld.* Lord.—*Ladp.* Ladyship.—*Lt.* or *Lieut.* Lieutenant.—*Mad.* Madam.—*Math.* Mathematician or Matthew.—*Mr.* Master, pronounced *Mister.*—*Mrs.* Mistress.—*Messrs.* Messieurs.—*Min.* Minister.—*No.* Number.—*Nov.* November.—*Ob.* or *Obt.* Objection or obedient.—*Oct.* October.—*Parlt.* Parliament.—*Per.* By, as *per cent.* by the hundred.—*Regt.* Regiment.—*Rev.* Reverend.—*Rt.* Right, as *Rt. Hon.* Right Honourable.—*Scil.* To-wit, namely.—*Sr.* Sir.—*St.* Saint.—*Sept.* September.—*Servt.* Servant.—*Ver.* Verse.—*Vid.* See.—*Viz.* to-wit, namely.—*Vol.* Volume.—*&c.* And the rest, and so forth.

FINIS.

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