1/8
with book-lists
ticket

George Davidson

Kirktown

School

A

COLLECTION

OF

ENGLISH PROSE AND VERSE,

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS,

SELECTED FROM DIFFERENT AUTHORS.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED,

A FEW SHORT LESSONS FOR BEGINNERS,

WITH AN EXERCISE ON SPELLING,

In Four Large TABLES, containing all the Words in this Collection of *Four* Syllables and above, a great many of *Three* and *Two*, and the *Proper Names*, divided and accented.

ALSO,

AN APPENDIX,

CONTAINING

THE PRINCIPLES OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

BY ALEXANDER BARRIE,

LATE TEACHER OF ENGLISH, WRITERS' COURT, EDINBURGH.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enliv'ning spirit, and to fix
The gen'rous purpose in the glowing breast. — THOMSON.

A NEW AND CORRECT EDITION.

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CONTENTS.

	Page
A few short Lessons for Beginners,	4
The Boys and the Frogs	ib.
The Boy who told Lies	ib.
The two Dogs, Tray and Snap	ib.
The Wolf and the Crane	ib.
The Bear and Bees	5
The Fox and Grapes	ib.
The Folly of Crying upon trifling Occasions	ib.
The Folly of Anger	6
Industry and Sloth	ib.
The Love of Liberty	ib.
Justice	7
The Farmer and Lawyer	ib.
The Cats and Cheese	8
The Advantages of early Religion,	9
Against Lying	ib.
Love between Brothers & Sisters,	ib.
A Morning Hymn	10
An Evening Hymn	ib.
Psalm cxlviii. by the ingenious *Dr. Ogilvie*, at 16 years of age,	11
An Exercise on Spelling, &c.	13
Select Sentences, Choice Sayings, &c.	24
On Custom	33
On Words	34
On Virtue	ib.
On Idleness	ib.
On Avarice	35
On Modesty	ib.
On Truth	ib.
On Evil-speaking	ib.
On Calumny	36
On Secrecy	ib.
On Education	ib.
The Creation of the World, and the Fall of Adam *Bible*,	37
A Hymn on the Creation, *Watts*,	41
The Beggar's Petition, *Percival*,	42
Pope's Universal Prayer	43
On Lying *Dr. Percival*,	44
On Drunkenness *Spectator*,	45
On Temperance *Spectator*,	46
On Swearing *Walker*,	49
Reflections on the Death of a Profligate *Hervey*,	50
On the same	52
A Thought on Eternity, *Hervey*,	53
The Vision of Mirza *Spectator*,	54
A Contemplation on the Morning, *Hervey*,	57
The Morning, an Ode, *Hoy's Poems*,	59
A Morning Hymn	61
A Contemplation on the Night, *Hervey*,	61
Midnight Thoughts, *C. Jones, a woolcomber*,	63
An Elegy on Evening	64
An Essay on Sleep, *Gent. Mag.*	66
An Abridgement of the History of the Bible *Ostervald*,	68
An Abridgement of the Christian Religion	74
A Jewish Story concerning Abraham *Art of Thinking*,	75
On the duty of Mercy, and sin of Cruelty to Brutes, *Dr. Primatt*,	76
Advice to Young Men entering into the World	78
Character of Henry Followpeer, *Gentleman's Magazine*,	80
The drunken Knight and his brawling Lady appeased and reformed *Art of Thinking*,	82
The Old Man and his Ass	85
The Dervise *Spectator*,	ib.
The Basket-maker, a Peruvian Tale *Gent. Mag.*	86
Good-natured Credulity	89
Alcander and Septimius, *Dr. Goldsmith*,	90
A noble instance of Generosity, *Abbé Resnal*,	93
A remarkable instance of the Force of Gratitude	94
A remarkable instance of Ingratitude *Spectator*,	96
A Pastoral Song, in Four Parts, *Shenstone*,	97
Of Florio and Cynthia	102
Filial Piety *Dodd's Sermons*,	104
Matilda	105
Androcles and the Lion	106
Virtue under Affliction, represented in the Story of Amanda *Spectator*,	108
Of Eliza and Eubulus	111
Theodosius and Constantia, *Spectator*,	115
An Elegy written in a Country Church-yard *Gray*,	120
The subject of Mortality brought home to our case *Hervey*,	123
A Funeral Thought	125
The Gunpowder Plot, *Hume's History*,	ib.

CONTENTS.

Page

An Account of the Siege of Londonderry by James II. *Dalrymple's Memoirs*, 127
The Siege of Calais, *Fool of Quality*, 135
Perseverance Rewarded 139
Speech of Caius Marius to the Romans ..... *Sallust*, 140
Speech of Hannibal to his Soldiers ..... *Hooke*, 143
Æneas's Account of the Sack of Troy ..... *Dryden*, 145
A Thunder Storm, *Hoy's Poems*, 147
On the Being of a God, *Young*, 148
Speech of Romulus to the Citizens of Rome ..... *Hooke*, 149
Speech of Junius Brutus on the Death of Lucretia ..... *ibid.* 150
Speech of Quinctius Capitolinus, *ibid.* 152
Speech of Hannibal to Scipio, *ib.* 153
Scipio's Answer ..... *ibid.* 155
Queen Elizabeth's Speech to the Army at Tilbury ..... *Hume*, 156
Galgacus's Speech to his Army, *Tacitus*, ib.
Conjugal Affection Exemplified, *Xenophon*, 159
Speech of the Scythian Ambassadors to Alexander 160
The Behaviour of Mary Queen of Scots at her Death, *Robertson*, 162
Short Character of Alfred the Great ..... *Dodd's Sermons*, 165
Sketch of the Character of Lord President Forbes 166
Adam's Prayer after the Interment of Abel ..... *Gesner*, 167
On Death and Eternity 168
Scipio to the Roman Army, *Hooke*, 169
The Combat of the Horatii and the Curiatii ..... *Livy*, 171
The East India Company's Address on the Junction of Spain with France 174
Damon and Pythias, *Fool of Quality*, 175
Pyrrhus and Fabritius ..... *Hooke*, 177
A Description of Human Happiness ..... *Hervey*, 178
On the Pursuit of the Same 179
Speech of Canuleius against the Roman Law, which prohibited the Patricians and Plebeians from Intermarrying 180
Adherbal to the Roman Senate, *Sallust*, 182
Alexander's Feast ..... *Dryden*, 185
Abraham's Soliloquy upon receiving the Command to Sacrifice his Son Isaac, *Sir Henry Wotton*, 188
Hymn on the Same 191
Beautiful Episode of Lavinia, *Thomson*, 192
Satan's Speech to Death, *Milton*, 195
The Speech of Sin to Satan, *ibid.* 196
The Speech of Satan in his infernal Palace of Pandemonium, *ib.* ib.
Moloch's Speech to Satan, *ibid.* 197
Belial's Speech in Answer to the foregoing ..... *ibid.* 198
A Morning Hymn ..... *ibid.* 200
Satan's Soliloquy ..... *ibid.* 202
Speeches in the Roman Senate, *Addison*, 203
The Perfect Speaker, *Sheridan*, 206
Douglas's Soliloquy in the Wood ..... *Home*, ib.
The Hermit ..... *Beattie*, 207
The Emigrant 208
Brutus's Soliloquy on Cæsar's Ambition ..... *Shakspeare*, 209
Cato's Soliloquy on the Immortality of the Soul ..... *Addison*, 210
Antony's Speech on Cæsar's Murder ..... *Shakspeare*, 211
The Speech of Brutus on the Death of Cæsar ..... *ibid.* 212
Antony's Funeral Oration over Cæsar's Body ..... *ibid.* ib.
The Hermit ..... *Parnel*, 214
The Grave ..... *Blair*, 220
On the Resurrection ..... *Young*, 237
On Life, Death, and Immortality ..... *ibid.* 238
On Time ..... *ibid.* 247
Hamlet's Soliloquy on Death, *Shakspeare*, 248
Clarence's Dream ..... *ibid.* 249
Southampton and Essex, *Earl of Essex*, 250
Hymn on the Seasons, *Thomson*, 252
Last Day ..... *Watts*, 255
Grammar, a Poem ..... *Smetham*, 256
Appendix, containing the Principles of English Grammar, *&c.* 259

A FEW SHORT LESSONS FOR BEGINNERS.

Of One Syllable.

The Boys and the Frogs.

Two or three boys stood one day at the side of a pond in which were some frogs. Now, though the poor frogs did them no harm, these bad boys, as soon as a frog put up its head, would pelt at it with stones. My dear boys, says one of the frogs, you do not think, that, though this may be sport to you, it is death to us.

"We should not hurt those who do us no harm, nor should we make game or laugh at that which gives pain to them."

The Boy who told Lies.

A Boy, who took care of some sheep, would now and then, in sport, cry out, A wolf, a wolf! And then he would laugh at those who ran to drive off the wolf. At last, they found out the boy's tricks; so that, when the wolf *did* come, though the boy made a great noise, no one would stir to help him; by which means, the wolf got clear off with a good fat sheep, and the boy was well whipt when he went home.

"If you tell lies, no one will heed what you say when you speak truth."

The Two Dogs, Tray and Snap.

Two dogs, Tray and Snap, went out to walk. Tray was a good dog, and would not hurt the least thing in the world; but Snap was cross, and would snarl and bite at all that came in his way. At last they came to a town. All the dogs came round them. Tray hurt none of them; but Snap would grin at this, snarl at that, and bite a third; till at last they all fell on him, and put him to death; and, as poor Tray was with him, he met with his death at the same time.

"We should not go with bad boys or girls, lest we meet with their fate."

Of Two Syllables.

The Wolf and the Crane.

kill'ed
ask'ed
your-self'
al'ways

A Wolf that had killed a lamb, eat him with haste, and so had a bone stuck in his throat, which he could by no means get out. He prays a crane to put her long neck down his throat, and with her bill pull up the bone that stuck by the way, for which, he said, he would give her a great gift. The crane did the work, and asked for her hire; to whom the wolf said, Be gone, and think yourself well off that I did not bite off your head.

"We should always keep out of harm's way."

The Bear and Bees.

Pain'ed
fierce'ly
in'to
gar'den
turn'ed
o'ver
out'rage
up-on'
ar'my
be'ing

A Bear was so pained with the sting of a Bee, that he ran fiercely into the Bee-garden, and turned over all the hives. This outrage brought upon him an army of Bees. Being almost stung to death, he began to think with himself, how much more prudent it had been to pass over *one* offence, than by rash passion to provoke a *thousand*.

al-most'	him-self'	of-fence'	pro-voke'
be-gan'	pru'dent	pas'sion	thou'sand

The Fox and Grapes.

Lick'ing
un'der
branch'es
fetch'ed
ma'ny
find'ing
noth'ing
a-way'
can'not
ob-tain'
bet'ter
for-get'
our-selves'

Once on a time, when a Fox would have gone as far for a bunch of Grapes as for a good fat sheep, a Fox of those days stood licking his lips, under the branches of a rich vine, which he saw in his way: He fetched many a leap at it; but finding he could make nothing of it, Hang them, says he, they are as sour as crabs, and away he went.

"When we cannot obtain what we wish for, it is better to put it off with a jest, and forget it, than to fret and vex ourselves about it to no purpose."

a-bout' pur'pose

Of Three Syllables.

Fol'ly
cry'ing
up-on'
trif'ling
oc-ca'sions
lit'tle
u'sed
bit'ter-ly
at-tack'ed
fu'ri-ous
reach'ed
ser'vants
fam'i-ly
at-ten'tion
mu'sic

The Folly *of crying upon* Trifling Occasions.

A little girl who used to weep bitterly for the most trifling hurt, was one day attacked by a furious dog. Her cries reached the servants of the family; but they paid little attention to the music they so frequently heard. It happened, however, very happily for the child, that a country-man passed by, who rescued the girl from the devouring teeth of the dog, that, without doubt, would have destroyed her, had he not come to her assistance.

"One great evil attending those who cry upon trifling occasions, is, that they are not regarded when there is good reason for it."

fre'quent-ly	hap'pi-ly	de-vour'ing	e'vil
hap'pen-ed	coun'try	with-out'	at-tend'ing
how-ev'er	pass'ed	de-stroy'ed	re-gard'ed
ver'y	res'cu-ed	as-sist'ance	rea'son

Fol'ly
an'ger
gen'tle-men
rid'ing
to-geth'er
ver'y
chol'e-ric
hap'pen-ed
mount'ed
spir'it-ed
lit'tle
rid'er
be-came'
an'gry
whip'ped
spur'red
fu'ry

The Folly of Anger.

Two gentlemen were riding together, one of whom, who was very choleric, happened to be mounted on a high-spirited horse. The horse grew a little troublesome, 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 prancing. The companion, concerned for the danger, and ashamed of the folly of his friend, said to him coolly, *Be quiet, Sir, be quiet, and show yourself the wiser of the two.*

al-most'	treat'ment	dan'ger	your-self'	
head'ed	kick'ing	a-sham'ed	wis'er	
mas'ter	pranc'ing	cool'ly	troub'le-some	
re-turn'ed	con-cern'ed	qui'et	com-pan'ion	

In'dus-try
ask'ing
la'zy
fel'low
em-ploy'ed
hear'ing
coun'sel
ev'e-ry
morn'ing
ad-vis'es
twen'ty
rea'sons
a-gainst'
im-par'tial
o'ver
din'ner

Industry and Sloth.

One asking a lazy young fellow what made him lie in bed so long? I am employed, says he, in hearing counsel every morning. *Industry* advises me to get up, *Sloth* to lie still; and so they give me twenty reasons *for* and *against*. It is my part, as an impartial judge, to hear all that can be said on both sides; and by the time the cause is over, dinner is ready.

"How many live in the world as useless as if they had never been born? They pass through life like a bird through the air, and leave no track behind them; waste the prime of their days in thinking what they should do, and they come to a period, without doing any thing."

read'y	use'less	be-hind'	pe'ri-od	do'ing
ma'ny	nev'er	think'ing	with-out'	a'ny

Lib'er-ty
sov'e-reign
jour'ney
king'dom
in-form'ed
cap'i-tal
sin'gu-lar
sub'jects

The Love of Liberty.

A Sovereign, in a journey through his kingdom, was informed, in one of the capital towns, of a singular fact, that one of his subjects, a man of seventy years of age, had never been without the walls of the city. The man was called to the king; and, being poor, obtained a pension, but upon the following terms, that he

sev'en-ty
nev'er
with-out'
cit'y
call'ed
be'ing
ob-tain'ed
pen'sion
up-on'

should forfeit his pension, if ever he set a foot out of the town. But here even custom could not prevail over the love of liberty: The man did not continue long at ease; his confinement became so painful to him, that he lost his pension in six months.

fol'low-ing	e'ven	o'ver	be-came'
for'feit	cus'tom	con-tin'ue	pain'ful
ev'er	pre-vail'	con-fine'ment	

Justice.

Jus'tice
Phil'ip
Mac'e-don
hav'ing
hap'pen-ed
de-ter'mine
un-just'ly
wid'ow
de-cree'
bold'ly
cri'ed
ap-peal'
so'ber
be-gan'

Philip, king of Macedon, having drunk too much wine, happened to determine a cause unjustly, to the hurt of a poor widow, who, when she heard his decree, boldly cried out, I appeal to Philip *sober*. The king, struck with this strange appeal, began to recover his senses, heard the cause afresh, and, finding his mistake, ordered her to be paid, out of his own purse, double the sum she was to have lost.

"This is an example worthy to be copied."

re-cov'er	sens'es	a-fresh'	find'ing	mis-take'
or'der-ed	doub'le	ex-am'ple	wor'thy	cop'i-ed

Of Polysyllables.

The Farmer and Lawyer.

Farm'er
law'yer
con-cern'
ac'ci-dent
hap'pen-ed
ox'en
con-tin'u-ed
gor'ed
un-luck'y
hon'est
fel'low
re-pli'ed
re-turn'
jus'tice
mis-took'
kill'ed
in-deed'
al'ters
in-quire'

A Farmer came to a neighbouring lawyer, expressing great concern for an accident he said had just happened. One of your oxen, continued he, has been gored by an unlucky bull of mine, and I should be glad to know what reparation I am to make you. Thou art an honest fellow, replied the Lawyer, and wilt not think it unreasonable that I have one of thy oxen in return. It is no more but justice, says the Farmer: But, what did I say? I mistook: it is your bull that has killed one of my oxen. Indeed, says the Lawyer, that alters the case. I must inquire into the affair, and if—— And *if!* interrupted the Farmer; the business I find, would have been concluded without an *if*, had you been as ready to do justice to others, as to exact it from them.

in'to af'fair bus'i-ness con-clud'ed with-out' read'y

"Were the golden rule strictly observed, all such *ifs* would be out of the question."

oth'ers	ob-serv'ed	rep-a-ra'tion
ex-act'	quest'ion	un-rea'son-a-ble
gold'en	neigh'bour-ing	in-ter-rup'ted
strict'ly	ex-press'ing	

The Cats and Cheese.

Hav'ing stol'en a-gree' a-bout' di-vid'ing set'tle dis-pute' re-fer'red mat'ter monk'ey read'i-ly ac-cep'ted of'fice pro-du'cing bal'ance in'to out-weighs' oth'er or'der de-press'ed a-bove' rea'son sec'ond mouth'ful a-larm'ed e-vent' sat'is-fi-ed re-turn'ed jus'tice in'tri-cate up-on'

Two Cats having stolen some Cheese, could not agree about dividing their prize. To settle the dispute, they referred the matter to a monkey. Mr. Pug readily accepted the office, and producing a balance, put a part into each scale: Let me see, said he.——Ay, this lump outweighs the other; with that he bit off a large piece, in order to raise the depressed scale. Up it mounts above the other, which gave our conscientious judge reason for a second mouthful. Hold, hold, said the Cats, alarmed for the event, give us our shares, we are satisfied. If *you* be satisfied, returned Pug, *justice* is not. Such an intricate case is not soon determined. Upon which, he continued to nibble, now one piece, then the other, till the poor Cats, seeing their Cheese grow less and less, entreated him to give them what remained. Not so fast, I pray you, said he, we owe ourselves justice as well as you; what remains is due to me in right of my office. He then crammed the whole into his mouth, and, with great gravity, dismissed the court.

"The scales of judicature are seldom poized, till little or nothing remain in either."

con-tin'u-ed	re-mains'	poiz'ed
nib'ble	cram'med	lit'tle
see'ing	grav'i-ty	noth'ing
en-treat'ed	dis-miss'ed	ei'ther
re-main'ed	ju'di-ca-ture	con-sci-en'tious
our-selves'	sel'dom	de-ter'min-ed

Ad-van'ta-ges
ear'ly
re-li'gion
hap'py's
young'est
re-ceive'
in-struc'tion
sin'ner's
de-vote'
pleas'ing
flow'er
of'fer-ed
sac'ri-fice
ea'si-er
be-gin'
be-times'
hard'en-ed
thou'sand
pre-serve'
grow'ing
vir'tue
pray'er
em-ploy'
pre-par'ed
long'er

The Advantages of early Religion.

Happy's the child whose youngest years
Receive instruction well;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.
When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
A flow'r, when offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.
'Tis easier work, if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
While sinners, that grow old in sin,
Are hard'ned in their crimes.
'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our growing years,
And make our virtue strong.
Let the sweet work of pray'r and praise,
Employ my youngest breath;
Thus I'm prepar'd for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

A-gainst'
ly'ing
love'ly
be-times'
wis'dom's
li'ars
nev'er
de-lights'
ev'e-ry
por'tion
brim'stone
al'ways
reck'on-ing
chil'dren

Against Lying.

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.
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 reck'ning keeps
For ev'ry lie that children tell.

Be-tween'
broth'ers
sis'ters
what-ev'er
dis-turb'

Love between Brothers and Sisters.

Whatever brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home;
Where sisters dwell, and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.

quar'rels
nev'er
lit'tle
a-gree'
shame'ful
chil'dren
fam'i-ly
child'ish
dev'il
moth'er's
a-gainst'
an-oth'er
wick'ed
hur'ri-ed

Birds, in their little nests, agree,
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children, of one family,
Fall out, and chide, and fight.
The devil tempts one mother's son
To rage against another;
So wicked Cain was hurried on,
Till he had kill'd his brother.
Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage.
Our little brawls remove;
That as we grow to riper age,
Our hearts may all be love.

kill'ed rip'er re-move
par'don

A Morning Hymn.

Morn'ing
mak'est
prop'er
be-low'
cham'bers
be-gins'
nev'er
ful-fil'
bus'i-ness
be-times'
heav'en-ly
ear'ly
com-plain'

My God, who mak'st the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And to give light to all below,
Dost send him round the skies.
When, from the chambers of the east,
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.
So, like the sun, would I fulfil
The bus'ness of the day;
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heav'nly way.
Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain,
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.

An Evening Hymn.

E'ven-ing
an-oth'er
Mak'er's
com'forts
ev'e-ry
prov'i-dence
child'hood
par'don
bod'y
an'gels
dark'ness
a-round'
cheer'ful

And now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise;
My comforts ev'ry hour make known
His providence and grace.
But how my childhood runs to waste,
My sins, how great their sum?
Lord, give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.
I lay my body down to sleep,
Let angels guard my head;
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.

re-move\
morn\ing
re-joi\cing

With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove:
And in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.

Be-gin'
ex-alt\ed
en-rap'tur-ed
o-bey\
Al-might\y's
heav'en
me-lo\dious
con'cert
in-spir\ing
ce-lest'ial
trans-port\ing
beau\ty
di-vine\ly
Mak\er's
won'der-ous
pro-claim\
shin\ing
flu\id
thrill'ing
a-dor\ing
a-round\
bound\less
mer'cy
ev'e-ry
list'en-ing
a-bove'
tune\ful
sweet\est
vo\cal
daz'zling
liq'uid
might\y
cho\rus
e\ven-ing
pro-tract'
melt'ing
a-bode\
form\ing
dis-pel'
E-ter'nal
in-volv'ing
dark\ness
na\ture

PSALM CXLVIII.

Begin, my soul, th' exalted lay,
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name.
Lo! heav'n 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 wond'rous pow'r 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 ev'ry list'ning 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 ev'ning gilds the plain,
Thou, moon, protract the melting strain,
And praise him in the shade.

Thou, heav'n of heav'ns, his vast abode;
Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God,
Who call'd 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 heav'n aloud; and roar acclaim,
Ye swelling deeps below!

Let ev'ry element rejoice:
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
To him who bids you roll!

what-ev'er
bloom'ing
con-tains'
u-nit'ed
be-stow'
drag'ons
aw'ful
a-loud'
ac-claim'
swell'ing
be-low'
el'e-ment
re-joice'
thun'ders
soft'er
de-clare'
whis'per-ing
yield'ing
grace'ful
ce'dars
tow'er-ing
moun'tains
bend'ing
Cre-a'tor
af-fright'ed
Si'nai
kind'led
trem'bled
hum'ble
in'sects
flut'ter-ing
mu'tu-al
con'course
ver'meil
per-fume'
in'cense
mount'ing
plu'my
war'blers
har-mo'nious
an'thems
fin'er
glit'ter-ing
no'bler
pass'ions
feel'ing
judg'ing

His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

To him, ye graceful cedars, bow!
Ye tow'ring 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 flutt'ring on the gale,
In mutual concourse rise!
Crop the gay rose's vermeil bloom,
And waft its spoils, a sweet perfume,
In incense to the skies.

Wake, all ye mounting tribes, and sing;
Ye plumy warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise,
To him who shap'd your finer mould,
Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
And tun'd your voice to praise.

Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heav'nly praise employ;
Spread his tremendous name around,
Till heav'n's broad arch rings back the sound,
The gen'ral 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 pow'r
An image of his own.

Ye fair, by nature form'd to move,
O praise th' eternal source of love,
With youth's enliv'ning fire!
Let age take up the tuneful lay,
Sigh his bless'd name—then soar away,
And ask an angel's lyre.

heav'en-ly
em-ploy'
tre-men'dous
gen'e-ral
gran'deur
down'y
pros'trate
prin'ces
rul'ers
a-dore'
im'age
en-liv'en-ing
tune'ful
a-way'
an'gel's

AN EXERCISE ON SPELLING, &c.

In the following Tables, that method, of dividing the words into syllables, is followed, which appears most agreeable to the ear, in a clear and exact pronunciation; as it is certainly very inconsistent to teach a child to divide words in one manner, and to pronounce them in another: And this practice is supported by the following authorities.

"The syllables of the words are divided according to the mode "of pronouncing them; that is, all letters which are united in ut- "terance in the same syllable, are here kept together, also in writ- "ing, and separated from the rest, which certainly is the natural "division." *Sheridan*, M. A.

"The best and easiest rule for dividing the syllables in spelling, "is to divide them as they are naturally divided in a right pro- "nunciation, without regard to the derivation of words, or the pos- "sible combination of consonants at the beginning of a syllable." *Dr. Lowth.*

"In dividing words into syllables, we are chiefly to be directed "by the ear." *Dr. Adam.*

The same method is adopted also by Messrs. *Burn, Walker, Kenrich, Perry*, &c.

N.B.—Syllables, slowly accented, have the grave accent (`).
Syllables, quickly accented, have the acute accent (´).

TABLE I. Of Two Syllables.

Ac´tions	com-mit´	e`ven	great`ly	lend´eth
a-gainst`	caus`es	en-rich´	got´ten	lov´eth
a`ny	com´mon	en´ter	Hu`man	let´teth
al`ways	chil´dren	e`vil	high`est	Mor´al
a`cres	com´fort	ex-cept´	hab´its	mor´row
a-void`	cre-ate`	Fierce´ness	hap´py	main-tain`
a-way`	con´duct	fig´ure	him-self´	mi`ser
a-mong´	caus`eth	fin´ger	hors`es	mon´ey
an´ger	count`ed	fast`er	hat`ed	mad´ness
a-gain`	car´ry	fash`ion	hon´our	mis´chief
Be-gan´	ca-bals´	for`ced	hear`eth	mock´eth
be-gin´	De-sire`	fa`ble	hoar`y	med´dled
be`ing	deem`ed	for`tune	hun´dred	mer´cy
bit´ter	driv´en	friend´ship	I`dle	ma`ny
beat`en	de-pends´	form`ed	in-vent´	Noth´ing
be-ware`	de-part`	find`eth	in-crease`	na`ture
bless´eth	dis´cord	fool`ish	Just´ly	neigh`bour
breth´ren	do`ings	fa`ther	Kind`ness	na`tion
bru`tish	E-nough´	Great`ness	know`ledge	Ob-serve`
be-times`	en´vy	gain`ed	Les´son	oth´ers
Can´not	emp´ty	guil´ty	lit´tle	o`ver
con-tent´	ex-cess´	great`est	last`ing	oft`en
con´science	ev´er	gap`ing	ly`ing	ob´ject

Poign'ant
pa'tience
par'don
per'son
pass'ing
pos-sess'
per'ish
per'fect
pres'ence
pres'ent
prof'it
pru'dent
pit'y
peo'ple
Rea'son
rend'er
right'ly
re-venge'
re-strain'
read'y
rich'er
rath'er
re-proof'
run'ning
righ'teous
Se-lect'
say'ings
soon'er
sol'diers
sud'den
shin'ing
sev'en
speak'eth
sow'eth
stop'peth
sure'ty
stran'ger
shut'teth
spar'eth
scorn'eth
strik'eth
sim'ple
Tem'pers
them-selves'
tak'ing
twen'ty
there'fore
teach'ers
treas'ures
toss'eth
tend'eth

thirs'ty
Up-on'
use'ful
un-less'
Vil'lain
Weak'ness
wise'ly
wa'ter
with-out'
wick'ed
wit'ness
wis'dom
who'so
walk'eth
wheth'er
whith'er
Ad'am
A'thens
A'bel
A'hab
Al'mack
Af'ric
Am'brose
Al'pine
Am'mon
Al'fred
Al'ba
Al'ban
A'te
A'sia
Bag'dat
Ba'bel
Bet'ty
Ba'ker
Brit'ish
Brit'ain
Bru'tus
Brit'ons
Bour'bon
Be'lial
Bac'chus
Best'ia
Cai'us
Cas'sius
Cy'rus
Cæ'sar
Co'tys
Cor'inth
Cai'ro
Ca'naan
Cal'iph

Crom'well
Cal'ais
Cres'sy
Car'thage
Can'næ
Cnei'us
Cen'sus
Con'suls
Ca'to
Cates'by
Cas'ca
Clar'ence
Cha'os
Da'vid
Der'vise
Dig'by
Duns'more
Dub'lin
Der'ry
Dunc'an
Dan'iel
Da'mon
Doug'las
Eng'land
E'den
E'noch
Eu'rope
E'gypt
Ed'wards
Eng'lish
Eu'stace
Er'yx
Es'sex
E'qui
E'diles
Fan'ny
Fran'cis
For'bes
Gi'hon
Gen'tiles
Gui'do
Ger'mans
Gre'cian
Ho'mer
Hec'tor
Hy'dra
Her'od
Hen'ry
Hamp'den
He'len
Ham'let

Har'ry
In'kle
In'dians
Ire'land
I'rish
In'dia
I'saac
In'dies
Ja'cob
Ja'pheth
Ju'dah
Jo'seph
Ju'das
Ju'ba
Knev'it
Lew'is
Le'vi
Lon'don
Ly'on
Lam'beth
Lun'die
Lu'cius
Liv'y
Ma'son
Mil'ton
Mir'za
Mor'pheus
Mo'ses
Mol'ly
Mur'ray
Maresch'al
Mau'ny
Ma'ry
Mel'vil
Mo'loch
No'ah
New'ton
Nu'ma
Pyr'rhus
Pla'to
Phil'ip
Pom'pey
Pi'son
Pha'raoh
Phyl'lis
Phry'gian
Pier'cy
Pi-erre'
Pri'am
Pu'nic

Per'sia
Par'ma
Per'sians
Pau'lets
Pon'tiffs
Pa'gan
Quinc'tius
Quæs'tors
Ro'mans
Ro'mish
Rock'wood
Rich'ards
Ro'sen
Sod'om
Sog'dians
Span'ish
Sid'ney
Shake'spear
Suf'folk
Scot'tish
Scil'ly
Sex'tus
Scot'land
Streph'on
Sy'phax
Sa'tan
Sex'ton
Ser'aph
Sy'ren
Tem'ple
Trim'well
Thresh'am
Tro'jans
Tar'quin
Tues'day
Tul'lus
Trib'unes
Tha'is
Ul'ster
Vir'gil
Ven'ice
Vi-enne'
Vols'ci
Win'ter
Walk'er
Wis'sant
Wot'ton
War'wick
Za'ma
Ze'nith

TABLE II. Of Three Syllables.

As-ser′tion
at-tend′ed
am-bro`sial
an-oth′er
a-bound`eth
ad-van′tage
au-da`cious
a-pos′tles
a`re-a
as-sur`ed
ag′o-nies
aus`pi-ces
al-li`ance
ar`bi-ter
a-muse`ment
ad-join`ing
af-fec′ted
at-ten′tion
ad-dic′ted
am-bus-cade`
ab′sti-nence
af-front′ing
ab-hor′rence
ap-point`ed
aug-ment′ed
an′i-mate
as-cend′ed
ad′a-mant
a-bun′dance
as-sem′bly
an-gel′ic
an′i-mals
art′ful-ly
ad-van′ces
a-bridge′ment
af-flic′tion
as-cen′sion
ac′ci-dents
al-lu`sion
ap-plaud`ed
al-low`ance
ap-ply`ing
a-sun′der
a-sy`lum
an′ces-tors
ar′ro-gance
ac-cost`ed
ac-cep′ted
ap-priz`ed
ac-quit′ted

a-ver′sion
ad′e-quate
af-ford`ed
am′o-rous
a-bate`ment
ap′pe-tite
Be-gin′ning
be-hold`ing
boun`ti-ful
be-long′ing
be-com′eth
bit′ter-ness
bois`te-rous
be-sie`gers
bar′ris-ter
beau`ti-ful
be-liev`ed
ben′e-fice
be-sie`ged
bap-tiz`ed
beg′gar-y
be-hav`iour
bar`ba-rous
be-stud′ded
Cher′u-bim
col-lec′tion
crit′i-cise
con-di′tion
cred′it-ed
com′pli-ment
con′quer-ed
cheer`ful-ly
con-tent′ed
con-clud`ed
com-pan′ion
chast`en-eth
con-ten′tion
con-dem′ned
con′stant-ly
cor-rec′tion
con-fess′eth
cov′er-eth
con-tent′ment
com-pas′sion
com′mon-ly
con-sid′er
com′pa-ny
ce-lest′ial
car`nival
com-plete`ly

con-ve`nience
con-sum′mate
ca-pri′cious
com′bat-ants
chron′i-cle
con-trac′ted
com-mis′sion
con-vic′ted
char′ac-ter
chas-tise`ment
con′tra-ry
chol′er-ic
con-vul′sions
con-duc′ting
cal′cu-late
civ′i-lise
com-men′cing
cen′tu-ries
con-cep′tion
con-sist′ed
com-pre-hend′
cel′e-brate
con-vin′ces
cre-a`tion
ca`pa-ble
cor-rup′ted
cov′e-nant
com-mit′ted
char′i-ty
cru`el-ty
con′ju-rer
crit′i-cism
cus′tom-ers
con-nec′ted
ci-ta`tion
cor′o-net
com′plai-sant
con-cert′ed
con-niv`ance
com′bat-ed
cit′i-zen
care`less-ly
con-sult′ed
con-triv`ance
De-ceit`ful
de-pre`ciate
dis-trib′ute
des-pis`ed
de-vis`eth
di-vid`ed

dis-cre′tion
de-fer′reth
de-struc′tion
de-stroy`ed
de-fend′ing
dis-cov′er
de-li′cious
des′tin-ed
de-mean`our
du`bi-ous
de-feat`ed
de-vot`ed
dis′si-pate
dis-tem′per
dis-tend′ed
dis-or`der
de-spair`ing
dis-mem′ber
dis-lod′ged
dis′tan-ces
de-duc′tions
de-vo`tions
de-part`ed
di-rec′ted
de-light`ful
dis-tin′guish
de-lud`ed
dis-tinc′tion
dis-cord`ant
dis-com-pose
dig′ni-ty
dif′fi-cult
du-ra`tion
do-min′ion
de-scend′ant
de-mer′it
de-sir`ous
do-mes′tic
dis-mount`ed
de-test′ed
dif′fer-ent
di-min′ish
du`ti-ful
de-plor`ing
Ex-cres′cence
ea`si-ly
e-pis′tle
ev′e-ry
es-teem`ed
ea`si-er

en′e-my
ex-pec′ted
e`qual-ly
ex-alt`eth
en′e-mies
ex-am′ple
ex-pe`dients
en′ter-eth
eg′lan-tine
ech′o-ed
en-no`bling
ep′i-sode
em′bry-o
em′i-nent
ex-tol′led
es-cap`ing
ex-hort`ing
ex-cur′sion
en′er-gy
em-pur′ples
ex-pres′sive
ex-ult′ing
en-tire`ly
en-ter-tain`
en-lar`ged
ex-tend′ed
ex-treme`ly
ex-haust`ed
el′e-gant
e-mo`tion
ex′cel-lence
el′o-quent
ex′qui-site
ex-tort`ed
e-nor`mous
en-am′our
en-trea`ties
ear′nest-ness
Fa-mil′iar
fur′nish-ed
fol′low-eth
fool`ish-ness
for-give′ness
for-sak`eth
fu`ri-ous
fan-tas′tic
fa`vour-ite
fin′ish-ed
fac′ul-ty
fam′i-ly
fes′ti-vals
fore-run′ner

for`mer-ly
fic-ti′tious
fre-quent′ed
Gen′e-rous
glo`ri-ous
gen′e-ral
gath′er-eth
gai`e-ty
gi-gan′tic
glut′ton-y
grav′i-ty
gen′u-ine
gal′le-ry
grat′i-tude
How-ev′er
hon′our-eth
hon′our-ed
hard`en-eth
har-mo`nious
hap′pi-ness
hur′ri-cane
hy`a-cinths
hes′i-tate
har`mo-nize
har`bin-ger
his′to-ry
hor′ri-ble
In-struc′tions
in-gre`dients
in′ju-ry
in′no-cent
in-sid′ious
in-struc′ted
in-sa`tiate
in-clin`ed
in-qui`ries
ir′ri-tates
in-trep′id
in′fin-ite
im-me`diate
in-fec′tion
im′pre-cate
im′po-tent
in-so-much′
in-dul′ged
im-port`ant
in-spir`ing
in-spec′tor
in′fi-del
il-lu′sive
in-ac′tion
in-trust′ed

in-trin′sic
in′ju-ries
im-mor′al
in-fec′ted
im-pa`tient
im-mense′ly
in′ter-view
in′ter-val
in-vert′ed
Jus′ti-fy
joc′u-lar
jol′li-ty
jes′sa-mine
Length′en-ed
lux′u-ry
lib′er-ty
lan′guish-ed
leth′ar-gies
lei`sure-ly
lev′i-ty
lim′it-ed
live`li-hood
loy`al-ty
Mis-for`tune
me-lo`dious
myr′i-ads
mi-li′tia
mis-con′duct
med′i-tates
man′u-scripts
mul′ti-tudes
mel′o-dy
maj′es-ty
mourn`ful-ly
mur′der-ous
ma-jes′tic
mem′o-ry
min′is-ter
mir′a-cles
mod′e-rate
men′a-ces
me-chan′ic
mar′i-ners
mod′es-ty
mort`ga-ges
Nat′u-ral
ne-go`tiate
no`ble-man
no-vi′tiate
night`in-gale
na`ked-ness
nar-ra`tion

O`nyx-stone
ob-du`rate
out-ra`geous
o-be`dience
o-be`dient
o-bey`ed
op-press′eth
or`na-ment
of-fi′ciate
oc-ca`sions
o-pin′ion
ob′sti-nate
of′fi-ces
ob-la`tions
ob-serv′er
ob-nox′ious
ob-struc′tions
Phy-si′cian
pro-phet′ic
poi`son-ous
prof′li-gate
pal′li-ates
pov′er-ty
pro-fess′ing
per-fid′ious
per-ceiv`est
pe-cu`liar
pen′u-ry
prev′a-lent
pun′ish-ed
per-en′nial
pos-ses′sion
pro-verb′ial
pros′e-cute
pa`tri-arch
pro-lif′ic
pag′ean-try
pi`e-ty
pen′i-tence
pro-du`ces
per-spir`ing
pro-cur`ing
prec′i-pice
pro-dig′ious
pin′na-cle
pas′sen-gers
pen′e-trate
par′a-dise
po-et′ic
pleas′an-try
per-ni′cious
per′pe-trate

par′ent-age
per-mis′sion
pre-dic′tion
pass`o-ver
per-se-vere`
pun′ish-ment
per-mit′ted
pos′si-bly
pro-vi′sions
pref′er-ence
po-lite`ness
pri`vate-ly
pub′lic-ly
part`ner-ship
pen′sive-ly
pleas`ing-ly
per′ma-nent
pro-trac′ting
pre-ma-ture`
Qual′i-ties
qual′i-fy
Re-proach`ing
re-ceiv`eth
re-fus`eth
re-gard`eth
re-proach`eth
re-ward`eth
re-prov`er
ra-pa`cious
rev′e-nue
re-prov`ed
re-turn′eth
rem′e-dy
read′i-ly
re-serv′ed
re-veal`ed
rav′a-ging
rhet′o-ric
riv′u-let
re-triev`ing
ren′dez-vous
rem′e-dies
re-cord`ed
re-flec′tions
re-luc′tance
re-sist′less
re-luc′tant
re-bel′lion
re-volv`ed
ru`in-ous
re-spec′tive
ra′tion-al

re-ful′gent
re-splen′dent
re-lin′quish
re-cep′tion
rav′en-ous
res′i-dence
reg′u-lar
re-volt′ed
re-build′ing
re-mot`est
re-new`al
re-puls′ed
re-lat`ed
re-cess′es
Sen′ten-ces
slan`der-ers
so`ber-ly
sen′si-ble
suf-fi′cient
stim′u-lates
sat′is-fy
sac′ri-lege
sure`ti-ship
sud′den-ly
sul′len-ness
sur-pris`ed
scim′i-tars
sug-gest′ed
sen′ten-ced
sus-pec′ted
sub′sti-tute
suit`a-ble
su-pine`ly
suc-ces′sive
sub-sist′ed
sim′i-lar
sen-sa`tion
sin-cere`ly
sup-press′ing
spec-ta`tor
syl′la-ble
sep′a-rate
sav′a-ges
sneak`ing-ness
strat′a-gem
sym′pa-thize
se-cret`ed
sus-pi′cion
sol′i-tudes
sus-pend′ed
Treach′er-y
te`dious-ness

ter-rif′ic
trans-lat`ed
tre-men′dous
trans-port`ing
tor′tur-ed
tri-umph′ant
trav′el-ler
tri-bu`nal
tyr′an-nise
ten′der-ly
Un-der-takes`
un-hap′py
un-ea`sy
u`su-al
un-trod′den
un-der-neath`
u`ni-verse
un-taint`ed
un-guard`ed
u-nit`ed
Va`ri-ous
vic′to-ry
val′u-ed
van′i-ty
vi`o-lent
vict′ual-lers
vil′lan-ous
ve`he-ment
vig′or-ous
vig′i-lant
vex-a`tion
vi`o-lets
ven′tur-ing
Won′der-ful
wan′ton-ness
wan′der-ing
Yes′ter-day
Au-gus′tus
A`bra-ham
Af′ri-ca
Al-can′der
A-chil′les
An-dro`cles
Ar-ma`da
A-man′da
Al-bi`nus
A-pol′lo
Ar`de-a
A-grip′pa
Av′en-tine
Ath′el-ny
As′dru-bal

A-mil′car
Af′ri-can
Al-ba`ni
Ad-her′bal
An′to-ny
A-cas`to
Ap′pen-ine
Bdel′li-um
Bo-no`sus
Bo`re-as
Bab′y-lon
Ben′ja-min
Ber-mu`das
Bar-ba`does
Brig′an-tines
Bac′tri-ans
Bac′tri-a
Bab′bing-ton
Bur′gun-dy
Croc′o-dile
Cam-by`ses
Car-na`ro
Car′o-line
Chal′de-an
Chal′de-a
Ca`naan-ites
Cor′y-don
Cyn′thi-a
Cun′ning-ham
Cic′e-ro
Da-ri`us
De`li-a
De-cem′virs
De`i-ty
E-pi`rus
Eu-phra`tes
E-li`jah
E-li`za
Eu`bu-lus
Ev′er-ard
E-ne`as
Æ-ga`tes
E-li`sha
E-a`cian
Es′qui-line
Fa-bri′tius
Flor′i-da
Flo`ri-o
Fu`ri-us
Gen′e-sis
Go-mor′rah
Ge-no`a

Ge'ni-i	Ju'ni-us	Phyl'li-da	Scip'i-o
Gal-ga'cus	Ju'pi-ter	Par'i-del	Scyth'i-ans
Ha-vil'ah	Lu-cre'tius	Pa-tri'cians	Scyth'i-a
Hid'de-kel	Ly-ce'um	Ple-be'ian	Shrews'bur-y
Ho'she-a	Lyd'i-a	Pe-li'des	Sy'ra-cuse
Hag'ga-i	Lyd'i-an	Pan'the-us	Ser'vi-us
Ha-van'nah	Lyb'i-a	Pyth'i-as	Sen'a-tors
Har'ri-ot	Lu'per-cal	Pa-le'mon	South-amp'ton
Har'ring-ton	Lo-ren'zo	Phil'o-mel	Ta-na'is
Ham'il-ton	Lan'cas-ter	Phi-lan'der	Tan'ta-lus
Ho-ra'tius	Mac'e-don	Rom'u-lus	Tar'ta-ry
Hau'ni-bal	Man'ches-ter	Sen'e-ca	Tri-um'vir
Her'cu-les	Mac'ca-bees	Soc'ra-tes	Tyr-con'nel
Her-ni'ci	Ma-til'da	Syr'i-a	Tar'qui-nius
Hi-emp'sal	Mont'ea-gle	Sol'o-mon	Til'bur-y
It'a-ly	Ma-ri'us	Sam'u-el	Tul'li-ns
Is'ra-el	Mes-si'as	Salis'bur-y	Thes'sa-ly
I-be'rus	Mic-ip'sa	Sat'y-rus	Tewks'bur-y
I-tal'ians	Mo-ri'ah	Soph'o-cles	U-lys'ses
Josh'u-a	Ner'vi-i	Sic'i-ly	Vol-tur'na
Jo-si'ah	Os'ter-vald	Sem-pro-nius	Ve-ne'tian
Ju-de'a	Os'tra-goth	Sa-gun'tum	Vol-ca'no
Jon'a-than	Pen'te-cost	Sa-gun'tines	Yar'i-co
Ju-gur'tha			

TABLE III. Of Four Syllables.

Ar-ti-fi'cial	a-dor'a-ble	ac-quain'tan-ces	ac-count'a-ble
Af-fec-ta'tion	ad-ver-ti'ses	ac-know'led-ged	ad'ver-sa-ries
ad-mo-ni'tions	a-dul'ter-er	ac-com'plish-ment	ad'e-quate-ly
ap-pre-hend'ed	am-bus-ca'does	ad-van-ta'geous	ab-o-li'tion
a-gree'a-ble	au-thor'i-ty	ac-com'plish-ed	an-tic'i-pate
ap-pre-hen'sive	a-bil'i-ty	ab-so-lu'tion	a-bol'ish-ed
a'mi-a-ble	ab-strac'ted-ly	an'i-ma-ted	ac'tu-at-ed
a-bil'i-ties	al-lev'i-ates	ac-know'ledge-ment	a-e'ri-al
a-bun'dant-ly	au'tho-riz-ed	ap-pa-ri'tions	Ben-e-fi'cial
a-ban'don-ed	ap-pro-ba'tion	ad-ver'tise-ment	be-nev'o-lent
ac-a-dem'ic	ab-surd'i-ty	am-big'u-ous	be-nef'i-cent
an-tag'o-nist	ac-com'pa-ny	ar-til'le-ry	be-nev'o-lence
ac'tu-al-ly	a-gree'a-bly	an'i-mat-ing	bar-bar'i-ty
al'le-go-ry	ad-di'tion-al	a-pol'o-gy	be-at'i-tude
ad-van'ta-ges	as-per'i-ty	ac-cla-ma'tions	ben-e-fac'tor
ab'so-lute-ly	as-ton'ish-ment	ag'gra-vat-ed	beau'ti-ful-ly
ac-cord'ing-ly	anx-i'e-ty	ac-tiv'i-ty	be-wil'der-ed
ap-pli-ca'tions	a-rith'met-ic	an'swer-a-ble	ben-e-dic'tion
am-bas'sa-dors	av-a-ri'cious	an-tiq'ui-ty	ben-ef'i-cence
al-ter'na-tive	ad-mi-ra'tion	ag'o-niz-ing	Con-tent'ed-ly
as-tron'o-mers	ad-min'is-ter	ac-ces'si-ble	ca-lam'i-ties
al-ter-a'tion	ad-ven'tu-rer	al-ter'nate-ly	cer'e-mo-ny
al-to-geth'er	ag-i-ta'tion	a-lac'ri-ty	con-tin'u-al
as-ton'ish-ed	anx-i'e-ties	ap-pa-ra'tus	cul-ti-va'tion
at-ten'tive-ly	af-fec'tion-ate	ac-cus'tom-ed	cir-cu-la'tion
ad'mir-a-ble	ap-pre-hen'sions		cel'e-bra-ted

con-sid'er-ed	cir'cum-stan-ced	dis-ap-point'ment	en-deav'our-ed
com'fort-a-ble	con-ve'nient-ly	dis-ap-prov'ed	es-tab'lish-ed
cap'ti-vat-ing	com-mis'sion-ed	de-liv'er-ing	es-tab'lish-ment
con-tin'u-ed	con-grat'u-late	dis-af-fec'ted	e-ter'nal-ly
com'par-a-ble	con-ven'tu-al	dis-tin'guish-ed	er-ro'ne-ous
chi-mer'i-cal	con-fes'sion-al	dom-i-na'tion	ex-trav'a-gant
com-par'i-son	con-spir'a-tors	de-fi'cien-cies	ex-e-cu'tion
civ'i-liz-ed	com-bus'ti-ble	dis-u-nit'ed	ex-trem'i-ty
ca-tas'tro-phe	con-sid'er-ing	de-gen'er-ate	ex-pec-ta'tions
con-sist'ent-ly	chris-tian'i-ty	dis-si-pa'tion	en-am'our-ed
con'se-quen-ces	con-spic'u-ous	del'i-cate-ly	en-ter-tain'ing
con-tin'u-ance	com-pe-ti'tion	dis-cov'er-ies	ex-ul-ta'tion
con-tra-dic'tions	ca-pit'u-late	dis-con'so-late	em'i-nent-ly
con-sti-tu'tions	com'pli-cat-ed	de-fi'cien-cy	ex-am'in-ed
com-po-si'tions	cel'e-brat-ing	dom-i-neer'ing	en-cum'ber-ed
coun-ter-min'ing	con-spir'a-cy	de-ter'min-ing	ex-pla-na'tion
coun-ter-fer'ments	com-mu'ni-ty	de-tes'ta-ble	ex'er-cis-ed
con-ver-sa'tion	char'i-ta-ble	di-ver'si-ty	en-coun'ter-ed
con-com'i-tants	con'tu-me-ly	di-vin'i-ty	ed-u-ca'tion
con-tem-pla'tion	Dis-trib'ut-ing	dis-or'der-ed	ex-cla-ma'tions
con-sum-ma'tion	di-min'ish-ed	dis-en-chant'ed	ex-trem'i-ties
con-tem'plat-ing	de-liv'er-ed	de-lib'er-ate	ex'er-cis-es
cir-cum'fe-rence	der'o-gat-ing	dil'a-to-ry	ex-hor-ta'tions
cir-cum-scrib'ed	des-o-la'tion	En-cour'age-ment	ex'e-cra-ble
cir'cum-stan-ces	des'pi-ca-ble	em-u-la'tion	ex'i-gen-cy
com-pre-hen'sive	dis-po-si'tion	e-con'o-my	en-cour'a-ged
com-pre-hend'ed	de-for'mi-ty	ex-pe'ri-ence	ev-o-lu'tions
cap-tiv'i-ty	de-ter'min-ate	ex'qui-site-ly	em-bar-ka'tion
con-tin'u-ing	dif'fi-cul-ties	en-ter-tain'ed	ex-tin'guish-ed
cru'ci-fi-ed	dif'fi-cul-ty	en-ter-tain'ment	e-quiv'a-lent
con-dem-na'tion	de-ter'min-ed	en-dan'ger-ing	ef-fi-ca'cious
cov'et-ous-ness	dis-so-lu'tion	ex-pe-di'tion	ef-fem'in-ate
ca-pac'i-ty	dim-i-nu'tions	ef-fec'tu-al	en-com'pass-ed
com-mu'ni-cates	dis-cov'er-ed	ex'tri-cat-ing	ex-trav'a-gance
com-mis'e-rate	dis-cov'er-est	ef'fi-ca-cy	er-u-di'tion
con-tig'u-ous	dis-ap-pear'ed	ev'i-dent-ly	e-ma'ciat-ed
com'mon-al-ty	dis'si-pat-ed	ex-ces'sive-ly	en-thu'si-asm
ca-lam'i-ty	dis-cov'e-ry	e-ter'ni-ty	es-ti-ma'tion
cre-du'li-ty	dis-trib'ut-ed	ex-em'pla-ry	es'ti-ma-ble
con'sti-tu-ted	dis-pir'it-ed	ev-er-last'ing	en-dan'ger-ed
cer'e-mo-nies	dis-con-tent'ed	el'e-vat-ed	en-san'guin-ed
cer-e-mo'nial	de-liv'er-ance	e-lab'o-rate	e-qual'i-ty
con-fis'cat-ed	dis-hon'our-ed	en-rap'tur-ed	em'is-sa-ries
con-ster-na'tion	dif'fer-en-ces	e-the're-al	en-thu'si-ast
con'se-quent-ly	dis-ap-point'ed	en-liv'en-ed	en-liv'en-ing
cor-re-spond'ence	dis-o-be'dience	em-ble-mat'ic	ex-as'per-ate
con'se-crat-ed	dis-qui'e-tude	ex'e-cut-ed	ex-ha-la'tion
cus'tom-a-ry	de-liv'er-ers	el'e-gant-ly	e-lec'tri-cal
ci-vil'i-ties	de-lir'i-ous	ex'cel-len-cy	en-ven'om-ed
com-men'da-ble	de-mol'ish-ed	es-pe'cial-ly	en'ter-pris-es
con-so-la'tions	de-mon'strat-ing	ex-ceed'ing-ly	en-vi'ron-ed
con-trib'ut-ing	dec-la-ra'tion	en-deav'our-ing	For-get'ful-ness

for'tu-nate-ly
fash'ion-a-ble
fu-tu'ri-ty
fa'vour-a-bly
fe-lic'i-ty
fa'vour-a-ble
fi-del'i-ty
for'mi-da-ble
for'ti-fi-ed
frau'du-lent-ly
fu-ne're-al
fu-tu'ri-ties
Gen'e-ral-ly
gen-e-ra'tions
grad'u-al-ly
glo'ri-fi-ed
gen'e-rous-ly
gar'ri-son-ed
Hab-i-ta'tions
hu-mil'i-ty
hy-poc'ri-sy
hos'pi-ta-ble
hu-man'i-ty
ha-bit'u-al
hu'mor-ous-ly
har-mo'nious-ly
hon'our-a-ble
his-to'ri-an
hes'i-tat-ing
hos'pi-ta-bly
hes'i-tat-ed
hos-til'i-ties
In-cred'i-ble
in-con-ve'nient
in-un-da'tion
i-dol'a-try
in-hab'it-ed
i-dol'a-trous
i-dol'a-ters
in-sa'tia-ble
in-ter-rup'ted
im-pi'e-ty
im-pu'ri-ty
in-fe'ri-or
in-di-ca'tions
in'ti-ma-cy
im-per'ti-nence
in'ti-mate-ly
in-dig'ni-ty
im-pe'ri-ous
in-grat'i-tude
in-cli-na'tions

in-ter-cep'ted
in-con'stan-cy
im-pris'on-ed
in-stru-ment'al
in-gen'u-ous
in'fi-nite-ly
in-de'cen-cy
in-glo'ri-ous
in'ter-est-ing
in-ter-pos'ed
im-ag'in-ing
in-tel'li-gence
in-for-ma'tion
im-me'diate-ly
im'i-tat-ing
im-preg'na-ble
im-pu-ta'tion
in-vet'er-ate
in-del'i-ble
in-her'i-tance
in-dus'tri-ous
in-dig'ni-ties
in-fir'mi-ties
in-dif'fer-ent
in-sen'si-bly
in-flex'i-ble
in-dif'fer-ence
in-quis'i-tive
in-fal'li-bly
in'no-cent-ly
in-cu'ra-ble
in-ter-rup'tions
in-tem'per-ate
in-tem'per-ance
im-pos'si-ble
im-pre-ca'tions
in-dig-na'tion
im'i-tat-ed
in-ter-mis'sion
in-dem'ni-ty
im-ag'in-ed
im-mov'a-ble
im-bold'en-ed
in-ter-cept'ing
in-ter-wov'en
in-hab'i-tant
im-mens'i-ty
il-lus'tri-ous
i-dol'a-tries
il-lu'min-ed
in-sen'si-ble
im-bos'om-ed

im-pet'u-ous
in-at-ten'tion
in-or'di-nate
id'i-ot-ism
ig'no-mi-ny
im-pa'tient-ly
in-ter'pre-ter
in-sti-tu'tions
in-ju'ri-ous
in-ca'pa-ble
in suf-fi'cient
in-teg'ri-ty
in-iq'ui-ties
im-pu'ri-ties
im-per-fec'tions
in-ef'fa-ble
im-pe'ri-al
in-ter-pos'est
in-sur-rec'tion
in-ter-mit'ted
im-mod'er-ate
in-sti-ga'tions
in-qui'e-tude
im-ped'i-ment
La-bo'ri-ous
lux-u'ri-ous
lu'mi-na-ry
lu'mi-na-ries
lam-en-ta'tions
le-gis-la'tive
lit-i-ga'tion
Med-i-ta'tions
mor-tal'i-ty
mu-nif'i-cent
mis'er-a-bly
man'i-fest-ed
mel'an-cho-ly
med'i-ca-ments
mag-nif'i-cence
mit-i-ga'tion
mys-te'ri-ous
mul'ti-pli-ed
mis'er-a-ble
mor'ti-fi-ed
mat'ri-mo-ny
mu'tu-al-ly
me-mo'ri-al
mag-nif'i-cent
mat-ri-mo'nial
ma-lig'ni-ty
ma-lev'o-lent
mem'o-ra-ble

ma-te'ri-als
mi-nor'i-ty
mil'i-ta-ry
ma-tu'ri-ty
mod-e-ra'tion
man'i-fest-ly
math-e-mat'ics
mu-nic'i-pal
mag-nan'i-mous
man-u-fac'tures
mal-e-dic'tion
mod'e-rat-ed
mis-cre-at'ed
ma-jor'i-ty
mar'vel-lous-ly
min'i-a-ture
mo'men-ta-ry
mi-rac'u-lous
Nec'es-sa-ry
ne-ces'si-ty
no-to'ri-ous
not-with-stand'ing
nat'u-ral-ly
ne-go-tia'tions
nev-er-the-less'
ne-ces'si-ties
no-bil'i-ty
non-con-for'mists
nev-er-end'ing
ne-ces'si-tous
Ob'sti-na-cy
op-pro'bri-ous
op-e-ra'tions
ob'sti-nate-ly
o-ver-whelm'ed
o-ri-ent'al
o-rig'in-al
ob-se'qui-ous
ob-ser-va'tions
oc-cu-pa'tion
ob-strep'er-ous
o-ver-tak'ing
or-na-ment'ed
ob-li-ga'tions
o-ver-joy'ed
o-ver-hear'ing
oc-ca'sion-ed
op-po-si'tion
oc'cu-pi-ed
ob-scu'ri-ty
o-ver-turn'ed
or'di-na-ry

om-nip′o-tent
Pro-por`tion-ed
pre-dom′in-ant
per-fid′ious-ness
pre-sump′tu-ous
per-ad-ven′ture
prov-o-ca`tions
pre-pos′ter-ous
prof′it-a-ble
phi-los′o-pher
par-tic′u-lars
pe-cu`liar-ly
pre-ser′va-tive
pro-vo`ca-tives
pal-li-a`tion
pre-cip′i-tate
pos-ter′i-ty
po-lit′i-cal
proph′e-si-ed
per-se-cu`tions
pre-ser-va`tion
prin′ci-pal-ly
per-se-ve`rance
punc-til′i-ous
pro-pri`e-ty
per-pet′u-al
prop-o-si′tion
prov-i-den′tial
phi-los′o-phy
pros-e-cu`tion
pre-ca`ri-ous
pre-pos-ses′sion
pen-e-tra`tion
par-tic′i-pate
per-plex′i-ty
pas′sion-ate-ly
pros-per′i-ty
pat′ri-mo-ny
pen-i-ten′tial
pu`ri-fi-ed
prof-a-na`tion
pref′er-a-ble
pre-rog′a-tive
pro-hib`it-ed
pro-pri`e-tors
per-emp′to-ry
Qual′i-fi-ed
qua-ter′ni-on
Ri-dic′u-lous
re-so-lu`tions
re-spect′ful-ly
re-mem′ber-ed
re-pe-ti′tion

rea`son-a-ble
re-cov′er-ing
re-mark`a-ble
re-cov′er-ed
re-cep′ta-cles
re-pre-sent′ed
re-ech′o-ed
rev-o-lu`tions
reg′u-lar-ly
rec-ol-lec′ting
res-ur-rec′tion
rec-on-cil`ing
re-pos-ses′sion
rep-a-ra`tion
re-mem′bran-cer
res′o-lute-ly
rep-u-ta`tion
re-in-force`ment
re-cov′er-y
re-al′i-ty
res-to-ra`tion
re-mem′ber-ing
re-cip′ro-cal
rec-re-a`tion
re-in-stat`ed
rec-om-mend′ed
rec′om-pens-ed
ra-pid′i-ty
re-es-tab′lish
re-lig′ion-ists
rep-re-sent′ing
rec-on-cile`ment
res-ti-tu`tion
Sin-cer′i-ty
su-pe`ri-ors
su-per′flu-ous
sep′a-rat-ed
sat′is-fi-ed
so-bri`e-ty
se`ri-ous-ness
so-ci`e-ty
se-cu`ri-ty
sanc′ti-fi-ed
se-ver′i-ty
sat-is-fac′tion
sit-u-a`tion
sa-ti`e-ty
se`ri-ous-ly
sub′lu-na-ry
sen′su-a-lists
sub-mis′sive-ly
si-mil′i-tude
so-lil′o-quies

spon-ta`neous-ly
spec-u-la`tion
su-per-sti′tion
so-lem′ni-ties
sub-ser′vi-ent
sac′ri-fi-ces
suf-fi′cient-ly
stig′ma-tiz-ed
sal-u-ta`tions
sar-cas′ti-cal
suf-fi′cien-cy
sym-pa-thet′ic
stu-pid′i-ty
sim-plic′i-ty
sa-gac′i-ty
so-lic′i-tous
ster-il′i-ty
so-lic′i-tude
sov′e-reign-ty
sur-ren′der-ing
sol′i-ta-ry
sol′em-niz-ed
se-ques′ter-ed
so-lil′o-quy
ser′vice-a-ble
sac′ri-fi-ced
stren′u-ous-ly
sit′u-a-ted
so-lid′i-ty
se-ren′i-ty
sup-pli-ca`tion
so-ci`e-ties
sen-ti-ment′al
su-per-sed`ed
sal′u-ta-ry
Ter-res′tri-al
trib-u-la`tions
tran-quil′li-ty
tab′er-na-cle
tu-mul′tu-ous
trans-cend′ent-ly
ter′ri-to-ries
tem-pes′tu-ous
tol′er-a-ble
trep-i-da`tion
ter′ri-to-ry
ty-ran′ni-cal
tem′per-ate-ly
the-ol′o-gy
trib′u-ta-ry
trib′u-ta-ries
tes′ti-mo-ny
tri-umph′ant-ly

ter-ra`que-ous
Un-der-stand′ings
un-pun′ish-ed
un-der-tak`ing
u-ni-ver′sal
un-for`tu-nate
un-nat′u-ral
un-re-pent′ed
un-de-lay`ed
un-con-sum`ed
un-num′ber-ed
un-cor-rup′ted
un-doubt`ed-ly
un-mer′it-ed
un-mind`ful-ness
un-sin′ew-ed
un-ex-pec′ted
un-shel′ter-ed
un-no`ti-ced
un-will′ing-ly
un-cer′tain-ty
un-fre-quent′ed
un-gen′er-ous
un-af-fec′ted
un-u`su-al
u`su-al-ly
un-wea`ri-ed
un-ea`si-ness
un-be-com′ing
un-per-ceiv`ed
un-de-cay`ing
un-der-tak`en
un-fath′om-ed
un-let′ter-ed
un-hon′our-ed
un-ten′a-ble
un-ac-quaint`ed
un-chas-tis`ed
un-dis-may`ed
un-al`ter-ed
un-hal′low-ed
un-change`a-ble
un-ap-priz`ed
un-cor-rec′ted
un-de-serv′ed
un-e`qual-led
un-ex-am′pled
un-pro-vok`ed
u-sur-pa`tion
un-a-dorn`ed
un-en′vied
un-pol-lut`ed
un-cre-at`ed

un-res′pit-ed
un-pit′i-ed
un-re-liev'ed
un-speak'a-ble
un-col′our-ed
un-re-ven′ged
un-em-ploy'ed
un-im-prov'ed
un-fur′nish-ed
un-re-mit′ting
un-sul′li-ed
un-con-fin'ed
un-fet′ter-ed
un-con-ceiv'ed
un-par′a-dise
un-val′u-ed
Vi-o-la'tion
val′u-a-ble
ve-rac′i-ty
va-ri'e-ty
vi'o-lat-ed
vis′ion-a-ry
vol′un-ta-ry
ve-loc′i-ty
vin-di-ca'tion
ven′er-a-ble
vir-gin′i-ty
veg′e-ta-bles
vic-to'ri-ous
vi'o-lat-ing

vi-cis′si-tude
Whom-so-ev′er
what-so-ev′er
whence-so-ev′er
won′der-ful-ly
where-so-ev′er
Ar′is-to-tle
A-the'ni-an
An-tig′o-nus
Ag-ri-gen′tines
As-syr′i-a
An-a-chars′is
A-ra'bi-an
Ar-tax-erx′es
An-ti'o-chus
As-mo'ne-ans
Au-ric′u-las
A-mer′i-ca
Ag-a-thi'as
Af-ri-ca'nus
Ar-me'ni-a
Al′ex-an-der
Ar-ca'di-an
Bab-y-lon′ish
Bas′ket-mak-er
Bar-ba'di-an
Bar-ba'ri-ans
Bri-tan′ni-a
Bra'ken-bu-ry

Con-stan′ti-a
Cal-lis-tra'tus
Col-la-ti'nus
Can-u-lei'us
Ce-cil′i-a
Di-og′e-nes
De-mos′the-nes
De-iph′o-bus
De-na'ri-i
Du-um′vi-ri
E-lis′a-beth
Eu-rip′i-des
Foth′er-in-gay
Feb′ru-a-ry
Hez-e-ki'ah
Hy-pa'ti-a
Ho-ra'ti-i
Hos-til′i-us
Jer-o-bo'am
Je-ru'sa-lem
Je-hosh′a-phat
Jer-e-mi'ah
In′nis-kil-ling
Lo-tha'ri-o
Lu-cre'ti-a
Lon′don-der-ry
La-vin′i-a
Men-dac′u-lus
Mat-ta-thi'as

Mac-a-be'us
Me-di-a'tor
Mas-sin-is′sa
Ne-he-mi'ah
Nu-mid′i-a
Nu-mid′i an
O-lym′pi-a
Per-u'vi-an
Pe'ter-bor-ough
Pom-pil′i-us
Phar-sa'li-a
Quin-til′i-an
Re-ho-bo'am
Sa-ma'ri-a
Shal-ma-ne'ser
Sep-tim′i-us
Sar-din′i-a
Som′er-set-shire
The-o-dor′ic
Thu-cyd′i-des
Thes-sa'li-an
Ti-mo'the-us
Tar-ta're-an
U-cal′e-gon
U-sip′i-i
Xe-noc′ra-tes
Zed-e-ki'ah
Zor-o-ba'bel
Zech-a-ri'ah

TABLE IV. Of Five and Six Syllables.

Am-phi-the'a-tre
a-bom-i-na'tion
an-i-mos′i-ty
ar-ti-fi′cial-ly
a-poth′e-ca-ry
ac-com′mo-dat-ed
al-le-vi-a'tion
an-ni-hi-la'tion
a-rith-me-ti′cians
af-fa-bil′i-ty
as-si-du'i-ty
ap-prox-i-ma'tion
an-tic′i-pat-ing
ad-min′is-ter-ing
ac-com′pa-ni-ed
a-gree'a-ble-ness
a'mi-a-ble-ness
ac-com′pa-ny-ing
ad-min-i-stra'tion
at-ten′u-at-ed
Com-mu'ni-cat-ing

con-tin′u-al-ly
con-sid-er-a'tion
con-sid′er-a-ble
car-a-van′sa-ry
con-grat-u-la'tion
com-mu'ni-cat-ed
cu-ri-os′i-ty
com-mu-ni-ca'tion
com-mem′o-rat-ed
con-tra-dic′to-ry
ca-pit-u-la'tion
char′ac-ter-iz-ed
con-cil′i-at-ed
con-sti-tu'tion-al
con-grat′u-lat-ed
con-di′tion-al-ly
De-lib′er-ate-ly
dis-ad-van′ta-ges
dis-en-cum′ber-ed
dis-ap-pro-ba'tion
dis-con-tin′u-ing

dis-hon′our-a-ble
dis-in′ter-est-ed
de-ter-mi-na'tions
dis-cre′tion-a-ry
dis-em-bar-ka'tion
de-gen′er-a-cy
de-lib′er-at-ed
de-lib-er-a'tions
de-nom-i-na'tion
de-lib′er-at-ing
dis-in-her′it-ed
Ex-am-i-na'tion
ex-tra-or′di-na-ry
ex-em′pli-fi-ed
ex-e-cu'tion-er
ef-fec′tu-al-ly
e-nu-me-ra'tion
ex-pe'ri-en-ced
ex-ten′u-at-ed
Fa-mil′iar-iz-ed
for-ti-fi-ca'tions

fa-cil'i-tat-ed
Grat-i-fi-ca'tion
gen-e-ral'i-ty
gen-e-ros'i-ty
Hos-pi-tal'i-ty
hu-mil-i-a'tion
he-red'i-ta-ry
hyp-o-crit'i-cal
In-suf'fer-a-ble
im-ag-in-a'tions
in-e-qual'i-ty
in-con-sid'er-a-ble
in-sup-por'ta-ble
in-dis-po-si'tion
in-nu'me-ra-ble
in-vol'un-ta-ry
ir-rev'o-ca-bly
ir-rem'e-a-ble
in-ex'o-ra-ble
in-con-ceiv'a-bly
ir-re-me'dia-ble
in-ex-pres'si-bly
in-con-ceiv'a-ble
in-ex-haus'ti-ble
in-ex-cus'a-ble
in-ex-pres'si-ble
in-ci-vil'i-ty
in-sin-u-a'tions
ir-re-sist'i-bly
in-ac-tiv'i-ty
in-ca-pac'i-ty
in-stan-ta'neous-ly
in-con-test'a-ble
in-va'ri-a-bly
in-dis-pu'ta-bly
im-ag'in-a-ry
ig-no-min'i-ous
in-fi-del'i-ty
in-hu-man'i-ty
im-pov'er-ish-ed
ir-rep'ar-a-ble
in-ev'i-ta-ble
im-pet-u-os'i-ty
in-ef-fec'tu-al
in-es'ti-ma-ble
in-dis-pen'sa-bly
ir-re-voc'a-ble
in-dis-pu'ta-ble
in-tim'i-dat-ed
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in-sta-bil'i-ty
in-vi'o-la-bly
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ir-re-sist'i-ble
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in-vi'o-la-ble
ir-re-vers'i-ble
Lib-er-al'i-ty
Mor-ti-fi-ca'tion
mo-nop'o-liz-ed
mag-na-nim'i-ty
Nec'es-sa-ri-ly
Or'di-na-ri-ly
o-ver-pow'er-ed
op-por-tu'ni-ties
op-por-tu'ni-ty
o-rig'in-al-ly
o-ra-to'ri-al
Pro-cras-ti-na'tion
per-pet'u-al-ly
par-tic'u-lar-ly
phil-o-soph'i-cal
pre-cip-i-ta'tion
pro-ba-bil'i-ty
pro-nun-ci-a'tion
pos-si-bil'i-ty
par-tic'i-pat-ed
per-emp'to-ri-ly
par-tic-i-pa'tion
per-pe-tu'i-ty
Qua-li-fi-ca'tions
Rec-om-men-da'tion
Sen-si-bil'i-ty
su-per-flu'i-ties
su-per-nat'u-ral
su-pe-ri-or'i-ty
sa-tis-fac'to-ry
U-nan'i-mous-ly

un-in-ter-rup'ted
un-ut'ter-a-ble
un-i-mag'in-a-blo
un-ex-pec'ted-ly
un-com'for-ta-ble
un-meas'ur-a-ble
un-sea'son-a-ble
un-ac-count'a-blo
un-nec'es-sa-ry
un-mer'i-ted-ly
un-for'tu-nate-ly
un-mer'ci-ful-ly
un-ad-vis'ed-ly
un-a-void'a-ble
u-ni-ver'si-ties
un-fa'vour-a-ble
un-par'al-lel-ed
un-suc-cess'ful-ly
un-ex-cep'tion-a-ble
un-di-min'ish-ed
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un-im-peach'a-ble
un-quest'ion-a-ble
un-ex-pe'rien-ced
un-a-void'a-bly
un-par'don-a-ble
un-ex-tin'guish-a-ble
un-prof'it-a-bly
un-in'flu-en-ced
un-de-gen'er-ate
un-ap-pre-hen'sive
un-dis-cov'er-ed
Vol'un-ta-ri-ly
A-the-no-do'rus
Cel-ti-be'ri-a
Car-tha-gi'ni-ans
Ca-pi-to-li'nus
Cal-e-do'ni-i
Cal-e-do'ni-a
Cal-e-do'ni-an
Cu-ri-a'ti-i
Di-o-nys'i-us
E-thi-o'pi-a
Lac-e-de-mo'ni-ans
Lu-si-ta'ni-a
Ne-bu-chad-nez'zar
Ne-a-pol'i-tan
Pan-de-mo'ni-um
The-o-do'si-us

A

COLLECTION

FOR THE

USE OF SCHOOLS.

SELECT SENTENCES, CHOICE SAYINGS, MORAL INSTRUCTIONS, &c.

LESSON I.

1. OBSERVE the various actions and tempers of men, and pass by human infirmities with a generous greatness: Criticise upon nothing more than your own actions, and you will see reason enough to pardon the weakness of others.

2. If you cannot bear easily with the weakness of others, you render your own insufferable.

3. Every man, however little, makes a figure in his own eyes.

4. Envy flames highest against one of the same rank and condition.

5. POINT not at the faults of others with a foul finger.

6. Slanderers are like flies; they pass over the good parts of a man, and fix upon his sores.

7. None are so empty, as those who are full of themselves.

8. Tongues are like race-horses; they run the faster the less weight they carry.

9. Every person has just as much pride, as he wants sense.

10. He who backs his assertion with an oath, tells us that his bare word is not to be credited.

11. WHEN compliments were less in fashion, sincerity was more esteemed.

12. Nature hath wisely furnished us with two ears, and but one tongue; a most useful lesson, if rightly attended to.

13. Ill habits are easier conquered to-day than to-morrow.

14. If the devil catch a man idle, he generally sets him to work.

15. Procrastination is the thief of time.

16. The poor are not so often sick for want of food, as the rich are by the excess of it.

17. Content is natural wealth, luxury is artificial poverty

18. Let the coat be ever so fine that a fool wears, it is still but a fool's coat.

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

20. A contented mind, and a good conscience, will make a man happy in all conditions.

21. By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy: but in passing it over, he is superior.

22. A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.

23. He who tells a lie, is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more, to maintain that one.

24. A MAN is more unhappy in reproaching himself when guilty, than in being reproached by others when innocent.

25. A man is no sooner found less guilty than expected, but he is concluded more innocent than he is.

26. So fond is man of liberty, that to restrain him from any thing, however indifferent, is sufficient to make that thing an object of desire.

27. Happiness is less valued when we possess it, than when we have lost it.

28. The present misfortune is always deemed the greatest: And therefore small causes are sufficient to make a man uneasy, when great ones are not in the way.

29. THE miser is a friend to none, but a bitter enemy to himself: Money stimulates, but doth not satisfy him.

30. Tantalus, it is said, was ready to perish with thirst, though up to the chin in water. Change but the name, and every rich miser is the Tantalus in the fable. He sits gaping over his money; and dares no more touch it, than he dares commit sacrilege.

31. What madness is it for a man to starve himself to enrich his heir, and so turn a friend into an enemy? for his joy at your death, will be proportioned to what you leave him.

32. Aristotle wondered at nothing more than this, that they were thought richer who had superfluous things, than they who had what were profitable and necessary.

33. CAIUS, a nobleman of Rome, who was thrice Consul, when he had beaten Pyrrhus King of Epirus, and driven him out of Italy, he divided the land, distributing to every man four acres, and reserved no more for himself; saying, That none ought to be a general, who could not be content with the share of a common soldier, and that he had rather rule over rich men, than be rich himself.

34. Our good or bad fortune depends greatly on the choice we make of our friends.

35. The friendship that is formed insensibly, and without professing much, is generally lasting.

36. Beware equally of a sudden friend, and a slow enemy.

LESSON II.

1. HEAR me now, therefore, O ye children, and depart not from the words of my mouth; lest thou mourn at the last, and say, How have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof; and have not obeyed the voice of my teachers, nor inclined mine ear to them that instructed me?

2. The curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked; but he blesseth the habitation of the just.

3. Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men.

4. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away:

5. For they sleep not, except they have done mischief; and their sleep is taken away, unless they cause some to fall.

6. But the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

7. THESE six things doth the Lord hate; yea, seven are an abomination unto him.

8. A proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood.

9. A heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, and feet that be swift in running to mischief.

10. A false witness that speaketh lies, and him that soweth discord among brethren.

11. It is a sport to a fool to do mischief: but a man of understanding hath wisdom.

12. He that is surety for a stranger, shall smart for it; and he that hateth suretyship, is sure.

13. Whoso loveth instruction, loveth knowledge: but he that hateth reproof, is brutish.

14. WEALTH gotten by vanity, shall be diminished: but he that gathereth by labour, shall increase.

15. Poverty and shame shall be to him that refuseth instruction: but he that regardeth reproof shall be honoured.

16. He that walketh with wise men shall be wise: but a companion of fools shall be destroyed.

17. He that spareth his rod, hateth his son: but he that loveth him, chasteneth him betimes.

18. Go from the presence of a foolish man, when thou perceivest not in him the lips of knowledge.

19. The poor is hated even of his own neighbour: but the rich hath many friends.

20. In all labour there is profit: but the talk of the lips tendeth only to penury.

21. He that oppresseth the poor, reproacheth his Maker: but he that honoureth Him, hath mercy on the poor.

22. THE wicked is driven away in his wickedness: but the righteous hath hope in his death.

23 Righteousness exalteth a nation: but sin is a reproach to any people.

24. The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good.

25. A fool despiseth his father's instruction: but he that regardeth reproof is prudent.

26. He that refuseth instruction, despiseth his own soul: but he that heareth reproof, getteth understanding.

27. When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him.

28. The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness.

29. WHOSO mocketh the poor, reproacheth his Maker: and he that is glad at calamities, shall not be unpunished.

30. A reproof entereth more into a wise man, than an hundred stripes into a fool.

31. Whoso rewardeth evil for good, evil shall not depart from his house.

32. The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water; therefore leave off contention before it be meddled with.

33. He that justifieth the wicked, and he that condemneth the just, even they both are abomination to the Lord.

34. A man, void of understanding, striketh hands, and becometh surety in the presence of his friend.

35. A FOOLISH son is a grief to his father, and bitterness to her that bare him.

36. Even a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is counted wise; and he that shutteth his lips, is esteemed a man of understanding.

37. Wealth maketh many friends: but the poor is separated from his neighbour.

38. The discretion of a man deferreth his anger, and it is his glory to pass over a transgression.

39. He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord: and that which he hath given, will he pay him again.

40. Cease, my son, to hear the instruction that causeth to err from the words of knowledge.

41. It is an honour for a man to cease from strife: but every fool will be meddling.

42. EVEN a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right.

43. The getting of treasures by a lying tongue, is a vanity tossed to and fro of them that seek death.

44. When the scorner is punished, the simple is made wise: and when the wise is instructed, he receiveth knowledge.

45. Whoso stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he also shall cry himself, but shall not be heard.

46. He that followeth after righteousness and mercy, findeth life, righteousness, and honour.

47. A false witness shall perish: but the man that heareth, speaketh constantly.

48. By humility and the fear of the Lord; are riches, and honour, and life.

49. TRAIN up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it.

50. He that hath a bountiful eye, shall be blessed: for he giveth of his bread to the poor.

51. Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child: but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him.

52. Be not thou one of them that strike hands, or of them that are sureties for debts.

53. Let not thy heart envy sinners: but be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day long.

54. Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth, and let not thy heart be glad when he stumbleth.

55. As an ear-ring of gold, and an ornament of fine gold; so is a wise reprover upon an obedient ear.

56. IF thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink.

57. As cold waters to a thirsty soul; so is good news from a far country.

58. As a bird by wandering, as the swallow by flying; so the curse causeless shall not come.

59. As a dog returneth to his vomit; so a fool returneth to his folly.

60. Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope of a fool than of him.

61. The sluggard is wiser in his own conceit, than seven men who can render a reason.

62. He that passeth by, and meddleth with strife belonging not to him, is like one who taketh a dog by the ears.

63. Where no wood is, there the fire goeth out; so where there is no tale-bearer, the strife ceaseth.

64. Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.

65. LET another praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips.

66. Wrath is cruel, and anger is outrageous; but who is able to stand before envy?

67. Faithful are the wounds of a friend; but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful.

68. Hell and destruction are never full; so the eyes of man are never satisfied.

69. Whoso causeth the righteous to go astray in an evil

way, he shall fall himself into his own pit: but the upright shall have good things in possession.

70. He that covereth his sins, shall not prosper; but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them, shall have mercy.

71. He that tilleth his land, shall have plenty of bread; but he that followeth after vain persons, shall have poverty enough.

72. A FAITHFUL man shall abound with blessings; but he that maketh haste to be rich, shall not be innocent.

73. He that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.

74. The rod and reproof give wisdom: but a child left to himself, bringeth his mother to shame.

75. Correct thy son, and he shall give thee rest; yea, he shall give delight unto thy soul.

76. An angry man stirreth up strife, and a furious man aboundeth in transgression.

77. A man's pride shall bring him low: but honour shall uphold the humble in spirit.

78. Every word of God is pure: He is a shield unto them that put their trust in him.

79. Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but they who fear the Lord shall be praised.

LESSON III.

1. IT is pure hypocrisy in a man of quality to decline the place due to his rank: it costs him nothing to take the lowest seat, when he is sure the highest will be pressed upon him.

2. Men make themselves ridiculous, not so much by the qualities they have, as by the affectation of those they have not.

3. He generally talks most who has least to say: and he that says all he knows, will readily say what he doth not know.

4. Nothing can poison the contentment of a man who lives by his labour, but to make him rich.

5. RATHER suffer yourself to be put in the wrong, when you are in the right; than put yourself in the right, when you are in the wrong.

6. A man often loses more by defending his vineyard, than by giving it up.

7. An inflexible temper has much to suffer, and little to gain.

8. Never dispute for victory, but for instruction, and yield to reason, from whomsoever it comes.

9. Never suffer your courage to exert itself in fierceness, your resolution in obstinacy, your wisdom in cunning, nor your patience in sullenness.

10. Prosecute not a coward too far, lest you make him turn violent to your destruction.

11. NO man is so foolish, but he may give good counsel at a time; no man so wise, but he may err, if he take no counsel but his own.

12. He who looks upon the misfortunes of others with indifference, ought not to be surprised if they behold his without compassion.

13. He who barely weeps at our misfortunes when it is in his power to heal them, is not touched with them to the heart, and only gives us the tears of a crocodile.

14. He who is so exceedingly complaisant, as to become surety for his friend to bring him out of a scrape, commonly draws himself into a worse, which sooner or later will discover to him his own want of judgment.

15. IT is the part of a wise man to look to the end of things, not only to consider the present pleasure and advantage of any thing, but also the ill consequences of it for the future, and to balance them one against the other.

16. Be not inquisitive after the secrets of others, be very cautious of communicating your own; you are no more master of them when you have revealed them to one, and your example will justify his treachery to you, if he should discover them to a third person.

17. Make choice of such company as you can improve, or such as can improve you; and if your companion cannot make you, and you cannot make him, better, rather leave him bad, than grow worse by him.

18. EVERY one would be thought to be in love with heaven; and yet few are willing to leave the earth: so much at variance are mankind with themselves.

19. Few take care to live well, but many to live long; though it is in a man's power to do the former, but in no man's power to do the latter.

20. Give your heart to your Creator, reverence to your superiors, honour to your parents, your bosom to your friend, diligence to your calling, ear to good counsel, and alms to the poor.

21. Prefer solid sense to wit; never study to be diverting without being useful; commend nothing so much as strict virtue; let no jest intrude upon good manners, nor say any thing that may offend a chaste ear.

22. SOME people are lost for want of good advice; others for want of giving good heed to it; and some again take up resolutions before-hand never to mend.

23. Be kind to all, familiar with few, and only intimate with one.

24. Shun sumptuous meals, if you be afraid of sickness.

25. A skilful Cook is more to be feared in time of health, than an ignorant Physician in time of sickness.

26. He who ruins his health by the excess of his riots, is in the wrong to complain of the excess of his diseases.

27. Innocent sobriety, and moderate exercise, are the best Cooks, and the best Physicians in the world.

28. THE fumes of wine disturb the brain, those of vanity the mind, and those of love, both.

29. He who delights in wicked company, will be uneasy in the presence of good men.

30. The best school for a good life, is the frequent meditation upon a happy death.

31. The serious thoughts of eternity, prompt a man to make good use of his time, and in a great measure remove the sting of death.

32. No man is convinced of the importance of his salvation, who indulges himself in the practice of any known sin, without repentance.

33. Keep no company with a man who is given to detraction; to hear him patiently, and show a countenance of encouragement, is to partake of his guilt, and prompt him to a continuance in that vice, for which all good men shun him.

34. XENOCRATES holding his peace, at some detracting discourse; they asked him, why he did not speak? because, said he, I have sometimes repented of speaking, but seldom of holding my peace.

35. Hear much, but little speak: a wise man fears,
And will not use his tongue, so much as ears.
We never yet did hear of any
Undone by hearing, but, by speaking, many.

36. Quintilian, an accurate judge of men, was pleased with boys who wept when their school-fellows out-did them: for the sense of disgrace would make them emulous, and emulation would make them scholars.

37. SIR JOHN MASON, who was privy counsellor to four princes, and admitted to the most important transactions of state for thirty years together, delivered himself thus: 'All my experience and inquiry into things, have brought me to these solid thoughts, namely, Seriousness is the greatest wisdom, temperance the best physic, and a good conscience the best estate.

38. Augustus, who was prone to anger, got the following lesson from Athenodorus the Philosopher, That so soon as he should feel the first motions towards anger, he should repeat deliberately the whole letters of the alphabet; for anger was easily prevented, but not so easily subdued.

39. SOCRATES, having received a blow on the head, observed, That it would be well if people knew when it was necessary to put on a helmet. Being kicked by a boisterous fellow, and his friends wondering at his patience: 'What,' said he, 'if an ass should kick me, must I call him before the judge?' Being attacked with opprobrious language, he calmly observed, that the man was not yet taught to speak respectfully. And, when informed of some derogating speeches one had used of him behind his back, made only this facetious reply, Let him beat me too when I am absent.

40. Plato, hearing it was asserted by some persons, that he was

a very bad man, said, I shall take care to live so, that no body will believe them; adding, that passionate persons are like men who stand on their heads, they see all things the wrong way.

41. SIR P. SIDNEY left this his last farewell among his acquaintance: Love my memory, cherish my friends; but, above all, govern your will and affections by the will and word of your Creator: in me behold the end of this world, and all its vanities.

42. A certain gentleman, upon his death-bed, laid this one command upon his wild son; That he should every day of his life be an hour alone; which he constantly observed: and, thereby growing serious, became a new man.—A man secluded from company, has nothing but the devil and himself to tempt him; but he that converses much in the world, has almost as many snares as he has companions.

43. IT being told Philip of Macedon, that several calumnies were spread against him by the Athenian orators: 'It shall be 'my care,' said the prince, 'by my life and actions to prove 'them liars.' This prince was so apprehensive of the dangerous charms of earthly grandeur and pleasure, that he appointed one of his pages to call upon him every morning, to mind him of his mortality, and to say, *Remember, Sir, you are a man*; as if they only were duly qualified to enjoy earthly greatness, who always remembered, that they must soon part with it.

44. King Charles I. of England, being told that his death was resolved on, said, 'I have done what I could to save my life, 'without losing my soul, and sinning against my conscience; 'God's will be done.'

45. CYRUS, the Emperor of Persia, after he had long been attended by numerous armies, and vast trains of courtiers, ordered this inscription to be engraven on his tomb, as an admonition to all men of the approach of death, and the desolation that follows it, namely, 'O man! whatsoever thou art, and whence-'soever thou comest, I know that thou wilt come to the same 'condition in which I now am. I am Cyrus, who brought the 'empire to the Persians; do not envy me, I beseech thee, this 'little piece of ground which covereth my body.'

46. CÆSAR having found a collection of letters written by his enemies to Pompey, burnt them without reading: 'For, said he, 'though I am upon my guard against anger, yet it is 'safer to remove its cause.'

47. Cotys, King of Thrace, having got a present of earthen vessels exquisitely wrought, but extremely brittle, broke them to pieces, that he might not have an occasion of anger against his servants.

48. Antigonus, King of Syria, hearing two of his soldiers reviling him behind his tent; Gentlemen, says he, opening the curtain, remove to a greater distance, for your King hears you.

49. DIONYSIUS, the tyrant, being entertained by the Lacedemonians, expressed some disgust at their black broth. No wonder, said one of them, for it wants seasoning. What seasoning? said the tyrant. Labour, replied the other, joined with hunger and thirst.

50. Timotheus, the Athenian general, supping with Plato, was entertained with a frugal meal, and much improving discourse. Meeting with Plato afterwards, Your suppers, said he, are not only pleasant at the time, but equally so the next day.

51. Plato, seeing the Agrigentines building at great expense, and supping at great expense, said, The Agrigentines build as if they were to live for ever, and sup as if it were to be their last.

52. A MERCHANT at sea asked the skipper, what death his father died? My father, says the skipper, my grandfather, and my great-grandfather, were all drowned.—Well, replies the merchant, and are not you afraid of being drowned too?—Pray, says the other, what death did your father, grandfather, and great-grandfather die?—All in their beds, says the merchant.—Very good, says the skipper, and why should I be afraid of going to sea, more than you are of going to bed?

53. A FARMER, who had stepped into his field to mend a gap in a fence, found, at his return, the cradle, where he had left his only child asleep, turned upside down, the clothes all bloody, and his dog, lying in the same place, besmeared also with blood. Convinced by the sight, that the creature had destroyed his child, he dashed out its brains with the hatchet in his hand; then, turning up the cradle, he found the child unhurt, and an enormous serpent lying dead on the floor, killed by that faithful dog, which he had put to death in blind passion.

54. CYRUS, when a youth, being at the court of his grandfather Cambyses, undertook, one day, to be the cup-bearer at table. It was the duty of this officer to taste the liquor before it was presented to the King. Cyrus, without performing this ceremony, delivered the cup, in a very graceful manner, to his grandfather. The King observed the omission, which he imputed to forgetfulness. No, replied Cyrus, I was afraid to taste, because I apprehended there was poison in the liquor: for, not long since, at an entertainment which you gave, I observed that the Lords of your court, after drinking of it, became noisy, quarrelsome, and frantic. Even you, Sir, seemed to have forgotten that you were a King.

LESSON IV.—On Custom.

CUSTOM is the great leveller. It corrects the inequality of fortune, by lessening equally the pleasures of the Prince, and the pains of the Peasant.

Choose what is most fit, custom will make it most agreeable. Custom bestows ease and confidence even in the midst of dangers.

Ill customs, by degrees, to habits rise,
Ill habits soon become exalted vice.
Ill customs gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers swell to seas.
Let the best course of life your choice invite,
For custom soon will turn it to delight.

LESSON V.—On Words.

Words are those channels, by which the knowledge of things is conveyed to our understandings: And therefore, upon a right apprehension of them, depends the rectitude of our notions; and, in order to form our judgments right, they must be understood in their proper meaning, and used in their true sense, either in writing or speaking.

In all your words let energy be found,
And learn to rise in sense, and sink in sound:
Harsh words, though pertinent, uncouth appear;
None please the fancy, which offend the ear.

LESSON VI.—On Virtue.

As virtue, in general, is of an amiable and lovely nature, there are some particular kinds of it, which are more so than others, and these are such as dispose us to do good to mankind. Temperance and abstinence, faith and devotion, are in themselves, perhaps, as laudable as any other virtues; but those which make a man popular and beloved, are justice, charity, munificence, and, in short, all the good qualities that render us beneficial to each other.

With glitt'ring beams, and native glory bright,
Virtue, nor darkness dreads, nor covets light;
But, from her settled orb, looks calmly down
On life or death, a prison or a crown.

LESSON VII.—On Idleness.

Action keeps the soul in constant health, but idleness corrupts and rusts the mind; for a man of great abilities may, by negligence and idleness, become so mean and despicable, as to be an incumbrance to society, and a burden to himself.

Idleness is a kind of palsy in the mind, so much the more dangerous, as it is scarce ever cured, without producing some disorder. Man was created for action, he must of necessity be continually employed; and if it is not in doing good, he is infallibly led to do evil. Idleness has this quality in common with standing waters, that as they ordinarily produce Serpents, it commonly begets Vices.

The first Physicians by debauch were made;
Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade.
By chace our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their food,
Toil strung the nerves and purified the blood.

LESSON VIII.—On Avarice.

Avarice is so insatiable, that it is not in the power of liberality to content it: And our desires are so boundless, that whatever we get is but in the way of getting more without end.

What walls can bound, or what compelling rein,
The ungovern'd lust of avarice restrain?
Wealth he has none, who mourns his scanty store,
And 'midst of plenty starves, and thinks he's poor.

LESSON IX.—On Modesty.

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

Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.
In modest actions there are certain rules,
Which, to transgress, confirms us knaves or fools.

LESSON X.—On Truth.

Truth is the bond of union, and the basis of human happiness: without this virtue, there is no reliance upon language, no confidence in friendship, and no security in promises or oaths.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware. Whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention on the rack, and one trick needs a great many more of the same kind to make it good.

Credit obtain'd, untruth for truth may pass
As current coin, though underneath 'tis brass.
But if perfidious thou but once be found,
Thy words, though true, like to untruth will sound.

LESSON XI.—On Evil-Speaking.

Never speak ill of any man, but far less in his absence than in his presence: Nothing is more unworthy of a man of honour than evil-speaking; it is so far from maintaining peace amongst mankind, which ought to be the chief end of society, that it keeps a man in continual broils with the whole world. If a man with whom you converse, have any faults, that have come to your particular knowledge, instead of

making them public, endeavour rather to forget them, after you have used your utmost efforts to cure him of his vices.

LESSON XII.—On Calumny.

If it come to your knowledge, that any man hath spoken evil of you, examine into it without prejudice; and if you find you deserved it, amend your fault, and reckon yourself obliged to those who procured you this advantage. And even though you should be blamed innocently, discover no kind of spite or animosity; for daily experience teacheth us, that the contempt of calumny makes it die, whereas resentment revives it.

LESSON XIII.—On Secrecy.

Secrecy is the soul of designs; upon it commonly depends their success; and the more important an undertaking is, the more care ought to be taken not to discover it. Take care, when you form any resolution, however inconsiderable it be, that no body perceive it. Without this precaution, you have reason to fear, it may happen to you, as it frequently does to mines, the whole effect of which terminates in smoke, if they take but the least air.

LESSON XIV.—On Education.

The youth, who 's destin'd by the muse
To charm with verse a future age.
Should early have his bosom fir'd
With Virgil's, or great Homer's rage.
His tender breast should beat for fame,
And noble soul with rapture glow,
For praise disdain the pomp of guilt,
Nor ever sordid pleasure know.
When, ravish'd, he in Homer reads,
How Hector for his country stood,
The patriot zeal should warm his cheek,
And glory fire his mounting blood.
Did then his mind, in manhood strong,
Heav'n-guided, with religion shine,
What reason would his writings crown,
And beauties beam in every line?
Virtue, the progeny of Heav'n,
Alone can god-like thoughts impart.
If vice corrupt the soul, in vain
We boast of all the power of art.
But let true virtue once unite
With learning of terrestrial birth,
The spheres their music will renew,
And Heav'n descend to raptur'd earth.

LESSON XV.—The Creation of the World, and the Fall of Adam.

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep: and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, Let there be light: and there was light. And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness. And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

And God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters. And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament, from the waters which were above the firmament: and it was so. And God called the firmament Heaven. And the evening and the morning were the second day.

And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together into one place, and let the dry land appear. And it was so. And God called the dry land Earth, and the gathering together of the waters called he Seas: And God saw that it was good. And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth: And it was so. And the earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind: And God saw that it was good. And the evening and the morning were the third day.

And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven, to divide the day from the night: And let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and years. And let them be for lights in the firmament of the heaven, to give light upon the earth: And it was so. And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night: He made the stars also. And God set them in the firmament of the heaven, to give light upon the earth, and to rule over the day and over the night, and to divide the light from the darkness: And God saw that it was good. And the evening and the morning were the fourth day.

And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven. And God created great whales, and every living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly after their kind, and every winged fowl after his kind: and God saw that it was good. And God blessed them, saying, Be fruitful, and multiply, and fill the waters in the seas, and let fowl multiply in the

earth. And the evening and the morning were the fifth day.

And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind: And it was so. And God made the beast of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind, and every thing that creepeth upon the earth after his kind: And God saw that it was good.

And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: And let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it, and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.

And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat. And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every thing that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life, I have given every green herb for meat: And it was so. And God saw every thing that he had made, and behold it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day.

Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them. And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made: And he rested on the seventh day from all his work, which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because that in it he had rested from all his work, which God created and made.

These are the generations of the heavens and of the earth, when they were created; in the day that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens, and every plant of the field, before it was in the earth, and every herb in the field, before it grew: For the Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the earth, and there was not a man to till the ground. But there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground. And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.

And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed. And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food: the tree of life also

in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil. And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads. The name of the first is Pison: that is it which compasseth the whole land of Havilah, where there is gold. And the gold of that land is good: there is bdellium, and the onyx-stone. And the name of the second river is Gihon: the same is it that compasseth the whole land of Ethiopia. And the name of the third river is Hiddekel: that is it which goeth toward the east of Assyria. And the fourth river is Euphrates. And the Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden, to dress it, and to keep it. And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat: But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.

And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone: I will make him an help meet for him. And out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air, and brought them unto Adam, to see what he would call them; and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof. And Adam gave names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field: But for Adam there was not found an help meet for him. And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept: and he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof. And the rib, which the Lord God had taken from man, made he a woman, and brought her unto the man. And Adam said, This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh: she shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of man. Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh. And they were both naked, the man and his wife, and were not ashamed.

Now the serpent was more subtile than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made: and he said unto the woman, Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden? And the woman said unto the serpent, We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden: But of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die. And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die: For God doth know, that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened; and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil. And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to

be desired to make one wise; she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also to her husband with her, and he did eat. And the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked: and they sewed fig-leaves together, and made themselves aprons. And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day: and Adam and his wife hid themselves, from the presence of the Lord God, amongst the trees of the garden.

And the Lord God called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art thou? And he said, I heard thy voice in the garden: and I was afraid, because I was naked; and I hid myself. And he said, Who told thee that thou wast naked? Hast thou eaten of the tree, whereof I commanded thee, that thou shouldst not eat? And the man said, The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat. And the Lord God said unto the woman, What is this that thou hast done? And the woman said, The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat. And the Lord God said unto the serpent, Because thou hast done this, thou art cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field: upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life. And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed: it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel. Unto the woman he said, I will greatly multiply thy sorrow, and thy conception; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children: and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee. And unto Adam he said, Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree of which I commanded thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat of it; cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life. Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.

And Adam called his wife's name Eve, because she was the mother of all living. Unto Adam also and to his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins, and clothed them. And the Lord God said, Behold the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil. And now lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live for ever: Therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken. So he drove out the man: And he placed at the east of the garden of Eden, Cherubims, and a flaming sword, which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life.

LESSON XVI.—A Hymn on the Creation.

Now *let the spacious world arise,*
Said the Creator Lord;
At once th' obedient earth and skies
Rose at his sov'reign word.

Dark was the deep; the waters lay
Confus'd, and drown'd the land;
He call'd the light; the new-born day
Attends on his command.

He bids the clouds ascend on high;
The clouds ascend, and bear
A wat'ry treasure to the sky,
And float on softer air.

The liquid element below
Was gather'd by his hand;
The rolling seas together flow,
And leave the solid land.

With herbs and plants (a flowery birth)
The naked globe he crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bless the earth,
Or sun to warm the ground.

Then he adorn'd the upper skies;
Behold, the sun appears,
The moon and stars in order rise,
To mark out months and years.

Out of the deep th' Almighty King
Did vital beings frame,
The painted fowls of every wing,
And fish of every name.

He gave the lion and the worm
At once their wond'rous birth,
And grazing beasts of various form
Rose from the teeming earth.

Adam was fram'd of equal clay,
Though sov'reign of the rest,
Design'd for nobler ends than they,
With God's own image bless'd.

Thus glorious in the Maker's eye
The young creation stood;
He saw the building from on high,
His word pronounc'd it good.

Lord, while the frame of nature stands,
Thy praise shall fill my tongue:
But the new world of grace demands
A more exalted song.

LESSON XVII.—The Beggar's Petition.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door;
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span.
Oh! give relief, and Heav'n will bless your store.

These tatter'd clothes my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years;
And many a furrow, in my grief-worn cheek
Has been the channel to a flood of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
With tempting aspect drew me from my road;
For plenty there a residence has found,
And grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
Here as I crav'd a morsel of their bread,
A pamper'd menial drove me from the door,
To seek a shelter in a humbler shed.

Oh! take me to your hospitable dome;
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor and miserably old.

Should I reveal the sources of my grief,
If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of pity would not be represt.

Heav'n sends misfortunes; why should we repine?
'Tis Heav'n has brought me to the state you see;
And your condition may be soon like mine,
The child of Sorrow and of Misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then, like the lark, I sprightly hail'd the morn;
But ah! oppression forc'd me from my cot,
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage,
And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, sweet soother of my care!
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell, ling'ring fell, a victim to despair,
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door;
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span.
Oh! give relief, and Heav'n will bless your store.

LESSON XVIII.—Pope's Universal Prayer.

Father of all! in every age,
In every clime ador'd,
By saint, by savage, and by sage—
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least understood:
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind.

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives:
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span,
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round:

Let not this weak unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay:
If I am wrong, O! teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath;
O! lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all being raise!
All Nature's incense rise!

LESSON XIX.—On Lying.

MENDACULUS was a youth of good parts, and of amiable dispositions; but by keeping bad company, he had contracted, in an extreme degree, the odious habit of lying. His word was scarcely ever believed by his friends; and he was often suspected of faults, because he denied the commission of them, and punished for offences, of which he was convicted only by his assertions of innocence. The experience of every day manifested the disadvantages which he suffered from the habitual violation of truth. He had a garden stocked with the choicest flowers; and the cultivation of it was his favourite amusement. It happened that the cattle of the adjoining pasture had broken down the fence; and he found them trampling upon, and destroying a bed of fine auriculas. He could not drive these ravagers away, without endangering the still more valuable productions of the next parterre; and he hastened to request the assistance of the gardener. 'You intend to make a fool of me,' said the man, who refused to go, as he gave no credit to the relation of Mendaculus.

One frosty day, his father had the misfortune to be thrown from his horse, and to fracture his thigh. Mendaculus was present, and was deeply affected by the accident, but had not strength to afford the necessary help. He was therefore obliged to leave him, in this painful condition, on the ground, which was at that time covered with snow; and, with all the expedition in his power, he rode to Manchester, to solicit the aid of the first benevolent person he should meet with. His character as a liar was generally known: few to whom he applied, paid attention to his story, and no one believed it. After losing much time, in fruitless entreaties, he returned with a sorrowful heart, and with his eyes bathed in tears, to the place where the accident happened. But his father was removed from thence: A coach fortunately passed that way: he was taken into it, and conveyed to his own house, whither Mendaculus soon followed him.

A lusty boy, of whom Mendaculus had told some falsehoods, often waylaid him as he went to school, and beat him with great severity. Conscious of his ill desert, Mendaculus bore, for some time, in silence, this chastisement; but the frequent repetition of

it at last overpowered his resolution, and he complained to his father of the usage which he met with. His father, though dubious of the truth of this account, applied to the parents of the boy who abused him. But he could obtain no redress from them, and only received the following painful answer: 'Your son is a notorious liar, and we pay no regard to his assertions.' Mendaculus was therefore obliged to submit to the wonted correction, till full satisfaction had been taken, by his antagonist, for the injury he had sustained.

Such were the evils in which this unfortunate youth almost daily involved himself, by the habit of lying. He was sensible of his misconduct, and began to reflect upon it with seriousness and contrition. Resolutions of amendment succeeded to penitence; he set a guard upon his words; spoke little, and always with caution and reserve; and he soon found, by sweet experience, that truth is more easy and natural than falsehood. By degrees the love of it became predominant in his mind; and so sacred at length did he hold veracity to be, that he scrupled even the least jocular violation of it. This happy change restored him to the esteem of his friends, the confidence of the public, and the peace of his own conscience.

LESSON XX.—On Drunkenness.

Wise were the kings, who never chose a friend,
Till with full cups they had unmask'd his soul,
And seen the bottom of his deepest thoughts. ROSCOMMON.

NO vices are so incurable as those in which men are apt to glory. One would wonder how drunkenness should have the good fortune to be of this number. *Anacharsis*, being invited to a match of drinking at *Corinth*, demanded the prize very humorously, because he was drunk before any of the rest of the company: for, says he, when we run a race, he who arrives at the goal first is entitled to the reward: On the contrary, in this thirsty generation, the honour falls upon him who carries off the greatest quantity of liquor, and knocks down the rest of the company. But however highly this tribe of people may think of themselves, a drunken man is a greater monster than any that is to be found among all the creatures which God hath made; as indeed there is no character which appears more despicable and deformed, in the eyes of all reasonable persons, than that of a drunkard. *Bonosus*, one of our own countrymen, who was addicted to this vice, having set up for a share in the *Roman* empire, and being defeated in a great battle, hanged himself. When he was seen by the army, in this melancholy situation, notwithstanding he had behaved himself very bravely, the common jest was, that the thing they saw hanging before them upon the tree, was not a man, but a bottle.

This vice has very fatal effects on the mind, the body, and the fortune of the person who is devoted to it. In regard to the mind, it first discovers every flaw in it. The sober man, by the strength of reason, may keep under and subdue every vice or folly to which he is most inclined; but wine makes every latent seed sprout up in the soul, and show itself; it gives fury to the passions, and force to those objects which are apt to produce them. When a young fellow complained to an old philosopher, that his wife was not handsome, Put less water in your wine, says the philosopher, and you will quickly make her so. Wine heightens indifference into love, love into jealousy, and jealousy into madness. It often turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric into an assassin. It gives bitterness to resentment, it makes vanity insupportable, and displays every little spot of the soul in its utmost deformity. Nor does this vice only betray the hidden faults of a man, and show them in the most odious colours, but often occasions faults to which he is not naturally subject. There is more of turn than of truth in a saying of *Seneca*, that drunkenness does not produce, but discover faults. Common experience teaches the contrary. Wine throws a man out of himself, and infuses qualities into the mind, to which it is a stranger in its sober moments. The person you converse with, after the third bottle, is not the same man who at first sat down at table with you. Upon this maxim is founded one of the prettiest sayings I ever met with, which is inscribed to Publius Syrus, *He who jests upon a man that is drunk, injures the absent.*

Thus does drunkenness act in direct contradiction to reason, whose business it is to clear the mind of every vice which has crept into it, and to guard it against all the approaches of any that endeavours to make its entrance. But besides these ill effects which this vice produces in the person who is actually under its dominion, it has also a bad influence on the mind, even in its sober moments, as it insensibly weakens the understanding, impairs the memory, and makes those faults habitual which are produced by frequent excesses. It likewise wastes the substance, and impairs the health.

LESSON XXI.—On Temperance.

'Tis to thy rules, O Temperance! that we owe
All pleasures which, from health or strength, can flow:
Vigour of body, purity of mind,
Unclouded reason, sentiment refin'd. CHANDLER.

THERE is a story in the Arabian Night Tales, of a King who had long languished under an ill habit of body, and had taken abundance of remedies to no purpose. At length,

says the fable, a physician cured him by the following method: He took a hollow ball of wood, and filled it with several drugs; after which, he closed it so artificially, that nothing appeared. He likewise took a mall, and after having hollowed the handle, and that part which strikes the ball, he inclosed in them several drugs after the same manner as in the ball itself. He then ordered the Sultan, who was his patient, to exercise himself early in the morning with these rightly prepared instruments, till such time as he should sweat. When, as the story tells, the virtue of the medicaments perspiring through the wood, had so good an influence on the Sultan's constitution, that they cured him of an indisposition which all the compositions he had taken inwardly had not been able to remove. This eastern allegory is finely contrived to show us how beneficial bodily labour is to health, and that exercise is the most effectual physic. I shall in this place recommend another great preservative of health, which, in many cases, produces the same effects as exercise, and may, in some measure, supply its place, where opportunities of exercise are wanting. The preservative I am speaking of is temperance, which has those particular advantages above all other means of health, that it may be practised by all ranks and conditions, at any season, or in any place. It is a kind of regimen into which every man may put himself without interruption to business, expense of money, or loss of time. If exercise throws off all superfluities, temperance prevents them; if exercise clears the vessels, temperance neither satiates nor overstrains them; if exercise raises proper ferments in the humours, and promotes the circulation of the blood, temperance gives nature her full play, and enables her to exert herself in all her force and vigour; if exercise dissipates a growing distemper, temperance starves it.

Physic, for the most part, is nothing else but the substitute of exercise or temperance. Medicines are indeed absolutely necessary in acute distempers, that cannot wait the slow operations of these two great instruments of health; but, did men live in a habitual course of exercise and temperance, there would be but little occasion for them. Accordingly we find, that those parts of the world are the most healthy, where they subsist by the chace; and that men lived longest when their lives were employed in hunting, and when they had little food besides what they caught. Blistering, cupping, and bleeding, are seldom of use but to the idle and intemperate; as all those inward applications, which are so much in practice among us, are, for the most part, nothing else but expedients to make luxury consistent with health. The apo-

thecary is perpetually employed in countermining the cook and the vintner. It is said of Diogenes, that, meeting a young man who was going to a feast, he took him up in the street, and carried him home to his friends, as one who was running into imminent danger, had not he prevented him. What would the philosopher have said, had he been present at the gluttony of a modern meal? Would not he have thought the master of the family mad, and have begged his servants to tie down his hands, had he seen him devour fowl, fish, and flesh; swallow oil and vinegar, wines and spices; throw down salads of twenty different herbs, sauces of a hundred ingredients, confections and fruits of numberless sweets and flavours? What unnatural motions and counter-ferments must such a medley of intemperance produce in the body? For my part, when I behold a fashionable table set out in all its magnificence, I fancy that I see gouts and dropsies, fevers and lethargies, with other innumerable distempers, lying in ambustade among the dishes.

Nature delights in the most plain and simple diet. Every animal, but man, keeps to one dish. Herbs are the food of this species, fish of that, and flesh of a third; but man falls upon every thing that comes in his way, not the smallest fruit or excrescence of the earth, scarce a berry or a mushroom, can escape him.

It is impossible to lay down any determinate rule for temperance, because, what is luxury in one, may be temperance in another; but there are few that have lived any time in the world, who are not judges of their own constitutions, so far as to know what kinds, and what proportions of food do best agree with them. Were I to consider my readers as my patients, and to prescribe such a kind of temperance as is accommodated to all persons, and such as is particularly suited to our climate and way of living, I would copy the following rules of a very eminent physician. Make your whole repast out of one dish. If you indulge in a second, avoid drinking any thing strong until you have finished your meal: at the same time abstain from all sauces, or at least from such as are not the most plain and simple. A man could not well be guilty of gluttony, if he stuck to these few obvious and easy rules. In the first case, there would be no variety of tastes to solicit his palate, and occasion excess; nor in the second, any artificial provocatives to relieve satiety, and create a false appetite. Were I to prescribe a rule for drinking, it should be formed upon a saying quoted by Sir William Temple: 'The first 'glass for myself, the second for my friends, the third for good 'humour, and the fourth for mine enemies.' But because

it is impossible for one who lives in the world to diet himself always in so philosophical a manner, I think every man should have his days of abstinence, according as his constitution will permit. These are great reliefs to nature, as they qualify it for struggling with hunger and thirst, whenever any distemper or duty of life may put it upon such difficulties; and, at the same time, give it an opportunity of extricating itself from its oppressions, and recovering the several tones and springs of its distended vessels. Besides, that abstinence, well timed, often kills a sickness in embryo, and destroys the first seeds of an indisposition. It is observed by two or three ancient authors, that Socrates, notwithstanding he lived in Athens during the great plague, which has made so much noise through all ages, and has been celebrated at different times by such eminent hands; I say, notwithstanding that he lived in the time of this devouring pestilence, he never caught the least infection; which those writers unanimously ascribe to that uninterrupted temperance which he always observed.

But the most remarkable instance of the efficacy of temperance towards the procuring of long life, is what we meet with in a little book, published by *Lewis Carnaro* the Venetian; which I the rather mention, because it is of undoubted credit, as the late *Venetian* ambassador, who was of the same family, attested more than once in conversation, when he resided in *England*. *Carnaro*, who was the author of the little treatise I am mentioning, was of an infirm constitution, till about forty, when, by obstinately persisting in an exact course of temperance, he recovered a perfect state of health; insomuch, that at fourscore he published his book, which has been translated into *English*, under the title of *Sure and Certain Methods of obtaining a Long and Healthy Life*. He lived to give a third or fourth edition of it; and, after having passed his hundredth year, died without pain or agony, and like one who falls asleep. The treatise I mention has been taken notice of by several eminent authors, and is written with such a spirit of cheerfulness, religion, and good sense, as are the natural concomitants of temperance and sobriety. The mixture of the old man in it, is rather a recommendation than a discredit to it.

LESSON XXII.—On Swearing.

THERE are some sins which are always presumptuous, and do not admit of any palliation. It would appear that *Profane Swearing* is evidently of this kind. It hath no claim to pleasure, and as little to profit: the swearer seems to be wicked, merely for the sake of being so. In vain do men plead provocation; for, injure them who will, surely God

doth them no injury; and if a fellow-creature offend them, that can never afford a reason for affronting their Creator, who is continually doing them good. Besides, it is only one instance of profane swearing for which even this alleviation can be pleaded: Let the first act be supposed involuntary, the effect of some sudden disorder in the mind; what becomes of the next? That must necessarily be presumptuous; for the repetition of so unnatural a sin may easily be prevented, if the person hath a real abhorrence of it, and useth any efforts to guard against it. But, alas! how many are there who swear alike, whether they be angry or well pleased; who imprecate damnation upon themselves out of mere wantonness, and make such horrid oaths a principal part of their familiar conversation? Let all who are guilty in this manner, be prevailed upon to pause for a little, till they have seriously considered what they are doing. It cost the Redeemer much to purchase salvation for you; not only prayers, but blood too; and dare you pray that your souls may have no share in it? This is the height of madness: damnation is easily obtained; you need not pray for it; if you apply not the remedy, you perish of course. But it is not so easy to be saved; and must not these imprecations, which you have just cause to fear are recorded against you, increase the difficulty, and remove you farther from the road of mercy? Think of this, O sinners! before it be too late, and speedily forsake this presumptuous sin.

LESSON XXIII.—Reflections on the Death of a Profligate.

Great day of dread, decision, and despair!
At thought of thee, each sublunary wish
Lets go its eager grasp, and quits the world.—Night Thoughts.

THERE is not a more certain truth to be met with in sacred writ, than that *it is appointed for all men once to die:* a decree much surer than the laws of the Medes and Persians, has irrevocably determined the doom. Death is said to be the King of terrors, and a terror to Princes; and, as it is an untrodden path to all living, it may, in some measure, prove a terror to all at death, both the righteous and the wicked: but when we consider that *the wicked is driven away in his wickedness, while the righteous hath hope in his death,* the terror of the one to that of the other must appear in a very different view. How awful must the approach of death, armed with all its terrors, be to the profligate sinner? Let us reflect but a little upon this dismal scene of horror and despair. Let us figure the unhappy man laid upon his death-bed; what fearfulness comes upon him! What horrible dread overwhelms

him! Excessively afraid to die, yet utterly unable to live. Oh! what pale reviews, what startling prospects conspire to augment his sorrows, while he rolls his despairing eyes on every side! He looks back, his ill-spent youth, and the whole course of his life past, present to his view a most melancholy scene! Sins unrepented of, mercy slighted, and the day of grace ending. He looks forward, and nothing presents itself, but the righteous Judge, the dreadful tribunal, and a most solemn reckoning. All, all is wo unutterable. He receives the sentence of death within himself! Nothing now remains but a fearful looking for of wrath, and fiery indignation to consume him. Methinks I see the poor creature just about to shoot the irremeable gulf of death: that death he used to talk of with such an affectation of superior indifference. Oh! the shudderings, the strong reluctance, the unimaginable convulsions that seize his nature, as he stands lingering on the tremendous precipice! He wishes for annihilation, which he often tried to believe in, but could never seriously be convinced of. The dreadful alternative entirely misgives him. He meditates on the devouring abyss of eternity! He recoils as he eyes it! Alas! alas! how he struggles for life! Impotent efforts all! The resistless decree is gone forth! He sinks in final despair! The blackness of darkness closeth around him! He feels himself undone, without one ray of hope. Is this the man that laughed the children of wisdom and temperance to scorn; that admired, extolled, and imitated sensualists and sots? Is he of the same opinion, think you, now at the last? Ah! how different his sentiments and language, in the bower of pleasure, and on the bed of death.

Happy dissolution! were this the period of his woes: But, alas! all these tribulations are only the beginning of sorrows, one small drop of that *cup of trembling*, which is mingled for his future portion.—No sooner has the last pang dislodged the reluctant soul, but he is hurried into the presence of an angry God: not under the conducting care of beneficent angels, but exposed to the insults of accursed spirits; who lately tempted him, now upbraid him, and will for ever torment him.—He is received with frowns: *the God that made him hath no mercy on him.* He consigns him over to chains of darkness, and receptacles of despair, against the severer doom, and more public infamy of the great day. The law he hath violated, and the gospel he hath slighted, the power he hath defied, and the goodness he hath abused, will all get themselves honour in his exemplary destruction. Then God, the God to whom vengeance belongeth, will draw the arrow to the very head, and set him as the mark of his inexorable displeasure.

Misery of miseries! too shocking for reflection to dwell

upon. But, if so dismal to foresee, and that at a distance, together with the comfortable hopes of escaping it; Oh! how bitter, how inconceivably bitter, to bear, without any intermission, or any mitigation, while endless ages roll on!

Who has any bowels of pity?—Who has any sentiments of compassion?—Who has any tender concern for his fellow-creatures?—Who? in God's name, and for Christ's sake, let him show it, by warning every man, and beseeching every man to seek the Lord while he may be found: to throw down the arms of rebellion, before the act of indemnity expires; submissively to adore the Lamb, while he holds out the golden sceptre. Here, let us act the friendly part to mankind: Here, let the whole force of our benevolence exert itself: In exhorting all, upon whom we can have the smallest influence, to take the wings of faith unfeigned; of repentance undelayed; and flee away from this wrath to come.

——————————— These
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell: hope never comes,
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur, unconsum'd. MILTON.

LESSON XXIV.—*On the Same.*

My thoughts on awful subjects roll,
  Damnation and the dead;
What horrors seize the guilty soul,
  Upon a dying bed?
Ling'ring about these mortal shores,
  She makes a long delay,
Till, like a flood with rapid force,
  Death sweeps the wretch away.
Then, swift and dreadful, she descends
  Down to the fiery coast,
Amongst abominable fiends,
  Herself a frighted ghost.
There endless crowds of sinners lie,
  And darkness makes their chains:
Tortur'd with keen despair they cry,
  Yet wait for fiercer pains.
Not all their anguish and their blood
  For their old guilt atones,
Nor the compassion of a God
  Shall hearken to their groans.
Oh! may thy grace prevent my breath,
  Nor bid my soul remove,
Till I have learn'd my Saviour's death,
  And well insur'd his love!

LESSON XXV.—A Thought on Eternity.

O Eternity! Eternity! how are our boldest, our strongest thoughts, lost and overwhelmed in thee? Who can set landmarks to limit thy dimensions; or find plummets to fathom thy depths? Arithmeticians have figures, to compute all the progressions of Time: Astronomers have instruments, to calculate the distances of the Planets: But what numbers can state, what lines can gauge, the lengths and breadths of Eternity? *It is higher than heaven; what canst thou do? Deeper than hell; what canst thou know? The measure thereof is longer than the earth, and broader than the sea.* Mysterious, mighty existence! A sum, not to be lessened by the largest deductions: an extent, not to be contracted by all possible diminutions. None can truly say, after the most prodigious waste of ages, *That so much of Eternity is gone.* For, when millions of centuries are elapsed, it is but just commencing; and when millions more have run their ample round, it will be no nearer ending. Yea, when ages, numerous as the bloom of spring, increased by the herbage of summer, both augmented by the leaves of autumn, and all multiplied by the drops of rain which drown the winter—when these, and ten thousand times ten thousand more—more than can be represented by any similitude, or imagined by any conception, are all revolved; Eternity, vast, boundless, amazing Eternity, will only be beginning, or rather, (if I may be allowed the expression,) only beginning to begin.

What a pleasing, yet awful thought is this! full of delight and full of dread. O! may it alarm our fears, quicken our hopes, and animate all our endeavours! Since we are soon to launch into this endless and inconceivable state, let us give all diligence to secure entrance into bliss. Now, let us give all diligence; because there is no alteration in the scenes of futurity. The wheel never turns; all is stedfast and immoveable beyond the grave. Whether we are then seated on the throne or stretched on the rack; a seal will be set to our condition, by the hand of everlasting mercy, or inflexible justice.—The saints always rejoice amidst the smiles of heaven; their harps are perpetually tuned; their triumph admits of no interruption.—The ruin also of the wicked is irremediable. The fatal sentence, once passed, is never to be repealed. No hope of exchanging their doleful habitations: But all things bear the same dismal aspect, for ever and ever.—If this be the end of the ungodly; *My soul, come not thou into their secret! Unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united.*

LESSON XXVI.—The Vision of Mirza.

The cloud, which, intercepting the clear light,
Hangs o'er thine eyes, and blunts thy mortal sight,
I will remove——— Dryden.

WHEN I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several Oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others, I met with one entitled *The Visions of Mirza*, which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public, when I have no other entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word as follows:

"On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the "custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after hav- "ing washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, "I ascended the high hill of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest "of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing "myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound "contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from "one thought to another, Surely, said I, man is but a shadow, "and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes "towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, "where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a "musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he "applied it to his lips, and began to play. The sound of it "was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes "that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different "from any thing I had ever heard; they put me in mind of "those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of "good men, upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out "the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the "pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in "secret raptures.

"I had been often told, that the rock before me was the "haunt of a genius, and that several had been entertained "with music who had passed by it; but never heard that the "musician had before made himself visible. When he had rais- "ed my thoughts by those transporting airs which he play- "ed, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked up- "on him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the "waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where "he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a "superior nature; and, as my heart was entirely subdued by "the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet "and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of com- "passion and affability, that familiarized him to my imagina- "tion, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions

" with which I approached him. He lifted me up from the " ground, and taking me by the hand, 'Mirza,' said he, 'I " have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.'

" He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and " placing me on the top of it, 'Cast thy eyes eastward,' said he, " 'and tell me what thou seest.' 'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley, " and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.' 'The valley " that thou seest,' said he, 'is the vale of misery, and the tide of " water that thou seest, is part of the great tide of eternity.' " 'What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of " a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist " at the other?' 'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of " eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and " reaching from the beginning of the world to its consumma- " tion. Examine now,' said he, 'this sea that is thus bounded " with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest " in it.' 'I see a bridge,' said I, 'standing in the midst of the tide.' " 'The bridge thou seest,' said he, 'is human life, consider it at- " tentively.' Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that " it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several " broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made " up the number about a hundred. As I was counting the " arches, the genius told me, that this bridge consisted at first " of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away " the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now " beheld it: 'But tell me farther,' said he, 'what thou discover- " est on it. 'I see multitudes of people passing over it,' said I, " 'and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.' As I looked " more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping " through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath " it; and upon farther examination, perceived there were in- " numerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which " the passengers no sooner trode upon, than they fell through " them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hid- " den pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, " so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, " but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner to- " wards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together " towards the end of the arches that were entire.

" There were indeed some persons, but their number was " very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the " broken arches, but fell through, one after another, being " quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

" I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonder- " ful structure, and the great variety of objects which it pre- " sented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see

" severals dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and " jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them to " save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens " in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation " stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy " in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes, and " danced before them; but often, when they thought them- " selves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and " down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed " some with scimitars in their hands, who ran to and fro upon " the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors, which " did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have " escaped, had they not been thus forced upon them.

" The genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy " prospect, told me, I had dwelt long enough upon it. ' Take " thine eyes off the bridge,' said he, ' and tell me if thou yet " seest any thing thou dost not comprehend.' Upon looking " up, ' What mean,' said I, ' those great flights of birds that are " perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it " from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormo- " rants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several " little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the " middle arches.' ' These,' said the genius, ' are envy, avarice, " superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions " that infest human life.'

" I here fetched a deep sigh. Alas, said I, man was made " in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! " tortured in life, and swallowed up in death! The genius, " being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so " uncomfortable a prospect. ' Look no more,' said he, ' on " man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for " eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which " the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall " into it.' I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whe- " ther or no the good genius strengthened it with any super- " natural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was be- " fore too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley " opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an " immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running " through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal " parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch " that I could discover nothing in it: but the other appeared " to me a vast ocean, planted with innumerable islands, that " were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with " a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could " see persons dressed in glorious habits with garlands upon

"their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the "sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could "hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, "human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in "me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished "for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those "happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage "to them, except through the gates of death, that I saw "opening every moment upon the bridge. 'The islands,' said "he, 'that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which "the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou "canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-"shore: there are myriads of islands behind those which "thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or "even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the "mansions of good men after death, who, according to the "degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are dis-"tributed among these several islands, which abound with "pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the "relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them: "every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective "inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth "contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives the "opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be "feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? "Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity "reserved for him.' I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on "these happy islands. 'At length,' said I, 'show me now, I "beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds "that cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of ada-"mant.'—The genius making me no answer, I turned about "to address myself to him a second time, but I found that "he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I "had been so long contemplating; but, instead of the rolling "tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing "but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and "camels grazing upon the sides of it."

LESSON XXVII.—A Contemplation on the Morning.

MAY I now call your meditation to a more inviting and delightful excursion, in a beautiful flower-garden, where I lately walked, and at once regaled the sense, and indulged the fancy.

It was early in a summer-morning, when the air was cool, the earth moist, the whole face of the creation fresh and gay. The noisy world was scarce awake. Business had not quite

shaken off his sound sleep; and riot had but just reclined his giddy head. All was serene: all was still: every thing tended to inspire tranquillity of mind, and invite to serious thought. Only the wakeful lark had left her nest, and was mounting on high, to salute the opening day. Elevated in air, she seemed to call the laborious husbandman to his toil, and all her fellow songsters to their notes.—Earliest of birds, said I, companion of the dawn, may I always rise at thy voice! rise to offer the matin-song, and adore that beneficent Being, *who maketh the out-goings of the morning and evening to rejoice.* O! how charming to rove abroad at this sweet hour of prime! to enjoy the calm of nature; to tread the dewy lawn; and taste the unruffled freshness of the air.

> Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
> With charm of earliest birds.

What a pleasure do the sons of sloth lose? Little, ah! little is the sluggard sensible how delicious an entertainment he foregoes, for the poorest of all animal gratifications.

The greyness of the dawn decays gradually. Abundance of ruddy streaks tinge the fleeces of the firmament, till, at length, the dappled aspect of the east is lost in an ardent and universal blush.—Is it the surmise of imagination, or do the skies really redden with shame, to see so many supinely stretched on their drowsy pillows?—Shall man be lost in luxurious ease? Shall man waste these precious hours in idle slumbers, while the vigorous sun is up, and going on his Maker's errand; and all the feathered choir are hymning the Creator, and paying their homage in harmony? Oh! no. Let him heighten the melody of the tuneful tribes, by adding the rational strains of devotion. Let him improve the fragrant oblations of nature, by mingling, with the rising odours, the more refined breath of praise. 'Tis natural for man to look upward; to throw his first glance upon the objects that are above him.

> Straight towards heav'n my wand'ring eyes I turn'd,
> And gaz'd awhile the ample sky.

Prodigious theatre! Where lightnings dart their fire, and thunders utter their voice: Where tempests spend their rage, and worlds unnumbered roll at large! O! the greatness of that mighty hand, which meteth out this amazing circumference with a span! O! the immensity of that wonderful Being; before whom this unmeasurable extent is no more than a point.

In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun.

Behold him coming forth, from the chambers of the east. See; the clouds, like floating curtains, are thrown back at his approach. With what refulgent majesty does he walk

abroad! How transcendently bright is his countenance; shedding day, and inexhaustible light, through the universe! Is there a scene, though finished by the most elaborate and costly refinements of human art, comparable to these illustrious solemnities of opening sunshine? Before these, all the studied pageantry of the theatre; the glittering economy of an assembly, or even the heightened ornaments of a royal palace; hide their diminished heads, and shrink into nothing. Methinks I discern a thousand admirable properties in the sun. It is certainly the best material emblem of the Creator. There is more of God in its lustre, energy, and usefulness, than in any other visible being. To worship it as a deity, was the least inexcusable of all the heathen idolatries. One scarce can wonder that fallen reason should mistake so fair a copy, for the adorable original. I have read of a person, so struck with the splendors of this noble luminary, that he imagined himself made on purpose to contemplate its glories. O! that Christians would adopt his persuasion, and transfer it to the Sun of Righteousness! Thus applied, it would cease to be a chimerical notion, and become a most important truth. No comparison in the whole book of sacred wisdom pleases me more, than that which resembles the blessed Jesus to yonder regent of the day, who now advances on his azure road, to scatter light and gladness through the nations.

LESSON XXVIII.—The Morning. An Ode.

Now rosy Morn empurples all the sky,
And o'er yon eastern height,
With dewy lustre bright,
The golden sun looks glorious from on high.
Awake, O heav'nly Muse! the trembling lyre,
And join in Nature's universal lay;
Touch my dull breast with pure poetic fire,
With dulcet melody to hail th' approaching day!
What various beauties paint the spangled lawn!
Sweet flow'rs of ev'ry hue,
Now bright with morning dew;
Beauties by Nature's magic pencil drawn!
Nor less sweet music fills th' enraptur'd ear;—
From rock, or sunny plain, or shady grove,
One boundless concert fills the echoing air;
All Nature melts around in ecstasy of love!
Both hill and dale, green wood, and flow'ry lawn,
And all that they contain,
In air, or on the plain,
Seem fill'd with rapture at th' approaching dawn!

Wild transport seizes now the feather'd race;
O'er the green mead the frisking lambkins play;
The trout, light bounding from the wat'ry space,
In dumb expressive show, salutes th' inspiring ray.

Shall man alone a dull observer prove?
Nor gratitude, nor joy,
His tuneful tongue employ,
Nor touch his conscious breast with heavenly love?
No:—Mark yon shepherd on the mountain's brow,
Where blushing walks the rosy-footed May,
While heav'n and earth with various beauties glow,
What kindling rapture swells his wild melodious lay.

Hail! holy light! and thou, resplendent sun!
Whose virtue none can tell,
So far thou dost excel,
Bright spark, struck beaming from th' eternal throne!
Without thy sacred all-inspiring pow'r,
Beauty and grace no more would nature boast,
Harmonious order deck her face no more,
In night's dark, dreary womb all swallow'd up and lost!

With what surprise th' angelic choir beheld,
When first the new-born sun,
His flaming course begun,
And o'er the pathless sky his journey held!
When, from the portals of the glowing morn,
Array'd in burning gold, the king of day
Triumphant came, all nature to adorn,
And o'er th' illumin'd sky diffus'd his orient ray!

Triumphant songs were heard from ev'ry star;
The planets in their rounds
Return'd the lofty sounds,
And heav'n's blue vault re-echo'd from afar.
The distant earth receiv'd his grateful beams,
And hill and mossy dale refulgent shone,
In glory not their own; the crystal streams,
As liquid amber pure, in golden channels run.

Now strike a bolder note, celestial Muse!
To the great Source of all,
At whose prolific call
From the dark deep this glorious fabric rose!
With his high praise conclude the lofty strain,
Whose smile awak'd the sun's refulgent fire,
And each fair light that decks th' ethereal plain:
But at whose awful frown they tremble or expire.

LESSON XXIX.—A Morning Hymn.

O Lord! to thee my morning song,
With cheerful voice I'll raise,
And join the raptur'd choir above,
To celebrate thy praise.

'Tis thou that through the shades of night,
From danger keeps me free;
And all the comforts I enjoy
Proceed alone from thee.

Without thy gracious guidance, Lord,
The air I breathe might kill;
For thousand arrows, wing'd with fate,
Attend thy awful will.

Behold how bright the morning sun
Through heav'n his course doth move!
The warbling songsters of the grove
Resound their notes of love.

Up, then, my soul! the chorus join,
To Heav'n thy homage pay;
And let a bright and fervent zeal
Distinguish thee to-day.

LESSON XXX.—A Contemplation on the Night.

——————Now twilight grey
Has in her sober liv'ry all things clad.

EVERY object, a little while ago, glared with light: but now, all appears under a more qualified lustre. The animals harmonize with the insensible creation, and give place to an universal gravity. In the meadows, all was jocund and sportive; but now the gamesome lambs are grown weary of their frolics, and the tired shepherd has imposed silence on his pipe. In the branches, all was sprightliness and song; but now the lively green is wrapt in the descending glooms, and no tuneful airs are heard, but only the plaintive stock-dove cooing mournfully through the grove. Should I now be vain and trifling, the Heavens and the Earth would rebuke my unseasonable levity. Therefore, be these moments devoted to thoughts, sedate, as the closing day; solemn, as the face of things. And, indeed, however my social hours are enlivened with innocent pleasantry, let every evening, in her sable habit, toll the bell to serious consideration. Nothing can be more proper for a creature that borders upon eternity, and is hasting continually to his final audit, than daily to slip away from the circle of amusements, and frequently to relinquish the hurry of business, in order to consider and adjust *the things that belong to his eternal peace.*

The darkness is now at its height; and I cannot but admire the obliging manner of its taking place. It comes not with a blunt and abrupt incivility, but makes gentle and respectful advances. A precipitate transition, from the splendors of day, to all the horrors of midnight, would be both inconvenient and frightful. It would bewilder the traveller n his journey; it would strike the creation with amazement; and, perhaps, be pernicious to the organs of sight: But twilight, being sent before as its harbinger, decently advertises us of its approach, and enables us to take all suitable and timely measures for its reception.

Now, the fierce inhabitants of the forest forsake their dens. A thousand grim forms, a thousand growling monsters, pace the desert. Death is in their jaws; while, stung with hunger, and athirst for blood, they roam their nightly rounds.—O! unfortunate traveller, overtaken by the night, in those dismal wilds! How must he stand aghast, at the mingled yell of ravenous throats, and lions roaring after their prey! Defend him, propitious Heaven! or else he must see his endearing spouse, and hail his native home, no more!—Now, the prowling wolf, like a murderous ruffian, dogs the shepherd's footsteps, and besets his bleating charge. The fox, like a crafty felon, steals to the thatched cottage, and carries off the feathered booty.—Happy for the world, were these the only destroyers that walk in darkness. But, alas! there are savages in human shape, who muffled in shades, infest the abodes of civilized life.

——————— 'When Night
'Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
'Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.'

The sons of violence make choice of this season, to perpetrate the most outrageous acts of wrong and robbery. The adulterer waiteth for the twilight; and, baser than the villain on the highway, betrays the honour of his bosom friend. Now, faction forms her close cabals, and whispers her traitorous insinuations. Now, rebellion plans her accursed plots, and prepares the train to blow a nation into ruin. Now, crimes, that hide their odious heads in the day, haunt the seats of society, and stalk through the gloom with audacious front. Now, the vermin of the stews crawl from their lurking holes, to wallow in sin, and feed on the venom of the night; each soothing himself with the fond notion, that all is safe, *That no eye sees.* And are they then concealed? Preposterous madmen! To draw the curtain between their infamous practices, and a little set of mortals; but lay them open to all these chaste and wakeful eyes of heaven. Are they then concealed? No, truly, were these vigilant luminaries closed, an eye keener than

the lightning's flash, brighter than ten thousand suns, beholds their every motion. Their *thickest shades are beaming day*, to the jealous Inspector, and supreme Judge of human actions. Deluded creatures! have ye not heard, have ye not read, *That clouds and darkness are his majestic residence?* In that very gloom, to which you fly for covert, he erects his throne. What you reckon your screen, is the bar of his tribunal. O! remember this: stand in awe, and sin not. Remember, that the great and terrible God is about your path, when you take your midnight range; and espies out all your ways, be they ever so secretly conducted, or artfully disguised.

LESSON XXXI.—Midnight Thoughts.

Lock'd are the golden gates of day,
'Tis thine, O Night! the keys to keep;
Morpheus, in velvet's soft array,
Has hush'd the busy world to sleep.

Now Fancy waves her magic rod,
And roving spreads her airy wings;
Now flatter'd kings assume the God,
And dreaming vassals ape their kings.

The lover, free from hopes and fears,
In ecstasy imparts the kiss:
The nymph, undone, forgets her tears,
Exulting in imagin'd bliss.

Deception all! 'tis thus through life,
Our passions grasp at each extreme;
Pleasure and pain's eternal strife,
Convinces life is all a dream.

Yet hail! kind Sleep, in poppies drest,
Health's sweetest sister, queen of peace,
In thee distinction sinks to rest;
In thee our daily troubles cease.

Thy willing captives bless thy chain,
Yet slaves at thy command are free;
Poets and princes own thy reign,
And stand on equal terms in thee.

But, like the sons of gay delight,
When most thy visits sorrow needs,
Too oft thou tak'st a distant flight,
And Death's eternal sleep succeeds.

Eternal? No!—his transient reign,
Like thine, shall revolution see;
The solemn trump shall burst his chain,
And set whole realms of captives free.

And thee, O Night! the Muse shall hail,
Whose awful gloom the soul invades;
Suns in their burning spheres may fail,
But thou shalt triumph in thy shades.

Ere order sprang in depths profound,
Thy universal sway was known;
Chaos, thy ruder brother, own'd
The ancient sceptre thine alone.

O see! obsequious to thy nod,
Dividing clouds obedient fly;
See the drawn curtains of a God,
Unfold the glories of the sky.

View the amazing canopy;
The wide, the wonderful expanse!
Let each bold infidel agree,
That God is there, unknown to chance.

There the enchanting volume read,
Where worlds illumin'd fill the page;
Where radiant orbs their Maker plead,
And in his great behests engage.

There learned dunces of the schools
Behold the language stars can teach;
Then, bending, own Jehovah rules,
Beyond the power of human reach.

LESSON XXXII.—An Elegy on Evening.

Hail! sober Eve, whose robe of dusky grey
Each blooming verdant landscape doth invest,
Now hush'd the rude tumultuous glare of Day;
Now veil'd those flow'ry scenes that charm'd my breast

Where now the shepherd, who at ease reclin'd
On some green turf beside yon trickling rills?
Where now the breeze rais'd by the western wind?
Where now the cattle on a thousand hills?

A solemn shade eclipses Nature's face;
The tuneful tribes in artful nests are laid;
Each shepherd with his cattle finds a place,
Where toil, by balmy sleep, is well repaid:

Sweet Sleep! inspiring dreams of harmless kind,
Where no ambitious fretful care annoys,
Nor scene luxurious cloys the sated mind;
Which Nature's purest genuine bliss destroys.

For seldom doth the luckless monarch taste
Such pure untainted bliss within his breast,
As doth the virtuous shepherd on the waste,
When noon-day heat lulls all his frame to rest.

Vain, then, the keen pursuit of Fortune's plume;
  And vain the glitt'ring honours earth bestows,
Unless it to the owner's breast become
  A true perennial source of calm repose.

But, ah! 'tis seldom honours can impart
  Such true celestial comforts to the breast;
Can whisper sweet contentment to the heart,
  Or lull discordant passions into rest.

No:—like rude Boreas' breath upon the sea,
  The gales of Wealth to hideous storms arise,
When blown by Avarice and Vanity,
  The sacred mansion of the soul disguise.

For let this solemn truth invade your ear,
  Ye gaudy tribes, that grasp at pow'r and fame,
That push with boldness to bring up the rear,
  Of those that toil to gain a mighty name:

That earth-born trifles ne'er can bless the mind;
  Like visionary shadows quick they pass:
By such the soul is often hurt, we find,
  As breathing dims the lustre of the glass.

For what, alas! is all the pow'r, the wealth,
  That earth can yield? how empty is the whole,
Join'd to illustrious parentage and health,
  When put in balance with th' immortal soul?

For these shall moulder, perish, and decay;
  And ruin o'er Creation's face shall come:
But when the sun and stars shall fade away,
  The soul shall boast an uncorrupted bloom.

Alas! how empty then our hopes and fears,
  For fancied ills, which seldom do molest!
Why wish for transport in this vale of tears,
  Or let its absence discompose the breast?

What though the blust'ring storms of life arise,
  And Grief usurp fair Joy's alluring place!
A milder scene awaits us in the skies,
  Where sin dares never show its odiou face.

The soul that keeps this glorious prize in view
  Superior mounts above each trifling aim,
The Hydra forms of Vice strives to subdue,
  And moves towards that heav'n from whence it came.

This is the mark supreme: my soul, attend;
  Know thy own dignity, nor scorn thy worth;
Behold! th' angelic train assistance lend,
  To raise thee from the grov'ling scenes of earth.

For, ah! they fly, like Day's illusive schemes,
When once the fervent heat of life is o'er,
When sacred Reason gilds with clearest beams,
And visionary shadows please no more.
Hail, Night! thou gentle emblematic shade
Of that tremendous period fix'd by God,
When drear Forgetfulness shall veil the dead,
And Fame be lost beneath the green grass sod.
This ends the race of feeble man below:
Nor Pow'r, nor Honour, Fame, nor youthful Bloom,
Can gain a respite from the dreadful blow.
'Tis Virtue only triumphs o'er the tomb.

LESSON XXXIII.—An Essay on Sleep.

THERE is not, perhaps, any thing, in the whole constitution of animals, more deserving of our wonder than sleep. That a body fatigued with labour, and dispirited with constant application, should, at a certain period of time, insensibly and irresistibly resign itself into an absolute passiveness and inaction; that it should lose all its voluntary powers, and yet preserve all its animal functions; that it should, at another regular period, spontaneously shake off this inattention and inactivity, and recover its original spirit and vigour, entirely refreshed, and restored in all its former faculties; that this mere suspension of attention and incapacity of motion, should so regularly take place, and produce such amazing and extraordinary effects, is justly to be accounted among those great secrets of nature, which we every day are familiar with, as to the effect, and yet are entirely (I may say) ignorant of, as to the true cause.

But however wonderful sleep may be, it is attended by something as much more surprising and unaccountable, as the powers of the soul surpass those of the body: I mean dreaming; and of which Milton thus speaks:

—— 'Know, that in the soul
Are many lesser faculties, that serve
Reason as chief: among these Fancy next
Her office holds; of all external things,
Which the five watchful senses represent,
She forms imaginations, airy shapes,
Which reason joining or disjoining, frames
All what we affirm, or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
Into her private cell when nature rests.
Oft in her absence mimic fancy wakes
To imitate her; but misjoining shapes,

Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams,
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.'—PAR. LOST.

A faculty this, which the soul exerts, more or less, in all; and yet it is difficult to discover from whence the true impulse arises; how it is circumscribed, or what brings it to an end: for, in real active life, our ideas are regular, actions are (or should be) determined by some certain views, and we complete them by just and consonant measures. But in dreams, the imagination reigns absolute, and will and judgment are entirely subservient to its command: creating discontented thoughts, vain hopes, vain aims, and inordinate desires; and yet, was this alone, without the aid of the senses, or the apparent help of the memory, it can engage us in scenes of the deepest reach, and the highest importance: can officiate for reason and judgment; can assemble and compare ideas, begin and finish adventures; can instantaneously shift the scene, and bring on the catastrophe at her own pleasure, without asking leave of the will or understanding. It can even proceed much farther, and present those images, and correct those circumstances, which were never in the power of the waking mind even to conceive; hurries over actions with incredible velocity, or hangs a load on the wing of time, and lengthens out duration to what term she pleases. The imagination, says Shakspeare,

'Gallops, night by night,
Through lovers' brains; and then they dream of love:
O'er lawyers' fingers; who straight dream on fees:
Sometimes she gallops o'er a lawyer's nose;
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And, sometimes, comes she with a tythe-pig's tail,
Tickling the parson as he lies asleep;
Then dreams he of another benefice.
Sometimes, she driveth o'er a soldier's neck;
And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and, then, anon,
Drums in his ears; at which he starts and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two—
And sleeps again.'

This is exemplified in the case of those, who have dreamed through the actions of three days in a successive series, in the compass of a few hours; and of others, who, in one night, have made a tour over the whole globe, or executed some unnatural feat. Again, when we are awake, the action of recollecting, inventing, arranging, and committing our ideas to writing, is a work of incredible pains and labour, advances slowly, and is divided into a number of stages, be-

fore it arrives at the point in view, or can present the images of the writer to the reader: whereas many people have dreamed of reading books on a variety of subjects, clearly, consistently, and elegantly written, which they never saw waking; whereby it appears, that the imagination composes the work, attends the thread of the whole narration, judges of its excellency, and remembers its contents, all at the same instant of time: an incontestible proof, in my opinion, that it is of a much more noble and comprehensive nature, than we generally suppose it to be; and can, when delivered from the bands of sense, and disencumbered of the body, act more like the Deity, than such a frail limited agent, as it now appears, seems capable of doing.

AN ABRIDGMENT OF THE HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.

FROM OSTERVALD.

LESSON XXXIV.—*Of the time that passed from the Creation of the World to the Flood.*

THE world was created about four thousand years before the birth of Jesus Christ. In six days, God made all the creatures that are therein; and on the sixth day he created *Adam*, who was the first man. He made him after his own image, and gave him dominion over the rest of the creatures. *Adam*, after his creation, was put into the terrestrial paradise, otherwise called the garden of *Eden*, with *Eve* his wife, who was formed out of one of his ribs: And they had lived happy in that place, if they had continued in their innocence, and kept the law that God had given them.

But *Adam* and *Eve* being fallen into rebellion, through the temptation of the devil, and having broken the commandment that God had given them, not to eat of the fruit of a tree which was in the garden of *Eden*, which the scripture calls, *The tree of knowledge of good and evil*; they lost their innocence and their happiness together, were made subject to death, and driven by God out of the terrestrial paradise. By this fall of *Adam*, sin and death entered into the world; and all men had been for ever miserable, if God had not taken pity upon them. But God immediately promised, *That the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head*; that is, that men should be delivered from sin, from death, and from the power of the devil, by Jesus Christ, who should be born of a virgin.

In the book of *Genesis*, *Moses* tells us, who were the children and descendants of *Adam*. We see by the history of those times, that the life of men was then much longer than it is now, and that they lived many hundreds of years: but it may

so be observed, that sin began to reign in the world, pre-ntly after the creation. Cain, the son of Adam, slew his rother Abel, and had a wicked posterity. Nevertheless, God as known to, and worshipped by the patriarchs, and especial- in the family of Seth, who was one of the sons of Adam. mong these patriarchs, the scripture makes mention of Enoch, hom God took out of the world, so that he died not; God aving been pleased thereby to crown his piety, and to teach en, that there are rewards after this life for those that live ell. But in process of time, the posterity of Seth was cor-pted likewise, and mingled with the wicked. The earth as filled with crimes, and the corruption grew so great and neral that God sent the flood, which drowned the whole orld, Noah excepted, who, being a man that feared God, as, with his family, preserved from this inundation; God aving commanded him to build an ark, in which he was shut p when the flood came. The memory of this deluge is pre-rved, not only in the Holy Scriptures, but also among di-rs nations of the world, as we may find in many ancient his-ries. The flood happened one thousand six hundred and fty-six years after the creation of the world.

LESSON XXXV.—*Of the time between the Flood and the Call of* ABRAHAM.

NOAH being come out of the ark after the deluge, God ade a covenant with him, and gave a new sanction to the w of nature, in order to turn men from wickedness and ce. Noah had three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth, and all e world was afterwards peopled by their posterity. The de-endants of Shem settled chiefly in Asia; those of Ham spread, r the most part, in Africa; and those of Japheth in Europe. his is the original of all the people of the world, as may be en more at large in the tenth chapter of Genesis.

Some time after the Flood, men undertook to build the tower Babel; but God confounded their language; so that, not derstanding one another any longer, they were dispersed in-divers countries. Idolatry began about this time to pre-il, and then God was pleased to choose a people, among hom the true religion might be preserved. For this purpose, called Abraham, who lived in the city of Ur in Chaldea. e appointed him to leave the country wherein he was born; engaged him to serve him, and fear him; he commanded him go into the land of Canaan, and he promised to give that untry to his descendants, to multiply his posterity, and that e Messias should be born of his race. The call of Abraham ppened four hundred and twenty-seven years after the flood

LESSON XXXVI.—*Of the time between the Call of* ABRAHAM, *and the going of the Children of* ISRAEL *out of Egypt.*

ABRAHAM being come into the land of Canaan, tarried there some time with Lot his nephew, without having any child. This country was then inhabited by the Canaanites, who were an idolatrous and very wicked people; particularly the inhabitants of Sodom (where Lot dwelt) were so wicked, and had committed sins so horrible, that God destroyed that city, after he had brought Lot, with his wife and daughters, out of it. Fire from heaven fell down upon Sodom and Gomorrah, so that these cities, with their inhabitants, and all the neighbouring country, were burnt to ashes.

When Abraham was a hundred years of age, Isaac his son was born by a supernatural power. Isaac was the father of Jacob; and Jacob had twelve sons, who were the heads of the twelve tribes or families of the children of Israel. The two most considerable of these tribes were, afterwards, the tribe of Levi, from which the priests and ministers of religion were taken; and the tribe of Judah, which was the most powerful, and which was for a great while possessed of the royal authority, and was to subsist till the coming of Jesus Christ; from which also Jesus Christ was to be born.

Joseph, one of the sons of Jacob, having been sold and carried into Egypt, through the jealousy and hatred of his brethren; God raised him up to the chiefest dignity of that kingdom, by the means of the king of the country. Some years after, Jacob the father of Joseph was constrained, by the famine that was in the land of Canaan, to go and sojourn in Egypt, with all his family. About this time lived Job, a man illustrious for his piety, and patience under afflictions.

After the death of Jacob and Joseph, the children of Israe increased and multiplied so exceedingly in Egypt, that King Pharaoh became jealous of them, and endeavoured to destroy them: But God sent Moses, who having wrought many miracles, and smote Egypt with ten plagues, obliged Pharaoh to let the children of Israel go out of his territories. The departure of the children of Israel out of Egypt happened four hundred and thirty years after the call of Abraham.

LESSON XXXVII.—*Of the time between the going out of Egypt, and the Building of* SOLOMON'S *Temple.*

THE children of Israel being come out of Egypt, walked upon dry land through the Red Sea; and Pharaoh, who pursued them, attempting to go through after them, was there drowned, with all his army. Fifty days after the deliverance from Egypt, God published the ten commandments of the

law upon mount Sinai. He gave afterwards the political laws to Moses, as also the ceremonial laws which the Israelites were to observe. God did not suffer the children of Israel to enter into the land of Canaan immediately after their coming out of Egypt, but they staid in the wilderness forty years, under the conduct of Moses.

Moses dying at the end of these forty years, Joshua succeeded him; and after having subdued the nations and kings that inhabited the land of Canaan, he settled the Israelites in their stead. After the death of Joshua, this people were governed by the judges that God raised, from time to time, until the prophet Samuel (who was the last of the judges) set up Saul, the first king of the Israelites. After Saul, reigned David, who was both a king and a prophet; to whom succeeded Solomon, his son, who built the temple of Jerusalem, four hundred and fourscore years after the coming out of Egypt, and a thousand years before the coming of Jesus Christ.

LESSON XXXVIII.—*Of the time between the Building of* SOLOMON'S *Temple, and the Captivity of Babylon.*

AFTER Solomon's death, Rehoboam his son being set on the throne, ten tribes of Israel revolted; so that he ruled over two tribes only, which were those of Judah and Benjamin. Thus there were two kingdoms formed; the one, called the kingdom of Israel, which comprehended the ten revolted tribes; the other, called the kingdom of Judah, which consisted of the two tribes that remained faithful to Rehoboam.

The kingdom of Israel subsisted about two hundred and fifty years: Jeroboam was the first king of it. This prince, fearing that his subjects would return to the obedience of Rehoboam king of Judah, when they should go to Jerusalem to the solemn festivals, to worship God in the temple, and to offer their sacrifices there, set up a false worship in his kingdom. He made two golden calves, which they worshipped under the name of the God of Israel. He appointed solemn feasts and priests: so that in the reign of Jeroboam and his successors, idolatry was established in the kingdom of Israel. All the kings of Israel were idolaters, and kept up the false worship which Jeroboam had established. God sent several prophets to the ten tribes, to turn them from their sins, and to preserve the knowledge of himself among them. The most eminent of these prophets was Elijah: he prophesied in the time of Ahab, who was one of the wickedest of the kings of Israel. At last the kingdom of the ten tribes was destroyed, and Samaria, their capital city, was taken in the time of Hoshea, the last king of Israel, by Shalmaneser king of Assyria, who car-

ried away the ten tribes into his own kingdom, from whence they were dispersed into divers countries, and have never since been settled again in their own land.

The kingdom of Judah lasted a hundred and thirty years longer than that of Israel. The capital city of this kingdom was Jerusalem, where the true God was served in the temple of Solomon. But idolatry crept also into the kingdom of Judah. God raised up prophets from time to time, who opposed the errors and sins of that people, who threatened them with the judgments of God, and foretold the coming of the Messias. Isaiah was one of the most eminent of these prophets. There were also some good kings, who endeavoured to abolish idolatry; as, Jehoshaphat, Hezekiah, Josiah, and some others. But the people continuing in their sins, God (after he had long threatened them, and afflicted them at sundry times, by the neighbouring kings) destroyed also the kingdom of Judah: Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, besieged Jerusalem, in the reign of Zedekiah, the last king of Judah: He took it, and burnt it, with the temple, and carried away the people to Babylon, about four hundred and twenty years after Solomon had laid the foundation of the temple of Jerusalem, and five hundred and fourscore years before the birth of our Lord.

LESSON XXXIX.—*Of the time between the Captivity of Babylon and* Jesus Christ.

THE Babylonish captivity lasted seventy years, as the prophet Jeremiah had foretold it should. When these seventy years were expired, the Jews returned into their own country by the leave of Cyrus king of Persia, under the conduct of Zorobabel, to rebuild the temple of Jerusalem. But in this they were interrupted by the neighbouring nations, and this work was delayed till the time of Darius king of Persia, who commanded that the temple and the service of God should be set up again. The prophets Haggai and Zechariah lived at that time, and they exhorted the Jews to labour in building the temple. Some years afterwards, Nehemiah went into Judea by the permission of king Artaxerxes: He caused the walls of Jerusalem to be built, and restored order and civil government in that city.

From the rebuilding of Jerusalem, in the reign of Darius, to the destruction of that city, which happened after the coming of Jesus Christ, there were seventy weeks of years, that is to say, four hundred and ninety years, according to the prediction of the prophet Daniel. The Jews being returned into their own country, were, for some time, subject

to the kings of Persia, and afterwards to the kings of Syria. They were exposed to divers persecutions, whereof the last and most cruel was that of king Antiochus, who plundered and profaned the temple of Jerusalem, and made use of torments in order to force the Jews to renounce their religion; as may be seen in the history of the Maccabees. This was he that forced Mattathias and many Jews to enter into a covenant together for the preservation of their religion and liberty. They gained many victories by the courage and conduct of Judas Maccabeus and Jonathan, both sons of Mattathias. Having recovered their liberty, and again set up the exercise of their religion, they were a long time under the government of the priests, who succeeded Judas and Jonathan, and took the title of kings. These are they who are called Asmoneans. At last the Jews fell under the dominion of the Romans, who made Herod king over Judea: and it was this Herod that reigned when Jesus Christ came into the world.

LESSON XL.—*Of the Birth of* Jesus Christ; *of his Life and Death, Resurrection, and Ascension into Heaven.*

THE time in which God had resolved to send his Son being come, Jesus Christ was born in Judea, and many things fell out, that made his birth remarkable. Nevertheless, he did not quickly make himself known to the Jews: Nor did he begin to exercise his ministry before he was thirty years of age, and that he had been baptized by John the Baptist, his forerunner. We have the history of the life of Jesus Christ in the gospel; and there are three things principally to be considered in this history, viz. The doctrine of Jesus Christ, his miracles, and the holiness of his life. The doctrine he preached was most holy, and tends only to the glory of God and the good of mankind. He wrought a great number of miracles, which manifested an infinite power and goodness. By these miracles, he has made it appear, that he was the Son of God, and that his doctrine was true. His life was perfectly holy. We may find therein an example of all kinds of virtues; and particularly, of an admirable charity and humility, of an extraordinary zeal, and of a perfect indifference for the world.

Jesus having lived after this manner among the Jews, for about the space of four years, they crucified him, and put him to death at the feast of the passover: But he rose again the third day after his death; and forty days after his resurrection he ascended into heaven, where he sits at the right hand of God; and from thence he sent the Holy Ghost to his apostles upon the day of Pentecost.

LESSON XLI.—*Of the Preaching of the* APOSTLES, *and the Establishment of the* CHRISTIAN *Religion.*

THE apostles having received the Holy Ghost in the city of Jerusalem, began to preach the gospel there, and to confirm their doctrine by miracles. At first they preached only in Judea, and to none but Jews. But God having made known to them that the Christian religion ought to be taught to all men, they went to preach the gospel throughout the world. The apostles met with Jews in almost all the places where they came, this nation having been dispersed for a long time in divers countries. It was to the Jews of the dispersion that the apostles did at first address themselves, as the book of Acts shows us, and it was to them that they wrote many epistles. Nevertheless, they invited all sorts of people without distinction, as well Gentiles as Jews, to the profession of the gospel; and they baptized all those that would become Christians, *in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.* This is the substance of the doctrine which the apostles and other ministers of Jesus Christ did preach; namely, that there is but only one God, who created heaven and earth: that this true God, who had not been sufficiently known till then, had made himself known to men by Jesus Christ his Son: that this Jesus, who was crucified by the Jews, was risen again; that he was the Saviour of the world, the Judge of all men; and that all those who would believe in him, should be eternally happy. This doctrine was preached by the apostles with such wonderful success, that in a few years Christianity was established in the principal parts of the world.

As for the Jews, they were destroyed, and driven out of their country, forty years after the death of our Lord. The city of Jerusalem was taken by the Romans, and, with the temple there, laid in ruins, as Jesus Christ had expressly foretold. The judgments of God fell upon the Jews, who were dispersed throughout the world; and since that time they have never been able to recover that destruction, but it continues upon them to this day.

LESSON XLII.—*An Abridgment of the* CHRISTIAN *Religion.*

BUT, in order to have a more exact knowledge of the religion preached by the Apostles, it must be known, that they required two things from men, and promised them also two things.

The two things which the Apostles required were, that men should believe, and that they should amend their lives. They required, in the first place, that men should believe in God

and in Jesus Christ; that the Gentiles should forsake their religion, and the service of false deities, and adore and serve none but the true God, the Creator of the world; that the Jews should acknowledge Jesus Christ for the Messias promised by the prophets; and that Jews and Gentiles both should believe, that Jesus Christ came into the world for the salvation of men, to make atonement for their sins, to deliver them from condemnation and death, and to purchase for all them that believe in him, a title to eternal life: that they should receive his doctrine as true, and that they should persevere in the profession of it. The other things which the Apostles required was, that those, who till then had lived very wickedly, should amend their lives, and renounce their sins, of which the principal were, impiety, impurity, intemperance, cruelty, covetousness, injustice, pride, evil-speaking, the love of the world, and self-love. Those, who were made Christians, renounced these sins in receiving baptism, and they promised to live in the practice of virtue and holiness, and to obey the commandments of Jesus Christ; which may be reduced to these three heads, piety towards God, justice and charity towards our neighbour, and temperance in regard to ourselves.

Upon condition that men would acquit themselves of these two duties, and would give evidence of their faith and repentance, the Apostles promised them two things. *First*, That all their past sins, committed in the time of their ignorance, should be pardoned. *Secondly*, That God would receive them into his covenant, and grant them salvation and life eternal. These are the two things that the Apostles gave men assurance of by baptism; but as for those that refused to become Christians, or, that being Christians, did not live as Jesus Christ had ordained; the Apostles declared that they were excluded from salvation, and were subject to condemnation and death eternal.

This is the sum of the Christian religion, as it was preached by the Apostles. It is our duty to adhere constantly to it, to love it, to do according as it directs, living godly in this world, and expecting our salvation from the mercy of God; that so when Jesus Christ shall come at the last day, to render to every one according to his works, we may escape the punishment with which this religion threatens wicked people, and partake of that glory and everlasting happiness which it promises to the faithful.

LESSON XLIII.—*A Jewish Story concerning* ABRAHAM.

WHEN Abraham sat at his tent-door, according to custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and

travel, coming towards him, who was a hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down; but observing that the old man eat, and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven? The old man told him, that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God. At which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night, and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was? He replied, "I thrust him away, because he did not worship thee." God answered him, "I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonoured me, and couldst not thou endure him one night, when he gave thee no trouble?" Upon this, Abraham brought him back, and gave him hospitable entertainment, and wise instruction.

LESSON XLIV.—*On the Duty of* MERCY, *and Sin of* CRUELTY *to Brute Animals.*

AS the love and mercy of God are over all his works, from the highest rational to the lowest sensitive, our love and mercy are not to be confined within the circle of our own friends, acquaintances, and neighbours; nor limited to the more enlarged sphere of human nature, to creatures of our own rank, shape, and capacity; but are to be extended to every object of the love and mercy of God, *the Universal Parent*; who, as he is *righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works*, will undoubtedly require of man, superior man, a strict account of his conduct to every creature entrusted to his care, or coming in his way; and who will avenge every instance of wanton cruelty and oppression, *in the day in which he will judge the world in righteousness.*

I presume there is no *man of feeling*, who has any idea of *justice*, but would confess, upon the principles of reason and common sense, that if he were to be put to unnecessary and unmerited pain by another man, his tormentor would do him an act of injustice; and from a sense of the injustice in his *own* case, now that *he* is the sufferer, he must naturally infer, that if he were to put *another* man of feeling to the same unnecessary and unmerited pain which *he* now suffers, the injustice in himself to the other would be exactly the same as the injustice in his tormentor to him. Therefore the man of feeling and justice will not put another man to unmerited pain, because he will not do that to another, which he is unwilling should be done to himself. Nor will he take any advantage of his

own superiority of strength, or of the accidents of fortune, to abuse them to the oppression of his inferior; because he knows that in the article of *feeling* all men are equal; and that the differences of strength or station are as much the gifts and appointments of God, as the differences of understanding, colour, or stature. Superiority of rank or station may give ability to communicate happiness, (and seems so intended,) but it can give no right to inflict unnecessary or unmerited pain. A *wise* man would impeach his own wisdom, and be unworthy of the blessing of a good understanding, if he were to infer from thence, that he had a right to despise or make game of a *fool*, or put him to any degree of pain. The folly of the fool ought rather to excite his compassion, and demands the wise man's care and attention to one who cannot take care of himself.

"It has pleased God, the Father of all men, to cover some men with white skins, and others with black skins: but as there is neither merit nor demerit in complexion, the *white* man (notwithstanding the barbarity of custom and prejudice) can have no right, by virtue of his *colour*, to enslave and tyrannize over a *black* man; nor has a *fair* man any right to despise, abuse, and insult a *brown* man. Nor do I believe that a *tall* man, by virtue of his *stature*, has any legal right to trample a *dwarf* under his foot. For, whether a man be wise or foolish, white or black, fair or brown, tall or short, and I might add *rich* or *poor*, (for it is no more a man's choice to be poor than it is to be a fool, or a dwarf, or black, or tawny,) such he is by God's appointment; and, abstractedly considered, is neither a subject for pride, nor an object of contempt. Now, if, among men, the differences of their powers of the mind, and of their complexion, stature, and accidents of fortune, do not give to any one man a right to abuse or insult any other man on account of these differences; for the same reason, a man can have no natural right to abuse and torment a beast, merely because a beast has not the *mental* powers of a man: for such as the *man* is, he is but as God made him; and the very same is true of the *beast*. Neither of them can lay claim to any intrinsic *merit*, for being such as they are; for before they were created, it was impossible that either of them could deserve; and at their creation, their shapes, perfections, or defects, were invariably fixed, and their bounds set which they cannot pass. And being such, neither more nor less than God made them, there is no more demerit in a beast's being a beast, than there is merit in a man's being a man; that is, there is neither merit nor demerit in either of them.

"A *brute* is an animal no less sensible of pain than a *man*

He has similar nerves and organs of sensation; and has cries and groans, in case of violent impressions upon his body, though he cannot utter his complaints by speech or human voice, are as strong indications to us of his sensibility of pain, as the cries and groans of a *human* being whose language we do not understand. Now, as pain is what we are all averse to, our own sensibility of pain should teach us to commiserate it in others, to alleviate it, if possible, but never wantonly or unmeritedly to inflict it. As the differences among men in the above particulars are no bars to their feelings; so neither does the difference of the *shape* of a brute from that of a man exempt the brute from feeling: at least, we have no ground to suppose it. But shape or figure is as much the appointment of God, as complexion or stature. And if the difference of complexion or stature does not convey to one man a right to despise and abuse another man, the difference of shape between a man and a brute, cannot give to a man any right to abuse and torment a brute. For he who made man and man to differ in complexion or stature, made man and brute to differ in shape or figure. And in this case likewise there is neither merit nor demerit; every creature, whether man or brute, bearing that shape which the supreme Wisdom judged most expedient to answer the end for which the creature was ordained."

LESSON XLV.—*Advice to young Men entering into the World.*

AS it has been observed, that few are better qualified to give others advice, than those who have taken the least of it themselves; so in this respect I find myself perfectly authorized to offer mine; and must take leave to throw together a few observations, upon that part of a young man's conduct, on his entering into life, as it is called.

The most usual way among young men, who have no resolution of their own, is first to ask one friend's advice, and follow it for some time; then to ask advice of another, and turn to that; so of a third, still unsteady, always changing. However, every change of this nature is for the worse: people may tell you of your being unfit for some peculiar occupations in life, but heed them not; whatever employment you follow with perseverance and assiduity, will be found fit for you; it will be your support in youth, and comfort in age. In learning the useful part of every profession, very moderate abilities will suffice: great abilities are generally obnoxious to the possessors. Life has been compared to a race; but the allusion still improves, by observing, that the most swift are ever the most apt to stray from the course.

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.

A conjuror 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 conjuror: "but, thank Heaven, things are not so bad with me: for if one trick should fail, I have a hundred tricks more 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 conjuror, 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.

There are no obstructions more fatal to fortune than pride and resentment. If you must resent injuries at all, at least suppress your indignation till you become rich; and then show away. The resentment of a poor man is like the efforts of a harmless insect to sting; it may get him crushed, but cannot defend him. Who values that anger which is confirmed only in empty menaces?

Once upon a time a goose fed its young by a pond-side; and a goose, in such circumstances, is always extremely proud, and excessively punctilious. If any other animal, without the least design to offend, happened to pass that way, the goose was immediately at it. The pond, she said, was hers, and she would maintain her right in it, and support her honour while she had a bill to hiss, or a wing to flutter. In this manner she drove away ducks, pigs, and chickens; nay, even the insidious cat was seen to scamper. A lounging mastiff, however, happened to pass by, and thought it no harm if he should lap a little of the water, as he was thirsty. The guardian goose flew at him like a fury, pecked at him with her beak, and flapped him with her feathers. The dog grew angry, and had twenty times a mind to give her a sly snap; but suppressing his indignation because his master was nigh, "A pox take thee," cries he, "for a fool; sure those who have neither strength nor weapons to fight, at least, should be civil." So

saying, he went forward to the pond, quenched his thirst in spite of the goose, and followed his master.

Another obstruction to the fortune of youth is, that, while they are willing to take offence from none, they are also equally desirous of giving no body offence. From this they endeavour to please all, comply with every request, and attempt to suit themselves to every company; have no will of their own, but, like wax, catch every contiguous impression. By thus attempting to give universal satisfaction, they at last find themselves miserably disappointed: to bring the generality of admirers on our side, it is sufficient to attempt pleasing a very few.

A painter of eminence was once resolved to finish a piece which should please the whole world. When, therefore, he had drawn a picture, in which his utmost skill was exhausted, it was exposed in the public market-place, with directions at the bottom for every spectator to mark with a brush, that lay by, every limb and feature which seemed erroneous. The spectators came, and in general applauded; but each, willing to show his talent in criticism, stigmatised whatever he thought proper. At evening, when the painter came, he was mortified to find the picture one universal blot; not a single stroke that had not the marks of disapprobation. Not satisfied with this trial, the next day he was resolved to try them in a different manner; and exposing his picture as before, desired that every spectator would mark those beauties he approved or admired. The people complied, and the artist returning, found his picture covered with the marks of beauty; every stroke that had been yesterday condemned, now received the character of approbation. "Well," cries the painter, "I now find that the best way to please all the world, is to attempt pleasing one half of it."

LESSON XLVI.—*Character of* Henry Followpeer.

AMONG the various follies that are hourly springing up, and by which many persons, thought to be possessed of good understanding, are infected; I know none more ridiculous than boasting of our acquaintance, or, what is still worse, the bragging of an intimacy, with people to whom we never spoke a syllable, and by whom the slightest approximation, in a familiar way, would be deemed a great piece of impertinence, if not a gross affront.

A friend of mine has a son unfortunately addicted to this species of absurdity, which makes his father very unhappy; and, on his applying to me for advice, I told him, that I would endeavour to think upon a method of curing him.

Harry Followpeer is a good-natured, well-bred, young fellow; and, in every other respect, discovers no want of sense. It is his extravagant affectation of being intimately connected with people of fashion, which alone renders him ridiculous. In consequence of this affectation, he is not a little vain of being thought the friend of Sir Charles Travers. On my mentioning Harry's foible to him, with some concern, a few mornings ago, he said he could assist me, he believed, in removing it. "My servant William," continued Sir Charles, "is a very genteel fellow, you know: I will order him to dress himself in a suit of my clothes, and meet us in the Park to-morrow. We will call upon Harry, and make him of our party. I need not inform you of my design; you will soon comprehend it, and as readily assist me in the execution of it."

Accordingly, the next day, we went to Harry's lodgings, and easily prevailed on him to accompany us to the Park. While we were all walking there, arm in arm, Sir Charles having purposely placed Harry on the other side, we met a very elegant figure, dressed in the extremity of the fashion, who just touched his hat to our companion, and Harry returned the slight salutation, with the most submissive respect; at the same time, however, with a countenance which discovered an intimate acquaintance with him, he, grasping my hand, said, "*That's Lord Trimwell;* the very best-dressed, best-faced man in the universe, and he is as good-natured as he is genteel: he and I are upon the most familiar footing. We supped at Almack's t'other night, and kept it up till four the next morning: We kicked up a very great dust, to be sure; but my Lord is such an excellent companion, there is no refusing him any thing. He has a pretty sister too, an absolute beauty, with a handsome fortune; I dare swear I may have her for asking: but I don't know how it is," continued he, shrugging up his shoulders, "I think I feel rather averse to matrimony." Here the coxcomb affected a sarcastical laugh —"She actually dotes on me to such a degree, that I cannot tell how to get rid of her."

"But methinks," said Sir Charles, laughing, "'tis a pity to refuse my Lord's sister, especially as she has such a large fortune."

"Aye," replied Harry, "and a fine girl into the bargain. —Then there is blood, you know, Sir Charles."

"True, Harry; but are you sure you can have her?"

"Sure! yes, yes, as sure as I am that I now speak to you.—Dear little creature! Caroline is a fond girl, yet of a noble taste."

"Indisputably," answered Sir Charles, "she shows her taste by being so attached to you."

"But are you certain, Harry," said I, "that she has so large a fortune? Women of fashion are rather expensive in their pleasures, and you may be ruined, if she does not bring a sufficiency to answer all her spirited demands."

"Oh! let me alone for that," replied he; "her fortune's a good twenty thousand, besides expectations from rich uncles, and old maiden aunts, to all whom I am well known, and will venture to say, I am respected by them."

Just at this moment the fictitious *Lord Trimwell* came up to us a second time.

"There is your friend again, Harry," said Sir Charles; "shan't we join him?"

"No, not now, Sir Charles," answered he; "I am not in humour."

"Why not?" added Sir Charles; "you are always in humour for a Lord, you know.—Come, come, you shall speak to him," pushing him forwards.

"Pshaw, Sir Charles!" laughing, "pray be quiet."

"Don't be silly, Harry," said I, pushing him on my side; "you shall speak to your dearest friend, with whom you are so intimate, and whose handsome sister is so enamoured with you."

"I will not speak to him now," replied he, hanging back, and looking like a fool.

"Then I will," said Sir Charles: "Here, William," continued he, with a commanding voice, "have you carried the card I gave you to Miss Brown?"

"Yes, Sir," said the fellow, bowing submissively.

"Well! and what answer did she return?"

"She was not at home, Sir; but I left it with her woman."

"Very well, go home then, and pull off my clothes, which you may keep, for having acted your part with so much propriety!"—Then turning to poor Harry, who really looked all colours at once, he added,—"There, there is your intimate friend *Lord Trimwell* dwindled into a downright footman: only dressed up in my clothes, which I permitted him to wear, with an honest design to convince you, Harry, that a man never looks so little as when he affects an intimacy with the great."

LESSON XLVII.—*The drunken Knight and his brawling Lady appeased and reformed.*

Miss Molly, a fam'd toast, was fair and young,
Had wealth and charms—but then she had a tongue.
From morn to night th' eternal larum rung,
Which often lost those hearts her eyes had won.

Sir John was smitten, and confess'd his flame,
Sign'd out the usual time, then wed the dame.

Possess'd he thought of every joy of life;
But his dear Molly prov'd a very wife.
Excess of fondness did in time decline,
Madam lov'd money, and the Knight lov'd wine:
From whence some petty discords would arise,
As, *You're a fool,*—and, *You are mighty wise!*

Though he and all the world allow'd her wit,
Her voice was shrill, and rather loud than sweet;
When she began,—for hat and sword he'd call,
Then after a faint kiss,—cry, "B'y, dear Moll:
Supper and friends expect me at the Rose."
"And, what, Sir John, you'll get your usual dose?
Go, stink of smoke, and guzzle nasty wine;
Sure, never virtuous love was us'd like mine."

Oft as the watchful bellman march'd his round,
At a fresh bottle gay Sir John he found.
By four, the Knight would get his bus'ness done,
And only then reel'd off, because alone;
Full well he knew the dreadful storm to come,
But armed with Bourdeaux, durst venture home.

My Lady with her tongue was still prepar'd,
She rattled loud, and he impatient heard:
"'Tis a fine hour! In a sweet pickle made!
And this, Sir John, is every day the trade.
Here I sit moping all the live-long night,
Devour'd with spleen, and stranger to delight;
Till morn sends staggering home a drunken beast,
Resolv'd to break my heart as well as rest."

"Hey! hoop! d'ye hear my wild obstrep'rous spouse!
What, can't you find one bed about the house?
Will that perpetual clack lie never still?
That rival to the softness of a mill?
Some couch and distant room must be my choice,
Where I may sleep, uncurs'd with wife and noise."

Long this uncomfortable life they led,
With snarling meals, and each a separate bed.
To an old uncle oft she would complain,
Beg his advice, and scarce from tears refrain.
Old Wisewood smok'd the matter as it was,
"Cheer up," cried he, "and I'll remove the cause.

"A wond'rous spring within my garden flows,
Of sov'reign virtue, chiefly to compose
Domestic jars, and matrimonial strife,
The best elixir t' appease man and wife.

Strange are th' effects, the qualities divine;
'Tis water call'd, but worth its weight in wine.

"If in his sullen airs Sir John should come,
Three spoonfuls take, hold in your mouth,—then mum:
Smile, and look pleas'd, when he shall rage and scold,
Still in your mouth the healing cordial hold:
One month this sympathetic med'cine tried,
He'll grow a lover, you a happy bride.
But, dearest Niece, keep this grand secret close,
Or every prattling huss'y 'ill beg a dose."

A water bottle's brought for her relief;
Not Nantz could sooner ease the Lady's grief:
Her busy thoughts are on the trial bent,
And, female-like, impatient for th' event!

The bonny Knight reels home exceeding clear,
Prepar'd for clamour, and domestic war:
Ent'ring, he cries,—"Hey! Where's our thunder fled?
No hurricane! Betty, 's your Lady dead?"
Madam, aside, an ample mouthful takes,
Curt'sies, looks kind, but not a word she speaks.
Wond'ring, he stared, scarcely his eyes believ'd,
But found his ears agreeably deceiv'd.

"Why, how now, Molly, what's the crotchet now?"
She smiles, and answers only with a bow.
Then clasping her about—"Why, let me die!
These night-clothes, Moll, become thee mightily!"
With that, he sigh'd, her hand began to press,
And Betty calls, her Lady to undress.
Thus the fond pair to bed enamour'd went,
The Lady pleas'd, and the good Knight content.

For many days these fond endearments pass'd,
The reconciling bottle fails at last;
'Twas us'd and gone;—then midnight storms arose.
And looks and words the union discompose.
Her coach is order'd, and post-haste she flies,
To beg her uncle for some fresh supplies;
Transported does the strange effects relate,
Her Knight's conversion, and her happy state!

"Why, Niece," says he,—"I pr'ythee apprehend,
The water's water,—be thyself thy friend:
Such beauty would the coldest husband warm;
But your provoking tongue undoes the charm;
Be silent and complying.—You'll soon find,
Sir John, without a med'cine, will be kind."

LESSON XLVIII.—The Old Man and his Ass.

AN old man and his son were driving their ass to the market, in order to sell him.

"What a fool is this fellow," says a man upon the road, "to be trudging on foot with his son, that the ass may go light!" The old man, hearing this, set his son upon the ass, and went whistling by his side.

"Why, sirrah!" cries a second man to the boy, "is it fit for you to be riding, while your poor old father is walking?" The father, upon this rebuke, made his son dismount, and got up himself.

"Do you see," says a third, "how the lazy old knave rides along upon his beast, while his poor little boy is almost lame with walking?" The old man no sooner heard this, than he took up his son behind him.

"Pray, honest friend," says a fourth, "is that ass your own?" "Yes," says the man. "One would not have thought so," replied the other, "by your loading him so unmercifully: you and your son are better able to carry the poor beast than he you." "Any thing to please," says the owner; and, alighting with his son, they tied the legs of the ass together, and, by the help of a pole, endeavoured to carry him upon their shoulders along the bridge that led to the town.

This was so entertaining a sight, that the people ran in crowds to laugh at it, till the ass, conceiving a dislike to the over-complaisance of his master, burst asunder the cords that tied him, slipt from the pole, and tumbled into the river.

The poor old man made the best of his way home; ashamed and vexed, that by endeavouring to please every body, he had pleased no body, and lost his ass into the bargain.

"There cannot be a piece of greater folly, than to endeavour to please all mankind."

LESSON XLIX.—The Dervise.

A Dervise, travelling through Tartary, being arrived at the town of Balk, went into the King's palace by mistake, as thinking it to be a public inn or caravansary. Having looked about him for some time, he entered into a long gallery, where he laid down his wallet, and spread his carpet, in order to repose himself upon it, after the manner of the eastern nations. He had not been long in this posture, before he was discovered by some of the guards, who asked him, what was his business in that place? The dervise told them, he intended to take up his night's lodging in that caravansary. The guards told him, in a very angry manner, that the house he was in was not a caravansary, but the king's palace.

It happened that the king himself passed through the gallery during this debate, and, smiling at the mistake of the dervise, asked him how he could possibly be so dull as not to distinguish a palace from a caravansary? "Sir," says the dervise, "give me leave to ask your Majesty a question or two. Who were the persons that lodged in this house when it was first built?" The king replied, His ancestors. "And who," said the dervise, "was the last person that lodged here?" The king replied, His father. "And who is it," says the dervise, "that lodges here at present?" The king told him, that it was he himself. "And who," says the dervise, "will be here after you?" The king answered, The young prince his son. "Ah, Sir," said the dervise, "a house that changes its inhabitants so often, and receives such a perpetual succession of guests, is not a palace, but a caravansary."

LESSON L.—The Basket-Maker. A Peruvian Tale

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 unmindfulness of the 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, when, being a clever of wood in the palace of my ancestors, he 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;"——added he, turning to a captain of his galleys, "Strip the injured, and the injurer; and, conveying them to one of the most barbarous and remotest 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 having 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 dispatch 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 sneakingness of 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 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 bolder and more open freedom; and, having plucked a handful of his flags, sat down without emotion, and making signs that he would show 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 all their clubs, and formed a dance of welcome and 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 this 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 the gods should please to call me to a repossession of my rank and happiness, I would 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. And it 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.*

LESSON LI.—Good-natured Credulity.

A Chaldean peasant was conducting a goat to the city of Bagdat. He was mounted on an ass; and the goat followed him, with a bell suspended from his neck. "I shall sell these animals," said he to himself, "for thirty pieces of silver. With this money I can purchase a new turban, and a rich vestment of taffety, which I will tie with a sash of purple silk. The young damsels will then smile more favourably upon me, and I shall be the finest man at the Mosque."

Whilst the peasant was thus anticipating in idea his future enjoyments, three artful rogues concerted a stratagem to plunder him of his treasures.—As he moved slowly along, one of them slipped off the bell from the neck of the goat; and fastening it, without being perceived, to the tail of the ass, carried away his booty. The man, riding upon the ass, and hearing the sound of the bell, continued to muse, without the least suspicion of the loss which he had sustained. Happening, however, a short while after, to turn about his head, he discovered, with grief and astonishment, that the animal was gone, which constituted so considerable a part of his riches; and he inquired, with the utmost anxiety, after his goat, of every traveller whom he met.

The second rogue now accosted him, and said, "I have just seen, in yonder fields, a man in great haste, dragging a goat along with him." The peasant dismounted with precipitation, and requested the obliging stranger to hold his ass, that he might lose no time in overtaking the thief. He instantly began the pursuit; and, having traversed, in vain, the course that was pointed out to him, he came back, fatigued and breathless, to the place from which he set out, where he found neither his ass, nor the deceitful informer, to whose care he had intrusted him.

As he walked pensively onward, overwhelmed with shame, vexation, and disappointment, his attention was roused by the loud complaints and lamentations of a poor man, who sat by the side of a well. He turned out of the way to sympathize with a brother in affliction, recounted his own misfortunes, and inquired the cause of that violent sorrow which seemed to oppress him. "Alas!" said the poor man in the most piteous tone of voice, "as I was resting here to drink, I dropped into the water a casket full of diamonds, which I was employed to carry to the Caliph at Bagdat; and I shall be put to death, on the suspicion of having secreted so valuable a treasure." "Why don't you jump into the well in search of the casket?" cried the peasant, astonished at the stupidity of his new acquaintance. "Because it is deep," replied the man, "and I can neither dive nor swim. But will you undertake this kind office for me, and I will reward you with thirty pieces of silver?" The peasant accepted the offer with exultation; and while he was putting off his cassock, vest, and slippers, poured out his soul in thanksgivings to the holy Prophet, for this providential succour. But, the moment he plunged into the water, in search of the pretended casket, the man (who was one of the three rogues that had concerted the plan of robbing him) seized upon his garments, and bore them off in security to his comrades.

Thus, through inattention, simplicity, and credulity, was the unfortunate Chaldean duped of all his little possessions; and he hastened back to his cottage, with no other covering for his nakedness, than a tattered garment, which he borrowed on the road.

LESSON LII.—Alcander and Septimius.

ATHENS, long after the decline of the Roman empire, still continued the seat of learning, politeness, and wisdom. Theodoric, the Ostragoth, repaired the schools which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay; and continued

those pensions to men of learning, which avaricious governors had monopolized.

In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow-students together. The one, the most subtile reasoner of all the Lyceum; the other, the most eloquent speaker in the Academic grove. Mutual admiration soon begot a friendship. Their fortunes were nearly equal; and they were natives of the two most celebrated cities in the world. Alcander was of Athens; Septimius came from Rome.

In this state of harmony they lived for some time together; when Alcander, after passing the first part of his youth in the indolence of philosophy, thought at length of entering into the busy world; and, as a step previous to this, placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquisite beauty. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed; the previous ceremonies were performed; and nothing now remained, but her being conducted in triumph to the apartment of the intended bridegroom.

Alcander's exultation in his own happiness, or being unable to enjoy any satisfaction, without making his friend Septimius a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce Hypatia to his fellow-student; which he did with all the gaiety of a man who found himself equally happy in friendship and love. But this was an interview fatal to the future peace of both. Septimius no sooner saw her, than he was smitten with an involuntary passion: and, though he used every effort to suppress desires, at once so imprudent and unjust, the emotions of his mind, in a short time, became so strong, that they brought on a fever, which the physicians judged incurable.

During this illness, Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondness, and brought his mistress to join in those amiable offices of friendship. The sagacity of the physicians, by these means, soon discovered that the cause of their patient's disorder was love; and Alcander, being apprized of their discovery, at length extorted a confession from the reluctant dying lover.

It would but delay the narrative, to describe the conflict between love and friendship, in the breast of Alcander, on this occasion: it is enough to say, that the Athenians were, at that time, arrived at such refinement in morals, that every virtue was carried to excess. In short, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride, in all her charms, to the young Roman. They were married privately by his connivance; and this unlooked for change of fortune, wrought as unexpected a change in the constitution of the now happy Septimius. In a few days, he was perfectly recovered, and set out with his fair partner for Rome. Here, by an exer-

tion of those talents which he so eminently possessed, Septimius, in a few years, arrived at the highest dignities of the state, and was constituted the city judge, or prætor.

In the meantime, Alcander not only felt the pain of being separated from his friend and his mistress, but a prosecution was also commenced against him by the relations of Hypatia, for having basely given up his bride, as was suggested, for money. His innocence of the crime laid to his charge, and even his eloquence in his own defence, were not able to withstand the influence of a powerful party. He was cast, and condemned to pay an enormous fine. Being unable to raise so large a sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated. he himself was stripped of the habit of freedom, exposed as a slave in the market-place, and sold to the highest bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaser, Alcander, with some other companions of distress, was carried into that region of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master, and his success in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply his precarious subsistence. Every morning waked him to a renewal of famine or toil; and every change of season, served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered: he embraced it with ardour; so that, travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, to shorten a long story, he at last arrived in Rome.

The same day on which Alcander arrived, Septimius sat administering justice in the forum, whither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known, and publicly acknowledged, by his former friend. Here he stood the whole day amongst the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of: but he was so much altered by a long succession of hardships, that he continued unnoticed among the rest; and in the evening, when he was going up to the prætor's chair, he was brutally repulsed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another; for, night coming on, he now found himself under the necessity of seeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated, and in rags as he was, none of the citizens would harbour so much wretchedness; and sleeping in the streets might be attended with interruption or danger; in short, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without the city; the usual retreat of guilt, poverty, and despair. In this mansion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries for a while in sleep; and found, on his flinty couch, more ease than beds of down can supply to the guilty.

As he continued here, about midnight, two robbers came to make this their retreat: but, happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at the entrance. He was found, next morning, dead, at the mouth of the vault. This naturally inducing an inquiry, an alarm was spread; the cave was examined, and Alcander was apprehended, and accused of robbery and murder. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted, that he at last became regardless of life. He detested a world, in which he had found only ingratitude, falsehood, and cruelty: he was determined to make no defence; and, thus lowering with resolution, he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius.

As the circumstances against him were strong, and he offered nothing in his own vindication, the judge was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when the attention of the spectators was soon divided by another object. The robber, who had been really guilty, was apprehended selling his plunder; and, struck with a panic, had confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Alcander's innocence, therefore, appeared; whilst the sullen rashness of his conduct, remained a wonder to the surrounding multitude. But their astonishment was still farther increased, when they saw their judge start from his tribunal, to embrace the supposed criminal. Septimius recollected his friend and former benefactor, and hung upon his neck with tears of pity and of joy. Need the sequel be related? Alcander was acquitted; shared the friendship and honours of the principal citizens of Rome; lived afterwards in happiness and ease; and left it to be engraved on his tomb, That no circumstances are so desperate, which Providence may not relieve.

LESSON LIII.—A noble Instance of Generosity.

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 be our prisoners. But, as you are driven in by stress of wea-

ther, 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."

LESSON LIV —A remarkable Instance of the Force of Gratitude.

A Gentleman, in the western parts of England, had two daughters at marriage estate, the elder of whom was addressed by a person, whose birth and fortune rendered him more than an equal match; notwithstanding these advantages, joined to a most graceful form, and many great accomplishments of mind, she could not be brought to listen to his courtship with any degree of satisfaction, while her younger sister languished in the most ardent passion for him:—her love was of that pure and disinterested kind, that though by what she felt, she was too well convinced that she never could be happy without a return in kind; yet so much did she prefer his satisfaction to her own, that she did him all the good offices in her power with her sister:—their father soon discovered the different inclinations of his daughters, and fearing he should never be able to bring the eldest to abate her aversion, and loth to lose the opportunity of so good a match for one of them, would fain have endeavoured to turn the current of the gentleman's affections to the youngest; but all efforts of that nature were wholly vain;—his reason avowed the merits of the kinder fair;—it pointed out the lasting comforts he might enjoy with one who tenderly loved him; but his heart refused to listen to any other dictates than its own, and shut out all impressions but those it had at first received:—not all the disdain he was treated with by the one, had power to abate the ardour of his flame; nor all the soft, though modest, tokens of an affection adequate to her sister's hate, could in the other kindle the least spark:—a kind look from the one transported him beyond himself, but the tender glances of the other served only to add to his disquietude.

Thus did the beautiful insensible, her hapless sister, and despairing lover, unwillingly continue to torment each other, till one ill-fated day put a final period to all uncertainty and vain dependence.

The gentleman had lately bought a little pinnace, beautifully ornamented and fitted up for pleasure; to this he invited the two sisters, with several other ladies and gentlemen, who lived near the sea-side, in order to give them a regale on board. The weather, being calm and clear when they set out, tempted them to sail a considerable distance from shore; when, all at once, the aspect of the heavens was changed, and, from a most serene sky, became clouded and tempestuous:—the wind grew every moment higher, and blew so strong against them, that, in spite of their intention, they were borne still farther out to sea. The storm increasing, the vessel being weak, and, as some say, the mariners unskilful, it bulged against a rock, and split at the bottom;—the sea came pouring in on all sides;—there was but a moment between the accident and sinking;—every one was in the utmost consternation;—the circumstances admitted no time for consideration;—all jumped overboard, taking hold of those they were the most anxious to preserve;—the gentleman catched the two sisters, one under each arm, and, for a while, even thus encumbered, combated the waves; but his strength failing, there was an absolute necessity to quit his grasp of the one, in order to save the other: on which, following the emotions of his gratitude, rather than his love, he let go the eldest of these ladies, and swam with the younger till he reached the shore.

One of the sailors who had gone under his protection, saw the distress of her, whom her lover had left floating, and catched hold of her garments just as she was sinking; but destiny forbade success to his endeavours; a billow, too large and boisterous for human skill or strength to cope with, came rolling over them both, and plunged this unfortunate lady, with her intended deliverer, in the immense abyss.

Her lover, who had just eased himself of his burden, beheld from the shore what had befallen her, and not able to survive the shock, turning to the lady he had preserved at the expense of all he valued in life, and, with a countenance full of horror and despair, said to her, "Madam, I have discharged my debt of gratitude to you, for the unsought affection you have for me;—I must now obey the calls of love, and follow her, whom to outlive would be the worst of hells." With these words, they say, he threw himself with the utmost violence among the waves, which immediately swallowed him up.

The young lady had neither power nor time to utter any thing to prevent so desperate a deed, and only giving a great shriek, fell down in a swoon; in which posture she was found by those, who, seeing the distress of the pinnace afar off, were coming to administer what relief the occasion would admit.

LESSON LV.—A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF INGRATITUDE.

MR. THOMAS INKLE of London, aged twenty years, embarked in the Downs, on board the good ship called the Achilles, bound for the West Indies, on the 16th of June 1674, in order to improve his fortune by trade and merchandise. Our adventurer was the third son of an eminent citizen, who had taken particular care to instil into his mind an early love of gain, by making him a perfect master of numbers, and consequently giving him a quick view of loss and advantage, and preventing the natural impulses of his passions, hy prepossession towards his interest. With a mind thus turned, young Inkle had a person every way agreeable, a ruddy vigour in his countenance, strength in his limhs, with ringlets of fair hair loosely flowing on his shoulders. It happened, in the course of the voyage, that the Achilles, in somc distress, put into a creek in the main of America, in search of provisions. The youth, who is the hero of my story, among others, went ashore on this occasion. From their first landing, they werc observcd by a party of Indians, who hid themselves in the woods for that purposc. The English, unadvisedly, marched a great distance from the shore into the country, and were interceptcd by the natives, who slew the greatest part of them. Our adventurcr escaped among others, by flying into a forest. Upon his coming into a remote and pathless part of the wood, he threw himself, tired and breathless, on a little hillock, when an Indian maid rushed from a thicket behind him. After the first surprise was over, they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. The Indian grew immediatcly solicitous for his preservation, and conveyed him to a cave, where she gave him a delicious repast of fruit, and led him to a stream to quench his thirst. She was, it seems, a person of distinction; for she came to him every day in a different dress, of the most beautiful shells, bugles, and bredes. She likewise brought him a great many spoils, which her other lovers had presentcd to her; so that his cave was richly adorned with all the spottcd skins of beats, and most party-coloured feathers of fowls, which that part of the world afforded. To make his confinement more tolerable, she would conduct him, in the dusk of the evening, or by the favour of moon-light, to unfrcquentcd groves and solitudes, and show him where to lie down in safcty, and slcep amidst the falls of waters, and melody of nightingales. Her part was to watch, for fear of her countrymen, and awake him on occasions, to consult his safcty. In this manner did the lovers pass away their time, till they had learned a language of their own, in which the voyager communicated to his mistress, how happy

he should be to have her in his own country, where she should be clothed in such silks as his waistcoat was made of, and be carried in houses drawn by horses, without being exposed to wind or weather. He promised her the enjoyment of all this, without such fears and alarms as they were there tormented with. In this tender correspondence, these lovers lived for several months, when Yarico, instructed by her lover, discovered a vessel on the coast, to which she made signals; and, in the night, with the utmost joy and satisfaction, accompanied him to a ship's crew of his countrymen, bound for Barbadoes. When a vessel from the main arrives in that island, it seems the planters come down to the shore, where there is an immediate market of the Indians, and other slaves, as with us of horses and oxen.

To be short, Mr. Inkle, now coming into English territories, began seriously to reflect upon his loss of time, and to weigh within himself, how many days interest of his money he had lost during his stay with Yarico. This thought made the young man very pensive, and careful what account he should be able to give his friends of his voyage. Upon this consideration, the prudent and frugal young man sold Yarico to a Barbadian merchant.

LESSON LVI.—A Pastoral Song, in Four Parts.

Part I. ABSENCE.

Ye shepherds so cheerful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam;
Should Corydon's happen to stray,
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None once was so watchful as I:
—— I have left my dear Phyllis behind.

Now I know what it is to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah! lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each ev'ning repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
—— I have bade my dear Phyllis farewell.

Since Phyllis vouchsaf'd me a look,
I never once dream'd of my vine;
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I priz'd ev'ry hour that went by
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;

But now they are past, and I sigh;
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.
But why do I languish in vain?
Why wander thus pensively here?
Oh! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?
They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown;
Alas! where with her I have stray'd,
I could wander with pleasure alone.
When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gaz'd as I slowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.
The pilgrim that journeys all day,
To visit some far distant shrine,
If he bear but a relic away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft hope is the relic I bear,
And my solace wherever I go.

Part II. HOPE.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains all border'd with moss,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.
Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound:
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweet briar entwines it around.
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold:
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.
One would think she might like to retire
To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear;

Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasted and planted it there.
O how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands, and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As—She may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say, 'tis a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young:
And I lov'd her the more, when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold,
How that pity was due to—a dove;
That it ever attended the bold,
And she call'd it the sister of love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
Unmov'd, when her Corydon sighs!
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain
These plains and this valley despise?
Dear regions of silence and shade!
Soft scenes of contentment and ease!
Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
If aught, in her absence, could please.

But where does my Phyllida stray?
And where are her grots and her bowr's?
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
And the shepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the valleys as fine.
The swains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

Part III. SOLICITUDE.

Why will you my passion reprove?
Why term it a folly to grieve?
Ere I show you the charms of my love,
She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien she enamours the brave;
With her wit she engages the free;
With her modesty pleases the grave:
She is every way pleasing to me.

"To see, as my fair one goes by,
"Some hermit peep out of his cell,
"How he thinks on his youth with a sigh,
"How fondly he wishes her well.
"On him she may smile if she please,
"'Twill warm the cold bosom of age;
"But cease, gentle Phyllida, cease;
"Such softness would ruin the sage."

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays;
I could lay down my life for the swain,
That will sing but a song in her praise.
When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and listen the while;
Nay, on him let not Phyllida frown;
—— But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
Any favour with Phyllis to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might she ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
And his crook is bestudded around;
And his pipe—oh! my Phyllis, beware
Of a magic there is in the sound.

'Tis his with mock passion to glow;
'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,
"How her face is as bright as the snow,
And her bosom, be sure is as cold:
How the nightingales labour the strain,
With the notes of his charmer to vie;
How they vary their accents in vain,
Repine at her triumphs, and die.

To the grove or the garden he strays,
And pillages every sweet;
Then suiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at Phyllis's feet.

" O Phyllis," he whispers, " more fair,
More sweet than the jessamine flow'r!
What are pinks in a morn to compare?
What is eglantine after a show'r?

" Then the lily no longer is white;
Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom:
Then the violets die with despite;
And the woodbines give up their perfume."
Thus glide the soft numbers along,
And he fancies no shepherd his peer:
—— Yet I never should envy the song,
Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So Phyllis the trophy despise:
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they shine not in Phyllis's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart
Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue!
—— Yet may she beware of his art,
Or sure I must envy the song.

Part IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

Ye shepherds, give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep:
They have nothing to do but to stray;
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
She was fair—and my passion begun;
She smil'd—and I could not but love;
She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
That a nymph so complete would be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah! love every hope can inspire;
It banishes wisdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone;
Ye that witness the pains I endure,
Let reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure.
Beware how ye loiter in vain,
Amid nymphs of a higher degree:
It is not for me to explain
How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes?
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repose.
Yet time may diminish the pain;
The flow'r, and the shrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of the dew-sprinkled rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
High transports are shown to the sight,
But we are not to find them our own;
Fate never bestow'd such delight,
As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace;
To your deepest recesses I fly:
I would hide with the beasts of the chace;
I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound through the grove
With the same sad complaint it begun;
How she smil'd, and I could not but love;
Was faithless, and I am undone!

LESSON LVII.—Of Florio and Cynthia.

CYNTHIA, in the prime of beauty, with all the accomplishments that could adorn her sex, was addressed by Florio, who was an intimate acquaintance of her father and brother. Florio was a young gentleman of a considerable fortune, had good sense, and a certain agreeableness of behaviour, which concealed some defects in his temper. Cynthia had penetration enough to find out some natural infirmities in his disposition, but thought his better qualities would atone for them. One part of his temper may seem very peculiar for a young gentleman, a love for money; which he showed by jobbing in the stocks, inquiring after mortgages, and lending out money to usury. Cynthia's fortune was small in comparison to his, but she was descended of as good a family, and, in every other respect, his equal. Acquainted with Florio's temper, the prudent Cynthia, on his addressing her, laid these circumstances before him; and she herself made an objection, that she had not a fortune equal to his. With the greatest raptures would Florio, at such times, catch her by the hand, and, with the utmost earnestness, say, "My dearest Cynthia, I am not suing for wealth, but happiness: my own fortune

is large enough, with the pleasure of having you to participate it with me. I think of nothing, I desire nothing but your love." Thus would he often and often exclaim, till it would have been ungenerous in Cynthia not to have believed him; and she fancied she could so behave after marriage, that he would never repent that he had married a woman with an unequal fortune. She resolved to suit herself to his humour, and thought she could please and make him happy, not out of vanity, but inclination to do so. She intended not to have had great obligations, even to the man she loved; and therefore purposed, by her frugal economy, to have saved equal to the fortune she should have brought. This prudence and affection on her side, with wealth and love on his, must have made them one of the happiest pairs living. Cynthia's father and brother had been consulted by Florio, and had, with great expressions of joy at such an alliance, given their consent to it. Every thing was looked on as fixed, and nothing remained but Florio's appointing the time for his nuptials; when, Ah, the inconstancy of man! Florio never intended to celebrate them. Without showing the least abatement of his passion, he left her one evening, and, as he parted, said, he would send a billet next morning that would surprise her. She answered with some gaiety, and withdrew. Next morning a letter came, and she, with a joy she always felt on receiving a letter from him, broke it open. But, O her astonishment, when she read thus: "To Cynthia.—Madam, I said, last "night, I would send a billet that should surprise you: I be- "lieve this will, when it informs you, it is the last I shall ever "write to you: nor do I know that I shall ever see you again. "Things had like to have gone too far. This is an abrupt "way of telling you so, but I could in no other. I wish you "well, Cynthia, and a better husband than Florio. *P. S.* "You need not send any answer for an explanation, for I am "gone out of town, and am at least ten miles off when you "read this." Amazed, confounded, and bewildered in thought, did the poor Cynthia read over and over the letter; now thinking it some frolic of Florio's to make trial of her temper; and now suspecting it to be true; then resentment took place, then sorrow; both which flung her into a passion of tears. In this agitation, her brother entered the room, and caught her in his arms, just as she was falling from the chair into a swoon. On her recovery, she informed him of the cause, and showed him the letter. He was surprised at it, and could not believe Florio was in earnest: he therefore went directly to his lodgings to know the truth of it. It was too true, Florio and all his servants were gone that morning at five o'clock

He returned, and acquainted his father of the whole affair, who immediately went into Cynthia's chamber, and found her in her maid's arms in another swoon. When she had recovered her senses, her father endeavoured to comfort her, and bid her rather be glad she had escaped being the wife of so base a man, who, in all probability, would have used her ill after marriage. All that could be said, she heard with patience, and answered with discretion: but, alas! her heart was too deeply affected with a passion which reason could not remove. This flung her into a melancholy, which still more increased, when she had received assurance, that the infidelity of Florio was as real as he had described it. When the next fatal consequence had ensued, which was a fever on her spirits, she desired a young lady, her intimate comrade and confident, to bring her pen, ink, and paper; then sitting up in her bed, she wrote the following letter: "To Florio.—Sir, From your treat-" ment of me, you might expect the most severe reproaches: " but, as I am in that state, in which all Christians are to for-" give their most bitter enemies, I from my soul forgive you, " and hope Heaven also will forgive you the death of Cynthia." Then holding out the paper to the young lady, she said, Dear Harriot, when I am dead, for I find I have not long to live, send that to Florio: it is to forgive him; and I wish him happier than I doubt he deserves. She survived not many hours, but expired in her brother's arms. Thus fell the unhappy Cynthia, a victim to man's avarice and infidelity: thus became Florio a worse kind of murderer than a ruffian or a robber; thus he has loaded with affliction a tender parent; thus broke the laws of honour with his friend, and those of civil society with all mankind. Yet this same Florio, unaffected, unminded, and unpunished, is on the brink of marrying a lady whom he does not care for, much less love, because she has a great fortune, and is of a great family; the first of which he does not want, and the last can be of no service to him.

LESSON LVIII.—Filial Piety.

ONE of the Roman judges had given up to the Triumvir a woman of some rank, condemned for a capital crime, to be executed in the prison. He who had the charge of the execution, in consideration of her birth, did not immediately put her to death. He even ventured to let her daughter have access to her in the prison; carefully searching her, however, as she went in, lest she should carry with her any sustenance; concluding, that, in a few days, the mother must, of course, perish for want, and that the severity of putting a woman of quality to a violent death, by the hand of the executioner,

might thus be avoided. Some days passing in this manner, the Triumvir began to wonder, that the daughter still came to visit her mother, and could by no means comprehend, how the latter should live so long. Watching, therefore, carefully what passed in the interview between them, he found, to his great astonishment, that the life of the mother had been all this time supported by the milk of the daughter, who came to the prison every day, to give her mother her breasts to suck. The strange contrivance between them was represented to the judges, and procured a pardon for the mother. Nor was it thought sufficient to give, to so dutiful a daughter, the forfeited life of her condemned mother; but they were both maintained afterwards by a pension, settled on them for life; and the ground, upon which the prison stood, was consecrated, and a temple, to Filial Piety, built upon it.

What will not filial duty contrive, or what hazards will it not run, if it will put a daughter upon venturing, at the peril of her own life, to maintain her imprisoned and condemned mother in so unusual a manner? For what was ever heard of more strange, than a mother sucking the breasts of her own daughter? It might even seem so unnatural, as to render it doubtful, whether it might not be in some measure wrong, if it were not that duty to parents is the first law of nature.

LESSON LIX.—Matilda.

MATILDA was married very young to a Neapolitan nobleman of the first quality, and found herself a widow and a mother at the age of fifteen. As she stood one day caressing her infant son in the open window of an apartment, which hung over the river Volturna, the child, with a sudden spring, leaped from her arms into the flood below, and disappeared in a moment. The mother, being struck with instant surprise, in order to save the child, plunged in after him; but, far from being able to assist the infant, she herself with great difficulty escaped to the opposite shore, just when some French soldiers were plundering the country on that side, who immediately made her their prisoner.

As the war was then carrying on between the French and Italians with the utmost inhumanity, they were going at once to perpetrate those two extremes, suggested by appetite and cruelty. This base resolution, however, was opposed by a young officer, who, though their retreat required the utmost expedition, placed her behind him, and brought her in safety to his native city. Her beauty at first caught his eye; her merit soon after, his heart. They were married; he rose to the highest posts; they lived long together, and were happy.

But the felicity of a soldier can never be called permanent. After an interval of several years, the troops which he commanded having met with a repulse, he was obliged to take shelter in the city, where he had lived with his wife. Here they suffered a siege, and the city at length was taken. Few histories can produce more various instances of cruelty, than those which the French and Italians at that time exercised upon each other. It was resolved by the victors, upon this occasion, to put all the French prisoners to death, but particularly the husband of the unfortunate Matilda, as he was principally instrumental in protracting the siege. These determinations were, in general, executed almost as soon as resolved upon. The captive soldier was led forth, and the executioner, with his sword, stood ready; while the spectators, in gloomy silence, awaited the fatal blow, which was only suspended till the general, who presided as judge, should give the signal. It was in this interval of anguish and expectation, that Matilda came to take her last farewell of her husband and deliverer, deploring her wretched situation, and the cruelty of fate that had saved her from perishing by a premature death in the river Volturna, to be the spectator of still greater calamities. The general, who was a young man, was struck with surprise at her beauty and with pity at her distress, but with still stronger emotions, when he heard her mention her former hard dangers. He was her son, the very infant for whom she encountered so much danger. He acknowledged her at once as his mother, and fell at her feet. The rest may be easily supposed: The captive was set free; and all the happiness that love, friendship, and duty, could confer on each other, were united.

LESSON LX.—Androcles and the Lion.

ANDROCLES was the slave of a noble Roman, who was proconsul of Afric. He had been guilty of a fault, for which his master would have put him to death, had he not found an opportunity to escape out of his hands. Winged with terror, he fled into the deserts of Numidia. As he wandered among the barren and burning sands of the wilderness, and almost faint with heat and hunger, he espied a cave in the side of a rock. He went in, and, finding, at the farther end of it, a place to sit down upon, rested there for some time. At length, to his great surprise, a huge overgrown lion entered at the mouth of the cave. Androcles, trembling and pale, expected to be torn in pieces. But the lion, instead of treating him as he expected, laid his paw upon his lap, and, with a complaining kind of voice, fell a licking his hand. Androcles, after having recovered himself a little from the fright

he was in, observed the lion's paw to be exceedingly swelled by a large thorn that stuck in it. He immediately pulled it out, and, by squeezing the paw very gently, forced a great deal of corrupt matter to run out of it, which probably freed the lion from the great anguish he had felt some time before. The lion left him upon receiving this good office, and soon after returned with a fawn which he had just killed. This he laid down at the feet of his benefactor, and went off again in pursuit of his prey. Androcles, after having roasted the flesh of it by the heat of the sun, subsisted upon it till the lion had supplied him with another. He lived many days in this frightful solitude, the lion catering for him with great assiduity. At length, being tired of this savage society, he was resolved to deliver himself up into his master's hands, and to suffer the utmost effects of his displeasure, rather than remain thus driven out from mankind. His master, as was customary for the proconsuls of Afric, was at that time getting together a present of all the largest lions that could be found in the country, in order to send them to Rome, that he might furnish out a show to the Roman people. Upon his poor slave's surrendering himself into his hands, he ordered him to be carried away to Rome as soon as the lions were in readiness to be sent; and that for his crime, he should be exposed to fight with one of the lions, in the amphitheatre, as usual, for the diversion of the people. This was all performed accordingly. Androcles, after such a strange run of fortune, was now in the area of the theatre amidst a thousand of spectators, expecting every moment when his antagonist would come out upon him. At length a monstrous lion started from the den, where he had been kept hungry for the show: His eyes glared living fire; —his roarings rebounded through the amphitheatre;—and he bounded with fury towards the man;—but on a sudden, after having observed him a little attentively, fell to the ground, and crept towards his feet with all the signs of blandishment and caress. Androcles, after a short pause, discovered his old Numidian friend, and immediately renewed his acquaintance with him. Their mutual congratulations were very surprising to the beholders, who, upon hearing an account of the whole matter from Androcles, ordered him to be pardoned, and the lion to be given up into his possession. Androcles returned, at Rome, the civilities which he had received in the deserts of Afric.—Our historian says, that he himself saw the man leading the lion about the streets of Rome, the people every where gathering about them, and repeating to one another, "This is the *lion* who was the *man's host*; this is the *man* who was the *lion's physician.*"

LESSON LXI.—VIRTUE *under* AFFLICTION, *represented in the Story of* AMANDA.

I HAVE more than once had occasion to mention a noble saying of Seneca the philosopher, That a virtuous person, struggling with misfortunes, and rising above them, is an object on which the gods themselves may look down with delight. I shall, therefore, set before my readers a scene of this kind of distress in private life, for the speculation of this day.

An eminent citizen, who had lived in good fashion and credit, was, by a train of accidents, and by an unavoidable perplexity in his affairs, reduced to a low condition. There is a modesty usually attending faultless poverty, which made him rather choose to reduce his manner of living to his present circumstances, than solicit his friends, in order to support the show of an estate, when the substance was gone. His wife, who was a woman of sense and virtue, behaved herself on this occasion with uncommon decency, and never appeared so amiable in his eyes as now. Instead of upbraiding him with the ample fortune she had brought, or the many great offers she had refused for his sake, she redoubled all the instances of her affection, while her husband was continually pouring out his heart to her in complaints, that he had ruined the best woman in the world. He sometimes came home at a time when she did not expect him, and surprised her in tears, which she endeavoured to conceal, and always put on an air of cheerfulness to receive him. To lessen their expense, their eldest daughter (whom I shall call Amanda) was sent into the country, to the house of an honest farmer, who had married a servant of the family. This young woman was apprehensive of the ruin which was approaching, and had privately engaged a friend in the neighbourhood to give her an account of what passed from time to time in her father's affairs. Amanda was in the bloom of her youth and beauty, when the lord of the manor, who often called in at the farmer's house as he followed his country sports, fell passionately in love with her. He was a man of great generosity, but, from a loose education, had contracted a hearty aversion to marriage. He, therefore, entertained a design upon Amanda's virtue, which at present he thought fit to keep private. The innocent creature, who never suspected his intentions, was pleased with his person; and, having observed his growing passion for her, hoped, by so advantageous a match, she might quickly be in a capacity of supporting her impoverished relations. One day, as he called to see her, he found her in tears over a letter she had just received from her friend, which gave an account that her father had lately been stripped of every thing by an execution.

The lover, who, with some difficulty, found out the cause of her grief, took this occasion to make her a proposal. It is impossible to express Amanda's confusion, when she found his pretensions were not honourable. She was now deserted of all her hopes, and had no power to speak; but, rushing from him in the utmost disturbance, locked herself up in her chamber. He immediately dispatched a messenger to her father, with the following letter:

"Sir,

"I have heard of your misfortune, and have offered your "daughter, if she will live with me, to settle on her four hun- "dred pounds a-year, and to lay down the sum for which you "are now distressed. I will be so ingenuous as to tell you, "that I do not intend marriage; but, if you are wise, you will "use your authority with her not to be too nice, when she has "an opportunity of saving you and your family, and of mak- "ing herself happy. I am, &c."

This letter came into the hands of Amanda's mother. She opened it, and read it with the greatest surprise and concern. She did not think it proper to explain herself to the messenger, but, desiring him to call again the next morning, she wrote the following letter to her daughter:

"Dearest Child,

"Your father and I have just now received a letter from a "gentleman, who pretends love to you, with a proposal that "insults our misfortunes, and would throw us into a lower "degree of misery than any thing that is come upon us. How "could this barbarous man think that the tenderest of parents "would be tempted to supply their want, by giving up the "best of children to infamy and ruin? It is a mean and cruel "artifice, to make this proposal at a time when he thinks our "necessities must compel us to any thing: but we will not "eat the bread of shame; and, therefore, we charge thee not "to think of us, but to avoid the snare which is laid for thy "virtue. Beware of pitying us. It is not so bad as you have "perhaps been told. All things will yet be well, and I shall "write my child better news.

"I have been interrupted. I know not how I was moved "to say things would mend. As I was going on, I was "startled at the noise of one that knocked at the door, and "hath brought us an unexpected supply of a debt that had "been long owing. Oh! I will now tell thee all. It is some "days I have lived almost without support, having conveyed "what little money I could raise to your poor father. Thou "wilt weep to think where he is; yet be assured he will be "soon at liberty. That cruel letter would have broke his

" heart; but I have concealed it from him. I have no com-
" panion at present, besides little Fanny, who stands watch-
" ing my looks as I write, and is crying for her sister. She
" says she is sure that you are not well, having discovered that
" my present trouble is about you. But do not think I would
" thus repeat my sorrows to grieve thee; no, it is to entreat
" thee not to make them insupportable, by adding what will
" be worse than all. Let us bear cheerfully an affliction which
" we have not brought on ourselves: and remember, there is
" a Power who can better deliver us out of it, than by the
" loss of thy innocence. Heaven preserve my dear child.

" Thy affectionate Mother."

The messenger, notwithstanding he promised to deliver this letter to Amanda, carried it first to his master, who he imagined would be glad to have an opportunity of giving it into her hands himself. His master was impatient to know the success of his proposal, and therefore broke open the letter privately to see the contents. He was not a little moved at so true a picture of virtue in distress; but, at the same time, was infinitely surprised to find his offers rejected. However, he resolved not to suppress the letter, but carefully sealed it up again, and carried it to Amanda. All his endeavours to see her were in vain, till she was assured he brought a letter from her mother. He would not part with it, but upon condition that she should read it without leaving the room. While she was perusing it, he fixed his eyes on her face, with the deepest attention. Her concern gave a new softness to her beauty, and, when she burst into tears, he could no longer refrain from bearing a part in her sorrow, and telling her that he too had read the letter, and was resolved to make reparation for having been the occasion of it. My reader will not be displeased to see the second epistle, which he now wrote to Amanda's mother.

" Madam,

" I am full of shame, and will never forgive myself, if I
" have not your pardon for what I lately wrote. It was far
" from my intention to add trouble to the afflicted; nor could
" any thing, but my being a stranger to you, have betrayed
" me into a fault, for which, if I live, I shall endeavour to
" make you amends as a son. You cannot be unhappy while
" Amanda is your daughter; nor shall be, if any thing can
" prevent it which is in the power of,

" Madam,

" Your most obedient humble servant, ——."

This letter he sent by his steward, and soon after went up to town himself, to complete the generous act he had now

resolved on. By his friendship and assistance, Amanda's father was quickly in a condition of retrieving his perplexed affairs. To conclude, he married Amanda, and enjoyed the double satisfaction of having restored a worthy family to their former prosperity, and of making himself happy by an alliance to their virtues.

LESSON LXII.—Of Eliza and Eubulus.

A Widow lady in England was left by her husband's death in moderate circumstances, with the care of a son and daughter, both under age. To give her children good education, was her chief business and delight. In every other respect she was thrifty, but in this very liberal, esteeming a good education the best and most lasting patrimony. She herself taught her children to read and write, and her daughter to use her needle. She early instilled into their tender minds the principles of virtue, by drawing before them strong and lively characters, and reciting remarkable engaging stories. When they were grown up, she put her daughter Eliza to one of the genteelest boarding schools, and her son, named Eubulus, to one of the universities. Eubulus, with a fine genius, and unwearied application, made great progress in his studies, and, at the same time, by an uncommon sweetness of temper, gained the esteem of all who knew him. Among others, he contracted a particular intimacy with a young gentleman of a large fortune, who chose him for his companion in his travels. Having obtained the consent of his mother and sister, he took his leave of them, and soon after, with his friend, whose name was Agathias, went abroad. In their progress through Italy, their curiosity led them to Venice in the time of the Carnival. One evening, as Eubulus was going home, he saw two fellows in masks attacking a single gentleman, who made a stout resistance, but was pressed to the wall, and reduced to the last extremity. Eubulus drew his sword in defence of the gentleman, and obliged the villains to retire, after they were deeply wounded. He led the gentleman to his own lodgings, and sent for a surgeon to dress his wounds: but how surprised was he to find he had rescued his friend Agathias from such imminent danger, and how overjoyed was Agathias that his friend and deliverer were one and the same person. The wounds were found not mortal, so that in a few weeks Agathias recovered.

While they continued at Venice, a letter came by way of Genoa, to Eubulus, to this effect: "My dear Brother, What "shall I tell you? How will you be able to bear the news of "the death of our much honoured and dearest mother? But "the other night she called me to her bedside, and taking

" me by the hand, she said, My dear child, I am just going " to leave you; a few hours will bring me to the world of " spirits. I cheerfully resign my dear charge, you and your " brother, if he be yet alive, to the care of a good God, who " will always befriend the virtuous. When you have an op- " portunity of writing to, or seeing your brother, tell him I " died with him on my heart, left him a mother's blessing, and " had no higher wish on earth, than to hear he was still wise " and good. Farewell, my dearest child! When you drop a " tear to the memory of a loving mother, be excited to imi- " tate whatever you think good and commendable in her con- " duct. Oh, farewell! At these words, with a smile, she re- " signed her soul into her Maker's hands. O my dear brother! " grief overwhelms me. I can add no more, but that I " long exceedingly to see you: that cordial only can alleviate " the heavy loss of your affectionate sister, Eliza." This mournful news cut Eubulus to the heart; he grew impatient to return home, hoping his presence might help to lighten his sister's grief. Agathias perceiving his friend's uneasiness, inclined to indulge him by hastening their return.

Mean while Eliza, after her mother's death, had retired from the world, to a small country-seat, bordering upon a little wood. Her time was generally filled up with family-affairs, management of her small estate, reading, visiting the sick, and the company of a few chosen friends: But this calm retirement was soon interrupted, and her virtues were put to a severe trial. It was Eliza's custom, morning and evening, to walk along the banks of a rivulet near her house, and often with a book in her hand. One evening, when she was at her usual walk, a gentleman, named Lothario, getting near the place, cast himself on the ground from his horse, as if he had been seized with a sudden illness. Eliza, overhearing the groans of a person in distress, ran to the place where Lothario lay on the ground, and finding him, to appearance, in great agonies, hasted home for the assistance of her servants, who carried him to her house, and laid him in an outer apartment. When he pretended to have recovered himself, he thanked her most kindly for her hospitality, and told her, he hoped he would be well with a night's rest. From a concern for his illness, she sat by him for some time; but she had not been long in his company, till he began to utter unbecoming discourse, and talk in a strain too shocking for the lady's strict modesty. Her noble passions were instantly raised, and, with eyes flashing indignation, she said to him, "Presumptuous man! do you thus return, thus abuse, such an act of kindness? I thought my own house would have been a sufficient

protection to me against all indecency, especially from you; but since it is not, you must be gone immediately." With these words she left the room with an emotion she could not conceal, and ordered her servants to go dismiss him that moment. This disappointment only made Lothario fall on more violent methods to accomplish his villanous designs. He lay in ambush a whole day in the wood near the house, till Eliza, happening to wander abroad as usual, was intercepted by him and his servants. In spite of all her cries and struggles, he stopt not till he brought her to a private country-seat of his own, where he sometimes retired to avoid company. How deeply afflicted was poor Eliza, when she found herself in the hands of the wicked Lothario! However, suppressing all bitter exclamations, which she saw would serve no end, she firmly trusted that Heaven would preserve her innocence, and send her speedy relief. Lothario thought to win her with gentle usage, and alluring conduct: He told her she might use all freedom in his house, for every thing in it was at her command. She made no reply, but with her eyes darted the utmost contempt upon him and all his proposals. He always allowed her the liberty of walking or riding abroad, but never without servants attending her. In short, it would be tedious to relate the methods he tried, during the course of some months, to gain her over to his unworthy desires. But all was in vain: Instead of giving ear to him, she was always plotting her own escape, which, at last, she happily effected thus: One morning, when Lothario was from home, she got up much earlier than usual, and having the night before stole the key of the garden, she got into it, unperceived by any body. After crossing the garden, she leaped from the wall, and, with difficulty, scrambled up the side of the outer ditch; from that she passed over several fields, forcing her way through the hedges; she ran on till she thought herself out of danger, and then sat down quite tired with fatigue and want of rest. She now began to think upon the dangers she had run, the trials and insults she had borne, and the terrible suspense she was in about what might befal her. All these things came crowding into her thoughts, and filled her with great anxieties; but, at length, looking up to Heaven for relief, she committed herself, and the success of her escape, to a good Providence, and sunk into sleep on the green turf. A gentleman, who had been that morning a-hunting, chanced to come to the place where Eliza lay: He was struck with her amiableness, but could not help being surprised to find a lady fast asleep, loosely dressed, her face and arms scratched, and the blood drawn in many places. But how much more was

Eliza alarmed, when she opened her eyes upon a gentleman in hunting dress, gazing at her with his horse in his hand. She started up, and, seeing it in vain to fly from him, she accosted him thus: "Sir, you will, no doubt, be much surprised to find a woman in this place in such a condition; but I beseech you suspend your wonder, till I have an opportunity of informing you of the extraordinary occasion. Meantime, as you appear to be a gentleman, I trust you have the honour of one; I put myself under your protection; conduct me, I beg you, to some place of safety."

The gentleman most readily accepted the agreeable charge, and his servants coming up, he made one of them set the lady on horseback, and he conducted her himself to his own mother's house, which was only a few miles off. Having told his mother the story, he committed Eliza to her care, and went home full of the image of his lovely stranger. Next morning he returned impatient to see her, to inquire after her health, and to learn her misfortunes: after compliments had passed, he begged a recital of them. "You have a right, Sir," answered Eliza, "to my story, to remove any suspicions, which my being found in such unfavourable circumstances might have raised." Upon hearing her solitary way of life, her treatment from Lothario, her family and relations, how was he delighted to find the young lady the sister of his friend and fellow-traveller Eubulus: For Agathias and Eubulus had returned from their travels about a month before; and Agathias was the gentleman who had found Eliza, and carried her to his mother's house. Joy flowed so full upon him, that he was on the point of making a full discovery of her brother and himself, but he checked himself, and left her to find out Eubulus. Eubulus, at his return, was quite cast down to find the country-house desolate, and his dear sister, his chief joy in life, gone, and no body could tell whither Agathias had formerly told him of his finding a lady in great distress, his relieving her, and the high esteem he had for her. He now told him, he would introduce him to her to-morrow, and he himself should then judge, whether or not he esteemed her above her merit. Accordingly, next day, he took Eubulus to his mother's house to see the unfortunate stranger As Eubulus had been some years abroad, both his own and his sister's looks were so altered, that they knew not one another. In the afternoon, Agathias's mother led him into the garden, where, after they were seated, she begged Eliza to entertain them with her history. Eliza ran over her misfortunes, and represented the villainy of Lothario in such soft terms as delighted Agathias and his mother; but Eubulus

felt an uncommon tenderness, mixed with admiration: the tears started into his eyes. "Madam," said he, "give me leave to ask your name and family." "Alas, Sir," replied she, "you desire me to renew my grief: my parents are both dead, I have only one dear brother, who is now upon his travels with a gentleman of fortune and merit. I wish for nothing to make me completely happy, but to see him again. O if my dear Eubulus be still alive, and it please kind Heaven to restore him to my sight, how happy, happy!"—She could proceed no farther; sighs denied a passage to her words, and she scarce got time to utter them, when Eubulus started from his seat, ran to her, and clasped her in his arms, and burst out, "Then, my dearest sister, be as happy as your virtue, and your dear Eubulus, can make you."—Words failed him to say more; a flood of tears succeeded, the effect of inexpressible delight. Eliza, quite overpowered, continued some time speechless; at last she got vent to her joy, and broke out, "O my dearest Eubulus, my brother, is it you? Am I indeed so happy as to see you again? Has Heaven restored you to me to part no more? Behold," continues she, pointing to Agathias, "my deliverer and guardian, to whom I owe my life, my honour, and my all. You must acknowledge the immense debt; I have a heart to feel, but want words to express it." "O Madam," replied Agathias, "he has fully repaid me already; to his bravery I owe my life, which Heaven has graciously prolonged, that I might be so happy as to contribute to your safety: If you think there is any thing yet owing me, it is yourself I would ask as the full reward." Eliza, confounded at the generous proposal, made no reply, but modestly blushed consent. The match was shortly concluded, with the entire approbation of all friends. Agathias was possessed, in Eliza, of one of the most virtuous and accomplished of her sex; and Eliza's transient sufferings were rewarded in a happiness that continues undecaying, in conjunction with one of the best of husbands.

LESSON LXIII.—Theodosius and Constantia.

CONSTANTIA was a woman of extraordinary wit and beauty, but very unhappy in her father, who, having arrived at great riches by his own industry, took delight in nothing but his money. Theodosius was the younger son of a decayed family, of great parts and learning, improved by a genteel and virtuous education. When he was in the twentieth year of his age, he became acquainted with Constantia, who had not then passed her fifteenth. As he lived but a few miles distant from her father's house, he had frequent oppor-

tunities of seeing her; and, by the advantages of a good person, and a pleasing conversation, made such an impression on her heart, as it was impossible for time to efface. He was himself no less taken with Constantia. A long acquaintance made them still discover new beauties in each other, and by degrees raised in them that mutual passion, which had an influence on their following lives. It unfortunately happened, that, in the midst of this intercourse of love and friendship, between Theodosius and Constantia, there broke out an irreparable quarrel between their parents, the one valuing himself too much upon his birth, and the other upon his possessions. The father of Constantia was so incensed at the father of Theodosius, that he contracted an unreasonable aversion towards his son, insomuch that he forbade him his house, and charged his daughter, upon her duty, never to see him more. In the meantime, to break off all communication between the two lovers, who he knew entertained secret hopes of some favourable opportunity that should bring them together, he found out a young gentleman, of a good fortune, and an agreeable person, whom he pitched upon as a husband for his daughter. He soon concerted this affair so well, that he told Constantia, it was his design to marry her to such a gentleman, and that her wedding should be celebrated on such a day. Constantia, who was over-awed with the authority of her father, and unable to object any thing against so advantageous a match, received the proposal with a profound silence, which her father commended in her, as the most decent manner of a virgin's giving her consent to an overture of that kind. The noise of this intended marriage soon reached Theodosius, who, after a long tumult of passions, which naturally rise in a lover's heart on such an occasion, wrote the following letter to Constantia:

"The thought of my Constantia, which for some years has
"been my only happiness, is now become a greater torment
"to me than I am able to bear. Must I then live to see
"you another's? The streams, the fields, and meadows,
"where we have so often talked together, grow painful to
"me. Life itself is become a burden. May you long be hap-
"py in the world; but forget that there was ever such a man
"in it as THEODOSIUS."

This letter was conveyed to Constantia that very evening, who fainted at the reading of it; and the next morning she was much more alarmed by two or three messengers, that came to her father's house, one after another, to inquire if they had heard any thing of Theodosius, who, it seems, had left his chamber about midnight, and could no where be

found. The deep melancholy which had hung upon his mind some time before, made them apprehend the worst that could befal him. Constantia, who knew that nothing but the report of her marriage could have driven him to such extremities, was not to be comforted. She now accused herself for having so tamely given ear to the proposal of a husband, and looked upon the new lover as the murderer of Theodosius. In short, she resolved to suffer the utmost effects of her father's displeasure, rather than comply with a marriage which appeared to her so full of guilt and horror. The father, seeing himself entirely rid of Theodosius, and like to keep a considerable portion in his family, was not very much concerned at the obstinate refusal of his daughter; and did not find it very difficult to excuse himself, upon that account, to his intended son-in-law, who had all along regarded this alliance, rather as a marriage of convenience than of love. Constantia had now no relief but in her devotions and exercises of religion, to which her afflictions had so entirely subjected her mind, that, after some years had abated the violence of her sorrows, and settled her thoughts in a kind of tranquillity, she resolved to pass the remainder of her days in a convent. Her father was not displeased with a resolution, which would save money in his family, and readily complied with his daughter's intentions. Accordingly, in the twenty-fifth year of her age, while her beauty was yet in all its height and bloom, he carried her to a neighbouring city, in order to look out a sisterhood of nuns, among whom to place his daughter. There was in this place a father of a convent, who was very much renowned for his piety and exemplary life; and, as it is usual in the Romish Church, for those who are under any great affliction, or trouble of mind, to apply themselves to the most eminent confessors for pardon and consolation, our beautiful votary took the opportunity of confessing herself to this celebrated father.

We must now return to Theodosius, who, the very morning that the above mentioned inquiries had been made after him, arrived at a religious house in the city, where now Constantia resided; and desiring that secrecy and concealment of the fathers of the convent, which is very usual upon any extraordinary occasion, he made himself one of the order, with a private vow never to inquire after Constantia, whom he looked upon as given away to his rival, upon the day on which, according to common fame, their marriage was to have been solemnized. Having in his youth made a good progress in learning, that he might dedicate himself more entirely to religion, he entered into holy orders, and in a few years became

renowned for his sanctity of life, and those pious sentiments which he inspired into all who conversed with him. It was this holy man to whom Constantia had determined to apply herself in confession, though neither she, nor any other besides the prior of the convent, knew any thing of his name or family. The gay, the amiable Theodosius had now taken upon him the name of Father Francis, and was so far concealed in a long beard, a shaven head, and a religious habit, that it was impossible to discover the man of the world in the venerable conventual.

As he was one morning shut up in his confessional, Constantia, kneeling by him, opened the state of her soul to him; and, after having given him the history of a life full of innocence, she burst out in tears, and entered upon that part of her story, in which he himself had so great a share. My behaviour, says she, has, I fear, been the death of a man, who had no other fault but that of loving me too much. Heaven only knows how dear he was to me whilst he lived, and how bitter the remembrance of him hath been to me since his death. She here paused, and lifted up her eyes, that streamed with tears, towards the father; who was so moved with the sense of her sorrows, that he could only command his voice, which was broken with sighs and sobbings, so far as to bid her proceed. She followed his directions, and in a flood of tears poured out her heart before him. The father could not forbear weeping aloud, insomuch that, in the agonies of his grief, the seat shook under him. Constantia, who thought the good man was thus moved by his compassion towards her, and by the horror of her guilt, proceeded with the utmost contrition to acquaint him with the vow of virginity in which she was going to engage herself, as the proper atonement for her sins, and the only sacrifice she could make to the memory of Theodosius. The father, who, by this time, had pretty well composed himself, burst out again into tears, upon hearing that name to which he had been so long disused, and upon receiving this instance of an unparalleled fidelity from one, who, he thought, had several years since given herself up to the possession of another. Amidst the interruptions of his sorrow, seeing his penitent overwhelmed with grief, he was only able to bid her from time to time be comforted.—To tell her that her sins were forgiven her—That her guilt was not so great as she apprehended—That she should not suffer herself to be afflicted above measure. After which, he recovered himself enough to give her the absolution in form: Directing her, at the same time, to repair to him again the next day, that he might encourage her in the pious resolutions she had taken,

and give her suitable exhortations for her behaviour in it. Constantia retired, and the next morning renewed her applications. Theodosius having manned his soul with proper thoughts and reflections, exerted himself on this occasion in the best manner he could, to animate his penitent in the course of life she was entering upon, and wear out of her mind those groundless fears and apprehensions which had taken possession of it; concluding, with a promise to her, that he would from time to time continue his admonitions, when she should have taken upon her the holy veil. The rules of our respective orders, says he, will not permit that I should see you: but you may assure yourself, not only of having a place in my prayers, but of receiving such frequent instructions as I can convey to you by letters. Go on cheerfully in the glorious course you have undertaken, and you will quickly find such a peace and satisfaction in your mind, as it is not in the power of the world to give.

Constantia's heart was so elevated with the discourse of Father Francis, that the very next day she entered upon her vow. As soon as the solemnities of her reception were over, she retired, as it is usual, with the abbess, into her own apartment.

The abbess had been informed the night before of all that had passed between her novitiate and Father Francis, from whom she now delivered to her the following letter:

"As the first fruits of those joys and consolations which you "may expect from the life you are now engaged in, I must "acquaint you, that Theodosius, whose death sits so heavy "upon your thoughts, is still alive; and that the Father to "whom you have confessed yourself, was once that Theodo-"sius whom you so much lament. The love which we have "had for one another, will make us more happy in its dis-"appointment than it could have done in its success. Provi-"dence has disposed of us for our advantage, though not ac-"cording to our wishes. Consider your Theodosius still as "dead; but assure yourself of one who will not cease to pray "for you in Father FRANCIS."

Constantia saw that the hand-writing agreed with the contents of the letter; and, upon reflecting on the voice of the person, the behaviour, and above all, the extreme sorrow of the Father during her confession, she discovered Theodosius in every particular. After having wept with tears of joy, It is enough, says she, Theodosius is still in being: I shall live with comfort, and die in peace.

The letters, which the Father sent her afterwards, are yet extant in the nunnery where she resided, and are often read

to the young religious, in order to inspire them with good resolutions and sentiments of virtue. It so happened, that after Constantia had lived about ten years in the cloister, a violent fever broke out in the place, which swept away great multitudes, and among others Theodosius. Upon his death-bed he sent his benediction in a very moving manner to Constantia, who, at that time, was herself so far gone in the same fatal distemper, that she lay delirious. Upon the interval which generally precedes death in sicknesses of this nature, the abbess, finding that the physicians had given her over, told her that Theodosius had just gone before her, and that he had sent her his benediction in his last moments. Constantia received it with pleasure: And now, says she, if I do not ask any thing improper, let me be buried by Theodosius. My vow reaches no farther than the grave. What I ask is, I hope, no violation of it.—She died soon after, and was interred according to her request.

Their tombs are still to be seen, with a short Latin inscription over them, to the following purpose:

"Here lie the bodies of Father Francis and sister Constance. "They were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths they "were not divided."

LESSON LXIV.—An Elegy written in a Country Church-Yard.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy house-wife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envy'd kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle, and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid,
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unrol;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind:

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride,
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
"Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
"To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
"That wreaths its old fantastic roots so high,
"His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
"And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
"Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
"Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
"Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

" One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
" Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
" Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
" Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:
" The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
" Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
" Approach, and read (for thou canst read) the lay
" Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown.
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

LESSON LXV.—*The Subject of Mortality brought home to our Case.*

* * * * * * *

HERE I called in my roving meditations from their long excursion on this tender subject. Fancy listened a while to the soliloquy of a lover; now judgment resumes the reins, and guides my thoughts to more near and self-interesting inquiries.—However, upon a review of the whole scene, crowded with *spectacles of mortality* and *trophies of death*, I could not forbear smiting my breast, and fetching a sigh, and lamenting over the noblest of all visible beings, lying in ruins under the feet of "*the pale horse, and his rider.*"—I could not forbear that pathetic exclamation, "*O! thou Adam, what hast* "*thou done!*" What desolation has thy disobedience wrought on the earth! See the malignity, the ruinous malignity of *sin!* Sin has demolished so many stately structures of flesh; sin has made such havoc among the most excellent ranks of God's lower creation; and sin (that deadly bane of our nature) would have plunged our better part into the execrable horrors of the nethermost hell, had not our merciful Mediator interposed and given himself for our ransom.—Therefore, what grateful acknowledgments does the whole world of *penitent* sinners owe; what ardent returns of love

will a whole heaven of *glorified* believers pay to such a friend benefactor, and deliverer!

Musing upon these melancholy objects, a faithful remembrancer suggests from within,——"Must this sad change succeed in *me* also? Am I to draw my last gasp, to become a breathless corpse, and be what I deplore? Is there a time approaching, when this body shall be carried out upon the bier, and consigned to its clay-cold bed? while some kind acquaintance, perhaps, may drop one parting tear; and cry, Alas! my brother!—Is the time approaching?"—Nothing is more certain: A decree much surer than the laws of the Medes and Persians, has irrevocably determined the doom.

Should one of these ghastly figures burst from his confinement, and start up, in frightful deformity, before me;—should the *haggard skeleton* lift a clattering hand, and point full in my view;—should it open the stiffened jaws, and, with a hoarse tremendous murmur, break this profound silence—should it accost *me*, as Samuel's apparition addressed the trembling king—"*The* LORD *shall deliver* thee *also into the hands of death: yet a little while, and* thou *shalt be with me;*"—the solemn warning, delivered in so striking a manner, must strongly impress my imagination: a message in thunder would scarce sink deeper.—Yet there is abundantly greater reason to be alarmed by that express declaration of the LORD GOD Almighty, "*Thou shalt surely die.*"—Well, then, since sentence is passed, since I am a condemned man, and know not when the dead warrant may arrive; let me die to *sin*, and die to the *world*, before I die beneath the stroke of a righteous God. Let me employ the little uncertain interval of respite from execution, in preparing for a happier state, and a better life: that, when the fatal moment comes, and I am commanded to shut my eyes upon all things here below, I may open them again, to see my Saviour in the mansions above.

Since this body, which is so fearfully and wonderfully made, must fall to pieces in the grave; since I must soon resign all my bodily powers to darkness, inactivity, and corruption; let it be my constant care to use them well, while I possess them!—Let my *hands* be stretched forth to relieve the needy; and always be "more ready to give than to receive."—Let my *knees* bend, in deepest humiliation, before the throne of grace; while my *eyes* are cast down to the earth, in penitential confusion, or devoutly looking up to heaven for pardoning mercy!—In every friendly interview, let the "law of kindness dwell on my *lips;* or, rather, if the seriousness of my acquaintance permit, let the gospel of peace flow from my

tongue. O! that I might be enabled, in every public concourse, to lift up my voice like a trumpet, and pour abroad a more joyful sound than its most melodious accents, in proclaiming the glad tidings of free salvation!—Be shut, my *ears*, resolutely shut, against the malevolent whispers of slander, and the contagious breath of filthy talking; but be swift to hear the instructions of wisdom, be all attention when your REDEEMER speaks; imbibe the precious truths, and convey them carefully to the heart.—Carry me, my *feet*, to the temple of the LORD; to the beds of the sick, and houses of the poor.—May all my members, devoted entirely to my divine Master, be the willing instruments of promoting his glory!

Then, ye embalmers, you may spare your pains: those works of faith, and labours of love; these shall be my *spices* and *perfumes*. Enwrapped in these, I would lay me gently down, and sleep sweetly in the blessed JESUS; hoping that GOD will "give commandment concerning my bones;" and one day fetch them up from the dust, as silver from the furnace, purified, "I say not, seven times, but seventy times seven."

A Funeral Thought.

HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound,
My ears attend the cry,
"Ye living men come view the ground,
"Where you must shortly lie.

"Princes, this clay must be your bed,
"In spite of all your tow'rs;
"The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,
"Must lie as low as ours."

Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure!
Still walking downward to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more!

Grant us the pow'rs of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

LESSON LXVI.—THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

PERHAPS there is hardly in the English history a more memorable event than that of the gunpowder treason, the defeat of which is every year commemorated on the 5th day of November. It was a dangerous plot against the blood-royal, and all the nobility and gentry assembled in parliament, who were to have been all blown up and destroyed,

by thirty-six barrels of gunpowder, which the conspirators had placed in a cellar under the Parliament-house. The principal conspirator was Robert Catesby, a gentleman of a plentiful fortune, who first contrived the stratagem, and communicated it to Thomas Piercy, Robert Winter, Thomas Winter, John Grant, Ambrose Rockwood, John Wright, Francis Thresham, Sir Everard Digby, and other gentlemen of good estates, who, like combustible matter, took fire at the first motion, and thought to gain themselves eternal reputation among the Papists by effecting it. The foundation being laid, every man was sworn to secresy, and then set about acting his part. Piercy was to hire the cellar below the parliament-house, to lay wood and coals in, against winter. Guido Faux, a desperate villain, who was to fire the train, was appointed to bring in the wood and coals. The gunpowder was brought to Lambeth by night, and secretly laid under the wood, while others of the conspirators were diligent, providing money and materials for the execution of their cursed design.

They began to look upon the King, Prince, and Nobility as already dead, and Piercy undertook to destroy the Duke of York: but because they must have one of the blood-royal to prevent confusion, they intended to preserve Elisabeth, and make her queen, that under her minority they might establish Popery. They had designed the 5th of November for the fatal day, when the King and both houses were to meet; and, on that day, appointed a great hunting match at Dunsmore Heath, in Warwickshire, to be near Lord Harrington's house, where Elisabeth was. Thus, imagining all secure, they stood gaping for their prey; when one, more tender-hearted than the rest, willing to save Lord Monteagle, wrote the following letter to him:

"My Lord, Out of the love I bear to some of your friends, "I have a care of your preservation; therefore I would wish "you, as you tender your life, to forbear your attendance at "this parliament: for God and man have concurred to punish "the wickedness of this time. And think not slightly of this "advertisement; for though there be no appearance of any "stir, yet, I say, this parliament shall receive a terrible blow, "and yet they shall not see who hurt them. This counsel is "not to be contemned: it may do you good, and can do you "no harm, for the danger is past when you have burnt this "letter. I hope God will give you grace to make use of it, "to whose holy protection I commend you."

The Lord Monteagle, astonished at this letter, though he knew not the meaning of it, communicated it to the Earl of

Salisbury, and others of the King's privy council. Salisbury could not unriddle it, but concluded the writer a fool or a madman, from this expression, *The danger is past when you have burnt this letter.* The Earl, however, showed the King the letter, who, after considering it, said, It certainly imported some hidden, but imminent danger; and his fears exciting his care, he commanded Lord Suffolk to make a strict search about the Parliament-house. He, accompanied with Monteagle, entered the cellar, and finding it crammed with wood and coal, made inquiry to whom the fuel belonged: and he was answered, to Mr. Thomas Piercy, one of the gentlemen-pensioners to the King. The Lord Monteagle, as soon as he heard Piercy named, believed it was he who had written the letter, upon which, suspicions increasing, the King and council ordered the cellar to be searched again that same night by Sir Thomas Knevit, one of the gentlemen of his privy chamber, who, with a retinue, coming into the cellar, met Faux at the door, and seized him. Faux, perceiving all was discovered, confessed the whole design, and was only sorry it was prevented, saying, "God would have concealed it, and the devil discovered it." In his pockets they found a watch, to know the minute when the fatal train was to be kindled, together with a tinder-box; but upon his examination he would say no more, but that he was sorry it was not done. The conspirators discovered themselves; for, finding that the gunpowder was seized, they repaired to Dunsmore; but, being pursued and attacked, some of them died in resistance, and the rest were taken and executed.

LESSON LXVII.—An Account of the Siege of Londonderry by the Forces of James II.

AMIDST the difficulties which King William had to find officers in Ireland whom he could trust, he had appointed Colonel Lundie to be governor of Londonderry: a man whose fidelity was so little known, that the officer sent to him from England with the stores of war, was ordered not to deliver his charge, until Lundie had taken the oaths in his presence, to the new government. The precaution was necessary, but weak: for Lundie, having been one of Tyrconnel's officers, had quitted the interests of King James, only with a view to serve them the more effectually. Lundie, as James's army advanced towards Londonderry, abandoned pass after pass, sometimes with feeble, and sometimes with no defence: and, at last upon the 13th of April, took refuge in the town.

Two days before King James could overtake Lundie, two regiments, under the commands of Colonel Richards and

Colonel Cunningham, arrived from England in the lake which makes a communication betwixt the sea and the town. Their orders having been discretionary, to land the troops or not, according as the service should require, they offered to join Lundie: They urged him to march out of the town, and defend one of the passes which was still left. Lundie wrote them an ambiguous and contradictory answer: In the beginning of his letter, he desired them to land: In the end of it, he told them the place was untenable, and referred them for particulars to the officer who carried the letter. The officer delivered them orders not to land the men, but to come to town themselves with some of their officers, in order to attend a council of war. To this council, Lundie called only two of his own officers, thirteen of those belonging to the two regiments, and the town-clerk, whose assistance was necessary to frame the minutes of council. To these persons he painted, in the strongest colours, the weakness of the town in military stores, in defences, in provisions: He even averred, that, to his own knowledge, there was not subsistence in it for ten days. The council came to a resolution, opposed only by Richards, not to land the regiments, and that all the officers should privately withdraw from the town. The two colonels, with some of their officers, retired from the council to their ships. Lundie next called a meeting of the town-council, where it was resolved to send messengers to King James, with an offer to surrender the town next day.

It was intended to keep the result of these councils a secret. But, next morning, the town-clerk, convening a number of the people, informed them of every thing that had passed. The inhabitants, and many of the soldiers of the garrison, crying out, "They were betrayed by those who were bound to defend them," rose in a fury against the governor, the town-council, and such of the officers as they suspected: They shot one of the officers, they wounded another. Hence the highest uproar and division; for, while some were framing the terms of surrender, others were planting guns on the wall: in one place, the multitude was pressed to yield to necessity; in another, voices were heard calling to fire upon those who proposed it.

During this state of public distraction, James was seen slowly advancing with his army, to take possession of a town which had sent messengers to receive him: A sight which increased the fears of the one party, and the rage of the other. At this instant, advice was brought, that, on the opposite side of the town, Captain Murray, a brave officer, conspicuous in person, and known to all, was advancing with im-

petuosity, at the head of a body of horse, to prevent the surrender. Lundie sent him orders to retire from the view of the inhabitants. But great numbers stretching their arms and bodies from the walls, and calling upon him by name, and upon all his followers whom they knew, to advance to their relief, he entered the place. In broken speeches he called to the multitude, who surrounded him as soon as he passed the gate, to remember glory, safety, religion, their country, themselves, their posterity, with other topics, which natural passion dictated, or the present exigency required. He pointed to different persons to secure the gates, to run to arms, to mount the walls, to point the guns. He directed all those whose voices were for defending the town, to distinguish themselves by tying a white cloth round their left arm. From thence he hastened to Lundie, then sitting in a council, whom he tried, but in vain, to sooth with flattery; or rouse by reproaches. In the mean time, the multitude, kindled by the ardour of Murray's spirit, rushed to obey the orders they had received, fired upon King James, killed an officer by his side, and obliged him to retire.

When these violent actions were over, and the inhabitants reflected there were no regular troops among them, fear and consciousness of what they had done, and what they were to expect, seized them: They pressed for the landing of the regiments: They offered to submit to authority: They kept even Lundie a kind of prisoner in his own house, to prevent his departure. Embracing those officers whom chance threw in their way, they conjured them not to abandon them to the rage of an affronted enemy: They flattered, encouraged, reproached, menaced; but in vain. The remaining officers of the two regiments, with many officers of the garrison, withdrew, and sailed to England. The less valiant part of the multitude, following their example, fled from the town. Lundie stole off with a load on his back: a disgraceful disguise, and suited to the man who bore it: About 7500 militia, in arms, remained to defend the place against an enemy, once their sovereign, and at the head of 20,000 regular forces.

Men abandoned to themselves, often exert a vigour, which, while they trusted to others, they knew not they possessed. The town was weak in its fortifications, having only a wall, eight or nine feet thick, along the face of the rampart; a ditch, eight bastions, and some outworks lately thrown up, and of little consequence. It was weaker in its artillery, there being no more than twenty serviceable guns on the works: Near 20,000 unarmed hands increased the numbers, and diminished the strength of the place. But its best defence lay

in the minds of its defenders: Men refined from all the dross of their party, and possessed of the valour and enthusiasm of those Scottish ancestors from whom most of the inhabitants of Ulster are descended. They offered the command of the place to Captain Murray: With the ingenuous frankness, which is the common attendant of true courage, he answered, "He was better fitted for offensive than defensive war;" and offered to take the command of the horse. Major Baker was chosen governor: With that modesty, which likewise attends true courage, he begged to have an assistant. The garrison, under the impressions of religion which danger incites, chose Mr. Walker, a clergyman, to assist him; a man who hid a great and warlike spirit, under the most peaceful of professions. These men formed the garrison and inhabitants into a number of regiments proportioned to that of the bastions: And, in order to create the greater emulation, they assigned different parts of the works to different regiments, which they alone were to defend. The besieged repaired their fortifications and artillery, as well as the shortness of the time would permit. They alarmed King James by continual sallies, in the day, in the night, in time of meals, in rain, in mist. They destroyed his works; or, where success failed them, they returned contented that they had harassed his troops. These sallies they made more formidable by a practice which pedants in the profession of arms would have disapproved. When a sally was to be made, the command was offered to whatever officer would undertake it; and the officer offered the service to whatever soldiers would attend him: Hence competition among the officers: Hence confidence among the soldiers, who reasoned upon the merits of those who commanded them, and followed those only, in sudden services, under whom they were sure to conquer. Murray flew from man to man, and from body to body. Walker assembled them at sermons. Murray cried out, "That it was not a few "military evolutions, nor the movements of arms by rule, the "mere parade and foppery of war, which made soldiers; but "strong bodies, stronger minds, the contempt of dangers and "death: Or if, in regular fields of battle, disciplined troops "had the advantage over a militia, useless was that advan-"tage here, where the defenders fought behind walls; a si-"tuation in which those who could bear most fatigue, and "durst stand longest to their posts, must in the end prevail "in the contest."—Walker pointed to their churches, to the sky: "These were the holy fanes from which their ene-"mies were to drive them, if they survive, with disgrace; "this the asylum prepared for them by their God, if they

" died with glory in his cause." The young animated the old: The old gave counsel, gave praises to the young: All were fired by hatred of the Catholic religion, enthusiasm for their own, and the dread of a vengeance proportioned to both. Perhaps, too, the spirit of competition, and the glory of defending a place which regular troops had abandoned, was equal to any of their other incitements. James continued his attacks unsuccessfully during eleven days; and then went to Dublin to meet his parliament. He left the army under Hamilton to continue the siege.

In the mean time, intelligence is received that the French had made another embarkation of stores, and some troops, for the service of their allies in Ireland. The English fleet is sent in quest of the French fleet, which was to conduct the embarkation. They met and engaged. The battle lasted most of the day with equal success. The English fleet retired towards Scilly, and the French towards Ireland, where they landed their troops and stores.

But the accession of strength to James's party, by the disembarkation from France, did not shake the resolution of the faithful defenders of Londonderry. General Kirk had been sent to them from England with provisions, and a reinforcement of 5000 men. From different accidents, he did not arrive in the lake of Derry, until the 13th of June. Upon the sight of his fleet, which consisted of thirty sail, the besieged gave the usual salutations of joy: But, perceiving them received with silence, and no jovial returns made by the seamen, they looked upon each other with uncertain and foreboding eyes. Soon after, they were informed, that Kirk, upon receiving information that the passage of the river to the town was secured by works, had resolved to retire to the Inch, an island six miles from Londonderry. These works were batteries along the banks, vessels sunk in the channel, and a boom which had been thrown across the river, and which was defended by two forts; and all these were reported to be much stronger than they were. Upon these sad news, the besieged made signals of distress from their steeples to Kirk, but in vain. After a short stay, he set sail; the inhabitants of the town following his ships with their eyes as long as they could perceive them. Kirk chose the Inch for a station; because it facilitated the junction of the volunteers, who lay at Inniskilling, with his detachment, and for that reason too he fortified it. From thence he sent a letter to the townsmen, assuring them, in terms full of affectation, that every thing in Scotland, England, and Ireland, was prosperous, and that succours beyond their wishes were speedily to join them; but he concluded with

giving them in charge to husband well their provisions: A letter more alarming than all the menaces of the enemy.

But the besieged, though in a desperate condition, did not give themselves up to despair. Not contented with making sallies, and defending the old outworks of the place, they even advanced new ones, and became expert in fortification and mining, by imitating the arts which were employed against them. The women attended every service, animating the men by their cries, and often assisting them with their hands. All the spare time of the garrison, and of the inhabitants, was spent in private prayer, or public devotion; yet it was strange, amidst the union created by common danger, to see religious divisions break forth. The conformists and non-conformists insisted each to have possession of the cathedral; nor could mutual slaughter have been prevented, had it not been agreed, that the one class should attend service in the forenoon, the other in the afternoon. About the middle of June, when the weather grew sultry, disease at last seized them, cooped up in a narrow place. They buried fifteen officers in one day. Baker their governor died. Yet even death, in this form, more dismal than in that of war, dismayed them not. Their provisions being spent, they preserved life by eating horse-flesh, tallow, starch, salted hides, impure animals, and roots of vegetables. When their cannon-ball was near spent, they made use of brick covered with lead. In this situation, General Hamilton pressed them to surrender, upon conditions that were reasonable. Their answer consisted in asking, "If he thought they could trust one, who had betrayed the trust which their master had put in him?"

James, tired with the tediousness of the siege, and alarmed at Kirk's arrival, sent Mareschal Rosen, his commander-in-chief, in the end of June, to urge matters with more vigour. Rosen, having more knowledge in the arts of attacking places than the Irish generals, changed the dispositions, invested the place more closely, and made many furious, but ineffectual assaults. At length, provoked by the fidelity of the garrison, instead of honouring it, he took a step unparalleled in modern ages. He gave orders that all the inhabitants, ten miles around Londonderry, should be driven under the walls of the town: He ordered the country to be burnt: He proclaimed, if the town did not surrender before ten days were elapsed, that all the inhabitants within it should be put to the sword. Five thousand, or, as other writers relate, 7000 miserable wretches, who were collected from the country around, men, women, the old, the young, even the sick, and nurses with infants hanging on the breast, all were driven, with drawn swords, under the

walls of the town. This device weakened the spirits of James's army by its horror, and strengthened those of the besieged, by turning a sedate into a furious valour. Many of the prisoners called to their friends on the walls above them, "To attend "to their own interest, not theirs: For that a surrender to "men void of all Christian humanity could not save those who "were without, and would only involve those who were with-"in in one common slaughter." The Irish officers executed their orders against their countrymen, weeping and obeying; and many of them owned that the cries they then heard rang for ever after in their ears. The besieged, on the other hand, erecting a gibbet on the bastion nearest the enemy, gave orders to hang up whatever prisoners fell into their hands, and wrote to the enemy to send priests to confess them. During two days and two nights, the unhappy victims of Rosen's resentment continued at the foot of the walls, without meat, drink, fire, or shelter, where many hundreds of them died. At the end of that time, such of them as were able to go away were permitted to do so. But those who died were the most fortunate: For the rest, filled with the seeds of diseases, and with dejection, as they wandered homewards, beheld, on all sides, their habitations in ashes, here and there at distances the smoke of some not extinguished; their cattle, furniture, provisions carried off. A vast silence reigned over the land: And they envied their companions who were at rest from their miseries. It would be inhuman to the memory of the unhappy to impute the disgrace of this action to James: He revoked the order as soon as he heard of it; because his own sufferings had probably taught him to feel for those of others.

Kirk, in the mean time, heard the cries, and saw the fires, though enraged, yet perhaps not displeased, to see his own character for cruelty exceeded. At last, receiving intelligence, that the garrison, sunk with fatigues, had sent proposals of capitulation, and that they had provisions only for two days, he resolved upon an attempt to throw a convoy of provisions into the place, by means of three victual frigates, and a man-of-war to cover them: An attempt, upon the success of which, it was obvious to all, the loss or ruin of the town could not fail to depend.

As soon as these vessels approached the town, upon the 30th of July, the Irish army hastened to that side; some to oppose them, and the rest to gratify their curiosity. That part of the garrison which was not upon duty, ranged themselves along the walls nearest the river, with eyes intent, and hands lifted up to heaven for the success of the convoy. Kirk had been deceived in the strength of the enemy's works. The

ship of war, too, by galling the enemy's batteries, drew their fire upon itself, and thus saved the victuallers from danger. The foremost of the victuallers, at the first shock, broke the boom, but ran aground by the turn which this gave to her course. A shout burst from the besiegers, as from the mouth of one man, which echoed to the ships, the camp, and the town. Multitudes of them quitting their ranks, flew to the shore, and plunged into the water: Some pushed off with their hands the boats they found there; others leaped into them; all advanced, or called to advance, against the vessel in distress. The smoke of the enemy's fire, and of her own, covered her from the sight of the besieged. During this darkness and confusion, the besiegers called from the opposite side of the river, that the vessel was taken; a shrill cry of misery, like the wailings of women, was heard from the walls. The common paleness of fear appeared not upon men who had lost all sense of it: For one, who was an eye-witness, relates, that, in the depth of despair, they looked black in the eyes of each other. But, in a little time, the victualler was seen emerging from the smoke, having got off by the rebound of her own guns; and she and her followers, amid the tumultuous cries of both parties, sailed up to the town.

The minute enumeration of circumstances in history needs no apology, when they are the causes of great events. Upon the fortune of this convoy turned the fate of Londonderry, and perhaps of Ireland. For, next day, the enemy raised the siege, after having continued it three months and a half, conscious they could have hoped for success from famine alone, not from their swords. The garrison was found to be reduced from 7500 men, to about 4000, of which 1000 were rendered unfit for service: and the remaining part of the garrison scarcely deserved to be called men; as, by watching and famine, they had rather the appearance of shadows. Their eyes being hollow and sunk beneath their brows, there appeared, in the expression of their looks, rather signs of resentment that their enemies had escaped, than of joy that themselves were free. Even to their friends who rescued them, those dark looks seemed to mark the remembrance that relief hath so often been called for in vain: Of the unarmed multitude, about 7000 had perished by famine, diseases, or the shot of the enemy. The supply of provisions was received with silent gratitude, as if it had been a gift from heaven, not with the noisy rejoicings usual upon such occasions; the garrison, in a long and devout order, repaired in procession to the church, checking the effusion of their joy, until they had returned thanks to that God who was the author of their relief.

LESSON LXVIII.—The Siege of Calais.

EDWARD III. after the battle of Cressy, laid siege to Calais. He had fortified his camp in so impregnable a manner, that all the efforts of France proved ineffectual to raise the siege, or throw succours into the city.—The citizens, under Count Vienne, their gallant governor, made an admirable defence.—France had now put the sickle into her second harvest, since Edward, with his victorious army, sat down before the town. The eyes of all Europe were intent on the issue. At length famine did more for Edward than arms.—After suffering unheard-of calamities, they resolved to attempt the enemy's camp.—They boldly sallied forth: The English joined battle; and, after a long and desperate engagement, Count Vienne was taken prisoner, and the citizens, who survived the slaughter, retired within their gates. The command devolving upon Eustace St. Pierre, a man of mean birth, but of exalted virtue, he offered to capitulate with Edward, provided he permitted them to depart with life and liberty. Edward, to avoid the imputation of cruelty, consented to spare the bulk of the Plebeians, provided they delivered up to him six of their principal citizens with halters about their necks, as victims of due atonement for that spirit of rebellion, with which they had inflamed the vulgar. When his messenger, Sir Walter Mauny, delivered the terms, consternation and pale dismay were impressed on every countenance.—To a long and dead silence, deep sighs and groans succeeded, till Eustace St. Pierre, getting up to a little eminence, thus addressed the assembly:——"My friends, we are brought to great "straits this day. We must either yield to the terms of our "cruel and ensnaring conqueror, or yield up our tender in-"fants, our wives, and daughters, to the bloody and brutal "lusts of the violating soldiers. Is there any expedient left "whereby we may avoid the guilt and infamy of delivering "up those (who have suffered every misery with you) on "the one hand, or the desolation and horror of a sacked city, "on the other? There is, my friends, there is one expe-"dient left, a gracious, an excellent, a god-like expedient! "Is there any here to whom virtue is dearer than life? Let "him offer himself an oblation for the safety of his people; "he shall not fail of a blessed approbation from that Power "who offered up his only Son for the salvation of mankind" He spoke;—but an universal silence ensued.—Each man looked around for the example of that virtue and magnanimity, which all wished to approve in themselves, though they wanted the resolution. At length St. Pierre resumed: "I doubt not but

" there are many here as ready, nay, more zealous of this mar-
" tyrdom than I can be, though the station, to which I am
" raised by the captivity of Lord Vienne, imparts a right to
" be the first in giving my life for your sakes. I give it freely:
" I give it cheerfully. Who comes next?"—" Your son," ex-
claimed a youth not yet come to maturity.—" Ah, my child!"
cried St. Pierre; "I am then twice sacrificed.——But, no,
" I have rather begotten thee a second time.—Thy years are
" few, but full, my son. The victim of virtue has reached
" the utmost purpose and goal of mortality. Who next, my
" friends? This is the hour of heroes."—" Your kinsman!"
cried John de Aire. " Your kinsman!" cried James Wissant.
" Your kinsman!" cried Peter Wissant.——" Ah!" exclaimed
Sir Walter Mauny, bursting into tears; " why was not I a
" citizen of Calais?" The sixth victim was still wanting, but
was quickly supplied by lot from numbers who were now emu-
lous of so ennobling an example. The keys of the city were
then delivered to Sir Walter. He took the six prisoners into
his custody:—then ordered the gates to be opened, and gave
charge to his attendants to conduct the remaining citizens,
with their families, through the camp of the English.—Be-
fore they departed, however, they desired permission to take
their last adieu of their deliverers.—What a parting! what a
scene! They crowded with their wives and children about St.
Pierre and his fellow-prisoners. They embraced; they clung
around; they fell prostrate before them. They groaned;
they wept aloud; and the joint clamour of their mourning
passed the gates of the city, and was heard throughout the
English camp. The English by this time were apprised of
what passed within Calais. They heard the voice of lamenta-
tion, and their souls were touched with compassion: Each of
the soldiers prepared a portion of their own victuals to wel-
come and entertain the half-famished inhabitants; and they
loaded them with as much as their present weakness was able
to bear, in order to supply them with sustenance by the way.
At length St. Pierre and his fellow-victims appeared under
the conduct of Sir Walter and a guard. All the tents of the
English were instantly emptied. The soldiers poured from
all parts, and arranged themselves on each side, to behold, to
contemplate, to admire this little band of patriots, as they
passed. They bowed down to them on all sides. They mur-
mured their applause of that virtue, which they could not but
revere even in enemies; and they regarded those ropes, which
they had voluntarily assumed about their necks, as ensigns of
greater dignity than that of the British garter. As soon as
they had reached the presence, " Mauny!" says the monarch,

"are these the principal inhabitants of Calais?"—"They "are," says Mauny; "they are not only the principal men of "Calais, they are the principal men of France, my Lord, if "virtue has any share in the act of ennobling."—"Were they "delivered peaceably?" says Edward; "was there no resistance, "no commotion among the people?"—"Not in the least, my "Lord; the people would all have perished, rather than have "delivered the least of these to your Majesty. They are self-"delivered, self-devoted, and come to offer up their inesti-"mable heads as an example equivalent for the ransom of "thousands." Edward was secretly piqued at this reply of Sir Walter; but he knew the privilege of a British subject, and suppressed his resentment. "Experience," says he, "has "ever shown, that lenity only serves to invite people to new "crimes. Severity at times is indispensably necessary to de-"ter subjects into submission by punishment and example. "Go," he cried to an officer, "lead these men to execution. "Your rebellion," continued he, addressing himself to St. Pierre, "your rebellion against me, the natural heir of your "crown, is highly aggravated by your present presumption "and affront of my power."—"We have nothing to ask of "your Majesty," said Eustace, "save what you cannot refuse "us."—"What is that?"—"Your esteem, my Lord," said Eustace, and went out with his companions.

At this instant, a sound of triumph was heard throughout the camp. The Queen had just arrived with a powerful reinforcement of gallant troops. Sir Walter Mauny flew to receive her Majesty, and briefly informed her of the particulars respecting the six victims.

As soon as she had been welcomed by Edward and his court, she desired a private audience. "My Lord," said she, "the "question I am to enter upon is not touching the lives of a "few mechanics—It respects the honour of the English na-"tion: It respects the glory of my Edward, my husband, "my King.—You think you have sentenced six of your ene-"mies to death. No, my Lord; they have sentenced them-"selves; and their execution would be the execution of their "own orders, not the orders of Edward.

"They have behaved themselves worthily, they have be-"haved themselves greatly; I cannot but respect while I en-"vy them, for leaving us no share in the honour of this ac-"tion, save that of granting a poor, an indispensable pardon. "I admit they have deserved every thing that is evil at your "hands. They have proved the most inveterate and efficaci-"ous of your enemies. They alone have withstood the rapid "course of your conquests, and have withheld from you the

" crown to which you were born. Is it therefore that you " would reward them? that you would gratify their desires, " that you would indulge their ambition, and inwreathe them " with everlasting glory and applause? But, if such a death " would exalt mechanics over the fame of the most illustrious " heroes, how would the name of Edward, with all his tri- " umphs, be tarnished thereby? Would it not be said, that " magnanimity and virtue are grown odious in the eyes of the " monarch of Britain? and that the objects whom he destines " to the punishment of felons, are the very men who deserve " the praise and esteem of mankind? The stage on which " they would suffer, would be to them a stage of honour, but " a stage of shame to Edward; a reproach to his conquests; " an indelible disgrace to his name.—No, my Lord. Let " us rather disappoint these haughty burghers, who wish to " invest themselves with glory at our expense. We cannot " wholly deprive them of the merit of a sacrifice so nobly in- " tended, but we may cut them short of their desires: in the " place of that death, by which their glory would be consum- " mate, let us bury them under gifts; let us put them to con- " fusion with applauses: We shall thereby defeat them of that " popular opinion, which never fails to attend those who suf- " fer in the cause of virtue."—" I am convinced: You have " prevailed. Be it so," replied Edward; " prevent the execu- " tion; have them instantly before us."—They came; when the Queen, with an aspect and accents diffusing sweetness, thus bespoke them: " Natives of France, and inhabitants of Calais, " ye have put us to a vast expense of blood and treasure in the " recovery of our just and natural inheritance, but you have " acted up to the best of an erroneous judgment; and we " admire and honour in you that valour and virtue, by which " we are so long kept out of our rightful possessions. You " noble burghers; you excellent citizens! though you were " tenfold the enemies of our person and our throne, we can " feel nothing on our part, save respect and affection for you. " You have been sufficiently tested. We loose your chains, " we snatch you from the scaffold; and we thank you for that " lesson of humiliation which you teach us, when you show " us, that excellence is not of blood, of title, or station;— " that virtue gives a dignity superior to that of kings; and " that those whom the Almighty informs with sentiments like " yours, are justly and eminently raised above all human dis- " tinctions. You are now free to depart to your kinsfolk, " your countrymen, to all those whose lives and liberties you " have so nobly redeemed, provided you refuse not the tokens " of our esteem. Yet, we would rather bind you to ourselves,

" by every endearing obligation; and, for this purpose, we " offer to you your choice of the gifts and honours that Ed- " ward has to bestow.—Rivals for fame, but always friends " to virtue, we wish that England were entitled to call you " her sons."—" Ah my country!" exclaimed Pierre, " It is now " that I tremble for you. Edward only wins our cities; but " Philippa conquers hearts."—" Brave St. Pierre," said the Queen, " wherefore look you so dejected?"—" Ah, Madam!" replied St. Pierre; " when I meet with such another opportu- " nity of dying, I shall not regret that I survived this day."

LESSON LXIX.—Perseverance rewarded.

DEMOSTHENES is an immortal instance of the noblest perseverance,—the only virtue that is crowned. He was extremely affected with the honours which he saw paid to the orator Callistratus; and, still more, with the supreme power of eloquence over the minds of men: and not being able to resist its charms, he gave himself wholly up to it; from henceforth, renounced all other studies and pleasures; and, during the continuance of Callistratus at Athens, he never quitted him, but made all the improvement he could from his precepts.

The first essay of his eloquence was against his guardians, whom he obliged to refund a part of his fortune. Encouraged by this event, he ventured to speak before the people, but with very ill success. He had a weak voice, a thick way of speaking, and a very short breath; which occasioned his being hissed by the whole audience. As he withdrew, hanging down his head, and in the utmost confusion, Satyrus, one of the most excellent actors of those times, who was his friend, met him; and having learned, from himself, the cause of his being so much dejected, assured him, that the evil was not without remedy, and that his case was not so desperate as he imagined. He desired him to repeat some of the verses of Sophocles and Euripides to him; which he did. Satyrus spoke them after him, and gave them such graces, by the tone, gesture, and spirit, with which he pronounced them, that Demosthenes himself found them quite different from what they were in his own manner of speaking. He perceived plainly what he wanted, and applied himself strenuously to the acquiring of it.

His efforts to correct his natural defects of utterance, and to perfect himself in pronunciation, seem almost incredible, and prove (as Cicero remarks) that an industrious perseverance can surmount almost all things. He stammered to such a degree, that he could not pronounce some letters; among

others, that with which the name of rhetoric, the art he studied, begins: He was also short-breathed, as above mentioned. These obstacles he overcame at length, by putting small pebbles into his mouth, pronouncing several verses in that manner, without interruption, and accompanying it with walking, or going up steep and difficult places. He went also to the sea-side; and whilst the waves were in the most violent agitation, he pronounced harangues, both to strengthen his voice, and to accustom himself, by the confused noise of the waters, to the roar of the people, and the tumultuous cries of the public assemblies.

Demosthenes took no less care of his action, than of his voice. He had a large looking-glass in his house, which served to teach him gesture, and at which he used to declaim, before he spoke in public. To correct a fault, which he had contracted, by an ill habit of shrugging up his shoulders, he practised, standing upright in a very narrow pulpit, or rostrum, over which hung a halbert, in such a manner, that if, in the heat of action, that motion escaped him, the point of the weapon might serve, at the same time, to admonish and correct him. His application to study was no less surprising. To be the more removed from noise, and less subject to distraction, he shut himself up in a small room under ground, sometimes for months together; and there it was, by the light of his lamp, that he composed those admirable orations, which were said, by them who envied him, to "smell of the oil;" to imply that they were too elaborate. Demosthenes heard them; and only told them in reply, "It is plain, that yours did not cost you so much trouble." He rose constantly very early in the morning, and used to say, that he was sorry when any workman was at his business before him.

We may farther judge of his extraordinary efforts to acquire excellence of every kind, from the pains he took in copying Thucydides's history eight times with his own hand, in order to render the style of that great man familiar to him. And his labour was well bestowed; for, by these means, he carried the art of declaiming to the highest degree of perfection, of which it was capable; insomuch that, as Cicero informs us, all Greece came in crowds to Athens to hear him speak.

LESSON LXX.—*The Speech of* CAIUS MARIUS *to the* ROMANS, *on their hesitating to appoint him* GENERAL *in the* EXPEDITION *against* JUGURTHA, *merely on account of his Extraction.*

IT is but too common, my countrymen, to observe a material difference between the behaviour of those, who stand

candidates for places of power and trust, before, and after their obtaining them. They solicit them in one manner, and execute them in another. They set out with a great appearance of activity, humility, and moderation; and they quickly fall into sloth, pride, and avarice. It is, undoubtedly, no easy matter to discharge, to the general satisfaction, the duty of a supreme commander, in troublesome times. I am, I hope, duly sensible of the importance of the office I propose to take upon me for the service of my country. To carry on, with effect, an expensive war, and yet be frugal of the public money; to oblige those to serve, whom it may be delicate to offend; to conduct, at the same time, a complicated variety of operations; to concert measures at home, answerable to the state of things abroad; and to gain every valuable end, in spite of opposition, from the envious, the factious, and the disaffected; to do all this, my countrymen, is more difficult than is generally thought. And, besides the disadvantages, which are common to me with all others in eminent stations, my case is, in this respect, peculiarly hard; that whereas, a commander of Patrician rank, if he be guilty of a neglect, or breach of duty, has his great connections, the antiquity of his family, the important services of his ancestors, and the multitudes he has by power engaged in his interest, to screen him from condign punishment: My whole safety depends upon myself, which renders it the more indispensably necessary for me to take care, that my conduct be clear and unexceptionable. Besides, I am well aware, my countrymen, that the eye of the public is upon me; and that, though the impartial, who prefer the real advantage of the commonwealth to all other considerations, favour my pretensions, the Patricians want nothing so much as an occasion against me. It is, therefore, my fixed resolution, to use my best endeavours, that you be not disappointed in me, and that their indirect designs against me may be defeated. I have from my youth been familiar with toils and with dangers. I was faithful to your interests, my countrymen, when I served you for no reward, but that of honour. It is not my design to betray you, now that you have conferred upon me a place of profit. You have committed to my conduct the war against Jugurtha. The Patricians are offended at this. But where would be the wisdom of giving such a command to one of their honourable body, a person of illustrious birth, of ancient family, of innumerable statues, but—of no experience? What service would his long line of dead ancestors, or his multitude of motionless statues, do his country in the day of battle? What could such a general do, but, in his trepidation and inexperience, have recourse

to some inferior commander, for direction in difficulties, to which he was not himself equal? Thus, your Patrician general would, in fact, have a general over him; so that the acting commander would still be a Plebeian. So true is this, my countrymen, that I have myself known those, who have been chosen consuls, begin then to read the history of their own country, of which, till that time, they were totally ignorant; that is, they first obtained the employment, and then bethought themselves of the qualifications necessary for the proper discharge of it. I submit to your judgment, Romans, on which side the advantage lies, when a comparison is made between Patrician haughtiness and Plebeian experience. The very actions which they have only read, I have partly seen, and partly myself achieved. What they know by reading, I know by action. They are pleased to slight my mean birth: I despise their mean characters. Want of birth and fortune is the objection against me: Want of personal worth against them. But are not all men of the same species? What can make a difference between one man and another, but the endowments of the mind? For my part, I shall always look upon the bravest man as the noblest man. Suppose it were inquired of the fathers of such Patricians as Albinus and Bestia, whether, if they had their choice, they would desire sons of their character or of mine; what would they answer: but that they would wish the worthiest to be their sons? If the Patricians have reason to despise me, let them likewise despise their ancestors, whose nobility was the fruit of their virtue. Do they envy the honours bestowed upon me? Let them envy likewise my labours, my abstinence, and the dangers I have undergone for my country; by which I have acquired them. But those worthless men lead such a life of inactivity, as if they despised any honours you can bestow; whilst they aspire to honours, as if they had deserved them by the most industrious virtue. They arrogate the rewards of activity for their having enjoyed the pleasures of luxury. Yet none can be more lavish than they are, in praise of their ancestors. And they imagine they honour themselves by celebrating their forefathers: Whereas they do the very contrary. For, as much as their ancestors were distinguished for their virtues, so much are they disgraced by their vices. The glory of ancestors casts a light, indeed, upon their posterity; but it only serves to show what the descendants are. It alike exhibits to public view their degeneracy, and their worth. I own I cannot boast of the deeds of my forefathers: But, I hope I may answer the cavils of the Patricians, by standing up in defence of what I have myself done. Observe, now, my countrymen,

the injustice of the Patricians. They arrogate to themselves honours on account of the exploits done by their forefathers, whilst they will not allow me the due praise for performing the very same sort of actions in my own person. He has no statues, they cry, of his family. He can trace no venerable line of ancestors.—What then! Is it matter of more praise to disgrace one's illustrious ancestors, than to become illustrious by his own good behaviour? What if I can show no statues of my family; I can show the standards, the armour, and the trappings, which I have myself taken from the vanquished: I can show the scars of those wounds which I have received by facing the enemies of my country. These are my statues! these are the honours I boast of! not left me by inheritance, as theirs; but earned by toil, by abstinence, by valour, amidst clouds of dust, and seas of blood: scenes of action, in which those effeminate Patricians, who endeavour, by indirect means, to depreciate me in your esteem, have never dared to show their faces.

LESSON LXXI.—Hannibal to his Soldiers.

I KNOW not, soldiers, whether you or your prisoners be encompassed by fortune with the stricter bounds and necessities. Two seas inclose you on the right and left:—not a ship to flee to for escaping. Before you is the Po, a river broader, and more rapid than the Rhone; behind you are the Alps, over which, even when your numbers were undiminished, you were hardly able to force a passage. Here, then, soldiers, you must either conquer or die, the very first hour you meet the enemy. But the same fortune, which has thus laid you under the necessity of fighting, has set before your eyes those rewards of victory, than which, no men are ever wont to wish for greater from the immortal gods. Should we, by our valour, recover only Sicily and Sardinia, which were ravaged from our fathers, those would be no inconsiderable prizes. Yet, what are these? The wealth of Rome, whatever riches she has heaped together in the spoils of nations, all these, with the masters of them, will be yours. You have been long enough employed in driving the cattle upon the vast mountains of Lusitania and Celtiberia; you have hitherto met with no reward worthy of the labours and dangers you have undergone. The time is now come to reap the full recompense of your toilsome marches over so many mountains and rivers, and through so many nations, all of them in arms. This is the place which fortune has appointed to be the limits of your labours; it is here that you will finish your glorious warfare, and receive an ample recompense of your completed

service. For I would not have you imagine, that victory will be as difficult as the name of a Roman war is great and sounding. It has often happened, that a despised enemy has given a bloody battle, and the most renowned kings and nations have, by a small force, been overthrown. And if you but take away the glitter of the Roman name, what is there wherein they may stand in competition with you? For, (to say nothing of your service in war for twenty years together, with so much valour and success,) from the very pillars of Hercules, from the ocean, from the utmost bounds of the earth through so many warlike nations of Spain and Gaul, are you not come hither victorious? And with whom are you now to fight? With raw soldiers, an undisciplined army, beaten vanquished, besieged by the Gauls, the very last summer, an army unknown to their leader, and unacquainted with him.

Or, shall I, who was born I might almost say, but certainly brought up, in the tent of my father, that most excellent general, shall I, the conqueror of Spain and Gaul, and not only of the Alpine nations, but, which is greater yet, of the Alps themselves; shall I compare myself with this half-year captain? A captain before whom should one place the two armies without their ensigns, I am persuaded he would not know to which of them he is consul. I esteem it no small advantage, soldiers, that there is not one among you, who has not often been an eye-witness of my exploits in war; not one of whose valour I myself have not been a spectator, so as to be able to name the times and places of his noble achievements: that with soldiers, whom I have a thousand times praised and rewarded, and whose pupil I was, before I became their general, I shall march against an army of men, strangers to one another.

On what side soever I turn my eyes, I behold all full of courage and strength: a veteran infantry, a most gallant cavalry; you, my allies, most faithful and valiant; you, Carthaginians, whom not only your country's cause, but the justest anger impels to battle. The hope, the courage of assailants, is always greater than of those who act upon the defensive. With hostile banners displayed, you are come down upon Italy; you bring the war. Grief, injuries, indignities, fire your minds, and spur you forward to revenge. —First they demanded me, that I, your general, should be delivered up to them; next, all of you who had fought at the siege of Saguntum; and we were to be put to death by the extremest tortures. Proud and cruel nation! Every thing must be yours, and at your disposal! You are to prescribe to

us with whom we shall make war, with whom we shall make peace! You are to set us bounds; to shut us up within hills and rivers; but you, you are not to observe the limits which yourselves have fixed! Pass not the Iberus. What next? Touch not the Saguntines. Saguntum is upon the Iberus, move not a step towards that city. Is it a small matter, then, that you have deprived us of our ancient possessions, Sicily and Sardinia; you would have Spain too? Well, we shall yield Spain; and then—you will pass into Africa. Will pass, did I say?—This very year they ordered one of their consuls into Africa, the other into Spain. No, soldiers, there is nothing left for us but what we can vindicate with our swords. Come on, then. Be men. The Romans may with more safety be cowards; they have their own country behind them, have places of refuge to flee to, and are secure from danger in the roads thither; but for you, there is no middle fortune between death and victory. Let this be but well fixed in your minds, and once again, I say, you are conquerors.

LESSON LXXII.—ÆNEAS'S *Account of the Sack of Troy.*

ALL were attentive to the godlike man,
When from his lofty couch he thus began:
Great Queen! What you command me to relate,
Renews the sad remembrance of our fate;
An empire from its old foundations rent,
And every wo the Trojans underwent;
A populous city made a desert place;
All that I saw, and part of which I was:
Not even the hardest of our foes could hear,
Not stern Ulysses tell, without a tear.

* * * * * * * * * * *

'Twas now the dead of night, when sleep repairs
Our bodies worn with toils, our minds with cares,
When Hector's ghost before my sight appears;
Shrouded in blood he stood, and bath'd in tears,
Such as when by the fierce Pelides slain,
Thessalian coursers dragg'd him o'er the plain.
Swoln were his feet, as when the thongs were thrust
Through the pierc'd limbs: His body black with dust.
Unlike that Hector, who return'd from toils
Of war triumphant in Æacian spoils,
Or him, who made the fainting Greeks retire,
Hurling amidst their fleets the Phrygian fire.
His hair and beard were clotted stiff with gore;
The ghastly wounds, he for his country bore,
Now stream'd afresh.

I wept to see the visionary man,
And, whilst my trance continued, thus began :

O light of Trojans, and support of Troy,
Thy father's champion, and thy country's joy !
O, long expected by thy friends ! from whence
Art thou so late return'd to our defence ?
Alas ! what wounds are these ? what new disgrace
Deforms the manly honours of thy face ?

The spectre, groaning from his inmost breast,
This warning in these mournful words express'd :

Haste, goddess-born ! Escape, by timely flight,
The flames and horrors of this fatal night.
Thy foes already have possess'd our wall :
Troy nods from high, and totters to her fall.
Enough is paid to Priam's royal name,
Enough to country, and to deathless fame.
If by a mortal arm my father's throne
Could have been sav'd—this arm the feat had done.
Troy now commends to thee her future state,
And gives her gods companions of thy fate ;
Under their umbrage hope for happier walls,
And follow where thy various fortune calls.

He said, and brought, from forth the sacred choir,
The gods, and relics of th' immortal fire.
Now peals of shouts came thund'ring from afar,
Cries, threats, and loud lament, and mingled war.
The noise approaches, though our palace stood
Aloof from streets, imbosom'd close with wood ;
Louder and louder still I hear th' alarms
Of human cries distinct, and clashing arms.
Fear broke my slumbers.

I mount the terrace ; thence the town survey,
And listen what the swelling sounds convey.
Then Hector's faith was manifestly clear'd ;
And Grecian fraud in open light appear'd.
The palace of Deiphobus ascends
In smoky flames, and catches on his friends.
Ucalegon burns next ; the seas are bright [light.
With splendours not their own, and shine with sparkling
New clamours, and new clangours now arise,
The trumpet's voice with agonizing cries.
With frenzy seiz'd, I ran to meet th' alarms,
Resolv'd on death, resolv'd to die in arms.
But first to gather friends, with whom t' oppose,
If fortune favour'd, and repel the foes.

By courage rous'd, by love of country fir'd,
With sense of honour and revenge inspir'd.
Pantheus, Apollo's priest, a sacred name,
Had 'scap'd the Grecian swords, and pass'd the flame.
With relics loaded, to my doors he fled,
And by the hand his tender grandson led.
What hope, O Pantheus? Whither can we run?
Where make a stand? Or what may yet be done?
Scarce had I spoke, when Pantheus, with a groan,
Troy—is no more! Her glories now are gone.
The fatal day, th' appointed hour is come,
When wrathful Jove's irrevocable doom
Transfers the Trojan state to Grecian hands:
Our city's wrapt in flames: the foe commands.
To sev'ral posts their parties they divide;
Some block the narrow streets; some scour the wide.
The bold they kill; th' unwary they surprise;
Who fights meets death, and death finds him who flies.

LESSON LXXIII.—A Thunder Storm.

In sweetest smiles arose the virgin dawn,
And spread new glories o'er the spangled lawn;
The sunny mountains, bright with flowing streams,
Reflected soft her golden-colour'd beams;
But ere the sun had gain'd th' ethereal height,
His flaming ray was quench'd in sudden night.
Black rising clouds usurp the face of day,
And fiery gleams the dusky wreaths betray;
The clouds, impress'd with various motions, fly,
And dread confusion rules the troubled sky.
With interrupted breath, the dubious breeze
Disturbs the floods, and stirs the quiv'ring trees;
The gloomy hills, with dusky vapours crown'd,
Shed deeper horrors o'er the plains around.
A conscious dread astonish'd Nature feels,
Through all her regions, nor that dread conceals;
Th' affrighted herds across the dusky plain
Tumultuous scud, nor heed the 'tending swain;
While on the darken'd heath, in narrow space
Contracted, stands the timid fleecy race;
The feather'd tribes forsake the troubled sky;
Some plung'd in thickest shades in secret lie,
And some to hollow rocks for shelter fly.
All to their sev'ral homes with speed repair:—
The birds of night come forth, and wing the desert air.

Now kindling into rage black storms arise,
And deaf'ning noises fill the echoing skies:
Dread through the darken'd air loud thunders roll;
The rapid lightnings dart from pole to pole;
Black livid flames torment the blasted sight,
And strike the shadowy hills with dreadful light:
Wide o'er th' extended plains their treasures large,
In copious floods, the streaming clouds discharge;
Prone down the hills abrupt, from rock to rock,
Red, roaring, rough, th' impetuous torrents smoke.
Unhappy he, far from his native home,
Who devious wanders through the fiery gloom;
Wide o'er the pathless waste forlorn he strays,
While round his head the sheety lightnings blaze;
Through the dark sky loud peals of thunder roll,
And fate, approaching, takes his trembling soul.
Thrice happy they whose calm unruffled mind,
To Heav'n's all-wise disposing will 's resign'd,
Can hear unmov'd the thunder's awful roar,
Or only mov'd the Godhead to adore.
For me, in that dread hour, when all around
The lightnings flash, and thunders shake the ground,
My homely cot be then my blest retreat,
(Where calm contentment holds her peaceful seat,)
Whose humble roof excludes the rushing rain,
Its shelter woods when whirlwinds sweep the plain;
While Delia here observes the lightnings blaze,
And her quick throbbing breast her fear betrays,
Be mine the task these tumults to allay,
And from her lovely cheek to chase pale fear away.

LESSON LXXIV.—On the Being of a God.

Retire;—The world shut out;—Thy thoughts call home:—
Imagination's airy wing repress;—
Lock up thy senses;—Let no passion stir;—
Wake all to reason;—Let her reign alone;—
Then in thy soul's deep silence, and the depth
Of Nature's silence, midnight, thus inquire,
As I have done.———
What am I? and from whence?—I nothing know,
But that I am; and, since I am, conclude
Something eternal: had there e'er been nought,
Nought still had been: eternal there must be.——
But what eternal?—Why not human race?
And Adam's ancestors without an end?—

That's hard to be conceiv'd: since ev'ry link
Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail:
Can ev'ry part depend, and not the whole?
Yet grant it true; new difficulties rise;
I'm still quite out at sea; nor see the shore.
Whence earth, and these bright orbs?—Eternal too?
Grant matter was eternal; still these orbs
Would want some other Father;—Much design
Is seen in all their motions, all their makes;
Design implies intelligence, and art:
That can't be from themselves—or man: that art
Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow?
And nothing greater, yet allow'd than man.——
Who, motion, foreign to the smallest grain,
Shot through vast masses of enormous weight?
Who bid brute matter's restive lump assume
Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
Has matter innate motion? Then each atom,
Asserting its indisputable right
To dance, would form an universe of dust:
Has matter none? Then whence these glorious forms,
And boundless flights, from shapeless, and repos'd?
Has matter more than motion? Has it thought,
Judgment, and genius? Is it deeply learn'd
In mathematics? Has it fram'd such laws,
Which, but to guess, a Newton made immortal?
If art, to form; and counsel to conduct;
And that with greater far than human skill,
Resides not in each block;—A GODHEAD reigns,
And, if a GOD there is, that GOD how great!

LESSON LXXV.

Romulus, the Founder of Rome, after building the City, resolved to submit the form of its government to the choice of the People: and, therefore, calling the Citizens together, he harangued them thus:

IF all the strength of cities lay in the height of their ramparts, or in the depth of their ditches, we should have great reason to be in fear for that which we have now built. Are there in reality any walls too high to be scaled by a valiant enemy? And of what use are ramparts in intestine divisions? They may serve for a defence against sudden incursions from abroad: but it is by courage and prudence chiefly, that the invasions of foreign enemies are repelled; and, by unanimity, sobriety, and justice, that domestic seditions are prevented. Cities, fortified by the strongest bulwarks, have been often seen to yield to force from without, or to tumults from

within. An exact military discipline, and a steady observance of civil polity, are the surest barriers against these evils. But there is still another point of great importance to be considered. The prosperity of some rising colonies, and the speedy ruin of others, have, in a great measure, been owing to their form of government. Was there but one manner of ruling states and cities, that could make you happy, the choice would not be difficult; but I have learned, that of the various forms of government, among the Greeks and Barbarians, there are three which are highly extolled by those who have experienced them; and yet, that no one of those is in all respects perfect: but each of them has some innate and incurable defect. Choose you, then, in what manner this city shall be governed. Shall it be by one man? Shall it be by a select number of the wisest amongst us? or, shall the legislative power be in the people? As for me, I shall submit to whatever form of administration you shall please to establish. As I think myself not unworthy to command, so neither am I unwilling to obey. Your having chosen me to be the leader of this colony, and your calling the city after my name, are honours sufficient to content me: honours of which, living or dead, I can never be deprived.

LESSON LXXVI.

Romulus was chosen King; and Rome was governed by Kings for upwards of 240 years, till the expulsion of Tarquin II. which was occasioned by his son Sextus ravishing Lucretia, the wife of Collatinus, a noble Roman. Lucretia, upon receiving this injury, sent for her husband, who was then in the camp at Ardea, with Tarquin, and for several of his friends, and having informed them of the outrage she had received, and engaged them to revenge it, stabbed herself to the heart, and died before them. The Romans had long groaned under the tyranny and cruelties of the Tarquins, and were therefore glad to lay hold on so flagrant and outrageous an insult to shake off their yoke. The famous Junius Brutus, who, for some reasons, had masked himself, and concealed great talents under the appearance of idiotism, suddenly threw off his disguise, and, going near to the dying lady, drew the poniard out of her bosom, and showing it all bloody to the assembly, to their great astonishment, thus addressed them:

YES, noble lady, I swear by this blood, which was once so pure, and which nothing but royal villany could have polluted, that I will pursue Lucius Tarquinius the Proud, his wicked wife, and their children, with fire and sword; nor will I ever suffer any of that family, or of any other whatso-

ever, to be King in Rome. Ye gods, I call you to witness this my oath!——There, Romans, turn your eyes to that sad spectacle—the daughter of Lucretius, Collatinus's wife, ———she died by her own hand. See there a noble lady, whom the lust of a Tarquin reduced to the necessity of being her own executioner, to attest her innocence. Hospitably entertained by her, as a kinsman of her husband's, Sextus, the perfidious guest, became her brutal ravisher. The chaste, the generous Lucretia, could not survive the insult. Glorious woman! but once only treated as a slave, she thought life no longer to be endured. Lucretia, a *woman*, disdained a life that depended on a tyrant's will; and shall we, shall *men*, with such an example before our eyes, and, after five and twenty years of ignominious servitude, shall we, through a fear of *dying*, defer one single instant to assert our liberty? No, Romans, now is the time; the favourable moment, we have so long waited for, is come. Tarquin is not at Rome. The Patricians are at the head of the enterprise. The city is abundantly provided with men, arms, and all things necessary. There is nothing wanting to secure the success, if our own courage does not fail us. And shall those warriors, who have ever been so brave when foreign enemies were to be subdued, or when conquests were to be made, to gratify the ambition and avarice of Tarquin, be then only cowards, when they are to deliver themselves from slavery? Some of you are perhaps intimidated by the army which Tarquin now commands. The soldiers, you imagine, will take the part of their General. Banish so groundless a fear. The love of liberty is natural to all men. Your fellow-citizens in the camp feel the weight of oppression with as quick a sense as you that are in Rome: They will all eagerly seize the occasion of throwing off the yoke. But let us grant there may be some among them, who, through baseness of spirit, or a bad education, will be disposed to favour the tyrant. The number of these can be but small, and we have means sufficient in our hands to reduce them to reason. They have left us hostages more dear to them than life. Their wives, their children, their fathers, their mothers, are here in the city. Courage, Romans, the gods are for us; those gods, whose temples and altars the impious Tarquin has profaned by sacrifices and libations made with polluted hands, polluted with blood, and with numberless unexpiated crimes committed against his subjects. Ye gods, who protected our forefathers, ye Genii, who watch for the preservation and glory of Rome, do you inspire us with courage and unanimity in this glorious cause, and we will, to our last breath, defend your worship from all profanation.

LESSON LXXVII.

While Quinctius Capitolinus and Agrippa Furius were Consuls at Rome, the differences betwixt the Senate and People ran so high, that the Æqui and Volsci, taking advantage of their intestine disorders, ravaged the country to the very gates of Rome, and the Tribunes of the People forbade the necessary levies of troops to oppose them. Quinctius, a Senator of great reputation, well-beloved, and now in his fourth consulate, got the better of this opposition, by the following Speech.

THOUGH I am not conscious, O Romans, of any crime by me committed, it is yet with the utmost shame and confusion that I appear in your assembly. You have seen it—Posterity will know it. In the fourth consulship of Titus Quinctius, the Æqui and Volsci (scarce a match for the Hernici alone) came in arms to the very gates of Rome, and went away unchastised! The course of our manners, indeed, and the state of our affairs, have long been such, that I had no reason to presage much good: but could I have imagined that so great an ignominy would have befallen me this year, I would, by death or banishment, (if all other means had failed,) have avoided the station I am now in. What! might Rome then have been taken, if those men who were at our gates had not wanted courage for the attempt!—Rome taken while I was consul.—Of honours I had sufficient,—of life enough,—more than enough.—I should have died in my third consulate. But who are they, that our dastardly enemies thus despise! The consuls, or you, Romans! If *we* are in the fault, depose us, or punish us yet more severely. If *you* are to blame, may neither God nor man punish your faults! only may you repent. No, Romans, the confidence of our enemies is not owing to their courage, or to their belief of your cowardice. They have been too often vanquished, not to know both themselves and you. Discord, discord is the ruin of this city. The eternal disputes between the senate and the people, are the sole cause of our misfortunes. While we set no bounds to our domination, nor you to your liberty: while you impatiently endure Patrician magistrates, and we Plebeian, our enemies take heart, grow elated and presumptuous. In the name of the immortal gods, what is it, Romans, you would have? You desired tribunes, for the sake of peace we granted them. You were eager to have decemvirs, we consented to their creation. You grew weary of these decemvirs, we obliged them to abdicate. Your hatred pursued them when reduced to private men; and we suffered you to put to death, or banish, Patricians of the first rank in the republic. You

insisted upon the restoration of the tribuneship, we yielded; we quietly saw consuls of your faction elected. You have the protection of your tribunes, and the privilege of appeal; the Patricians are subjected to the decrees of the commons. Under pretence of equal and impartial laws, you have invaded our rights, and we have suffered it, and we still suffer it.—When shall we see an end of discord! When shall we have one interest, and one common country? Victorious and triumphant, you show less temper than we under defeat. When you are to contend with *us*, you seize the Aventine Hill, you can possess yourselves of the Mons Sacer.

The enemy is at our gates, the Æsquiline is near being taken, and no body stirs to hinder it. But against *us* you are valiant, against *us* you can arm with diligence. Come on, then, besiege the senate-house, make a camp of the forum, fill the jails with our nobles, and when you have achieved these glorious exploits, *then*, at last, sally out at the Æsquiline gate, with the same fierce spirits, against the enemy. Does your resolution fail you for this? Go, then, and behold from your walls, your lands ravaged, your houses plundered and in flames, the whole country laid waste with fire and sword. Have you any thing here to repair these damages? Will the tribunes make up your losses to you? they will give you as many words as you please: bring impeachments in abundance, against the prime men of the state: heap laws upon laws: assemblies you shall have without end. But will any of you return the richer from these assemblies? Extinguish, O Romans, those fatal divisions; generously break this cursed enchantment, which keeps you buried in a scandalous inaction. Open your eyes, and consider the management of these ambitious men, who, to make themselves powerful in their own party, study nothing but how they may foment divisions in the commonwealth.

If you can but summon up your former courage, if you will now march out of Rome with your consuls, there is no punishment you can inflict, which I will not submit to, if I do not, in a few days, drive these pillagers out of our territory. This terror of war (with which you seem so grievously struck) shall quickly be removed from Rome to their own cities.

LESSON LXXVIII.

The following Speeches are those preceding the Battle of Zama; which concluded the Second Punic War to the advantage of the Romans, after it had lasted seventeen years. The two Generals were Hannibal, and the famous Scipio Africanus. An interview was desired by Hannibal,

and agreed to by Scipio. The place pitched upon was a large plain between the two camps, entirely open, and where no ambush could be laid. The two Generals rode thither, escorted by an equal number of guards; from whom they separated, and each attended only by an interpreter, they met in the mid-way. Both remained for a while silent, viewing each other with mutual admiration. Hannibal at length spoke thus.

SINCE fate has so ordained it, that I, who began the war, and who have been so often on the point of ending it by a complete conquest, should now come, of my own motion, to ask a peace, I am glad that it is of you, Scipio, I have the fortune to ask it. Nor will this be among the least of your glories, that Hannibal, victorious over so many Roman generals, submitted at last to you.

I could wish that our fathers and we had confined our ambition within the limits, which nature seemed to have prescribed to it, the shores of Africa, and the shores of Italy. The gods did not give us that mind. On both sides we have been so eager after foreign possessions, as to put our own to the hazard of war. Rome and Carthage have had, each in their turn, the enemy at her gates. But since errors past, may be more easily blamed than corrected, let it now be the work of you and me to put an end, if possible, to the obstinate contention. For my own part, my years, and the experience I have had of the instability of fortune, incline me to leave nothing to her determination which reason can decide. But much I fear, Scipio, that your youth, your want of the like experience, your uninterrupted success, may render you averse from the thoughts of peace. He, whom fortune has never failed, rarely reflects upon her inconstancy. Yet, without recurring to former examples, my own may perhaps suffice to teach you moderation. I am that same Hannibal, who, after my victory at Cannæ, became master of the greatest part of your country, and deliberated with myself, what fate I should decree to Italy and Rome. And now——see the change! Here in Africa, I am come to treat with a Roman for my own preservation and my country's. Such are the sports of fortune. Is she then to be trusted because she smiles? An advantageous peace is preferable to the hope of victory. The one is in your own power, the other at the pleasure of the gods. Should you prove victorious, it would add little to your own glory, or the glory of your country; if vanquished, you lose in one hour all the honour and reputation you have been so many years acquiring. But what is my aim in all this? that you should content yourself with our

cession of Spain, Sicily, Sardinia, and all the islands between Italy and Africa. A peace, on these conditions, will, in my opinion, not only secure the future tranquillity of Carthage, but be sufficiently glorious for you, and for the Roman name. And do not tell me that some of our citizens dealt fraudulently with you in the late treaty: It is I, Hannibal, that now ask a peace: I ask it, because I think it expedient for my country; and, thinking it expedient, I will inviolably maintain it.

The Answer of SCIPIO *was to this effect.*

I KNEW very well, Hannibal, that it was the hope of your return which emboldened the Carthaginians to break the truce with us, and to lay aside all thoughts of a peace, when it was just upon the point of being concluded; and your present proposal is a proof of it. You retrench from their concessions every thing but what we are, and have been long possessed of. But as it is your care, that your fellow-citizens should have the obligations to you of being eased from a great part of their burden; so it ought to be mine, that they draw no advantage from their perfidiousness. No body is more sensible than I am, of the weakness of man, and the power of fortune, and that whatever we enterprise is subject to a thousand chances. If, before the Romans passed into Africa, you had of your own accord quitted Italy, and made the offers you now make, I believe they would not have been rejected. But as you have been forced out of Italy, and we are masters here of the open country, the situation of things is much altered. And, what is chiefly to be considered, the Carthaginians, by the late treaty, which we entered into at their request, were, over and above what you offer, to have restored to us, our prisoners without ransom, delivered up their ships of war, paid us five thousand talents, and to have given hostages for the performance of all. The senate accepted these conditions, but Carthage failed on her part; Carthage deceived us. What then is to be done? are the Carthaginians to be released from the most important articles of the treaty, as a reward of their breach of faith? No, certainly. If to the conditions before agreed upon, you have added some new articles to our advantage, there would have been matter of reference to the Roman people: but when, instead of adding, you retrench, there is no room for deliberation. The Carthaginians, therefore, must submit to us at discretion, or must vanquish us in battle.

N. B.—*The battle was fought, the* Romans *gained the victory, and the* Carthaginians *submitted to* Rome. *This ended the second* Punic *war, and acquired* Scipio *the surname of* AFRICANUS.

LESSON LXXIX.—Queen Elizabeth's Speech *to the Army at Tilbury, upon the Approach of the Spanish Armada.*

MY loving people, we have been persuaded by some, who are careful of our safety, to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes, for fear of treachery: but I assure you, I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and my loving people. Let tyrants fear: I have always so behaved myself, that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safe-guard in the loyal hearts, and good-will of my subjects. And therefore I am come amongst you at this time, not for my recreation or sport, but being resolved, in the midst and heat of the battle, to live or die amongst you all; to lay down, for my God, my kingdom, and my people, my honour, and my blood, even in the dust. I know I have but the body of a weak and feeble woman; but I have the heart of a king, and of a king of England too; and think foul scorn, that Parma or Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realms; to which, rather than any dishonour shall grow by me, I myself will take up arms; I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field. I know already, by your forwardness, that you have deserved rewards and crowns; and we do assure you, on the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you. In the mean time, my lieutenant-general shall be in my stead, than whom never prince commanded a more noble and worthy subject: not doubting, by your obedience to my general, by your concord in the camp, and your valour in the field, we shall shortly have a famous victory over those enemies of my God, my kingdom, and my people.

LESSON LXXX.—Galgacus, *the General of the* Caledonii, *to his Army, to incite them to Action against the* Romans.

Countrymen, and Fellow Soldiers!

WHEN I consider the cause, for which we have drawn our swords, and the necessity of striking an effectual blow, before we sheath them again, I feel joyful hopes arising in my mind, that this day an opening will be made for the restoration of British liberty, and for shaking off the infamous yoke of Roman slavery. Caledonia is yet free. The all-grasping power of Rome has not yet been able to seize our liberty. But it is only to be preserved by valour. You are not to expect, that you should escape the ravage of the general plunderers of mankind, by any sentiment of moderation in them. When the countries, which are more accessible, come to be subdued, they will then force their way into those, which are harder to be overcome. And if they should conquer the dry

land, over the whole world, they will then think of carrying their arms beyond the ocean, to see whether there be not certain unknown regions, which they may attack, and reduce under subjection to the Roman empire. For we see, that if a country is thought to be powerful in arms, the Romans attack it, because the conquest will be glorious; if inconsiderable in the military art, because the victory will be easy; if rich, they are drawn thither by the hope of plunder; if poor, by the desire of fame. The east and the west, the south and the north, the face of the whole earth, is the scene of their military achievements; the world itself is too little for their ambition and their avarice. They are the only nation ever known to be equally desirous of conquering a poor kingdom as a rich one. Their supreme joy seems to be ravaging, fighting, and shedding of blood; and when they have unpeopled a region, so that there are none left alive to bear arms, they say, they have given peace to that country.

Nature itself has peculiarly endeared, to all men, their wives and their children. But it is known to you, my countrymen, that the conquered youth are daily draughted off to supply the deficiencies in the Roman army. The wives, the sisters, and the daughters of the conquered, are either exposed to the violence, or at least corrupted by the arts of these cruel spoilers. The fruits of our industry are plundered to make up the tributes imposed on us by oppressive avarice. Britons sow their fields, and the greedy Romans reap them. Our very bodies are worn out in carrying on their military works; and our toils are rewarded by them with abuses and stripes. Those, who are born to slavery, are bought, and maintained by their master. But this unhappy country pays for being enslaved, and feeds those who enslave it. And our portion of disgrace is the bitterest, as the inhabitants of this island are the last, who have fallen under the galling yoke. Our native bent against tyranny, is the offence which most sensibly irritates those lordly usurpers. Our distance from the seat of government, and our natural defence by the surrounding ocean, render us obnoxious to their suspicions; for they know that Britons are born with an instinctive love of liberty; and they conclude, that we must be naturally led to think of taking the advantage of our detached situation, to disengage ourselves, one time or other, from their oppression.

Thus, my countrymen, and fellow-soldiers, suspected and hated, as we ever must be by the Romans, there is no prospect of our enjoying even a tolerable state of bondage under them. Let us then, in the name of all that is sacred, and in defence of all that is dear to us, resolve to exert ourselves, if

not for glory, at least for safety; if not in vindication of British honour, at least in defence of our lives. How near were the Brigantines to shaking off the yoke—led on too by a woman! They burnt a Roman settlement: they attacked the dreaded Roman legions in their camp. Had not their partial success drawn them into a fatal security, the business had been completed. And shall not we, of the Caledonian region, whose territories are yet free, and whose strength is entire, shall we not, my fellow-soldiers, attempt somewhat, which may show these foreign ravagers, that they have more to do than they think of, before they be masters of the whole island?

But, after all, who are these mighty Romans? Are they gods, or mortal men like ourselves? Do we not see, that they fall into the same errors, and weaknesses, as others? Does not peace effeminate them? Does not abundance debauch them? Does not wantonness enervate them? Do they not even go to excess in the most unmanly vices? And can you imagine, that they, who are remarkable for their vices, are likewise remarkable for their valour? What, then, do we dread?—Shall I tell you the truth, my fellow-soldiers? It is by means of our intestine divisions, that the Romans have gained so great advantage over us. They turn the misconduct of their enemies to their own praise. They boast of what they have done, and say nothing of what we might have done, had we been so wise as to unite against them.

What is this formidable Roman army? Is it not composed of a mixture of people from different countries; some more, some less, disposed to military achievements; some more, some less, capable of bearing fatigue and hardship? They keep together while they are successful. Attack them with vigour: distress them: you will see them more disunited among themselves, than we are now. Can any one imagine, that Gauls, Germans, and—with shame I must add—Britons, who basely lend, for a time, their limbs and their lives, to build up a foreign tyranny; can one imagine, I say, that these will be longer enemies than slaves? or that such an army is holden together by sentiments of fidelity or affection? No: the only bond of union among them is fear. And whenever terror ceases to work upon the minds of that mixed multitude, they, who now fear, will then hate their tyrannical masters. On our side, there is every possible incitement to valour. The Roman courage is not, as ours, inflamed by the thought of wives and children in danger of falling into the hands of the enemy. The Romans have no parents, as we have, to reproach them, if they should desert their infirm old age. They have no country here to fight for. They are a motley col-

lection of foreigners, in a land wholly unknown to them, cut off from their native country, hemmed in by the surrounding ocean, and given, I hope, a prey into our hands, without all possibility of escape. Let not the sound of the Roman name affright your ears: Nor let the glare of gold, or silver, upon their armour, dazzle your eyes. It is not by gold or silver, that men are either wounded or defended: though they are rendered a richer prey to the conquerors. Let us boldly attack this disunited rabble. We shall find among themselves a reinforcement to our army. The degenerate Britons, who are incorporated into their forces, will, through the shame of their country's cause deserted by them, quickly leave the Romans, and come over to us. The Gauls, remembering their former liberty, and that it was the Romans who deprived them of it, will forsake their tyrants, and join the assertors of freedom. The Germans, who remain in their army, will follow the example of their countrymen, the Usipii, who so lately deserted. And what will there be then to fear? A few half garrisoned forts; a few municipal towns, inhabited by worn-out old men: discord universally prevailing, occasioned by tyranny in those who command, and obstinacy in those who should obey. On our side, an army united in the cause of their country, their wives, their children, their aged parents, their liberties, their lives. At the head of this army, I hope, I do not offend against modesty in saying, there is a general ready to exert all his abilities, such as they are, and to hazard his life in leading you to victory, and to freedom.

I conclude, my countrymen, and fellow-soldiers, with putting you in mind, that on your behaviour, this day, depends your future enjoyment of peace and liberty, or your subjection to a tyrannical enemy, with all its grievous consequences. When, therefore, you come to engage—think of your ancestors—and think of your posterity.

LESSON LXXXI.—Conjugal Affection Exemplified.

OF all the pleasures that endear human life, there are none more worthy the attention of a rational creature, than those that flow from the mutual return of conjugal love.

When two minds are thus engaged by the ties of reciprocal affection, each alternately receives and communicates a transport, inconceivable to all, but those that are in this situation: whence arises, that heart-ennobling solicitude for one another's welfare; that tender sympathy, which alleviates affliction; and that participated pleasure, which heightens prosperity, and joy itself.

The following is a beautiful instance of this exalted passion.

Cyrus, king of Persia, had taken captive the young prince of Armenia, together with his beautiful and blooming princess, whom he had lately married, and of whom he was passionately fond. When they, along with other prisoners, were brought before the tribunal, Cyrus asked the prince, "What he would "give to be reinstated in his kingdom?" He answered, with an air of indifference, "That, as for his crown, and his own "liberty, he valued them at a very low rate: but, if Cyrus "would restore his beloved princess to her native dignity, and "hereditary possessions, he should infinitely rejoice; and would "pay," (this he uttered with tenderness and ardour,) "would "willingly pay his life for the purchase."

When all the prisoners were dismissed with freedom, it is impossible to express how much they were charmed with their royal benefactor. Some celebrated his martial abilities, some applauded his social virtues: all were prodigal of their praise, and lavish in grateful acknowledgments. "And you," said the prince, addressing himself to his bride, "What think you "of Cyrus?" "I did not observe him," said the princess. "Not "observe him! Upon what then was your attention fixed?"— "Upon that dear and generous man, who declared, that he "would purchase my liberty, at the expense of his own life!"

LESSON LXXXII.—*The* SPEECH *of the* SCYTHIAN *Ambassadors to* ALEXANDER, *who was preparing War against them.*

IF your person were as gigantic as your desires, the world itself would not contain you. Your right hand would touch the east, and your left the west, at the same time. You grasp at more than you are equal to. From Europe you reach to Asia; from Asia you lay hold on Europe: And, if you should conquer all mankind, you seem disposed to wage war with woods and snows, with rivers and wild beasts, and to attempt to subdue nature. But have you considered the usual course of things? Have you reflected, that great trees are many years in growing to their height, and are cut down in an hour? It is foolish to think of the fruit only, without considering the height you have to climb to come at it. Take care, lest, while you strive to reach the top, you fall to the ground with the branches you have laid hold of. The lion, when dead, is devoured by ravens; and rust consumes the hardness of iron. There is nothing so strong, but it is in danger from what is weak. It will therefore be your wisdom, to take care how you venture beyond your reach. Besides, what have you to do with the Scythians, or the Scythians with you?

We have never invaded Macedon: Why should you attack Scythia? We inhabit vast deserts and pathless woods, where we do not want to hear of the name of Alexander. We are not disposed to submit to slavery; and we have no ambition to tyrannize over any nation. That you may understand the genius of the Scythians, we present you with a yoke of oxen, an arrow, and a goblet. We use these respectively in our commerce with friends and with foes. We give to our friends the corn, which we raise by the labour of our oxen. With the goblet we join with them in pouring drink-offerings to the gods; and with arrows we attack our enemies. We have conquered those, who have attempted to tyrannize over us in our own country, and likewise the kings of the Medes and Persians, when they made unjust war upon us; and we have opened to ourselves a way into Egypt. You pretend to be the punisher of robbers, and are yourself the general robber of mankind. You have taken Lydia; you have seized Syria; you are master of Persia; you have subdued the Bactrians; and attacked India. All this will not satisfy you, unless you lay your greedy and insatiable hands upon our flocks and our herds. How imprudent is your conduct? You grasp at riches, the possession of which only increases your avarice: You increase your hunger by what should produce satiety; so that the more you have, the more you desire. But have you forgotten how long the conquest of the Bactrians detained you? While you were subduing them, the Sogdians revolted. Your victories serve no other purpose than to find you employment by producing new wars: for the business of every conquest is twofold; to win, and to preserve: And, though you may be the greatest of warriors, you must expect, that the nations you conquer will endeavour to shake off the yoke as fast as possible; for what people chooses to be under foreign dominion? If you will cross the Tanais, you may travel over Scythia, and observe how extensive a territory we inhabit. But to conquer us is quite another business. Your army is loaded with the cumbrous spoils of many nations. You will find the poverty of the Scythians, at one time, too nimble for your pursuit; and at another time, when you think we are fled far enough from you, you will have us surprise you in your camp; for the Scythians attack with no less vigour than they fly. Why should we put you in mind of the vastness of the country you will have to conquer? The deserts of Scythia are commonly talked of in Greece; and all the world knows, that our delight is to dwell at large, and not in towns or plantations. It will therefore be your wisdom to keep, with strict attention, what you have

gained.——Catching at more, you may lose what you have. ——We have a proverbial saying in Scythia, That Fortune has no feet; and is furnished only with hands, to distribute her capricious favours, and with fins, to elude the grasp of those, to whom she has been bountiful. You give yourself out to be a god, the son of Jupiter Ammon. It suits the character of a god, to bestow favours on mortals; not to deprive them of what they have. But, if you are no god, reflect on the precarious condition of humanity. You will in this show more wisdom, than by dwelling on those subjects, which have puffed up your pride, and made you forget yourself. You see how little you are likely to gain by attempting the conquest of Scythia. On the other hand, you may, if you please, have in us a valuable alliance. We command the borders of both Europe and Asia. There is nothing between us and Bactria, but the river Tanais; and our territory extends to Thrace, which, as we have heard, borders on Macedon. If you decline attacking us in a hostile manner, you may have our friendship. Nations, which have never been at war, are on an equal footing. But it is in vain, that confidence is reposed in a conquered people. There can be no sincere friendship between the oppressors and the oppressed. Even in peace, the latter think themselves entitled to the rights of war against the former. We will, if you think proper, enter into a treaty with you, according to our manner, which is not by signing, sealing, and taking the gods to witness, as is the Grecian custom, but by doing actual services. The Scythians are not used to promise; but to perform without promising; and they think an appeal to the gods superfluous; for that those, who have no regard for the esteem of men, will not hesitate to offend the gods by perjury. You may, therefore, consider with yourself, whether you had better have a people of such a character, and so situated as to have it in their power either to serve you, or to annoy you, according as you treat them for allies or for enemies.

LESSON LXXXIII.—The Behaviour of Mary Queen of Scots, at her Death.

On Tuesday, the 7th of February, 1587, the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent arrived at Fotheringay, and, demanding access to the Queen, read, in her presence, the warrant for execution, and required her to prepare to die next morning. Mary heard them to the end without emotion, and crossing herself in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; "That soul," said she, "is unworthy "of the joys of Heaven, which repines, because the body

" must endure the stroke of an executioner; and, though I " did not expect that the Queen of England would set the " first example of violating the sacred person of a sovereign " prince, I willingly submit to that which Providence has de- " creed to be my lot:" and laying her hand on a Bible, which happened to be near her, she solemnly protested, that she was innocent of that conspiracy, which Babbington had carried on against the life of Elizabeth. She then mentioned the requests contained in her letter to Elizabeth, but obtained no satisfactory answer. She entreated, with particular earnestness, that now, in her last moments, her almoner might be suffered to attend her, and that she might enjoy the consolation of those pious institutions prescribed by her religion. Even this favour, which is usually granted to the vilest criminals, was absolutely denied. Her attendants, during this conversation, were bathed in tears, and, though over-awed by the presence of the two Earls, with difficulty suppressed their anguish; but no sooner were they withdrawn, than they ran to their mistress, and burst out into the most passionate expressions of tenderness and sorrow. Mary, however, not only retained perfect composure of mind, but endeavoured to moderate their excessive grief; and, falling on her knees, with all her domestics round her, she thanked Heaven, that her sufferings were now so near an end, and prayed that she might be enabled to endure, what yet remained, with decency, and with fortitude. The greater part of the evening she employed in settling her worldly affairs. She wrote her testament with her own hand. Her money, her jewels, and her clothes, she distributed among her servants, according to their rank or merit. She wrote a short letter to the King of France, and another to the Duke of Guise, full of tender but magnanimous sentiments, and recommended her soul to their prayers, and her afflicted servants to their protection. At supper she ate temperately, as usual, and conversed not only with ease, but with cheerfulness. She drank to every one of her servants, and asked their forgiveness, if ever she had failed in any part of her duty to them. At her wonted time she went to bed, and slept calmly a few hours. Early in the morning she retired into her closet, and employed a considerable time in devotion. At eight o'clock, the High Sheriff and his officers entered her chamber, and found her still kneeling at the altar. She immediately started up, and, with a majestic mien, and a countenance undismayed, nay, even cheerful, advanced towards the place of execution, leaning on two of Paulet's attendants. She was dressed in a

mourning habit, but with an elegance and splendour, which she had long laid aside, except on a few festival days. An *Agnus Dei* hung by a pomander chain at her neck;—her beads at her girdle; and in her hand she carried a crucifix of ivory. At the bottom of the stairs the two Earls, attended by several gentlemen from the neighbouring counties, received her; and there Sir Andrew Melvil, the master of her household, who had been secluded for some weeks from her presence, was permitted to take his last farewell. At the sight of a mistress, whom he tenderly loved, in such a situation, he melted into tears: and, as he was bewailing her condition, and complaining of his own hard fate, in being appointed to carry the account of such a mournful event into Scotland, Mary replied, "Weep not, good Melvil, there "is at present greater cause for rejoicing. Thou shalt "this day see Mary Stewart delivered from all her cares, "and such an end put to her tedious sufferings as she has "long expected. Bear witness, that I die constant in my "religion, firm in my fidelity towards Scotland, and un-"changed in my affection to France. Commend me to my "son. Tell him I have done nothing injurious to his king-"dom, to his honour, or to his rights; and God forgive "all those who have thirsted without cause for my blood." With much difficulty, and after many entreaties, she prevailed on the two Earls to allow Melvil, together with three of her men-servants, and two of her maids, to attend her to the scaffold. It was erected in the same hall where she had been tried, raised a little above the floor, and covered with black cloth, as well as a chair, the cushion, and the block. Mary mounted the steps with alacrity;—beheld all this apparatus of death with an unaltered countenance;—and signing herself with the cross, she sat down in the chair. Beale read the warrant for execution with a loud voice; to which she listened with a careless air, and like one occupied in other thoughts. Then the Dean of Peterborough began a devout discourse, suitable to her present condition, and offered up prayers to Heaven in her behalf; but she declared, that she could not in conscience hearken to the one, nor join in the other; then, falling on her knees, repeated a Latin prayer. When the Dean had finished his devotion, she, with an audible voice, and in the English language, recommended unto God the afflicted state of the church, and prayed for prosperity to her son, and for a long life and peaceable reign to Elizabeth. She declared, that she hoped for mercy only through the death of Christ, at the foot of whose image she now willingly shed her blood; and, lifting up, and kissing the

crucifix, she thus addressed it: "As thy arms, O Jesus, were "extended on the cross; so with the outstretched arms of "thy mercy, receive me, and forgive my sins." She then prepared for the block, by taking off her veil and upper garment: one of the executioners rudely endeavouring to assist, she gently checked him, and said, with a smile, that she had not been accustomed to undress before so many spectators, nor to be served by such valets. With calm, but undaunted fortitude, she laid her neck on the block; and, while one executioner held her hands, another, at the second stroke, cut off her head, which, falling out of its attire, discovered her hair already turned quite grey with cares and sorrows. The executioner held it up, still streaming with blood, and the dean cried out, "So perish all Queen "Elizabeth's enemies." The Earl of Kent alone answered, Amen. The rest of the spectators continued silent, and drowned in tears, being incapable, at that moment, of any other sentiments but those of pity or admiration.

LESSON LXXXIV.—A Short Character of Alfred the Great.

ALFRED the Great was one of the wisest, the best, and most beneficent monarchs, that ever swayed the sceptre of this realm: and his example is highly memorable.—Every hour of his life had its peculiar business assigned it. He divided the day and the night into three portions of eight hours each; and, though much afflicted with a very painful disorder, assigned only eight hours to sleep, meals, and exercise; devoting the remaining sixteen, one half to reading, writing, and prayer, and the other to public business: So sensible was this great man, that time was not a trifle to be dissipated, but a rich talent entrusted to him, and for which he was accountable to the great dispenser of it. And, surely, if a person, like him, in the highest station of life, amidst all the temptations of ease, affluence, and pleasure, was thus careful to husband time, and fill up the fleeting moments of life with some useful employ, how very inexcusable must it be in those, who have not such allurements, to murder their days by indolence and dissipation? During the retreat of this famous prince, at Athelney in Somersetshire, after the defeat of his forces by the Danes, the following circumstance happened, which, while it convinces us of the extremities to which that great man was reduced, will give us a striking proof of his pious and benevolent disposition: A beggar came to his little castle there, and requested alms; when

his queen informed him, "That they had only one small "loaf remaining, which was insufficient for themselves, and "their friends, who were gone abroad in quest of food, "though with little hopes of success." The King replied, "Give the poor Christian one half of the loaf. He who could "feed five thousand men with five loaves and two fishes, can "certainly make that half of the loaf suffice for more than our "necessities." Accordingly the poor man was relieved; and this noble act of charity soon recompensed by a providential store of fresh provisions, with which his people returned.

LESSON LXXXV.—*A Sketch of the Character of the Honourable* DUNCAN FORBES, *Lord President of the Court of Session.*

THE splendour of genius, and the variety of knowledge, which distinguished this eminent man, would have conducted him to greatness in any profession. In that of the law, he advanced with a rapidity, to which the greatest abilities can only entitle, when they are joined, as they were in him, with the most inflexible honour, and the purest integrity. While yet a barrister, he made it a maxim never to prostitute his talents in an unjust litigation; and, as he always spoke, of consequence, in defence of what he deemed to be virtuous and honourable, the torrent of his eloquence rolled on with a force that was the more irresistible.

Quickness of discernment, solidity of understanding, an ardent love of justice, and a patient and polite attention to the pleadings of counsel, characterised him as a judge. As a citizen, he was animated with a public spirit, that employed him with an unwearied zeal in the encouragement of industry, trade, and manufactures. As a man, he was open, candid, and generous.

During turbulent and unhappy times, when prerogative and freedom contended for the superiority, he conducted himself with a determined firmness to the trust reposed in him; but, at the same time, with a prudence and moderation, that conciliated to him the affections of both parties. So delicately skilful was his conduct, that not a whisper was heard to his prejudice, at a period when the passions of men were wound up to a pitch of the highest violence, and when they had subsided into a calm, not a single example appeared, from which it could be so much as suspected that he had abused his power.

The glory and renown he acquired in advancing the prosperity of his country, and in contributing to re-establish peace and order, were the only rewards of his services. He

had even impaired, and almost ruined, his private fortune in the cause of the public; but government pressed upon him no blushing honours. The minister, with a meanness, for which it is difficult to account, desired to have a state of his disbursements. The patriot was shocked at the rudeness of this treatment, and disdained to give any reply.

Throughout the whole course of his life, he had a lively sense of religion, without the least taint of superstition. His charity was extended to every sect, and to every denomination of religionists. He no wise resembled those unhallowed and hypocritical men, who, querulous and austere in public, make a show of an affected sanctity, which they conveniently lay aside in their private moments; and which, perchance, they have only adopted to give a more poignant zest to selfish pastimes, and to criminal enjoyments.

In the intervals of business, and of the duties of social life, he even employed his pen on the most serious and devout topics. He has written with real erudition, and signal judgment, and in a style flowing and oratorial, concerning religion, natural and revealed; concerning some important discoveries in philosophy and theology; and concerning the sources of incredulity. These tracts have been published; and will continue to illustrate his name, while religion and literature have any value among men.

LESSON LXXXVI.—Adam's Prayer after the Interment of Abel.

O THOU, who dwellest in the highest heaven! God! Creator! Justice Eternal! Goodness Infinite! behold us prostrate before the grave of our beloved son. We, sinners, kneel before Thee in the dust. Oh! may our prayers ascend to Thy celestial throne!—Look with an eye of compassion on us, O God! in this valley of death, this abode of sin. Our iniquities are great; but Thine infinite goodness is still greater. We are polluted in Thy sight. Thou beholdest our impurities, yet Thou hast not turned Thy face from us. Thou still vouchsafest to look on us, in our misery, with a propitious eye. Thou permittest us to implore Thee. Thou hast not abandoned the sinner.—Eternal praises rise to Thee! Thy works, O God! render Thee praise! The beauties of spring, the serenity of the heavens, show forth Thy beneficence. The loud voice of Thy thunders, the rattling hail, and the howling storm, proclaim Thy power. Smiling joy glorifies Thee: Thy justice is also glorified by the tears of sorrow.—We have beheld the Son of Sin, frightful Death. He is come to our

dwellings in a form most hideous. Guilt led him by the hand, the earth groaned, and black tempests gathered round the direful pair. The first fruit of my loins—my first-born, has imbrued his hands in his brother's blood. O God, merciful and gracious! cast him not off for ever. When he mourns in the dust for his offences; when he trembles at his crime; when, overwhelmed by torturing remorse, he weeps, he groans, and prostrates himself with deep contrition before Thee; look with a pitying eye on his misery; commiserate his despair; and assuage his anguish, by Thy divine consolations. Reject not, O God! reject not the humble petition. Let him not perish in Thy wrath. For this grace, O God! we will supplicate Thee at the rising and setting sun. In the silent hours of night, when all nature is hushed to rest, we will implore Thee for him. O God of consolation! cast him not off for ever.

Eternal praises be rendered to Thee, who hast received the soul of the happy deceased into the regions of never-ending felicity. Death hath seized his first victim. We shall follow, one after another, to the dark and silent grave; but, adored be Thy loving-kindness, adored be Thy tender mercies, we shall, likewise, follow him to the realms of immortality and bliss. We dwell in bodies of dust. This dust shall be dissolved; but Thou art unchangeable, and wilt raise to glory the sinner, who deplores his crimes, and the righteous man, who mourns that his virtues are mixed with imperfections, and his highest attainments sullied by human frailty. Thou wilt gather them together out of the dust, to bestow on them eternal joys, angelic purity: for,—O promise ineffable! "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." Mystery sublime! Mystery profound! wrapt in a holy obscurity, which no finite being can penetrate; but full of divine consolations. The sinner is reconciled to God; the offender is restored to peace and hope.—Shall man, then, lament; shall he groan in despair, if the dream of life is alternately filled with joy and sorrow? Death approaches; it shall break the shackles of the soul, and free it from the consequences of a just malediction. Then, those who, while clothed in dust, forgot not their original purity, who loved virtue, who loved God, shall be assembled together in the mansions on high, to enjoy there, incessant, eternal felicity.

On Death and Eternity.

Stoop down, my thoughts, that use to rise,
  Converse a while with death:
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
  And pants away his breath.

His quiv'ring lips hang feeble down,
His pulse is faint and few,
Then, speechless, with a doleful groan,
He bids the world adieu.

But, oh the soul, that never dies!
At once it leaves the clay!
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And track its wond'rous way.

Up to the courts where angels dwell,
It mounts triumphant there;
Or devils plunge it down to hell,
In infinite despair.

And must my body faint and die?
And must this soul remove?
Oh! for some guardian angel nigh,
To bear it safe above.

Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand,
My naked soul I trust;
And my flesh waits for thy command,
To drop into the dust.

LESSON LXXXVII.—Scipio to the Roman Army.

WERE you, soldiers, the same army which I had with me in Gaul, I might well forbear saying any thing to you, at this time. For what occasion could there be, to use exhortation to a cavalry, that had so signally vanquished the squadrons of the enemy upon the Rhone; or to legions, by whom, that same enemy, flying before them to avoid a battle, did, in effect, confess themselves conquered? But as these troops, having been enrolled for Spain, are there with my brother Cneius, making war under my auspices, (as was the will of the senate and people of Rome,) I, that you might have a consul for your Captain against Hannibal and the Carthaginians, have freely offered myself for this war. You, then, have a new general; and I, a new army. On this account, a few words from me to you, will be neither improper nor unseasonable.

That you may not be unapprised of what sort of enemies you are going to encounter, or of what is to be feared from them, they are the very same, whom, in a former war, you vanquished both by land and sea; the same, from whom you took Sicily and Sardinia; and who have been, these twenty years, your tributaries. You will not, I presume, march against these men, with only that courage, with which you are wont to face other enemies; but, with a certain anger and

indignation, such as you would feel, if you saw your slaves, on a sudden, rise up in arms against you. Conquered and enslaved, it is not boldness, but necessity, that urges them to battle: unless you can believe, that those who avoided fighting, when their army was entire, have acquired better hope, by the loss of two thirds of their horse and foot, in the passage of the Alps.

But you have heard, perhaps, that, though they are few in number, they are men of stout hearts, and robust bodies; heroes of such strength and vigour, as nothing is able to resist.—Mere effigies! nay, shadows of men! wretches, emaciated with hunger, and benumbed with cold! bruised and battered to pieces among the rocks and craggy cliffs! their weapons broken! and their horses weak and foundered! Such are the cavalry, and such the infantry, with which you are going to contend; not enemies, but the fragments of enemies. There is nothing which I more apprehend, than that it will be thought Hannibal was vanquished by the Alps, before we had any conflict with him. But, perhaps, it was fitting it should be so: and that, with a people and a leader, who had violated leagues and covenants, the gods themselves, without man's help, should begin the war, and bring it to a near conclusion; and that we, who, next to the gods, have been injured and offended, should happily finish what they have begun.

I need not be in any fear, that you should suspect me of saying these things merely to encourage you, while, inwardly, I have different sentiments. What hindered me from going into Spain? That was my province: where I should have had the less dreaded Asdrubal, not Hannibal, to deal with. But, hearing, as I passed along the coast of Gaul, of this enemy's march, I landed my troops, sent the horse forward, and pitched my camp upon the Rhone. A part of my cavalry encountered, and defeated that of the enemy. My infantry not being able to overtake theirs, which fled before us, I returned to my fleet; and, with all the expedition I could use in so long a voyage by sea and land, am come to meet them at the foot of the Alps. Was it, then, my inclination, to avoid a contest with this tremendous Hannibal? and have I met with him only by accident and unawares? or am I come on purpose to challenge him to the combat? I would gladly try, whether the earth, within these twenty years, has brought forth a new kind of Carthaginians; or, whether they be the same sort of men who fought at the Ægates; and whom, at Eryx, you suffered to redeem themselves at eighteen denarii *per* head: whether this Hannibal, for labours and journies, be, as he would be thought, the rival of Hercules; or whether

he be, what his father left him, a tributary, a vassal, a slave of the Roman people. Did not the consciousness of his wicked deed at Saguntum torment him, and make him desperate, he would have some regard, if not to his conquered country, yet surely to his own family, to his father's memory, to the treaty written with Amilcar's own hand. We might have starved him in Eryx; we might have passed into Africa with our victorious fleet; and, in a few days, have destroyed Carthage. At their humble supplication, we pardoned them; we released them, when they were closely shut up, without a possibility of escaping; we made peace with them, when they were conquered. When they were distressed by the African war, we considered them, we treated them, as a people under our protection. And what is the return they make us for all these favours? Under the conduct of a hair-brained young man, they come hither to overturn our state, and lay waste our country.—I could wish, indeed, that it were not so; and that the war we are now engaged in concerned only our own glory, and not our preservation. But the contest at present is, not for the possession of Sicily and Sardinia, but of Italy itself. Nor is there, behind us, another army, which, if we should not prove the conquerors, may make head against our victorious enemies. There are no more Alps for them to pass, which might give us leisure to raise new forces. No, soldiers; here you must make your stand, as if you were just now before the walls of Rome. Let every one reflect, that he is now to defend, not his own person only, but his wife, his children, his helpless infants. Yet, let not private considerations alone possess our minds; let us remember, that the eyes of the senate, and people of Rome, are upon us; and that, as our force and courage shall now prove, such will be the fortune of that city, and of the Roman empire.

LESSON LXXXVIII.—The Combat of the Horatii and the Curiatii.

THE combat of the Horatii and Curiatii is painted in a very natural and animated manner by Livy. The cause was this: The inhabitants of Alba and Rome, roused by ambition and mutual complaints, took the field, and were on the eve of a bloody battle. The Alban general, to prevent the effusion of blood, proposed to Hostilius, then king of Rome, to refer the destiny of both nations to three combatants of each side, and that empire should be the prize of the conquering party. The proposal was accepted. The Albans named the Curiatii, three brothers, for their champions. The three sons of Horatius were chosen for the Romans.

The treaty being concluded, the three brothers, on each side, arrayed themselves in armour, according to agreement. Each side exhorts their respective champions, representing to them, that their *gods*, their country, their parents, every individual in the city and army, now fixed their eyes on their arms and valour. The generous combatants, intrepid in themselves, and animated by such exhortations, march forth, and stood between the two armies.—The armies placed themselves before their respective camps, and were less solicitous for any present danger, than for the consequence of this action.—They therefore gave their whole attention to a fight, which could not but alarm them. The signal is given: The combatants engage with hostile weapons, and show themselves inspired with the intrepidity of two mighty armies.—Both sides, equally insensible of their own danger, had nothing in view but the slavery or liberty of their country, whose destiny depended upon their conduct. At the first onset, the clashing of their armour, and the terrific gleam of their swords, filled the spectators with such trepidation, fear, and horror, that the faculty of speech and breath seemed totally suspended, even while the hope of success inclined to *neither* side. But when it came to a closer engagement, not only the motion of their bodies, and the furious agitation of their weapons, arrested the eyes of the spectators, but their opening wounds, and the streaming blood. Two of the Romans fell, and expired at the feet of the Albani, who were all three wounded. Upon their fall, the Alban army shouted for joy, while the Roman legions remained without hope, but not without concern, being eagerly anxious for the surviving Roman, *then* surrounded by his three adversaries. Happily he was not wounded:—but not being a match for three, though superior to any of them singly, he had recourse to a stratagem for dividing them. He betook himself to flight, rightly supposing, that they would follow him at unequal distances, as their strength, after so much loss of blood, would permit. Having fled a considerable way from the spot where they fought, he looked back, and saw the Curiatii pursuing at a considerable distance from one another, and one of them very near upon him: he turned with all his fury; and, while the Alban army were crying out to his brothers to *succour him*, Horatius, who had already slain the first enemy, rushed forward to a second victory. The Romans encourage their champion by such acclamations, as generally proceed from unexpected success. He, on the other hand, hastens to put an end to the second combat, and slew another, before the third, who was not far off, could come up to his assistance. There

now remained only one combatant on each side, but neither equal in strength, expectations, nor hopes. The *Roman*, who had received no hurt, and fired by gaining a double victory, advances with great confidence to his third combat. His antagonist, on the other hand, being weakened by loss of blood, and spent with running so far, could scarce drag his legs after him, and, being already dispirited by the death of his brothers, presents his throat to the victor, for it could not be called a contest. "Two," says the exulting Roman;—"Two I have "sacrificed to the manes of my brothers;—the third I will "offer up to my country, that henceforth Rome may give "laws to Alba." Upon which he transfixed him with his sword, who was scarce able any longer to wield his weapons, and, as he lay gasping on the ground, stripped him of his armour. The Romans received Horatius the victor into their camp with an exultation, great as their former fear. After this each party buried their respective dead, but with very different sentiments, the one reflecting on the sovereignty they had acquired, and the other on their subjection to slavery, to the power of the Romans.

This combat became still more remarkable. Horatius, returning to Rome, with the arms and spoils of his enemy, met his sister, who was to have been married to one of the Curiatii. Seeing her brother dressed in her lover's coat of armour, which she herself had wrought, she could not contain her grief.—She shed a flood of tears; she tore her hair; and, in the transports of her sorrow, uttered the most violent imprecations against her brother. Horatius, warm with his victory, and enraged at the grief, which his sister expressed with such unseasonable passion in the midst of the public joy, in the heat of his anger he drove a poniard to her heart.—"Begone to thy lover," says he, "and carry him that de-"generate passion, which makes thee prefer a dead enemy to "the glory of thy country." Every body detested an action so cruel and inhuman. The murderer was immediately seized, and dragged before the Duumviri, the proper judges of such crimes. Horatius was condemned to lose his life; and the very day of his triumph had been that of his punishment, if he had not, by the advice of Tullus Hostilius, appealed from that judgment to the assembly of the people. He appeared there with the same courage and resolution that he had shown in his combat with the Curiatii.——The people thought so great a service might justly excuse them, if for once they moderated the rigour of the law; and, accordingly, he was acquitted, rather through admiration of his courage, than for the justice of his cause.

LESSON LXXXIX.—*The* EAST INDIA COMPANY'S ADDRESS, *on the* JUNCTION *of* SPAIN *with* FRANCE.

To the KING'S most excellent Majesty,

WE, your Majesty's loyal subjects, the United Company of Merchants of England trading to the East Indies, beg leave, in this time of general alarm, to express our sentiments of zeal and affection to your Majesty's royal person and government. In an hour of threatened ruin to our commerce, and of possible insult to this island, it is a duty incumbent on all your Majesty's subjects, but peculiarly on great commercial societies, to exert their best means of strengthening that important and constitutional defence, the naval power of these kingdoms; which, we trust, notwithstanding the various services required in the distant parts of the empire, will prove superior to the combined force of the house of Bourbon in Europe.—As a small testimony of our earnest desire to promote this essential interest of our country, by an immediate supply of men, we have offered bounties to those who shall voluntarily enter themselves to serve on board your Majesty's fleet: And, at the same time, that we may contribute our assistance to its future strength, we have resolved, at our own expense, and with all possible dispatch, to build three ships of war, of seventy-four guns each, with their masts and yards; of which, when finished, we request your Majesty's gracious acceptance.

Whatever judgment posterity may form of the unhappy contest with our fellow-subjects in America, one sentiment only can arise respecting the conduct of those powers, who, pretending injuries which never existed, and affecting the patronage of rights which they neither feel nor understand, could have but one object—amidst the distractions of the British empire, to gratify their own ambition. Success, which sometimes palliates injustice, has not, hitherto, attended their arms. We have seen your Majesty's enemies driven from India; we have seen their commerce almost destroyed by the animated exertions of your Majesty's subjects in Europe and America; and we are confident, that the vigour of our countrymen will rise, proportioned to every new danger. Those who have conspired the ruin of Great Britain, may number her people, her fleets, and her armies, but they know not to estimate the energy of a free nation, united in affection, and ardent in defence of their dearest rights; which, under the blessing of Providence, we dare to hope, will finally defeat the perfidious designs of all your Majesty's enemies.

LESSON XC.—Damon and Pythias.

WHEN Damon was sentenced, by Dionysius the tyrant of Syracuse, to die on such a day, he prayed permission to retire, in the interim, to his own country, to set the affairs of his disconsolate family in order. This the tyrant intended most peremptorily to refuse, by granting it, as he conceived, on the impossible condition, of his procuring some one to remain, as hostage for his return, under equal forfeiture of life. Pythias heard the condition, and did not wait for an application on the part of Damon: He instantly offered himself to durance, in the place of his friend; and Damon was accordingly set at liberty.

The King, and all his courtiers, were astonished at this action, as they could not account for it, on any allowed principles.—Self-interest, in their judgment, was the sole mover of human affairs; and they looked on virtue, friendship, benevolence, love of country, and the like, as terms invented by the wise, to impose upon the weak. They, therefore, imputed this act of Pythias to the extravagance of his folly; to the defect of head, merely; and no way to any virtue, or good quality of heart.

When the day of the destined execution drew near, the tyrant had the curiosity to visit Pythias in his dungeon.—Having reproached him for the romantic stupidity of his conduct, and rallied him some time on his madness, in presuming, that Damon, by his return, would prove as great a fool as himself,—"My Lord," said Pythias, with a firm voice and noble aspect, "I would it were possible, that I might suffer a thou-"sand deaths, rather than my friend should fail in any article "of his honour. He cannot fail therein, my Lord. I am as "confident of his virtue, as I am of my own existence. But "I pray, I beseech the gods, to preserve the life and integrity "of my Damon together. Oppose him, ye winds! prevent "the eagerness and impatience of his honourable endeavours! "and suffer him not to arrive, till, by my death, I have re-"deemed a life, a thousand times of more consequence, of "more estimation, than my own; more estimable to his love-"ly wife, to his precious little innocents, to his friends, to "his country. O! leave me not to die the worst of deaths "in my Damon." Dionysius was awed and confounded by the dignity of these sentiments, and by the manner (still more sentimental) in which they were uttered. He felt his heart struck by a slight sense of invading truth; but it served rather to perplex than undeceive him. He hesitated. He would have spoken. But he looked down; and retired in silence.

The fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought forth; and walked, amidst the guard, with a serious but satisfied air, to the place of execution. Dionysius was already there. He was exalted on a moving throne, drawn by six white horses, and sat pensive and attentive to the demeanour of the prisoner. Pythias came. He vaulted lightly on the scaffold, and, beholding for some time the apparatus of death, he turned, and, with a pleasing countenance, thus addressed the assembly:—"My prayers are heard. The gods are propitious. You "know, my friends, that the winds have been contrary till "yesterday. Damon could not come: He could not conquer "impossibilities. He will be here to-morrow: and the blood "which is shed to-day, shall have ransomed the life of my "friend.—O! could I erase from your bosoms, every doubt, "every mean suspicion, of the honour of the man for whom I "am about to suffer, I should go to my death, even as I would "to my bridal. Be it sufficient, in the meantime, that my "friend will be found noble—that his truth is unimpeachable "—that he will speedily approve it—that he is now on his "way, hurrying on, accusing himself, the adverse elements, "and the gods. But I hasten to prevent his speed.—Execu-"tioner, do your office." As he pronounced the last words, a buzz began to arise among the remotest of the people. A distant voice was heard. The crowd caught the words; and, *Stop, stop the execution,* was repeated by the whole assembly. A man came at full speed. The throng gave way to his approach. He was mounted on a steed of foam. In an instant, he was off his horse, on the scaffold, and held Pythias straitly embraced. "You are safe," he cried; "you are safe, my "friend, my beloved—the gods be praised, you are safe! I, "now, have nothing but death to suffer; and I am delivered "from the anguish of those reproaches, which I gave myself, "for having endangered a life so much dearer than my own." Pale, and almost speechless, in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied, in broken accents, "Fatal haste!—Cruel impa-"tience!—What envious powers have wrought impossibilities "in your favour?—But I will not be wholly disappointed.—"Since I cannot die to save, I will not survive you."

Dionysius heard, beheld, and considered all, with astonishment. His heart was touched: his eyes were opened: and he could no longer refuse his assent to truth, so incontestibly proved by facts. He descended from his throne. He ascended the scaffold. "Live; live; ye incomparable pair!" he exclaimed. "Ye have borne unquestionable testimony to the "existence of virtue; and that virtue equally evinces the cer-"tainty of the existence of a God, a God to reward it.—

"Live happy! live renowned! And, O! form me by your "precepts, as you have invited me by your example, to be "worthy of the participation of so sacred a friendship."

LESSON XCI.—Pyrrhus and Fabritius.

A Treaty being on foot between the Romans and Pyrrhus king of Macedon, for the exchange of prisoners, the latter, after having given a general audience to the ambassadors, took Fabritius aside, and addressed him in the following manner:—

"As for you, Fabritius, I am sensible of your merit: I am "convinced, that you are an excellent general, and perfectly "qualified for the command of an army; that justice and "temperance are united in your character; and that you "justly pass for a person of consummate virtue. But I am "no less certain of your poverty; and must confess, that for-"tune, in this particular, has treated you with injustice, by "misplacing you in the class of indigent senators. In order, "therefore, to supply that sole deficiency, (provided you as-"sist me to negotiate an honourable peace,) I am ready to "give you as much gold and silver, as will raise you above "the richest citizen of Rome; being fully persuaded, that "no expense can be more honourable to a prince, than that "which is employed in the relief of great men, who are com-"pelled, by their poverty, to lead a life unworthy of their "virtues; and that this is the noblest purpose, to which a "king can possibly devote his treasures."

The answer of Fabritius was as follows:—

"As to my poverty, you have, indeed, Sir, been rightly "informed. My whole estate consists in a house of but mean "appearance, and a little spot of ground, from which, by "my own labour, I draw my support. But if, by any "means, you have been persuaded to think that this poverty "makes me less considered in my country, or in any degree "unhappy, you are extremely deceived. I have no reason to "complain of fortune; she supplies me with all that nature "requires: and, if I am without superfluities, I am also free "from the desire of them. With these, I confess, I should "be more able to succour the necessitous, the only advantage "for which the wealthy are to be envied: but, small as my "possessions are, I can still contribute something to the sup-"port of the state, and the assistance of my friends. With "regard to honours, my country places me, poor as I am, "upon a level with the richest: for Rome knows no qualifi-"cations for great employments, but virtue and ability. She "appoints me to officiate in the most august ceremonies of re-

" ligion; she entrusts me with the command of her armies;
" she confides to my care the most important negotiations.
" My poverty does not lessen the weight and influence of my
" counsels in the senate: the Roman people honour me, for
" that very poverty which you consider as a disgrace: they
" know the many opportunities I have had, in war, to en-
" rich myself, without incurring censure; they are convinced
" of my disinterested zeal for their prosperity; and if I have
" any thing to complain of, in the return they make, it is
" only the excess of their applause. What value, then, can
" I set upon your gold and silver? What king can add any
" thing to my fortune? Always attentive to discharge the
" duties incumbent on me, I have a mind free from SELF-
" REPROACH, and I have an HONEST FAME."

LESSON XCII.—A DESCRIPTION OF HUMAN HAPPINESS.

WHAT is *human happiness?* a word! a notion! a day-dream! a wish! a sigh! a theme to be talked of! a mark to be shot at, but never hit! a picture in the head, and a pang in the heart of man. *Wisdom* recommends it gravely, *learning* talks of it pompously, our *understanding* listens to it eagerly, our *affection* pursues it warmly, and our *experience* despairs of it irretrievably. A few may possibly say I *was* happy; the most say I *shall* be happy; few or none say I *am* happy. *Imagination* persuades some that they have found it, but it is while their *reason* is asleep: *pride* prevails with others to boast of it; but it is *only a boast*, by which they may deceive their neighbours, but not themselves; *felicity of constitution*, and *suavity of manners*, make the nearest approach to it, but it is *only* an *approach; fortune*, the *nature of things*, the *infirmities of the body*, the *passions of the mind*, the *dependence on others*, the *prevalence of vice*, the *very condition of* (uncorrected) *humanity*, forbids an embrace. Wine, beauty, music, pomp, study, diversion, business, wisdom, all that sea or land, nature or art, labour or rest, can bestow, are but poor expedients to heave off the insupportable load of an *hour* from the heart of man; the load of an *hour* from the heir of an *eternity!* If the *young*, or *unexperienced*, or *vain*, or *profligate* only, were subject to this weakness, it were something; but when the *learned*, and *wise*, the *grave*, and *grey*,—it shocks! it mortifies! In a word, the true notion of *human happiness* explained, is itself one of the strongest proofs of our misery. For how can we speak more adequately of it, than by saying, it is *that* of which our *despair* is as *necessary*, as our

passion for it is *vehement and unextinguishable.* Now *ardently* to *thirst,* and *unavoidably* to *despond* with regard to the same thing, and that thing of *consequence supreme,* is the consummation of infelicity. I know but one solid *pleasure* in life, and that is our *duty.* How *miserable* then, how unwise, how unpardonable are they, who make that *one a pain?*

LESSON XCIII.—On the Pursuit of the Same.

When proud ambition fir'd my breast,
I rov'd abroad in quest of fame;
Amidst the thickest war I prest,
In hopes to gain an earthless name.

I gain'd a name:—Poor empty breath!
The feeling heart can never gain,
True joy 'midst horror, groans, and death:
I sigh'd,—and left the ensanguin'd plain.

In courts I sought what was denied,
Wealth, honours, and sweet place t' attain:
Its splendours, and its smiles I tried:
Its smiles were false, its splendours vain.

Fools anxious view the pompous glare,
And trappings of Ambition's train;
Thinking that happiness dwells there:
—The *mighty,* like the *poor,* complain.

The joy which mounts on Fortune's wings,
Dazzles, but is not what it seems:
Who seeks for titles, stars, and strings,
As what could make him happy, dreams.

Man's boundless wishes spread beyond,
Whatever mortal yet could share:
Of wealth or grandeur, still 'tis found,
As these increase, so grows his care.

Too late convinc'd, I said, O why
Have I been *folly's* slave too long?
Time flies us, ere we learn to fly
Her fatal, false, deluding song.

I turn'd, and sought the calm retreat
Of rural innocence and ease,
There, round the swain, his lambkins bleat,
And no proud passion mars his peace.

All day his fleecy charge he tends,
War's distant rage he never hears;
From the sly fox his sheep defends;
That done, no other foe he fears.

And when at ev'n his labour's o'er,
Jocund and gay, he hies him home;
His Delia, smiling at the door,
Is pleas'd to see her shepherd come.

No pamper'd scoundrel's polish'd art,
He dreads to blast his Delia's charms:
No jealous pang disturbs her heart,
While folding Strephon in her arms.

No ruffians, lured by their wealth,
To rob, to flatter, and betray:
Though plain their meal, yet they have health;
Which lux'ry's sons can seldom say.

Thus, happiness is not confin'd
To wealth and honours, pomp and show;
It dwells with the contented mind,
Or will not find it here below.

And ah! too sure, HERE 'tis not found,
For ev'n the shepherd has his care;
Pangs ev'ry human bosom wound:
—Look up to heav'n——'tis real there.

LESSON XCIV.—*The* SPEECH *of* CANULEIUS *against the* ROMAN *Law, which prohibited the* PATRICIANS *and* PLEBEIANS *from intermarrying.*

WHAT an insult upon us is this! If we are not so rich as the Patricians, are we not citizens of Rome, as well as they? inhabitants of the same country? members of the same community? The nations bordering upon Rome, and even strangers more remote, are admitted, not only to marriages with us, but, to what is of much greater importance, the freedom of the city. Are we, because we are commoners, to be worse treated than strangers?—And, when we demand that the people may be free to bestow their offices and dignities on whom they please, do we ask any thing unreasonable or new? Do we claim more than their original inherent right? What occasion, then, for all this uproar, as if the universe were falling to ruin? They were just going to lay violent hands upon me in the senate-house. What! must this empire, then, be unavoidably overturned? Must Rome, of necessity, sink at once, if a Plebeian, worthy of the office, should be raised to the consulship? The Patricians, I am persuaded, if they could, would deprive you of the common light. It certainly offends them, that you breathe, that you speak, that you have the shapes of men. Nay, but to make a commoner a consul, would be, say they, a most enormous

thing. Numa Pompilius, however, without being so much as a Roman citizen, was made king of Rome. The elder Tarquin, by birth not even an Italian, was nevertheless placed upon the throne. Servius Tullius, the son of a captive woman, (nobody knows who his father was,) obtained the kingdom as the reward of his wisdom and virtue. In those days, no man, in whom virtue shone conspicuous, was rejected or despised, on account of his race and descent. And, did the state prosper the less for that? Were not these strangers the very best of all our kings? And supposing, now, that a Plebeian should have their talents and merit, must not he be suffered to govern us? But, "we find, that upon the abolition "of the regal power, no commoner was chosen to the consu-"late." And what of that? Before Numa's time, there were no pontiffs in Rome. Before Servius Tullius's days, there was no Census, no division of the people into classes and centuries. Who ever heard of consuls, before the expulsion of Tarquin the Proud? Dictators, we all know, are of modern invention; and so are the offices of tribunes, ædiles, quæstors. Within these ten years, we have made decemvirs, and we have unmade them. Is nothing to be done, but what has been done before? That very law, forbidding marriages of Patricians with Plebeians; is not that a new thing? Was there any such a law before the decemvirs enacted it? and a most shameful one it is in a free state. Such marriages, it seems, will taint the pure blood of the nobility! Why, if they think so, let them take care to match their sisters and daughters with men of their own sort. No Plebeian will do violence to the daughter of a Patrician. Those are exploits for our prime nobles. There is no need to fear, that we shall force any body into a contract of marriage. But, to make an express law to prohibit marriages of Patricians with Plebeians, what is this, but to show the utmost contempt of us, and to declare one part of the community to be impure and unclean? Why don't they lay their wise heads together, to hinder rich folks from matching with poor? They talk to us, of the confusion there will be in families, if this statute should be repealed. I wonder they don't make a law against a commoner's living near a nobleman, or going the same road that he is going, or being present at the same feast, or appearing in the same market-place. They might as well pretend that these things make confusion in families, as that intermarriages will do it. Does not every one know, that the children will be ranked according to the quality of their father, let him be a Patrician, or a Plebeian? In short, it is manifest enough, that we have nothing in view, but to be treated as

men and citizens; nor can they who oppose our demand, have any motive to do it, but the love of domineering. I would fain know of you, Consuls and Patricians, is the sovereign power in the people of Rome, or in you? I hope you will allow, that the people can, at their pleasure, either make a law or repeal one. And will you, then, as soon as any law is proposed to them, pretend to list them immediately for the war, and hinder them from giving their suffrages, by leading them into the field?—Hear me, Consuls: whether the news of the war you talk of be true, or whether it be only a false rumour, spread abroad for nothing but a colour to send the people out of the city; I declare, as tribune, that this people, who have already so often spilt their blood in our country's cause, are again ready to arm for its defence and its glory, if they may be restored to their natural rights, and you will no longer treat us like strangers in our own country: but if you account us unworthy of your alliance by intermarriages; if you will not suffer the entrance to the chief offices in the state, to be open to all persons of merit, indifferently; but will confine your choice of Magistrates to the senate alone; talk of wars as much as ever you please, paint, in your ordinary discourses, the league and power of our enemies, ten times more dreadful than you do now; I declare that this people, whom you so much despise, and to whom you are, nevertheless, indebted for all your victories, shall never more inlist themselves; not a man of them shall take arms; not a man of them shall expose his life for imperious lords, with whom he can neither share the dignities of the state, nor, in private life, have any alliance by marriage.

LESSON XCV.—Adherbal to the Roman Senate.

Fathers!

IT is known to you, that King Micipsa, my father, on his death-bed, left in charge to Jugurtha, his adopted son, conjunctly with my unfortunate brother Hiempsal, and myself, the children of his own body, the administration of the kingdom of Numidia; directing us to consider the senate and people of Rome as proprietors of it. He charged us, to use our best endeavours to be serviceable to the Roman commonwealth, in peace and war: assuring us, that your protection would prove to us a defence against all enemies; and would be instead of armies, fortifications, and treasures.

While my brother and I were thinking of nothing, but how we should regulate ourselves according to the direction of our deceased father—Jugurtha—the most infamous of man-

kind!—breaking through all ties of gratitude and of common humanity, and trampling on the authority of the Roman commonwealth—procured the murder of my unfortunate brother—and has driven me from my throne, and native country: though, he knows, I inherit, from my grandfather Massinissa, and my father Micipsa, the friendship and alliance of the Romans.

For a prince to be reduced, by villany, to my distressful circumstances, is calamity enough; but my misfortunes are heightened, by the consideration, that I find myself obliged to solicit your assistance, Fathers, for the services done you by my ancestors, not for any I have been able to render you in my own person. Jugurtha has put it out of my power, to deserve any thing at your hands; and has forced me to be burdensome, before I could be useful to you. And yet, if I had no plea, but my undeserved misery——a once powerful prince, the descendant of a race of illustrious monarchs, now, without any fault of my own, destitute of every support, and reduced to the necessity of begging foreign assistance, against an enemy, who has seized my throne and my kingdom——if my unequalled distresses were all I had to plead; it would become the greatness of the Roman commonwealth, the arbiter of the world, to protect the injured, and to check the triumph of daring wickedness over helpless innocence.——But to provoke your vengeance to the utmost, Jugurtha has driven me from the very dominions, which the senate and people of Rome gave to my ancestors; and from which, my grandfather, and my father, under your umbrage, expelled Syphax and the Carthaginians. Thus, Fathers, your kindness to our family is defeated; and Jugurtha, in injuring me, throws contempt on you.

O wretched prince! O cruel reverse of fortune! O father Micipsa! is this the consequence of your generosity; that he, whom your goodness raised to an equality with your own children, should be the murderer of your children? Must, then, the royal house of Numidia always be a scene of havock and blood? While Carthage remained, we suffered, as was to be expected, all sorts of hardships from their hostile attacks: our enemy near: our only powerful ally, the Roman commonwealth, at a distance. While we were so circumstanced, we were always in arms, and in action. When that scourge of Africa was no more, we congratulated ourselves on the prospect of established peace. But, instead of peace, behold the kingdom of Numidia, drenched with royal blood! and the only surviving son of its late king, flying from an adopted

murderer, and seeking that safety, in foreign parts, which he cannot command in his own kingdom!

Whither—O! whither shall I fly? If I return to the royal palace of my ancestors, my father's throne is seized by the murderer of my brother. What can I there expect, but that Jugurtha should hasten to imbrue, in my blood, those hands which are now reeking with my brother's? If I were to fly for refuge, or for assistance, to any other court; from what prince can I hope for protection, if the Roman commonwealth give me up? From my own family or friends, I have no expectations. My royal father is no more. He is beyond the reach of violence, and out of hearing of the complaints of his unhappy son. Were my brother alive, our mutual sympathy would be some alleviation. But he is hurried out of life, in his early youth, by the very hand which should have been the last to injure any of the royal family of Numidia. The bloody Jugurtha has butchered all whom he suspected to be in my interest. Some have been destroyed by the lingering torment of the cross. Others have been given a prey to wild beasts; and their anguish made the sport of men, more cruel than wild beasts. If there be any yet alive, they are shut up in dungeons; there to drag out a life, more intolerable than death itself.

Look down, illustrious Senators of Rome! from that height of power, to which you are raised, on the unexampled distresses of a prince, who is, by the cruelty of a wicked intruder, become an outcast from all mankind. Let not the crafty insinuations of him, who returns murder for adoption, prejudice your judgment. Do not listen to the wretch, who has butchered the son and relations of a king, who gave him power to sit on the same throne with his own children.—I have been informed that he labours, by his emissaries, to prevent your determining any thing against him in his absence; pretending that I magnify my distress; and that I might, for him, have staid in peace in my own kingdom. But, if ever the time come, when the due vengeance from above shall overtake him, he will then dissemble in the very same manner as I do. Then he, who, now hardened in wickedness, triumphs over those, whom his violence has laid low, will, in his turn, feel distress; and suffer for his impious ingratitude to my father, and his blood-thirsty cruelty to my brother.

O murdered, butchered brother! O dearest to my heart!—now gone for ever from my sight!—But, why should I lament his death? He is, indeed, deprived of the blessed light of heaven, of life and kingdom, at once, by the very person

who ought to have been the first, to hazard his own life, in defence of any one of Micipsa's family: but as things now are, my brother is not so much deprived of these comforts, as delivered from terror, from flight, from exile, and the endless train of miseries, which render life to me a burden. He lies full low, gored with wounds, and festering in his own blood. But he lies in peace. He feels none of the miseries which rend my soul with agony and distraction; whilst I am set up as a spectacle, to all mankind, of the uncertainty of human affairs. So far from having it in my power to revenge his death, I am not master of the means of securing my own life. So far from being in a condition to defend my kingdom from the violence of the usurper, I am obliged to apply for foreign protection for my own person.

Fathers, Senators of Rome, the arbiters of the world! to you I fly for refuge, from the murderous fury of Jugurtha. By your affections for your children; by your love for your country; by your own virtues; by the majesty of the Roman commonwealth; by all that is sacred, and all that is dear to you! deliver a wretched prince, from undeserved, unprovoked injury; and save the kingdom of Numidia, which is your own property, from being the prey of violence, usurpation, and cruelty.

LESSON XCVI.—Alexander's Feast.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won,
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sat
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound,
So should desert in arms be crown'd.
The lovely Thais by his side
Sat, like a blooming eastern bride,
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus plac'd on high,
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heav'nly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above;
(Such is the pow'r of mighty Love!
A dragon's fiery form belied the god;
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia press'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound;
A present deity! they shout around:
A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound:
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.
The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung:
Of Bacchus, ever fair and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shows his honest face;
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain:
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.
Soothed with the sound the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heav'n and earth defied,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride,
He chose a mournful muse
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And welt'ring in his blood:
Deserted at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed,

On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast look the joyless victor sat,
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of fate below;
And now and then a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd, to see
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred sound to move;
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures:
War he sung is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, Oh, think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee —
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.
Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet, a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head;
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise,
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!

These are Grecian ghosts that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew:
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods!
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.
Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

LESSON XCVII.—Abraham's Soliloquy *upon receiving the Command to sacrifice his Son* Isaac.

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 shows 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 circumstance 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 couldst 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 of 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.

Hymn on the Same.

SAINTS, at your Father's heavenly word,
Give up your comforts to the Lord;
He shall restore what you resign,
Or grant you blessings more divine.

Abra'm, with obedient hand,
Led forth his son at God's command;
The wood, the fire, the knife, he took,
His arm prepar'd the dreadful stroke.

Abra'm, forbear, the angel cried,
Thy faith is known, thy love is tried;
Thy son shall live, and in thy seed
Shall the whole earth be bless'd indeed.

Just in the last distressing hour,
The Lord displays deliv'ring pow'r;
The mount of danger is the place
Where we shall see surprising grace.

LESSON XCVIII.—Beautiful Episode of Lavinia.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day,
Before the rip'ned fields the reapers stand,
In fair array: each by the lass he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate,
By nameless gentle offices, her toil.
At once they stoop, and swell the lusty sheaves;
While through their cheerful band, the rural talk,
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks;
And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.
Be not too narrow, husbandmen! but fling
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
The lib'ral handful. Think, oh grateful think!
How good the God of harvest is to you;
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;
While these unhappy partners of your kind
Wide hover round you, like the fowls of heav'n,
And ask their humble dole. The various turns
Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

The lovely young Lavinia once had friends;
And fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth:
For, in her helpless years, depriv'd of all,
Of ev'ry stay, save innocence and Heav'n,
She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.
Together, thus, they shunn'd the cruel scorn,
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy passion, and low-minded pride:
Almost on nature's common bounty fed:
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.

Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure,
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flow'rs:
Or, when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
Of ev'ning, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress: for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament;
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.

As in the hollow breast of Appenine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild:
So flourish'd, blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia; till, at length, compell'd
By strong necessity's supreme command,
With smiling patience in her looks, she went
To glean Palemon's fields.—The pride of swains
Palemon was; the gen'rous and the rich;
Who led the rural life, in all its joy
And elegance, such as Arcadian song
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times,
When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
But free to follow nature was the mode.
He, then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye,
Unconscious of her pow'r, and turning quick
With unaffected blushes from his gaze:
He saw her charming; but he saw not half
The charms her down-cast modesty conceal'd.
That very moment love and chaste desire
Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
(Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,)
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field
And thus, in secret to his soul he sigh'd:

"What pity! that so delicate a form,
"By beauty kindled; where enliv'ning sense,

" And more than vulgar goodness, seem to dwell;
" Should be devoted to the rude embrace
" Of some indecent clown! she looks, methinks,
" Of old Acasto's line; and to my mind
" Recalls that patron of my happy life,
" From whom my lib'ral fortune took its rise;
" Now to the dust gone down: his houses, lands,
" And once fair spreading family dissolv'd.
" 'Tis said, that, in some lone obscure retreat,
" Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
" Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
" His aged widow and his daughter live;
" Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
" Romantic wish! would this the daughter were!"

When, strict inquiring, from herself he found
She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful Acasto; who can speak
The mingled passions, that surpris'd his heart,
And, through his nerves, in shiv'ring transport ran?
Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd and bold;
And, as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.
Confus'd and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom;
And thus Palemon, passionate and just,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul:

" And art thou, then, Acasto's dear remains?
" She, whom my restless gratitude has sought
" So long in vain?—O yes! the very same;
" The soften'd image of my noble friend:
" Alive, his ev'ry feature, ev'ry look,
" More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than spring!
" Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
" That nourish'd up my fortune! say, ah! where,
" In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn
" The kindest aspect of delighted heav'n?
" Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair,
" Though poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
" Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years.
" Oh! let me, now, into a richer soil,
" Transplant thee safe, where vernal suns and show'rs
" Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;
" And, of my garden, be the pride and joy!
" Ill it befits thee, oh! it ill befits
" Acasto's daughter; his, whose open stores,

" Though vast, were little to his ampler heart,
" The father of a country ; thus to pick
" The very refuse of those harvest fields,
" Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
" Then, throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
" But ill applied to such a rugged task :
" The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine ;
" If, to the various blessings which thy house
" Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
" That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee !"

Here ceas'd the youth : yet, still, his speaking eye
Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul :
With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy, divinely rais'd.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodness irresistible, and all
In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate.
Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of setting life shone on her ev'ning hours ;
Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair ;
Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
A num'rous offspring, lovely like themselves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.

LESSON XCIX.—Satan's Speech to Death.

Whence, and what art thou, execrable shape !
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates ? Through them I mean to pass,
That be assur'd, without leave ask'd of thee.
Retire ; or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of heav'n.

To whom the goblin, full of wrath, replied :
Art thou that traitor angel, art thou he,
Who first broke peace in heav'n, and faith, till then
Unbroken ; and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of heav'n's sons,
Conjur'd against the Highest, for which both thou
And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd,
To waste eternal days in wo and pain ?
And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of heav'n,
Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here, and scorn,

Where I reign king; and, to enrage thee more.
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings;
Lest, with a whip of scorpions, I pursue
Thy ling'ring, or, with one stroke of this dart,
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.

LESSON C.—The Speech of Sin to Satan.

O Father! what intends thy hand, she cried,
Against thy only son? What fury, O son,
Possesses thee, to bend that mortal dart
Against thy father's head? and know'st for whom;
For him who sits above, and laughs the while
At thee, ordain'd his drudge, to execute
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids:
His wrath, which one day will destroy you both.
She spake, and at her words the hellish pest
Forebore; then these to her Satan return'd:
So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange,
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand
Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends; till first I know of thee,
What thing thou art, thus double form'd; and why,
In this infernal vale first met, thou call'st
Me father, and that phantasm call'st my son:
I know thee not; nor ever saw, till now,
Sight more detestable than him and thee.

LESSON CI.—*The* Speech *of* Satan *in his infernal Palace of Pandemonium.*

Pow'rs and dominions, deities of heav'n!
For, since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigour, though oppress'd and fall'n,
I give not heav'n for lost. From this descent
Celestial virtues rising, will appear
More glorious, and more dread, than from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
Me, though just right, and the fix'd laws of heav'n,
Did first create your leader; next free choice;
With what besides, in council, or in fight,
Hath been achiev'd of merit; yet this loss
Thus far, at least, recover'd, hath much more
Establish'd in a safe, unenvied throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior: but who here
Will envy, whom the highest place exposes

Foremost to stand against the Thund'rer's aim,
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain? Where there is then no good
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction; for none sure will claim in hell
Precedence; none whose portion is so small
Of present pain, that, with ambitious mind,
Will covet more. With this advantage then
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in heav'n, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assur'd us; and by what best way,
Whether of open war, or covert guile,
We now debate: who can advise, may speak.

LESSON CII.—Moloch's Speech to Satan.

My sentence is for open war. Of wiles
More inexpert, I boast not. Them let those
Contrive who need; unworthy of our might;
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions, now under arms, who longing wait
The signal to ascend, sit ling'ring here,
Heav'n's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny, who reigns
By our delay?—No—let us rather choose,
Arm'd with hell-flames and fury, all at once
O'er Heav'n's high tow'rs to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the torturer. When to meet the noise
Of his terrific engine, he shall hear
Infernal thunder, and for lightning, see
Black fire, and horror, shot with equal rage
Amongst his angels; and his throne itself
Mix'd with Tartarean sulphur and strange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps
The way seems difficult, and steep, to scale
With adverse wing against a higher foe.——
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That, in our proper motion, we ascend
Up to our native seat. Descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear,
Insulting, and pursued us through the deep;

With what compulsion, and laborious flight
We sunk thus low?—Th' ascent is easy then.—
Th' event is fear'd.——Should we again provoke
Our enemy, some worse way he may find
To our destruction: if there be in hell
Fear to be worse destroy'd—What can be worse
Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, condemn'd
In this abhorred deep to utter wo,
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inexorable, and the tort'ring hour
Calls us to penance?—More destroy'd than thus
We must be quite abolish'd, and expire.
What fear we then?—What doubt we to incense
His utmost ire; which, to the height enrag'd,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential; (happier far,
Than miserable to have eternal being;)
Or if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are, at worst,
On this side nothing. And by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his Heav'n,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne;
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.

LESSON CIII.—Belial's Speech in Answer to the foregoing.

I Should be much for open war, O peers!
As not behind in hate; if what was urg'd
Main reason to persuade immediate war,
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success;
When he, who most excels in feats of arms,
In what he counsels, and in what excels
Mistrustful; grounds his courage on despair,
And utter dissolution as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
But what revenge?—The tow'rs of Heav'n are fill'd
With armed watch, that render all access
Impregnable. Oft on the bord'ring deep
Encamp their legions; or with flight obscure,
Scout far and wide into the realms of night,
Scorning surprise—Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all hell should rise,

With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heav'n's purest light; yet our great enemy,
All incorruptible, would on his throne
Sit unpolluted; and th' ethereal mould,
Incapable of stain, would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
Is flat despair. We must exasperate
Our conqueror to let loose his boundless rage,
And that must end us; that must be our cure.
To be no more.—Sad cure!—For who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
These thoughts, that wander through eternity,—
To perish utterly; for ever lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion?—But will He,
So wise, let loose at once his utmost ire,
Belike through impotence, or unawares,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless?—"Wherefore cease we then?"
Say they, who counsel war; "we are decreed,
"Reserv'd and destin'd to eternal wo.
"Whatever doing, what can we suffer more?
"What can we suffer worse?" Is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What, when we fled amain, pursued, and struck
By Heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us; this place then seem'd
A refuge from those wounds; or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning lake? That sure was worse.
What if the breath, that kindled these grim fires,
Awak'd, should blow them into sevenfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? Or from above
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? What if all
Her stores were open'd, and this firmament
Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threat'ning hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we, perhaps,
Designing, or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurl'd,
Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey
Of wrecking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean wrapt in chains,
There to converse with everlasting groans

Unrespited, unpitied, unreliev'd,
Ages of hopeless end?—This would be worse.—
War, therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice dissuades.—
" Shall we then live thus vile! The race of Heav'n
" Thus trampled, thus expell'd, to suffer here
" Chains and these torments!"—Better these than worse,
By my advice.—To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal; nor the law unjust,
That so ordains. This was at first resolv'd,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when those, who at the spear are bold,
And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
What yet they know must follow; to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their conqueror. This is now
Our doom; which, if with courage we can bear,
Our foe supreme, in time, may much remit
His anger, and, perhaps, thus far remov'd,
Not mind us, not offending, satisfied
With what is punish'd; whence these raging fires
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome
Their noxious vapour, or inur'd, not feel;
Or chang'd, at length, and to the place conform'd
In temper, and in nature, will receive,
Familiar, the fierce heat, and void of pain,
This horror will grow mild, this darkness, light.
Besides what hope the never-ending flow
Of future days may bring; what chance, what change,
Worth waiting. Since our present lot appears,
For happy, dismal; yet, for ill, not worst,
If we procure not to ourselves more wo.

LESSON CIV.—A Morning Hymn.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good!
Almighty! thine this universal frame,
Thus wond'rous fair! thyself how wond'rous then!
Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these heav'ns,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,

Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heav'n,
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fliest
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wand'ring fires, that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix,
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or grey,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling show'rs,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With ev'ry plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye, that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling, tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds,
That singing up to heaven's gate ascend,
Bear on your wings, and in your notes, his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or ev'n,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd ought of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

LESSON CV.—Satan's Soliloquy.

O Thou that, with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
Till pride, and worse ambition, threw me down,
Warring in heav'n, against heav'n's matchless King.
Ah wherefore? he deserv'd no such return
From me, whom he created what I was,
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
What could be less, than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high,
I disdain'd subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burdensome, still paying, still to owe;
Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd;
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharg'd: what burden then?
O had his pow'rful destiny ordain'd
Me some inferior angel, I had stood
Then happy: no unbounded hope had rais'd
Ambition. Yet why not? some other pow'r
As great might have aspir'd, and me, though mean,
Drawn to his part; but other pow'rs as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadst thou the same free will and pow'r to stand?
Thou hadst. Whom hast thou then, or what t' accuse,
But Heav'n's free love, dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accurs'd, since love or hate,
To me alike it deals eternal wo.
Nay, curs'd be thou; since against his, thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;

And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still threat'ning to devour me, opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heav'n.
O then at last relent: is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd
With other promises, and other vaunts,
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
Th' Omnipotent. Ah me! they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of hell;
With diadem, and sceptre high advanc'd,
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery: such joy ambition finds.
But say I could repent, and could obtain,
By act of grace, my former state; how soon
Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feign'd submission swore! ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void,
For never can true reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep:
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse,
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
Short intermission, bought with double smart.
This knows my punisher: therefore as far
From granting He, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold instead
Of us outcast, exil'd, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewell hope, and, with hope, farewell fear,
Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost;
Evil be thou my good: by thee at least
Divided empire with Heav'n's King I hold;
By thee, and more than half perhaps, will reign;
As man ere long, and this new world, shall know.

LESSON CVI.—Speeches in the Roman Senate.

Cato.

Fathers! we once again are met in council.
Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our resolve.
How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?
Success still follows him, and backs his crimes.

Pharsalia gave him Rome. Egypt has since
Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands
Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree
What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us ev'n Lybia's sultry deserts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts. Are they still fix'd
To hold it out, and fight it to the last?
Or, are your hearts subdued at length, and wrought,
By time and ill success, to a submission?—
Sempronius, speak.

SEMPRONIUS.

My voice is still for war.
Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose, slav'ry or death?
No—let us rise at once; gird on our swords;
And, at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe; break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions; and charge home upon him.
Perhaps, some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Rise, fathers, rise! 'Tis Rome demands your help;
Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,
Or share their fate! The corpse of half her senate
Manure the fields of Thessaly, while we
Sit here, delib'rating in cold debates,
If we should sacrifice our lives to honour,
Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
Rouse up, for shame! our brothers of Pharsalia
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—to battle!
Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow;
And Scipio's ghost walks unreveng'd amongst us.

CATO.

Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason.
True fortitude is seen in great exploits,
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides:
All else, is tow'ring frenzy and distraction.
Are not the lives of those who draw the sword
In Rome's defence, entrusted to our care?
Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,
Might not th' impartial world, with reason, say,
We lavish'd at our deaths, the blood of thousands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?—
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

LUCIUS.

My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on peace.
Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows, and with orphans. Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome.
'Tis time to sheathe the sword, and spare mankind.
It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers!
The gods declare against us, and repel
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,
(Prompted by blind revenge and wild despair,)
Were to refuse th' awards of Providence,
And not to rest in Heav'n's determination.
Already have we shown our love to Rome:
Now, let us show submission to the gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
But free the commonwealth. When this end fails,
Arms have no farther use. Our country's cause,
That drew our swords, now wrests 'em from our hands,
And bids us not delight in Roman blood
Unprofitably shed. What men could do,
Is done already. Heav'n and earth will witness,
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

CATO.

Let us appear, not rash, nor diffident.
Immod'rate valour swells into a fault;
And fear, admitted into public councils,
Betrays like treason. Let us shun 'em both.—
Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
Are grown thus desp'rate. We have bulwarks round us
Within our walls, are troops, inur'd to toil
In Afric heats, and season'd to the sun.
Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young prince's call.
While there is hope, do not distrust the gods:
But wait, at least, till Cæsar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late,
To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.
Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time?
No—let us draw our term of freedom out
In its full length, and spin it to the last;
So shall we gain still one day's liberty.
And, let me perish; but, in Cato's judgment,
A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity of bondage.

LESSON CVII.—The Perfect Speaker.

IMAGINE to yourselves, a Demosthenes, addressing the most illustrious assembly in the world, upon a point whereon the fate of the most illustrious of nations depended.—How awful such a meeting! How vast the subject!—Is man possessed of talents adequate to the great occasion?—Adequate—yes, superior. By the power of his eloquence, the augustness of the assembly is lost, in the dignity of the orator; and the importance of the subject, for a while, superseded, by the admiration of his talents.—With what strength of argument, with what powers of the fancy, with what emotions of the heart, does he assault and subjugate the whole man, and, at once, captivate his reason, his imagination, and his passions!—To effect this, must be the utmost effort of the most improved state of human nature.—Not a faculty that he possesses is here unemployed: not a faculty that he possesses, but is here exerted to its highest pitch. All his internal powers are at work; all his external testify their energies. Within, the memory, the fancy, the judgment, the passions, are all busy: without, every muscle, every nerve, is exerted; not a feature, not a limb, but speaks. The organs of the body, attuned to the exertions of the mind, through the kindred organs of the hearers, instantaneously, and, as it were, with an electrical spirit, vibrate those energies from soul to soul.—Notwithstanding the diversity of minds in such a multitude, by the lightning of eloquence, they are melted into one mass—the whole assembly, actuated in one and the same way, become, as it were, but one man, and have but one voice. The universal cry is—Let us march against Philip—let us fight for our liberties—let us conquer—or die!

LESSON CVIII.—Douglas's *Soliloquy in the Wood*

This is the place, the centre of the grove.
Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood.
How sweet, and solemn, is this midnight scene!
The silver moon, unclouded, holds her way
Through skies, where I could count each little star:
The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the leaves:
The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
Imposes silence, with a stilly sound.
In such a place as this, at such an hour,
If ancestry can be in ought believ'd,
Descending spirits have convers'd with man,
And told the secrets of the world unknown.
  Eventful day! how hast thou chang'd my state!
Once, on the cold and winter-shaded side

Of a bleak hill, mischance had rooted me:
Transplanted now to the gay sunny vale,
Like the green thorn of May, my fortune flow'rs.—
Ye glorious stars! high Heav'n's resplendent host,
To whom I oft have of my lot complain'd,
Hear, and record, my soul's unalter'd wish!
Dead or alive, let me but be renown'd!
May Heav'n inspire some fierce gigantic Dane,
To give a bold defiance to our host!
Before he speaks it out, I will accept;
Like Douglas, conquer; or, like Douglas, die.

LESSON CIX.—The Hermit. *By 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 wo,
"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 cried,
"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!

LESSON CX.—The Emigrant.

Fast by the margin of a mossy rill,
That wander'd, gurgling, down a heath-clad hill,
An ancient shepherd stood, oppress'd with wo,
And eyed the ocean's flood that foam'd below;
Where, gently rocking, on the rising tide,
A ship's unwonted form was seen to ride.
Unwonted, well I ween, for ne'er before
Had touch'd one keel the solitary shore;
Nor had the swain's rude footsteps ever stray'd,
Beyond the shelter of his native shade.
His few remaining hairs were silver gray,
And his rough face—had seen a better day.
Around him, bleating, stray'd a scanty flock;
And a few goats o'erhung the neighb'ring rock.
One faithful dog his sorrows seem'd to share,
And strove, with many a trick, to ease his care.
While, o'er his furrow'd cheek, the salt drops ran,
He tun'd his rustic reed, and thus began:—
"Farewell! Farewell! dear Caledonia's strand;
Rough though thou be, yet still my native land:
Exil'd from thee, I seek a foreign shore,
Friends, kindred, country, to behold no more.
By hard oppression driv'n, my helpless age,
That should, ere now, have left life's bustling stage,
Is forc'd the ocean's boist'rous breast to brave,
In a far distant land to seek a grave.
"Thou dear companion of my happier life,
Now to the grave gone down, my virtuous wife!

'Twas here you rear'd, with fond maternal pride,
Five comely sons: three for their country died!
Two yet remain, sad remnant of the wars,
Without one mark of honour—but their scars.
Contented still we rear'd, with sturdy hands,
The scanty produce of our niggard lands;
Scant as it was, no more our hearts desir'd;
No more from us, our gen'rous lord requir'd.

"But ah, sad change! those blessed days are o'er,
And peace, content, and safety, charm no more:
Another Lord now rules these wide domains,
The avaricious tyrant of the plains.
Far, far from hence, he revels life away,
In guilty pleasure, our poor means must pay.
The mossy plains, the mountain's barren brow,
Must now be tortur'd by the tearing plough,
And, spite of nature, crops be taught to rise,
Which, to these northern climes, wise Heav'n denies.

"On you, dear native land! from whence I part,
Rest the best blessing—of a broken heart.
If, in some future hour, the foe shall land
His hostile legions on Britannia's strand,
May she not, then, th' alarum sound in vain,
Nor miss her banish'd thousands on the plain.

"Feed on, my sheep: for, though depriv'd of me,
My cruel foes shall your protectors be;
For their own sakes, shall pen your straggling flocks,
And save your lambkins from the rav'nous fox.

"Feed on, my goats: another, now shall drain
Your streams, that heal disease, and soften pain.
No stream, alas! shall ever, ever flow,
To heal thy master's heart, or soothe his wo

"But, hark! my sons loud call me from the vale;
And, lo! the vessel spreads her swelling sail——
Farewell!—Farewell!"—A while, his hands he wrung,
And, o'er his crook, in silent sorrow hung:
Then, casting many a ling'ring look behind,
Down the steep mountain's brow began to wind.

LESSON CXI.—Brutus's Soliloquy on Cæsar's Ambition.

It must be by his death—and yet, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him.
He would be crown'd—
How that might change his nature—there's the question.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder:
And that craves wary walking.—Crown him—that—
And, then, I grant we put a sting in him,
That, at his will, he may do danger with.
Th' abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from pow'r: though, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upwards turns his face;
But, when he once attains the utmost round,
He, then, unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may.—
Then, lest he may, prevent.—And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour, for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus: that, what he is, augmented,
Would run to these, and these extremities:
And, therefore, think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,—
And kill him in the shell.———
The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light that I may read by them.—
[*Opens a letter, and reads*
"Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thyself.
"Shall Rome———speak, strike, redress."
Such instigations have been dropp'd,
Where I have ta'en them up—
"Shall Rome"——thus must I piece it out:
"Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What! Rome?
"Thy ancestors did from the streets of Rome
"The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
"Speak, strike, redress." Am I entreated, then,
To speak, and strike?—O Rome! I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st
Thy full petition, at the hand of Brutus.

LESSON CXII.—Cato's Soliloquy *on the* Immortality *of the* Soul.

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well!
Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or, whence this sacred dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?—
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us:

'Tis heav'n itself, that points out—an hereafter,
And intimates—eternity to man.
Eternity!—thou pleasing—dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me!—
But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.—
Here will I hold. If there's a power above us,
(And that there is, all nature cries aloud
Through all her works,) he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in, must be happy.
But when? or where? This world—was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures—this must end them.
Thus I am doubly arm'd. My death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This,—in a moment, brings me to an end:
But this informs me, I shall never die.
The soul, secur'd in her existence—smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of nature, and the crush of worlds.

LESSON CXIII.—Antony's Speech on Cæsar's Murder.

O Pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth!
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Wo to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds, now, do I prophesy,
(Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue:)
A curse shall light upon the line of men.
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy.
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd by the hands of war:
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds.
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall, in those confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry Havock—and let slip the dogs of war.

LESSON CXIV.—The Speech of Brutus on the Death of Cæsar.

ROMANS, countrymen, and lovers!—Hear me, for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me, for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe. Censure me, in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge.

If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's; to him I say, that Brutus's love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: not that I loved Cæsar less; but, that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended.—I pause for a reply

None?——Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as, which of you shall not? With this I depart——That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome; I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

LESSON CXV.—Antony's Funeral Oration over Cæsar's Body.

Friends, Romans, countrymen—lend me your ears.
I come to bury Cæsar; not to praise him.
The evil that men do, lives after them;
The good, is oft interred with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar!—Noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious.
If it were so, it was a grievous fault———
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,

(For Brutus is an honourable man——
So are they all, all honourable men,)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill;
Did this, in Cæsar, seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I, thrice, presented him a kingly crown;
Which he did, thrice, refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke;
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once—not without cause:
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?—
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason—bear with me—
My heart is in the coffin there, with Cæsar,——
And I must pause—till it come back to me.

If you have tears—prepare to shed them, now.
You all do know this mantle. I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on:
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii———
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through—
See what a rent the envious Casca made—
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it!———
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd,
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd or no:
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.
Judge, O you gods! how dearly Cæsar lov'd him;
This, this was the unkindest cut of all:
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him. Then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue.
Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I and you, and all of us, fell down;
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
Oh, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity. These are gracious drops.
Kind souls!—What! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here!—
Here is himself—marr'd, as you see, by traitors.

Good friends! sweet friends! let me not stir you up
To any sudden flood of mutiny.
They, that have done this deed, are honourable.
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honourable;
And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is:
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well,
That gave me public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utt'rance, nor the pow'r of speech,
To stir men's blood. I only speak right on.
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know—
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds; poor, poor dumb mouths
And bid them speak for me.—But, were I Brutus,
And Brutus, Antony—there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In ev'ry wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

LESSON CXVI.—The Hermit. *By Parnel.*

IN FIVE PARTS.

Part I. Introduction.

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a rev'rend hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well;
Remote from man, with God he pass'd his days;
Pray'r all his bus'ness, all his pleasures, praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heav'n itself, till one suggestion rose;
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:

His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost:
So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answ'ring colours glow;
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry side,
And glimm'ring fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder, run.
To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right;
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew;)
He quits his cell: the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before:
Then, with the sun, a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.
The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass:
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day.
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, Father, hail! he cried;
And hail, my son, the rev'rend sire replied:
Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
And talk of various kinds deceiv'd the road:
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart:
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Part II.—The Vain Man.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey;
Nature in silence bid the world repose;
When near the road a stately palace rose:
There by the moon through ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome,
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home:
Yet still the kindness from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive; the liv'ried servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.

The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call;
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste:
Then pleas'd, and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of wo;
His cup was vanish'd: for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.
As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glist'ning and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd, stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;
So seem'd the sire; when, far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part;
Murm'ring, he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.

Part III.—The Miser.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain;
Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat:
'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.
As near the Miser's heavy door they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew:
The nimble lightning mix'd with show'rs began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock; but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,
('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest,)

Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair:
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,
(Each hardly granted,) serv'd them both to dine:
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring hermit view'd,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
And why should such (within himself he cried)
Lock the lost wealth, a thousand want beside?
But what new marks of wonder soon took place,
In ev'ry settled feature of his face!
When, from his vest, the young companion bore
That *cup*, the gen'rous landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely, with the precious bowl,
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travel of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts, without their cause appear,
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Part IV.—The Virtuous Man.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,
Again the wand'rers want a place to lie,
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great;
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part:

From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.

At length the world, renew'd with calm repose,
Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle, where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck, the landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and died.
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How look'd our hermit when the fact was done?
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confus'd and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way;
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trode before:
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves, beneath the bending, glide.
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
Detested wretch——But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.
Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do!
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke,
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke.)

Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne;
These charms success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind:
For this commission'd, I forsook the sky:
Nay, cease to kneel!—Thy fellow-servant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid:
Its secret majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The Pow'r exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

What strange events can strike with more surprise
Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes?
Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!

PART V.—THE CONCLUSION.

The *great vain man*, who fared on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

The mean, suspicious *wretch*, whose bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind,
That Heav'n can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.

Long had our *pious friend* in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God:
(Child of his age,) for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run?
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.)

The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just,
But how had all his fortune felt a wreck,
Had that false *servant* sped in safety back?
This night, his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heav'n instructs thy mind; this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.
On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wond'ring as the seraph flew:
Thus look'd Elisha, when to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky:
The fiery pomp ascending left the view:
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.
The bending hermit here a pray'r begun,
Lord! as in Heav'n, on earth thy will be done;
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

LESSON CXVII.—The Grave.

Whilst some affect the sun, and some the shade,
Some flee the city, some the hermitage;
Their aims as various, as the roads they take
In journeying through life: the task be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the *Tomb;*
Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
These travellers meet.—Thy succours I implore,
Eternal King! whose potent arm sustains
The keys of hell and death.—The Grave, dread thing!
Men shiver when thou'rt nam'd: Nature appall'd
Shakes off her wonted firmness.—Ah! how dark
Thy long extended realms, and rueful wastes!
Where nought but silence reigns, and Night, dark Night;
Dark as was Chaos, ere the infant sun
Was roll'd together, or had tried his beams
Athwart the gloom profound! the sickly taper,
By glimmering through thy low-brow'd misty vaults,
(Furr'd round with mouldy damps, and ropy slime,)
Lets fall a supernumerary horror,
And only serves to make thy night more irksome.
Well do I know thee, by thy trusty yew,
Cheerless, unsocial plant! that loves to dwell
'Midst sculls and coffins, epitaphs and worms:
Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold moon, (as fame reports,)

Embodied thick, perform their mystic rounds.
No other merriment, dull tree! is thine.
  See yonder hallow'd fane! the pious work
Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
And buried 'midst the wreck of things which were:
There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
The wiud is up: hark! how it howls! methinks,
Till now I never heard a sound so dread!
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
Rook'd in the spire, screams loud: the gloomy aisles,
Black plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of 'scutcheons,
And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound,
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The mansions of the dead. Rouz'd from their slumbers,
In grim array the grizly spectres rise,
Grin horrible, and obstinately sullen
Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.
Again the screech-owl shrieks! ungracious sound!
I'll hear no more—it makes my blood run chill.
  Quite round the pile, a row of rev'rend elms,
Coeval near with that, all ragged show,
Long lash'd by the rude winds: some rift half down
Their branchless trunks; others so thin at top,
That scarce two crows could lodge on the same tree.
Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd here;
Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs,
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about,
And the great bell has toll'd, unrung, untouch'd.
(Such tales their cheer, at wake or gossiping,
When it draws near to witching time of night.)
  Oft in the lone church-yard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moonshine, cheq'ring through the trees,
The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones,
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown,)
That tell in homely phrase who lie below.
Sudden he starts, and hears—or thinks he hears—
The sound of something purring at his heels:
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows,
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new-open'd grave—and, strange to tell!'
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

The new-made widow, too, I've sometimes spied—
Sad sight! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead:
Listless, she crawls along in doleful black,
While bursts of sorrow gush from either eye.
Fast falling down her now untasted cheek.
Prone on the lonely grave of the dear man
She dróps; whilst busy meddling memory,
In barbarous succession, musters up
The past endearments of their softer hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks
She sees him, and, indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,
Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.

Invidious grave! how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one?
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band!
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul,
Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society;
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd from me,
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,
Anxious to please. Oh! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In graceful errors through the underwood,
Sweet murmuring: methought the shrill-tongued thrush
Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd ev'ry note;
The eglantine smell'd sweeter; and the rose
Assum'd a dye more deep; whilst ev'ry flower
Vied with its fellow plant in luxury
Of dress. Oh! then the longest summer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haste: still the full heart
Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

Dull grave! thou spoil'st the dance of youthful blood,
Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And ev'ry smirking feature from the face;
Branding our laughter with the name of madness.
Where are the jesters now? the men of health,
Complexionally pleasant? where the droll,

Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a joke
To clapping theatres, and shouting crowds,
And made e'en thick-lip'd musing melancholy
To gather up her face into a smile,
Before she was aware? Ah! sullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers them.

Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
The Roman Cæsars, and the Grecian chiefs,
The boast of story? Where the hot-brain'd youth,
Who the *tiara* at his pleasure tore
From kings of all the then discover'd globe,
And cried forsooth because his arm was hamper'd,
And had not room enough to do its work?
Alas! how slim, dishonourably slim!
And cramm'd into a space we blush to name.
Proud royalty! how alter'd are thy looks!
How blank thy features! and how wan thy hue!
Son of the morning! whither art thou gone?
Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
And the majestic menace of thine eyes,
Felt from afar? Pliant and powerless now,
Like new-born infant wound up in his swathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon its back,
That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife:
Mute must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
And coward insults of the base-born crowd,
That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
But only hop'd for in the peaceful grave,
Of being unmolested and alone.
Arabia's gums and odoriferous drugs,
And honours by the heralds duly paid
In mode and form, ev'n to a very scruple—
O cruel irony! these come too late,
And only mock whom they were meant to honour.
Surely there's not a dungeon-slave, that's buried
In the highway, unshrouded and uncoffin'd,
But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound as he.
Sorry pre-eminence of high descent,
Above the vulgar born, to rot in state.

But see! the well-plum'd hearse comes nodding on,
Stately and slow, and properly attended
By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch
The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,
By letting out their persons by the hour,
To mimic sorrow, when the heart's not sad.

How rich the trappings! now they're all unfurl'd,
And glitt'ring in the sun: Triumphant entries
Of conquerors, and coronation pomps,
In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people
Retard th' unwieldy show; while from the casements
And houses tops, ranks behind ranks close wedg'd
Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waste?
Why this ado in earthing up a carcass
That's fall'n into disgrace, and to the sense
Smells horrible? Ye undertakers, tell us,
'Midst all the gorgeous figures ye exhibit,
Why is the principal conceal'd, for which
Ye make such mighty stir? 'Tis wisely done:
What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The painter casts discreetly into shades.

Proud lineage! now how little thou appear'st
Below the envy of the private man!
Honour, that meddlesome officious ill,
Pursues thee ev'n to *death;* nor there stops short—
Strange persecution! when the grave itself
Is no protection from rude sufferance.

Absurd! to think to over-reach the *grave,*
And from the wreck of names to rescue ours!
The best-concerted schemes men lay for fame
Die fast away;—only themselves die faster.
The far fam'd sculptor, and the laurel'd bard,
Those bold insurancers of deathless fame,
Supply their little feeble aids in vain.
The tap'ring pyramid, th' Egyptian's pride,
And wonder of the world, whose spiky top
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long outliv'd
The angry shaking of the winter's storm;
Yet spent at last by th' injuries of heav'n,
Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,
The mystic cone, with hieroglyphics crusted,
At once gives way. O lamentable sight!
The labour of whole ages lumbers down,
A hideous and misshapen length of ruins.
Sepulchral columns wrestle but in vain
With all-subduing *Time:* his cank'ring hand
With calm delib'rate malice wastes them all:
Worn on the edge of days, the brass consumes,
The busto moulders, and the deep-cut marble,
Unsteady to the steel, gives up its charge:
Ambition, half convicted of her folly,
Hangs down her head, and reddens at the tale.

Here all the *mighty troublers* of the earth,
Who swam to sov'reign rule through seas of blood;
Th' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
And in a cruel wantonness of pow'r,
Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up
The rest to want—*now*, like a storm that's spent,
Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind thy covert.
Vain thought! to hide them from the general scorn,
That haunts and dogs them like an injur'd ghost,
Implacable. *Here, too,* the *petty tyrant,*
Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,
And grip'd them like some lordly beast of prey—
Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,
And piteous plaintive voice of misery—
(As if a slave was not a shred of nature,
Of the same common feelings with his lord,)
Now, tame and humble, like a child that's whipp'd,
Shakes hands with dust, and calls the worm his kinsman:
Nor pleads his rank and birth-right. *Under ground*
Precedency's a jest; vassal and lord,
Grossly familiar, side by side consume.

When self-esteem, or other's adulation,
Would cunningly persuade us we are something
Above the common level of our kind,
The *grave* gainsays the smooth-complexion'd flatt'ry
And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.

Beauty! thou pretty play-thing, dear deceit!
That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
And gives it a new pulse unknown before,
The *grave* discredits thee: thy charms expung'd,
Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,
What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers
Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?
Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid;
Whilst, surfeited upon thy damask cheek,
The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,
Riots unscar'd. For *this* was all thy caution?
For *this,* thy painful labours at the glass,
T' improve those charms, and keep them in repair,
For which the spoiler thanks thee not? *Foul feeder!*
Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,
And leave as keen a relish on the sense.
Look, how the fair one weeps! the conscious tears
Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flow'rs:

Honest effusion! the swoln heart in vain
Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.

Strength, too! thou surly and less gentle boast
Of those that laugh loud at the village ring;
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down,
With greater ease than e'er thou didst the stripling
That rashly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard? Deep groan indeed!
With anguish heavy laden;—let me trace it:
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,
By stronger arm o'erpower'd, gasps for breath
Like a hard-hunted beast. How his great heart
Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant
To give the lungs full play! What now avail
The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well form'd shoul-
See! how he tugs for life, and lays about him, [ders?
Mad with pain! Eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
Just like a creature drowning.—Hideous sight!
Oh, how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly!
Whilst the distemper's rank and deadly venom,
Shoots like a burning arrow cross his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up.—Heard you that groan?
It was his last. See how the great Goliah,
Just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest,
Lies still.—What mean'st thou then, O mighty boaster,
To vaunt of nerves like thine? What means the bull,
Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man;
That, knowing well the slackness of his arm,
Trusts only in the well-invented knife?

With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,
The star-surveying sage close to his eye
Applies the sight-invigorating tube;
And, trav'lling through the boundless length of space,
Marks well the courses of the far-seen orbs,
That roll with regular confusion there,
In ecstasy of thought.—But, ah! proud man!
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head:
Soon, very soon, thy firmest footing fails,
And down thou dropp'st into that darksome place,
Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.

Here the tongue-warrior lies, disabled now,
Disarm'd, dishonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd,
And cannot tell his ail to passers by.

Great man of language, whence this mighty change,
This dumb despair, and drooping of the head?
Though strong persuasion hung upon thy lip,
And sly insinuation's softer arts
In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue,
Alas! how chop-fall'n now! thick mists and silence
Rest like a weary cloud upon thy breast
Unceasing. Ah! where now's the lifted arm,
The strength of action, and the force of words,
The well-turn'd period, and harmonious voice,
With all the lesser ornaments of phrase?
Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been!
Raz'd from the book of fame! or, what is worse,
Perhaps some hackney hunger-bitten scribbler
Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narrative, or duller rhimes,
That drawl with heavy-halting pace along,
Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,
And warm with red resentment the wan cheek.

Here the *great masters* of the *healing art*,
These mighty mock-defrauders of the *tomb*,
Spite of their juleps and catholicons,
Resign to fate. Proud ÆSCULAPIUS' son,
Where are thy boasted implements of art,
And all thy well-cramm'd magazines of health?
Nor hill, nor vale, as far as ship could go,
Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
Escap'd thy rifling hand: from stubborn shrubs
Thou wrung'st their shy retiring virtues out,
And vex'd them in the fire; nor fly, nor insect,
Nor writhy snake, escap'd thy deep research.
But why this apparatus? why this cost?
Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the *grave*,
Where are thy recipes and cordials now,
With the long list of vouchers for thy cures?
Alas! thou speakest not. The bold impostor
Looks not more silly when his cheat's found out.

Here the lank-sided miser—worst of felons,
Who meanly stole (discreditable shift!)
From back and belly too their proper cheer,
Eas'd of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay
To his own carcass, now lies cheaply lodg'd,
By clam'rous appetites no longer teaz'd,
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
But, ah! where are his rents, his comings-in?

Now thou hast made the rich man poor indeed!
Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind?
O cursed lust of gold! how oft for thee
The fool throws up his int'rest in both worlds,
First starv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come!

How shocking must thy summons be, *O Death!*
To him that is at ease in his possessions;
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come?
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain!—How wishfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer hers;
A little longer, yet a little longer:
Oh! might she stay to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage.—Mournful sight!
Her very eyes weep blood;—and ev'ry groan
She heaves, is big with horror.—But the Foe,
Like a staunch murd'rer, steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close through ev'ry lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on;
Till forc'd at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks in everlasting ruin.

Sure 'tis a serious thing *to die!* My soul,
What a strange moment must it be, when near
Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulf in view!
That awful gulf no mortal e'er repass'd
To tell what's doing on the further side.
Nature runs back, and shudders at the sight,
And ev'ry life-string bleeds at thoughts of parting;
For part they must; *Body* and *Soul* must part:
Fond couple; link'd more close than wedded pair:
This, wings its way to its Almighty Source,
The witness of its actions, now its Judge;
That, drops into the dark and noisome *Grave*,
Like a disabled pitcher of no use.

If *Death* was nothing, and nought *after death*;
If, when men died, at once they ceas'd to be,
Returning to the barren womb of nothing,
Whence first they sprung; then might the debauchee
Untrembling mouth the heav'ns: then might the drunkard
Reel over his full bowl, and when 'tis drain'd
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
At the poor bugbear *Death!* Then might the wretch

That's weary of the world, and tir'd of life,
At once give each inquietude the slip,
By stealing out of being, when he pleas'd,
And by what way,—whether by hemp or steel.

Death's thousand doors stand open.—Who could force
The ill-pleas'd guest to sit out his full time,
Or blame him if he goes?—Sure he does well,
That helps himself, as timely as he can,
When in his pow'r. But if there's an *Hereafter*,
And that there *is*, Conscience, uninfluenc'd,
And suffer'd to speak out, tells every man,
Then must it be an awful thing *to die*:
More horrid yet, to die by one's own hand.

Self-murder!—name it not: our island's shame;
That makes her the reproach of neighb'ring states!
Shall Nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,
Self-preservation, fall by her own act?
Forbid it, Heav'n! Let not, upon disgust,
The shameless hand be foully crimson'd o'er
With blood of its own lord.—Dreadful attempt!
Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage
To rush into the presence of our Judge;
As if we challeng'd him to do his worst,
And matter'd not his wrath.—Unheard-of tortures
Must be reserv'd for such: these herd together:
The common damn'd shun their society,
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.
Our time is fix'd, and all our days are number'd;
How long, how short, we know not:—this we know,
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till Heav'n shall give permission:
Like sentries that must keep their destin'd stand,
And wait th' appointed hour, till they're reliev'd.
Those only are the brave, that keep their ground,
And keep it to the last. To run away,
Is but a coward's trick: to run away
From this world's ills, that at the very worst
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves
By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark;———'tis mad:
No frenzy half so desperate as this.

Tell us, ye dead; will none of you, in pity
To those you left behind, disclose the secret?
Oh! that some courteous ghost would blab it out,
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.

I've heard, that souls departed have sometimes
Forewarn'd men of their death:—'Twas kindly done
To knock, and give the alarm.———But what means
This stinted charity?———'Tis but lame kindness
That does its work by halves:—Why might you not
Tell us what 'tis *to die*?—Do the strict laws
Of your society forbid your speaking
Upon a point so nice?—I'll ask no more!
Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, ye shine,
Enlight'ning but yourselves.—Well—'tis no matter:
A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learn'd as you are, and as close.

Death's shafts fly thick:—Here falls the village swain,
And there his pamper'd lord.—The cup goes round:
And who so artful as to put it by?
'Tis long since *Death* had the majority:
Yet strange! *the living lay it not to heart.*
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The *Sexton*, hoary-headed chronicle,
Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand,
Digs through whole rows of kindred and acquaintance,
By far his juniors.—Scarce a scull's cast up,
But well he knew its owner, and can tell
Some passage of his life.—Thus, hand in hand,
The sot has walk'd with *Death* twice twenty years;
And yet ne'er youngster on the green laughs louder,
Nor clubs a droller tale:—When drunkards meet,
None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
More willing to his cup.—Poor wretch! he minds not,
That soon, some trusty brother of the trade,
Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.

On this side, and on that, men see their friends
Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers
In the world's hale and undegen'rate days,
Could scarce have leisure for.—Fools that we are
Never to think of *death* and of *ourselves*
At the same time: as if to learn *to die*
Were no concern of ours.—Oh! more than sottish,
For creatures of a day, in gamesome mood,
To frolic on eternity's dread brink,
Unapprehensive.—When, for ought we know,
The very first swoln surge shall sweep us in.
Think we, or think we not, *Time* hurries on

With a resistless unremitting stream ;
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize.——What is *this world?*
What! but a spacious *burial-field* unwall'd,
Strew'd with *Death's* spoils, the spoils of animals,
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones.
The very turf on which we tread once liv'd ;
And we that live must lend our carcasses
To cover our own offspring : in their turns
They too must cover theirs. *'Tis here all meet :*
The shiv'ring Icelander, and sun-burnt Moor,
Men of all climes, that never met before,
And of all creeds—the Christian, Turk, and Jew.
Here the proud Prince, and favourite yet prouder,
His sov'reign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
Are huddled out of sight. *Here* lie abash'd
The great negotiators of the earth,
And celebrated masters of the balance,
Deep-read in stratagems, and wiles of courts :
Now vain their treaty-skill ;—*Death* scorns to treat.
Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burden
From his gall'd shoulders ; and when the cruel tyrant
With all his guards and tools of pow'r about him,
Is meditating some unheard-of mischief,
Mocks his short arm, and quick as thought escapes
Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.
Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
The tell-tale echo, and the bubbling stream,
(Time out of mind the fav'rite seats of love,)
Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down,
Unblasted by foul tongue. *Here* friends and foes
Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn-rob'd Prelate, and plain Presbyter,
Erewhile that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle *here*, like sister-streams
That some rude interposing rock had split.
Here is the large-limb'd peasant : *here* the child
Of a span long, that never saw the sun,
Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's porch :
Here is the mother, with her sons and daughters ;
The barren wife ; and long-demurring maid,
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
Smil'd like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the prude severe, and gay coquette,

The sober widow;—and the young green virgin,
Cropp'd like a rose, before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth disclos'd. *Strange medley here!*
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;
And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant heart,
Whose ev'ry day was made of melody,
Hears not the voice of mirth: the shrill-tongued shrew
Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wise, the gen'rous, and the brave,
The just, the good, the worthless, and profane;
The downright clown, the well-bred gentleman,
The fool, the churl, the liar, and the knave,
The supple statesman, and the patriot stern;
The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of time,
With *all the lumber of six thousand years.*
Poor man! how happy once in thy first state!
When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand,
He stamp'd thee with his image, and, well-pleas'd,
Smil'd on his last fair work. Then all was well;—
Sound was the body, and the soul serene;
Like two sweet instruments ne'er out of tune,
That play their several parts. Nor head nor heart
Offer'd to ache: nor was there cause they should;
For all was pure within: no fell remorse,
Nor anxious castings up of what *might be*,
Alarm'd his peaceful bosom: summer seas
Show not more smooth, when kiss'd by southern winds
Just ready to expire. Scarce importun'd,
The gen'rous soil with a luxuriant hand
Offer'd the various produce of the year,
And ev'ry thing most perfect in its kind.
Blessed, *thrice* blessed days! but, ah! how short!
Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men;
But fugitive like those, and quickly gone.
Oh, slipp'ry state of things! what sudden turns,
What strange vicissitudes, in the first leaf
Of man's sad history? to-day most happy,
And ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject?
How scant the space between these vast extremes!
Thus fared it with our sire: not long he enjoyed
His paradise. Scarce had the happy tenant
Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets,
Or sum them up; when straight he *must* be gone
Ne'er to return again. And *must* he go?
Can nought compound for the first dire offence
Of erring man? Like one that is condemn'd,

Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
And parley with his fate. But 'tis in vain.
Not all the lavish odours of the place
Offer'd in incense can procure his pardon,
Or mitigate his doom. A mighty angel,
With flaming sword, forbids his longer stay,
And drives the loiterer forth; nor must he take
One last and farewell round. At once he lost
His glory, and his God. If mortal now,
And sorely maim'd, no wonder! *Man has sinn'd,*
Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,
Evil he needs would try: nor tried in vain.
(Dreadful experiment! destructive measure!
Where the worst thing could happen was success.)
Alas! too well he sped: the good he scorn'd
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-us'd ghost,
Not to return; or, if it did, its visits,
Like those of angels, short, and far between:
Whilst the black demon, with his hell-scap'd train,
Admitted once into its better room,
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;
Lording it o'er the man, who now, too late,
Saw the rash error which he could not mend;
An error fatal not to him alone,
But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.
Inglorious bondage! human nature groans
Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,
And its vast body bleeds at ev'ry pore.
What havock hast thou made, foul monster, *Sin?*
Greatest and first of ills! the fruitful parent
Of woes of all dimensions! But for thee
Sorrow had never been. All noxious things,
Of vilest nature, other sorts of ills,
Are kindly circumscrib'd, and have their bounds.
The fierce volcano, from its burning entrails
That belches molten stone and globes of fire,
Involv'd in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,
Mars the adjacent fields for some leagues round,
And there it stops. The big-swoln inundation,
Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,
Buries whole tracts of country, threat'ning more;
But *that* too has a shore it cannot pass.
More dreadful far than these, sin has laid waste,
Not here and there a country, but a *world:*
Despatching at a wide-extended blow
Entire mankind; and for their sakes defacing

A whole creation's beauty with rude hands;
Blasting the foodful grain, the loaded branches,
And marking all along its way with ruin.
Accursed thing! Oh, where shall fancy find
A proper name to call thee by, expressive
Of all thy horrors? Pregnant womb of ills!
Of temper so transcendently malign,
That toads and serpents of most deadly kind
Compar'd to thee are harmless. Sicknesses
Of every size and symptom, racking pains,
And bluest plagues, are thine. See how the fiend
Profusely scatters the contagion round!
Whilst deep-mouth'd slaughter, bellowing at her heels,
Wades deep in blood new spilt; yet for to-morrow
Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,
And inly pines till the dread blow is struck.

But hold—I've gone too far; too much disclos'd
My father's nakedness, and nature's shame.
Here let me pause, and drop an honest tear,
One burst of filial duty and condolence,
O'er all the ample deserts *Death* hath spread
This chaos of mankind. O great *man-eater!*
Whose ev'ry day is carnival, not sated yet!
Unheard-of epicure! without a fellow!
The veriest gluttons do not always cram;
Some intervals of abstinence are sought
To edge the appetite: *thou* seekest none.
Methinks the countless swarms thou hast devour'd,
And thousands that each hour thou gobblest up,
This, less than *this*, might gorge thee to the full:
But, ah! rapacious still, thou gap'st for more;
Like one, whole days defrauded of his meals,
On whom lank hunger lays his skinny hand,
And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings,
(As if diseases, massacres, and poison,
Famine, and war, were not thy caterers!)

But know, that thou must *render up thy dead,*
And with high int'rest too.—They are not thine;
But only in thy keeping for a season,
Till the great promis'd day of restitution;
When loud diffusive sounds from brazen trump
Of strong-lung'd cherubs shall alarm thy captives,
And rouse the long, long sleepers into life,
Day-light and liberty.——————
Then must thy gates fly open, and reveal

The mines that long lay forming under ground,
In their dark cells immur'd; but now full ripe,
And pure as silver from the crucible,
That twice has stood the torture of the fire
And inquisition of the forge. We know
Th' illustrious deliv'rer of mankind,
The SON of GOD, once vanquish'd thee. His pow'r
Thou couldst not stand: self-vigorous he rose,
And shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
Those spoils his voluntary yielding lent,
(Sure pledge of our releasement from thy thrall;)
Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on earth,
And show'd himself alive to chosen witnesses,
By proofs so strong, that the most slow assenting
Had not a scruple left. This having done,
He mounted up to heav'n. Methinks I see him
Climb the aerial heights, and glide along
Across the severing clouds: but the faint eye,
Thrown backwards in the chase, soon drops its hold,
Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.
Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in;
Nor are his friends shut out: as some great prince
Not for himself alone procures admission,
But for his train; it was his royal will,
That where HE is, there should his followers be.
Death only lies between;—a gloomy path!
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears!
But not untrod, nor tedious: the fatigue
Will soon go off. Besides, there's no by-road
To bliss. Then why, like ill-condition'd children,
Start we at transient hardships, in the way
That leads to purer air and softer skies,
And a ne'er-setting sun? Fools that we are!
We wish to be where sweets unfading bloom;
But straight our wish revoke, and will not go.
So have I seen, upon a summer's eve,
Close by the riv'let's brink, a youngster play:
How wishfully he looks to stem the tide,
This moment resolute, next unresolv'd:
At last, he dips his foot; but as he dips
His fears redouble, and he runs away
From th' inoffensive stream, unmindful now
Of all the flow'rs that paint the further bank,
And smil'd so sweet of late. Thrice welcome *Death!*
That after many a painful bleeding step
Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe

On the long-wish'd-for-shore. Prodigious change!
Our bane turn'd to a blessing! *Death* disarm'd
Loses his fellness quite. All thanks to HIM
Who scourg'd the venom out. Sure the last end
Of the *good man* is peace. How calm his exit!
The night-dews fall not gentler to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
Behold him in the ev'ning tide of life,—
A well-spent life, whose early care it was
His riper years should not upbraid his youth:
By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away;
Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting!
High in his faith and hopes, look how he strives
To gain the prize in view! and, like a bird
That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away!
Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
Of the fast-coming harvest. Then! oh then!
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
Shrunk to a thing of nought. Oh! how he longs
To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd!
'Tis done:—and now he's happy:—the glad soul
Has not a wish uncrown'd. Ev'n the lag flesh
Rests too in hope of meeting once again
Its better half, never to sunder more.
Nor shall it hope in vain: the time draws on
When not a single spot of burial earth,
Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,
But must give back its long-committed dust
Inviolate: and faithfully shall these
Make up the full account: not the least atom
Embezzled, or mislaid, of the whole tale.
Each soul shall have a body ready finish'd;
And each shall have his own. Hence, ye profane!
Ask not, how this can be? Sure the same Pow'r
That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,
Can re-assemble the loose scatter'd parts,
And put them as they were. Almighty GOD
Has done much more; nor is his arm impair'd
Through length of days; and what he *can*, he *will*:
His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.
When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumb'ring dust,
Not unattentive to the call, shall wake;
And ev'ry joint possess its proper place
With a new elegance of form, unknown
To its first state. Nor shall the conscious soul

Mistake its partner; but amidst the crowd
Singling its other half, into its arms
Shall rush, with all the impatience of a man
That's new come home, who, having long been absent,
With haste runs over ev'ry different room,
In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting!
Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more.
'Tis but a Night, a long and moonless Night,
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.
Thus, at the shut of ev'n, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
Cowers down, and dozes till the dawn of day,
Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears away.

LESSON CXVIII.—On the Resurrection.

Now man awakes, and from his silent bed,
Where he has slept for ages, lifts his head:
Shakes off the slumber of ten thousand years,
And on the borders of new worlds appears.
Now monuments prove faithful to their trust,
And render back their long-committed dust.
Now Charnels rattle; scatter'd limbs, and all
The various bones, obsequious to the call,
Self-mov'd advance; the neck perhaps to meet
The distant head, the distant legs the feet.
Dreadful to view, see through the dusky sky
Fragments of bodies in confusion fly,
To distant regions journeying, there to claim
Deserted members, and complete the frame.
Not all at once, nor in like manner rise:
Some lift with pain their slow unwilling eyes:
Shrink backward from the terror of the light,
And bless the grave, and call for lasting night.
Others, whose long attempted virtue stood
Fix'd as a rock, and broke the rushing flood,
Whose firm resolve, nor beauty could melt down,
Nor raging tyrants from their posture frown;
Such in this day of horrors shall be seen,
To face the thunder with a godlike mien.

The planets drop, their thoughts are fix'd above;
The centre shakes, their hearts disdain to move:
An earth dissolving, and a heav'n thrown wide,
A yawning gulf, and fiends on ev'ry side,
Serene they view, impatient of delay,
And bless the down of everlasting day.

LESSON CXIX.—On Life, Death, and Immortality.

Tir'd nature's sweet restorer, balmy *Sleep!*
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes:
Swift on his downy pinions flies from wo,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

From short (as usual) and disturb'd repose,
I wake: how happy they who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams,
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd desponding thought,
From wave to wave of *fancied* misery,
At random drove, her helm of reason lost:
Though now restor'd, 'tis only change of pain,
(A bitter change!) severer for severe;
The *day* too short for my distress! and *night*,
Ev'n in the *Zenith* of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the colour of my fate.

Night, sable goddess! from her *ebon* throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world:
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor list'ning ear an object finds:
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfil'd;
Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.

Silence and *darkness!* solemn sisters! twins
From ancient *Night*, who nurse the tender thought
To *reason*, and on *reason* build *resolve*,
(That column of true majesty in man,)
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;
The grave, your kingdom: *there* this frame shall fall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
But what are ye?—Thou, who didst put to flight
Primeval *silence*, when the morning stars
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;
O Thou! whose word from solid *darkness* struck
That spark, the sun; strike wisdom from my soul;
My soul which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest.
Through this opaque of *nature*, and of *soul*,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten, and to cheer. O lead my mind.

(A mind that fain would wander from its wo,)
Lead it through various scenes of *life* and *death*;
And from each scene, the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my *conduct*, than my *song*;
Teach my best reason, reason; my best will,
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve,
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear.
Nor let the vial of thy vengeance, pour'd
On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.

The bell strikes *One*. We take no note of time,
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the *knell* of my departed hours.
Where are they? with the years beyond the flood:
It is the *signal* that demands despatch;
How much is to be done? my hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? a fathomless abyss;
A dread eternity! how surely *mine?*
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How passing wonder He, who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes!
From diff'rent natures marvellously mix'd,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguish'd *link* in being's endless chain!
Midway from *nothing* to the *Deity!*
A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt!
Though sullied, and dishonour'd, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect *infinite!*
A worm! a god!———I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost! at home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surpris'd, aghast,
And wond'ring at her *own:* how reason reels?
O what a miracle to man is man,
Triumphantly distress'd; what joy, what dread!
Alternately transported, and alarm'd!
What can preserve my life? or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

'Tis past conjecture; all things rise in proof:
While o'er my limbs *sleep's* soft dominion spread,
What though my soul fantastic measures trode
O'er fairy fields; or mourn'd along the gloom
Of pathless woods; or, down the craggy steep
Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool;
Or scal'd the cliff; or danc'd on hollow winds,
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain?
Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her nature
Of subtler essence than the trodden clod;
Active, aërial, tow'ring, unconfin'd,
Unfetter'd with her gross companion's fall:
Ev'n silent night proclaims my soul *immortal*:
Ev'n silent night proclaims eternal day:
For human weal, Heav'n husbands all events;
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.

Why then *their* loss deplore, that are not lost?
Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around
In infidel distress? Are *angels* there?
Slumbers, rak'd up in dust, ethereal fire?
They live! They greatly live a life on earth,
Unkindled, unconceiv'd; and from an eye
Of tenderness, let heavenly pity fall
On me, more justly number'd with the dead.
This is the desert, *this* the solitude:
How populous, how vital is the grave?
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad *cypress* gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty shades!
All, all on earth is *shadow*, all beyond
Is *substance;* the reverse is folly's *creed:*
How solid all, where change shall be no more?

This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule;
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death,
Strong death, alone can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us, embryos of existence, free.
From *real* life, but little more remote
Is *He*, not yet a candidate for light,
The *future embryo*, slumb'ring in his fire.
Embryos we must be, till we burst the shell,
Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life;
The life of gods; (O transport!) and of man.

Yet man, fool man! here buries all his thoughts;
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh:
Pris'ner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes: wing'd by heav'n
To fly at infinite; and reach it there,
Where seraphs gather immortality
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clust'ring glow
In His full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more?
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death expire!
And is it in the flight of threescore years,
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptur'd, or alarm'd,
At aught this scene can threaten, or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.
Where falls this censure? It o'erwhelms myself.
How was my heart incrusted by the world!
O how self-fetter'd was my grov'ling soul!
How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round,
In silken thought, which reptile fancy spun,
Till darken'd reason lay quite clouded o'er
With soft conceit of endless comfort here,
Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the skies!
Night visions may befriend, (as sung above:)
Our waking dreams are fatal: How I dream'd
Of things impossible! (could sleep do more?)
Of joys perpetual in perpetual change!
Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave!
Eternal sunshine in the storms of life!
How richly were my noon-tide trances hung
With gorgeous tapestries of pictur'd joys?
Joy behind joy, in endless perspective;
Till at death's toll, whose restless iron tongue
Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
Starting I woke, and found myself undone.
Where's now my frenzy's pompous furniture?
The cobweb'd cottage, with its ragged wall
Of mould'ring mud, is royalty to me!
The spider's most attenuated thread,
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss: it breaks at ev'ry breeze.

O ye blest scenes of permanent delight!
Full, above measure! lasting, beyond bound!
A perpetuity of bliss, is bliss.
Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end;
That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,
And quite unparadise the realms of light.
Safe are you lodg'd above these rolling spheres:
The baleful influence of whose giddy dance,
Sheds sad vicissitude on all beneath.
Here teems with revolutions ev'ry hour;
And rarely for the better; or the best,
More mortal than the common births of fate.
Each moment has its sickle, emulous
Of time's enormous scythe, whose ample sweep
Strikes empires from the root; each moment plays
His little weapon in the narrower sphere
Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down
The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.

Bliss! sublunary bliss! Proud words and vain!
Implicit treason to divine decree!
A bold invasion of the rights of heaven!
I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air.
O had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace!
What darts of agony had miss'd my heart?
Death! great proprietor of all! 'tis thine
To tread out empire, and to quench the stars.
The sun himself by thy permission shines;
And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his sphere.
Amidst such mighty plunder, why exhaust
Thy partial quiver on a mark so mean?
Why thy peculiar rancour wreck'd on me?
Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?
Thy shaft flew thrice; and thrice my peace was slain;
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn.
O Cynthia! why so pale? dost thou lament
Thy wretched neighbour? grieve to see thy wheel
Of ceaseless change outwhirl'd in human life?
How wanes my borrow'd bliss! from fortune's smile,
Precarious courtesy! not virtue's sure,
Self-giv'n, solar ray of sound delight.

In ev'ry varied posture, place, and hour,
How widow'd ev'ry thought of ev'ry joy!
Thought, busy thought! too busy for my peace!
Through the dark postern of time long elaps'd,
Led softly, by the stillness of the night,

Led, like a murderer, (and such it proves!)
Strays (wretched rover!) o'er the pleasing pass;
In quest of wretchedness perversely strays;
And finds all desert now; and meets the ghosts
Of my departed joys, a num'rous train!
I rue the riches of my former fate;
Sweet comfort's blasted clusters I lament;
I tremble at the blessings once so dear;
And ev'ry pleasure pains me to the heart.

Yet why complain? or why complain for one?
Hangs out the sun his lustre but for me,
The single man? are angels all beside?
I mourn for millions: 'tis the common lot;
In this shape, or in that, has fate entail'd
The mother's throes on all of woman born,
Not more the children, than sure heirs of pain.

War, famine, pest, volcano, storm, and fire,
Intestine broils, oppression, with her heart
Wrapt up in triple brass, besiege mankind.
God's image disinherited of day,
Here plung'd in mines, forgets a sun was made;
There, beings deathless as their haughty lord,
Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life;
And plough the winter's wave, and reap despair:
Some, for hard masters, broken under arms,
In battle lopp'd away, with half their limbs,
Beg bitter bread through realms their valour sav'd,
If so the tyrant, or his minion doom.
Want, and incurable disease, (fell pair!)
On hopeless multitudes remorseless seize
At once; and make a refuge of the grave.
How groaning hospitals eject their dead!
What numbers groan for sad admission there!
What numbers, once in fortune's lap high-fed,
Solicit the cold hand of charity!
To shock us more, solicit it in vain!
Ye silken sons of pleasure! since in pains
You rue more modish visits, visit here,
And breathe from your debauch; give, and reduce
Surfeit's dominion o'er you: but so great's
Your impudence, you blush at what is right!

Happy! did sorrow seize on such alone:
Not prudence can defend, nor virtue save;
Disease invades the chastest temperance;
And punishment the guiltless; and alarm,

Through thickest shades, pursues the fond of peace.
Man's caution often into danger turns,
And, his guard falling, crushes him to death.
Not happiness itself makes good her name;
Our very wishes give us not our wish.
How distant oft the thing we dote on most,
From that for which we dote, felicity?
The smoothest course of nature has its pains;
And truest friends, through error, wound our rest:
Without misfortune, what calamities?
And what hostilities, without a foe?
Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth:
But endless is the list of human ills,
And sighs might sooner fail, than cause to sigh.
A part how small of the terraqueous globe
Is tenanted by man? the rest a waste;
Rocks, deserts, frozen seas, and burning sands;
Wild haunts of monsters, poisons, stings, and death:
Such is earth's melancholy map! but, far
More sad! this earth is a true map of man.
So bounded are its haughty lord's delights
To wo's wide empire; where deep troubles toss,
Loud sorrows howl, envenom'd passions bite,
Rav'nous calamities our vitals seize,
And threat'ning fate wide opens to devour.
What then am I, who sorrow for myself?
In age, in infancy, from other's aid
Is all our hope; to teach us to be kind.
That, nature's first, last lesson to mankind;
The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels:
More gen'rous sorrow, while it sinks, exalts;
And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.
Nor virtue, more than prudence, bids me give
Swoll'n thought a second channel; who divide,
They weaken too, the torrent of their grief.
Take then, O world! thy much indebted tear:
How sad a sight is human happiness,
To those whose thought can pierce beyond an hour?
O thou, whate'er thou art, whose heart exults;
Wouldst thou I should congratulate thy fate?
I know thou wouldst; thy pride demands it from me:
Let thy pride pardon what thy nature needs,
The salutary censure of a friend.
Thou happy wretch! by blindness art thou blest;
By dotage dandled to perpetual smiles.
Know, smiler! at thy peril art thou pleas'd,

Thy pleasure is the promise of thy pain.
Misfortune, like a creditor severe,
But rises in demand for her delay;
She makes a scourge of past prosperity,
To sting thee more, and double thy distress.

Lorenzo, fortune makes her court to thee:
Thy fond heart dances, while the Syren sings.
Dear is thy welfare: think me not unkind;
I would not damp, but to secure thy joys.
Think not that fear is sacred to the storm:
Stand on thy guard against the smiles of fate.
Is heaven tremendous in its frowns? most sure;
And in its favours formidable too;
Its favours here are trials, not rewards;
A call to duty, not discharge from care;
And should alarm us, full as much as woes;
Awake us to their cause and consequence:
And make us tremble, weighed with our desert;
Awe nature's tumult, and chastise her joys:
Lest, while we clasp, we kill them: nay invert,
To worse than simple misery, their charms:
Revolted joys, like foes in civil war,
Like bosom friendships to resentment sour'd,
With rage envenom'd rise against our peace.
Beware what earth calls happiness; beware
All joys, but joys that never can expire:
Who builds on less than an immortal base,
Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.

Mine died with thee, Philander! thy last sigh
Dissolv'd the charm; the disenchanted earth
Lost all her lustre. Where her glitt'ring tow'rs?
Her golden mountains, where? all darken'd down
To naked waste; a dreary vale of tears;
The great magician's dead! Thou poor, pale piece
Of out-cast earth, in darkness! what a change
From yesterday! Thy darling hope so near,
(Long labour'd prize!) O how ambition flush'd
Thy glowing cheek! ambition truly great,
Of virtuous praise: Death's subtle seed within,
(Sly, treach'rous miner!) working in the dark,
Smil'd at thy well-concerted scheme, and beckon'd
The worm to riot on that rose so red,
Unfaded ere it fell; one moment's prey!

Man's foresight is conditionally wise;
Lorenzo! wisdom into folly turns

Oft, the first instant, its idea fair
To labouring thought is born. How dim our eye!
The present moment terminates our sight;
Clouds, thick as those on doomsday, drown the next;
We penetrate, we prophesy in vain.
Time is dealt out by particles; and each,
E'er mingled with the streaming sands of life,
By fate's inviolable oath is sworn
Deep silence, "Where eternity begins."

By nature's law, what may be, may be now;
There's no prerogative in human hours.
In human hearts what bolder thought can rise,
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn!
Where is to-morrow? in another world.
For numbers this is certain; the reverse
Is sure to none; and yet on this perhaps,
This peradventure, infamous for lies,
As on a rock of adamant, we build
Our mountain hopes; spin out eternal schemes,
As we the fatal sisters could out-spin,
And, big with life's futurities, expire.

Not ev'n Philander had bespoke his shroud;
Nor had he cause; a warning was deny'd:
How many fall as sudden, not as safe?
As sudden, though for years admonish'd home?
Of human ills the last extreme beware,
Beware, Lorenzo! a slow-sudden death.
How dreadful that deliberate surprise!
Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life:
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.

Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, "That all men are about to live."
For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They, one day, shall not drivel; and their pride,
On this reversion, takes up ready praise;
At least, their own: their future selves applauds
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead?

Time lodg'd in their own hands is folly's vails:
That lodg'd in fate's, to wisdom they consign;
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone;
'Tis not in folly, not to scorn a fool;
And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through ev'ry stage; when young, indeed,
In full content, we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves; and re-resolves: then dies the same.
And why? because he thinks himself immortal:
All men think all men mortal, but themselves;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close, where past the shaft, no trace is found:
As from the wing no scar the sky retains;
The parted wave no furrow from the keel;
So dies in human hearts the thought of death:
Ev'n with the tender tear which nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

LESSON CXX.—On Time.

But why on time so lavish is my song?
On this great theme kind nature keeps a school,
To teach her sons herself. Each night we die,
Each morn are born anew; each day, a life!
And shall we kill each day? if trifling kills;
Sure vice must butcher. O what heaps of slain
Cry out for vengeance on us! time destroy'd
Is suicide, where more than blood is spilt.
Time flies, death urges, knells call, heav'n invites,
Hell threatens: all exerts; in effort, all;
More than creation labours!—Labours more?
And is there in creation, what, amidst
This tumult universal, wing'd dispatch,
And ardent energy, supinely yawns?——
Man sleeps; and man alone; and man, whose fate,
Fate irreversible, entire, extreme,
Endless, hair-hung, breeze-shaken, o'er the gulf

A moment trembles; drops! and man, for whom
All else is an alarm: man, the sole cause
Of this surrounding storm! and yet he sleeps
As the storm rock'd to rest.—Throw years away?
Throw empires, and be blameless. Moments seize,
Heav'n's on their wing: a moment we may wish,
When worlds want wealth to buy. Bid day stand still,
Bid him drive back his car, and re-import
The period past, regive the given hour.
Lorenzo, more than miracles we want;
Lorenzo—O for yesterdays to come!

LESSON CXXI.—HAMLET'S *Soliloquy on* DEATH.

To be—or not to be?—that is the question.—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?—To die—to sleep—
No more—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die—to sleep—
To sleep—perchance to dream—ay, there's the rub.—
For, in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause———There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life.
For, who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pang of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life?
But that the dread of something after death
(That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns) puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all:
And, thus, the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

LESSON CXXII.—Clarence's Dream.

Clarence *and* Brakenbury.

Brak. Why looks your Grace so heavily to-day?
Clar. O! I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.
Brak. What was your dream, my Lord? I pray you tell me.
Clar. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy,
And in my company my brother Glo'ster;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches. Thence we look'd tow'rd England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befallen us. As we pass'd along,
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Glo'ster stumbled, and, in falling,
Struck me (that sought to stay him) over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Lord, Lord, methought, what pain it was to drown
What dreadful noise of waters in my ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes?
I thought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels.
Some lay in dead men's sculls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems;
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.
Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?
Clar. Methought I had: and often did I strive
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.
Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony?
Clar. No, no; my dream was lengthen'd after life.

O then began the tempest to my soul:
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
Who cry'd aloud—What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?
And so he vanished. Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood, and he shriek'd out aloud—
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!—
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I trembling wak'd; and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell:
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, Lord, that it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. Ah! Brakenbury, I have done those things
That now give evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me!
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds;
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
O spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!
I pr'ythee, Brakenbury, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

LESSON CXXIII.—Southampton and Essex.

Officer. My Lord,
We bring an order for your execution,
And hope you are prepar'd; for you must die
This very hour.

South. Indeed the time is sudden!

Ess. Is death th' event of all my flatter'd hope?
False sex! and Queen more perjur'd than them all!
But die I will without the least complaint,
My soul shall vanish silent as the dew
Attracted by the sun from verdant fields,
And leaves of weeping flow'rs—Come, my dear friend,
Partner in fate, give me thy body in

These faithful arms, and O now let me tell thee,
And you, my Lords, and Heaven my witness too,
I have no weight, no heaviness on my soul,
But that I've lost my dearest friend his life.

South. And I protest by the same pow'rs divine.
And to the world, 'tis all my happiness,
The greatest bliss my mind yet e'er enjoy'd,
Since we must die, my Lord, to die together.

Officer. The Queen, my Lord Southampton, has been
To grant particular mercy to your person; [pleas'd
And has by us sent you a reprieve from death,
With pardon of your treasons, and commands
You to depart immediately from hence.

South. O my unguarded soul! sure never was
A man with mercy wounded so before!

Ess. Then I am loose to steer my wand'ring voyage;
Like a bad vessel that has long been cross'd,
And bound by adverse winds, at last gets liberty,
And joyfully makes all the sail she can,
To reach its wish'd-for port—Angels protect
The Queen, for her my chiefest prayers shall be,
That as in time she's spar'd my noble friend,
And owns his crime worth mercy, may she ne'er
Think so of me too late when I am dead—
Again, Southampton, let me hold thee fast,
For tis my last embrace.

South. O be less kind, my friend, or move less pity,
Or I shall sink beneath the weight of sadness!
I weep that I am doom'd to live without you,
And should have smil'd to share the death of Essex.

Ess. O spare this tenderness, for one that needs it,
For her that I commit to thee, 'tis all that I
Can claim of my Southampton—O my wife!
Methinks that very name should stop thy pity,
And make thee covetous of all as lost
That is not meant to her—be a kind friend
To her, as we have been to one another:
Name not the dying Essex to thy Queen,
Lest it should cost a tear; nor ne'er offend her.

South. O stay, my Lord, let me have one word more;
One last farewell, before the greedy axe
Shall part my friend, my only friend from me,
And Essex from himself—I know not what
Are call'd the pangs of death, but sure I am
I feel an agony that's worse than death—
Farewell.

Ess. Why, that's well said—Farewell to thee——
Then let us part, just like two travellers,
Take distant paths, only this difference is,
Thine is the longest, mine the shortest way—
Now let me go—if there's a throne in heav'n
For the most brave of men, and best of friends,
I will bespeak it for Southampton.

South. And I, while I have life, will hoard thy memory:
When I am dead, we then shall meet again.

Ess. Till then, Farewell!

South. Till then, Farewell!

LESSON CXXIV.—A Hymn on the Seasons.

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these,
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the soft'ning air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow whisp'ring gales.
Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In winter, awful thou! with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, thou bid'st the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
Shade unperceiv'd, so soft'ning into shade;
And all so forming an harmonious whole;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wand'ring oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;

Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring:
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds ev'ry creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.
Nature, attend! join ev'ry living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and ardent, raise
One general song! to him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes.
Oh talk of him in solitary glooms!
Where o'er the rock, the scarcely-waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
Th' impetuous song, and say, from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents rapid and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound his stupendous praise; whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flow'rs,
In mingled clouds to him; whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests, bend, ye harvests, wave to him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's ear,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations! while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write with ev'ry beam his praise.
The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world;
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound: the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns
And his unsuff'ring kingdom yet will come.

Ye woodlands all, awake; a boundless song
Burst from the groves; and when the restless day
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The list'ning shades, and teach the night his praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles!
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling base;
And as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to heav'n.
Or, if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in ev'ry sacred grove;
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring autumn gleams,
Or winter rises in the black'ning east;
Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!
  Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barb'rous climes,
Rivers unknown to song, where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me,
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste, as in the city full;
And where he vital spreads, there must be joy.
When ev'n at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new pow'rs,
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
Where UNIVERSAL LOVE not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns,
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in LIGHT INEFFABLE!
Come, then, expressive silence, muse His praise.

LESSON CXXV.—Last Day.

When the fierce north-wind with his airy forces
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury;
And the red lightning, like a storm of hail, comes
Rushing amain down;

How the poor sailors stand amaz'd, and tremble!
While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet,
Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters,
Quick to devour them;

Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder,
(If things eternal may be like this earthly,)
Such the dire terror when the great Archangel
Shakes the creation;

Tears the strong pillars of the vault of heav'n,
Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes;
See the graves open, and the bones arising,
Flames all around them!

Hark! the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches!
Lively, bright horror, and amazing anguish,
Stare through their eye-lids, while the living worm lies
Gnawing within them.

Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their heart-strings,
And the smart twinges when the eye beholds the
Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance
Rolling before him.

Hopeless immortals! how they scream and shiver,
While devils push them to the pit, wide yawning,
Hideous, and gloomy, to receive them headlong
Down to the centre.

Stop here, my fancy: (all away, ye horrid,
Doleful ideas,) come, arise to Jesus,
How he sits Godlike! and the saints around him
Thron'd, yet adoring!

O may I sit there when he comes triumphant,
Dooming the nations! then ascend to glory,
While our Hosannas, all along the passage,
Shout the Redeemer!

GRAMMAR, A POEM.

GRAMMAR, by proper rules laid down, does teach
The strict proprieties of ev'ry speech;
Instructs to speak, or read, with proper grace,
To write correct; and elegance to trace.
Four parts of speech ANALOGY contains,
And ev'ry rule, to speak, read, write, explains.

viz. NAMES, QUALITIES, AFFIRMATIONS, PARTICLES.

Names, or noun substantives, express, we find,
All objects of the senses, and the mind:
In *names* we three peculiar species trace,
Fitting all substantives in ev'ry case;
And, among *names*, ideal beings place.

COMMON, PROPER, PERSONAL.

Com. Of ev'ry kind, these names express the whole;
As, *man, bird, beast, fish, insect, reptile, fowl.*
Prop. All proper names one of a kind express;
As, it was *Adam* made us all transgress.
Per. We proper names for personal resign;
As, *you* and *I* stand for your name and mine.

PERSONS.

In names, three persons each grammarian seeks;
The *first*, as *I* and *me*, is he that speaks:
The *second* is the person spoken to,
And is express'd by *thou*, and *thee*, and *you*:
The *third* does persons spoken of suppose;
As, *he, she, him, her, they, them, these*, and *those*.

NUMBER.

Two numbers we distinct in names explore,
The *singular* means *one*, the *plural more*:
As, *man* is *singular*, because but *one*:
But *men* and *horses* into *plurals* run.

GENDER.

Two genders still in ev'ry tongue prevail,
Expressive of the *female* and the *male*:
The *masculine*, as *man*, betokens *he*;
The *feminine*, as *woman*, meaneth *she*:
Names, without life, we *neuter gender* call;
As, *table, basket, hobby-horse*, or *ball*.

QUALITIES.

All names in proper qualities we dress,
And each peculiar property express;
As, a *good man, black horse,* or *naughty boy,*
An *entertaining book,* or *pretty toy.*
By *three degrees* we *qualities* compare:
The first is *positive,* as, you are *fair;*
The next, or the *comparative,* does show
That *Polly Pert* is *fairer* still than you:
But the *superlative,* or *third degree,*
Says, I'm the *fairest* creature that can be.
Again, we may compare with *more* and *most;*
As, you are *fair,* and famous as a toast.
But with *comparative degree* compare,
You'll find another *fairer* or *more fair:*
By the *superlative* it is decreed,
That I'm the *fairest,* or *most fair* indeed.

AFFIRMATIONS.

Verbs, or else Affirmations, serve to show
We *suffer,* or *exist,* or *something do;*
In short, in affirmations we may find
All *actions of the body,* or *the mind:*
Three times the sense of affirmations bound,
And are in *present, past,* and *future,* found.

Pres. The *present tense* denotes the present now;
As, *I am writing,* or *I write, I bow.*

Past. The *past time* still displays a something done;
As, *yesterday I play'd at taw, and won.*

Fut. The *future time* something to come explains;
As, *he'll run mad, and then he'll lose his brains.*

PARTICLES.

Unchanging particles precisely bring
To view, the manner of an *act* or *thing;*
Some *quality* of something done explain,
And each peculiar *circumstance* maintain.
Grammarians, who the use of each have tried,
Into *four parts* the particles divide.

viz. ADVERB, PREPOSITION, CONJUNCTION, INTERJECTION.

ADVERB.

The *adverb,* which some quality bestows,
The *manner* of the *affirmation* shows;

As if *I fought with Dicky*, or *with Bill*,
Perhaps you'll say, *I fought extremely ill:*
Or if I said my lesson, you may tell,
Like a good boy, I said it *wond'rous well.*

PREPOSITION.

Force to expression *prepositions* grant,
And give to *names* the *energy* they want;
They before *names* in general appear,
Though *now* and *then* they occupy the rear;
As, *I was* over *hills and valleys sent;*
Over *denotes the manner how I went.*

CONJUNCTION.

Conjunctions either words, or sentence join,
Explain the meaning, or the sense refine;
As, *Tom and Harry went, like fools, to fight;*
But, *tir'd of cuffing, left off ere 'twas night.*

INTERJECTION.

The *interjection* of surprise combin'd,
Denotes some *sudden passion* of the mind;
Some *strong emotion* of the feeling soul,
When all the thoughts are brought beneath control
As, *Oh! Alack! Alas! Ah! well-a-day!*
O! let me find a purse! O, that I may!

SYNTAX.

Syntax, by certain rules, distinctly shows
How we, with ease, may *sentences* compose;
Respecting sentences, two things are found;
They're either form'd as *simple*, or *compound.*
A *simple sentence* is, where but one *name*
Joins to one *affirmation;* as, *seek fame:*
Two sentences a *compound sentence* make;
As, *If I'm good, I soon shall have a cake.*

CONCORD.

Rule 1. In *number*, and in *person* must agree,
The *noun* and *verb;* as, little *Joe beat* me.
Rule 2. The *name of multitude—the crowd's in haste—*
May in the *number singular* be plac'd.
Rule 3. The *adjective* and *substantive* must still
Agree together; as, *a gilded pill.*
Rule 4. Two *names*, when a conjunction comes *between*,
Have a verb *plural*, as is plainly seen.

APPENDIX,

CONTAINING THE

PRINCIPLES OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

WHAT is English Grammar?—The art of speaking or writing the English language with propriety.

Of what does grammar treat?—Letters, syllables, words, and sentences, make up the whole subject of Grammar.

Of LETTERS *and their various Sounds.*

What is a letter?—A letter is a mark or character, being the least part of a word; of which there are twenty-six in the English language, *a, b, c,* &c.

How are they divided?—Into vowels and consonants.

What is a vowel?—A letter which makes a perfect sound of itself.

How many vowels are there?—Seven; *a, e, i, o, u, w, y.*

How many sounds has the vowel *a*?—Four; as in *lame, lad, large, all.*

How many has *e*?—Four; as in *these, pen, there, her.*

How many has *i*?—Three; as in *pine, pin, sir.*

How many has *o*?—Four; as in *note, not, do, done.*

How many has *u*?—Five; as in *cube, cub, bush, busy, nature.*

How many has *w*?—Two; as in *war, few.*

How many has *y*?—Two; as in *try, hymn.*

What is a diphthong?—Two vowels meeting in one syllable; as, *ai* in *aim.*

How are diphthongs divided?—Into proper and improper.

When is a diphthong proper?—When both vowels are sounded: as, *oi* in *oil, ou* in *thou.*

When is a diphthong improper?—When only one of the vowels is sounded; as, *a* in *day, e* in *teach, o* in *road.*

Of the DIPHTHONGS *which vary their Sound.*

How many sounds has the diphthong *au*?—Three; *taught, jaunt, gauge.*

How many has *ea*?—Five; *wear, heart, teach, head, learn.*

How many has *ei*?—Four; *reign, seize, heifer, height.*

How many has *eo*?—Three; *people, George, jeopardy.*

How many has *ew*?—Two; *few, shew.*

How many has *ey*?—Three; *prey, key, eyre.*

How many has *ie*?—Three; *field, friend, die.*

How many has *oa*?—Two; *load, broad.*

How many has *oe*?—Three; *foe, shoe, oeconomy.*

How many has *oo*?—Three; *door, bloom, blood.*

How many has *ou*?—Five; *thou, four, bought, through, touch.*

How many has *ow*?—Two; *blow, how.*

How many has *ua*?—Three; *square, guard, squall.*

How many has *ue*?—Three; *query, quest, due.*

How many has *ui*?—Six, *suit, guide, build, quire, squib, squirt.*

What is a triphthong?—Three vowels meeting in one syllable; as, *uee* in *queen, eau* in *beauty, ieu* in *lieu.*

What is a consonant?—A letter which cannot be sounded, or but imperfectly, without a vowel.

How many consonants are there?—Nineteen; *b, c, d, f, g, h, j, k, l, m, n, p, q, r, s, t, v, x, z.*

How many of these vary their sound?—Four; *c, g, s,* and *x*; also *ch, th, gh,* and *ph,* when joined together.

How many sounds has *c*?—Two; *cost, city.*

When does *c* sound hard as in *cost*?—When placed before *a,* o, *u, l,* and *r*; and when it ends a word; as, *cast, cot, cut, clad, cry, public.*

When does *c* sound soft as in *city*?—Before *e, i,* and *y,* and before an apostrophe; as, *certain, civil, cygnet, plac'd.*

How many sounds has *g*?—Two; *go, gesture.*

When does *g* sound hard as in *go*?—Before *a,* o, and *u*; before a consonant, and when it ends a word; as, *garb, gold, gulf, grind, drag.*

When does *g* sound soft as in *gesture*?—It generally sounds soft before *e, i,* and *y*; as, *gelly, gin, gybe*; but there are many exceptions, such as, *get, give, gyration.*

How many sounds has *s*?—Two; *thus, was.*

What does *s* sound in *thus*?—*s.*

What does *s* sound in *was*?—*z.*

How many sounds has *x*?—Three; *extract, examine, Xenophon.*

What does *x* sound in extract?—*Ks.*

What does *x* sound in examine?—*Gz.*

What does *x* sound in *Xenophon*?—*Z.*

How many sounds has *ch*?—Three; *church, chaise, chord.*

What does *ch* sound in church?—*Tch.*

What does *ch* sound in chaise?—*Sh.*

What does *ch* sound in chord?—*K.*

How many sounds has *th*?—Two; *thin, thine.*

What does *gh* and *ph* commonly sound?—*F*; as in *laugh, phrase.*

Of SYLLABLES.

What is a syllable?—Any perfect sound, making a word, or part of a word.

What does a syllable consist of?—A syllable consists of one or more letters; as, *a, at, and.*

How many letters has the shortest syllable?—One; as, *O.*

How many are in the longest?—Eight; as, *strength.*

How do you know what number of syllables are in a word?—From the number of vowels it contains.

Can there be a syllable without a vowel?—No.

Are there always as many syllables in a word as there are vowels in it?—Yes; except when two vowels meet and make a diphthong; as *ai* in *air*; three a triphthong, as *iew* in *view*; or silent *e* be added, as in *give*; or inserted, as in *comely.*

Of Accent.

What is accent?—Accent is a peculiar way of distinguishing one syllable of a word from the rest.

How is this distinction made?—Either by dwelling longer upon one syllable than the rest, as in *glo'ry, mu'sic, fa'ther*; or by giving it a smarter percussion of the voice in utterance, as in *hap'pen, clev'er bat'tle.*

Of Emphasis.

What is emphasis ?—Emphasis is the raising or depressing of the voice upon a word, or words in a sentence.

What is the use of emphasis ?—Emphasis ennobles the word to which it belongs, and presents it in a stronger light to the understanding.

Of Punctuation.

What are the names of the principal points, which denote the pauses or stops in reading ?—Comma [,] semicolon [;] colon [:] period [.] interrogation [?] admiration [!] and parenthesis [()].

What does a *comma* denote ?—A comma generally denotes a little elevation of the voice, is the *shortest* pause, and should be continued while you may count *one*.

What does a *semicolon* denote ?—A semicolon sometimes denotes a cadence, and sometimes an elevation of the voice, according as the sense requires, and should be continued while you may count *one, two*.

What does a *colon* denote ?—A colon denotes a little depression of the voice, and requires a pause while you may count *one, two, three*.

What does a *period* denote ?—A period denotes a full cadence of the voice, and ought to be held while you may count *one, two, three, four*.

When is a point of *interrogation* used ?—At the end of a question, and requires a pause equal to a period, and an elevation of the voice, if the question be asked by a verb; in other cases it requires a cadence. It likewise distinguishes a real question from a sentence in the imperative mode.

When is a point of *admiration* used ?—After a word or sentence that expresses surprise or emotion, and denotes a modulation of the voice, and a pause suited to the expression.

When is a *parenthesis* used ?—A parenthesis (to be avoided as much as possible) is used when one sentence is included in another, and requires a pause (both at the beginning and end of it) much the same with a comma. It also denotes a depression of the voice, and a hasty pronunciation.

Besides the above, there are other marks used for the following purposes, namely,

Quotation (" "), distinguishes a borrowed passage.—*Index* or *hand*. (☞), points out something very remarkable.—*Hyphen* (-), divides words into syllables.—*Accent* (' or `), points out the syllable on which the force of the voice is to be placed.—*Apostrophe* ('), *Caret* (ʌ), and *Ellipsis* (—), or (***), or (-----), denote an omission.—*Paragraph* (¶), denotes the beginning of a new subject.—*Crotchets* [ ], contain something mentioned by the bye.—*Asterism* (*), *Dagger* (†), *Parallel Lines* (‖), *Small Figures* (1 2 3), and *Letters* (a b c), are all used to lead the reader to some note on the margin, or bottom of the page.

Note. It is impossible to define the precise quantity or duration of each of the foregoing pauses, as a discourse may be read in a quicker or slower time.

What words ought to be distinguished in writing by beginning with a capital letter ?—The first word of any *writing, letter*, or *discourse*; the *next* word after a *period*; the *pronoun I*, and the *interjection O*; the first word of every sentence quoted from an *author*, or introduced

as spoken by another; every *title* and *proper name* of a person or place; and the first word of every *line* or *verse* in *poetry*.

Of WORDS.

What is a word?—A distinct articulate sound, which men have made the sign of some idea, thought, or notion.

Of what does a word consist?—A word consists of one or more syllables; as, *hate*, *hateful*, *hatefully*.

What is a *simple word*?—A simple word is that which is not mixed or compounded; as, *no*, *to*, *or*, *in*.

What is a *compound word*?—A compound word is made up of two or more words; as, *notwithstanding*, *whatsoever*.

What is a *primitive word*?—A primitive word is that which comes from no other, either in the same language, or from another language; as, *church*, *Amen*.

What is a *derivative word*?—A word which comes from some other word, in the same language; as, *sinful* from *sin*: or from another language; as, *manual* from *manus*.

How many sorts of derivations are there among English words?—Seven; viz. Adjectives from substantives; as, *fearful* from *fear*: Adverbs from substantives; as, *hourly* from *hour*: Verbs from substantives; as, *strengthen* from *strength*: Substantives from adjectives; as, *greatness* from *great*: Adverbs from adjectives; as, *bashfully* from *bashful*: Verbs from adjectives; as, *whiten* from *white*: Participles from verbs; as, *loving* and *loved* from *love*.

How many different kinds of words, or parts of speech, are there in the English language?—Nine: 1. *Article*, 2. *noun*, 3. *adjective*, 4. *pronoun*, 5. *verb*, 6. *adverb*, 7. *preposition*, 8. *conjunction*, and 9. *interjection*.

An Exercise on the Parts of Speech.

5 6 9 2 8 4 2 7 2 5 5 7 1
Forget not, O man! that thy station on earth is appointed by the
2 7 1 3 4 5 4 2 4 5 1 2
wisdom of the Eternal: who knoweth thy heart, who seeth the vanity
7 3 4 2 8 4 6 7 2 5 4 2
of all thy wishes, and who often, in mercy, denieth thy requests.

What is an *article*?—An article* is a word put before *nouns*, to point out the extent of their signification; as, *a* man, *the* man.

What is a *noun* or *substantive*?—A noun † or substantive is the name of any *person*, *place*, or *thing*, which we conceive to exist; as, *Peter*, *Perth*, *patience*.

What is an *adjective*?—An adjective ‡ is a word which expresses some *quality* or *property* of the substantive, to which it is joined; as, a *high* mountain, a *hard* table.

What is a *pronoun*?—A pronoun ‖ is a word used instead of a noun, to prevent the repetition thereof; as, instead of *James*, we say *he*; of *Mary*,—*she*; of *table*,—*it*.

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* *Article*, from the Latin word *articulus*, a joint or small part
† *Noun*, from *nomen*, a name.
‡ *Adjective*, from *ad*, to, and *jacio*, to put.
‖ *Pronoun*, from *pro*, for, and *nomen*, a noun or name.

What is a *verb*?—A verb * is a word which signifies *to be*, *to do*, or *to suffer*; as, *I am*, *I write*, *I am beaten*.

What is an *adverb*?—An adverb † is a word added to verbs, adjectives, or other adverbs, to express some circumstance belonging to them; as, he reads *well*; *truly* distinct; very *emphatically*.

What is a *preposition*?—A preposition ‡ is a word which is put before nouns and pronouns, to express the relation or connection between different words; as, he came *from* Leith, *with* a letter *from* the captain *to* the governor, *by* which he was admitted *into* the Castle.

What is a *conjunction*?—A conjunction § is a word which joins words and sentences together; as, Peter *and* John read very well; *but* rather too fast.

What is an *interjection*?—An interjection ‖ is a word used to express some sudden emotion of the mind; as, *Alas!* The heavy news make me tremble.

Of the Article.

What is an *article*?—An article is a word put before *nouns*, to point out the extent of their signification.

How many articles are there?—There are *two* articles; *a* or *an*, called the *indefinite* article, and *the*, called the *definite* article.

When does *a* become *an*?—*A* becomes *an*, when put before such words as begin with a *vowel* (*w* and *y* excepted) or *h mute*; as, an *example*, an *object*, an *hour*, an *heir*.

What does *a* or *an* respect?—*A* or *an* respects our *primary* perception, and denotes individuals as *unknown*.

Why is *a* called the *indefinite* article?—It is called the *indefinite* article, because it leaves the meaning of the word to which it is prefixed quite indeterminate; as, *a man*, *a ship*, that is, any *man*, any *ship* whatever.

What does *the* respect?—*The* respects our *secondary* perception, and denotes individuals as *known*.

Why is *the* called the *definite* article?—It is called the *definite* article, because it points out and limits the sense of the word to which it is prefixed, to some *particular* person, place, or thing, which had been seen, heard, or spoken of before; as, there is *the man*, who bought *the horse*, that gained *the race* yesterday. This is *the place* from which they started; *that is*, that *particular man*, *horse*, *race*, and *place*.

In what sense is a common name taken, having no article to limit it?—A common name without an article to limit it, is taken in its largest sense; as, *man is mortal*, that is, *all mankind*.

2. Of the Noun or Substantive.

What is a *noun* or *substantive*?—A noun or substantive is the *name* of any *person*, *place*, or *thing*, which we conceive to exist; as, *Peter*, *Perth*, *patience*.

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* *Verb*, from *verbum*, a word; a verb being the principal word in a sentence.

† *Adverb*, from *ad*, to, and *verbum*, a verb *or* word.

‡ *Preposition*, from *præ*, before, and *pono*, to place.

§ *Conjunction*, from *con*, with, and *jungo*, to join.

‖ *Interjection*, from *inter*, between, and *jacio*, to throw

How many sorts of substantive nouns are there?—Two; *common* and *proper* names.

What do *common* names stand for?—Common names stand for kinds, containing many sorts; or sorts, containing many individuals under them; as, *animal, vegetable; man, horse; ship, watch; virtue, vice, folly.*

How may common names be distinguished?—Common names may be distinguished into *natural, artificial,* and *abstract.**

Give an example of *natural* names.—*Man, animal, vegetable,* are natural.

Why are these and the like called *natural?*—Because the things, of which they are the names, are formed by the Author of nature.

Give an example of *artificial* names.—*House, ship, watch, telescope,* are artificial.

Why are these and the like called *artificial?*—Because the things, of which they are the names, are formed by art.

Give an example of *abstract* names.—*Temperance, hardness, goodness,* are abstract.

Why are these called *abstract?*—Because they are formed from the attributes of other substances; as, from a table being *hard,* we form the abstract name *hardness;* from a horse being *swift,* we form *swiftness,* from *white, whiteness.*

What do *proper* names express?—Proper names express individuals; as, *John, Perth, Tweed.*

Of Number.

What is *number?*—Number is the distinction of one from many.

How many numbers are there?—Two; the *singular* † and *plural.*

What does the *singular* number express?—The singular expresses *one* person or thing; as, *a boy, a book;* or a number of them considered as united in one; as, *a troop, an army.*

What does the *plural* express?—The plural expresses *more than one;* as, *boys, books, troops, armies.*

How is the plural generally formed?—The plural is generally formed from the singular, by adding *s;* as, *rule, rules; town, towns; word, words,* &c.

How is the plural formed, when the singular ends in *ch, ss, sh,* or *x?*—When the *singular* ends in *ch, ss, sh,* or *x,* the *plural* is formed by adding the syllable *es;* as, *church, churches; kiss, kisses; brush, brushes; box, boxes,* &c.

How

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* These several substances have their genus, their species, and their individuals. For example, in *natural* substances, *animal* is a genus; *man,* a species; *Alexander,* an individual. In *artificial* substances, *edifice* is a genus; *palace,* a species; *Holyroodhouse,* an individual. In *abstract* substances, *motion* is a genus; *flight,* a species; the *eagle's flight* is an individual. Harris' *Hermes.*

† Some nouns have no singular; as, *ashes, bellows, breeches,* &c.—Others have no plural; as, *barley, learning, gold, silver,* &c. likewise names of cities, countries, rivers, mountains; the names of virtues and vices; names of most herbs; also bread, beer, ale, honey, milk, butter, &c. And some are the same in both numbers; as, *sheep,* &c.

How is the plural formed when the singular ends in *f* or *fe* ?—If the *singular* end in *f* or *fe*, the *plural* is formed by turning the *f* or *fe* into *ves* ; as, *calf, calves ; knife, knives ; thief, thieves*, &c. Except *hoof, roof, grief. dwarf, reproof, wharf, scarf, relief*, &c. and others ending in *ff*, which form the plural by the addition of *s*.

How is the plural formed, when the singular ends in *y* ?—When the *singular* ends in *y*, with a *consonant* before it, the *y* is changed into *ies* to make the *plural* ; as, *glory, glories ; lady, ladies*, &c.

Are there any nouns which form their plural irregularly ?—Yes ; the following : namely,

Singular.	*Plural.*	*Singular.*	*Plural.*	*Singular.*	*Plural.*
Brother	Brethren *or* Brothers	goose	geese	ox	oxen
		louse	lice	penny	pence
child	children	mouse	mice	tooth	teeth
die	dice	man	men	woman	women
foot	feet				

NOTE.—*Proper Names*, being the names of individuals, admit not of articles, nor of the plural number ; unless by a figure, when a common name is understood, or when there are several persons of the same name ; as, The *Alexander* of his age. The *river* Thames. The *two Scipios*.

OF GENDER.

How many genders are there ?—Three ; the *masculine, feminine*, and *neuter*.

Of what gender are words which signify *males* ?—Words which signify *males* are of the *masculine gender* ; as, *man, boy, bull*.

Of what gender are words which signify *females* ?—Words which signify *females* are of the *feminine* ; as, *woman, girl, cow*.

Of what gender are words which signify things *without life* ?—Words which signify things *without life* are of the *neuter* ; as, *pen, ink, table, chair*.

Do *inanimate* things ever assume person and sex ?—In an elevated or poetical style, things *inanimate* are often personified : Thus,

> Heav'n *his* wonted face renew'd——
> Was I deceiv'd ; or did a sable *cloud*
> Turn forth *her* silver lining on the night ? MILTON.

Give a few examples of the *variations* of nouns which express the difference of sex.

Abbot, *masc.* Abbess, *fem.* ; actor, actress ; adulterer, adulteress ; ambassador, ambassadress ; administrator, administratrix. Baron, baroness ; brother, sister ; boy, girl ; bridegroom, bride ; bachelor, maid *or* virgin ; bull, cow ; buck, doe ; boar, sow. Count, countess ; caterer, cateress ; chanter, chantress ; cock, hen. Diviner, divineress ; deacon, deaconess ; drone, bee ; drake, duck. Executor, executrix ; elector, electress ; emperor, empress. Father, mother ; friar, nun. Governor, governess ; gander, goose. Husband, wife ; hero, heroine ; hunter, huntress ; heir, heiress ; horse, mare. Jew, Jewess. King, Queen. Lad, lass ; lord, lady ; lion, lioness. Master, mistress ; man, woman ; mayor, mayoress. Nephew, niece. Patron, patroness ; priest, priestess ; prince, princess ; poet, poetess ; prophet, prophetess. Ram, ewe. Shepherd, shepherdess ; songster, songstress ; son, daughter ; stag, hind ; steer, heifer. Testator, testatrix ; tiger, tigress ; traitor, traitress. Uncle, aunt. Victor, victress : viscount, viscountess. Widower, widow &c.

Of Cases.

How many *cases* have English substantives?—English substantives have only two different terminations for cases; the *nominative* and the *possessive*; but grammarians have supposed a *third*, called the *objective*, which answers to the oblique cases in Latin.

What does the *nominative* express?—The nominative, which is generally put before verbs, expresses simply the *name* of a person, place, or thing; as, *James, Perth, table.*

What does the *possessive* denote?—The possessive denotes *possession* or *property*, or the *relation* of one thing to another; as, *Solomon's wisdom, David's son.*

How is the possessive case generally formed?—The possessive case is generally formed by the addition of *s* with an apostrophe; as, *man's glory.*

Is the *s* ever omitted in forming the possessive case?—Yes, if the noun end in *s*, or be of the plural number, the *s*, for the sake of sound, is sometimes omitted; as, for *Jesus' sake; on eagles' wings.*

What is expressed by the *objective* case?—The objective, which follows active verbs and prepositions, expresses the *object* of an action, or of a relation; as, Agathias set *Eliza* on *horseback*, and conducted *her* to a *place* of *safety*; where *Eliza, horseback, her, place*, and *safety*, are in the *objective case.*

3. Of the Adjective.

What is an adjective?—An adjective is a word which expresses some quality or property of the substantive, to which it is joined; as, *a high* mountain, *a hard* table.

How may an adjective be distinguished from a substantive?—An adjective may be distinguished from a substantive by adding the word *thing* to it, with which it will make sense; as, *a good thing; a hard thing.*

How are adjectives varied?—Adjectives are varied by the degrees of comparison, of which there are *two*, the *comparative* and *superlative*, formed from the quality in its *positive* state.

What is expressed by the *positive* state?—The *positive* state expresses the quality of a thing simply, *without* comparing it with any other; as, this table is *hard.*

What does the *comparative* degree express?—The *comparative* expresses a higher or lower degree of that quality; as, that table is *harder* than this.

What is expressed by the *superlative* degree?—The *superlative* expresses the highest or lowest degree of the same quality; as, *hardest, softest, greatest, least.*

How is the comparative degree formed?—The comparative is formed from the quality, by adding *r* or *er* to it; as, *wise, wiser; hard, harder*; or by placing the adverb *more** before it; as, wise, *more* wise; hard, *more* hard.

How is the superlative formed?—The superlative is formed from the quality, by adding *st*, or *est*; as, *wise, wisest; hard, hardest*; or by prefixing *most, very, extremely*, to it; as, *extremely* hard.

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* Most words of two syllables, and all of *more* than two, for the sake of sound, ought to be compared by the adverbs *more* and *most*, and not by *er* and *est*; as, *more learned* and *most learned*, not *learneder* and *learnedest.*

Are there any adjectives irregularly compared?—Yes; the following, namely,

Pos.	*Comp.*	*Sup.*	*Pos.*	*Comp.*	*Sup.*
good,	better,	best.	little,	less,	least.
bad, evil, ill,	worse,	worst.	much *or* many,	more,	most.

NOTE.—Double comparatives and superlatives are improper, and ought not to be used; such as, *more better, more nobler, most bravest, lesser, worser*, &c.

4. OF THE PRONOUN.

What is a pronoun?—A pronoun is a word used instead of a noun, to prevent the repetition thereof.

How many kinds of pronouns are there?—Five; *personal, relative, demonstrative, interrogative*, and *possessive*.

How many *personal* pronouns are there?—Five; *I, thou, he, she, it*.

How are they used?—*I* is made use of when a person speaks of himself; *thou*, when he speaks to another; *he, she*, or *it*, when an absent person or thing is spoken of. Each of these has the plural number; *we, ye* or *you, they*.

NOTE.—*I* has the plural *we*; because there may be many speakers at once of the same sentiment; as well as one, who, including himself, speaks the sentiment of many. *Thou* has the plural, *ye* or *you*; because a speech may be spoken to many, as well as to one. *He* has the plural *they*; because the subject of discourse is often many at once. HARRIS' *Hermes*.

How many *relative* pronouns are there?—Four; *who, which, what, that*.

When are these pronouns respectively used?—*Who* is used when speaking of persons; as, the *boy who* writes:—*which* is used when we speak of things; as, the *knife which* I found:—*what* is also used when speaking of things, and includes likewise the antecedent; as, this is *what* I wanted, that is, the *thing which I* wanted:—*that* is used as relating both to persons and things; as, the *boy that* came in, found the *knife that* I lost.

What is the use of relative pronouns?—Relative pronouns connect sentences together; and they always relate to some preceding substantive, called the antecedent; as, the *man who*—the *ship which*.

How many *demonstrative* pronouns are there?—There are *two* demonstrative pronouns; *this, that*.

To what do these pronouns respectively refer?—*This* refers to a thing which is near us; *That* to a thing at a distance: Or, *this* relates to the person or thing last mentioned; *that* to the first: The same is to be observed of their plurals *these* and *those*. Thus,

> ————*Body* and *Soul* must part;———
> *This*, wings its way to its Almighty Source;———
> *That*, drops into the dark and noisome grave. BLAIR.
>
> *Some* place the bliss in action, *some* in ease,
> *Those* call it pleasure, and contentment *these*. POPE.

How many *interrogative* pronouns are there?—Three; *who, which, what*; used in asking questions.

How many *possessive* pronouns are there?—Eight; *thy, my, his, her, its, our, your, their*, which are followed by a noun substantive.

When are pronouns said to be *definite*?—Pronouns are said to be definite when they *define* and limit the extent of the name to which

they refer, or are joined; such are the following, *This, that, other, any, one, some, none.* The possessive of *one* is *one's*, of *other*, *other's.*

When are pronouns said to be *indefinite*?—Pronouns are called indefinite when they express nothing distinct or determined; such are the following, *Some, any, one, other, whoever, whatever, whichever, whosoever, whatsoever, whichsoever.*

Declension of Pronouns.

	First Per.	Sec. Per.	Third Person		*singular.*
	Singular		*Masc.*	*Fem.*	*Neuter.*
Nom.	I	thou	he	she	it
Poss.	mine	thine	his	hers	*its
Obj.	me	thee	him	her	it
	Plural.			*Plural.*	
Nom.	we	ye *or* you	they	they	they
Poss.	ours	yours	theirs	theirs	theirs
Obj.	us	you	them	them	them

First, second, and *third Persons* of the relative *who.*

Singular and Plural.

Nom. who *Poss.* whose *Obj.* whom.

NOTE.—*Each, every, either,* are called *distributives;* because they denote the persons, or things, that make up a number, as taken *separately* and singly.

All nouns and pronouns whatever, in grammatical construction, are of the third person, and, consequently, agree with the verbs to which they are agents or nominative cases, in the third person singular or plural, according to the number of the noun: Except those pronouns which have the first and second; or when an address is made to any one, for then the noun is of the second person.

5. OF THE VERB.

What is a verb?—A verb is a word which signifies *to be, to do,* or *to suffer.*

How many kinds of verbs are there?—Four; *substantive, active, passive,* and *neuter.*

What does a *substantive* verb express?—A substantive verb expresses the being or existence of an object; as, *I am.*

What does an *active* or *transitive* verb express?—An *active* or *transitive* verb expresses an action, which implies an agent, and an object acted upon; as, *I love Thomas.*

What does a *passive* verb express?—A *passive* verb expresses a passion or suffering, or the receiving of an action; as, *Thomas is loved by me.*

NOTE.—When the verb is *active,* the *agent* takes the *lead* in the sentence, and is followed by the *object;* as, *I teach William.* In this sentence the pronoun *I* is the agent, *teach* the verb, and *William* the object. When the verb is passive, the *object* takes the *lead,* and is followed by the *agent:* as, *William is taught by me.* Here the pronoun *me* is the agent and *William* the object.

What does a *neuter* or *intransitive* verb signify?—A *neuter* or *intransitive* verb signifies an action that has no particular object whereon to fall; as, *I sit, you stand, they run.*

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* *It's* is sometimes, but improperly, used for *it is,* when contracted, which should be written *'tis.*

How are verbs varied?—Verbs are varied by *person*, *number*, *mode*, and *time*.

How many *persons* are there?—*Three*; first, second, and third.

How many *numbers* are there?—*Two*; singular and plural.

How many *modes* are there?—*Four*; the indicative, subjunctive *or* conjunctive, imperative, and infinitive.

What do you understand by the *indicative* mode?—The *indicative* mode affirms or denies simply; as, *I do love*; *I do not love*; or else asks a question; as, *do you know him?*

What do you understand by the *subjunctive* or *conjunctive* mode?—The *subjunctive* mode is expressed under a doubt or condition, with a conjunction prefixed, and generally depends upon another verb either going before, or coming after; as, *I could do it, if he were willing.*

What is understood by the *imperative* mode?—The *imperative* mode entreats, exhorts, or commands; as, *love your parents—do that immediately.*

What is understood by the *infinitive* mode?—The *infinitive* mode expresses the signification of the verb in general; as, *to love, to teach.*

What are the signs of these modes?—*Am, was, do, did, have, had, shall,* and *will,* are signs of the *indicative* mode. *May, can, must, might, could, would,* and *should,* of the *subjunctive. Let,* of the *imperative*; and the preposition *to,* of the *infinitive.*

How many *participles* are there?—There are *two participles,** the present and past; the *former* is called the *active,* the *latter,* the *passive.*

How many *times* are there?—Nine; the present indefinite, present imperfect, present perfect; past indefinite, past imperfect, past perfect; future indefinite, future imperfect, and future perfect.

What is meant by *indefinite* † *time*?—Time is called *indefinite,* when it is not determined, by the expression, whether the action be *perfect* or *imperfect,* that is, *completed* or *not completed,* at the time that is mentioned by the speaker; thus, present indefinite, *I insure*; past indefinite, *I insured*; future indefinite, *I shall* or *will insure.*

What is represented by the *imperfect time*?—The *imperfect time* represents an action as *going on,* but not completed; thus, present imperfect, *I am insuring*; past imperfect, *I was insuring*; future imperfect, *I shall* or *will be insuring.*

What is represented by the *perfect time*?—The *perfect time* represents an action as *completely finished*; thus, present perfect, *I have insured*; past perfect, *I had insured*; future perfect, *I shall* or *will have insured.*

How many *principal distinctions* of time are there?—There are *three* ‡ principal distinctions of time, the *present, past,* and *future*;

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* Participles, having no relation to time, become adjectives.

† When an action is spoken of as done at any present, past, or future time, without defining what particular period of it, such as, what *year, month, day,* or *hour,* it is called *indefinite.*

‡ English verbs of themselves have only *two* times, the present and past: the future is made by the auxiliary verb *shall* or *will,* and the verb itself; as, *I shall write.*

the other six are used by the assistance of the auxiliaries, *am*, *be*, *can*, *do*, *have*, *may*, *must*, *could*, *would*, *should*, *might*, *did*, *shall*, and *will*, to express an action with some particular limitation and distinction.

How are the auxiliaries varied?—The variations of the auxiliaries are expressed in the *present* and *past time*, thus:

Present time.				*Past time.*			
Singular.			*Plural.*	*Singular.*			*Plural.*
1	2	3 *Per.*	1 2 3	1	2	3 *Per.*	1 2 3
am	art	is	are	was	wast	was	were
can	canst	can	can	could	couldst	could	could
do	dost	doth *or* does	do	did	didst	did	did
have	hast	hath *or* has	have	had	hadst	had	had
may	mayst	may	may	might	mightst	might	might
shall	shalt	shall	shall	should	shouldst	should	should
will	wilt	will	will	would	wouldst	would	would

Conjugate the substantive verb TO BE, according to the three principal distinctions of *present*, *past*, and *future time*, with the assistance of *shall* and *will*.

Present.		*Past.*	
Singular.	*Plural.*	*Singular.*	*Plural.*
1. I am	we are	I was	we were
2. thou art *or* you * are	ye *or* you are	thou wast	ye *or* you were
3. he is	they are	he was	they were

Future.

Singular.	*Plural.*
I shall,† *or* will be	we shall, *or* will be
thou shalt, *or* wilt be	ye *or* you shall, *or* will be
he shall, *or* will be	they shall, *or* will be

Participles.

Present. being — *Past.* been

Inflect the auxiliary verb TO HAVE, in the same manner.

Present.		*Past.*	
Singular.	*Plural.*	*Singular.*	*Plural.*
1. I have	we have	I had	we had
2. thou hast	ye *or* you have	thou hadst	ye *or* you had
3. he hath *or* has	they have	he had	they had

Future.

Singular.	*Plural.*
I shall, *or* will have	we shall, *or* will have
thou shalt, *or* wilt have	ye *or* you shall, *or* will have
he shall, *or* will have	they shall, *or* will have

Participles.

Present. having — *Past.* had, *or* having had

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* *You* is used instead of *thou*, unless when we address ourselves to God, or signify familiarity or contempt.

† In the first person, *shall* foretells, *will* threatens or promises; in the second and third persons, *shall* threatens, *will* simply foretells

Vary the regular verb TO PLACE, in like manner.

Present.		*Past.*	
Singular.	*Plural.*	*Singular.*	*Plural.*
1. I place	we place	I placed	we placed
2. thou placest	ye *or* you place	thou placedst	ye *or* you placed
3. he placeth *or* places	they place	he placed	they placed

Future.

Singular.	*Plural.*
I shall, *or* will place	we shall, *or* will place
thou shalt, *or* wilt place	ye *or* you shall, *or* will place
he shall, *or* will place	they shall, *or* will place

Participles.

Present. placing — *Past.* placed

Conjugate the substantive verb TO BE, with all its variations and auxiliaries, by *person*, *number*, *mode*, and *time*.

Indicative Mode.

Present indefinite Time.		*Past indefinite Time.*	
Singular.	*Plural.*	*Singular.*	*Plural.*
1. I am	we are	I was	we were
2. thou art, *or* you are	ye *or* you are	thou wast	ye *or* you were
3. he is	they are	he was	they were
Present perfect Time.		*Past perfect Time.*	
I have been	we have been	I had been	we had been
thou hast been	ye *or* you have been	thou hadst been	ye *or* you had been
he hath, *or* has been	they have been	he had been	they had been

Future indefinite Time.

Singular.	*Plural.*
I shall, *or* will be	we shall, *or* will be
thou shalt, *or* wilt be	ye *or* you shall, *or* will be
he shall, *or* will be	they shall, *or* will be

Future perfect Time.

I shall, *or* will have been	we shall, *or* will have been
thou shalt, *or* wilt have been	ye *or* you shall, *or* will have been
he shall, *or* will have been	they shall, *or* will have been

Subjunctive Mode.*

Present indefinite Time.

If I be	*If* we be
If thou be	*If* ye *or* you be
If he be	*If* they be
Or,	
I may, *or* can be	we may, *or* can be
thou mayst, *or* canst be	ye *or* you may, *or* can be
he may, *or* can be	they may, *or* can be

* The *conjunctive* or *subjunctive* mode, strictly speaking, implies a condition, supposition, or doubt, and is always governed by some conjunction; as, *if*, *though*, *lest*, &c. expressed or understood: But when it implies simply the *liberty* of the *agent*, or the *possibility* of an *action*, without a conjunction, expressed or understood; it is by some grammarians called the *Potential Mode*, and has always the auxiliaries *may* or *can*, *might*, *could*, *would*, or *should*, before it.

Present perfect Time.

Singular.	*Plural.*
I may, *or* can have been	we may, *or* can have been
thou mayst, *or* canst have been	ye *or* you may, *or* can have been
he may, *or* can have been	they may, *or* can have been

Past indefinite Time.

If I were	*If* we were
If thou wert	*If* ye *or* you were
If he were	*If* they were

Or,

Singular.
I might, could, would, *or* should be
thou mightst, couldst, wouldst, *or* shouldst be
he might, could, would, *or* should be

Plural.
we might, could, would, *or* should be
ye *or* you might, could, would, *or* should be
they might, could, would, *or* should be

Past perfect Time.

I might, could, &c. have been	we might, could, &c. have been
thou mightst, &c. have been	ye *or* you might, &c. have been
he might, could, &c. have been	they might, could, &c. have been

Imperative Mode.

Singular.	*Plural.*
let me be	let us be
be, be thou, *or* do thou be	be, be ye *or* you, *or* do ye *or* you be
let him be	let them be

Infinitive Mode.

Present Time. to be — *Past Time.* to have been

Participles.

Present. being — *Past.* been, *or* having been

TO HAVE.

Indicative Mode.

Present indefinite Time.

Singular.	*Plural.*
1. I have	we have
2. thou hast	ye *or* you have
3. he hath *or* has	they have

Past indefinite Time.

Singular.	*Plural.*
I had	we had
thou hadst	ye *or* you had
he had	they had

Present perfect Time.

I have had	we have had
thou hast had	ye *or* you have had
he hath *or* has had	they have had

Past perfect Time.

I had had	we had had
thou hadst had	ye *or* you had had
he had had	they had had

Future indefinite Time.

Singular.	*Plural.*
I shall, *or* will have	we shall, *or* will have
thou shalt, *or* wilt have	ye *or* you shall, *or* will have
he shall, *or* will have	they shall, *or* will have

Future perfect Time.

I shall, *or* will have had	we shall, *or* will have had
thou shalt, *or* wilt have had	ye *or* you shall, *or* will have had
he shall, *or* will have had	they shall, *or* will have had

Subjunctive Mode

Present indefinite Time.

Singular.	*Plural.*
Though I have	*Though* we have
Though thou have	*Though* ye *or* you have
Though he have	*Though* they have
Or,	
I may, *or* can have	we may, *or* can have
thou mayst, *or* canst have	ye *or* you may, *or* can have
he may, *or* can have	they may, *or* can have

Present perfect Time.

I may, *or* can have had	we may, *or* can have had
thou mayst, *or* canst have had	ye *or* you may, *or* can have had
he may, *or* can have had	they may, *or* can have had

Past indefinite Time.

I might, could, would, *or* should have	we might, could, would, &c. have
thou mightst, couldst, &c. have	ye *or* you might, could, &c. have
he might, could, would, &c. have	they might, could, would, &c. have

Past perfect Time.

I might, could, would, *or* should have had	we might, &c. have had
thou mightst, couldst, &c. have had	ye *or* you might, &c. had
he might, could, would, &c. have had	they might, could, &c. had

Imperative Mode.

let me have	let us have
have, have thou, *or* do thou have	have, have ye *or* you, *or* do ye have
let him have	let them have

Infinitive Mode.

Present Time. to have — *Past Time.* to have had

Participles.

Present. having — *Past.* had, *or* having had

Vary the *regular* verb TO LOVE.

Indicative Mode.

Present indefinite Time.

Singular.	*Plural.*
1. I love	we love
2. thou lovest	ye *or* you love
3. he loveth, *or* loves	they love

Present imperfect Time.

I am loving, *or* do love	we are loving, *or* do love
thou art loving, *or* dost love	ye *or* you are loving, *or* do love
he is loving, *or* does love	they are loving, *or* do love

Present perfect Time.

I have loved, *or* have been loving	we have loved, *or* have been loving
thou hast loved, *or* hast been loving	ye have loved, *or* have been loving
he hath loved, *or* has been loving	they have loved, *or* have been loving

Past indefinite Time.

I loved	we loved
thou lovedst	ye *or* you loved
he loved	they loved

Past imperfect Time.

Singular.	*Plural.*
I was loving, *or* did love	we were loving, *or* did love
thou wast loving, *or* didst love	ye *or* you were loving, *or* did love
he was loving, *or* did love	they were loving, *or* did love

Past perfect Time.

I had loved, *or* had been loving	we had loved, *or* had been loving
thou hadst loved, *or* hadst been loving	ye *or* you had loved, *or* had been loving
he had loved, *or* had been loving	they had loved, *or* had been loving

Future indefinite Time.

I shall, *or* will love	we shall, *or* will love
thou shalt, *or* wilt love	ye *or* you shall, *or* will love
he shall, *or* will love	they shall, *or* will love

Future imperfect Time.

I shall, *or* will be loving	we shall, *or* will be loving
thou shalt, *or* wilt be loving	ye *or* you shall, *or* will be loving
he shall, *or* will be loving	they shall, *or* will be loving

Future perfect Time.

I shall have loved	we shall have loved
thou shalt have loved	ye *or* you shall have loved
he shall have loved	they shall have loved

Subjunctive Mode.*

Present indefinite Time.

If I love	*If* we love
If thou love	*If* ye *or* you love
If he love	*If* they love

Or,

I may, *or* can love	we may, *or* can love
thou mayst, *or* canst love	ye *or* you may, *or* can love
he may, *or* can love	they may, *or* can love

Present imperfect Time.

I may, *or* can be loving	we may, *or* can be loving
thou mayst, *or* canst be loving	ye *or* you may, *or* can be loving
he may, *or* can be loving	they may, *or* can be loving

Present perfect Time.

I may, *or* can have loved	we may, *or* can have loved
thou mayst, *or* canst have loved	ye *or* you may, *or* can have loved
he may, *or* can have loved	they may, *or* can have loved

Past indefinite Time.

I might, could, &c. *or* should love	we might, could, would, &c. love
thou mightst, couldst, &c. love	ye *or* you might, could, &c. love
he might, could, would, &c. love	they might, could, would, &c. love

Past imperfect Time.

I might, could, &c. have been	loving	we might, could, &c. have been loving
thou mightst, &c. have been		ye *or* you might, &c. have been
he might, could, &c. have been		they might, &c. have been

* In this mode, the precise time of the verb is very much determined by the nature and drift of the sentence, as the verb itself in the *present* and the auxiliaries of the *present* and *past imperfect times*, often carry with them something of a future sense; as, 'If he come to-morrow, I may 'speak to him.'—'If he should *or* would come to-morrow, I might, could, 'would, *or* should speak to him.

Past perfect Time.

Singular.	*Plural.*
I might,* could, &c. have loved	we might, could, &c. have loved
thou mightst, couldst, &c. have loved	ye *or* you might, &c. have loved
he might, could, &c. have loved	they might, could, &c. have loved

Imperative Mode.

let me love	let us love
love, love thou, *or* do thou love	love, love ye *or* you, *or* do ye love
let him love	let them love

Infinitive Mode.

Pres. to love *Past.* to have loved

Participles.

Pres. loving *Past.* loved

How is a *passive* verb formed?—A *passive* verb is formed by joining the past participle to the auxiliary verb *to be*, through all its variations; as, *I am loved; I was loved; I have been loved; I had been loved; I shall* or *will be loved*, and so on.

IRREGULAR VERBS.

What is meant by irregular verbs?—Irregular verbs are such as do not form their past time, and past participle, by the addition of *ed*, or *d*, to the present of the indicative.

A Table of Irregular Verbs.

Those marked thus ‡ are both regular and irregular.

Pres. past, participle.	*Pres. past, participle.*
Abide, abode, abode	catch, caught, caught
am, was, been	chide, chid, chidden
awake, awoke, awaked	chuse choose, chose, chosen
bake, baked, baken	cleave, clave, clove, cloven, cleft
bear, bore bare, born borne	‡ clothe, clad, clad
beat, beat, beaten	climb, clomb, climbed
begin, began, begun	cling, clang, clung
behold, beheld, beholden	come, came, come
bend, bent, bent	cost, cost, cost
‡ bereave, bereft, bereft	creep, crope creeped, crept
bid, bade, bidden	crow, crew, crowed
beseech, besought, besought	cut, cut, cut
bind, bound, bound bounden	dare, durst, dared
bite, bit, bitten	deal, dealt, dealt
bleed, bled, bled	‡ dig, dug, digged
blow, blew, blown	do, did, done
break, broke, broken	draw, drew, drawn
breed, bred, bred	‡ dream, dreamt, dreamt
bring, brought, brought	drink, drank, drunken drunk;
‡ build, built, built	drive, drove, driven
burst, burst, burst bursten	dwell, dwelt, dwelt
buy, bought, bought	eat, ate, eaten
can, could, *defective*	forsake, forsook, forsaken
cast, cast, cast	‡ freight, fraught, fraught

* I *might have* loved, *i. e.* I had liberty; I *could have* loved, *i. e.* I had power; I *would have* loved, *i. e.* I had inclination; I *should have* loved, *i. e.* I lay under an obligation to love.

Pres. past, participle.	*Pres. past, participle.*	*Pres. past, participle.*
fall, fell, fallen	‡ mow, mowed, mown	sow, sowed, sown
feed, fed, fed	must, *defective*	speak, spoke, spoken
feel, felt, felt	put, put, put	speed, sped, sped
fight, fought, fought	‡ quit, quit, quit	‡ spell, spelt, spelt
find, found, found	read, read, read	spend, spent, spent
‡ fold, folded, folden	reave, reaved, reft	spill, spilt, spilt
flee, fled, fled	rend, rent, rent	spin, span, spun
fling, flung, flung	rid, rid, rid	spit, spat, spitten
freeze, froze, frozen	ride, rode, ridden	split, split, split
fly, flew, flown	ring, rang, rung	spread, spread, spread
‡ geld, gelt, gelt	rise, rose, risen	spring, sprang, sprung
get, got gat, gotten	rive, rived, riven	stand, stood, stood
‡ gild, gilt, gilt	run, ran, run	steal, stole, stolen
‡ gird, girt, girt	‡ saw, sawed, sawn	stick, stuck, stuck
give, gave, given	say, said, said	stink, stank, stunk
go, went, gone	see, saw, seen	‡ strow, strowed, strown
‡ grave, graved, graven	seek, sought, sought	stride, strode, stridden
grind, ground, ground	seethe, sod, sodden	strike, struck, stricken
grow, grew, grown	sell, sold, sold	string, strung, strung
‡ hang, hung, hung	send, sent, sent	‡ strive, strove, striven
have, had, had	set, set, set	swear, swore, sworn
hear, heard, heard	shake, shook, shaken	sweep, swept, swept
‡ heave, hove, hoven	shall, should, *defective*	swell, swelled, swollen
‡ help, helped, holpen	‡ shave, shaved, shaven	swing, swang, swung
hew, hewed, hewn	shear, shore, shorn	swim, swam, swum
hide, hid, hidden	shed, shed, shed	take, took, taken
hold, held, holden	shew, shewed, shewn	tear, tore, torn
hit, hit, hit	‡ shine, shone, shined	teach, taught, taught
hurt, hurt, hurt	shoe, shod, shod	tell, told, told
keep, kept, kept	shoot, shot, shot	think, thought, thought
knit, knit, knit	‡ show, showed, shown	thrive, throve, thriven
know, knew, known	shred, shred, shred	throw, threw, thrown
lade, laded, laden	shrink, shrank, shrunk	thrust, thrust, thrust
lay, laid, laid	shut, shut, shut	tread, trode, trod trodden
lead, led, led	shrive, shrove, shriven	wax, waxed, waxen
leave, left, left	sing, sang, sung	wet, wet, wet
lend, lent, lent	sink, sank, sunk	weep, wept, wept
let, let, let	sit, sat, sitten	will, would, *defective*
lie, lay, lain lien	slay, slew, slain	win, won, won
‡ load, loaded, loaden	sleep, slept, slept	wind, wound, wound
lose, lost, lost	slide, slid, slidden	wis, wist, *defective*
make, made, made	sling, slang slung, slung	wear, wore, worn
may, might, *defective*	slink, slunk, slunk	weave, wove, woven
mean, meant, meant	slit, slit, slit	work, wrought, wrought
meet, met, met	‡ smell, smelt, smelt	wring, wrung, wrung
‡ melt, melted, molten	smite, smote, smitten	write, wrote, written

6. Of the ADVERB.

What is an *adverb*?—An adverb is a word added to verbs, adjectives, or other adverbs, to express some circumstance belonging to them; as, he reads *well; truly* distinct; *very emphatically.*

How are adverbs distinguished?

1. Into adverbs *of time; as,* now, to-day, already, heretofore, long since, yesterday, to-morrow not yet, hereafter, henceforth, hencefor-

ward, by and by, oft, often, oftentimes, seldom, daily, yearly, always, when, then, ever, never, *&c.*

2. *Of number; as,* once, twice, thrice, *&c.*

3. *Of order; as,* first, secondly, thirdly, lastly, *&c.*

4. *Of quantity; as,* more, much, less, *&c.*

5. *Of affirming; as,* verily, truly, yea, yes, undoubtedly, certainly, *&c.*

6. *Of denying; as,* nay, no,* not, in no wise, not at all, by no means, nothing less, *&c.*

7. *Of doubting; as,* perhaps, peradventure, possibly, probably, *&c.*

8. *Of comparing; as,* how, as, so, how much more, rather, than, whether, *&c.*

9. *Of quality; as,* bravely, justly, prudently, well, *&c.*

10. *Of place; as,* where, there, here, whither, hither, thither, every where, no where, *&c.*

Are there not some adverbs compounded of adverbs and prepositions, which partake of the nature of pronouns; and refer to some preceding word, or clause of a sentence?—Yes; the following, namely:

Hereof	used for	of this	whereupon	used for	upon what; *or,* upon which
thereof		of that	herein		in this
whereof		of what; *or,* of which	therein		in that
hereby		by this	wherein		in what; *or,* in which
thereby		by that	herewith		with this
whereby		by what; *or,* by which	therewith		with that
hereupon		upon this	wherewith		with what; *or,* with which
thereupon		upon that			

Note.—These pronominal *adverbs* are seldom used by modern writers; except in the solemn or formulary style.

Do adverbs admit of any variation?—Adverbs admit of no variation, except some few which have the degrees of comparison; as, *often, oftener, oftenest:—soon, sooner, soonest.* And those irregulars derived from adjectives; as, *ill, worse:—well, better, best.*

7. Of the PREPOSITION.

What is a *preposition?*—A preposition is a word put before nouns and pronouns, to express the relation or connexion between different words.

How many kinds of prepositions are there?—Two; *separable* and *inseparable.*

Which are the *separable* prepositions?—The *separable* are, above, about, after, against, among, amongst, without, within, with, under, upon, unto, until, through, to, till, over, on, of, out of, into, in, from, for, by, concerning, beside, beyond, between, betwixt, behind, beneath, below, at, before, *&c.*

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* The adverb *no* stands alone in an answer: *not* is used with some other expression; as, Will you go to town to-day? The answer may be *no,* or *I will not.*

Two negatives make an affirmative; as,

'*Nor* did they *not* perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains *not* feel.'

How may a separable preposition be known?—A separable preposition may be known, by adding a noun or pronoun, in the objective case, to it; if it make good sense, it is a preposition.

Note.—Prepositions become adverbs when subjoined to verbs; as, root *up*, turn *over*.

Which are the *inseparable* prepositions?—The *inseparable* are, a, abs, ad, ana, ante, anti, amphi, co, con, contra, counter, be, circum, de, dis, e, ex, en, enter, extra, in, inter, intro, mis, meta, over, out, for, fore, op, per, post, pre, pro, preter, peri, re, retro, se, sub, subter, super, syn, trans, un, up, with, *&c.*

8. Of the CONJUNCTION.*

What is a *conjunction?*—A conjunction is a word which joins words and sentences together, and thereby shows their dependence upon one another.

How many kinds of conjunctions are there?—There are several kinds of conjunctions; but the chief of them are copulative; as, *and*: Disjunctive; as, *but*: Causal; as, *that because*: and Conditional; as, *if*.

Are not some conjunctions used in pairs?—Yes; the one being placed before the former sentence or word, the other before the latter; as,

Whether—or: *Whether* did you read *or* write?
Neither—nor: *Neither* James *nor* I can do it.
Either—or: *Either* he *or* you must do it.
Though—yet: *Though* he slay me, *yet* will I trust in him.
As—as: *As* swift *as* a hare.
As—so: *As* thy days, *so* shall thy strength be.
So—that: The night is *so* dark, *that* I cannot walk.
Both—and: *Both* Charles *and* John are good writers.

9. Of the INTERJECTION.

What is an interjection?—An interjection is a word used to express some sudden emotion of the mind; as, ah! alas! O strange! hey! brave! well done! O brave! away! begone! fy! tush! pshaw! foh! pugh! ha, ha, he! heyday! aha! hark! lo! see! hush! hist! peace! silence! heigh ho! hum! heigh! huzza! hail! all bail! oh! *&c.*

What does the interjection *O* express when put before a substantive?—The interjection *O*, placed before a substantive, expresses more strongly an address made to a person; as, *O man*, great is thy faith!

OF SENTENCES.

What is a sentence?—Two or more words expressing some perfect sense, or sentiment of the mind, is a sentence; as, *virtue is amiable.*

How many kinds of sentences are there?—Two; *simple* and *compound.*

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* *The principal conjunctions are*, also, although, and, as, because, but, either, except, for, however, likewise, moreover, if, nevertheless, nor, or, neither, wherefore, otherwise, since, so, and that, so that, unless, save, whereas, yet, whether, *&c.*

What does a *simple* sentence consist of?—A *simple* sentence consists, at least, of a noun and a verb; as, *John reads.*

Of what does a compound sentence consist?—A *compound sentence* is made up of two or more simple sentences; as, *Life is short, and death is certain.*

Rules for the Construction of Sentences.

Rule I.—The indefinite article *a* or *an* is put before common names of the singular number only; unless an adjective come between; as, *a man, a score* of *oxen. An hour* ago *a* few *men* rode past.

False construction.—As *an swords* in the hand of a *madmen;* so is *a empires* in the power of a *tyrants:* both are used to destroy.—*An* great many *man* act the part of a *fools.*—*An* good character should not be rested in as *a ends,* but employed as a *means* of doing still further good.

Note.—The definite article *the* is placed before nouns, either of the singular or plural number; as, *The table* before you is as large as both *the tables* in *the parlour.*

II.—The article *the* is put before comparative and superlative adverbs, to mark the degree the more strongly; as, *The sooner* you perform your exercise, *the better* shall you be rewarded.

False.—*A* more I examine grammar, *a* better I like it.—Some transgress this rule *an* least of any.

III.—Two substantives signifying the same thing, agree in number and case; as, The *city Edinburgh; King George; Theodosius the Emperor.*

False.—The *apostles* Paul was very zealous in preaching the gospel.—Alexander the *kings* conquered Persia.—Cicero the *orators* spoke well.

IV.—When two substantives come together, belonging to one another, the one to which the other belongs is put first in the possessive case; as, *The King's prerogative;* or else last, with the preposition *of* before it; as, *The prerogative of the King.*

False.—Learning is the rich *man* ornament, and the poor *man* riches.—*Helen* beauty was the destruction of *Troy's.*—The poems *Milton's* are excellent.

V.—The adjective is generally placed before, and agrees with the substantive; as, *a good man, a hard table.* But sometimes it follows a substantive or a verb; as, Hail, *bard divine!* The period of human life *is esteemed short.*

Note.—When adjectives stand by themselves, the substantive is understood; as, The *wicked* are punished, *i. e. wicked men.* Sometimes adjectives are used substantively, and are joined to other adjectives; as, The *chief good.* On the other hand, substantives become adjectives; as, A *table*-spoon, a *brass*-pen.

Participles have the nature and construction of adjectives; as, A *learned* and wise *son* is the delight of a *loving father.*

VI.—The adverbs *more* and *most* ought never to stand before adjectives compared by *er* and *est;* as, John is *wiser* and *more* upright than William. He is the *most* prudent man that I know.

False.—This is a *more* better harvest than the last; provisions will certainly be *more* cheaper. This year has been the *most* hardest for the poor I have ever seen.

VII.—The pronoun agrees, in gender and number, with the name for which it stands, or to which it refers; as, My *father* is gone to Bath, where *he* hopes to recover his health. My *brother* and *I* were in the Park yesterday, where *we* saw a fine chace.

False.—My father is a very liberal man; *she* spares no expense on my education.—James is a very good scholar; *they* surely studies hard.

VIII.—A personal pronoun and a substantive coming together, implying possession, the pronoun is usually put first in the possessive case; as, I returned *his book*, because *its leaves* were torn.

False.—I gave *him* pens to the master.—And Jesus said, *me* hour is not yet come.—Do it not, for *thou* honour is at stake.

Note.—The possessives *my, thy, our, her, your, their*, are generally accounted pronominal adjectives.

IX.—*This* and *that*, with their plurals *these* and *those*, must agree in number with the substantives to which they respectively belong; as, *this* book, *these* books; *that* man, *those* men.

False.—*These* is a pleasant garden.—*This* are my knives.—*Those* book is mine.—*That* rules are excellent.

X.—The relative *who* belongs to persons, *which* to things; and the persons to whom, or the things to which they refer, are called the antecedents; as, Blessed is the *man who* walketh uprightly. This is the *table which* I bought. *She whom* I love.

False.—He *which* commands himself, commands the whole world.—Fear is the shield of virtue, *who* should never be laid down.

Note.—*Which* and *what*, when interrogatives, are used either to persons or things; as, *Which* of these *men* or *books* do you mean?—*What man* or *house* is that?

XI.—When *this* and *that*, *these* and *those*, are contrasted to one another: *this* and *these* relate to the person or thing *last* mentioned; *that* and *those* to the *first*. In like manner, *first* and *last*, *former* and *latter*, *one* and *other*, are contrasted; as, Wealth and poverty are both temptations to men; *this* tends to excite discontentment, *that* pride.

False.—It is better to fall among crows than flatterers; *these* only devour the dead, the *latter* the living.—Some conjunctions are used in pairs; the *first* is placed before the *former* sentence or word, the *other* before the *last*.

XII.—A verb must agree with its agent or nominative * in number and person; as, *I love, thou readest, John writes, we learn, ye* or *you read, they run*.

False.—The boys *is* diligent.—The streets *is* dirty.—Charles *learn* well.—*Is* your parents at home?—My brothers *is* at home.—They *studies* hard.—The books *was* torn.

XIII.—A collective noun, that is, a noun of multitude, in the singular number, may have a verb and pronoun, either singular or plural; as, The *mob is* or *are* unruly. The *assembly* of the wicked *have* or *has* enclosed me. My *people are* foolish; *they have* not known me.

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* To find the nominative to a verb, ask the question, Who is? Who does? Who suffers? or, What is? What does? What suffers? The word which answers the question is the nominative.

Every nominative case, except the case absolute, and when an address is made, belongs to some verb, expressed or understood.

The general *assembly is* or *are* met; *they* or *it* will debate concerning patronage.

Note.—When the collective name gives an idea of one compacted body, as *parliament*, it is best to put the verb in the singular; but when it exhibits to the mind a disjointed, or scattered body, as *rabble*, it may be put in the plural.

Every, each, either, agree with nouns and verbs in the singular number only; as, *Each had* his share, that is, *each man*, &c.

XIV.—The substantive verb *am*, requires a nominative both before and after it; as, *I am he. Thou art she.* Except when it is in the infinitive mode; as, I took it *to be him.*

False.—Thou art *him* who did it.—Who is there? It is *me.*—It was *him* who received the goods.—It was *them* who fought so bravely.—I took it to be *they.*—It was *him* who spoke so long.—I took it to be *he.*—Thou art *him* whom I esteem.

XV.—Neuter and passive verbs admit of the nominative case after them; as, Upon the right hand *stood* the *Queen.*—Miltou *is accounted a poet.*

XVI.—In the imperative mode, or when a question is asked, the nominative stands after the verb, or between the auxiliary and it; as, *Love thou*, or *do thou love. Loves he* the truth? *Does he love* the truth?

XVII.—When the possessives *thy* and *your* stand in the former member of a sentence, they belong to the pronouns *thou* and *you*, with which the verb following must agree, though the relative come before it; as, I blame *thy* manners, who *dost* not reverence thy superiors.—God abhors *your* hypocrisy, who *hear* sermons, but *do* not regard them.

False.—Thy case is indeed deplorable, who neitner *fears* God nor *regard* man.—Your prodigality will certainly bring you to poverty, who *lives* every day above your income.

XVIII.—Two or more nouns or pronouns of the singular number, joined together by a copulative conjunction, require that the following verb be put in the plural; as, Peter *and* John *are* learned men.—He *and* I *go* into partnership.—Poverty *and* shame *attend* those who *refuse* instruction.

False.—Greatness and goodness *is* seldom companions.—He and I *was* at school together.—Peter and James *was* both here.—He and I *designs* to visit you.—He and thou *art* trifling.

XIX.—When a nominative comes between the relative and the active verb, the relative, with its compounds, must be put in the objective case; as, The man *whom* I love.—*Whomsoever* the king delighteth to honour.

False.—The man *who* I esteem.—Our parents *who* we reverence.—It is the good and charitable man *who* I honour.—*Whoever* the king favours.—God *who* we worship.

XX.—If another verb or phrase come between the relative *who*, and the verb to which it is the nominative, care must be taken not to put the relative in the objective case; as, Trust not him *who*, you know, *is* dishonest in his dealings. Not him, *whom*, &c.

False.—Nothing is more cowardly than to beat and abuse a man *whom*, you know, cannot resent the injury, or *whom*, you are sure, dares not.

XXI.—When the infinitive, or any phrase, is the nominative, the verb is used in the singular number; as, *To laugh* at men of honour *is* the prerogative of a fool only. *To be a coward is* very dishonourable.

False.—To laugh at things sacred, *are* very presumptuous.—To walk *are* healthful.—To be ignorant of the law, *are* disgraceful in a judge.—To play *were* pleasant.

XXII.—A verb active, or transitive, governs the objective * case after it; as, I *love him*, and he *esteems me*. Alexander *conquered* the *Persians*, that is, *them*.

False.—Trust no man before you have tried *he*.—I cannot please *she* and *thou* both.—James beat *they*.

XXIII.—One verb governs another in the infinitive; as, Good boys *love to learn*. But the sign *to* is omitted after the verbs, *bid*, *dare*, *feel*, *here*, *let*, *must*, *need*, *see*, and sometimes *have*; as, I *bade* him *come*.—I *heard* him *speak*. They will *have* him run.

False.—He deserves *be* encouraged.—I have not any design *wrong* him.—I dare not *to* stay.—I saw him *to* come.—She will have him *to* come.—You will hear him *to* speak.

XXIV.—The present participle becomes a noun, by placing the article *the* before it, and the preposition *of* after it; as, By *the observing of* these rules you may avoid mistakes.

False.—The *learning* languages is difficult.—The Romans enlarged their country by *defeating of* their neighbours.

XXV.—After the auxiliary verbs *have* and *be*, the participle passive, and not the past time, should be used; as, I have *written* † a letter.—It was *seen* by him.

False.—It was *spoke* in Latin.—I have *saw* him.—He hath *chose* these rules, and *wrote* them.—He is *mistook*.

XXVI.—The nominative case, absolute, is formed by omitting the adverbs, *when*, *while*, *after*, &c. as, *He coming in*, I went away; that is, *when* he came in.

> And,———*He descending*, will himself
> In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpets sound,
> Ordain them laws. MILTON.

False.—*Him* watching, all the rest went to repose themselves.—*Them* trifling, the rest were diligent.

XXVII.—The subjunctive mode is always used after the conjunctions *if*, *though*, *although*, &c. when a doubt or condition is implied; as, *If* she *were* rich, I would marry her.—But when no condition is implied, the indicative mode follows the conjunction; as, *Though* he *was* rich, yet for our sakes he became poor.

False.—Though he *were* wise, yet he acted as a fool.—Although he

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* To discover the objective case after a verb active, ask the question, Whom do I *love*, *teach*, &c. the answer is, *John*, that is, *him*, in the objective case.

† Verbs ending with a single consonant, preceded by a single vowel, and those of more than one syllable, having the accent on the last syllable, double the final consonant in the present participle, and in every part of the verb, in which a syllable is added; as, *put*, *putting*, *putteth*; *forget*, *forgetting*, *forgetteth*, &c.

flee, yet nobody pursues him.—If he *writes* me a letter, I will answer it.—Though he *reads*, I will not hear.

XXVIII.—*As* and *than* admit of a nominative after them, a verb being expressed or implied, unless a preposition, expressed or understood, follow, or the noun or pronoun be governed by a verb active, as, He is as happy *as I*. She is fairer *than he*. My father loves him better *than me*, that is, than he *loves* me. He sent the news sooner to him *than me*, that is, than *to* me.

False.—She is as wise as *me*.—He is stronger than *her*.—I teach him more successfully than *she*.—He will write to me rather than *he*.

Note.—The relative *who*, having reference to no verb understood, but only to its antecedent, when it follows *than*, is always in the objective case; as, Beelzebub, *than whom* Satan except, none higher sat.

XXIX.—The adverb ought to be placed as near as possible to the word which it qualifies or affects, that its force may the better appear; as, The *strength alone* of that commonwealth is sufficient. Men's *passions only* could make them submit to such terms.

False.—Upon the death of her husband, she *retired* from the town to her estate in the country *wholly*.—By greatness, I do not *only* mean the bulk of any single *object*, but the largeness of a whole view, considered as one entire piece.

XXX.—Prepositions always govern the objective case after them; as, *To me*,—*with them*. I gave the book *to John*, that is, *to him*. He is a man *with whom* I am well acquainted.

False.—The reciprocations of love and friendship between *he* and *I* have been many and sincere; yet some persons thought to have set him at variance with *I*; but happily we were not imposed upon by *they*.

XXXI.—Some conjunctions have others corresponding to them; so that, in the subsequent member of the sentence, the latter answers to the former; thus:—

1. *Or* ought to follow *whether* and *either* in a sentence, and *nor* ought to follow *not* and *neither*; as, *Whether* that be true *or* false.—*Either* you *or* he must go.—I have *not* spoken with him, *nor* have I seen him.—*Neither* he *nor* she can do it.

2. In a sentence expressing a doubt, supposition, or condition, *though* or *although*, in the former clause, corresponds to *yet* or *nevertheless*, in the latter; as, *Though* he say it, *yet* I will not believe it.

3. *That*, in the latter member of a sentence, expressing a consequence, corresponds to *so* or *such* in the former; as, His rules are *so* dark, *that* they cannot be understood; they are *such, that* I cannot comprehend them.

4. *So*, with a negative and an adjective, or with a verb, corresponds to *as*, expressing a comparison with respect to quality, ability, or degree; as, The city Edinburgh is not near *so* large *as* London.—To see thy glory, *so as* I have seen thee in the sanctuary.

5. *Such* corresponds to *as*, expressing a comparison of kind, degree, *&c.*; as, The name of Colonel Clive struck *such* terror in the East Indies, *as* that of the Duke of Marlborough did in Flanders.

6. *As* corresponds to *so*, expressing a comparison of proportion, likeness, degree, or quality; thus, *As* the first is to the second, *so* is the third to the fourth.—And it shall be, *as* with the priest, *so* with the people; *as* with the servant, *so* with his master.

7. In expressing a comparison of equality, *as* corresponds to *as;* thus, *As* white *as* snow.—*As* high *as* heaven.

False.—1. Whether did you ride *nor* walk? Either he *nor* you shall do it.—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, *or* his man-servant, *or* his maid-servant, *&c.*—Neither your love *or* hatred affects me.—2. Though he slay me, *so* will I trust in him.—As the stars *that* shall thy seed be.—3. There are but few to whom nature has been so unkind, *as* they are not capable of shining in some science or other.—4. Pompey had eminent abilities; but he was neither so eloquent and polite a statesman, *as* skilful and brave a general, nor, upon the whole, *as* great a man *than* Cæsar.—5. We should weigh the objects of our hope, whether they be such *that* we are pretty sure of attaining.—6. As it was in the days of Noe, *that* shall it be in the days of the Son of man.—7. Upon seeing me, he turned *so* red as crimson, and I as pale *than* ashes.

Note.—There are other correspondent conjunctions, or adverbs, which being properly used, tend to beautify the style in writing; as, *Both* corresponds to *and: Not only*—to *but*, or *but also: By how much*—to *by so much: So much*—to *how much more*, &c.

Upon the whole, as it is almost impossible to give exact rules for the placing of all words in a sentence; that construction, which is most expressive of the sense, and agreeable to the ear, is certainly the best.

An Example of Grammatical Resolution.

Then said John to the multitude, that came forth to be baptized of him: O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come? bring forth therefore fruits meet for repentance.

Then, an adverb; *said*, a verb active, past indefinite time, third person singular, agreeing with its nominative *John; John*, a substantive, a proper name; *to*, a preposition; *the*, the definite article; *multitude*, a substantive, objective case, governed by the preposition *to; that*, a relative pronoun, its antecedent is *multitude; came*, a verb neuter, indicative mode, past indefinite time, third person singular, agreeing with its nominative *multitude; forth*, an adverb; *to*, a preposition, and before a verb the sign of the infinitive mode; *to be baptized*, a verb passive, infinitive mode, made up of the auxiliary verb *to be*, and the participle passive of the verb *to baptize; of*, a preposition; *him*, pronoun, third person singular, standing for *John*, governed in the objective case by the preposition *of; O*, an interjection; *generation*, a substantive, nominative case, without a verb, being an address; *vipers*, substantive, plural number, objective case, governed by the preposition *of; who*, an interrogative pronoun; *hath warned*, a verb active, present perfect time, made up of the past participle *warned*, and the auxiliary *hath*, third person singular, agreeing with the nominative *who; you*, a pronoun, second person plural, objective case, following the active verb *warned*, and governed by it; *to flee*, a verb neuter, infinitive mode, governed by the verb *hath warned; from*, a preposition; *the wrath*, a substantive, objective case, governed by the preposition *from; to come*, a verb neuter, infinitive mode; *bring*, verb active, imperative mode, second person plural, agreeing with the nominative *ye* understood, as if it were, *bring ye; forth* and *therefore*, adverbs; *fruits*, a substantive plural, objective case, following, and governed by the active verb *bring; meet*, an adjective joined to *fruits*, but placed after it; *repentance*, a substantive, governed by the preposition *for.*

Promiscuous Examples of Bad Spelling and Improper Construction.

1. My cloaths is of.—The tongs Is lost.—Where's my shoos?—My father and mothre is gon abrod.—Time and tid waits for know man.—We was in The church where we here an good sermons.—If she was rich I would

marry her.—The buoys has been At school.—His constitution Was shook by an violent cold.—The books has been Tore.—Laws has been Institut.

2. Who put out the candel? Her.—Between yew and I, every won had there share.—Him and her was married.—I am him Which cam too town.—No man is sow brave as hymn; nor any women more Hansomer than her.—There was Hymn and her and me.—Who do yew luv?—Whom was You with?—Her, who you saw this morning, was presant.—This are the Most sweetest fruits I ever tested.—Will yew go too town or know?—She ran as swift than an hair.—Him reading, thee Rest was diligent.

3. A Bare was sow pained with thee sting of an be, that he ran in an rage too seas upon and kiln the hole swarm: But low! a grater mischeef happened to hymn. Having overturn there hyve with her feat, they awl surrounded and stung hymn too that degree, that he lost her I site. This maid hymn ball out sow loud, that an country men overhcreing, came upon hymn when unable too defend hymself, chained and lead him thro' cyties and burrows, for thee amuzements of children. This shud teech awl buoys knot too resent trifling injuries, least they brings upon themselves grater.

4. A house *to set*.—He was desired to come *in to* the firc.—This is different *to* that.—She was angry *at* him.—*Conform* to his promise.—The lion tore the horse *to* pieces.—*Severals* have seen it.—He enquired *at* the first man he met.—The master *learned* him to read.—He opened *up* the cause *with* an elegant speech.—He was married *upon* Lady Jean.—She is with child *to* him.

5. There are nothing so delightful, say Plato, as the hearing or the speaking truth. For these reason, there is no convcrsation so agrceabler as that of the man of integrity, which hears without any design to betray, and speak without any intentions to deceive.

Truths is always consistent with itself, and need nothing to help it out. It is always nearer at hand, and sit upon our lips, and are ready to drop out before they are aware. Whereas a lies is troublesome, and set a men invention upon the rack; and one trick need a' great many morc to make them better.

6. Nothing appear so low and meaner than lying and dissimulation; and it is observable, that only weaker animals endeavours to supply by craft the defects of strength, whom nature have not given them.

Those kind of deceits who are cunningly laid, and smoothly carries on, under a disguise of friendships, is of all other the most impiousest and detestablest.

Not to intends which thou speaks, is to give thine heart the lie with thy tongues; not to perform what thou promise, is give thy tongue the lie with thine actions.

Quotations from different Authors.

He would have *spoke*.—*Bore* witness gloriously.—*I have chose*.—The Sun *has rose*, and gone to bed.—Some philosophers have *mistook*.—Scotland and *thee* did each in other live.—We are alone; here's none but *thee* and I.—*There's two or three* of us have seen strange sights.—Great *pains has* been taken.—For *who love* I so much?—*Whoe'er* I *woo*, myself would be his wife.—Tell who *loves who;* what favours some partake.—Those, *who* he *thought* true to his party.—*Who* should *I see* in the lid of it but the doctor?—All the virtues of *mankind* are to be counted upon a few fingers, but *his* follies and vices are innumerable.—*Whom* do men say that *I am*?—But *whom* say ye that I *am*?—To that, which once *was thee*.—It is not *me* you are in love with.—*Him* only *excepted*, who was a much greater and wiser than Solomon.—To *see* so many *to make* so little conscience of so great a sin.—Why do ye tbat, *which is not lawful to do* on the Sabbath days?—The shew-bread, *which is not lawful to eat*, but for the priests alone.—I would not be *beholding* to fortune for any part of the

victory.—She *not denies* it.—*Did* he *not fear* the Lord, and *besought* the Lord?—*Doth* he *not leave* the ninety and nine, and *goeth* into the mountains, and *seeketh* that which is gone astray?—*Let thee and I*, my fair one, dwell.—Of *either* side of the river was there the tree of life.—*Hath preserved* you in the great danger of childbirth.—*Indifferent* honest; *excellent* well.

WORDS *the same, or nearly so, in* SOUND, *but different in* SPELLING *and* SIGNIFICATION.

AIL, to be sick
Ale, malt liquor
Air, element
Ere, before
E'er, ever
Heir, to an estate
All, the whole
Awl, cobbler's tool
Altar, for sacrifice
Alter, to change
Ascent, steepness
Assent, consent
Bacon, swine's flesh
Baken, in an oven
Bail, surety
Bale, of silk
Ball, a round solid
Bawl, to cry out
Bare, naked
Bear, a beast
Baize, of woollen
Bays, bay trees
Base, vile
Bass, in music
Be, to exist
Bee, an insect
Bean, kind of pulse
Been, have been
Beau, a fop
Bow, to shoot with
Beer, malt liquor
Bier, for the dead
Berry, a small fruit
Bury, to inter
Blew, did blow
Blue, colour
Boar, male swine
Bore, to bore a hole
Board, a plank
Bor'd, did bore
Bough, a branch
Bow to bend
Boy, a lad
Buoy, to bear up
Buy, to purchase
By, near
Bread, to eat
Bred, brought up
Brews, doth brew
Bruise, to hurt
Brute, beast
Bruit, report
Borough, a town corporate
Burrow, cover for rabbits
Call, by name
Caul, of a wig
Cannon, a great gun
Canon, a rule or law
Ceiling, of a room
Sealing, setting a seal
Cellar, a vault
Seller, that sells
Chews, doth chew
Choose, cull or pick
Chord, in music
Cord, a small rope
Cite, to summon
Sight, seeing
Site, situation
Clause, an article
Claws, talons
Climb, to clamber up
Clime, climate
Coarse, not fine
Course, race, way
Council, an assembly
Counsel, advice, to advise, or direct
Cousin, a relation
Cozen, to cheat
Cygnet, a young swan
Signet, a seal
Dane, a native of Denmark
Deign, vouchsafe
Dear, valuable
Deer, a stag
Dew, on the grass
Due, owing
Doe, she deer
Dough, paste of bread unbaked
Done, performed
Dun, a colour
Easter, Christ's resurrection
Esther, a woman's name
Yew, tree
You, yourself
Eye, to see with
I, myself
Fane, a temple
Fain, desirous
Feign, to dissemble
Faint, weary
Feint, a pretence
Fair, handsome
Fare, food
Feat, exploit
Feet, our feet
Fir, deal, tree
Fur, of wild beasts
Foul, filthy
Fowl, a bird
Frays, quarrels
Phrase, a sentence
Furs, the plural of fur
Furze, a prickly shrub
Gilt, gilded
Guilt, sin
Grate, for coals
Great, large
Grater, for nutmeg
Greater, larger
Groan, hard sigh
Grown, increased
Hail, frozen water
Hale, healthy

Hair, of the head
Hare, animal of chase
Heal, to cure
Heel, of a shoe
Hear, hearken
Here, in this place
Heard, did hear
Herd, of cattle
Hew, to cut
Hue, colour
Hugh, a man's name
Hie, to haste
High, lofty
Him, that man
Hymn, a godly song
Hour, of the day
Our, our own
I'll, I will
Isle, an island
In, within
Inn, a public-house
Indite, to compose
Indict, to impeach
Kill, to murder
Kiln, to dry malt
Knave, a rogue
Nave, of a wheel
Knew, did know
New, not worn
Knight, title of honour
Night, darkness
Knot, knab
Not, denying
Know, to understand
No, nay
Lade, to load
Laid, placed
Leak, to run out
Leek, a kind of onion
Lead, metal
Led, conducted
Lessen, to make less
Lesson, in reading
Limb, leg or arm
Limn, to paint
Lo, behold
Low, mean, humble
Made, finished
Maid, a virgin
Main, chief
Mane, of a horse
Mail, armour
Male, he or him
Marshal, head general
Martial, warlike
Mean, of small value
Mien, behaviour
Meat, flesh
Meet, to come up to
Might, power
Mite, in cheese
Moan, lamentation
Mown, cut down
Moat, a ditch
Mote, an atom
Naught, bad
Nought, nothing
Nay, no
Neigh, as a horse
Oar, to row with
O'er, over
Ore, uncast metal
Oh, alas
Owe, indebted
Pail, for water
Pale, wan, or white
Pain, torment
Pane, of glass
Pair, two
Pare, to cut
Pear, a fruit
Pall, funeral cloth
Paul, a man's name
Pause, a stop
Paws, of a bear
Peace, quietness
Piece, a part
Peal, in ringing
Peel, to strip off
Peer, nobleman
Pier, of a bridge
Pleas, law-suits
Please, to satisfy
Practice, exercise
Practise, to profess, to study
Praise, to commend
Prays, entreateth
Pray, to beseech
Prey, booty
Principal, chief
Principle, first cause
Profit, gain
Prophet, an inspired person
Rain, water
Reign, to rule
Rein, bridle
Raise, to lift up
Rays, beams of light
Read, to peruse
Reed, a rush
Red, a colour
Read, did read a book
Rest, ease
Wrest, to force
Rome, a city
Room, a chamber
Rhyme, verse
Rime, hoar frost
Rye, a kind of grain
Wry, crooked
Ring, circle
Wring, to twist
Right, just
Rite, a ceremony
Write, to write
Wright, a workman
Rhode, an island
Road, highway
Roe, deer
Row, rank
Rote, without book
Wrote, did write
Ruff, neckcloth
Rough, uneven
Rung, did wring
Wrung, twisted
Sail, of a ship
Sale, selling
Scent, a smell
Sent, ordered away
Scene, of a play
Seen, beheld
Sea, ocean
See, behold
Seam, a joining
Seem, to pretend
Seas, the waters
Sees, doth see
Seize, lay hold of
Seignior, the Grand Turk
Senior, elder
Shoar, a prop
Shore, sea-coast
Sine, a line
Sign, a token
Sleight, dexterity
Slight, to despise
Sloe, wild plumb
Slow, not speedy
Sole, of the foot
Soul, spirit
Soar, to mount up
Sore, an ulcer

Some, part
Sum, the whole
Son, male child
Sun, fountain of light
Soon, quickly
Swoon, to faint
Stake, of wood
Steak, of beef
Stair, to ascend by
Stare, to look
Steal, to pilfer
Steel, hardened iron
Straight, direct
Strait, narrow
Succour, help
Sucker, a twig
Tail, the end
Tale, a story
Their, belonging to them
There, in that place
Throne, chair of state
Thrown, flung
Time, leisure
Thyme, garden herb
Too, also
To, unto
Two, a couple
Vale, valley
Vail, a covering
Vain, meanly proud
Vane, a weathercock
Vein, a blood-vessel
Wain, a cart
Wane, to decrease
Wait, to tarry
Weight, for scales
Ware, merchandise
Wear, to have on
Way, road
Weigh, to balance
Wood, timber
Would, was willing
Won, did won
One, in number

WORDS *the same in* SPELLING, *but different in* ACCENT *and* MEANING.

NOTE.—That *s.* stands for substantive, *a.* for adjective, *v.* for verb.

ABSTRACT, s. an abridgement
Abstract', v. to separate
Abject, a. mean
Abject', v. to reject
Absent, a. not present
Absent', v. to keep away
Accent, s. mark on a word
Accent', v. to place the accent
Attribute, s. inherent quality
Attrib'ute, v. to ascribe
August, s. eighth month of the year
August', a. royal, venerable
Cement, s. matter which joins bodies together
Cement', v. to unite
Comment, s. a commentary
Comment', v. to expound
Compact, s. agreement
Compact', a. brief, close
Compound, s. a mixture
Compound', v. to mix
Concert, s. a band of music
Concert', v. to contrive
Concord, s. agreement
Concord', v. to agree with
Conduct, s. behaviour
Conduct', v. to manage
Confine, s. a limit
Confine', v. to limit
Contest, s. debate
Contest', v. to dispute
Contract, s. a bargain
Contract', v. to shorten
Contrast, s. opposition of figures
Contrast', v. to place in opposition
Convict, s. a person convicted
Convict', v. to prove guilty
Desert, a. solitary
Desert', v. to forsake, abandon
Entrance, s. a passage
Entrance', v. to put into an ecstasy
Essay, s. an attempt
Essay', v. to endeavour
Export, s. any thing carried out
Export', v. to send abroad
Extract, s. heads of a book, &c.
Extract', v. to draw out of
Frequent, a. often done
Frequent', v. to visit often
Gallant, a. brave
Gallant', s. a gay man
Import, s. things imported
Import', v. to bring from abroad
Incense, s. a perfume
Incense', v. to provoke
Insult, s. an affront
Insult', v. to affront
Present, s. a gift
Present', v. to give
Produce, s. product, amount
Produce', v. to generate
Project, s. a scheme
Project', v. to scheme

THE END.

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